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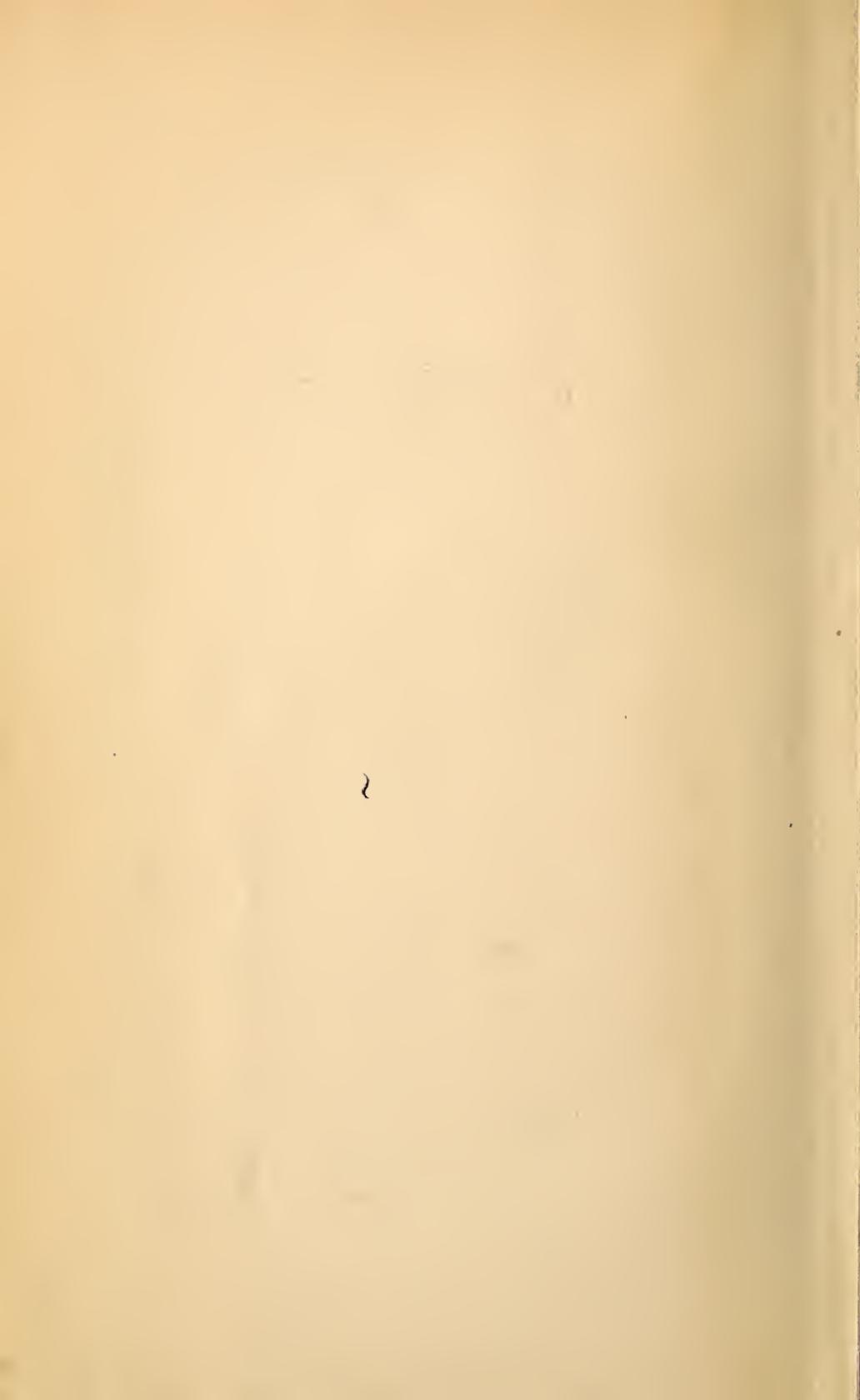
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NORTH

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Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1898.

PUBLISHED BY THE

Dialectic and Philanthropic  
Literary Societies

Chapel Hill, N.C.



# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

(Founded in 1844.)

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## EUBANKS DRUG COMPANY,



PRESCRIPTION - WORK, - DRUGS, - SUNDRIES - AND  
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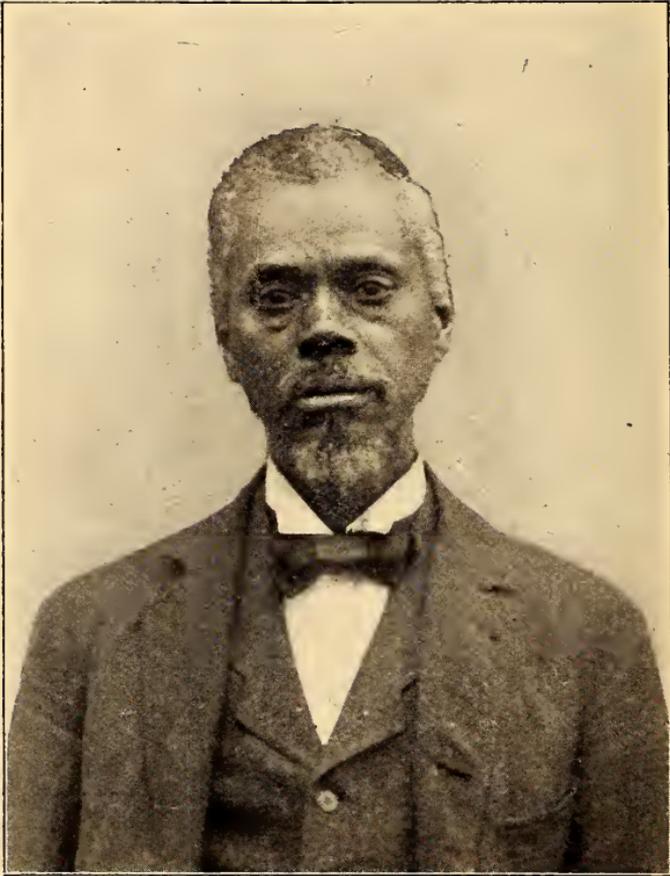
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WILSON CALDWELL.

# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Old Series, Vol. XXIX. No. 1----OCTOBER, 1898. New Series, Vol. XVI.

## KNIGHTHOOD AND NOBILITY IN AMERICA.

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The first great and memorable name in early American history is Roanoke, now the name of a lonely island on the eastern coast of North Carolina.

Here the lion flag of the Tudors was first unfurled on this continent. The first letter ever sent from the new world was dated Sept. 3, 1585, in "the harbor-ough of Roanoak" and was addressed to "Master Richard Hackluyt Esq., Temple Bar." Here, as all the world knows, was born and baptized little Virginia Dare the first white child born on American soil. Here, too, was created the

### FIRST AMERICAN LORD.

On the thirteenth of August, 1587, Manteo, the first "salvage" seen in the old world, and always the constant friend of the English as a reward for his "faithfulness" was formally invested with the dignity of "Lord of Roanoke and Baron of Dassamonpeach."

This was the first and only peerage ever conferred

upon a son of the soil. The Investiture was by special command of Sir Walter Raleigh, and was attended by all the solemnities that marked such occasions in the old civilizations. In the open air under the shade of the primeval trees, our first nobleman took on his knightly honors in the presence of the pale-faced strangers who thus sought to honor, after their fashion, loyalty and kindness.

The well meant honor had no meaning to Manteo, we may believe. His domain never contained town or farm or factory or school—only the bones of Englishmen and the unsolved mystery of their fate. The simple fisher-folk who live upon the island to-day and subsist upon the substance which the sea washes at their feet, neither know the name nor preserve the gentle fame of this first baron of their island.

The Lord of Roanoke is, in a sense, a type of all the efforts of privileged classes to grow and thrive upon American soil. There is an universal disposition among us now to make merry over the whole idea. The display of a coat of arms is quite likely to mark its owner as a snob, and has in recent years been made an issue in a political contest. When foreign countries confer their titles upon men of thought and invention like Mr. Edison or Mr. Pullman, or when American girls marry titled gentlemen abroad, these eminent men and ambitious women are compelled, in consequence, to run the gauntlet of many a sharp quip and pungent jest from the American press.

Notwithstanding these things it can be shown that at least five attempts have been made to transplant

hereditary rights and orders upon the simplicity of American life—some absurd, some fantastic, some romantic and some really in the sacred name of patriotism, Virginia, as might have been expected, had her genuine lord, the eccentric Thomas Fairfax, and her colonial magnate, King Carter, with his royal retinue; but a state far to the north witnessed the first attempt in the new world to establish a Knightly order—fantastic—ludicrous almost to the point of a hoax.

THE ALBION KNIGHTS OF THE CONVERSION OF  
TWENTY-THREE KINGS.

The quixotic founder of this famous order of Knights was Sir Edmund Ployden who came, penniless, to Boston in the year 1648 with a patent for a county Palatine, named New Albion, of which he was to be the earl. Upon an ancient "Mapp of Virginia discovered to ye Hills," New Albion is put down in the vicinity of New Jersey. The purpose of the order is obscure though its name discloses some fanciful religious zealotry. It had its "medall and riban" and its Coat of Arms brilliantly emblazoned according to the strictest rules of heraldry. A portrait of twenty-two headless kings in the form of so many heads "couped and crowned" held up by the twenty third, who knelt down before them and supported the shield, adorned the Coat of Arms, while the following enigmatical legend shed light over the situation.

All power of life and death, the Sword and Crown  
On Gospel's truth shine Honor and Renown.

Forty-four lords, baronets and knights were pro-

vided for in this scheme, each with his high-sounding title and noble seat and the head of the order was supposed to inhabit "a square rock, one hundred and fifty feet high, the retired paradise of the children of the Ethiopian Emperor."

An armor, even, was made ready, with crested helmet and golden spur, but the Knights themselves failed to materialize; the Indian Kings remained unregenerate and one is left to conjecture whether Sir Edmund himself was a silly zealot, a shrewd progenitor of the modern real-estate agent, or a half-witted old gentleman bitten by a desire for aristocratic splendor.

#### THE ILLUSTRIOUS ORDER OF THE GOLDEN CALF.

The attempt to establish the order bearing this ludicrous name is scarcely worth considering save as commemorating the monumental conceit of a brave old French soldier, and the grim badinage of his subjects in Louisiana.

Sieur de la Motte Cadillac is worthy of some honorable mention in American history. In 1701 he left Montreal on an expedition against the rebellious Indians accompanied by one hundred men and a "black gown", or Jesuit priest. While on this expedition he founded a settlement and built a fort which soon became known as Fort d'Étroit, afterwards to grow into the great city of Detroit. We may, therefore, regard Cadillac as the founder of the State of Michigan. Abroad he was known through his letters to his patron the Duke of Lauzun. These letters were masterpieces of naïve vanity, delicious stupidity and

amusing self-revelation. Lauzun always carried them to the royal levées and they never failed to convulse the Sun-King and his court with laughter. Transferred by Louis to Louisiana his letters suddenly grew morose and querulous. Finally, however, a letter came which made amends for all this and set the Court in a roar, Cadillac had badgered the simple settlers by pompous orders and silly requests, and at last in high dudgeon, had retired to a fort outside the town and had forbidden anyone to wear a sword who could not prove his noble lineage. This betrayed the old warrior's weakness. A committee of the leading citizens waited on Cadillac, and laid before him a plan of a new order of nobility in order that the colony under his glorious rule might have its stars and ribbons and medals. Cadillac was humbly petitioned to become Grand Master of this new order which was significantly called "The Illustrious Order of the Golden Calf." The request was joyfully acceded to, and, in inflated style, the puffed-up ruler wrote to Louis telling him of the signal honor accorded to his many virtues. We are left to imagine how the Grand Monarch and the mirth-loving Court enjoyed all this. The order, of course, perished before it was born, but the hectoréd and long-suffering subjects knew the sweetness of revenge.

The only order of nobility that was ever legally instituted within the limits of the Republic was set up in the Carolinas and is known in history as

#### LOCKE'S GRAND MODEL.

An imperial piece of territory stretching from Virginia to Florida and westward to the "South Seas"

had been given away by Charles II, with the generosity of ignorance, to eight of his "well beloved cousins and Councillors. Owing to liberal promises, a growing but scattered population soon fringed the seaboard of the Carolinas. The conditions of their life were primitive enough. All government save of the simplest was irksome to these hardy men whose daily life was one constant struggle with nature, the savage and the beast. Under these conditions the Lords Proprietors conceived the idea of founding a grand American empire in the new world. The Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the proprietors, called to his aid in furtherance of this scheme, a renowned English philosopher and constitution-builder, John Locke.

The result of their labors was a curious mixture of theoretical beauty and learned folly, which, after twenty years of vain and annoying trial, took its place in the limbo of cast-off constitutions and sublime failures. The Grand Model provided for a monarchy with two orders of nobility, the landgraves or earls, and the caciques or barons. The entire territory was to be divided into counties each containing 48,000 acres, and the population, into freeholders and tenants. The latter were never to attain higher rank. There is a piece of historic irony in the fact that the only landgrave known to history bore the prosaic name of Smith. But we should not cease to be grateful to Thomas Smith, the Landgrave of South Carolina. For it was he who found in the cook's caboose of a Madagascar brigantine, which a storm had driven ashore on Sullivan's island, a few, odd looking, white grains which were called

rice. The grateful Malays gave them to Smith. He distributed them among his friends who planted them in their gardens and fields and thus laid the foundation of southern rice-culture.

TRANSMONTANE ORDER OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE  
GOLDEN HORSE-SHOE.

This most serious and picturesque effort to establish an American order of Knighthood was made in Virginia in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The beautiful Blue Ridge mountains which traverse that great state throughout its entire length, were then and had been for generations as impassible a barrier to the inhabitants of the Piedmont and Seaboard sections as were the Alps to the Teutons, or the Himalayas to the dwellers in Northern India.

Vague rumors and wondrous stories of savage tribes and towering precipices came to the ears of Virginians and were told around the chimney place in the country homes. Alexander Spottswood, a Scotchman of humble birth, but whose rugged valor and fitness for war and wanderings had brought him place and power, was Governor of Virginia. He had followed Marlborough at Blenheim. He was governing a new commonwealth in a land of isolation and rudeness. Fired with the true spirit of the pioneer and voyageur, he conceived the plan of crossing the insurmountable barrier of the Alleghanies and unshrouding its mysteries. The boldness of the idea kindled martial enthusiasm throughout the colony. Several score of ardent and valorous youth flocked to his standard at the Middle Plantation, thrill-

ing with romance almost as tender, and quite as fierce as, in the olden time, drove the palmer to Palestine. It must have been a brave show—that gallant cavalcade setting forth under their veteran commander in quest of danger and adventure—before them trackless forests and wild beasts and savage tribes guarding mountain passes. And it seems almost a pity to be forced to record that they met with no serious mishaps. The Indians retired before that glittering array and the mere obstacles of nature went down before their youthful enthusiasm. It was the season of budding and growth. One, therefore, who knows the mountains, can partially fancy what glories of nature spread out before them as they stood on the summit of the great range.

Forests of ferns clothed the steep hillsides. The dogwood and tulip leaves, the rhododendron and thistle showed fair amid the rankness of the solemn forests, and the sweet odor of the wildwood mingled with the tonic ozone of the high altitudes.

Spotswood, after the histrionic manner of the times, carved the name of his king upon the highest rock and dubbed it Mt. George. Then, the exultant band, having thus made feasible the passage across the mysterious barriers of the mountains, "returned home," says the ancient historian, "with a glory in those times, scarcely inferior to Hannibal." Knighthood came to Spotswood from his king as his reward, and he, in turn, wished to perpetuate the memory of the noble exploit by establishing an order of knighthood both for his followers, and for those who might hereafter embark upon similar enterprises.

The Emblem was a small golden horse-shoe, worn on a short, scarlet ribbon : the horse-shoe being chosen as the device because the rough mountain roads made them necessary for the first time in the history of the colony. The motto referring to the origin of the order ran thus ;—“*Sic juvat transcendere montes.*”

If the glamour of romance, and Homeric ardor could justify such an order, this deserved to live. But the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe perished from our annals, their leader dying in obscurity and rewarded with ingratitude.

#### THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI

brings us to the days of the Republic. It was altogether natural that the officers of the army and navy of the Revolution, and especially its foreign officers, should seek to erect some memorial of their common perils, privations and friendships.

This was done on Tuesday, May 13, 1783, in General Steuben's headquarters in the “Cantonment” on the Hudson by the establishment of the Society of the Cincinnati—so named, because, like the illustrious Roman, they, too, had gone from the field to war and from war back to the field. The idea seemed an inspiration. Knox, Hamilton and many of the leading figures of the Revolution enrolled their names. Washington, the American Cincinnatus, became its first president. Branch societies were organized in all the states. These were to meet on each July fourth and their members amid much wine-drinking and good-comradeship, were to re-live and recount the vast events of their do-

ing. The purposes of the order were partly patriotic, partly commemorative and partly benevolent—to preserve human rights, perpetuate glorious memories and succor helpless comrades. The privileges of the order were hereditary in the eldest male posterity, or in failure thereof, in collateral branches. The badge chosen to distinguish the members of the order was made in France after designs by Major L'Enfant. It consisted mainly of an American eagle of solid gold with outstretched wings. Its head and tail were enamelled in white, and sprigs of laurel enamelled in green arching from the wings, swung from a deep blue "ribband" two inches wide, edged with white, descriptive of French and American union. There lies before me, as I write, one of these old badges worn by Maj. Jas. Hamilton of the Pennsylvania Line, who marched at the head of the conquering column at Yorktown. The honest gold still shines, and the ruby eye of the eagle still glows as brightly as on the day when the old soldier, whose fearless face looks down on me from the pictured canvass, wore it so proudly on his lappel.

The principal figure of the oval is Cincinnatus—Three senators are presenting him with a sword. Implements of husbandry lie around. Round the whole runs this legend: "*Omnia Reliquit servare Rempublicam.*" On the Reverse:

Sun rising—a city with open gates—Fame crowning Cincinnatus with a wreath inscribed *Virtutis Præmium*. Round the whole runs this inscription: *Societas Cincinnatorum Instituta. A. D. 1783.*

The hereditary idea proved fatal to the success of

this interesting organization. A military caste loomed large before the eyes of the people. Therefore, in obedience to public sentiment membership became elective and the Society continued in some vigor until the visit to this country of General La Fayette who was a member of the order. It still exists in several of the states, and of late there has been some enthusiasm shown in reviving its ancient renown, but it is without power or influence, and its chief claim to fame is its beautiful namesake, the metropolis of Ohio. A storm of democratic indignation swept over the land when this order and its purposes became known. Monarchical designs were imputed to its members and even Washington's great name did not escape calumny. The Adamses opposed it, Jefferson sneered at it, and Franklin, in his characteristic way, made sport of the whole idea.

He ridiculed the bad Latin of the motto (and, in truth, it is far from Ciceronian) and declared his inability to decide whether the bird on the device was an eagle or a turkey. He expressed the hope, however, that it might prove to be a turkey, for an eagle was a coward and a thief, while a turkey, at least hated "Red-Coats".

To us, familiar with the Grand Army of the Republic, the Colonial Dames, and the Sons and Daughters of Most Everything, all this sound and hubbub seems frantic and silly enough. The nation has grown more tolerant and reposeful with age and power. The child Democracy has grown into a giant and, conscious of its strength, looks on with amused complaisance at the

antics of crest-hunters, and the evolution of Four Hundreds. Indeed, it even speculates and theorises as to the ultimate form of all this social ferment and struggle. Not so with the fathers. They were possessed with a morbid uneasiness on the whole subject, with a subtle distrust and saving dread of cast and class. In one way or another, our ancestors laid much of the evils of society at the doors of kings and lords and knights, and would not have even the semblance of these things.

Hence, the singular fatality attending every effort to establish on these shores hereditary rights or knightly orders. Hence, the sentiment continually cropping out in the state constitutions as each new commonwealth was born into statehood, and finally crystallising as a part of our organic law in Article First of the Constitution, which forever prohibited all manner of orders, titles or emoluments.

In truth, it seems tolerably clear that the great Republic has been set apart by the God of Nations as a sort of trial-ground for the testing of popular government. All the conditions and accessories are favorable—general intelligence, swift communication, forms of government, the power of the press, and progress of science; but the resources and shapes of privilege are mighty and protean. The struggle is as ancient as time. Old forms of danger are crushed out, and new ones are born into civilization.

The spirit of commercialism and the insolence of plutocracy are the menaces that the nineteenth century bequeaths to the twentieth. This new caste, unforeseen by the Founders, has many of the vices and

few of the virtues of the old régime overthrown after a domination of eight centuries. It is thrift, cunning, greed, sordidness, caution compared with "*laissez faire*," waste, vanity and recklessness. The children of the people have their work to do in the time coming as did their fathers in the days long ago.

Let us have faith that they will prevail, and that we shall forever be in Mr. Lincoln's exquisite phrase, "a government of the people, for the people and by the people." '82.

## THE ALLEGORY IN TENNYSON'S "HOLY GRAIL."

The staunch old Saxons, our forefathers, were a religious people inclined by nature to a meditative religiousness even approaching melancholy. To them the didactic method of presenting a subject was especially delightful. It is then no wonder that our Master Laureate was attracted by the possibilities in the Grail Myth. This legend dates back to our earliest literature, but Sir Thomas Malory in his *Morte D'Arthur* has collected the various sources and forms of the story, and has presented them to us in a very attractive literary form. It is from this form of the legend that Tennyson has taken his material.

The Holy Grail, so the story goes, is the cup from which our Lord partook of the last supper with his disciples. This cup fell into the hands of one Joseph of Arimathaea who, journeying, came to Glastonbury, where the white thorn, mindful of the sacredness of the Grail, burst into bloom at the Christmas-tide. At Glastonbury Joseph founded a monastery and guarded the sacred talisman with a jealous vigilance. There the Grail remained "scattering healing at a touch," until the men and times became so foully corrupt that the cup was caught away to heaven and disappeared. This is, in main, the legend upon which Tennyson founded his "Holy Grail."

The preëminence given to this poem in the *Idylls* must be apparent to the most casual reader. It is indeed the

grand climactic culmination of the whole series. Just as the summer is the culminating point of the year, and the other seasons, by contrast, lend new splendor to it, so the "Grail" poem stands in the Idylls. The different poems of the series are arranged for this effect. The Coming of Arthur is at the birth of the new year, he is wedded when all nature is "white with May;" in the bright golden summer appears the Grail with its silver rose-red light; the Last Tournament takes place in the melancholy autumn-tide; Guinivere flees when the mellow purple tint is just beginning to enfold nature; King Arthur passes away with the old year, just as "the wild bells" ring out, and the Old Year gives greetings to the New.

Tennyson has treated the subject from a purely allegorical standpoint. He approached the subject very cautiously, we are told, on account of the sacredness of it. The best part of the poet's life was spent on it. The quest of the Grail symbolizes the strivings of humanity after spiritual perfection. It is the last and greatest stage of human progress. This achievement is individualized in Galahad. He alone of all the Knights of the Table Round is permitted to see the Holy Grail without fastings and prayers; he alone can pass unscathed through the temptations of sense; he only dares to sit in the Siege Perilous,

"for there

No man could sit but he should lose himself."

Merlin, who represents the intellect, sat in this perilous seat and was lost; Galahad, who represents the perfect purity which mirrors God, sat and was lost to self but was safe in God.

The Hall at Camelot typifies human development. man's beliefs as well as his institutions grow gradually. They are built up step by step, just as Merlin built the Camelot Hall, zone by zone. It is intellect that builds the man as well as the institution. The zones of Camelot clearly represent the stages of civilization. The Hall is girt around with four great zones typifying the stages of man's development. In the lowest zone, beasts are slaying men; in the second, men are slaying beasts; in the third, man has overcome the beast and has grown into the warrior, the perfect man; and in the fourth and last zone are "men with growing wings"—the longings and aspirations of the soul.

In this Hall were also twelve great windows blazoned with the twelve great battles of Arthur. These represent the conflicts of the soul. The poem says all the light that comes into this hall must come through these windows. All spiritual light comes only through and after conflict. The soul of man, even as his body, must battle against its foes.

One of the windows, the one at the west, remained cold and blank in the midst of the royal splendor. Counter to this was one rich with "wandering lines of mount and mere," where Arthur found the brand Excalibur. The eastern window typifies the beginning of the spiritual career, the western, the end. This yet remains for the future to ornament. There are still battles to be fought and won, difficulties to be surmounted; there is also finally a supreme conflict for each soul that aspires, and the western window will not be blazoned till the end.

In this poem the seven deadly sins of the original legend have been replaced by the disenchantments of Percivale. These disenchantments, so-called, are the conflicts of self and soul in the spiritual quest.

After Percivale has begun his search for the Grail, his past sinful life looms up before him crying, "This quest is not for thee!" Percivale is typical of a certain class of individuals. His search was begun with great enthusiasm, but as his ardor cooled, he became more mindful of bodily desire and comforts than of his spiritual career. He turned away from his path to gather the apples of bodily appetite; while yet he ate they fell away to dust leaving him to experience the emptiness of human pleasures. He found that love and splendor, wealth and fame, are all empty names and that reality is found only in the eternal.

The Grail appears to each man according to his individuality. To Galahad, the pure, it appeared clothed in white samite accompanied by a soft light of rosy hue and silvery breathings of ethereal melody. To Lancelot, who seeks while yet his heart yearns for his guilty love, it appears clothed in fiery-flashing flames, and the sweet melody of Galahad's vision is changed to the thunder of condemnation.

Gawain represents still another type of human nature. He entered the quest with great enthusiasm, was blown about for a time by the gale, but finally extricated himself, gave up the search and fell back into idleness and ease. Spiritual things disquiet worldly minds for only a short time.

To sum up the meaning of the poem, we see that it

is not the history of one man nor of one generation ; it is the universal conception of the relation of the individual to the spiritual, the seen to the Unseen. Human nature is the same in all ages. What was true of Arthur is true of man to-day. The world is full of Lancelots and Percivales. No two individuals seek the Grail alike ; there is no fixed path for man to approach the realization of the spiritual ; each must seek his salvation according to his individuality. The Gawains, Lancelots, Borses and Galahads represent these different individualities.

These types exist and must as long as man suffers and sins, and hopes and fears.

HOWARD BRAXTON HOLMES, '99.

## WILSON CALDWELL.

Every one who has attended the University during the last thirty years will at once recognize the frontispiece as the faithful old college servant, Wilson Caldwell. He served the institution so long and so well that his life deserves special notice. During the past summer his many friends were both surprised and grieved to hear of his death.

The services attending his burial were held on the 9th. of July in the Congregational Church, of Chapel Hill, of which he was a member. Rev. Paul L. La-Cour, pastor of the congregation, officiated, assisted by Rev. John Caldwell. The congregation sang several beautiful hymns; Mr. Caldwell offered a touching and fervent prayer. A chapter of the Bible was read by the pastor, and short addresses were delivered by him and by Dr. K. P. Battle, at his request. The congregation was large, comprising very many of the leading white and colored citizens of Chapel Hill. Col. J. S. Carr and Dr. John M. Manning came all the way from Durham to do honor to their old friend, and also Abel Payne, a most worthy colored citizen of Hillsboro. The tolling of the University bell was added to that of the church. There was a long procession of carriages accompanying the body to its grave in the old village cemetery. Many of the faculty and white citizens joined the procession. As so many of our readers are interested in this life-long servant of the University, we subjoin a pretty full report of Dr. Battle's impromptu address.

He began by saying that he could not find it in his heart to decline paying a tribute to the memory of his co-laborer and friend, Wilson Caldwell. He then read the following telegram from President Alderman, in attendance on a meeting of the National Teachers' Association at Washington:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9th, 1898.

I deplore the death of Wilson Caldwell. He was a faithful servant and a gentleman.

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN.

Dr. Battle then gave a short life-history of the deceased.

He was born on the lot now occupied by Dr. Alexander, on the 17th of February, 1841, and was therefore fifty-seven years old on his last birthday. His mother was Rosa Burgess, the slave of President Swain, who purchased her from the Iredell family. The wife of Governor Swain was the grand-daughter of Governor Richard Caswell. The father of Caldwell was November Caldwell, the slave of President Joseph Caldwell, and was generally known by the title of his master, "Doctor" November. He had belonged to the second wife of President Caldwell, who was the daughter of a wealthy and prominent merchant, James Hogg, an ancestor of the Bingham, the Norwood, the Hooper and others of the best people of the state. Mrs. Caldwell was the widow of William Hooper, son of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and mother of the earnest teacher and divine, Dr. William Hooper. It thus appears that the father and mother of Wilson Caldwell had been under the training of families emi-

nently kind, sensible and courteous, and as we are all largely influenced by our surroundings, we can understand why his manners were always the manners of a gentleman.

Wilson was only nominally a slave, as Governor and his wife treated their slaves like members of their family. His early years were spent as a companion on equal terms with their son Richard. At twelve years of age he entered into the service of the University, working for the English landscape gardener, Paxton, said to have been a relative of the builder of the Crystal Palace, Sir Joseph Paxton. He was then promoted to the service of the professors in the newly established chemical laboratory and then to the more responsible duty of caring for a portion of the lecture rooms and dormitories. Beginning when the University was very prosperous, with nearly five hundred students, he continued during the hard years of the civil war, and ended in 1868 when his old master lost his office and soon afterward his life. When Kilpatrick's Cavalry, under Gen. S. D. Atkins, approached Chapel Hill, he was selected together with the Mayor, Governor Swain, Judge Battle and others to meet the troops at the foot of Piney Prospect and ask for protection to the property of the University and of the village, which was cheerfully granted.

The authorities who took charge of the University in July 1868 offered Caldwell his old place, but with such wages as he did not deem adequate. He, therefore, after examination, obtained a certificate as teacher of the public schools, and taught both in Orange and Pasquo-

tank. It was at this period that he was a Justice of the Peace, and performed the duties of this office with such propriety and impartiality that he escaped the hostile criticism of all parties in those days when party feeling was exceptionally fierce. The same may be said of his conduct in the office of Commissioner of Chapel Hill, to which he was elected while in the service of the University, an election which caused no hard feeling although a professor was on the opposing ticket.

It may be said generally that as a citizen his influence was for law and order, for smoothing over the acerbities of party politics and promoting friendliness among the classes of the community.

When not engaged in the services of the public he carried on the operations of a small farm which he purchased out of his savings.

At the revival of the University in 1875 there were three men in addition to the faculty sought for by the trustees, as necessary for its efficient administration. These were Andrew Mickle, as Bursar, Foster Utley, as head mechanic and Wilson Caldwell, as Janitor. They all accepted the offers made them and continued in the service of the institution, respected and trusted. Mr. Mickle until his removal to Texas, Mr. Utley until his lamented death, and Caldwell, with the exception of about a year spent in Durham. until he, too, was called up yesterday to the higher service of the Eternal Master. He worked for the University over forty years; his father and himself nearly three quarters of a century.

In all the employments which have been named, Cald-

well, in all respects, performed his full duty. There can be no higher praise than this. There is a mediæval maxim, "*Laborare est orare*"—to labor is to pray. In other words labor is God's service. An old writer says that if two angels should be sent from heaven, one to reign on a throne and the other to sweep the street, the work of one would be in God's sight equally as important, and equally rewarded, as the other. The poet Browning sings of a boy following a poor trade in a lonely cell and praising God as he toils. Sickness comes; ceased is the labor. The voice of the worshiper is stilled. The Archangel Gabriel,

"Like a rainbow's birth,  
Spreads his wings and sank to earth,  
Entered in flesh the empty cell,  
Lived there and played the craftman well,  
And ever o'er the trade he bent,  
And ever lived on earth content,  
He did God's will : To him all one  
If on the earth or in the sun."

Our Divine Teacher said: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful in that which is much." Not *will be* faithful, but is now. The humblest soldier who with full sense of duty, along with his brave comrades, storms the heights of Santiago, is as great in God's sight as General Shafter who is praised as gaining the victory. The workman on our streets, who faithfully earns the wages he receives at sunset, is as much honored in the eternal kingdom as President McKinley, the executive head of seventy million people. The humblest woman who in toil and penury does what she can to make her home happy and pure is as great

in God's sight as the good Queen Victoria, whose dominions encircle the earth.

All toilers in whatever craft should realize the great truth of the words of St. Paul that by faithfulness to duty they become fellow laborers with God ; that God becomes their partner.

Wilson Caldwell served the University under five administrations. Scores of members of the faculty, and thousands of students and alumni have testified that he was in all respects and at all times faithful to the trusts he assumed. He did his duty promptly, punctually, honestly, thoroughly, courteously. He in some respects had a most trying situation. He ran the risk on one hand of being suspected of aiding, in some manner, breaches of the University laws. He ran the risk on the other of being suspected by the students of furnishing hints to the faculty of the names of offenders. It is evidence of his strength of character, uniform truthfulness, his tact, that he won the respect, the confidence and the friendship of all. I am to go further and to state that as far as he could without offence he often endeavored by kindly counsel to win into the right path young men inclined to take the downward step.

He loved the University. No one was more gladdened than he at its success, no one more grieved at its misfortunes. In the dark days of the civil war all noticed how his heart was sore, whenever tidings came of the cutting off of the alumni, who rushed so impetuously to the front. There is not a name of the nearly three hundred on the tablets in Memorial Hall which

did not bring to his heart a mournful memory. He followed the careers of the prosperous with the liveliest interest, and they remembered him with sincere affection. It was pleasant to witness the hearty handshaking and hear the cordial greetings between him and the alumni revisiting their alma mater.

Caldwell was happily married to a good and congenial woman, but has suffered grievous family afflictions. Out of twelve children, seven have gone before him, five cut off by pulmonary consumption after reaching maturity. He bore his trials with fortitude. He sorrowed not as those who have no hope of a hereafter. With serene confidence in the wisdom and mercy of his Creator he trusted that all the evils and inequalities of this world will be rectified in the next.

“And now my friends,” Dr. Battle asked in conclusion, “in view of these characteristics of the good man, whose mortal body lies before us, may we not all of us unite with President Alderman and deplore the death of this faithful servant and gentleman?”

## ON THE BANKS OF HELM BROOK.

In one of the most picturesque valleys of a region famous for the beauty of its scenery, far back in the Blue Ridge mountains, is a little village, called Helm. To this isolated spot flock each summer crowds of people seeking refuge from the trials of the world of business.

A few years ago there lived here two young people, Paul Stanly and Martha Winter. He was a typical young American farmer, living a simple life, rejoicing in the freedom of his native mountains and in the strength to gain his livelihood from their rocky soil. But he followed a doubtful and dangerous occupation. From the time of the Revolution the farmers of this region had been distillers of whiskey. This formed their chief means of making a living and they naturally resented the imposition of a revenue tax. This was levying, as it were, upon their very bread, and they seldom if ever paid the tax. Between the officers who collected this revenue and the farmers there was the most bitter enmity.

Paul Stanly was the descendant of one of the pioneers. He received his farm as it was handed down to him from his ancestors and kept at their old trade, always evading the government officials.

Martha Winter was a young Scotchwoman who possessed all the remarkable traits of Highland ancestors. Endowed with a singular beauty, quick-tempered and passionate, she loved her friends and hated her ene-

mies with all the intensity of the Celt. She and Paul had grown to manhood and womanhood together and loved each other. Their marriage was now often spoken of.

But fate had decreed that their quiet and happy life should not continue uninterrupted. Among those who sought repose and pleasure in the mountains of Helm came a young physician, just from his college. He was endowed with all of those graces which make a man attractive among young people. At once he became infatuated by Martha's striking beauty and soon was a devoted suitor. His suit at first, quietly offered, was as quietly rejected. But he persisted. She, as firmly, resisted. Till finally his very name became a hated sound, and he an unendurable sight. Time passed rapidly. Summer gave way to Autumn, and Autumn was rapidly vanishing before approaching Winter. Still Dr. Phelps lingered in Helm. But he rarely saw Martha. She quietly avoided him. For her marriage to Paul Stanly was rapidly approaching and her heart was still true to him.

Phelps was enraged that his handsome figure and persuasive tongue had no more influence with this simple, true mountain girl. "Confound me!" he exclaimed. "Jilted for a liquor distiller. Curse him! He must get out of my way."

\* \* \* \* \*

Late one afternoon a crowd was gathered at the village post-office. It was a typical crowd. There also were Paul Stanly and Jesse Phelps.

Little interest was manifested in the rough conver-

sation, till suddenly a man rode rapidly to the door of the office and in great excitement dismounted. "Hello, Jim, what's up," was his greeting.

"There's the devil to pay, fellows, over at Poolville," he cried excitedly. "Revenue officers, six of the thieves, made a raid out there yesterday, broke up all the stills and caught four or five fellows. Shot old John Blakeley, poor fellow, stone dead. Heading now for Helm." He spoke rapidly and was compelled to stop to catch his breath. There was interest enough now. At least two-thirds of these men distilled whiskey and not one paid the tax.

"That's some sort o' hell," cried a hot-headed young fellow, "but let 'em come. There's rope enough here, plenty o' handy limbs and everybody looking for some fun. We'll have a hot old time."

"You'd better rub up your muskets boys," said the messenger. "They are all well armed and mean business."

The crowd soon dispersed, the men going their several ways.

Dr. Phelps strolled down by the brook that ran through Helm.

"All's fair in love and war," he repeated to himself again and again.

"And here we have both love and war. Therefore it's doubly fair," he commented. "Besides," he continued, "this fellow is nothing but a common criminal, breaks the law, defrauds the government, and it's my duty as a citizen to see the law maintained." Thus he reasoned repeating the same thing again and again.

"I'll do it," he finally exclaimed, and turning quickly, he walked rapidly back to the village which he reached just before nightfall.

\* \* \* \* \*

All Helm was aroused. Fifty enraged mountaineers, well armed and determined, were searching the hills, far and wide. The work of the revenue officers was fatal. For Paul Stanly lay on his couch in his mountain home, with a bullet in his lungs. By the side of the dying man, holding his hand, sat a weeping girl. Standing opposite her on the other side of the bed, but unnoticed by Martha, was Dr. Phelps, an ill-concealed smile playing about his mouth as he watched the beautiful mourner before him. He held Paul's other hand, silently counting the slowly beating pulse, as it ebbed away. Then he left the cottage, because even his stony heart could not endure the sight of her grief. And she was left alone with all that remained of Paul Stanly.

\* \* \* \* \*

The days passed slowly now, while Phelps bided his time. He saw only a little of Martha, but showed her much sympathy, till she came to regard him almost as a good friend. But his patience could not endure the strain. He spoke too soon, while sorrow was still burning keenly in her heart. The injustice done her in supposing her capable of so soon forgetting her dead lover, revived all her former dislike. Phelps was told that he would be no longer a welcome visitor.

"All for nothing!" he exclaimed as he angrily paced the floor of his room that night. "Are my hands red

with his blood and I have no reward? No, by heavens! There is reward. 'Tis sweeter than love itself. Revenge! Revenge is left."

He laid his plots deeply. Could he but ruin her reputation and cause her old friends to fall away, then she would seek some one for sympathy. He would be her support and his purpose would be accomplished.

To make the people believe that she betrayed Paul Stanly, was the wretch's scheme. For Paul was one of their idols and the farmers longed for some one upon whom to wreak their vengeance.

He succeeded and old friends fell away one by one. So the months passed wearily by and spring was again at hand. All nature seemed rejoicing in its new life.

Every afternoon Martha went alone to the grave of her lost lover. Paul Stanly's last resting place was on the steep side of a beautiful hill some distance out of Helm. Near by dashed the dark waters of Helm brook.

One evening, just as the sun was slowly sinking behind the tall tree tops and night was hovering over the peaceful scene, Martha stood upon the brink of the stream, listening to the dull roar of its waters, as they dashed over the huge boulders in their course. The soft rock had been cut into by centuries of wear, and the water was far below her, beyond her sight. The cut was narrow and overgrown with thick bushes. Sharp rocks jutted from its sides. All was black and hidden below. One knew only of the dashing water because of its deep and sullen roar. Martha looked over the sharp edge and tried to pierce with her sight the darkness below. She was suddenly startled by hearing

foot-steps at her side. Looking up she beheld to her surprise, Dr. Phelps. It was only a repetition of the same old painful scene. But Martha bore it firmly with suppressed anger, till Phelps exclaimed in his excitement,

“How can you doubt me, Martha? I, alone of all, refuted the horrible lies told of you and him who sleeps beside us.”

“Believe you, sir,” she exclaimed indignantly, “I would first believe that he whom your cowardly treachery laid here in the cold ground, were false. Refuse to believe the lies told of me! Indeed, sir, when did a liar ever believe himself? Oh! sir, would you kill me as you murdered him?”

She was pale with rage and shook with passion.

He made one step forward.

“By G—d! you shall believe,” he cried his eyes flashing with anger.

“Back sir,” she cried. “Not another step, or—”

But he, in his excitement and passion, heeded her not. He now stood dangerously near the deep gorge, one foot resting on a loose rock overhanging the water. But he did not notice his perilous position, so bent was he upon his villainy. He leaned forward to catch at her. She in her fury and fear struck him in the face. The rock gave way. His heavy body fell crashing through the thick bushes, down, down to destruction on the sharp rocks below.

She sprang forward in terror.

“Oh! what have I done? My God! my God! what have I done!” she cried aloud in fright.

Then she leaned over to look, to listen. She could see nothing, hear nothing, save the angry roar of the black water below.

Dead! and by her hand! A fearful cry rent the air, and then her lifeless form fell heavily to the ground.

When several hours later they found her, she was still unconscious. A high fever had laid its deadly grasp upon her.

This continued for two days and then her spirit took its flight to join Paul's in the mysterious regions beyond.

And Helm brook flows on, dashing down the steep mountain side, but never a word of the terrible scene on its banks that beautiful evening, years ago! The old people have passed away and new ones have taken their places. And among these in their busy life the love story of Martha Winter is almost forgotten.

C. '99.

## THE IDYLLIC NOTE IN ADAM BEDE.

There are, if we adopt a broad scale, four main points of view from which a novel may be studied. First comes the "narrative", which comprises the constructive principle on which the novel is founded, the fundamental plot on which everything else depends; next come the characters, in all their forms and phases, including the methods used in their presentation, and the realistic effect produced; under the third division may be put the "essence" of the novel, that is to say, the underlying current of thought or purpose which prompts the work; and last of all comes that elusive and yet ever present element in a writer's work, which pervades every sentence and paragraph, and which we call his style. In this discussion of George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, I shall limit myself to the third division, and, by emphasizing the author's special purpose and the idea which she means to convey, shall point out the real force and merit of the book.

*Adam Bede* was the first long story that George Eliot wrote. Although preceded by three shorter stories which are now classed together and bear the title, *Scenes from Clerical Life*, it was the first of a series of actual novels which appeared between the years 1859 and 1876. A first impression of the book is apt to be misleading. To those accustomed to the author's later novels, in which intricacy of plot is the leading feature, the simplicity of *Adam Bede*, the subordination

of action to other effects, may seem, at first, surprising and even disappointing. The main value of the novel, however, does not lie in the story, but in the glimpse which it furnishes of English country life. The plot is of secondary importance, introduced merely as a means to an end, and that end is the living picture of the life at Hayslope, which brightens and grows dark with the changes in the fortunes of the characters.

In *Adam Bede*, there are many elements which make up the sum total of this idyllic picture. Of first importance is the life at the Hall Farm, with Mr. and Mrs. Poyser in the midst. We seem to smell the sweet scent of new mown hay in the meadows, to feel the refreshing coolness and freshness of the dairy as Hetty makes the butter, and to see the basket of ripe, red currents which Adam brings to the house. The simplicity and homeliness of the farm life is well shown by the description of the Harvest Supper and by Mrs. Poyser's remark to the effect that "it's all right and proper for gentle folks to stay up by candle-light—they've got no cheese on their minds". The scenes at the carpenter's shop and the night school also illustrate forms of this rustic life, and the celebration of Arthur Donnithorne's twenty-first birthday with a feast, and games, and dancing, brings into strong relief the thoroughly idyllic tenor of the book, and suggests Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. Another element in this picture, which characterizes no one scene, but is everpresent, is the Methodist spirit. The characters of Seth and Dinah, and the comforting, almost Christlike words of the latter, are full of a noble

simplicity, which touches the heart and bears with it a purifying power. All these scenes and characteristics make up the main body of the narrative,—the full rounded picture,—and in no way contribute to the so-called plot. The farm life, the teaching, the carpentering, the rustic festivities, the preaching on the green, are distinct units in one great whole, which is knit together by Arthur's love for Hetty, and by Adam's love for Hetty and Dinah.

This idyllic note in *Adam Bede* illustrates George Eliot's sympathy with the Romantic methods of the early portion of the century, which, with her, are like those predominant in Wordsworth's poetry—the love for Man and the love for Nature. George Eliot's love for mankind is seen in this very picture of country life, where the lower types of human nature are displayed with a warmth of affection which constantly borders on idealism. The nobility of soul which radiates from laborers like Adam and Dinah, is proof sufficient of George Eliot's desire to teach a lesson by the idealization of the simple and the lowly. This deep sympathy with mankind is shown, too, in the following quotation from Book Second: "Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face pale by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of Art these old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, these heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house, these rounded backs and striped, weather

beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world." Another form of this love for Man appears in George Eliot's individualism, in the passages where she moralizes on the great truths which exist for all mankind. Here the great truths of love most forcibly stir her heart and cry for utterance. Speaking of Seth's love for Dinah, she says, "Love of this sort is hardly distinguishable from religious feeling. What deep and worthy love is so? Whether of woman or child, or art or music." And later she says, "The first glad moment in our first love is a vision which returns to us to the last, and brings with it a thrill of feeling intense and special as the recurrent sensation of a sweet odour breathed in a far off hour of happiness."

George Eliot's attitude toward Nature illustrates still more forcibly her Romantic temperament. In *Adam Bede* the descriptions of natural surroundings are not given as a bare realistic stage-setting, as an exact reproduction of what the eye alone would see in the landscape, but they all have some intimate association with the thoughts and feelings of the characters. In every case the scene suggests emotions, which, at that moment, fill the heart of some person in the story: all Nature serves as a mirror to reflect the workings of the soul. The following passage illustrates this: "The eighteenth of August was one of those days when the sunshine looked brighter in all eyes for the gloom that went before. Grand masses of cloud were hurried across the blue, and the great round hills behind the Chase seemed alive with their flying shadows; the

sun was hidden for a moment, and then shone out again like a recovered joy \* \* \* \* a merry day for the children, who ran and shouted to see if they could top the wind with their voices. \* \* \* \* and yet a day on which a blighting sorrow may fall on a man. For if it be true that Nature at certain moments seems charged with a presentiment of one individual lot, must it not also be true that she seems unmindful, unconscious of another?" In this way George Eliot weaves human life into Nature, making it symbolical of men's inmost thoughts, finding between brooks and blossoms, and the human heart, a deep and tender bond of sympathy.

This affection for Man and Nature, then, which may be called a result of Romanticism, this devotion to the human and the beautiful, is the foremost Element in *Adam Bede*. Later its author became more realistic, and strove for instant striking effect ; but here she has dwelt at length on characters and scenes, not as a means to an end, as in the later novels, but as an end in itself. She has painted an idyllic picture composed of many parts, every one of which is important to the whole, and is presented with delicacy and precision.

M.

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## The Editor's Desk.

With this issue the MAGAZINE makes its appearance under new management. The work of the editors and contributors of the past year affords us a model by which we may shape our course, and we pledge ourselves to do our best to make this a Magazine worthy of the institution which it represents.

In the future, as in the past, it will be first of all a student Magazine. The main object in a College

Monthly, as we see it, is not to afford a means of publication for the essays and speeches of professional men and women of the country, but primarily to serve the students, by giving them an opportunity to develop the literary spirit they have.

The MAGAZINE is owned and managed by the students and their productions always have first claim upon its columns. But no publication will be of lasting value which does not contain matter that may in the future be used as a reference on some historical, biographical, scientific or sociological subject.

The MAGAZINE will therefore contain in each issue two or more such articles either from members of the student body or from alumni of the University; but in all cases precedence will be given to student contributions when they are of such nature as to warrant their publication. Every student who can do so is earnestly requested to write, and all articles of merit will be published.

In all the various phases of our College life there has been marked progress within the last few years. The public debates, which are the outcome of active work in the literary societies, have become a prominent and helpful feature. Athletics hold a higher place in the estimation of our students than ever before; the Young Men's Christian Association has taken a firm stand in our life, and so we find all branches of our inner life in a progressive state. Should the truly literary side of our life be neglected in this general advancement? By no means. The MAGAZINE should be the true exponent of the literary talent of the under-graduate body and just this is what we wish to make it.

The action of the board of Trustees, which admitted women to the higher classes in the University, has been universally popular. Last year there were five ladies who took advantage of the opportunities offered, and this year there are ten. Their work has been of the highest character and they have clearly proved that the women of our country deserve equal opportunities with their brothers along educational lines, and that when granted that privilege, they make the best of it.

The age has clamored for the higher education of woman and in the great Universities of the North and West this demand has been granted. One University after another has removed the conditions that were a barrier to woman in seeking that which rightly belongs to her, until almost every great institution in the country extends a cordial greeting to every woman who wishes to drink deep of the draught of knowledge. This plan has been a successful one and the achievements of woman in the last generation have been marvellous.

The Trustees have limited admission, and rightly we think, to the higher classes. For the problems which confront woman here require that she should be of mature age and experience. Here a new world opens up before her, and if she applies herself to the study of this new life, her ideas will be more fully developed, her feeling for humanity will be deepened, her views of life will be broadened and she will become a better and nobler woman for having breathed the University atmosphere.

On account of unexpected and unavoidable hindrances this issue of the MAGAZINE has been considerably delayed, but in the future we shall try to come out promptly on time.

Let all who can write, do so, and in that way do away with the greatest hindrance.

Read what our advertisers have to say. Patronize them. Show them that we appreciate their help.

# Book Notice.

## HELBECK OF BANNISDALE.

Helbeck of Bannisdale, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest novel, is, in reality, the discussion of a religious problem. The interest is centred, not on the development of plot, not on the handling of characters, but on the conflict of Catholicism and Freethinking, as embodied in these characters.

Alan Helbeck is a Catholic by heredity and by training. The impressions of his earliest childhood, the collisions with his morose and half-educated father, his mother glorying in her faith, his own peculiar temperament, gloomy and austere, his Jesuit training, all make his faith the breath of his life. His home laid bare and ruined for the sake of his church, his poverty, his hermit's life, all are the honour marks left by his oppressor. He rejoices in them. Obedience and training are his watch-words.

His sister, deserting her faith, marries a Freethinker, Stephen Fortune; after the death of her husband, she and her step-daughter, Laura, come to live at Bannisdale. Laura had never read with her father nor shared his mind. He was indolent, she was wilful. Although he never taught her, yet he made a partisan of her, who echoed his hates and prejudices. She is the product of environment, representing forces of intelligence, analysis and criticism, but she is aware of this

only as they affect her modes of feeling. She felt as she had been born to feel, as she had been taught to feel.

She came to Bannisdale prepared to hate Catholicism both on account of her training, or rather her lack of training, and because Alan Helbeck had been very harsh to her father, whose memory she revered.

And when she got there she found the house and its master priest-ridden; the estate stripped to adorn a chapel, the master made to starve for the honor of the church, while the priests lived on the fat of the land, smiling and smirking and praying and robbing at the same time. Laura's love of freedom and life rebels against this entire suppression of human feeling, this dependence upon the will of another. Her reason denies it.

The more she sees of Alan, away from his religious creed, the more she likes him. She loves him for his chivalrousness, for his consideration of others before himself, for his devotion to principle. And Alan loves her.

Such a plot cannot but end in tragedy; the differences between them are not mere differences of opinion. Alan's mind has a framework, he is wrapped up in his faith, without his belief he would no longer be Alan. Catholicism is directly contrary to Laura's nature. She cannot accept it. The virtues of the nuns are unintelligible to her, their bigotries, obvious; she hates the slyness and absurdities of Father Bowles, the priestly claims of Father Leadham and their superstition. Here is a conflict of instincts, of the deepest tendencies of two natures. A tragedy must follow.

Laura, seeing that her lover cannot yield, and wishing to spare him future griefs, finally conquers herself and leaves. But she has to return to the death-bed of her step-mother. And, partly to please Augustina, who is dying, and partly because she is overcome by her own feelings, she yields and consents to become a Catholic. Her step-mother dies before she can tell her; she knows now that she cannot do as she promised, and in an agony of remorse, fearing that she may darken her lover's whole life, she drowns herself.

It must be confessed, as many people say, that our authoress is rather unjust in her delineation of the Catholics. The priests and the nuns introduced, are supposed to be broad general types, whereas, in truth, they are exaggerated individuals.

# College Record.

The graduating class numbers sixty-two up to date.

Pres. Alderman delivered a lecture at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C. on the evening of October 14. Subject: *Cairo and Jerusalem*.

C. C. Brown, Di., H. B. Holmes, Phi., and H. P. Harding, Phi. have been elected MAGAZINE Editors to succeed Messrs. Pearson, Di., Maddry, Phi., and Sykes, Phi.

Col. George E. Pond of General Fitzhugh Lee's staff is on the Hill visiting his wife and daughter.

Mr. R. G. Kittrell, '99, was called home for a few days last week on account of the sickness of his uncle.

Mr. W. E. Cox, '99, attended the convention of St. Andrews Brotherhood recently held in Baltimore.

Dr. Battle was a member of the committee, representing the North Carolina Diocese, to consider the matter of the new Western Diocese at the recent Episcopal convention at Asheville.

Mr. Julian S. Carr, Jr., was elected President of the Athletic Association at its recent meeting.

Mr. F. O. Rogers is temporary Captain of the Foot-ball team. Mr. R. A. Winston has been elected Captain of the '99 Base-ball team.

Mr. H. H. Horne, '95, now a candidate for the degree of Ph.D. at Harvard College, spent a few days on the Hill before returning to Cambridge.

In the Annual Debate between University of Georgia and University of North Carolina, Mr. E. D. Broadhurst will represent the Phi. Society and Mr. T. C. Bowie, the Di.

The Dramatic Club has re-organized with Mr. Ralph Graves, Director; Mr. Geo. Vick, Manager; and Mr. Marsden Bellamy, Stage Manager. "The Little Rebel" and "Evening Dress" will be presented this fall.

Mr. Jas. W. Calder of Charlotte succeeds Mr. Mechling, the gymnasium instructor, who has accepted a similar position in Louisville, Ky.

The University Press Association has been re-organized with W. S. Wilson, President; Henry M. London, Vice President; Everett A. Lockett, Secretary and Treasurer.

Wednesday October 12, was the one hundred-and-fifth anniversary of the laying of the corner stone of the University's first building, the Old East. All work was suspended for the day and Dr. Alderman gave a reception in the evening from 8:30 to 12 o'clock to the Seniors, Professional students, and the young ladies of the University.

The following young ladies have matriculated and are attending lectures in the University: Miss Mary P. Kendrick, Boston, Mass., Misses Katherine and Angela Ahern, Hartford, Conn., Miss Bessie Staley, Franklinton, N. C., Miss Marcia L. Latham, Plymouth, N. C., Misses Bessie Whitaker and Susan W. Moses, Raleigh, N. C., Miss Alice Jones, Goldsboro, N. C., Miss Hanna F. Crawley, Adirance, Va., Miss Sallie W. Stockard, Saxapahaw, N. C.

The Senior Class has elected the following officers: President, J. S. Carr, Jr.; Vice President, W. S. Crawford; Secretary and Treasurer, J. L. McFadyen; Orator, T. C. Bowie; Statistician, W. E. Cox; Prophet, H. B. Holmes; Historian, J. E. Latta; Captain of Foot Ball team, R. A. Winston; Manager of Foot Ball team, J. R. Carr. The office of Poet was left open to competition.

Prof. Holmes addressed the Watauga club in Raleigh on the evening of October 14. From Raleigh he went to the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, where he is one of the Judges of the mineral deposits. Before returning to the Hill he will go to New Mexico to examine the Mica deposits for the United States Government.

Dr. Thos. Hume delivered one of the lectures in the course at the Southern Biblical Assembly held at Knoxville, Tenn., June 16-26, on "The Bible and Shakespeare." It was pronounced by the leading papers of Knoxville to be the best lecture of the Assembly. He has been invited to repeat it in Washington, D. C. this month. Before the State Normal School held at the University of Tennessee, he spoke on "The Teacher's Use of His Mother Tongue," June 20. And delivered addresses on "Foreign Missions and Education" before the Mount Zion District Association, October 12,

President Alderman, while attending the National Educational Association at Washington, D. C. during the summer was appointed a member of the National Council, and was also one of the fifteen educators selected to consider the question of establishing a National University. There were three Southern men on this committee, the other two being Hon. William L. Wilson and Dr. J. L. M. Curry. He delivered an address at the dedication of Science Hall at Guilford College, May, 21. At Hickory he spoke in behalf of Graded Schools, July 30., and next day spoke at Newton on "Public Education." He addressed the State Farmers Alliance at Hillsboro August 12.

The work in the Literary Societies so far has been of a high grade. Many new men have joined, and everything considered, society prospects are bright.

The first meeting of the Philological Club for the year 1898-99, was held in Mr. Alexander's study, on Tuesday September 27.

The following papers were read:—

1. Mr. Harrington:—*Some Studies in the Elegiac Strophe.*

The characteristics and peculiarities of the Elegiac Strophe in the works of Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius and Ovid were discussed, and the data brought into statistical form.

2. Mr. Alexander:—*Uniformity in the Use of Grammatical Terms.*

An urgent statement was made of the necessity for consistency in the names of cases, tenses, declensions, conjugations, and language constructions. A plea was made for the adoption of the clearest and simplest terms, especially with regard to conditions, and a recommendation offered for unanimity of use, and for minute explanation of elementary principles in class work.

The following officers were elected for the year.

President, Mr. Hume. Vice President, Mr. Linscott. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. May.

#### ELISHA MITCHELL SOCIETY.

The following officers have been elected:

President, Prof. Gore.

Vice-President, Dr. Mangum.

Permanent Secretary, Dr. Venable.

Recording Secretary, Dr. Baskerville.

The second meeting was held Tuesday October, 11th, at 7:30, p. m. in Person Hall.

The following papers were read :

"Natural Science as Interpreted by Lucretius;" Dr. F. P. Venable.

"Notes on Some of the Colony Breeding Birds of Eastern North Carolina;" Mr. T. G. Pearson.

Another paper, "Notes from the Jubilee Meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science," by Dr. Chas. Baskerville, was on the programme but as the hour was consumed by the two first papers it was postponed until the next meeting.

This society issues a semi-annual journal which has quite an extensive circulation. Among its exchanges are over a hundred foreign publications.

#### Y. M. C. A.

The officers are as follows: Pres. T. G. Pearson; Vice-Pres. F. W. Coker; Recording Secty., H. Anderson; Corresponding Secty., W. E. Cox; Treasurer, A. J. Barwick. The association gave its annual reception to the new men on the evening of September 16, from 8:30 to 11. Interesting talks were made by Pres. Alderman, Dr. Hume, Dr. Battle, Mr. H. H. Horne and Mr. Pearson.

Several new men have become active members and the devotional meetings are well attended.

#### SHAKESPERE CLUB.

The first meeting for the session was held in the Chapel on Monday night October 17. The programme was of singular interest.

"The Famous Victories of Henry V," by Mr. M. Bellamy Jr. very concisely and yet definitely compared this crude chronicle play with the marvellous trilogy, (The Henry Plays of Shakespere) and demonstrated the master's dramatic skill.

"The Douglas and Percy in the Ballad and in Shakespere," by Mr. R. D. W. Connor, happily identified the Percy as the same Hotspur and showed that the Douglas was the type and not the person preserved in the drama.

"The Drayton Ballad of Agincourt" was presented by Dr. Hume with striking inquiry as to the influence of the ballad on the play or *vice versa*.

Mr. Archibald Henderson gave a valuable paper on "The True Story of Joan of Arc," reviewing Schiller's "rose color" drama, the pseudo-Shakespere drawing of Henry VI. Part 1. and the psychological romance of Mark Twain, helping us to see the real Maid of Orleans.

# Alumni Notes.

Rev. Geo. Henry Crowell, of the Methodist Conference, Ph. B. 1892, is Sup't. of the Graded Schools of High Point.

Mr. Edwin Clarke Gregory, A. B., 1896, who has been teaching in one of the best schools of Virginia, has returned to U. N. C. and entered the Law Class.

Archibald Henderson, A. B., '98, is Instructor of mathematics in U. N. C.

Walter Rice Thomson, B. S., '98, is one of the Principals of the Graded Schools of Greensboro.

Wm. McEntire Walton, Jr., of the Junior Class of '98—'99, is a corporal in the 2nd Regiment, N. C. Volunteers.

Wm. Willis Boddie, B. Lit., '97 is teaching in the Louisburg Academy.

Henry Groves Connor, Jr., B. S., '97, is law partner with his father, Judge Connor, at Wilson.

Burton Craig, A. B., '97, is a member of the Faculty of the Horner School, Oxford.

Wm. Stamps Howard, B. S., '97, has obtained his Law license and will settle in Tarboro.

Wm. Cobb Lane, A. B., '97, is gaining laurels as a teacher in the Graded School at High Point.

Sylvester Browne Shepherd, A. B., '97, is partner with his father, Ex-Judge Shepherd, and often appears before the Supreme Court.

George Bahnsen Pond, of the Junior Class, '97—'98, has obtained a 2nd Lieutenantcy in the regular Army on competitive examination and at last accounts was fighting Indians.

Walter Vernon Brem, Jr., B. S., '96, is an officer of the 2nd Regiment, N. C. Volunteers.

Thomas Clarke, B. S., '96, is Instructor in the Chemical Department U. N. C. He has obtained his Ph.D. degree in Germany.

Wescott Roberson, A. B., '96, is law partner of John A. Barringer Esq., at High Point.

Joseph Harvey White, B. S., '96, is in the cotton manufacturing business at Graham.

James Samuel White, A. B., '96, is engaged in furniture manufacturing at Mebane.

Wm. H. McDonald, A. B., '87, is Cashier of a Bank at Enfield, of which he is a large stockholder.

John Gilchrist Mc Cormick, A. B., '98, is Principal of the Academy at Monroe.

George McCorckle, A. B., '78, who has held an office under the government, has joined his father, ex-Judge M. S. McCorckle, in the practice of Law at Newton.

Herbert Bemerton Battle, B. S., '81, late director of the State Experiment Station and State Chemist, is President of a large Fertilizer Manufacturing Company at Winston, with a capital of \$100,000, "The Southern Chemical Company."

W. J. Brogden, '98, has a position as teacher of English and Mathematics in the well known Morson and Denson School in Raleigh.

W. T. Usry, '98, is principal of The Sanford High School in Moore County.

Darius Eatman, '97, who conducted a most successful school at Franklinton for the past year is teaching Latin and Mathematics in the Bingham School at Asheville.

The William Bingham School has been fortunate in securing Chas. Johnston, '98.

I. E. D. Andrews, '98, is Principal of Farmer's Institute, Randolph Co.

John Knox Hair, A. M., '98, has charge of the Union Institute, Unionville, N. C.

"Dick" Busbee, '98, is pursuing a business course at Poughkeepsie.

Miss Stockard, '98, will spend another year on the "Hill." This year she will teach in the Chapel Hill School. The Institution is to be congratulated.

T. J. Creekmore, '97, is Superintendent of the Graded School in Clinton, N. C.

P. C. Whitlock, '98, and J. D. Parker, '98, are taking Law this year.

Wingate Underhill, '97, is engaged in teaching at Bayboro, in the Pamlico Institute.

"Dick" Lewis, '98, is taking a course in stenography preparatory to entering business. "Dick" spent a few days on the Hill recently.

Jack Horney, '97, is working now for his master's degree.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Trinity Church, Durham, N. C., on Sept. 14, '98, Benjamin Wyche, our former librarian, now librarian U. of Tex., was united in marriage to Miss Knowlton Woodward. Prof. Harrington of the University presided at the organ. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Cole. We extend congratulations.

We clip the following from the Norfolk-Virginian:—Prof. T. Judson Creekmore and Miss Mattie Keeting were married at London Bridge Church, Princess Anne County, Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of a large gathering of friends and guests. After the marriage the couple left for a northern tour.

#### ROBERT PAINE DICK L. L. D.

Died at his home in Greensboro, N. C. on Sept. 13, 1898—Rob't Paine Dick.

Rob't was the second son of ten children of John McClintock Dick, Judge of Superior Court of N. C., and Parthenia P. Williams, of Person County,

After preparation for college in Caldwell Institute, Greensboro, he entered the Sophomore class at the University.

Here he was an active member of the Dialectic Literary Society. Graduating with distinction, in 1843 he began the study of law under his father and Mr. Geo. C. Mendenhall.

In 1845 he began the practice of law at Wentworth, Rockingham County. Three years later he married Mary E. Adams of Pittsylvania Co., Va. and removed to Greensboro.

While a young lawyer he became a member of the Democratic Party and made many political speeches on the Tariff, State rights etc.

In the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore 1852 he voted for the nomination of Franklin Pierce and W. B. King, and returning home carried his state for the Democratic nominees. For this service he was made U. S. District Attorney.

Later he attached himself to the Stephen A. Douglas party and after its defeat, Judge Dick allied himself with the Union, or Conservative Party.

When the war began he and his party went with the state and he was elected a member of the Convention of 1861.

After the war President Johnson tendered him the office of U. S. District Judge which he accepted but soon resigned.

In 1848 he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court of N. C. which he resigned in 1872 in order to accept the Judgeship of U. S. District Court for Western District of N. C., tendered him by Gen. Grant. This he held until a short time before his death, when on account of his physical inability brought on by old age, he was obliged to resign. Mr. Dick not only won fame as a judge, lawyer and orator, but also as a writer. In this line the literary study of the Bible was his favorite subject.

The University and the entire state feel that in his death they have lost a strong friend and an influential citizen.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL,  
Sept. 24, 1898.

Whereas, Almighty God in his divine power has seen fit to remove from time to eternity, our late friend and fellow-member Mark V. Farmer, therefore be it

*Resolved* I. That while bowing in humble submission to the will of Him, who hath the power to give and to take away, we, the members of the Philanthropic Society cannot but lament our bereavement.

*Resolved* II. That we offer our warmest sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased, and while we would not intrude upon the sanctity of domestic grief, we would point them to that Eternal Source from which alone the crushed heart can derive consolation.

*Resolved* III. That these resolutions be placed upon the minutes

of our Society, that a copy of the same be sent to the bereaved family, and also that a copy be sent to the *Wilson Times*, the *Wilson News*, the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and the *Tar Heel* with a request to publish them.

N. E. WARD }  
 D. P. PARKER } Committee.  
 J. K. DOZIER }

DIALECTIC HALL,  
 Sept. 24, 1898.

Whereas, God in his infinite power has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved friend and fellow member Judge Robt. P. Dick. Be it resolved.

1st. That the Dialectic Society has in him lost a true member and an influential supporter.

2nd. That we extend to his bereaved family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their great loss.

3rd. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, a copy be entered on the minutes of the Dialectic Society, and also they be published in the *Tar Heel* and the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

CLAUDE B. MCIVER }  
 W. GILMER WHARTON } Committee.  
 FRED J. COXE }

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# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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Old Series, Vol. XXIX. No. 2---DECEMBER, 1898. New Series, Vol. XVI.

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## THE GREATER UNITED STATES.

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In view of the fact that, practically, all of our territorial expansion—from the Everglades to Puget Sound—has come about under Democratic administration, it behooves that party to act prudently in the present juncture.

In 1802 the new bought land of Louisiana was as far from Washington City as Manilla is today. Steam and electricity have done the work. There is the same warrant in the Constitution for the acquisition of the Phillipine Islands as there was for annexing Texas or buying Louisiana. "The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." So speaks the Constitution; and since the Congress has assumed to build railroads, buy vast areas of land and conduct great centennial and other shows, is it necessary to split hairs as to its power to govern Porto Rico or any other territory?

Had I been asked twenty years ago if the United States should annex Hawaii or Cuba, I would have answered "No." But twenty years ago there had been no Haymarket riot in Chicago, *Progress and Poverty* was but in its infancy, nor had *Looking Backward* startled the world. Today even such a lover of America as Goldwin Smith admits that he can hear the rush of waters as they draw near the cataract, and the most hopeful seem to find no hope except in a strong centralized government with vast armies to sustain it. A broken reed indeed!

We ought to consider this momentous question—The Greater United States—from two points of view. How will the floating of the Stars and Stripes over seven million Phillipenos affect them, and how will it affect us? Let it not be hastily supposed that because Rome's moral tone was lowered by contact with her captured territory that therefore the United States will suffer from like causes. Thousands of miles of salt air blow fresh between Manilla and San Francisco. Let the over cautious study England's government of India. Three-fifths of the people of Europe are embraced in the tribes of India, and yet England governs them all with great profit, little friction and a positive tonic-effect upon the national life and character. God speaks through the bullet as well as in the earthquake and the thunderbolt. The first blast from Joshua's Ram's Horn was not more ominous to the powers of darkness in Jericho than was the roar of Dewey's guns at Manilla to the superstitions of that island. Civilization and christianity will not soon

encircle the globe except the way be first prepared by the sword. Bonaparte and Cromwell were no less a part of the Divine Economy than Luther and Wesley. When England shall have run her railroad from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope, when Japan and England and the United States tear away the wall from around China and when the Powers shall remove the unutterable Turk from Europe, "Thy Kingdom come" will not be far distant. Viewed therefore from a Cuban or Porto Rican or Phillipine point of view, is it assuming too much to say that we should heed their cry when they pathetically say, "Annex us and give us your civilization and your christianity and ere long we too will be worthy members of your great republic?"

Is it objected that this will be a departure from the traditions of the past and that we will become entangled in European politics? Possibly so, and yet there be worse things than these troubles. The United States has reached a crisis in its progress. The virgin soil is almost used up. The millionaire and the tramp jostle each other. The palace and the hut are side by side. The tide of immigration is beginning to flow back from the Pacific. And men are beginning to ask what is a civilization worth that produces so many abnormally rich and so many paupers. These conditions must be met and they must be changed. Income and inheritance taxes, a proper adjustment of the tariff and, above all, of our finances, and other remedial legislation will accomplish much good, particularly in reducing vast fortunes that now inflame the people. But these reforms are slow in coming and

they may not greatly better the condition of the laborer and toiler. The good things of life may be likened to a cake. This cake is just large enough to satisfy two dozen people. Until quite recently only these two dozen knew of its existence. But now people's eyes have been opened by universal and often by compulsory education and quite a large company see the cake. And the last man of them is going to have his part or know the reason why. We must make the cake larger. America must expand. The time has about come of which Macaulay wrote to Randall, when the politician is asking the multitude of voters why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessities. That other day may come when, "in the State of New York a multitude of people, no one of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a legislature." And the day is hastening because the will of the people is being stifled by the corrupt use of money.

The United States must meet these conditions in one of two ways: she must return to the pastoral state, by cutting the telegraph wires, removing the railroads, destroying the ships, changing the sea into one of fire, depleting the cities and building up the rural districts again (and this way is impossible), or else she must keep up with the procession of nations. The survival of the fittest is truer of nations than of individuals. The *ultima ratio* of nations is physical force. The contest is sharp and merciless. No nation can hold

her supremacy except she control the ocean. The river has had its day and so has the inland sea. A writer has well called the first the *potamic* stage, the second the *thalassic* stage and the third the *oceanic* stage. This is the evolution of nations. Just as the great and successful merchant, or railroad magnate, or manufacturer must have a nerve of steel and the power to organize and unify, so the great nation must have dependencies and trade relations and coaling stations the whole world round. As the former spares no expense to advertise his business and display his wares, neither should the latter.

What wonderful possibilities have we in Cuba, Porto Rico, the Phillipines and Hawaii !! The Phillipines alone are almost as large as Japan. Their export trade is now as large as was Japan's twenty years ago. The soil is fertile and rich mineral deposits abound. Thither may go the aspiring and venturesome men of our country; while the Navy and Army will open up vast avenues of honor and fame to thousands of our people. America is a great manufacturing nation. She needs a market for her products. The tropical fruits and the splendid products of Cuba and Porto Rico will soon be exchanged for the manufactured goods of the United States. The rich tide of trade between these islands and Spain has been severed and we are to be the gainers. Soon the Nicaraguan canal will be cut and then the great Northern and Middle States and our own Southern States as well will be customers of our eastern islands, as they will be of us. When England lost her thirteen American Colonies the blow fell heavily, not

because of diminished revenue or taxes--this was but a trifle—but the great and irreparable damage was in her lost trade. What, with Hawaii as a half-way station, with England and Japan as allies and with our rich possessions at Manilla, the Pacific Ocean is ours.

Of the five great countries—Holland, Spain, Portugal, France and England—that entered the race two centuries ago for territorial acquisition, only the two last retain their position among first class nations. The expansion of England began with Elizabeth and Cromwell. This expansion has made England the mistress of the seas and the admired of nations. The same fight that waged for the possession of territory in North America in the eighteenth century is repeated today in Africa. England is saying to the French in terms not to be misunderstood, “Khalifa is ours and not yours.”—While Russia and Japan and other great European powers are eagerly watching opportunities to develop and enlarge their trade relations. What has the United States been doing in this regard? She has been content to boast of her soil, her climate, her resources and her institutions. Can these avail her much longer? Her resources are exhausting, her soil is wearing out, her cities are crowded with vast swarms of hungry people, while her political institutions are strained almost to the breaking point. A few more panics such as was ushered in in 1893, and a few more political contests, with the same popular discontent at the result, as 1896 witnessed, and what may we fear? Will it be disorder and anarchy? Will it be a despotism and a Napoleon? Many of these evils may be averted by the drastic action of our law mak-

ing powers. But the improvement will not be permanent and may not reach the people until the United States comes out from her isolation and enters the marts of the world. We need a business and a brainy government. The methods of a hundred years ago are not the methods of today. They differ as widely as Thomas Jefferson's navy, which he pulled ashore and sheltered when not in use, differed from the Oregon and the Texas.

One hears, nowadays, a thousand solutions for the troubles which exist between labor and capital, between rich and poor, the discussion finally ending in the statement that the practice of the virtues of the Man of Gallilee alone can bring peace and content. Stated another way this means that when the world is good it will be good. The problem is hard of solution. And yet we know that while England is civilizing and humanizing and christianizing 350,000,000 souls in India, and while her sails whiten every sea and her trade relations bring pounds, shillings and pence to London and Liverpool and make these cities the financial barometers of the world, the United States is wringing her hands and rolling her great big eyes and wondering what Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln would have done with Cuba and the Phillipines!

Isn't it humiliating that we must get the price of cotton from Liverpool and the rate of interest from Lombard Street?

What we need is a broader—a world policy—for America. We need America for Americans, but we sorely need the islands of the sea for America.

ROBERT W. WINSTON.

## A SENIOR'S FANCY.

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It was a clear night in June, the night before commencement day, 189—. The heavens that night seemed to have decked themselves with their brightest jewels, some beaming with a soft and tranquil light, some twinkling and sparkling. It was a fitting time for pleasant recollections of past achievements, and for building castles of fancy in the future.

A tall powerfully built senior came out from the Old West, humming softly,

“One by one I'll forge the links  
Of a golden chain of fame,”

and strolling across the campus threw himself on the bench under the old white-oak that has been blackened about the bottom by fire. His huge frame and air of conscious power bespoke his giant strength of mind and body. Last fall he was the star of the 'Varsity foot-ball team; to-morrow he would graduate with *summa cum laude*, and then after a year at Harvard, would go to the Old World for travel and for his Doctor's degree. He was the pride of the college, intellectually and physically. In the soft moonlight he sat and blew curling rings of blue smoke from a fragrant cigar, and mused over his fortune-favored past, and in his imagination painted his future in brilliant hues—the four years in which he would so greedily drink in the accumulated knowledge of the ages, the storied lands of history and legend that he would visit, and

then the fame which he felt must come to him in his work in science, which was his chosen field. Here man had already made marvelous achievements. As he thought how one by one nature was revealing her truths to these seekers, he felt that all problems must in time be solved, that nothing was impossible to the mind of man, the noblest creature of creation.

He was reclining with his face towards the planet Jupiter and as he viewed the star he wondered if the people up there had yet made such progress as had we. "It can not be," he theorized, "they are too far away from the sun; theirs must be a cold, cheerless world, and their people must be without the intellect and the keen insight into things which we have. I would that I could be transported across the heavens to-night and give to them some of our vast accumulation of knowledge." In a listless way he sat dreamily gazing at the star, with an eccentric longing to go on this mission of aid to the people of our great sister planet, when suddenly there came down from the heavens an oddly built vessel out of which stepped a young man who towered far above him in stature, who said in a deep, commanding voice, "I have come from his Excellency, the president of the republic of Jupiter, to convey you thither, that you may give to our people some of the boundless knowledge of this planet. Enter my vessel." Involuntarily he followed him, for there was an irresistible personality about the colossal envoy, a subtle magnetism, which forced him to obey, as a child his elders. The vessel rose and took its course to the west, with a speed like—but our language furnishes no simile.

Soon the earth was seen only as a bright planet like the others, as on, on they went, past the crescent moon, past the planet Mars, and presently they were floating over Jupiter. His Jupiterian companion lowered their vessel, and they traveled near the surface until they reached the capital city, which in their language was called Ailaluol. He was at once conducted to the Executive Mansion and into the presence of the president, who, when he had cordially welcomed him, invited him to proceed with the object of his mission. For an hour or more he spoke briefly of our achievements in science, art, literature. When he had finished, the president ordered an attendant to bring in the Z ray machine, the rays of light from which, he explained, traversed space instantaneously, and by the use of a peculiar refractory substance, adjustable for different distances, an object, at any distance, could be seen its normal size, with perfect distinctness. Taking this he scanned the sky for a few moments, fixed it upon the earth and told his visitor to look. The learned senior could scarcely believe what he saw was not an illusion! Before him were the University grounds, which a few hours before he had left. Under the old Davie Poplar he saw a group of his classmates smoking their last pipe together.

With the instrument fitted with another device for curving the rays of light at the desired distance away, he was shown the lands of the Orient. Another machine was produced which was used to record sound, at any distance away. With this and the Z ray machine he could see and hear what was taking place at the commencement exercises.

Through the Z ray machine they viewed the planets, one by one. On Mercury the scene of splendor, which met his eyes was one before which the tropical beauties of our own clime pale into insignificance. The whole planet seemed a veritable "hothouse filled with sunbeams." The oceans were as clear as the crystalline pools of our tropical climes, the mountains were covered to their summits with a vegetation of surpassing beauty. Bird and beast and flower, it seemed, were well nigh unto perfection, but one thing was lacking—no man dwelt there.

On Saturn great air ships were plowing between the planet and her rings. Men were crossing back and forth and travelling over the land with the ease and speed of a swallow, in a motor machine propelled by a power, he was told, somewhat similar to electricity.

As the planets receded from the sun he saw a powerful increase in the intellectual and physical development of man. On the nearer planets man was little developed from the higher types of brute life; on the distant ones, he reached his most perfect development, in statue like the fabled giants of old, in wisdom almost a demi-god.

For an hour or more he talked with the great man of Jupiter who explained to him many of their inventions.

The Menograph (the English name) was a machine for recording thought. The operator placed his hands on a sensitive plate, and through the nerves of the hand the train of thought was taken up and recorded on a scroll. Their apparatus for communication at

long distances, for locomotion, in fact for almost every thing whose performance it was of importance to expedite, was equally as efficient.

As His Excellency, the president, explained one after another of these machines of every day use, he contrasted them with the inventions of our own land—but suddenly across the campus came the yell, ‘Hackie, hackie, hackie.

Sis boom bah,’—and with a start he awoke from a weird dream.

ALONZO E. CATES, '00.

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### LIFE'S GOLDEN AGE.

The autumn leaves before they fade  
 Are lovely to behold ;  
 The evening sun in grandeur clad  
 Sinks in a blaze of gold.  
 So is the evening time of life  
 The loveliest, grandest stage ;  
 And naught in all the world excels  
 The beauty of a ripe old age.

'98.

## ASSUMPTIONS OF SOCIALISM.

[FROM A CHRISTIAN POINT OF VIEW.]

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Socialism is not the "burning question of the day" as it was a few years ago. The field of international politics has focused the eyes of the world with absorbing interest. Yet the influences and forces of socialism are doing their inevitable work, and scholars and students in the colleges and universities throughout the world are still struggling with the task of solving the economic and political problems, which it has raised. Though there is not much to fear from socialism in this country so far, yet the increasing interest with which, we may say, all classes are beginning to study the social problem, is fair ground of presumption that socialistic principles will eventually, more than they have in the past, influence the politics and social status of this, as they have of other countries. Americans are disposed to laugh at the manifestos of the leaders of this new order, to ridicule their conclusions, and to check with the violence of the law their methods. Behrens utters a note of warning against this attitude. After setting forth in strong colors the dangers possible, especially to American institutions, when the masses have once imbibed socialistic principles, he says, that we make a great mistake if we imagine that soft speeches will quiet the prophets of the new order. They laugh at you if you protest against their methods while you tacitly acknowledge the truth

of their principles, for their methods are only their principles made effective. We must either prove the socialist wrong in his *assumptions* or granting his postulates, go with him as far as the argument may carry us. Especially does this apply to Christians who can acquiesce in no principle, lend sanction to no methods which do not fully accord with the tenets of theistic and Christian belief. Though we may agree with Bossuet, "The murmurs of the poor are just, wherefore then, O Lord, this inequality?" yet the restitution must be made along the lines of higher Christian development.

What then is socialism? A puzzling question.

There are almost as many different socialistic theories as there are socialist writers. There is state socialism and communistic socialism, socialism evolutionary and revolutionary (commonly called anarchism), Christian socialism and political—to be viewed from the standpoints of economics, politics, ethics.

1. Socialism in its *broadest* sense is any scheme for preventing too great an inequality in social conditions, in whatever way this may be effected, whether by state or church action, or philanthropy, or voluntary effort of individuals. This phase is as old as history.

2. Socialism is defined as a generic term which expresses certain modes of interference by the state, in relations between producers and consumers.

3. Socialism is a *system* of economics and politics in which the production of wealth is carried on solely by the state as the collective owner of the land and instruments of production, instead of by capitalists, employ-

ers, and companies; while the distribution of that wealth is made by the state also on some assumed principle of justice, which gives to each a share in proportion to his work.

This form of socialism, called "Collectivism", is the most scientific and logical, and as it is the latest development, the assumptions which are involved in its political and economic creed are no doubt those to be considered. Therefore in the following discussion the term is used in the last sense only or as synonymous with collectivism.

Where then must we look for the assumptions of collectivism? They will be found to underlie the various programmes of the labor parties and their manifestos issued at various times, and may all be traced back to the writings of Karl Marx the great German expositor of socialistic thought in its philosophic guise. The following doctrines constitute the chief postulates of modern socialism as generally agreed upon:

(1) That labor is the source of all value and therefore the working man is entitled to the products of his labor. This is the fundamental postulate of Marx's philosophy and the corner stone of socialism. If it crumbles the whole superstructure must fall.

(2) That all capital whether floating or stationary is coagulated or crystallized labor, the result of spoliation, due to the existing forms of political administration, by which the system is sanctioned and legalized. Under this doctrine may be placed the assumption upon which the argument of Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* rests, viz., that the rich are growing richer, the poor, poorer.

(3) That the true function of government is the solution of the economic problem, to secure to labor the products of its industry. From this standpoint the socialist attacks the prevailing system of competition and proclaims the law of supply and demand oppressive and unjust, assuming the preëminence of equality over individual liberty.

(4) That land and the instruments of production without which land is useless should become common property. This doctrine is now generally known as the "Nationalization of land" theory and enrolls among its advocates such such men as Herbert Spencer and Henry George.

(5) As the logical outcome of these postulates, these changes constitute a definite and political issue, taking precedence of all other and that in the contest for sovereignty all classes are foes, the Church included, and therefore labor should seize the State. On this assumption, which Behrens calls the divine right of labor to rule, it has rightly been said that there can be no compromise with the partisans of the new order.

It will be noticed that some of the tenets of the present Populist party may be classed under one or more of the above doctrines.

Relying upon well known authorities I have endeavored to set forth simply and clearly what is meant by socialism and what are its fundamental doctrines, because a clear conception of both is necessary to an apprehension of its mistakes or false assumptions.

I take it that the ethical phase of these doctrines is the most important. Is property theft? Is capital

spoliation? Is man to be improved by bettering the man himself first, or by improving his environments *only*? "Shall we", to quote Behrens, "take anxious thought for what we shall eat, and how we shall be housed and clothed, and leave the righteousness of God to those who are content to cast shadows?"

The first criticism of these tenets from the point of view of this article is obvious to all. They are *prima facie* materialistic. The Christian and the socialist are both seeking the elevation of man, the one that he may approach nearer a great Ideal, the other that he may become more perfectly adapted to environment; each that he may secure a greater modicum of happiness, but by diametrically opposite methods. The socialist says improve man's environments and he will rise in the same proportion; the Christian with his Master, cleanse the heart and teach man to recognize and love his brother as himself and the misery of inequality and the wretchedness of poverty will vanish. The socialist assumes that man is the product of circumstances only; the Christian claims that he is a free agent, and that his own will and a beneficent Providence aids him in moulding his destiny. The socialist forgets that man has a moral nature, to the subversion or non-education of which is due more than a little of the social wrong. If we are naught but an evolution of matter, then the modification of our material relations is the strongest formulative force that can be brought to bear upon us, and the acquisition of worldly comfort no doubt the greatest desideratum. But moral suasion is more potent than arbitrary force, and

laws and governments and social relations are but the projection of the moral life and character of a people upon the plane of history. The lesson from the past is that the moral development of the race follows the sure lead of Christianity. Shall Christians fling aside their old colors and march on to higher forms of civilization under the banners of materialist and evolutionist leaders?

Marx and Lassalle were both disciples of the Hegelian school of Philosophy.

Again it is easily shown that the attitude of socialism is unhistoric. Its tenets are based on the evolutionary hypothesis, but yet its leaders seem not to have enough faith in their own views to trust to the efficacy of its principles to bring about *per se* development and reform; but they would resort to *revolutionary* measures. Socialism would appropriate to itself all that civilization and progress have brought forth with so much patient toil in the hundreds of years gone by, on the false assumption, that force and the voice of the majority are right and justice. "It is indiscriminate", says Laveleye, "in its condemnation of laws and institutions that represent the patient and painful thought of many generations." In opposition to this assumption, that civil institutions rest on force, it is needless to prove that truth and justice are the real corner stones of all successful government. History proves it as it rebuts the assumption directly by holding up to inspection the signal failure of the Paris Commune of 1871.

There remain three more assumptions but not space enough to consider them. WM. S. BERNARD, '00.

## THE SONG OF THE PINE-TREE.

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Oh what is the Pine-tree seeming to say,  
Sighing and sobbing the livelong day?

Oh listen!—the weird and mystic song!—

As if borne on the breeze from a distant throng  
In a church-yard far away.

It rises and falls like the waves of the sea—  
This song of the sorrowing, sighing tree.—

It goes to the soul like a solemn knell,

Like the lingering notes of a tolling bell.

Oh tell me, what can it be?

The Pine-tree's song is a funeral hymn,  
One long continuous requiem.

'Tis sung o'er the grave of the mouldering past,

In the evening breeze, in the midnight blast,

In the morning bleak and grim.

## THE PERILS OF IMPERIALISM.

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It was desired by the Editors of the MAGAZINE that in the same number with a preceding article taking a favorable view of territorial expansion, there should appear some of the arguments sustaining the other side of the question. It is proposed therefore, without going too much into detail, to give briefly the main reasons why the policy of imperialism should not be entered upon by the United States. We will here be concerned almost entirely with the Philippine islands, as those lying just off our coast could not properly be considered in a discussion on this subject.

It is not to be denied that this government has done an immense amount of annexation, and has grown great thereby; but a look at the conditions under which these annexations took place fails to furnish any comfort or encouragement for the advocates of the policy under consideration. In fact, it points to some of the strongest arguments against them. Our acquired territory has been contingent, not only not requiring any additional army and navy force to defend it, but sure to be of incalculable benefit during peace or war. It was already thoroughly Americanized or sure to become so. Its annexation, so far from increasing the possibility of entanglements with European nations, reduced this possibility to a minimum. This territory had the almost certain prospect of becoming equal in quality of

population and in every other respect to the then existing states, and consequently of receiving in due time the gift of statehood. It is highly significant that none of these important qualities are possessed by the territory which expansionists are now so eager for us to own.

At length by large acquisitions of this valuable territory our country was made to extend from ocean to ocean; from the great lakes to the gulf—its natural boundaries. With the exception of thinly settled Alaska which may almost be regarded as just so much real estate, it was not sought for many years to enlarge these bounds. We clung tenaciously to the belief that *America* was to be the sphere of our activities—that it would be prejudicial to our highest interests to seek power in other lands, or to have any European nation make conquests on the Western Continent. With such a policy, the United States has remained comparatively free from entanglements with the old countries, unencumbered by the necessity of maintaining immense military machinery, and with her energies devoted to internal improvement, has made the most remarkable progress the world has ever seen.

But the temptation to desert this policy and reach out after distant possessions is upon us. In an evil hour Hawaii, by dramatic expressions of her sympathy in the recent war, moved the heart of Uncle Sam, and has been received into his great family. Those opposed to the colonial, or imperial policy necessarily regard this as a step in the wrong direction. The close of the war leaves other islands still more distant with-

in our grasp. The possibility that they, like Hawaii, may be made dependencies of the United States brings the American people face to face with one of the gravest issues they have ever been called upon to decide. The arguments *pro* and *con* should receive unprejudiced consideration.

It is claimed primarily by the advocates of annexation that we need the Philippines to enlarge our trade relations. This is by far the most important argument brought out in favor of the proposition. We now have all Hawaii's trade, but by reciprocity treaties we had it before. We may command the entire trade of the Philippines, but does any reasonable man doubt that should the islands be set up in self-government by our assistance, and suitable reciprocity treaties arranged, that their trade could be secured without the difficulties and responsibilities of ownership? This seems reasonably sure. While owning the islands would make their trade more certain, would the difference be equal to the cost? Besides, the irresistible tendency of the world is toward open ports, and as this is gradually brought about we can rely upon American Manufacturers to take care of themselves by the natural laws of commerce. Every year, more and more of the products of our industries are consumed in foreign lands. Our bicycles, our typewriters, engines and machinery of all descriptions, our steel rails and many other articles too numerous to mention are for purely economic reasons, forcing themselves upon all the nations of the world. With our boundless national resources, with the finest machinery and the most

skilful labor on earth, it does not seem rash to conclude that our Manufacturers, with what assistance they already receive from the government, are fully able to solve their own problems. Should it be deemed expedient to sacrifice our tariff to that extent, we may at any time by the reciprocity plan secure the markets of almost any of the new countries of South America or elsewhere. Annexation should be used only as a last resort.

Over against the small benefits likely to come to the manufacturers as the result of annexation are some very uninviting problems which must be met by the United States in that event. Such an act would bring upon our hands about 8,000,000 people of a very inferior type. No matter what the resources of their land, the people themselves will constitute a problem, which in the face of the fact that we have as yet been unable to deal satisfactorily with the race question at home, should cause us to hesitate a long time before making these even more inferior races our permanent property. They would necessarily be a weakness to us whether they ever receive the ballot or not.

But here appears another difficulty. Unless these people have the prospect of becoming citizens of the United States, we shall have entered upon a colonial policy like England's. Those islands near our coast may become Americanized and be admitted to the Union as states, but for those on the other side of the globe this can scarcely be hoped. Now our free institutions are incompatible with a colonial system in which the inhabitants of the dependencies are regard-

ed as inferior, and incapable of the franchise. In our scheme of government there is absolutely no place for a permanent territory. Shall the ideals of the Republic be spoilt in order to possess these islands? But there is more than an ideal at stake. Should we annex the Philippines enormous expenses would stare us in the face. A colony on the other side of the globe would be a new experiment for Uncle Sam and preparations to defend and govern it would have to be made. The Navy and Army would have to be increased to correspond with the increased danger of friction with foreign countries, and to subdue, if necessary, the subjects of our own little empire. There would be public buildings to construct and a multitude of new offices to create, which with our imperfect Civil Service may well cause us to shudder. So far from the oversight of the home government, corruption would be sure to follow.

With the Philippines in our possession it is more than likely that the United States would be led, along with England, into scrambling for Chinese territory against the other nations of Europe. This would mean the loss of that which has always characterized us among the great nations, viz., our complete separation from European distraction and entanglements. If this mad rush for empire should be entered upon, when it becomes necessary continually to burden ourselves for the support of an Army and Navy equal to the largest in the world, it will be too late to regret the past days of our pure republicanism, and wish again for the peaceful, un-armed neutrality which once prospered

us. The first steps to such a course should be studiously avoided.

But it is claimed, and rightly, that the United States since driving Spanish rule from the Philippines, is responsible to the world for their government. But does this mean that we must always own them? We might, in co-operation with the leaders of their people, provide some sort of self-government for them and assume a temporary directorate over their affairs. This would ensure better conditions in the islands than those existing at the time of our interference and acquit us before the world. But this is not the only way left open for their disposal. In case we do not want the islands it would be a thousand times better to sell them to England for a handsome sum; yes, or pay her as much to relieve us of them, than take a step we think dangerous and unprofitable. The whole question hinges upon whether it is to our advantage to possess this territory. If it is not, a way for its disposal is at hand.

England is the ideal nation for carrying on such a policy as that to which the attention of the United States is now turned. She has governed more successfully and profitably her immense empire than any nation similarly engaged. Her constitution and government are adapted to a colonial system. Her civil service is well nigh perfect, and corruption and fraud almost impossible. She has many qualifications for the pursuit of this policy which the United States does not possess and has succeeded in many points where we should be more than apt to fail. And yet English statesmen often deplore the enormous expenses incident to

their system, and seriously consider whether so vast an empire is not threatened with dissolution. England's general prosperity does not surpass, if indeed equal ours; her social conditions are not preferable to our own; her labor is not better paid than ours; nor has she anything which her policy of imperialism has given her which need excite our envy.

Some seem to see in this unexpected opportunity to increase our landed possessions the leading of some kind fate which it would be criminal to disobey. One writer as if settling once for all this great question, exultingly inquires, whether the United States is "to accept its high and manifest destiny, or remain forever wrapped in the swaddling clothes of eternal infancy." I for one must confess my inability to see this high destiny in the annexation of a few millions of inferior people inhabiting an archipelago on the other side of the globe. Neither can I get any very clear conception of the helpless infancy in which our great country is now said to exist. Our greatness is above the greatness of the nations which prowl around the dark corners of the earth seeking whom they annex; and our policies, though that of land-grabbing is not among them, are higher and broader than theirs. There comes to nations as to individuals, temptations which, if yielded to, will prove their undoing, and so the opponents of Imperialism instead of seeing in our present relations, an invitation by Providence to some high destiny, see a temptation, appealing to the greedy instincts of human nature to do that which will always stand in the way of our progress. They believe that this high des-

tiny for the Nation is, in perfecting its republican institutions; in developing the vast resources of its already immense territory; in disposing of the great internal problems now pressing for solution rather than in creating new ones; in remaining free from foreign entanglements and the despotism of a large standing army; in promoting harmony and happiness, liberty and justice throughout our own land and among our own people.

JNO. M. GREENFIELD, '99.

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ONLY A LITTLE LOCK OF HAIR.

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Only a little lock of hair,  
A little dark-brown curl,  
That once was wont to deck the head  
Of a sweet and lovely girl.

Now it's placed with other treasures,  
Tied with ribbons *white* and *blue*,  
Sometimes carried by its owner  
O'er his heart so fondly true.

Oft it's taken out in secret  
And is looked upon with joy,  
Oft a kiss is pressed upon it  
By some gallant, noble boy.

Only a little lock of hair,  
A lock that's gold or brown,  
Is next to many a manly heart  
Or among his treasures found.

A. T. H.

## AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

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One cold December night, when the wind howled without, and the rain came down in glancing sheets, he sat by his fire reading and calmly smoking his long clay pipe. He was an old white-haired man, with a curious deep scar on the left side of his face; his skin was deeply tanned from exposure to wind and sun. But, despite his age, his eye was undimmed and his figure unbent. Once, almost unconsciously, he slowly raised his eyes from his book, and the picture upon his mantel of a young girl caught his glance. His thoughts flew back over the lapse of years, and he was young again.

\* \* \* \* \*

He met her at a ball. He had met scores of others just as pretty, perhaps prettier. But, from the moment that his eyes met those of Alice Vincent, he loved her, and he knew it. That was the beginning. Henry and his friend, Charles Carlton became constant callers. Soon Alice and Henry were friends, then intimates, then lovers. She had known Charles all his life, they had been boy and girl together; she liked him, but she could not return his love. Finally she became engaged to Henry. But Charles not knowing this still hoped.

Thus things stood, when one day the world was startled at the news of the blowing up of a great battleship. Soon rumors of a possible war with a great

European nation began to be heard on all sides. Then came the call for volunteers. Among those who responded to the call were Henry Strachan and Charles Carlton. Henry went in as a private in the ranks, but Charles, the only son of a wealthy and influential landholder, became one of the superior officers of the 54th regiment of infantry.

Orders came for the 54th regiment to set out immediately to join the forces of the commanding general. This was Thursday. Two days later the little station at X was crowded with soldiers and their friends. In the midst of the shouting and yelling throng, stood a little group. It was Alice, her father and the two friends. She seemed wholly absorbed in the thought that Henry was going away and she nearly broke down under it, while her farewell to Charles was cold and conventional. Noticing the difference he flushed and his lip tightened.

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One day after weeks and months of hard fighting, when the struggle was nearly over, it was discovered that some sharp shooters of the enemy, hidden over in the trees and bushes to the left of the line, were inflicting a great deal of damage, picking off the unwary. No one could tell who would be the next victim. This state of things could not be endured. The general authorized a call for volunteers to drive this pest away. Charles Carlton was appointed to read the order and choose a half-dozen of the best shots among those who should volunteer. As the call was read fifty men sprang forward. Having chosen five, Charles looked around for the sixth man, he espied

Henry. To attempt the ambuscade was almost certain death, as he knew. He hesitated, looked at Henry; then the thought of Alice at home and of the scene at the depot came to him with maddening force. He said to himself, "Well it's his own fault; I can't keep him from running into danger, if he will. It's not my fault. No one can say so. I don't know that he'll be killed. And I ought to choose the best man. It is my duty." So Henry was the sixth man. The party never returned.

Alice, at first, would not believe in her misfortune, but time passed and Henry did not come back. When Charles finally returned, confirming the report, her last gleam of hope died away. He did not tell her that only five of the bodies had been recovered. The sixth could not be found. He sympathized with her in her sorrow, and often spoke of his friend Henry, showing the utmost consideration, waiting for the first shock to pass. Then he began gently to urge his suit. Her father and all her relations urgently favoring the marriage, she finally yielded. The day was fixed.

The wedding took place on a warm Spring day in early April. All went well, the service was over the people were coming out of the church; the customary crowd of curious idlers were gathered around the door. In this crowd, unobserved by any one, was a tall emaciated figure with features sallow and drawn as if from long sickness, or confinement, and on the side of his face a long, deep scar, as if from a sabre. A slouch hat, drawn far down, shaded his eyes, which gleamed with a preternatural brilliancy. He watched them

get slowly into the carriage, and disappear in the distance. Then sighing heavily, he turned away.

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At that moment the last log burned in two, sending up a shower of sparks as it fell; the book fell to the floor with a loud crash, the pipe dropped and broke it into a hundred pieces. The old man came to himself with a little start and shiver. He had been thinking of his past. It was an old man's dream of bygone days.

D.—'99.

## THE DIALECTIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

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The first recorded account we find of a literary society at the University of North Carolina is under the date of June 3rd, 1795, about a month after the college first opened. It was a meeting of "The Debating Society," which had probably been organized at some previous date. We learn that this society lived and flourished and that its meetings were held on Thursday night of each week. The literary exercises were about equally divided between reading, speaking, and giving exercises in composition. The membership fee was twenty-five cents.

It was evidently thought that two societies could do better work than one, for on July 2nd of the same year a division took place, the new organization bearing the name of "Concord Society;" this later becoming the Philanthropic Society. The original body remained with its name unchanged until August of the same year when it was given the name of "Dialectic." The change of name however did not affect the internal workings of the society, and the laws and constitution of the Dialectic Society to-day are, with some changes and additions practically the same as those in use in the "Debating Society."

The names and duties of the officers now are about as they were a hundred years ago.

The societies originally had no halls of their own, but on different nights of the week held their meetings in



DIALECTIC SOCIETY HALL—UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.



Person Hall, the old Chapel. In 1815 the South Building was completed and two halls were provided for the societies on the third floor. The library occupied the walls of the rooms. Here the young men held their literary meetings for thirty-three years. To meet the growing needs of the societies, better halls were provided for them by building additions to the north ends of the Old East and the Old West. In the fall of 1848 the Dialectic Society occupied its new quarters on the second floor of the Old West Building.

The first meeting, which was held in the new hall on September 9th, was presided over by Kemp P. Battle. This seems to have been quite a memorable occasion. The following paragraph is taken from the minutes of that meeting: "It being the first time the Society had assembled in this Hall, the Rev. Dr. William Mercer Green opened the exercises with a prayer, which was immediately followed by a Dedicatory Address by Samuel F. Phillips, Esq. To say that it was eloquent and racy, abounding in pathos and replete with solid instruction, noble exhortation and excellent advice, is but paying a faint tribute to this effort." The minutes go on to speak of the "affecting and interesting" scene produced by James Mebane, who had been one of the founders and the first president of the Dialectic Society, fifty-three years before, who having returned to witness the dedication of the new hall, addressed the audience.

A library room was provided for the society on the third floor of the Old West directly over the hall. It

was open to students twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday. The colors of the Society are blue, and it was at this time the custom on commencement occasions for the members to distinguish themselves from others by wearing blue bows and ribbons. The seniors who spoke on commencement day wore long black silk gowns, which were the property of the society.

From this time until the breaking out of the Civil War the Dialectic Society shared in the prosperity of the University. In the spring of 1861 the fine, large hall in the New West Building was first occupied. The formal dedicatory ceremonies were never held owing to the sudden and exciting turn of political affairs. The large debt incurred in furnishing the hall was never entirely paid until the re-opening in 1875. The library occupied a large room on the floor above the hall. During the war the membership dwindled in numbers until at one time there were not enough to fill all the offices without using some Freshmen. In 1868 the doors of the University were closed.

After the refounding of the Society its growth in numbers and usefulness has steadily increased with slight exceptions until the present time. In 1886 the two societies united in placing their body of books in the University library. The collection owned by the Dialectic Society at this time numbered about 8,000 volumes. Much of the discipline of the University was at an early date placed in the hands of the two societies. So well was the move received and so good were the practical results obtained that much of this self-governing spirit is exerted by these bodies to-day.

The objects of the Society in the past have ever been to stimulate a love for literary work and knowledge of parliamentary law, to develop the power of extemporaneous speaking to the extent of being able to form thoughts quickly and accurately while on the floor and give expression to these in good form.

At the present time its meetings are held each Saturday night of the collegiate year. Besides the usual weekly debates each member is required to prepare and deliver an oration to the society during his senior year. There are three inter-society debates which give the opportunity for one Freshman, two Sophomores, two Juniors, and one Senior to debate in public. There is a public society debate in the spring of the year in which any member may compete for a handsome prize. The annual University debate with the University of Georgia gives the members an opportunity to strive for the high honor of crossing swords with opponents from another state. On Washington's birthday the Society has an orator to represent it. Four members are annually chosen as editors of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, and in other ways as well is the literary ability of the society given an opportunity to develop. The Hall is a very beautiful one. Last year a new carpet costing several hundred dollars was spread upon its floor; thirty oil portraits of illustrious members adorn its walls. Among these one may see the faces of college presidents, men who became famous in war both by land and by sea, prominent men in business and philanthropy as well as political men high in the Nation's favor. Legislators, governors and senators

are there and the President's chair is not without its representative.

With a large membership of strong courageous young men the Dialectic Society is ever moving forward with its grand work, calling with cheer and good will to its sister society, while its members proudly bear aloft the ancient banner of their fathers bearing the motto: "Love of Science and Virtue."

T. G. PEARSON, '99.

AN UNTURNED LEAF IN THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF CATHERINE, HENRY THE FIFTH'S QUEEN.

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The first scene of our story is laid in the court of a victorious army, whose commander, our old friend Hal, Shakespeare's ideal king, has just conquered Charles of France at the Battle of Agincourt and forced him to come to terms of peace. In Shakespeare's play we find that he was a man who loved the commoners of his country, being especially fond of Fluellen, the Welshman. We now see him in conversation with another of the same band that David Gam had brought to him from newly loyal Wales. The king is speaking—:

"I have a request to make of thee, Sir Knight, a mission I wish thee to undertake. Thou wilt do it?"

"Most gladly, my gracious liege. Thy will is my law."

"As you know", Henry continues, "I am a soldier, and a man of plain speech, not one given to pleasing phrases and compliments which win the love of women; but thou art such a man, and since thou art, I am going to send thee to Troyes to act as proxy for me in my suit for the Princess Catherine. Away at once and remain there 'till I relieve thee. Do your errand well and I will reward thee. Here, take this ring, it will be thy passport."

"Most gracious Sovereign, it shall be as thou commandest"; and with this reply, young Owen Tudor,

one of the squires of Henry's person, left his king's presence and prepared for his journey.

A few days later he reached the French Court, then at Troyes in Champagne. The young Welshman was heartily welcomed by the Duke of Burgundy and presented to the fair being he had come to woo. Owen saw before him a most beautiful young woman of twenty, or thereabouts, with eyes as black as midnight and hair of the same dark hue. For a moment he was dazed. He had heard of her beauty, for it was the talk of the times, but he had never dreamed that it was so dazzling. He was not embarrassed, however; for, though his heart beat fast, he spoke his message with ease and eloquence. But, for some reason or other, he made his first visit shorter than he had intended.

For the next few weeks, he was with her much of the time, praising Henry—his valor and nobility of character, and he thought he was successfully paving the way for his king. But he found it a harder task than he had thought to woo for another one he would fain have wooed for himself. His constant contact with her had deepened the impression she had first made on him, and almost before he knew it he found himself in love.

At first his feeling was one of admiration for her beauty, but, little by little, this feeling had grown and deepened and had become now, as it were, a part of him. He loved her, and could not help it. But he had been sent in the interest of his sovereign. He was there not to speak for himself, but for his king—his king to whom he was so devoted and for whom he had

risked his life time and time again on the battle field. So he kept his peace and tried to crush out his growing passion. He would have gone back to camp, if possible, but Hal had commanded him to wait for him, and that command must be obeyed. He could count on Henry's leniency if he could return with some good reason. But he had only one excuse to offer, and that he could not tell his king or Catherine. Any way there were only a few more days before he must yield his place to the one he represented; so, with breaking heart he remained to do his duty.

But what of Catherine? What impression had the fair-haired young Welshman, with his deep, magnetic, blue-grey eyes made on her? A most pleasing one indeed. "Ah!" she said to herself, "He is fair spoken indeed, I like him. I hope the one for whom he speaks is just such a man. If he is I can willingly give my hand to him."

The more she saw of Tudor, the more his wit, his dashing spirit, his romantic way of making love, though for another, fascinated her; and his nobility of heart, which showed itself in his bearing made a deep impression on her. His like she had not seen among the gentlemen of France. They were shallow courtiers, while he was not only the man who could turn a compliment well, but also the man to win his way into a woman's heart. And while she knew that he was speaking for another and could not speak for himself, and that she was the daughter of the king of France and was already betrothed to the king of England, and he only a gentleman of fortune, whose boasted royal

ancestry was but a name, and who owed his present position to kingly favor, she soon learned that her liking for him had changed to love.

She was a woman—and French, of the type of character that levels class distinctions and regal conventionalities in affairs of the heart. So she did not, like Tudor, try to crush her love, but let the new emotion run its course, and thought not of consequences.

But now it is evident to her discerning eye that Owen, with all his freedom and ease of address, has become somewhat constrained.

One day, coming unexpectedly upon him sitting in the garden of the palace, as he thought by himself, she saw at once that he was in trouble. His face was hard and determined, and now and then, though he would try hard to control it, a sigh would burst from his bosom and his breath came hard and slow. In her soul she pitied him and new-born love made her heart ache. She must go to comfort him!—No, that would never do; and disguising her emotion in pleasant speech she passed rapidly on, while the once mirthful youth hardly seemed to notice her.

“Shall I tell her?” he said to himself. “Shall I tell her of my love? No, I can not. Honor binds me to be silent.”

He answered her greeting with only the coldest formality. His voice was hard and unnatural. Unconsciously he groaned—a groan scarcely audible. Yet Catherine only a few steps away heard it, and stopped. Some unknown force held her, and she turned slowly, almost staggering, back towards him. But he steeled

his face against her, and, though she confronted him persuasively, he dared not look up. She spoke first:—

“Sir Owen,” she said tenderly, “you are in trouble, can I help you?”

But he answered nothing, though within his heart cried: “speak! speak! You must speak, or you will die!”

Catherine seated herself beside him and turned the gaze of those dark, pleading eyes on his.

“Tell me,” she said again. “We are friends, are we not? I will help you.”

“I can not tell,” he answered hoarsely.

More and more his face revealed his struggle, but duty and self-reproach held him still until tears rose in her eyes and ran slowly down her cheeks. Owen looked up and saw them. He knew what they meant. One by one the words forced themselves from his lips; they were jerked out, not spoken.

“God help me! I love you,” he groaned. And then the strong man buried his face in his hands. If he had suffered before it was mortal anguish now. He had done what he had sworn not to do. His honor was gone. Catherine reached out her hand and took one of his. Her tears were falling fast, and she felt if he should leave her, as he seemed about to do, she would die.

“If you love me,” she cried, “don't leave me! I love you too.”

Again Owen forgot himself, and, taking her in his arms, he pressed his lips to hers. Then a great gladness came into his breast, but the next moment reason

returned and he knew it could be but the maddest dream.

“Listen Catherine,” he said, “you are the betrothed of another, and I am his friend. You must marry him or England and France will again be involved in war. I must leave you. I can not stay where you are now, for I have proved false to him ; you must do your duty, and I, mine. I love you, but I must go.”

“Owen.” It was plain Owen now. “Owen,” she answered, “you are right. I wish I were a plain woman, who could love where she chose, and not a princess, whose husband must be chosen for her. But since I am of royal blood I must do what is required of me. I will marry Harry of England, since I must, but my heart and love are yours forever,”

And so these two lovers, whom a higher will than theirs had parted from each other, went forward, sacrificing themselves on the altar of patriotism.

\* \* \* \* \*

Catherine proved a faithful wife to Henry, and, although she could not give her love, she could not but give him her greatest regard and respect. He was an ideal man- a king of men, and as such she recognized him. But her love was Tudor's, and her heart unchanged. The sacrifice was great, but though sometimes her days were sad as she thought of what happiness might have been hers, had her station in life been different, yet that sweet peace which comes to all who do their duty, regardless of consequences, was hers. And with Owen it was the same. He, who had so loyally renounced his love in favor of his sovereign,

found the sacrifice and the burden of his heart made easy by the same thought. He still continued one of the squires of Henry's person, and though he and Catherine often met, no word concerning the past was spoken. They both understood and bore their lot with fortitude.

Thus they lived for three years, and then Henry died and was buried in the tomb of his fathers, Catherine's son, young Henry VI, ascending the throne.

There was nothing now to keep Owen and herself from speaking of their mutual love, and queen though she was, and dowager of both England and France, and though Owen was only one of her retinue, she was loyal to the dictates of her heart. So after a fitting time had passed since Henry's death, she wrote to Tudor the following letter:—

“Think not, my Owen, that this triumph of love over majesty doth impeach a princess' worth, or that it proceeds from frailty, but rather judge it fate that has broken down the barriers that were between us. He was thy king who sued for my love, and she your queen who sues for thine. While Henry lived, it were wrong for me thus to write to you, but now that he is dead, it cannot be. Though wife, daughter, mother, sister to a king, more to me art thou alone than all of these. Fear not, my Tudor, that my love should wrong the Henry that is dead, for I claim not all from him, but am as well the daughter of France, nor can I think that Charles and Isabel would be disparaged by our match. Thou too art of royal blood; and Wales as well as haughty England can boast of her Camilots,

her Arthurs, and her Knights. Let not the beams of greatness amaze thy hopes, for magesty can be as kind in love as those of low degree and the heart of a queen as true as theirs. Love breaks all barriers down. Thou loved'st me once, but loyally didst resign me to thy king. Now that I am free, I am wholly thine. I know that thou lov'st me yet; so let others, if they will, prate of right and wrong, of titles and descents, but thou, sweet Tudor, do not think of these. I love thee, is not that enough?"

His answer showed that he still loved her and that he thought he now had the right to love.

"When first I beheld your letter, my heart leapt for joy," he wrote. "My lips which should have spoken were dumb and kissed it, and all my senses were amazed. My longing eyes saw every letter pleasing,—found each word, that your dear hand had written, sweet. At last, my queen, our hearts are free and we can love. 'Twas not report of Henry's conquests nor his terror-striking name that brought me first from my mountain Wales to England, but the hand of fate. The eternal destinies did decree that you to me in marriage should be joined. Our great Merlin did foretell that Tudor's name should be linked with that of kings and queens. Then cast no futher doubts nor fears whatever, for fate hath foretold that it should be. Your Tudor derives not his birth from Heaven nor claims descent from Neptune nor the glorious Sun; and yet in Wales they say that from great Cadwallader my family came, and that the princes of Wales are my kin. This may perhaps make less the greatness

of the step that you have taken and give me favor in my suit. Though Henry's fame in me you shall not find, yet love I have as deep as his; his only advantage lay in the title of a king. Pardon me, sweet queen, if I offend you; but you know how long I have waited for this time, and though there seemed no hope, yet all along I have truly loved thee, but in silence. All that I can offer is my love. A king might promise more, yet more than I, he could not love. My heart and life are thine, do with them as thou wilt. I now must cease to write, but I will never cease to love thee."

Somehow or other the report of this correspondence leaked out, and trouble was the result. The royal family were indignant that Catherine should thus disregard the barriers of class, and stoop to place her affections on the young Welshman, whose royal birth was not recognised, for they only looked on his present state as a royal dependent.

Catherine was even confined for a time, it is said by some, in order to break the contemplated match and for nearly five years they were kept apart. Finally the Duke of Gloucester induced Parliament to pass an act prohibiting the "Queen Dowager" from marrying without the consent of the king and his council. But this was a useless measure, for already these two lives so long separated and these two hearts so true to each other through all the years of trial had been united, a few months before, by a secret marriage, and there was nothing for those in authority to do but to recognize it.

Our story has interest for us not only from the romantic side, but also from the historical, as this union was the germ of the great Tudor dynasty of England, so ably represented by Henry VIII, Catherine's great-grand son, and Elizabeth, her great-great-granddaughter.

B. B. LANE, JR., '99.

NOTE. All the incidents of this story are not historical, but where they are not, I have, as is the privilege of those who attempt to record the "Romances of History," fallen back on Dame Rumor. My only warrant for Tudor's courtship of Catherine as Henry's proxy is found in Lord <sup>Owery's</sup> historic play, 'The History of Henry V.' This play is not extant, but a short reference to it may be found in Ward's, 'Shakespeare and his Predecessors.' The letters herein given are for the most part taken from 'Drayton's Heroic Epistles,' found in 'English Poets' Vol. IV. B. B. L.

\* John Boyle <sup>1st</sup> Earl of Orrery

## THE PHILANTHROPIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

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Originally there was but one literary society at the University and it was known as "The Debating Society." It was soon considered expedient, however, to have two societies, so on July 5th, 1795, a division was made, and on August 1st, the "Concord Society" was organized. A year later on August 29th, 1796, its name was changed to the "Philanthropic Society."

The Society had no hall of its own so its meetings were held weekly in the old Chapel (Person Hall), and its library, consisting of a few half worn volumes presented by sympathizing friends, was kept in an old cupboard and moved from room to room as the librarian was changed. In 1815 the South building was completed and a hall for the Society was provided on its third floor, the library occupying the walls.

For thirty-three years the Society met in that hall. During that time the University grew rapidly both in wealth and in the number of its students, and with it grew the Society. New and larger quarters became necessary and consequently a new section was added to the Old East building solely for the accommodation of the Phi Society. The first meeting in the new hall was held August 15th, 1848. The hall and the library occupied different apartments, the former being on the second floor and the latter on the third.

The period from 1848 to 1860 marks one of the most prosperous eras in the history of the University. The

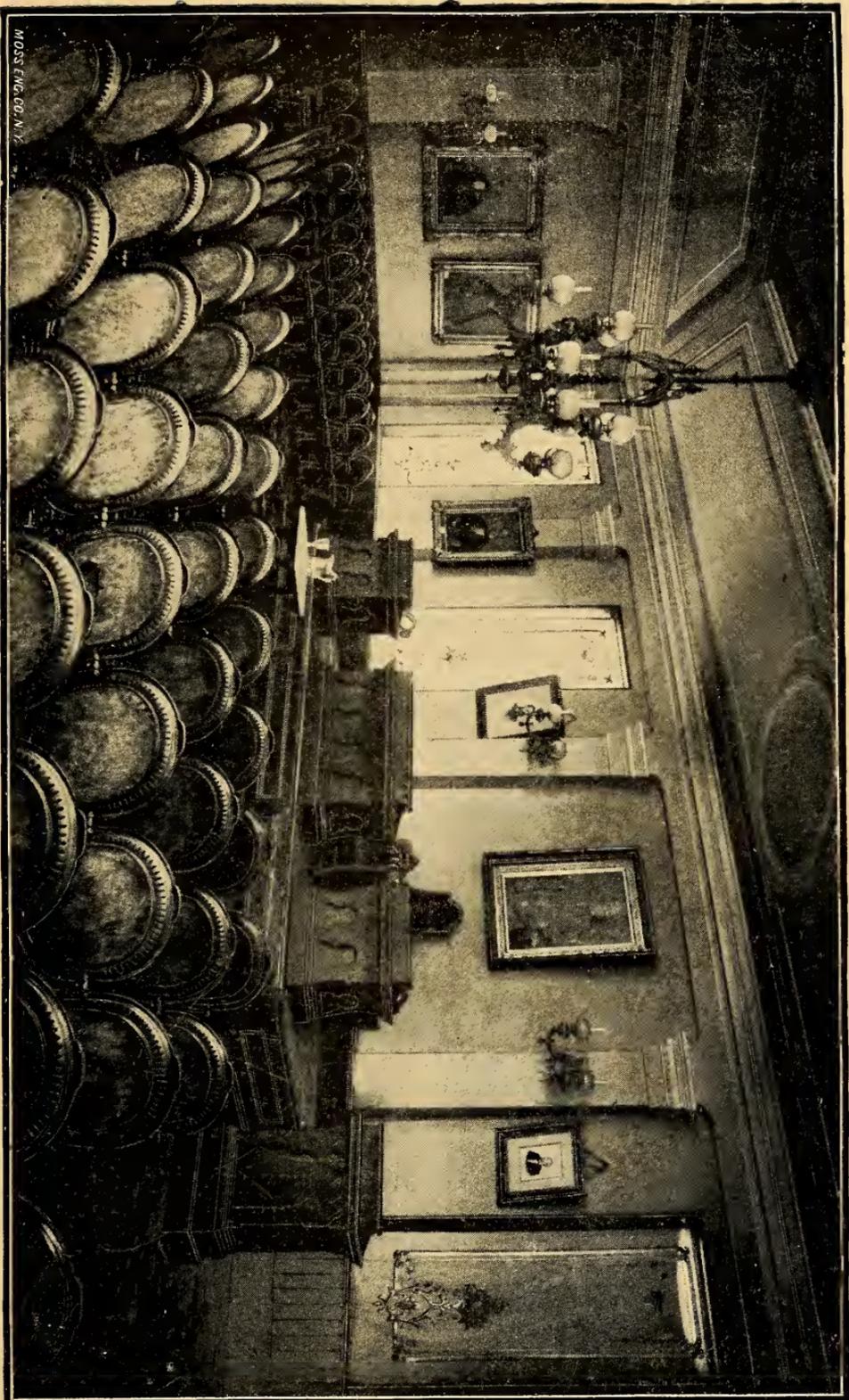
number of students was greatly increased, and the membership of both Societies increased in proportion. Even larger halls than those then occupied became an imperative necessity, and about the beginning of the war the Phi Society moved into the beautiful hall it now occupies in the New East building.

At the very high tide of our prosperity, the lowering war clouds cast a gloomy and ever darkening shadow over the University and the Society. Young men as well as old ones shouldered their muskets, and ere long scarcely a handful remained to hold the Society together. They struggled on faithfully for a year or two, but in 1868 they gave up the ghost, and the Phi Society ceased to exist.

The Society was not re-organized until the re-opening of the University in 1875. Even then the University and both Societies were repaired and re-opened by private subscriptions from friends who rallied around them and refused to let them die. Since that time the Phi Society has continued to grow, and to broaden its sphere of usefulness and influence, with perhaps the single exception of the year 1896.

For various reasons, both attendance and duty were made optional during that year. At first this new arrangement worked like a charm, as only those who did little in the Society dropped out. But at length a spirit of indifference pervaded the whole Society. The very best and most enthusiastic members began to neglect their Society work, excusing themselves on the ground that they were busy and that *their* absence would not be noticed. Soon nobody scarcely attended the meet-

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PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY HALL—UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA



ings, and fewer still came on duty. The fines for non-attendance and non-performance of duty having been abolished, there was little source of revenue and the Society was on the brink of ruin.

Fortunately, a reaction took place toward the end of the year and the old regime was practically restored. Immediately new life and vigor permeated the Society, and work began again in earnest. To-day it is stronger than ever before. It has an able corps of debaters in every class, from the seniors to the freshmen, and all work with such zeal that nothing but success can follow. Great interest is taken in all its literary work, and especially in the inter-society and inter-collegiate debates.

The Society color is white, and its motto is, "Virtue, Liberty, and Science."

"The objects of the Society were and have continued to be two-fold. First, the improvement of its members in the science and art of debating, in English composition and the attainment of a good style, in the knowledge of parliamentary rules and modes of conducting public business. Secondly, the cultivation of moral and social virtues, and the formation of lasting friendships founded on co-operation in honorable works. In order to further these great ends, the Society has used every effort for the accumulation of good books and the collection of portraits of its members, who after leaving its halls have attained high positions."

In all these aims the Society has been wonderfully successful. In 1886 it turned over to the University 8,000 choice volumes to be combined with the Univer-

sity library, and in its halls it has over twenty oil portraits of distinguished members. Throughout the Southern States the influence of its members has been felt in government affairs, and in both public and private enterprises. And more than that, it has contributed many leading men to the Union. As Vice-president, Cabinet Officers, Foreign Ministers, Senators and members of the House of Representatives, they have been conspicuous for their wise and faithful service.

WILLIAM EDWARD COX, '99.

# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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PUBLISHED SIX TIMES DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY  
THE DIALECTIC AND PHILANTHROPIC LITERARY SOCIETIES.

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## The Editor's Desk.

**Exchange** Heretofore our MAGAZINE has been lack-  
**Department.** ing in this most important department.  
It was thought best by the editors of last year, by whom  
the publication was revived, not to establish it, and  
following their example our October issue did not have  
it. Seeing this fault, as we think it, in past issues,

we shall in the future have an Exchange Department. No first class College Magazine can afford to be without it. Not only does it afford an opportunity to make mention of the many magazines we receive as exchanges, which are worthy of such mention, and otherwise could not get it, but it also gives us a more widespread interest in the doings of the college world in a literary sense.

These reviews stimulate and encourage not only the editors, but all who have the interest of their magazine at heart. To review a Magazine does not necessarily mean to "red ink" it, as we may say, but to give praise where praise is due and to offer suggestions for the improvement of weak points. The review is the barometer by which we must determine the estimate placed upon our work by the outside world. What editor does not, when he receives an exchange, turn at once to the exchanges to see what it has to say of his own Magazine? There is that much of the selfish in all of us, that we like to see what is in our hands prosper and be respected by the people at large; and nothing so encourages the editor as a favorable review of his Magazine, nor does anything drive him to his work with a stronger determination to make improvement than a just criticism of some feature which is not up to the standard.

In consideration then of these facts, we shall hereafter have as full a review of our exchanges as is possible, and if what our editor in that department may have to say, shall in any way encourage a brother or sister editor, by giving just praise, or shall be bene-

ficial by pointing out some defect, and his comments will always have these ends in view, we shall feel that we have accomplished our purpose.



**Foot Ball.** The '98 foot-ball season is over. The Southern Championship is ours. To say that we are proud of our team is but a feeble expression of the feeling every student of the University has for the men, who in so many hard fought battles have won victory after victory and at last achieved the long looked for, long hoped for victory over our friendly opponents, the Virginians. "They bearded the bear in his den" on Thanksgiving, and covered themselves with glory.

The other games have been held as mere practice games, preparing to meet the team which has for several years defeated us; and at last hard, earnest work has brought to us the cherished Palm. Not, however, without a severe struggle, for Virginia, too, had the best team in her history, and they fought like men to the last; but now the *white and blue* wave triumphantly over our team, whose record will go down in history as one untarnished by defeat, unprecedented in the annals of our Athletics.

Too much praise cannot be given Coach Reynolds, who has been from the very beginning of the season so untiring in his efforts to make a good team of the ma-

terial he had. Each individual player deserves much credit for the hard and faithful work he has done, and last, but not least, the scrubs by good, honest work have aided very materially in making our score what it is. They are the power behind the team and too much cannot be said in their behalf.

Below we give the games of the season with results:-

Carolina vs Guilford	18—0
Carolina vs A & M	34—0
Carolina vs Oak Ridge	11—0
Carolina vs Greensboro	11—0
Carolina vs V. P. I.	28—6
Carolina vs Davidson	11—0
Carolina vs Georgia	53—0
Carolina vs Auburn	29—0
Carolina vs Virginia	6—2

Thus we see we have scored 201 points against our opponents' 8.

This is a record of which we may justly be proud, and in future years we shall remember with pleasure the career of the foot-ball team of '98.



**Department** There could be no better demonstration  
**of** of the educational spirit of the Universi-  
**Pedagogy.** ty than the interest which has for a long  
time been manifested here in the training of teachers.  
University men early realized how important it is that

teachers have especial preparation for their work, and from the efforts of these men to make it possible for such preparation to be obtained, have resulted the various movements for pedagogic improvement which the people of North Carolina have enjoyed.

In 1877, Summer Normal Schools began to be held at the University. These continued for eight years, and were superseded by four normal schools, established in different parts of the State. Teachers' Institutes, conducted by University men, finally took the place of these four schools. At these institutes the question of establishing permanent schools for teachers was agitated. The result was the Normal and Industrial College, at Greensboro, and the Chair of Pedagogy in the University.

This is a bit of history of which University people can well afford to be proud. The Normal and Industrial College is accomplishing much; and we doubt whether the work in any department of the University will result in more lasting good to the people all over our State than that done in the Department of Pedagogy. Grave problems are before our people for solution. The solution of many of these is to be found only in education. Our people need a more general, a more liberal education. For this they must depend mainly on the public schools, and these schools must have teachers. Many of our students are going out each year to take places as teachers in these schools. To go without having had training for this work would be to invite failure.

This necessary training is supplied in our Depart-

ment of Pedagogy. At the head of this department is a professor who has had wide experience and unlimited success as a teacher. The courses offered have both a pedagogic and a culture value, and are intended to fit those who take them to teach in any of the grades of instruction, from the primary to the high school. Practical illustrations of the best methods of teaching are given; and, in addition to this, a thorough study is made of the educational leaders of this and other countries, both those of our own day and those of times past. Thus the student is shown how to teach, and is also inspired with the loftiness and the importance of the teaching profession.

Specimens of the work done by children in the best graded schools of the country will be obtained from time to time and placed where the student in Pedagogy may examine them. At no distant day, too, an effort will be made to establish a practice school here. When this school is established, students will have an opportunity to test their skill in teaching before they leave the University.

It ought to be encouraging to friends of education to know that large numbers of the University students are availing themselves of the instruction given in this department. This means better methods of teaching, better schools, and consequently greater intellectual and moral growth in North Carolina.

# Book Notices.

C. B. DENSON

EDITOR.

BISMARCK—Some secret pages of his history.— Being a diary kept by Dr. Moritz Busch, during twenty-five years' official and private intercourse with the Great Chancellor.— With Portraits. 2 vols. 8vo. New York. *The MacMillan Company*, 1898. \$10.

During the long period in which Bismarck controlled the politics and diplomacy of Prussia and Germany, he made constant use of certain newspapers, for the purpose of shaping public opinion and defending the policy of the government.

To this end he had about him a few competent officials whose duty it was to write newspaper articles under his own instructions. Dr. Moritz Busch was for a time one of these confidential secretaries; and after his official connection with the Foreign Office had ceased, he continued to enjoy the confidence of the Chancellor. This relation was maintained about twenty-three years. During all this time, Dr. Busch kept a diary, and wrote out very fully a vast amount of information about Bismarck, dealing with politics and with personal affairs, giving newspaper articles and conversations with a zeal not unworthy of Boswell himself.

Bismarck is Dr. Busch's chosen hero. Indeed, he once called him his Messiah, and stood ready not only

to devote to him his life, but if necessary, to lay it down in his master's cause. The Chancellor encouraged the keeping of the diary and authorized its publication, when he should no longer be in this world. Dr. Busch evidently had the manuscript ready for the press and sent it to the printer as soon as Bismarck's death was announced. The Preface is dated on the day of his death.

The two volumes have not the same degree of interest for the American reader. Both contain very many allusions to Bismarck's far-reaching political work, but for the general reader these allusions are usually too fragmentary to be intelligible. On the other hand, vol. I deals almost exclusively with Bismarck's activity during the Franco-German War, and here the subject grows greatly in interest. We follow the Prussian Minister-President, as he, accompanied by a detachment of the Foreign Office, followed the victorious army. At Sedan we have a thrilling account of the great battle by an eye witness, and a record of Bismarck's diplomatic work, by which Napoleon III and his large army ceased to be factors in the war. Then follow the wearisome negotiations at Versailles, until Bismarck achieved his splendid success in bringing the South German States into the great German union, and making his Prussian king Emperor of Germany.

We should be glad to have some "secret pages" on Bismarck's share in the candidacy of the Prince of Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne, but Busch does not help us much. He once quotes somebody as saying

that this candidacy was a trap set for France. There seems to be no doubt that the trap was thus set by Bismarck and we should expect a fuller statement of it by an annalist who claims as his only purpose the record of the plain unvarnished truth.

Vol. II. is concerned chiefly with politics. In the period here treated, Bismarck was strengthening and developing the Empire and working to maintain the peace of Europe.

Dr. Busch, though disclaiming the purpose of writing a biography gives many views of Bismarck's life and character that will furnish material for the future biographer.

Many of the incidents reported reveal a trait that we are accustomed to regard as characteristic of the Iron Chancellor,—his unbending will. William I. usually treated his chancellor with the utmost consideration, as was very natural but when he occasionally tried to have his own way Bismarck promptly brought him to terms by threatening to resign. And yet he revered the old Emperor as much as he could revere anybody. It may thus be easily understood that he would not brook opposition from lesser lights.

It is interesting to note in Dr. Busch's volumes, how Bismarck, by nature a turbulent democrat, remained always a devoted and conscientious royalist. He himself explains it as a result of his belief in God as the founder of earthly monarchies.

Despite his loyalty, he did not abstain from occasional criticism of his sovereign, William I; and of other royal and imperial persons who vexed or opposed him, he

spoke in terms that must to pious Germany seem akin to blasphemy. Frederick, both as Crown Prince and Emperor, and his wife, made the Chancellor's life a burden. He does not conceal his opinion of them. Indeed, Bismarck seems to have thought well only of those who obeyed him. That may be the reason why he was able to bestow upon the old Emperor such a wealth of sincere and hearty veneration. It may also explain why he felt so kindly toward the author of the volumes under consideration.

The concluding pages of vol. II deal with the time when the aged Chancellor was set aside by the hot-headed young Emperor, who had not the motives of his father and grandfather for accepting a Mentor. But Busch approaches the subject cautiously. His course was doubtless suggested by prudence.

Describing so intimately the greatest figure in European politics in the century—possibly the greatest in any century,—Dr. Busch's book cannot fail to engage the attention of the reading, thinking world. Besides its own intrinsic value, it will be a rich mine of material when the time comes to write the biography of Prince Bismarck.

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VARIA.—AGNES REPLIER. *W. H. Mifflin & Co., Boston.*

This is a series of charming little essays on various subjects of interest, literary and historical.

One is the discussion of the misnomer "New Wo-

man." She is always the "Eternal Feminine," and always has been. For hundreds of years woman has claimed intellectual equality with man. In the fourteenth century woman's rights were advocated before the court of Charles VI; all the arguments that are used today were used then, and the same woman proved her case by writing a thorough treatise on the science of war, which was an authority in those battle-loving days. Addison satirizes women for "meddling" in politics; even in his day woman aspired to the standing collar and the other paraphernalia of men. One hundred and twenty years ago "platform women" were known. There is no such thing as the "new woman."

In another place we have a description of a *fete* in a provincial French town; with its quaint customs, and its curious mixture of the secular and religious lore, and its peculiar distortion of historic facts for the purposes of the church.

Again, we have a discussion of the relative merits of some of the histories of today, with their simple and bare enumeration of facts, their dry as dust collection of historic records, without a thing to help us understand the life of the age, as compared with the Chronicles of Froissart, which, although inaccurate at times, yet, paint for us life; his knights and ladies are living, breathing men and women; and they show us the middle ages, as no collection of facts would ever do. "He gives to the printed page the breath of the living past."

Through the whole of these essays runs a quiet humor, and an extensive knowledge of men and books is shown.

# Exchanges.

WM. S. BERNARD

EDITOR.

In the past we have spasmodically offered our humble criticism of our contemporaries, but not until this issue has the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE presented to its reading public a well defined Department of Exchanges. We are here to stay; and it might be well by way of salutatory to define briefly the position and aim of the present editor of this department. Our purpose: over the warm hand clasp of mutual endeavor to incite to more strenuous effort, loftier ideals, more perfect execution. We pray pardon for formulating a method by contrast with what seems to us the error of our contemporaries. If criticism is to accomplish a legitimate purpose and result, it should be criticism and not wishywashiness. It seems to us that in general the exchange editor has taken unto himself too large a task for each issue.

It is but rarely we find one who does not attempt to review the magazine under inspection as a whole, in respect to its binding, typography, arrangement, general subject matter, with now and then slight reference to individual work, as simply good, bad or indifferent.

The usual type of comment is somewhat thus:—

“We pick up the So-and-So Magazine as a good opening issue. It presents itself to us bedecked with a new but rather gloomy cover. We do not know that this is an addition to its usual bright and sparkling in-

terior. The two or three quite readable essays barely redeem the issue from dullness or atone for its lack of fiction. Is this well?"

"We always hail with delight the So-and-So—" &c.

Surely tho' this method may give a suggestion now and then to a board of editors, the individual who has labored to present some thought in appropriate style, and anxiously scans the exchange column for something helpful, begins to wonder why the Department exists, unless to afford the useless ex-man opportunity to make graceful bows to those of his own kilt.

In the second place, we believe that this error is mainly the result of another, viz., the attempt to review too large a number of magazines at one sitting. The exchange editor seems under obligation to go as far as possible around the circle of acquaintances, with the complimentary act, and like the hostess at a large reception succeeds in grasping many hands but in boring and being bored.

If in pursuing the method implied in the above remarks the exchange editor of this magazine shall now and then have helped some student, who like himself is struggling for wholesome culture, the culture of rugged, undecorated truth, he will have fulfilled his sense of obligation, and however stringent his criticism, he will not in that instance arouse enmity. We know not the term "hostile criticism." However "*La critique est aisee*," is a wretched fallacy, and we know that at times we shall misunderstand and be misunderstood. History and Literature have but one example par excellence of the just judge.

Thus in weakness and fear increased by our self-assertiveness we begin our work where it is difficult to err.

Of all our exchanges we read none with more genuine pleasure than the *Mnemosynean*. Its English is pure, simple and unpretentious. Its subject matter is usually within the scope of a College Monthly. In the November issue we notice two articles of a type of description that is rarely well done. Who from down South, or as we say here, "down East," has not felt the power of the field-negro's 'vesper songs?' *A Sketch* makes us homesick with longing to hear again their musical voices. There are no false touches in dealing with the darkies, nothing stilted or grandiloquent in the short rhapsody that characterizes their song. Again, there is no fault in *An Incident*. The writer has felt and caught the simplicity and pathos of the negro character where another might have been disposed to ridicule. Such work as these two writers have done requires nervous, delicate strokes, shades with no false tints. They have worked their canvas well. We forgot the critic in us while reading these sketches. Let us have more of this class of work.

In any contemplated literary work the all important question the writer should ask himself before he attempts discussion is whether he is competent to deal with the subject. The two chief requisites of competency are knowledge of material and freedom from bias. The writer of "*The Spirit of the French*" in the November issue of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* has shown an utter disregard for one or both of these essentials. He boldly arms himself with dissecting knife, and proceeds to lay bare that subtle universal "Spirit" of a great people, its throbbing heart, and trace its moral pulse beats. Poor France! Our Doctor reveals her foul and stinking ulcers, and gloats o'er her early death.

Now if he has never been among the French, he is to be censured for attempting this essay. If he has, he must have been both blind and deaf. If he has read, he has entirely misread, French constitutional history. Let him reconsider some of his postulates: was "Hugo scornfully indifferent?" Have the French a pessimistic view of life? Is France de facto a republic? How much more exclusive are the French than the English? As to the race prob-

lem in France, he seems as ignorant of its inwardness, as Mrs. Ginnis of the race troubles in North Carolina. Our author's style is in keeping with his appropriations of stale platitudes. A surplus of adjectives, a strained effort after the epigram. This may be the result of holding a brief.

We acknowledge receipt of the following Magazines :—

*The Hampden-Sidney Magazine, The Southern Collegian, Mnemosynean, Vanderbilt Observer, Student Life, Western Maryland College Monthly, The Georgian, The College Message, The Trinity Archive, The Converse Concept, Mount St. Joseph Collegian, Elizabeth Chronicle, The Bellvue High School Nondescript, The Erskinian, The William and Mary College Monthly.*

Limited space prevents us from publishing a full list of our Exchanges in this issue.

# Alumni Notes.

H. B. HOLMES.

H. M. LONDON.

Chas. L. VanNoppen, '95, has recently been elected treasurer of the Continental Publishing Company of New York.

Whitfield Cobb, ex-'99, is principal of a flourishing school in Marlborough County, South Carolina.

J. R. Baggett, '01, is one of the principals of Salem High School in Sampson County.

R. H. Sykes, of the '98 Law Class, has recently secured the position of Stenographer and Typewriter to Tracy, Boardman and Platt of New York city.

Nelson B. Henry, who was Professor of Pedagogy here from 1885 to '87 is principal of Marvin Collegiate Institute, a flourishing school situated at Fredericktown, Missouri.

R. H. Wright, '97, is Professor of the English department at Oak Ridge Institute.

E. K. Graham, '98, is assistant Principal of the Charlotte Military Institute.

W. P. M. Curry, '94, who is principal of a large school at Raeford, N. C., is taking a non-resident post graduate course at the University.

Rev. John C. Troy, '76, of Jonesboro, has an interesting article on Chapel Hill in '75 and '76 in his "Scriptural Comments" recently published.

The Class of '82 is of interest, to some at least, it being the class of President Alderman. It is as follows:—

William Gales Adams, successful business man, Nashville, Tenn.

Edwin Anderson Alderman, President University of North Carolina.

Alvis W. Allen. Deceased.

R. T. Bryan, D. D., Missionary in China.

A. T. Davidson, Died 1888.

E. A. Deschweinitz, Chemist in Government Employ, Washington.  
MacMurray Furgurson, Lawyer, Littleton, North Carolina.

A. L. Grandy, Lawyer, Atlanta, Ga.

David A. Hampton, Teaching in Texas.

Jonathan W. Jackson, General Manager Home Insurance Co., Chicago.

John O. Jeffreys, Planter in Franklin County.

David S. Kennedy, Teaching in Bertie County.

Thomas W. Mayhew, Lawyer, Dead.

Alexander W. McAlister, Manager Insurance Company in Greensboro.

Henry Bruce Peebles, Insurance agent, Jackson, N. C.

Frederick Nash Skinner, Episcopal Minister, Clinton, N. C.

Thomas D. Stokes, Merchant, Richmond, Va.

Richard S. White, Lawyer in Bladen County.

George W. Whitsett, Dentist in Greensboro.

George G. Wilson. Dead.

Charles W. Worth, Commission Merchant, Wilmington, N. C.

Augustus VanWyck, the recent Democratic nominee for Governor of New York, is an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, having graduated in the Class of '64. After the war he went North, settled in New York as a lawyer, and subsequently became Judge.

The University is always in the lead no matter where we go. Wherever a representative body of any importance is gathered together, there the University man will always be found filling with credit the positions of duty and honor. In the recently elected General Assembly there are the following University men:—

IN THE SENATE :

R. H. Speight, '66—'67,	Edgecombe County.
F. G. James, '75—'76,	Pitt "
I. F. Hill, '76—'78,	Wayne "
John N. Wilson, '78—'79	Guilford "
R. L. Smith, '88,	Stanly "
W. C. Fields, '69—'70,	Ashe "

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES :

W. H. Carroll, '86,	Alamance County.
F. D. Winston, '79,	Bertie "
G. H. Currie, '91,	Bladen "

Locke Craige, '80,	Buncombe County.
L. F. Hartsell, '95,	Carbarrus "
S. L. Patterson, '57—'60	Caldwell "
D. C. Allen, '55—'57	Columbus "
J. O. Carr, '95,	Duplin "
H. A. Foushee, Law '93,	Durham "
H. A. Gilliam, '91,	Edgecombe "
H. W. Stubbs, '75—'77,	Martin "
Heriot Clarkson, '83—'84,	Mecklenburg "
W. A. Cochran, '96	Montgomery "
T. M. Gattis, '84,	Orange "
J. B. Leigh, '90,	Pasquotank "
W. J. Nichols, '97,	Pitt "
H. C. Wall, '58—'61,	Richmond "
G. B. Patterson, '86,	Robeson . "

#### MARRIAGES

M. Erwine, '93, on Wednesday October 19, 1898, was united in marriage to Miss Susan Connally, in Atlanta, Ga.

At the Chapel of the Cross, in Chapel Hill, N. C., on October, 19, 1898, Mr. W. R. Webb, '96, was married to Miss Louise Hall, youngest daughter of Dr. John Manning, our honored Professor of Law. Mr. Webb is assistant principal of the famous "Webb School" at Bell Buckle, Tenn. He was for one year after graduating instructor in English in the University. The *MAGAZINE* extends congratulations.

At the First Moravian Church, Fairmount Avenue, below 17th Street, Philadelphia, on Thursday, September 29, 1898, Reverend Howard Edward Rondthaler, '94, was married to Miss Katherine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. McC. Baring.

Mr. Charles Whitehurst Horne, on November 23, at Edenton Street Methodist Church, Raleigh, N. C., was united in marriage to Miss Bessie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Belvin.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL,

Nov. 26, 1898.

Whereas, Divine Providence has seen fit to remove from us our

esteemed fellow member and alumnus, Thos. P. Braswell, be it therefore

Resolved I: That in his death the Philanthropic Society has lost a faithful member and the University a sincere friend.

Resolved II: That we the members of the Philanthropic Society extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family and friends.

Be it further resolved that these resolutions be spread upon a page of our minutes dedicated to his memory, and a copy of the same be sent to the afflicted family, to the University periodicals, and to the Rocky Mount *Argonaut*.

H. P. HARDING	}	COMMITTEE.
J. K. DOZIER		
A. J. BARWICK		

We clip the following from the *Durham Sun* :—

Fred Green is dead. The sad news shocked our community like a fire bell. He died at the post of honor, which is the post of duty. Today in his office about 2 o'clock, after an illness of about an hour, he fell asleep.

Frederick Augustus Green, son of Mr. and Mrs. Caleb B. Green, was born on the 21st of September, 1871. He was educated at the University; was a rising young attorney, a member of the firm of Graham, Green and Graham and was popular and well equipped.

# College Record.

JOHN DONNELLY.

F. M. OSBORNE.

Carolina 6—Va. 2.

Foundation of the Alumni Building has been completed.

The only class game of foot-ball played this season was between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The score was 11 to 0 in favor of the Sophs.

Dr. Hume delivered an address before the Shakespere Club of Oxford, Nov. 25.

At the meeting of the Dialectic Society, Oct. 23, Dr. Battle presided. It was the 50th anniversary of his presidency of the society.

A few days since, the Pharmacy Department received a valuable gift from Mr. William K. Vanderbilt. The gift consisted of about forty specimens of medical herbs collected on Mr. Vanderbilt's estate of Biltmore.

Work has been commenced on the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity's chapter house. The building faces on the campus, and is situated between the D. K. E. hall and the Methodist Church.

Walter Brem, Jr., '96, is on the Hill again having entered the Medical Department.

The list of University preachers for the year '98-'99 is as follows:—Dr. Hoge, for December; Dr. Swope, for February; Rev. H. E. Rondthaler, for March; Dr. Turrentine, for April; and Rev. Mr. Millard, for May.

The University Dramatic Club gave a performance of "The Little Rebel", by J. S. Coyne and "Evening Dress" by W. D. Howells, on the night of Dec. 9th. The performance was greatly enjoyed by all those present. During the Christmas holidays the club will make a tour of Eastern North Carolina.

The annual Junior-Soph debate between the Di and Phi societies

was held Saturday, Nov. 26 in the Di Hall. Messrs. Coffey and Woltz of the Di, and Johnston and Greening of the Phi, being the debaters. The query, "Resolved, that Imperialism should form our future policy", was won by the Di's who represented the negative.

Officers have been elected by the two literary Societies for the Washington's Birthday exercises, to be held in the Phi Hall. The orators are F. M. Osborne, Di, and H. P. Harding, Phi.

The base-ball schedule for next spring is being completed. Manager J. R. Carr is trying to arrange for an extended Northern trip.

The preparatory schools of the state have lately begun to take interest in foot-ball, and rapid development in this line can be seen already. On Nov. 19 a game was played on our athletic field between William Bingham School and the A.&M. College teams. The score was 22 to 12 in favor of William Bingham School.

Quite a number of the students attended the Winston Tobacco Fair.

Messrs. Bernard, Phi and London, Di, have been elected MAGAZINE editors to succeed Messrs. Harding, Phi and C. . Brown, Di, who resigned.

The Query selected for the Georgia-Carolina debate is "Resolved, That United States Senators should be elected by popular vote." Our representatives are T. C. Bowie, Di and E. D. Broadhurst, Phi.

The gymnasium has been lately fitted up with new apparatus. The game of basket-ball has been introduced by Mr. Calder, our new gymnasium director.

The first regular meeting of the Historical Society for this year was held in the Chapel, Oct. 24.

President Alderman has been asked to deliver the commencement address at Tulane University, New Orleans, May 3, 1899.

Walter H. Page, editor of the Atlantic Monthly will lecture here Mar. 9, 1899. His subject will be "Contemporary literature and the men who make it."

The University has joined with a number of American Universities in offering educational aid to Cuban students. There will prob-

ably be several Cuban students here next session. This movement was first started by General Joseph Wheeler.

Editors have been elected from the fraternities for the purpose of editing the "Hellenian"(annual) for '99. In a meeting held a few weeks ago F. M. Osborne was elected Editor-in-chief, W. F. Bryan, Business Manager with M. Bellamy, Jr. and F. J. Coxe as Assistant Business Managers. With an efficient board of ten editors it is hoped that an annual will be published which will reflect credit upon the editors and the University.

For the purpose of stimulating interest in those who take no part in the editing of this publication, prizes are offered for poems, drawings and original work of sufficient merit to give them a place in the book. The competition for prizes is open to all.

#### HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Historical Society was held in Gerard Hall, Oct. 24, at 7:30 P. M. Mr. H. M. London was elected secretary for the ensuing year.

The first paper of the evening was read by Dr. Battle. It was a very interesting account of the "Scotch Settlement of the Cape Fear," and was written by Mr. Donald McIver, '97.

The second paper was "Hatteras in '61", read by Mr. H. P. Harding. Mr. Harding in his paper showed the value of this point to the Confederacy, and described the first Union Naval victory.

For the remainder of the hour, Dr. Battle entertained the society with a sketch of some of the well known schools of North Carolina in earlier times, and their teachers.

The second meeting of the Historical Society for the year, was held Nov. 14. The following papers were read:—

1. "The Government of N. C. Under the Lords Proprietors", by Mr. E. J. Wood. A clear insight was given into the fundamental workings of this government and its marked effect upon the people of that time was clearly shown.

2. "The Battle of Bentonville," by Mr. R. D. W. Connor.

Mr. Connor gave a graphic description of this noted battle, supplemented by a diagram showing the plans of attack, and the relative positions of the opposing forces.

Dr. Battle continued his paper on the early schools of N. C., and pointed out some very interesting things concerning these schools and their noted teachers.

SHAKESPERE CLUB.

The regular monthly meeting of the Shakespere Club was held Tues. night, Nov. 15th. After a few brief remarks by Dr. Hume, on the value of Shakesperian and related subjects for training in literary composition, the following papers were read:—

1. "An unturned leaf in the love affairs of Hal's Queen", by Mr. B. B. Lane. Much skill was shown in the use of Drayton's poetical letter to Owen Tudor from Katherine of Valois, and the various scattered traditions.

2. "Warwick, the king maker, in drama and novel", by Miss Bessie Whitaker. This paper was a valuable and charmingly written one on the difference in conception and method between "Henry the Sixth" and Bulwer's "Last of the Barons."

3. Mr. E. D. Broadhurst gave a brief discussion of critical selections to show that Shakespere's treatment of Richard III is natural and consistent, and was a good psychological study.

4. Mr. H. B. Holmes closed the evening's program with an essay on "Margaret of Anjou in Shakespere and Scott."



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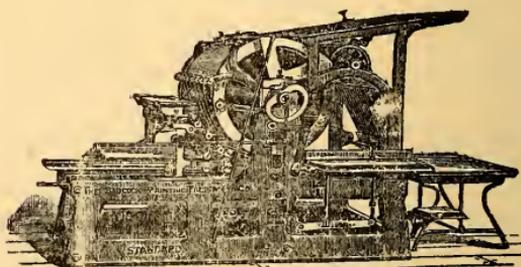
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# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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Old Series, Vol. XXIX. No. 3---FEBRUARY, 1899. New Series, Vol. XVI.

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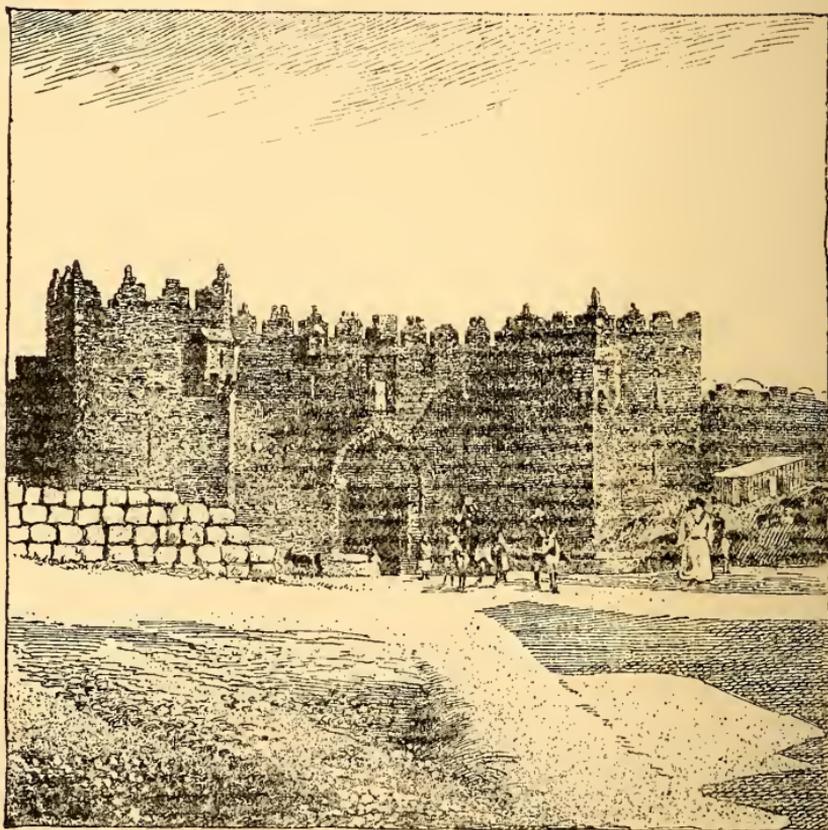
## THE LEAST OF ALL LANDS.

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Not long ago I received a pamphlet written by a Western lawyer on a visit he had made to the Holy Land. His visit was only incidental to an eastern tour, and consisted of a few days spent in Jarusalem and environs, a time sufficient for a thoughtful man who *knows* before he *goes* to deepen many impressions and to gain much good. But he regarded it as sufficient to enable him to judge of the whole land, to pass conclusively on the authenticity of revelation, and generally to criticise the plans of the Almighty. Without following all his vagaries, I wish to mention two points because they serve to show how dangerous is ignorance on serious matters. He was scandalized at the abominable harbor of Joppa—or rather at the lack of harbor, and he was mystified at the Israelites leaving Egypt, the most fruitful land in the world, for the barren hills of Judea.

Now suppose all the land was as barren as Judea,

which is not the case; suppose Judea had always been as barren as it was in after centuries of misgovernment and oppression, which is disproved by the land itself and by the testimony of the Roman historians. This is a strange criticism for an American to make.



DAMASCUS GATE—JERUSALEM.  
(OUTSIDE OF WHICH CHRIST SUFFERED.)

Has he forgotten that the Israelites were slaves in Egypt, and that our forefathers left the fairest lands

on earth, for an unknown land, and even for the barren shores of New England, that they might have what the Israelites sought in Palestine—freedom to worship God. More than three thousand years have passed since the Exodus, and the *fellahin* of Egypt are to-day mere paddlers in mud and water, as the Israelites then were the most degraded of all people in civilized lands, without progress and without hope and without happiness, while Israel went up from their fertile fields to develop in her rocky hills, a literature, a law, a civilization, that rules the world today. Analogies are not wanting. Switzerland and Scotland are small and rugged lands, but their influence in the world is out of all proportion to their size and their products. But both like Judea, produced what the world needs most—*men*: men of character, men of God.

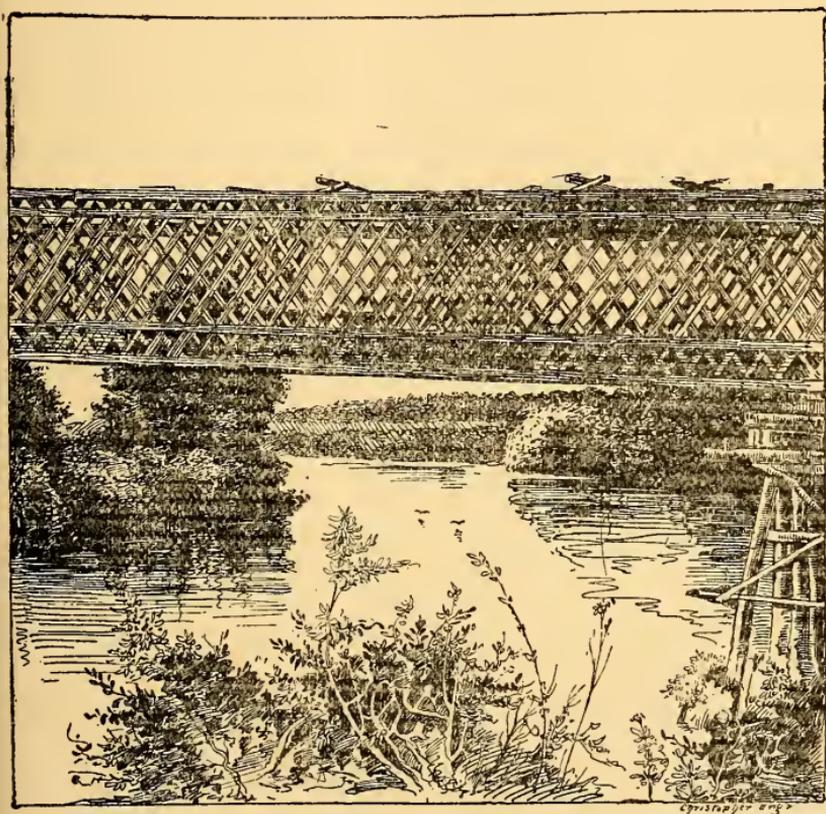
And in the production of men of righteousness, the isolation of the land, as emphasized by its lack of sea-ports, is one of the most important factors. You sail along its entire coast-line and you see not a single indentation save the Bay of Aere, where Carmel thrusts its bulk out into the sea. Even this bay is too open for a fort and seems to have been always controlled by the Phoenicians. Along the coast-line lies a low plain, sometimes wide, sometimes narrow, but everywhere giving unmistakable evidence of having been under the sea. Had it remained so, had the sea come up to the high lands, turned the low passes into inlets, the valleys into bays, the headlands into peninsulas, and the outlying hills into islands, how different would have been the history of the land! We would

have had a people of adventure and commerce, a people gathering to themselves the wealth and art and culture of many lands. But the world already had the Phœnicians, and it had the Greeks. What it needed was Israel—a people concerned about righteousness and nursing and developing the deposit of Divine truth imparted to it. So God gave it that stiff, hard coast line, with the surf breaking upon the unyielding shore, and broad sea beyond, stretching to the horizon, to represent the great world for which it was preparing a blessing.

On the South there lay the desert—not the broad expanse of sand that we picture to ourselves under that name—for that was a sea that man early loved to navigate with the faithful, patient beast that is still called the “ship of the desert.” But this desert, the “Negheb,” or South-country was a vast tangle of rocky ridges and deep defiles, inhabited by wild and hardy tribes, never conquered because never found by the armies that pursued them, yet ready to spring as it were from the earth itself to harass a baffled and retreating foe.

And on the east lay the great gorge. This gigantic “fault”, really begins far up in Syria, separating the great ridges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. There is a beautiful valley with snow-capped mountains on either side. It is divided by a watershed, the Orontes flowing north; the Leantes, south. At this watershed is one of the earliest seats of the impure nature-worship of the Phœnicians; when the Romans built temples on the Phœnician foundations, and wondered—as we

wonder to-day—at the three great stones that make a foundation wall 180 feet long, and at the yet greater stone that lies in the quarry near by. The Leantes would naturally have flowed on through Palestine. But this river, polluted at its source, by the most cor-



BRIDGE OVER THE JORDAN.

(NEAR JERICHO.)

rupt form of heathen worship, was not to be the river of the Holy Land. Just before it could enter Palestine it meets a great mountain mass that turns it west-

ward, carving its channel a thousand feet deep, and entering the Mediterranean near Tyre. This mountain-barrier marks the northern boundary of Israel. South of it rises the Jordan, fed by streams from all sides, which gather into the "Waters of Merom," a shallow lake lying just above the level of the sea. From this time onward the course of the Jordan is unique among all the rivers of the world. Breaking out of L. Huleb, as it is now known, in a deep gorge, it falls in the course of nine miles nearly seven hundred feet, where it spreads out into the beautiful Lake of Galilee, lying 682 feet below the Mediterranean. Emerging from this it runs in a swift, strong stream sixty five miles into the Dead Sea, whose surface lies 1292 feet below the Mediterranean, and whose bottom is over a thousand feet deeper still. The river is well named "Descender," and it has well fulfilled its mission as a Divider. The consciousness of this "great, gulf fixed" is always with you in Judea. Look eastward and almost everywhere you see the outline of the nearer hills, sharp and distinct against the distant blue of "the other side", and in between—nothingness. It separated between two great mountain masses, but yet more between two great civilizations. Looking at the whole land we may say, as was said of Rebekah, "Two manner of people are in thy womb." To the east was Esau, the nomad of the desert; to the west, Jacob who inherited the promises. Thus was Israel hedged in on every side, for the fulfilment of his mission.

Yet was he in the very centre of the ancient world. The great roads that united Assyria, Babylon, Damascus, on the one side, with Egypt, Tyre and Rome on the other, all passed by the foot of Israel's highlands. In Northern Israel was the Plain of Esdraelon, where all roads crossed—the great battle-field between the East and the West from the time of the Pharoahs to the time of Napoleon. And Northern Israel, fair and fertile and open to the world, became entangled with other nations, lost the tenor of its true mission, perished and passed away. It was in the highlands of Judea, most isolated and most barren, that the ideal of righteousness longest survived and Israel's church and state reached their highest development. And here is Israel's one enduring city. No site was less likely for a great city. With no rich surrounding country to feed it and develop its industries; with no harbor, or thoroughfares of commerce to promote trade; never for any length of time the seat of extensive empire; what is the secret of Jerusalem's four thousand years of life? There is but one. Its first king, which we know, was Melchi-zedek, king of Righteousness. The ideal of its prophets was of a kingdom of righteousness, and without its gate suffered for the sin of the world Jesus Christ the Righteous.

And from its gates, along the great roads that went out into all the world, and across the sea—no longer a barrier but become a highway—went the messengers of the Gospel of Peace, preaching the kingdom of God. And although Israel according to the flesh knew not

its King, and Israel's children still weep over the foundations of their ruined Temple, the time will come when Jerusalem shall thorw opens its gates, and Israel shall say, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

PEYTON H. HOGE.



WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.

## EDMUND FANNING.

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Edmund Fanning was descended from one of the most ancient families of Ireland. His great-grandfather, Edmund, who was the first to come to this country, married Catherine, daughter of Hugh Hays, Earl of Connaught. When Cromwell came into power Edmund, the first of the name, who was a Captain in King Charles' army, was forced to flee from his home in Kilkenny to New England, taking with him his wife and son, Edmund. With many others in the same plight they were forced to work their passage over and finally landed at New London.

Governor Winthrop of Connecticut soon learned their history and became a very kind and valuable friend. He settled them on Fisher's Island, a small island about fifteen miles from New London at the head of Long Island Sound. This island has remained in the family from that time. Edmund soon became one of the first thirteen proprietors of Stonington, Connecticut. He had three sons, one of whom was Edmund, who was born in Ireland.

Edmund, the second of the name, had five sons. One of these was Captain James Fanning, who married Hannah Smith of Long Island, by whom he had six sons. Of these six sons one was Col. Phineas, and another was the subject of this sketch. It seems rather odd that during the Revolution Col. Phineas Fanning was Washington's commissary on Long Island,

while his brother Edmund was at the head of a British regiment. Phinehas seems to have been the only member of the family to espouse the cause of the colonists.

Edmund Fanning, the subject of this sketch, was born on Long Island in 1737. He was educated at Yale, where he was graduated with honor in 1757. In 1764 he received the degree of Master of Arts from Yale and Harvard, and in 1772 the same degree from Columbia College. In 1774 the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws was conferred on him by Oxford, and in 1803 that of Doctor of Laws by Yale and Dartmouth. When he came to North Carolina he was probably the best educated man in the State. As has been said of him, "The annals of our State present no other, and the Union scarcely, if indeed a single instance, of an individual crowned at so early an age with this high literary distinction from such reputable and numerous sources, abroad and at home."

Fanning came to North Carolina and settled at Hillsborough, where he was sworn in as an attorney in 1760. In 1763, he was appointed Registrar of Orange County, and in the same year Colonel of Orange. In 1765 he was appointed Clerk of the Superior Court. In 1767 he succeeded Maurice Moore as Judge. In 1776 he received from General Howe the commission of Colonel, and raised and commanded a corps called the "King's American Regiment of Foot." He was appointed Surveyor-general, which position he held for sometime. In 1794 he was appointed Governor of Prince Edward's. Sometime previous to this, about 1771, he became

Lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia. About 1808 he was commissioned as a Brigadier General in the British army and later became a General. In 1815 he moved to London where he died in 1818, leaving three daughters.

Fanning is best known from his connection with the trouble with the Regulators. All the historians vie with each other in heaping invectives upon this so-called extortioner. Why it is that Fanning is selected especially as a recipient of their vile epithets, it is hard to say,—except that he was one of the most prominent citizens, and held quite a number of prominent positions. With many he was unpopular, and the following lines by Rednap Howell are said to express the then prevailing sentiment. Frohock, spoken of, was a friend of Fanning's and Clerk of the District Court in Rowan.

“Says Frohock to Fanning, ‘to tell the plain truth,  
When I came to this country I was but a youth.  
My father sent for me ; I warn't worth a cross,  
And then my first study was to steal for a horse.  
I quickly got credit and then ran away  
And haven't paid for him to this very day.’  
Says Fanning to Frohock, ‘'tis folly to lie ;  
I rode an old mare that was blind of an eye,  
Five shillings in money I had in my purse ;  
My coat it was patched but not much the worse.  
But now we've got rich and it's very well known  
That we'll do very well if they'll let us alone.’”

Another well-known rhyme of the day was as follows;

“When Fanning first to Orange came  
He looked both pale and wan,  
An old patched coat upon his back,  
An old mare he rode on;  
Both man and mare warn’t worth five pounds,  
As I’ve been often told;  
But by his civil robberies  
He’s laced his coat with gold.”

Limited space will not permit much mention of his connection with the Regulator’s trouble, suffice it to say that all his actions were seconded and approved by the best men of the county such as Francis Nash, Maurice Moore, and Judge Henderson. It is often stated that his house was demolished and he beaten. This was so with nearly all the citizens of Hillsborough. Among those beaten were such men as Thomas Hart, Alexander Martin, Michael Holt, and John Litterell, who was clerk of the Crown. Col. Gray, Maj. Lloyd, Francis Nash, John Cooke, Tyree Harriss, and Judge Henderson would have been treated in the same manner had they not escaped.

In the minutes of the Assembly for January 25th, 1771, is found the following, which considering the fact that the body was composed of such men as Cornelius Harnett, Willie Jones, Griffith Rutherford, and others of the same stamp, should clear Fanning’s name of all charges: “Col. Edmund Fanning, a member of this House, having been charged in the public

papers with many things injurious to his character, both as a Representative of the people and a member of the community; and besides these circumstances of common fame, having had many accusations and complaints exhibited against him to the Assembly, the House proceeded to inquire into the facts laid to his charge, and after the strictest examination, find the several accusations against him to be false, wicked and malicious, arising from the malevolence of a set of insurgents, who in defiance of the dictates of humanity, and of the laws of the country have atrociously injured his person, property, and character.

“The house therefore in common justice *Resolve*, That, the aspersions thrown upon the character of the said Col. Edmund Fanning are groundless, base, and scandalous, and that as far as anything has appeared to this House his conduct has been fair, just and honorable both as a member of this House in particular and of the community in general.”

The minutes of the Assembly show that Fanning was highly respected and thoroughly trusted. He was continually mindful of the welfare of the people whom he represented. At one time he was on a committee with Richard Caswell and Cornelius Harnett to settle the public accounts. At another meeting he presented certificates from the County of Orange, recommending that certain infirm persons be excused from paying public taxes. He introduced a bill to lessen the number of public claims, diminish the public debt, and relieve the poor of the burden of taxation. He served on a committee to regulate the practice of the court of chancery

with Nash, Person, Harnett, and Maurice Moore. In questions before the House, Fanning was always found on the side with Howe, Rutherford, Harnett, Blount, and Willie Jones.

In the list of trustees of Queen's College, at Charlotte, Edmund Fanning's name is first mentioned and there is little doubt that he was actively engaged in its establishment.

It is evident that the historians have grossly misrepresented him, giving the statements of the Regulators as their authority and never mentioning the fact that the law abiding citizens of the state, such as Caswell, Harnett, and Jones, had for him the greatest respect.

EDWARD JENNER WOOD, '99.

## THE MELANCHOLY DAYS.

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Hangs round us oft, with deepest mystery fraught,  
A darksome cloud, where gloom and sorrow blend,  
Which to our mortal eye revealeth naught  
But misery, care, and death, the awful end.  
And shrouded thus we grope about, nor lend  
One little smile to drive the care away,  
One ray of sunshine from our face, to rend  
The cloud that shuts us from the light of day.  
But now, as from the present we survey  
The past, where hovered over once that pall,  
The mists by time have been dispelled away  
And light suffuses radiant over all;—  
And lo, what joy, what pleasures round us strown  
Wrapt in those ebon folds—had we but known!

PAUL C. WHITLOCK, '98.

## THE INFLUENCE OF HOLLAND UPON AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

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The story of Holland's direct influence upon the English-speaking world has long remained an omitted chapter.

Washington Irving's coarse caricature of the early New Yorker is, through ignorance, too often accepted as a typical representation of Dutch character. Many American professors of history, also, are unfamiliar with the one republic that was the training school of our founders, and the great example of our revolutionary and constitutional fathers.

Throughout their whole history the Dutch have been the exponents of those very ideas upon which the highest civilization of to-day is founded, which are the cardinal principles of modern republicanism. Elsewhere in Europe, feudalism had sapped the strength of nations and robbed the people of their liberties; but the Dutch had with studied success, kept this tinsel relic of barbarism away from the Fatherland.

By hard-fought battles, on land and on sea, the Hollanders were the first to claim, and to secure, the recognition of those fundamental principles of our modern society, "no taxation without the consent of the taxed;" "that power under God originates with the people," and "that Governments exist for nations, and not nations for Governments."

They were also the first to introduce into the common life of her people the many modern comforts, to dignify their homes with the productions of art, to place the printed Bible in the hands of peasant and scholar alike.

In the words of a prominent historian: "In the sixteenth century the common people of the Netherlands, owing to their intelligence and their diversified industries, were," what we like to say of Americans to-day, "the best fed, the best clothed, the best educated, and the most religious people in the world."

The contrast that England presented at this time was very decided; one too, that is very much to her disadvantage. Her people were exceedingly poor agriculturalists; her great product, wool, had to be sent to the Netherlands to be woven into cloth: her masses were densely ignorant, and lacked the most ordinary comforts of the Dutch; while learning was confined almost solely to the court and to the church.

But the peaceful and liberty-loving career of the brave Hollander was soon to be sorely tried.

His political progress and religious freedom had given offence to Catholic Spain. What a trial. What a contest. For eighty long years peace was expelled from this land, and one of the smallest nations of the globe was involved in a life-and-death-struggle with the greatest Power of the age.

All alone, brave little Holland stood as the champion of the political and religious freedom of Europe, nay, of the world; fighting with insignificant numbers and by startling stratagem the openly cruel Spaniard on the one hand, and, on the other, contending with the treacherous Queen Elizabeth.

In 1591, the seven northern Dutch provinces, after the most cruel conflict of modern times, formed the first United States in a federal republic.

For nearly twenty years preceding, thousands of Dutch citizens had been fleeing to the adjacent countries, to escape the severe tasks and the horrible inquisition imposed upon them by Phillip II. In their flight for refuge and safety, tens of thousands braved the dark and stormy North Sea, and settled in the southern and eastern counties of England.

These refugees, by their mechanical ingenuity and progressive sentiments, with the love of freedom of thought and of action, so leavened that section with their own individuality, that henceforth it rapidly developed into the leading mechanical and industrial section of England,—the centre of English Protestantism, the chief seat of martyrdom, the recruiting ground of Cromwell's Ironsides, and the home of probably three-fifths of the future settlers of New England.

In their settlement, it was made incumbent upon every foreign workman to take and train at least one English apprentice, thus sending to school not less than fifty thousand Englishmen, not only in industry, but also in religious and political toleration and republican ideas of government,—the grandest University the world has ever known; indirectly the Alma Mater of our young America.

Historians acknowledge that these refugees achieved the industrial and commercial revolution of England; that to them is to be attributed the change from a nation of shepherds and agriculturalists, to that of a nation of machinists and manufacturers.

The ingenuity of the Dutch is well-known,—their improvements in art, their contributions to science, their pre-eminent success in commerce and finance,—the nation being at one time mistress of the seas, and also the founder of the first successful modern banking-system of the world.

But it was not alone in mechanical and commercial ingenuity that the Dutch were eminently conspicuous. They were foremost in learning, in scholarship, in literary influence.

Erasmus, the greatest scholar and literary teacher of the reformation; Coccejus, the great theologian; Rembrandt, the immortal painter; Grotius, the father of modern international law, and Vondel the great poet and dramatist, is part of Holland's contribution to the world's galaxy of great men. Leyden's great University from its beginning, has ranked among the leading institutions of the world; an institution established to commemorate the siege of Leyden; a conflict where sublime heroism and awe-inspiring endurance were so displayed, that they have filled with admiration a wondering world; a heroism that will ever stand in lonely grandeur, unequalled in all the history of War.

The characteristics of countries are as distinctly transmitted as are those of individuals. This is clearly shown in the way that Dutch and English influences were brought to bear upon the United States. For nearly a generation after the Dutch had formed themselves into a democratic republic, our early Pilgrim Fathers sought safety among them from the fires of persecution, then raging throughout England. From

the thousands of Hollanders who had settled, intermarried, and had been merged into the English people, they learned that there "was freedom of religion for all men" in the United States of the Netherlands.

Thither they fled, and for eleven years this home of refuge showered upon them her hospitality, accepted them as citizens, extended to them the enjoyments of her common schools and universities, and conferred upon them numerous municipal privileges. Many of them married with the Dutch, making Dutch and Pilgrim one. Here, before their daily observation, and beyond the experimental stage, the future founders of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, and Pennsylvania saw successful methods of government—both local and national—in the one federal republic of the world.

They lived in a land where there had long been practiced the principle that "all men are created free and equal", and where separation of Church and State had always been recognized. They lived in the only country where deeds and mortgages were registered, and where the Anglo-Saxon's mastering passion for transactions in land, could be conducted in fee simple.

They saw the workings of a written ballot system in local self-government; they saw municipal representation in State legislatures, and were made familiar with the powers of rulers and of departments of governments, defined by written constitutions.

The office of State Governor and of National President, the workings of State Senates and of National Senate, were constantly before their eyes. But, besides

these few features that we recognize as thoroughly American, there are others equally important. The supremacy and independence of the judiciary; a common school system; freedom of religion; freedom of the press; the reform of criminal law; the office of District Attorney; the right of counsel for defence; the amalgamation of law and equity into one code; and reform in the laws concerning the rights of married women: all these were recognized and practiced in the Dutch Republic of the sixteenth century. It was under the tutelage of these institutions—not, it is true, developed to their present perfection, but rather seen in successful experiment—that thousands of the brightest, bravest, and most liberty-loving sons of England were schooled. In their migration to America these colonists brought these ideas, as the fundamental principles of new governments, instead of the intolerant and aristocratic precedents of their mother country.

This influence is more apparent when we learn that William Penn, the son of a Dutch mother, and as conversant in that language and literature as he was in the English, while writing his constitution of Pennsylvania, was a refugee in Holland.

New York, the Empire State, which led all other colonies in jurisprudence, and shared political influence with Massachusetts and Virginia, derived these high qualities of leadership from its Dutch founders.

Connecticut, the most typical American commonwealth, with her written constitution and secret ballot system, was so singularly like the Democratic

Republic across the sea, that its analogy is directly traceable.

Furthermore, historic records prove that eighty per cent. of the original settlers of the New England States came from the southern and eastern counties of England, where had settled thousands of Dutch refugees.

Finally, at the close of the Revolutionary War, in what direction did our founders turn most hopefully for a political example? To Sparta or to Athens, with their rude republican forms? to the richness and splendor of a Roman republic? to England, with her aristocratic precedents? or to the successful little republic that had been so largely instrumental in shaping the career of the colonies?

Let the makers of our nation answer.—

“America is under great obligations to such men as you,” wrote Washington to Professor Luzae, of the University of Leyden, the Dutch republican and teacher, the friend of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson.

Still more direct is the testimony of Franklin: “In love of liberty and bravery, and in defence of it, Holland has been our great example”.

Lastly, how fitting in the mysterious workings of a Divine Providence, that the two World-Heroes, moulded by similar ideas and experiences, should clasp hands across the two centuries of time and stand revealed as the highest types of republicanism. Holland, with her William of Orange, diplomat, and military leader, the embodiment of christian strength and character, whom the Dutch reverently know as “Father Wil-

liam''; America, with her Washington, conservative, yet aggressive, general and statesman, the model of a new world and the "Father of his Country."

Let us refuse then to believe that our government was either the direct result of English influence or an original creation of our Constitutional Fathers.

In this age of fact and formula let us not forget "to place honor where honor is due." Let the spirit of truth, so characteristic of American manhood, show to the world its cosmopolitan nature; let it not forget its indebtedness to the "Silent Wiliam", and his sturdy nation, the true progenitors of our peculiar, highly successful social political system. To their courage, their clear sightedness, their heroic self-denial and devotion to principle are we largely indebted for this goodly trinity of Anglo-Saxon political virtues, the right of personal security, the right of private property, and the right of personal liberty. Upon the lofty summit of the grand and everlasting principles of our political creed, stands the Acropolis of our Democracy, the wonder and the hope of the downtrodden nations of the earth; a stronghold against the assaults of the future.

CHAS. L. VAN NOPPEN.

Graduating Oration, 1894.

## LIFE ON THE HOLIDAY CAMPUS.

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One day last autumn three very odd looking fellows strolled into the campus. They were dressed just alike. Each wore a long-tailed gray coat, a white waistcoat, a tall standing collar and a black neck-tie. For trousers they had white running pants. They were bare from their knees down. Although strangers here they avoided the walks and driveways and spent the afternoon in running foot-races on the low open plot of ground at the eastern side of the campus. A carriage came along going to the ball park. The dog which trotted behind ran out and barked, whereat the three frightened gray-coats tumbled over one another as they rushed off, each loudly shouting his name as they went. The man in the carriage said, "Kill-deers, to be sure, I'd like to have a shot at 'em."

Late that night when the weary athletes had forgotten their bruises and were at rest, three pairs of bare feet came over the fence of the athletic park and alighted with their owners on the ploughed and trampled sands. Again the gray-coats chased each other, looking for benighted insects as they ran and shouted in their glee. Out in the starlight I heard them calling each to others "*kildee, kildee,*" Three little wanderers who had stopped to enjoy our hospitalities! What tales would they have to tell of us when they chose to leave? Three close friends they were, banded for the winter

months to struggle against starvation and snow and ice, against hawks and dogs and guns.

The last week of December was warm and bright. The days were such as birds most enjoy and they came on the campus in numbers. In all I counted twenty-one species. A drove of forty-two Meadowlarks patrolled the campus from gate to gate, through grove and open, searching for food among the leaves and grass. A Downy Woodpecker which lives in the trees near the South Building was to be seen each day. Early in the month he had dug out with his bill a cavity for his winter bed-room in the dead limb of a tree standing near the Library. So nice and cozy a retreat is it from the wind that early in the evening he often leaves his friends, the Chickadee and Titmouse, with whom he has romped all day, and hurrying off, soon tumbles into bed to dream away the long winter night.

Downy had a cousin, the little yankee Sapsucker which had come from the far north to spend the winter months on the campus. He did not care for such noisy companions as Downy's friends, so kept apart by himself, and at intervals during the day would announce his whereabouts by calling out in a plaintive voice.

These two birds have a relative in common which came to the holiday campus. This was their big clumsy, country cousin, the Yellow-hammer, or Flicker. He hardly knew how to behave himself among these large buildings and twice lately was almost caught while prowling around inside one of them. He does not hesitate to go in at a window if he finds one open.

One day just before the close of the year I heard a great outcry among the branches of a large Spanish oak near by; I hastened to the window and found the Flicker had got himself into more trouble. A large number of Blue-jays were feeding in the grove. Many were searching among the leaves on the ground for acorns, which when found would be promptly carried up to a limb, held, and pounded open. While one was thus engaged the Flicker's inquisitiveness had led him to venture too near, whereupon the Jay remonstrated loudly, screaming and flaunting her skirts about in a most excited manner. The Flicker was evidently quite abashed and retreated around the limb muttering something to the effect that she 'need not make so terrible much fuss about nothing.' There were two or three other Flickers in the grove and they seemed to enjoy the discomfort of their friend immensely. A moment later one of them alighted on the limb by his side and bobbing its head in a most odd and quaint manner, offered by way of encouragement, its characteristic remark of "*walk-up, walk-up, walk-up.*"

Just then a Sparrow-hawk came around the corner of the building and perched near by. It was Xantippe, the quarrelsome little lady bird we had watched about the campus so often last winter and wondered if she had a mate some where. Poor Xantippe has seen much trouble the past year. In the spring she left the campus and went back into the fields to meet her mate, old Socrates perhaps. A little later some boys found their nest and destroyed it. Three eggs, I believe they said, it contained, three chocolate spotted

eggs. The pair must have found another nesting site, however, for the past autumn when Xantippe again appeared on the campus she brought with her not only Socrates, but also a pair of young birds. The University atmosphere evidently proved too stimulating for the young ones, for they soon returned to the country.

Xantippe's favorite perch, as last winter, was on one of the goal posts in the Athletic park, while Socrates took up his headquarters on the topmost limb of a locust tree just outside the park fence. Here they would sit for hours at a time, flying down now and then to capture some beetle or field-mouse, or else to chase away the Meadow-larks when they came too near. Sometimes they would both come and perch near the laboratory, high on the fourth floor, and nod to each other and look in at the wide windows. Then the boys would look up from their microscopes and call to each other that the little Hawks had come to look on again. One day just before Christmas a boy shot Socrates. For days his body lay in the sun and rain and wind. At length one of the Professors saw it and picked it up saying, "poor bird." He laid it on a pile of coal with its face upturned to the cold gray sky. Then a friend buried the dead bird; buried him beneath the locust tree on which he had loved to sit.

So Xantippe was left alone. Perhaps she was feeling sad this day while the Jays were so noisy and the Flickers so full of life. Near by the flock of Larks was feeding. Out on the sunny side of a big hickory the Sapsucker clung and drowsed. A little farther

away Downy and his companions were making their usual amount of noise. From under the eaves of the New East Building, Pigeons were cooing and feeding their young. Out in the open ground the Killdeers were calling.

Suddenly in the midst of this joy and laughter, feeding and calling, some boys came with a gun. Thick and fast were the discharges, loud and terrible was the roar. With loud shouts the Jays fled screaming to the woods. The Flickers went racing off in long galloping sweeps, all save one which with broken wing lay beating the ground. The Sapsucker was shot from his perch on the hickory. Two of the Meadowlarks failed to escape. Of the unsuspecting Pigeons nine gave up their lives. They fell here and there. Their feathers were scattered on the walks, their dark blood stained the stone steps of the north entrance. It was a wild morning for the birds, their peace and joy were at an end,—the snake had entered the garden. The Killdeers fled for parts unknown, bearing their tale of horror and woe with them.

Earlier in the day the hunters had killed a Rabbit and some Partridges. That night there was a feast. All the game was put together, Rabbit, Pigeon and Sapsucker; Partridge, Flicker and Lark, and was

‘In the cauldron boiled and baked.’

The next day scarcely a bird was to be seen on the campus. The Jays kept far back in the large timber. Once a Flicker came to the edge of the woods and looked across to the campus and sounded his drum-call on a dead limb. But no answering note came back

from the silent campus, save faintly borne to his ears the laughter of the hunters starting out again, at which he turned and fled back to the cover of the forest.

But Xantippe did not leave the campus. Where else should she go? Just before night she flew up to the New East Building for her roosting place was under its eaves. Surely no hunter would think of eating her, and for what other purpose would one wish to shoot her. Suddenly there was a roar beneath. Pains shot like steel blades through her body. Blindly, wildly she fled, over the spot where the Pigeons had fallen, around the corner by the laboratory, but she did not look in now, out by the locust tree beneath which old Socrates slept, her head reeling with pain, the hot blood choking her throat.

On, on across the open grounds toward the woods, that she may not fall until reaching cover, instinctively avoiding her enemies even in death. Her wings no longer beat the air, they are now set and rigid, death clutches at her heart and throws his veil before her eyes. On, on she speeds, sinking lower and lower. She passes the campus wall, she nears the line of woods, and now low in the gathering gloom of the evening forest she sinks fainting, gasping, dying—and the last act of the holiday campus tragedy is at an end.

T. GILBERT PEARSON, '99.

## THE NEGRO IN THE SOUTH.

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Although expansion, imperialism, and the money question are at present upon the lips of almost everybody, there is no question of more vital importance to our union, or most certainly to our Southland, now pressing for solution than the negro problem. We can no longer afford to stand idly by and allow this great question to remain unsettled. We must view the facts in the case coolly and without prejudice and act accordingly. The time is past when the negro is to be viewed as a people to be shielded and cared for by the predominant race. He now stands forth as a factor—a mighty factor in certain sections of the country—in the political make up of our nation. For this state of affairs he is not responsible. It was forced upon him by those who had in view not his political or social welfare, but a desire to profit by the experiment.

Slaves were introduced into this country something over two hundred years ago. They were torn from their tribes and from the land which God had given them and were brought and placed in servitude to a race far superior to themselves in all that goes to make men. Here a new civilization dawned upon them, and though they have never been nor ever will be a vital part in that civilization, yet they have unknowingly, by the management of those who had authority over

them, wielded a wonderful influence in the general make up and government of the Union. Their services were found to be unprofitable in the northern manufacturing districts, so naturally the South became the slave market of the country. Here they could be worked profitably on the large cotton and tobacco farms, and the southern planter became the type of prosperity and thrift. But not to remain so, for the states wherein slaves were unprofitable began a crusade against slavery. They were made "free states," and from this trouble began. Soon the war clouds gathered, the southern states seceded, and the nation was in arms—South against North. The South fighting for what it believed to be a just and holy cause, the North to force the seceded states to return to the Union. The result is well known. The South was forced to yield and to submit to the humiliation of having the negro, who had been mere property and as subject to commands as horses or cattle, suddenly made the political equal of the white man, suddenly empowered with those God given rights which an American citizen holds so dear. The white man who had owned five hundred slaves was now no more in the eyes of the law than the weakest of his former servants. His vote was counted for no more than that of the negro. Should this have been done? We know that slavery was a bad thing and it is well that it was abolished, but it was not well for the negroes to be given the rights of citizenship in a civilization which they neither understood nor appreciated. They were imported as servants, not as citizens, nor have the civ-

ilizing influences which have been brought to bear on them in the generation which has passed since their emancipation made them more worthy citizens. They have introduced a problem into our political world which has caused untold trouble.

Crazed by the powers and privileges conferred upon them, they were easily made the tools of designing and unscrupulous white men, who led them against their own interests and those of the men who had owned them. The kind feelings which had existed between the two races as master and slave disappeared under the new regime. That breach which issued from the emancipation proclamation widened rapidly during the horrors of the reconstruction period, and each day of the thirty-four years which have since passed has more definitely drawn the line, until the closing years of the century find us face to face with a problem which threatens our national union and jeopardizes the prosperity and advancement of our Southland. We must view the facts—what these reveal is horrible, but true. However often we may hear the expression, "There is no North, no South," we must know that it is untrue. This threatening cloud of vice and ignorance, placed over our Southland by force of arms, forms a barrier through which brotherly love cannot penetrate. There is a North, there is a South, and will ever be until we can shake hands with our northern brother over the political grave of the negro.

The history of the Anglo-Saxon race is the history of a predominant race wherever they have gone. Other races must give way to them; some have been

amalgamated, some driven to other lands, some exterminated. But no page of their history shows them to us living peaceably side by side with another race of inferior mental or physical qualities, enjoying like privileges and advantages; nor will the history of coming ages reveal to our posterity such a state of affairs. The white race will rule; the negro cannot hold his ground. He must give way to the thrift and intelligence of the white man.

What is the history of the negro race? Morally and mentally they are and have ever been very much below the white race. The extreme difference in color is one of the least. The difference between temperaments, ideals, and possibilities for moral development are even more striking than the color line. The prisons are filled with them. The jails are crowded with them awaiting trial. According to statistics, compiled from reports of the penitentiaries of the following six representative southern states, Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina and South Carolina, there are five negroes to one white man in the prisons of those states, although the aggregate white population greatly exceeds the negro population.

They seem to have an inherent nature to appropriate what does not belong to them and to commit many other crimes of more serious nature. Nor have these traits been in the least removed by the educating and civilizing influences which have been brought to bear on them within the last generation. These crimes are on the increase. And why? To one who knows the character of the negro the answer is easy. When un-

der the supervision of a master, they had to work, and were provided with what they needed to live on; now they are not forced to work, and to live they resort to stealing. And idleness produces other crimes.

In the northern states where they are fewer in number, these traits are still more clearly exhibited. In Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa, New York, Ohio and Massachusetts there are, upon an average, sixty-three white men to one negro; yet statistics show that there are five and one half negroes to one white man in the state prisons. Here where the greatest steps have been taken towards their education we find that the percentage of their crimes is higher than in the south where their education is less advanced. This would seem to be a blow to the popular theory of a certain class, that all the negro lacks is education and advantages of civilization to make an honorable citizen. A heavy percent. of the prison population both north and south have had advantages of education to a greater or less extent. Although upwards of eighty million dollars have been given them, besides enormous amounts raised by taxation, within the last generation to found colleges and schools, we find crime increasing in a far greater ratio than is warranted by the increase in the population. They are thriftless and retard the progress of any section in which they are found in large numbers.

The negro of to-day is not the negro of the forties or fifties, or even the freed slave. The young negroes will not work as did their fathers or grand-fathers. They prefer idleness and an empty stomach to work

and full rations, and resort to all manner of schemes to make a living without working for it. This is the negro as a rule. There are exceptions, of course, but these generally turn their attention to politics and do more harm than the more ignorant ones, by exhorting them to stand up for their rights.

Let us consider the state of affairs in North Carolina. Here as elsewhere in the south the negro has been and is yet a most vital problem. There has never been a constitutional convention that was not caused by him, and there is no doubt but that the next one, which will be in the near future, will be caused by him also. Designing white men elected by the negro vote within the last few years secured control of our state. The policy of government was that dictated by the negro voter, by the class which owns only about five per cent. of the property, which pays only about five per cent. of the taxes of the state. Barring all questions of class and race differences, Is this state of affairs just? Yet we have been forced to accept this government, to live in counties with negro magistrates, negro school committeemen and negro county officers. Will the manhood of Anglo-Saxon bravery bear this longer? It is to be hoped not. For the protection of our homes and our property we must put an end to this manner of government. The recent race riots in this and in one of our sister states show what we may expect when the negro is in the ascendancy. He must be checked. His voice in the affairs of the nation must be stilled. He must be placed in the position designed by God for him to hold. He must be a servant and not a citizen.

Heretofore our greatest troubles have been those connected with or arising from his political power. The future shows nothing pointing to improvement so long as the ballot is within his hands. Take that away and in doing so we shall make the one great step, which must eventually come, towards ridding ourselves of this great problem. When this is done it is reasonable to suppose that many will emigrate of their own accord, but if they do not, and are still a source of trouble, then export them, but by all means cut off, without further delay, the ballot that is cursing our Southland, and put the negro in the place designed for him, for we read in Holy Writ that "God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem; and *Canaan shall be his servant.*"

WILLIAM SIDNEY WILSON, '99.

## A VIEW OF CYRANO DE BERGERAC.\*

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Who has not enjoyed so that he can never forget the inimitable adventures of that world renowned Gascon, D' Artagnan? This hero now has a companion in Cyrano de Bergerac. Cyrano, the chivalrous, the generous, the witty, the poetic—the awfully ugly Gascon! To know him is never to forget him. It is impossible to follow the play throughout and not have admiration of the highest pitch for Cyrano. The rest of the characters serve only as a frame for his portrait. In this the play follows the unwise tendency of our modern play-writers, to give some prominent actor room to star. In this connection it is said that Mr. Richard Mansfield has failed to realize the expectations of his many admirers in his personation of Cyrano in New York last autumn.

But to our theme.—As we have to do only with the play it may be well to give a condensation of the same for the benefit of those who have not as yet had the pleasure of reading Miss Hall's translation or the original text.

It is the year 1640. La Clorise is to be played in the great hall of the Hotel de Bourgogne. The assembling of the motley audience takes up most of the first act. It is this part of the play which palls on so many;

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\*—Cyrano de Bergerac: A play; By Edmund Rostrand: Translated by Miss Gertrude Hall. New York; Doubleday and McClure Co.

they say there's no sense in all those "Ohs" and "Ahs" and disconnected senseless remarks made by the pages, the fruit-vender, the pickpockets, and others; but do we not see an almost exact repetition of this, those of us who are so unfortunate as to arrive early, in our own small play-houses? With us the malady takes the form of an epidemic of peanut-popping by those in the gallery (or "roost") and the dropping of the despised shells on the heads of the few who sit in the pit, while a small fire of discussion as to the propriety of the procedure takes place between those interested. This detail is very natural in our opinion and we would say that the hand of a master is seen in the depiction of life, real life, in the remarks of those composing the embryonic audience.

But the first act only serves to introduce the characters, of whom there are an innumerable company. It is at once seen that Cyrano is deeply, darkly, and desperately in love with his cousin, Roxane, the niece of Armand de Richelieu. He does not dare tell her of his love because of his enormous nose which is "flabby and pendulous like a proboscis . . . hooked like a hawk's beak with mole upon the tip, etc. etc. . . ." These are Cyrano's own descriptions and show us his character both as a wit and as a man of sense. Though the bravest and most witty of men he is struck dumb with terror when in the presence of Roxane. Like the shrewd man that he is he resolves to write her a letter telling of his love, and straightway does so. Before he has a chance to deliver it he receives a note from Roxane making an appointment at the poet-pastry

cook's, Regueneau. Cyrano comes an hour before time, resolved to give her his letter and flee—he who has killed eight men out of a hundred and put the rest to flight only the night before. Roxane appears and this dialogue ensues.

*Roxane.* . . . . There is some one whom I love.

*Cyrano.* Ah . . . .

*Roxane.* Oh, he does not know it.

*Cyrano.* Ah . . . .

*Roxane.* As yet . . . .

*Cyrano.* Ah . . . .

*Roxane.* But if he does not know it, he soon will.

*Cyrano.* Ah . . . .

*Roxane.* A poor boy who untill now has loved me timidly from a distance without daring to speak.

*Cyrano.* Ah! . . . .

But alas, Cyrano is forced to hear the “poor boy’s” name is not Cyrano de Bergerac, but Baron Christian de Neuvillete. Christian is a raw recruit in Cyrano’s Company of Cadets, but is exceedingly handsome. One’s first impression is that he is empty and light-headed. Roxane, according to the conceits of the time, so well ridiculed by Moliere in his *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, demands a love letter with all the affectations of the rhetorical school, to be written at once by Christian. Cyrano, generous soul that he is, knowing that Christian is utterly incapable of the task signs Christian’s name to his own letter which he has kept, and sends it to Roxane. Roxane is enchanted. By the help of Cyrano they are secretly married. The ceremony is performed just in time to save her from the wiles of the

Comte de Guiche. In revenge the Comte orders Christian and his company of cadets to the front in the war then in progress with Spain. Cyrano writes the most passionate of letters to Roxane in Christian's name. She is unable to resist the yearnings of the love quickened by these letters and seeks out her husband in the camp of the army. Christian knows for the first time of the letters and sees Cyrano's love. He shows a noble spirit by offering to explain to Roxane; but Cyrano refuses to allow him. Cyrano gives him another letter and Christian puts it into his pocket. A battle follows and Christian is killed at the first volley. Cyrano's letter is found in his pocket. Roxane takes it out, kneeling by his dead body and crying subduedly while Cyrano stands bareheaded beside her, says .....

*Cyrano.* Yes Roxane.

*Roxane.* A poet without a peer....one verily to reverence?

*Cyrano.* Yes, Roxane.

*Roxane.* A sublime spirit?

*Cyrano.* Yes, Roxane.

*Roxane.* A profound heart, such as the profane never could have understood.....a soul as noble as it was charming?

*Cyrano(firmly).* Yes, Roxane.

*Roxane(throwing herself on Christian's dead body).*  
.....and he is dead!

Can a psychologist label the emotions of such a man as Cyrano at this moment. Before him lies a beautiful woman who really loves him—his soul—through the form of a handsome boy—. What a man!

The fourth act closes in the confusion of battle. Has not a climax been reached? Why prolong the play? But we can not yet bid goodbye to *Cyrano*.

Like a little child we cry: "More, more."

In the fifth act, fifteen years later, *Roxane* is seen in black, wearing a widow's coif and long mourning veil. She is still faithful. Every morning she walks in the park belonging to the convent of the Sisters of the Cross in Paris. She wears the letter, found on *Christian's* body, next to her heart. *Cyrano* comes every Saturday. The Comte de Guiche has been again refused. *Cyrano* has enemies by the score, for he likes to make them. He is wounded in the head by a worthless lackey, but gets out of his bed by stealth and comes to fill his appointment with *Roxane*—to tell her the news of the city in his old cheery way. But alas, he comes to die. Before his death *Roxane* recognizes by instinct his love, and we must believe he died happy knowing that she did and that he had been faithful to his trust with *Christian*.

Mention has been made of the influence of *Moliere's Les Precieuses Ridicules*. In *Roxane* we find the very same weakness which brought disgrace to *Magdalen* and *Cathos*. It was this that made *La Grange* say: "*L'air precieux n'a pas seulement infecte Paris, il s'est aussi repondu dans les provinces et nos douzelles en ont hume leur bonne part. En un mot, c'est un ambigu de precieuse et de coquette que leur personne.*" His complaint was the common one of all the young gallants of the time who did not have a stock of sonorous phrases and ditties on

hand. Rostrand has taken Moliere's creation as the true type.

Of the minor characters only those of the Comte de Guiche; the poet-pastry cook; and the thick headed priest are worthy of note. De Guiche, tilted bravo, unscrupulous, sensual, a married adventurer whose passions and will are his law is ingeniously foiled by the courage and wisdom of Cyrano in situations that are intensely dramatic. The pastry cook who is more poetical than practical and supports a company of poetasters gives us the comic side of the combination of literature and self sacrifice seen in De Bergerac and Roxane.

Now what is it? Is it a great tragedy, one that will take its place in literature with the recognized masterpieces? We do not think the theme one for a great tragedy; nor is it yet to be classed as a great comedy. As a romantic melo-drama it will take its place then, if it is to live in literature. Which remains to be seen. We have no doubt it may be made a stage success, full as it is of startling incidents and striking passages.

H. LEGARE WATSON, '99.

# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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## The Editor's Desk.

'99 The Christmas holidays, long looked for, quickly gone, but never to be forgotten, have visited us since our last issue. Many homes throughout our country have been gladdened by the return of college boys and girls, but now the new year finds us back at our posts again, making another step toward the goal.

With many of us it is the beginning of the end, and before the next holidays we shall have finished our college courses and shall have gone forth to test the stern realities of the world.

No year of the century has been fraught with more eventful happenings than the year which has just passed; and upon the proper solution of the problems arising from these happenings depends the future welfare of our country. Our people are called upon to settle questions which touch upon the very foundations of our government; questions which do not come to us as if new born, but as the products of growth. They are the result of more rapid changes of ideas than of institutions, and much time will be required for their adjustment. The beginning of the solution of these problems has been begun, and no doubt the close of '99 will bring to us many radical changes, which will greatly alter our past governmental policy. In view of these facts then it is well for the young men in our Colleges and Universities to begin a proper study of these questions, for before very many years of the new century shall pass away the college boys of to-day will be the men of the country, and upon them to a great extent will fall the solution of many of the questions now before us. It may be truly said that '99 has more possibilities and advantages for young men than any year of the century.



**Present Needs.** The MAGAZINE is greatly interested in an article in the last *University Record* on

“The Growth and Needs of the University,” and no one realizes more than the editors of this publication that “this is not a statement of its ideals, or dreams, or desires, but of its urgent, immediate, pressing needs.”

While the University is congratulating herself upon the fact that more and more of her sons are going into industrial pursuits, and while many of the professors are realizing that the time has come for a division of their departments, would it be out of place for us to consider whether additional instructors and assistants and a better equipment of the already existing departments would not be of greater service to the youth of the State?

The main question to be asked is, Do we really need an additional Professor of English, or professors of electrical engineering, mining engineering, civil engineering? May it not be better to give our students the most thorough training possible in the foundation subjects of these professions, and then let them gain their technical knowledge in some one of the excellent schools of technology? Would not the Agricultural and Mechanical College and the about-to-be established State Textile School be the proper field for their labors? No one will deny that the very able and efficient force of the English department is inadequate to the needs of so large a number of students as are now taught here. At the oldest American College, which is a branch of our largest University, Freshman English is taught by twelve instructors, including two full professors, to 412 men.

In a well equipped denominational College in western New York, whose total number of students is 162, English is taught by five instructors among the number being one full professor. These facts are from the Catalogues of 1898—99. Numerous other instances might be cited to show that a similar proportion exists in other universities and colleges throughout the country. These institutions, too, are in portions of the country where thorough preparation in English is given by the public schools. Enable us then to use our own language with ease and force, and it can no longer be said that while the University of North Carolina produces leaders of men it has never yet produced a scholar.



**Alumni Hall.** Several years ago a movement was begun towards erecting a Hall at the University by the alumni of the institution. This movement was the outcome of two things,—first, the increased patronage of the University so crowded the lecture rooms and dormitories that more room became necessary;—secondly, the alumni wished to place some building here which would be a monument to their love for and devotion to their alma mater. And considering the present small appropriations made by the state, and the need for more room it was decided to place a building to contain all the lecture rooms and offices of the University, and thus allow the present recitation rooms to be made into dormitories. The design for the building was drawn by one of our leading southern archi-

fects, and the foundation which is of granite has been completed. In order to finish the building, more money will be necessary. Let our alumni but see how much this building is needed and we feel sure it will be hastily completed.



**Base-ball.** Prospects are bright for a winning team this spring. Several of last year's stars are with us again, and from the scrubs and new men good players are expected. The manager has a good schedule, comprising games with the leading Southern Colleges, besides the practice games to be played with the teams inside the state. There has never been more interest manifested by the members of the Faculty and student body in pure College athletics than at present. The career of our Foot-ball team shows what we can do when the united support of the college is given. Now let us get behind our men and show them that we are interested in them and in the end we shall be as proud of our base-ball team as we were justly proud of our last Foot-ball team.



Let us not forget our advertisers. When you need anything look for the store that is advertised in your MAGAZINE, make your purchases there and tell the proprietor where you saw his *ad.*

# Book Notices.

C. B. DENSON,

EDITOR.

THE SCIENTIFIC MEMOIR OF THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY. IN 4 VOLS. VOL. 1. LONDON, McMILLAN AND CO. 1898, NEW YORK, D, APPLETON & CO.

With Huxley as a writer of essays, everyone is more or less familiar. His style is known as a model famous for its combined clearness, force and elegance. His originality of thought and great critical ability are as marked as his style, and ensure him a secure place in literature. On the other hand, the work on which his reputation as a man of science rests, his solid and valuable contributions to the progress as distinguished from the diffusion of knowledge, has been, like the mass of such work everywhere, published in journals of a highly technical character and of limited circulation. While this method of publication serves the purpose of science extremely well, in that new results are quickly communicated to students at work in a particular field, it is in the long run disastrous to personal reputation. The important truths of fact and idea are year by year culled from papers such as these of Huxley, become embodied in text-books and comprehensive treatises, and the original paper after twenty years is rarely read.

In spite of Huxley's great originality and power, the majority of his contributions would doubtless meet

such a fate, were it not for this edition, in which his scattered papers are republished in a collected shape. These papers will be found to contain the birth of many of the general ideas, which today we look upon as elementary truths of biology, and will always find readers among such as are interested in the historical growth of science. The volumes will constitute the most successful memorial that could be erected to Huxley, and will undoubtedly do much toward continuing his personal influence for a strictly conscientious, unbiassed, and thorough-going study of nature.

Among the fifty papers here reprinted, originally published between 1845 and 1859, the first naturally attracts attention. It is a brief communication, published in the *London Medical Gazette*, on the histological structure of human hair. Huxley was twenty at the date of this paper, which indicates that even as a young medical student, he was quite aware when his observations conflicted with the accounts of others.

Many of the papers are the outcome of observations, made during the voyage of *H. M. S. Rattlesnake* round the world, 1846-1850. Huxley, who was assistant surgeon on the *Rattlesnake*, devoted himself with marked success to the study of the more interesting marine invertebrates. Several of the memoirs were sent home, others were worked up and published after his return. One of them, dealing with the structure of medusae (1849), will always have a peculiar interest, in that it contains a suggestion which lies at the base of the modern germ-layer theory.

In 1852, Huxley appears in the role of public lectur-

er, giving a "Friday Evening Discourse" at the Royal Institution on "Animal Individuality." Six other "Discourses" are here printed, dealing with such topics as the "Structure and Function of Nerves," the "Common Plan of Animal Forms" etc.

Several papers lie in the field of vertebrate histology. One of them "On the Enamel and Dentine of the Teeth," of a controversial character, is excellent reading, Huxley displaying the same scathing wit, and incidentally, familiarity with apt biblical quotations, which later discomfited so many of his antagonists.

The volume closes with the author's Croonian lecture before the Royal Society "On the Theory of the Vertebrate Skull" (1858), in which he combats with complete success the view that the skull, like the sacrum for instance, is only a modified portion of the backbone, consisting of several vertebrae fused together. This idea, that the skull is composed of vertebrae, has a certain attractive plausibility, and since the time of its promulgator, the poet Goethe, had not lacked confident supporters. Among such at this time was the eminent anatomist Richard Owen, with whom Huxley, now a famous naturalist himself though only thirty-three, was brought into what proved a bitter controversy.

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PRISONERS OF HOPE: MARY JOHNSTON; HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON, 1898.

The scene of this story is laid in the colony of Virginia, at a time when Charles II was at Whitehall;

when his jovial lieutenant, William Berkeley, and his attendant train of gentlemen, could be seen riding at the "planter's pace" visiting his friends; when gentlemen wore wigs and swords and gayly colored doublets; when ladies wore ruffs and powders and laces; when gentlemen sat at their wine, long after the ladies had retired; when cock-fights, dicing, and duelling were the chief pastimes; when the planter was an absolute monarch on his own estate, and the lady of the manor was a princess indeed.

Godfrey Landless, a soldier of Cromwell, and a man of good birth, has, through the machinations of an enemy, been unjustly convicted of a crime of which he was innocent, and has been transported, and sold in the colony of Virginia as a slave on the estate of Col. Richard Verney, a wealthy planter. He falls desperately in love with the Colonel's daughter, Patricia, whose hand is being sought by her cousin, Sir Charles Carew, her father's favorite.

Godfrey learns of a night attack to be made by some of the discontented slaves and Indians, and warns his master; Landless fights gallantly as one of the defenders; just as all is about to be lost, help comes: however Patricia is missed, having been carried off by the Indians. All set out to trace her up; being misled by false information, they proceed up the Panumky. Landless is left behind, at the mouth of the river. Being led by a friendly Indian he strikes the right trail, recovers the girl, and brings her back safely. On the way he confesses his love to her, and she returns it, but she has promised to marry her cousin, Sir Charles, whom she does not really love. They become Prisoners of Hope, the hope of meeting hereafter.

As a novel this story is somewhat drawn-out; some of the situations are, to say the least, highly improbable; but as a picture of the life of early Virginia, it is far above the average; the description of the dinner-party of Governor Berkeley and the conference with the Indians is very realistic.

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BIRDS OF VILLAGE AND FIELD: A BIRD BOOK FOR BEGINNERS. BY FLORENCE A. MERRIAM, 12 MO. ILLUSTRATED, BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. PRICE \$2.00.

To her former interesting book, *Birds through an Opera-Glass*, Miss Merriam has added this attractive handbook on *Our Common Birds*.

But little attention is given in this work to the strictly scientific classification of birds. An elaborate key is given, founded chiefly on the color of birds, after which the species are treated in detail. Quotations are given freely from other writers. She insists quite strongly on the economic value of birds as the destroyers of insect pests.

The text is profusely illustrated with cuts. Twenty-eight full paged plates adorn the work, while some of these are new many are taken from other publications. In the appendix tables are given of the migrations, outline of field observations, and a list of books of reference.

Especially for the beginner in Ornithological study the book is a valuable aid.

BEGINNERS' OBJECTIVE ARITHMETIC. ON THE OBJECTIVE METHOD. E. MCN. CARR, B. F. JOHNSON PUB. CO.

Mr. E. McN. Carr's book is written to supply the beginner with the simplest, easiest and quickest way to write and read numbers. As the title explains, the objective method is adopted, real objects not pictures of them being used. The four fundamental operations are clearly and thoroughly given and on the whole the book seems very well adapted for the purpose in hand.

# Exchanges.

WM. S. BERNARD,

EDITOR.

Where are the January issues of our exchanges? Our table is still groaning under the weight of gay and festive "holiday numbers." Is it that so much energy was expended representing the chromatic scale in cover and vignette that there has been a consequent loss of vitality, a resultant delinquency in January? We have been waiting and expecting, but the printers are after us now.

It is good to be imbued with patriotism, nor would we debar those who wish, from giving all praise to whom praise is due, nor do we think it improper that our brave volunteers should receive due notice and honor from their Alma Mater, but we venture to hope that our literary magazines will leave such tribute to the fraternity periodicals and the lesser college publications. Let us not rush into such fad. Already the brass-button romances have multiplied *ad nauseam*.

Truly this is a day of academe and sweet girl graduate, and if the shade of Tennyson's Princess be permitted to view mundane affairs, she might well sigh that her high venture was not cast in this new chivalry of a later century. For pure literary composition the female Seminaries are no whit behind their brother institutions. Yet still true to their gossipy selves, they are loath to give up the the dainties

of small talk, the puerility of gushing hero worship, the mawkish dotting on favorite authors and grasp the the broad dignity of original thought, of vigorous mental effort.

e.g. Can the Editors of the *College Message* find no subject of inspiration outside the realm of fly-leaf biography? Are they afraid to launch upon the editorial sea? The whole pudding of the January issue is insipid and flat, lacks the flavor of original effort. The three contributions to the literary department are mere abstracts of an hour's reading of very accessible literature. And they are about the whole magazine. We are ignorant of the difficulties that may beset the editing of the Magazine and tentatively suggest the platitude, that crude originality is better than spiceless imitation, however well the lines may be drawn. If our G. F. C. editors would give the proper bent to individual effort, there is no question that there would be worthy response to *their demand*.

It is gratifying to see that the ex-man of the *Trinity Archive* is falling into our way of thinking in respect of the duties and obligations of the exchange editor—viz., that there should be a maximum of criticism of individual effort, a minimum of general form. The general high standard of the *Archive* is fully recognized by the exchange fraternity and needs no encomium from us. The January issue with one exception, is no whit behind its predecessors. The contribution entitled "The Spanish-American War," stands like a blot on its pages, marring its dignity and degrading its high purposes. The article in question is a mock burlesque of the Hispano-American War purporting to come from the pen of a patriotic Spaniard. It is a travesty of humor and reeks with all the vile wit, so called jokes at the expense of all that is Spanish, with which the penny-a-liner flooded the pages of the yellow journals and other less decent papers during the war. The writer has a wonderful memory for such garbage-static energy which were better doing legitimate work. We presume that this contribution escaped the eye of the magazine's censor. The magazine is doing a good work in its effort to smooth the wrinkles of prejudice and exploit the truth in regard to a much vilified official of other days.

We would call the attention of readers and especially our student body to the *State Normal Magazine*, and in particular to the December issue. It is worthy of our sisters, daughters of our common mother, the Old North State. There rings through its pages a

patriotism, a love of home, a pride in state, and a no less love of the South of the past and present: *vide*, the contributions "Uncle Remus and his Son" and "An Allegory." The first is a thoughtful and well written contrast between the negro of fo'-de-war times and the negro of to-day. Miss Gwyn is looking into the past and present with an earnest gaze, and the quick glance she throws into the future is thus the keener. Hers is not the furtive, uneducated eye of the sofa dreamer. But it is not our province to preach of the coming womanhood of the Old North State and their part in its renaissance, however so disposed we may be. The second article referred to above is an hundred word history of North Carolina from the birth of Virginia Dare to date, done in thinly veiled allegory. To be appreciated and its moral absorbed it must be read.

We often wonder what use and disposition the dapper and bebonair *Red and Blue* makes of its score or more of Editors. At least they bravely fill one formidable page, and perhaps its racy gait is rather exhaustive and requires relays. Truly it sparkles and flashes, and in its pages we find perhaps more of the spice, dash, cheek and other typical qualities of the American student than in any other college monthly. Is that its ideal? However, in our judgment "The New Year" in the January number is good poetry, and that can be said of few such attempts. It is an imitation of Milton's *L'Allegro* and attains likeness not only in rythm and verse, but in spirit and diction.

We would like to ask the *Mnemosynean* if the title page was torn off the magazine from which "The Song of the Pine-Tree" was taken.

The following Magazines have been received:—

*The Peabody Record, The Polytechnic, Wofford College Journal, The Criterion, The Haverfordian, Niagara Index, Southwestern Presbyterian University Journal, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Chisel, State Normal Magazine, The Minnesota Magazine, The Athenaeum, The Wellesley Magazine, The Guilford Collegian, Hendrix College Mirror, The Red and Blue, University Courant, The Integral, The College Athlete, The Philomathean Monthly, The Stevens Life, The Nazarene, The Buff and Blue, The Purdue Exponent, The Carolinian, Clemson College Chronicle, The Baylor Lilerary, Richmond College Messenger, The Furman Echo, The William Jewell Student, The University of Virginia Magazine, Missouri State University Independent, Philomathean Monthly, The Clover Leaf, The Wake Forest Student, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, The Kalends.*

# Alumni Notes.

H. M. LONDON.

H. B. HOLMES.

John Andrews, ex-'97, is working for the Southern Railway company at Raleigh.

Thos. A. Sharpe, '96, is superintendent of city schools at Darlington, S. C.

"Fletch" Bailey, ex-'97, is on the road travelling for Bailey Bros. tobacco manufacturers, Winston, N. C.

Walter Murphy, '92, is a member of the Senate in the present General Assembly.

Geo. E. Butler, '92, has been appointed to a position in the Revenue Service in this state.

Rev. Louis H. Schubert, '95-'96, is rector of a church at Enfield.

Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, A. B., '86, has been returned by the Methodist Conference to Chapel Hill for another year.

Geo. S. Wills, '89, who was Instructor in English here 1894-'96, is Professor of English at East Maryland College.

R. G. Shannonhouse, '96, is studying at the General Theological Seminary, New York.

Frank Miller, ex-'98, has been chosen chemist to a large electro-aluminum plant situated near Lynchburg, Va.

"Dick" Lewis, '98, has been elected to the position of stenographer in the Citizens National Bank at Raleigh.

Clarence Mills Eure, 1878-'79, has recently moved to Greenville, N. C., for the purpose of practising law.

J. G. McCormick, '98, delivered an address at a prominent meeting of teachers held at Monroe recently, entitled "A History of Female Education in North Carolina."

L. I. Moore, Law '93, was sworn in as Solicitor of the third judicial district at Pitt county court, Jan. 9.

J. B. Tripp, 1885-'87, formerly B. F. Johnson and Co's. representative for the state of Texas, has opened a large book establishment in Philadelphia.

The pride and gratification which the University feels over the success of her sons cannot be too often impressed upon them. It is the purpose of the editors of this department from time to time to take up different leading towns in the State and show the prominent stand taken everywhere and in almost every walk of life by University Alumni.

Below are given the names and present occupations of the Alumni of the University now residing in the city of Wilmington:

William White Harriss, A. B., 1842, Insurance Agent.

Thomas Cowan McIlhenny, A. B., 1845, Retired merchant.

Theodore Bryan Kingsbury, 1847-'48. Editor Wilmington Messenger.

Oliver Pendleton Meares, A. B., 1848, ex-Judge of criminal court, Lawyer.

William Walter Lane, A. B., 1852, Prominent practising physician.

Walker Meares, A. B., 1853, Cotton Buyer, for Alex. Sprunt & Sons.

William Lord de Rosset, 1850-52, Secretary and Treasurer of Navassa Guano Company.

John D. Taylor, A. B., 1853, Clerk Superior court.

Alfred Moore Waddell, 1850-53, Mayor of City of Wilmington.

William James Love, A. B., 1855, Leading physician.

Joseph C. Shepard, 1855-'58. Prominent physician.

Eugene Stuart Martin, A. B., 1860, Lawyer.

W. R. Kenan, 1860-61, Prominent Commission Merchant.

Jas. Isaac Metts, 1860-61, Broker.

John Cowan, 1859-60, Clerk to Board of Audit and Finance.

Daniel L. Russell, 1860-61, Governor of North Carolina.

James Alves Walker, A. B., 1858, Retired Merchant.

Marsden Bellamy, 1858-61, Prominent Lawyer.

Joshua G. Wright, A. B., 1861, Real Estate Agent.

Wm. J. Harriss Bellamy, 1860—63, a leading Physician.

Octavius S. Wiggins, 1850—52, with Alex. Sprunt & Sons.

John Taylor Rankin, 1862—63, Broker.

Warren G. Elliott, 1864—65, President Atlantic Coast Line R. R. Company.

George Gillett Thomas, 1864—66, Surgeon of the Atlantic Coast Line.

William Augustus Wright, 1864—66, Truck Farmer.

Chas. Coleman Covington, 1875—78, Wholesale Grocer.

Duncan M. Williams, 1876—78, Merchant.

Alfred Moore Waddell, Jr., 1877—78, Secretary and Treasurer of Cotton Mill Company.

Rev. Robert Strange, D. D., A. B., 1879, Rector of St James Episcopal church.

Frank Haywood Stedman, 1877—80, Insurance Agent.

Chas. W. Worth, A. B., 1882, of the firm of Worth Co., Commission Merchants.

Hardy Lucian Fennell, 1882—84, Mercantile Business.

Herbert McClammy, 1883—85, Lawyer.

Pierre Beauregard Manning, A. B., 1886, Lawyer.

Aquila Jackson Marshall, 1886—87, Lawer.

James Spencer Worth, 1888—90, of the firm of Worth Co., Commission Merchants.

Hugh Lee Miller, '90, Chemist and Salesman for Navassa Guano Company.

John D. Bellamy, Jr., A. B., 1890, Rising young Lawyer.

John D. Bellamy, Jr., Jr., 1892—93, Clerk in National Bank of Wilmington.

Edward Payson Willard, '93, Manufacturer.

Geo. Lewis Peschau, '93, Successful Lawyer.

Clayton Giles, Jr., 1894—95, with Clyde Steamship Co.

C. W. Yates, Jr., Class of '96, Book Dealer.

Joseph Yates, '94, Banking Business.

## MARRIAGES.

Mr. George Knox Tate, ex-'98, was united in marriage to Miss Mabel Gray at Hillsboro, N. C., October 25, 1898.

Mr. Edward Clemmons McEachern, Med., '99, was married to Miss Leta Pickard at Florence, S. C., January 28, 1899.

At Court Street Methodist church, Lynchburg, Va., on January, 25, 1899, Mr. Percy Moran Thompson, Law '97, was united in marriage to Miss Julia Rison, daughter of Mrs. S. L. Bass.

## DEATHS.

Kemp Battle Batchelor, matriculated from Raleigh 1887, M. D., University of Maryland 1889, died at his home in Baltimore, Dec. 24, 1898.

Hugh L. Cole, 1855-'56, Major C. S. A. on staff of President Davis, died in New York, where he was assistant corporation counsel Nov. 5, 1898.

Wm. M. Brooks, A. B., 1860, died in Lincoln county, N. C., Dec. 15, 1898.

Robert H. Winborne, A. B., 1847, died at his home in Chowan county Nov. 7, 1898.

Henry Russell Shorter, A. B., 1853, Major in C. S. A., died Nov. 27, 1898, at Eufaula, Ala.

Wm. Ruffin Tucker, Ph. B., 1887, up to the time of his death Secretary and Treasurer of the Graystone Granite and Contraction Co., died at Raleigh Jan. 16, 1899.

## RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

DIALECTIC HALL,

Jan. 29, 1899.

In as much as it has pleased Almighty God to remove from us our beloved and esteemed member and alumnus, A. B. Gorrell of the class of '62 be it therefore

*Resolved*, That in his death the members of the Dialectic Society

mourn the loss of a faithful member and the University the loss of a true friend, and be it also resolved that we the members of the Dialectic Society extend our deepest sympathy to his bereaved family and friends; that a copy of these resolutions be made in the minutes book in memory of our fellow member and also that a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased, to the University periodicals and to the Winston daily papers.

F. M. OSBORNE }  
 T. T. ALLISON } Committee.  
 C. A. SHORE }

PHILANTHROPIC HALL,

February, 4, 1899.

Whereas, God in His divine wisdom and power has seen fit to remove from time to eternity, our friend and fellow member, Thomas Capehart, therefore be it

*Resolved I,* That while bowing in humble submission to the will of Him, who hath power to give and to take away, we, the members of the Philanthropic Society cannot but lament our bereavement.

*Resolved II,* That we offer our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased, and while we would not intrude upon the sanctity of domestic grief, we would point them to that Higher Source from which alone the crushed heart can derive consolation.

*Resolved III,* That these resolutions be placed upon the minute book of our Society, that a copy of the same be sent to the bereaved family, and also that a copy be sent to the University MAGAZINE and *Tar Heel* with a request to publish them.

A. J. BARWICK }  
 N. E. WARD } Committee.  
 G. V. COWPER }

# College Record.

F. M. OSBORNE.

ALONZO E. CATES.

The town of Chapel Hill is to have a city charter.

Dr. Alderman lectured in Durham on 23rd of January.

Hon. W. J. Nichols, '97, Representative from Pitt County, was on the Hill recently, visiting Mr. Barwick.

A number of the students went to Raleigh recently to hear Sousa's great band.

Prof. Noble appeared before the educational committee of the Legislature in the interest of education.

J. A. Caldwell, '99, left recently for Plymouth, where he will engage in work with the State Botanist, Mr. W. W. Ashe.

Mr. George G. Stevens was on the Hill not long since.

Mr. Paul R. McFadyen, '94—95, has entered the Med. class.

The University Record for January contains very valuable statistics on the University in public service.

Twenty-four new students have entered since January 1st. The total enrollment for this year is 487, which is approximately the same as that of last year at this time.

Prof. Holmes, State Geologist, has spent considerable time in Raleigh since the legislature convened, directing the framing of road legislation for the different counties. Prof. Holmes has given considerable time to the subject of road building, and is considered one of the best authorities on the subject.

On the evenings of January 25th and 27th the students of the University had the pleasure of listening to two most interesting lectures by Prof. J. Howard Gore, of Columbian University. The first was on "Holland's War with the Sea," and the second was from the personal experience of Prof. Gore within the Arctic circle, after having spent several months there.

The subject selected for the Annual debate is, Resolved, That the U. S. annex Cuba, provided the inhabitants seek annexation. Messrs. Greenfield and Cates of the Di. represent the affirmative; Messrs. Lane and Parker of the Phi., the negative.

Mr. R. D. W. Connor having resigned as Editor-in-chief of the *Tar Heel*. Mr. M. Bellamy was elected by the board of editors to succeed him. Mr. D. P. Parker was elected to fill the place left vacant by Mr. Bellamy.

The Chapel Hill Choral Society will give its first concert of the season in Gerrard Hall on Friday night, February 10th, 1899. The society is under the leadership of Prof. Harrington and is composed of the best local talent in the College and in the village. Mr. J. A. C. Dauer and Miss Eva Lawson have also been engaged for the evening.

Dr. Hume attended the Baptist state convention in Greenville. After delivering an address there on "The True Spirit in the Investigation of Church History" he went to Goldsboro and addressed the Graded Schools on "Radical Issues in the Study of Shakespeare."

In December Prof. Cobb delivered a lecture before the Salem High School in Sampson county. President Alderman has been invited to deliver the Commencement address there.

New periodicals added to the library list for 1899 are the *College Athlete*, *Independent*, *New York Journal*, *Outlook*, *Spectator* (London weekly.)

Mr. H. P. Harding has resigned as Washington's Birthday orator and Mr. Wm. S. Bernard has been elected to succeed him.

The election of ball managers for commencement was held January 21st. Mr. J. D. Grimes, '99, was elected chief without opposition. The sub managers are Messrs. G. B. Newby, Julius Caldwell, I. F. Harris, Emmet Kornegay, R. G. Davis and E. N. Joyner.

The S. A. E. Fraternity lodge is now being completed. It is on the lot adjoining the D. K. E. lot. It has a large and roomy assembly hall and a neat little reception room.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association held on January 14th it was decided that athletic relations with the University of Virginia

should be discontinued. The committee appointed for that purpose drew up the following resolution, voicing the action of the Association:

"Under existing circumstances the Athletic Association of the University of North Carolina severs all athletic relations with the University of Virginia. This action is brought about by the action of the latter at Richmond last Thanksgiving day, and because they have subsequently ignored all proposals for an agreement governing future athletic relations between the two Universities."

(Signed) J. S. CARR, Jr., Chairman,  
S. E. SHULL,  
W. S. WILSON,  
E. V. PATTERSON,  
C. S. ALSTON,  
R. A. WINSTON,  
W. L. KLUTTZ,

Authorized committee.

The committee is now considering the advisability of entering the S. I. A. A.

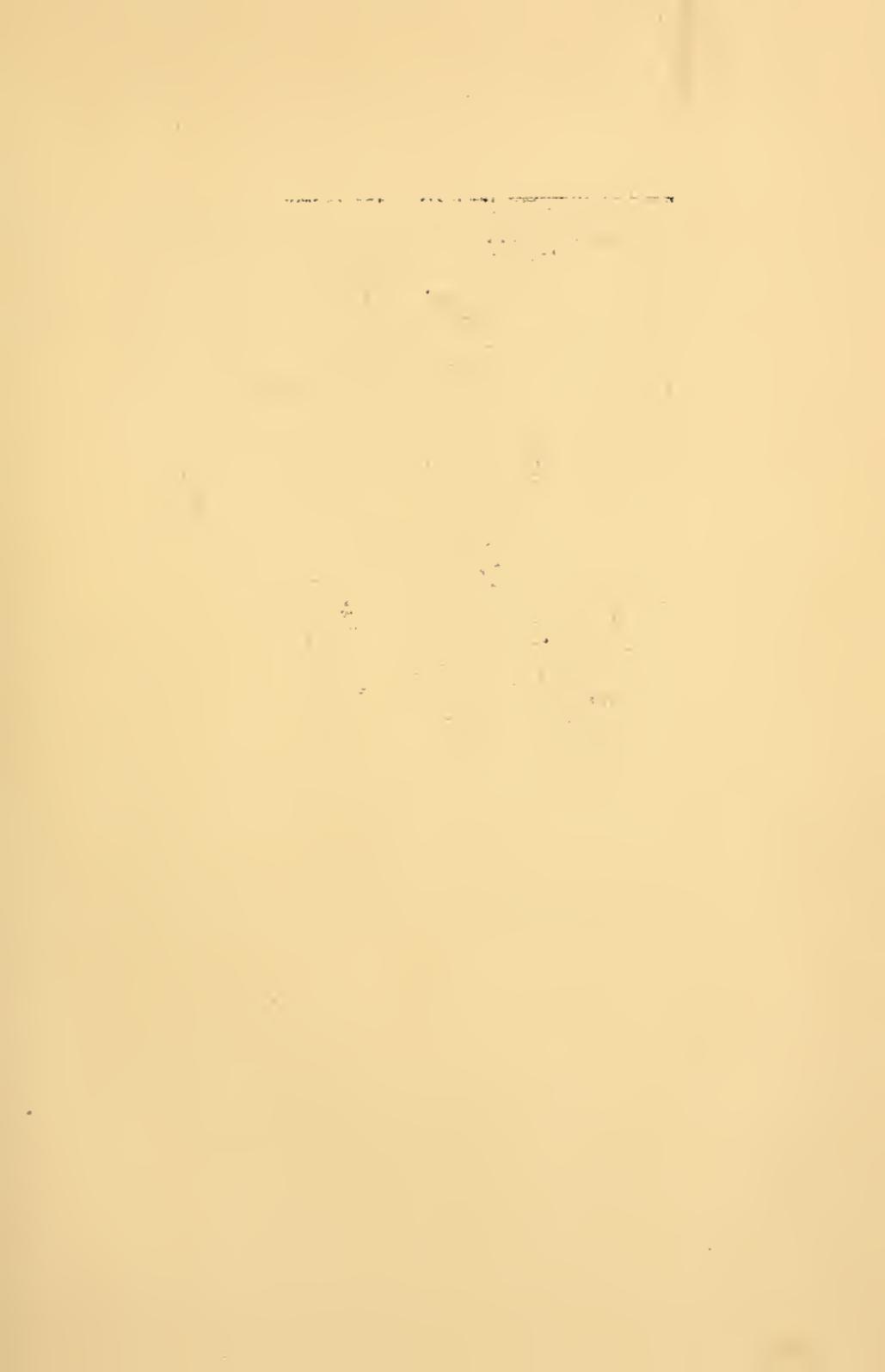
Mr. S. E. Shull, left tackle of the teams of '97 and '98 has been elected captain for the team of 1899.

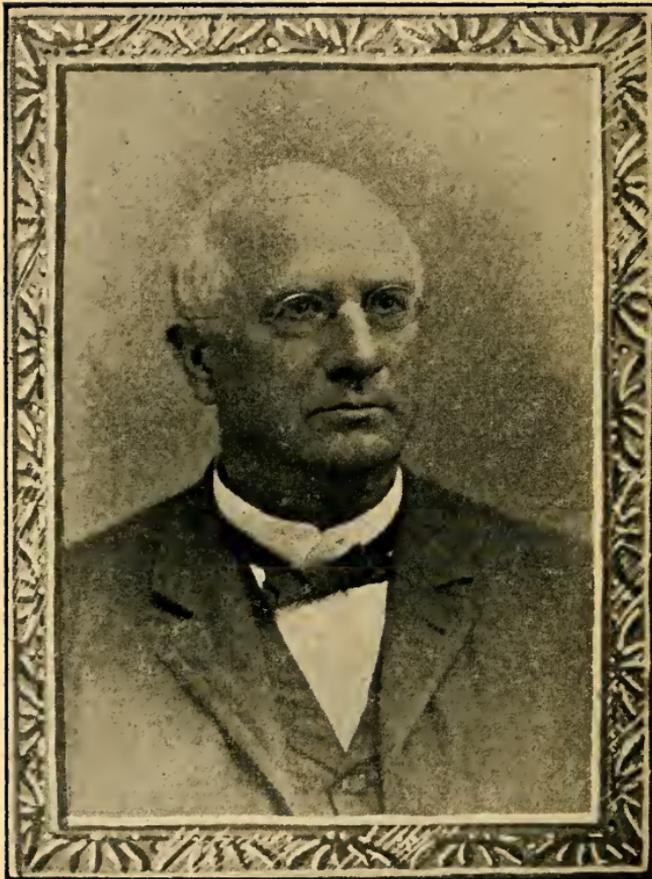
Mr. J. D. Grimes has been appointed floor manager for the February german given by the University German Club on February 3rd.

During the Christmas holidays the University Dramatic Club, presenting the two plays, "The Little Rebel" and "Evening Dress" gave performances at the towns of Tarboro, Wilson, Goldsboro and Wilmington. The trip as a whole was successful in every respect and was thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the club.

The representative speakers for Commencement have been elected from the Societies. Messrs. Berkley, Coffey and Allison will represent the Di; Messrs. Barwick, Parker and Ward, the Phi.

At a meeting of the Junior Class held Saturday 21st, Mr. J. A. Moore, of Littleton, N. C., was elected Chief Marshall for Commencement 1899. He has appointed the following subs: Messrs. T. A. Cheatham, G. Chadbourne, T. W. Jones, Jr., W. E. Hearn, J. E. Gant, and E. L. Neville.





HON. JOHN MANNING, L.L.D.

# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Old Series, Vol. XXIX.

No. 4---MARCH, 1899.

New Series, Vol. XVI.

## HON. JOHN MANNING, LL.D.

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There was universal grief in Chapel Hill, when the news spread on the morning of the 13th of February that Dr. Manning had suddenly died at 9 o'clock of the night before in the midst of the great snow storm. He had been confined to his room for some days from bronchitis, and it was hoped that he would soon resume his duties. To relieve an attack of coughing, so that he might sleep in comfort, a soporific was given him by his son, Dr. Isaac Manning, a most skillful physician. He rose from his chair to go to his bed, staggered and fell on it—dead.

The death of this most estimable man is a public calamity. I am sure that the readers of the MAGAZINE will be glad to have a short account of his career.

The name, Manning, is evidently English. About the beginning of the 19th century, the ancestors of Dr. Manning settled near Norfolk in Virginia on land

called the Manning Manor plantation. His grandfather, Joseph, a Captain in the War of 1812, emigrated thence to Currituck county, and then to Edenton, where he became a merchant. Three of his sons attained to honorable positions: Thomas C. became Chief Justice of Louisiana; William H., State Representative from Gates; and John, Dr. Manning's father, obtaining, by the influence of James Iredell, Governor and United States Senator, an appointment in the United States navy, rose therein to the rank of Captain and had the same position in the Confederate service.

Dr. Manning's mother was a member of one of the oldest families of Chowan, Tamar Leary. She had two sons, whose training, as her husband was often absent from home on long cruises, was peculiarly under her care, John, the subject of this sketch, and Joseph Alonzo, who graduated at this University in 1852, and settling as a physician in Virginia, died in early manhood in 1860, leaving two sons and a daughter.

John Manning's earliest years were spent in Edenton, the first capital of the State, always noted for its excellent society. The school he attended had high reputation, the old Edenton Academy, then under the management of Mr. Charles Disbrow. His parents removed to Norfolk and entered him in the Norfolk Military Academy, which was famous for its excellence, Prof. Hopkins, once of the United States Military Academy being principal, and John V. Strange, a relative of Judge Robert Strange of North Carolina, being assistant. His progress in his studies and his faithfulness and skill in his military duties, gained for him in

his senior year the honorable post of Captain of Cadets. This experience and the social advantages enjoyed in Norfolk, were factors in imparting to him the peculiarly easy and graceful manners, for which he was distinguished throughout his life.

He entered the Sophomore class in the University of North Carolina in 1847. Among other able classmates were George B. Anderson, a general in the Confederate service, William H. Johnston of Tarboro, a lawyer of great ability, Washington C. Kerr, a Professor in Davidson College and State Geologist, and Thomas Settle, a Judge in the Supreme Court of this State, Minister to Peru, and Judge of the District Court of the United States. He took high rank in his class, was one of the best debaters in the Philanthropic Society, and of such excellence in delivery, that he was appointed by the Faculty one of the Sophomore Declaimers at the Commencement of 1848. No prizes were given in those days, but the audience awarded him the honor of unstinted praise. He had too an uncommonly melodious bass voice, and when the Episcopal church was opened for divine worship he assisted in forming the first student choir known in the history of the University. They had no instrument other than a tuning fork in the hands of the leader, Richard H. Whitfield, of Mississippi, but with Manning's sonorous bass, and the exquisite soprano of Miss Mary Green, daughter of Rev. Professor Green, afterwards Bishop of Mississippi, together with other male and female voices, their singing was of universally acknowledged excellence.

Young Manning although spending considerable

time. in the social circles, of which he was one of the chief ornaments, did not neglect his studies. He graduated near the top of the class and, as was the rule at that day, was in consequence allowed, indeed required, to deliver an original speech at Commencement. He showed the bent of his mind by handling well the subject, "The Influence of Religion on Law."

Before selecting his profession he made a voyage with his father as Captain, partly for amusement and instruction, partly to satisfy himself whether a career in the navy would be agreeable as a life work. His vessel was the U. S. brig Bainbridge, ordered to cruise along the coast of South America. He visited Rio Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Ayres, having access on account of his relationship to the Captain, to the best circles of those cities. He thoroughly enjoyed the trip, but, as a mode of life, seafaring was so distasteful, that when the Bainbridge received orders to repair to the coast of Africa to aid in suppressing the slave trade, with the approval of his father, he returned to Norfolk on the national vessel, St. Louis.

He now determined to be a lawyer and to settle in Norfolk. His cousin, John H. Haughton, a man of learning and large practise, living in Pittsboro, N. C., invited him to read law in his office. The acceptance of the invitation led to a complete change in his plans, to a home in a country village instead of a seaport city.

In 1852 he procured his County Court license and, after the year's interval required by law, liberty to practise in the Superior and Supreme Courts. With him appeared before the Judges the late Judge Fowle, Col-

Ed. Graham Haywood, Col. Devane, myself and others. Probably I am the last survivor of that law class.

Mr. Haughton, being often in politics, and also engaged in planting cotton, and being impressed with the industry and ability of his pupil, offered him a partnership, which was accepted. Soon afterwards the Senior removed his residence to his plantation in Craven County and the large business of the firm fell on the shoulders of the Junior. The dangers of what Coke called *prepropera praxis* was borne lightly, competition with a strong and experienced bar was courageously met, and soon the aspiring young lawyer drew to himself a still larger clientage. Only a strong constitution could have stood without injury the fatigue and exposure of attendance on the Supreme and Federal courts at Raleigh, the Superior and County courts of Chatham, Moore, and Harnett, with journeys in special cases into Cumberland and Randolph, these localities only to be reached by travel over roads in winter well nigh impassible, and at all times unpleasant.

Manning was a scrupulously honest and fair lawyer. To his clients he was frank, always disclosing the weak points of their cases and dissuading from litigation wherever he deemed it unadvisable. To his opponents he was courteous uniformly, never indulging in harsh epithets or distorting their arguments. Especially he refrained from badgering witnesses endeavoring to tell the truth, while he was terrible to perjurers. He studied his cases well, both the law and the facts, was always ready for trial and made a strong impres-

sion on court and jury by clear and forcible language, enunciated with a voice peculiarly sonorous and pleasing, accompanied by excellent grace of delivery. In his defense of criminals he had extraordinary success, his sympathetic interest in the case urging him to the most effective eloquence, the eloquence of earnestness. It was this sympathetic temperament that induced him, while not blaming lawyers who thought differently, to decline appearing with the Solicitors of the State in prosecuting those accused of capital offences. He feared that they might possibly be innocent.

The young, overworked lawyer, an "old-line Whig" in politics, was often solicited to be a candidate for a seat in the General Assembly. This he firmly declined, thinking that his first duty was to his clients. However when civil strife was threatened he used his influence wherever practicable, in public and private, to avert war and save the Union. He told the people earnestly and frankly that the first gun fired would be the death-knell of slavery.

When war began and volunteers were called for by the State he enlisted in the first company raised in the county, the Chatham Rifles. He was soon made first lieutenant, and, on account of his training as boy-Captain of the Norfolk Academy Cadets, was quickly promoted to be adjutant of his regiment, the 15th Volunteers. His army experience was short. He spent the summer of 1861 in the encampment at Yorktown under General Daniel H. Hill, and was then appointed by Judge Asa Biggs, of the Confederate States District Court, Receiver under the Sequestration Acts.

Before accepting the position he consulted the Company with which he volunteered, and assured the soldiers that he would not leave the regiment without their consent, which was unanimously given. He held this very responsible office until the war ended, collecting and accounting for hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Notwithstanding his entrance into the military service as a volunteer, he was elected by a large majority a delegate to the Secession Convention of 1861. In common with all other members of the Constitutional Union party into which the Whig party was merged, he was forced to admit that many northern communities were opposed to carrying out the compacts of the constitution in regard to slavery, but he contended that secession from the Union was neither a legal right nor expedient. If however the United States government should proceed to coerce the seceding States by force of arms, a union so obtained would not be that designed by our forefathers. He therefore with the universal approval of his constituents pledged himself to resist forcible coercion. When the convention met, Mr. Badger offered an ordinance, modelled on the Declaration of Independence of 1776, and based on the Right of Revolution. Mr. Burton Craige offered a substitute, framed on the principle of the legal right of Secession. In common with Badger, Graham, Gilmer and other leaders of his party Dr. Manning supported the former as against the latter.

He similarly supported the ordinance of Chief Justice Ruffin, dissolving the bonds connecting North Car-

olina with the Union, but not repealing, as the Craige ordinance purported to do, the ordinance passed by the Convention of 1789 accepting the federal constitution. When the Secession substitute was preferred by the majority, all the members had their votes recorded for it, and subsequently affixed their signatures to the enrolled copy. Dr. Manning's conservatism was likewise shocked by the haste with which the majority without due consideration, insisted on adopting the Provisional and then the Permanent Constitution of the Confederate States and ineffectually endeavored to have them submitted to a vote of the people. Having thus recorded his views on the constitutional principles underlying the questions mentioned, he proceeded to give a loyal support to all measures designed to further a vigorous prosecution of the war.

After the disastrous ending of the conflict he turned industriously and with no repining heart to the practise of his profession. Its routine was broken into in 1870 by an excursion into the field of politics. In that year the member of Congress from his district, John T. Deweese resigned, under a threat of expulsion for selling an appointment to West Point. Manning was nominated by the Democratic Convention as his successor. His opponent was a son of Governor Holden, Joseph W. Holden.

It was necessary to overcome a majority of one thousand. This was done with 350 votes to spare. While in Congress he was one of the most popular and influential of the Southern members. He vigorously opposed all measures especially directed against the

Southern States. He made a strong speech against the old Force Bill, which set aside safeguards of liberty under the plea of suppression of the Ku Klux Klan. This speech was so able that it was circulated by his party in the Northern and Western States as a campaign document.

Disdaining to enter into the distasteful business of manipulating primaries he failed to receive the nomination by the next District Convention, a disastrous party mistake as the Democratic candidate was badly defeated.

The next public position held by him was a membership in the Constitutional Convention of 1875, which was called to change features in the constitution adopted in 1868 not suitable to North Carolina conditions. His labors extended his reputation as a sagacious and prudent statesman and lawyer.

In 1874 in pursuance of an amendment to the Constitution the election of Trustees of the University was taken from the Board of Education and given to the General Assembly. Dr. Manning was chosen as one of them and was an active officer for twenty years. He participated in all the measures leading to the revival of the institution and opening of its doors in 1875.

Finding in 1881 that his *Alma Mater* was distressed for want of funds he waived his scruples against leaving his law office and consented to become a candidate for a seat in the State House of Representatives with the avowed intention to labor for her relief. At the request of President Battle he introduced a bill appro-

priating \$5000 annually to the institution, the first annuity it ever received from the State. By the active labors and eloquent speeches of himself and others the bill became a law.

The degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him by the University in 1883 was not only a tribute to his learning, but a recognition of his valuable services in her behalf.

At the same session, with Wm. T. Dortch and John S. Henderson, he was selected to codify the public statutes, which had been greatly changed since Battle's Revisal. The result of their intelligent labors is the "Code of North Carolina," adopted by the General Assembly of 1883, which to a marked degree has met with public favor.

About this time Governor Jarvis tendered to him a position on the Superior Court bench, and afterwards that of Secretary of State, but he declined both offices.

In 1881, without his knowledge, the Board of Trustees of the University unanimously elected him to the vacancy in the professorship of law, caused by the death of ex-Judge Wm. H. Battle in 1879. President Battle amid his multifarious duties for two years had kept the school from dying but of course it was languishing. It required faith and pluck of a high order for Dr. Manning to remove his large family to Chapel Hill, with no salary promised, with reliance only on fees from his students and emoluments from his profession necessarily diminished by the incessant demands of the new duties. His brilliant success show-

ed that the venture was not rash. Beginning with a class of seven he had under his instruction in 1897-'98 eighty seven students. This really wonderful result was secured by faithful teaching, lucid lecturing, kindly sympathy with the needs of young men, insisting on much work, and by searching examinations.

A volume of his Law Lectures was in course of publication at the time of his death.

In his family relations he has been singularly blessed. On the fifth of June, 1856, he had the good fortune to marry a lady of Pittsboro, in every way suited to him, in talents and character, in religious relations, in social position, in temperament and tastes, Miss Louise J., daughter of a physician of wide reputation, Dr. Isaac Hall, and granddaughter of one of the first three judges of our Supreme Court on its creation in 1818, John Hall. Their union has been most happy. They have raised eight children to maturity, all of them with characters and social influence that show careful and judicious training at home; Dr. John Moore Manning, a physician of Durham, James Smith Manning, a lawyer of the same place, Dr. Isaac Hall Manning, a physician of Wilmington, Miss Mary Southerland Manning, Mrs. Sally Charleton, wife of Dr. F. P. Venable, Mrs. Eliza H., wife of Wm. Weldon Huske, of Fayetteville, Mrs. Tamar H., wife of Rev. Gaston Battle, of Edgecombe, and Mrs. Louise H., wife of Prof. Wm. R. Webb of Bellbuckle, Tennessee. With fourteen grandchildren, in the forty three years of their married life they have lost only one out of their family, Mrs. Tamar Battle.

Dr. Manning's departure was unexpected but he was by no means unprepared. From boyhood he had lived in the fear of God, an humble, trusting, undoubting, faithful follower of the Savior. His piety was undisturbed by speculations of science, by the researches of learned orientalist, by the carpings of "higher criticism." The teachings of Christ were his settled beliefs. An old-fashioned Christian, sincere, truthful, benevolent and beneficent, he walked as in God's sight and the Heavenly Chariot found him ready for the upward journey.

He had been an active member of the church of his forefathers, the Protestant Episcopal, and had held all its offices open to laymen, including a seat in the General Convention. Often as lay-reader supplying the minister's place, his rendering of the service was peculiarly devout and impressive.

He was exceedingly beloved and respected in the community. He had the genial, graceful, attractive manners of the old-school gentleman. With decided, independent views on all questions he was frank in expressing, but courteous to those of a different opinion. In his public and private career his speech was ever free from bitterness, and he refrained from imputing bad motives to his opponents. In the broadest sense of the word he was charitable—in thought, in speech and in conduct, in sound advice to the perplexed, in consoling words to the afflicted, in bounteous gifts to the needy. One of the last letters he received was from one, now prosperous, whom he had helped by his endorsement to secure a University education, announcing the full payment of the loan.

The loss to his students seems to them irreparable. He had extraordinary power of lucid statement with pleasing voice and manner. He was thorough even exacting, but his patience never flagged, his readiness to stimulate and encourage was never wearied. His nature was so sympathetic and his bearing and words so kindly, that his pupils while admiring his learning, loved him as a father. His hold on their hearts is boundless and beautiful.

The University has lost a learned and loyal son, and the students a wise counsellor and kindly friend.

KEMP P. BATTLE, '49.

## TYPES IN CHEVY CHASE AND KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

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The early history of England is in a large measure the history of her great baronial families. Prominent among these stands the noble house of Percy. Two adventurers of this name crossed the channel with William the Conqueror and shared his fortune. To reward them for their valuable services William bestowed upon them large tracts of land in the conquered territory, and thus they became the founders of the house in the British Isles. Little versed in the art of diplomacy, for generations they were prominent among the nation's warriors, so that at the time of Edward III. we find them at the head of a great feudal army.

At the coronation of Richard II. one, Henry Percy was made Earl of Northumberland the largest and most important earldom in Northern England. Taking advantage of their power and influence the Percies deposed Richard II. and placed on the throne their friend and ally, Henry Bolinbroke.

Those familiar with English history are well versed in that long and bloody warfare waged between the English and their Scottish neighbors. Naturally the border counties suffered greatly from these mutual invasions. So great was the danger and so fierce was the conflict, that each king found it advisable to entrust these counties to the rule of one powerful subject, in

whom was vested almost kingly powers. The English king found the right man in Lord Percy; while the Scottish ruler entrusted the welfare of his border to the equally noble and powerful family, the Lords of Douglas.

A most intense rivalry, heated by both personal and national feelings, naturally existed between these representative characters. Their deeds of prowess, a favorite theme among their fellow countrymen, soon found their way into the national songs and ballads. Famous among them and one with which we are all familiar, is the celebrated ballad of *Chevy Chase*, which represents the Percy making a vow to hunt, in defiance of the law, for three days within the borders of Douglas without condescending to request the latter's permission. The Douglas of course resents this bold insult and sallies forth to repel the invaders.

It was a day in which personal bravery out-weighed strategy in war-fare and of course the leaders were expected to excel all others in skill and courage. The interest then centers about the two leaders. They are fair representatives of the age of chivalry—an age which fostered above all things knightly deeds and thoughts. They are bold, impulsive, and attentive to the minutest points of honor. Frankness and generosity are virtues ever present in their make-up. Those qualities for which they strive themselves, are the ones they most admire when seen in their rivals. Thus in the very midst of his fierce encounter with the Percy, Douglas, flushed with excitement, cries out in admiration,

"Holde, the, Percy,  
 And i' faith I shall the brynge  
 Where thowe shalt have a yerlis wages  
 Of Jamy our Scottish kyng.  
 Thowe shalt have thy ransome fre,  
 I promise the hear this thyng,  
 For the manfullyest man yet are thowe,  
 That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng."  
 "Nay, then, "sayd the Lord Perse,  
 I told it the beforne  
 That I would never yeldyd be  
 To no man of a woman born."

Now when Douglas, shot from the rear, lies dying,  
 'tis time for Percy to show his generosity. Taking the  
 hand of his mortally wounded enemy, he laments his  
 death, in these words,

"Wo ys me for the!

To have saved thy lyffe I would have pertyed  
 with

My land for years thre.

For a better man of hart nare of hand,

Was not in all the north country."

From this popular ballad Shakespeare received the  
 hint for his more famous delineation of Percy in the  
 Hotspur of *King Henry the Fourth*. Neither in the  
 ballad nor the chronicle does Shakespeare find  
 more than the mere names and suggestions of the char-  
 acters of these men. Douglas is now a subordinate  
 character, represented as a fellow-conspirator with  
 Percy against their common foe, Henry IV. He is  
 over-shadowed and thrust aside by the stronger per-

sonality of his aforetime enemy and new ally. Not that Douglas was a weaker or less attractive character than Percy. But Shakespeare was writing an English play for Englishmen and of course lays stress on his English hero. He does Douglas no injustice.

But in *Hotspur*, Shakespeare saw a type of a large class of his countrymen and threw himself almost passionately into the delineation of his character. From the mere suggestions found in the ballad he builds the full man. He overlooks nothing. Every humor, whim and habit is enlarged upon with great force and vividness. We can almost see him moving before us with his frowning brow, stammering from sheer impatience of natural restraints to speech, passionate and bending all to his terrible will. Scene 3, of Act II. gives us a vivid picture of this impulsive and masterly character. He enters reading a letter "*The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*" "Why that's certain, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety." "*The friends you name uncertain and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*" Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What lack-a-brain is this? By the Lord our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends and full of expectation, an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty spirited rogue is this."

But this impatience of detail and proper restraint, hurries him on to his fatal enterprise, in which the

good plot and good friends even to his own father, fail him, and he is crushed.

And Hotspur is not all fault. He is what his quondam enemy, Douglas, calls him, "the king of honor." It is his very life and is the most noticeable of his characteristics. It is brought out the more forcibly because of the manner in which Shakespeare contrives on all occasions to throw into contrast with him young Prince Hal, who seems utterly devoid of this admirable quality. Thus King Henry is made to cry out in envy

"that my Lord Northumberland

Should be father to so blest a son,

A son who is the theme of honour's tongue,"

And, laments that some "night-tripping fairy had not exchanged,

"In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet."

And so it would seem that Shakespeare deliberately planned to show Hotspur the better man of the two. He is serious, cultured, and ambitious, Hal detests seriousness, loves lowbred companions and disregards his opportunities. Hotspur loves honour: Hal seems indifferent to it.

But this does not seem to be as it ought, and so we are led to ask, "Is Hal indeed degenerate? has not Shakespeare some purpose in so portraying him?"

When King Henry is hard pressed on all sides by his foes, the most powerful lords of the kingdom, he makes an appeal to his son to lay aside his indifference and come to his aid in the impending struggle. His kingdom hangs by a straw and troubled at the seeming

degeneracy of his heir he loses patience and accuses Hal of being base enough,

“To fight against me under Percy’s pay,  
To dog his heels and curtsey at his frown,  
To show how much thou art degenerate.”

Against these terrible accusations, Hal’s true nature rebels and he defends himself with manly vigor.

“Do not think so, you will not find it so.  
And God forgive them that so much have sway’d  
Your majesty’s good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy’s head,  
And in the closing of some glorious day  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
This in the name of God, I promise here:  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.”

We know well how he kept this vow and overthrew with his own hands the great Percy. We have here then to suggest Shakespeare’s purpose. The fact that he unhistorically represents Hotspur as of the same age with Hal and confounds the Doulgas of *Chevy Chase* with the Douglas of the Percy conspiracy—not the same historically—shows that it was not the individual but a type that he was sketching. Percy and Douglas, were the representatives of the decaying feudalism—

feudalism in its last days, never so proud, so haughty or so tyrannical as in its fall. Of this system Harry Percy is the type. In this one character we see centered all its virtues and vices. He was a brave and skillful soldier in personal combat, but he did not possess the qualities essential for leadership in times when strategy and discipline were beginning to assert their superiority over mere individual effort.

Against this type, in sharp contrast to it, Shakespeare has set another in the person of Prince Hal, the embodiment of a new force, the rising power of the people which was just taking form for that long struggle with the nobility, for mastery. Who could better represent this new power than the young prince who as king would be the representative of the people, whom Shakespeare makes him study in tavern, army and street as well as at court? For Hal has seen that the nobles who had elevated his father to the throne, may some day desire his fall. Seeing then the approaching contest he prepares the way to throw himself on the those whom he sees must be his only support in the fight. He cultivates the society of his people, so as to know how to appreciate them when the inevitable storm between king and nobles shall burst forth in its fury. Hal's motives are at first misunderstood and Shakespeare probably so intended them to be that in the recoil of feeling his conquest of public sentiment might seem the greater.

As a study of the gradual development of genuine simplicity of feeling into royal leadership we must read this play throughout and reflect upon it to

give full credit to the psychological method underlying the dramatic treatment.

Shakespeare borrowed what he chose from ballad and romance, ran a risk of exciting the prejudice of some of his readers by his subordinate treatment of Douglas and misrepresented history in portraying Hotspur in order to give a true view of his Prince Hal.

R. D. W. CONNOR, '99.

## THE UNIVERSITY AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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### PART I.

“The supremest need of the State is an adequate system of common schools. All the forces of the University shall work to that end.”—*The University Record*.

The cry is often raised by good men of our State that such institutions for higher education as our University should not be supported nor aided by the taxation of the people. “For,” these men say, “as only a few can attend such colleges why should the State be taxed for the benefit of a few persons who are really in less need of help than any one else? Would it not be much better to give the same amount of money for the support of forty or fifty high schools and in this way do the greatest good to the greatest number?”

On first thought such questions mean much and we are puzzled to find an answer. But let us think again. Does a river take its rise in the plains? Do not the greatest and strongest streams flow down from the highest hills and mountains? Our institutions for higher education are the mountain springs perennially feeding the streams of education and enlightenment which make fertile the barren deserts and plains of ignorance and vice.

So we say that the right theory is that a University should be supported, and this will in time develop a

system of common schools such as could never exist were it not for a high center of education. But why theorize? Let us examine the facts of the case and see what are the reasons which support such a theory; what historical facts there are to persuade us to adopt such a view. After seeing what the University has done for public education in North Carolina no fair minded man will say that the education of the masses has suffered on account of funds given to this institution instead of being given to common schools.

In 1776 North Carolina made a constitutional provision both for the common and for the higher education of her citizens in the following words: "That a school or schools shall be established by legislature for the convenient instruction of the youth, with such salaries to the masters, paid by the public, as may enable them to instruct at low prices: and all useful learning shall be duly encouraged in one or more universities."

"The above theme is the foundation of the public school system; but such was the financial condition of the State in the early years of its history that half a century elapsed before the fair promise of the Constitution was realized, even in a measure, in so far as it related to common schools. The University which was chartered in 1789 and began its work of instruction in 1795, was doubtless instrumental in educating a public sentiment to the importance of a State system of schools."\*

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\*From "History of Education in N. C." by Charles Lee Smith, Fellow in History and Politics, Johns Hopkins University.

In conformity with the last sentence of the foregoing quotation we find that nothing of importance was done for the cause of common schools by the public authorities until 1815, when William Miller of Warren County, a member of the class of 1802 of the State University, was elected Governor. During this year he sent a message to the General Assembly in which he called attention to the need of public schools.

Some of Gov. Miller's predecessors had made some efforts in this direction, but lacking in determination and full realization of the importance of the matter their efforts were without avail.

Gov. Miller's first message was also treated with some indifference. A committee was appointed to look into the matter, but no action was taken. But still hopeful and believing "that under the fostering hand of legislative patronage alone can the temple of knowledge and science be thrown open to all," Gov. Miller again took up this important subject in his message of Nov. 20, 1816. This time he was more successful and the committee to which the matter was referred made an encouraging report.

It is held by some of our historians that there was one report in answer to this message dated Dec. 17, 1816, and signed by John M. Walker. Now the House Journal gives John W. Walker as a member of the House of Commons from Warren County but makes no mention of any other Walker in that Legislature. Nor do the journals of the Legislature make mention of such a report.

But whether there was or was not such a report

does not concern us here. What we wish to look into is the report in the Senate Journal of Dec. 16, 1816.

Here again we see an alumnus of the University taking up the cause of public education. Archibald DeBow Murphy was chairman of the committee and author of the report.

The work of Murphy was so important in advancing the interests of common schools that he won for himself the title of "Father of the common schools of North Carolina."

Before taking up the work of Judge Murphy let us note a few of the leading facts in the life of this great man.\*

Archibald DeBow Murphy, son of Col. Archibald Murphy, was born in Caswell County in 1777. He was prepared for the University in the academy of Rev. David Caldwell in Guilford County. He graduated from the University in 1799 and being chosen professor of ancient languages served in that capacity for three years. In the mean time he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1802. In 1818 he was elected Judge of the Superior Court. From 1812 until this time he had served continuously in the State Senate and in this capacity his greatest usefulness to the State appears.

Governor Wm. A. Graham spoke of his reports and other writings as "the noblest monuments of philosophic statesmanship to be found in our public archives since the days of the Revolution."

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\*See Life of Murphy by Gov. Graham in N. C. University Magazine of August, 1860.

Judge Murphy was interested not only in the internal development of his State but also in its history, and on December 5th. 1825, he submitted to the legislature the plan on which he proposed to write a history of North Carolina. Literary men in other States, like Jefferson and Madison, gave him the use of their family archives, and many themselves furnished reminiscences, but in his own State he did not receive the support that he deserved and so after finishing a few chapters of his history about the Indians of North Carolina he was forced to give up his attempts on account of ill health. Wrecked in health and fortune he died February 3rd, 1832.

But let us turn back and examine his report in answer to Governor Miller's message about public schools. He opens his report with a statement in regard to the condition of the people of North Carolina since the Revolution. He reported that every one felt satisfied as to the excellence of the system of government adopted by the people of the State; that this form of government is bottomed upon the virtue and intelligence of its citizens; that it is knowledge alone that lights up the path of correct action; that to effect this benevolent purpose a judicious system of public education must be established, which will serve the people at large in a way that the University, already established, can not.

Besides recommending that this system be endowed by the State he also recommended that such poor boys as gave proof of genius and hopes of future usefulness should be transferred to schools of higher grade and

eventually brought forward into active life under public patronage.

Judge Murphy thought that the State would soon be able to appropriate nearly half a million dollars for the purpose and in consideration of this he offered the resolution that the speakers of the two Houses of the General Assembly appoint three persons to draft a system of public instruction, founded upon the general principles of the report just mentioned, and to submit the same to the consideration of the next General Assembly. The committee was appointed, and as already said, Judge Murphy himself was made chairman.

After making a careful study of the school system of New England, and after visiting Europe to examine the continental systems, he made a report which marked the beginning of a new educational era in North Carolina; and this was the basis of the common school system of the State until the end of the Civil war. In drafting this system he followed closely the general principals of his first report.

“This new report recommended the formation of a fund for public instruction, and the constitution of a board to manage the fund and to carry into execution the plan of public instruction contemplated. This plan was one which was meant ‘to make the progress of education natural and easy,’ beginning with primary schools, in which the first rudiments of learning were to be taught and proceeding to academies, in which the youth were to be instructed in languages, ancient and modern history, mathematics and other branches of science preparatory to entering the University, in

which instruction should be given in all the higher branches of the sciences and the principles of the useful arts."

An institution for the deaf and dumb was also included in the plan.

"For the elementary instruction to be given it was proposed to divide each county in the State into two or more townships and to have one or more primary schools established in each township. For secondary training this board was to divide the State into ten academic districts and have an academy erected in each district. The State was to meet one third of the expense of the erection and the site, and was also to furnish one third of the sum required for the salaries of the teachers, on the condition of their instructing a certain number of poor children free of charge. As to the superior instruction which was meant to crown the whole, the Legislature was urged to sustain the University which was at that time suffering greatly from lack of funds. For knitting the whole together the board of public instruction came to be constituted, which was to consist of the Governor of the State, as president, and six directors, to be appointed by the General Assembly. In addition to the general management of the academies and schools this board was to have power to provide some just mode of advancing from the primary schools to the academies, and from the academies to the University, as many of the most meritorious children educated at public expense as the proceeds of the funds for public instruction should suffice to maintain and educate."

In urging that the State should "maintain" as well as educate the children of the poor, the committee had urged something which was quite beyond the means of a State yet sparsely settled and with the burdens of a recent war still weighing on the people. The bill met with favor from the Legislature, but the consideration of the large sums it would annually require to carry out its liberal provisions induced a pause and that pause proved fatal to it.

Instead of eliminating from it the one especially impracticable feature and trying to work out the practicable ones, its advocates desired and urged its passage as a whole and so friends fell from it and it failed.

But Judge Murphy had done a great work and it now remains to be seen what another University man, Bartlett Yancey (class 1804) had to do with providing the necessary financial aid for carrying out the best part of Judge Murphy's excellent plan.

F. M. OSBORNE, '99.

## IN FACE OF THE FOE.

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He had no intention of stirring up strife. He made the remark merely to fill a gap in the conversation and it had never occurred to him that anyone would dispute the statement. He had been reared from childhood to accept it without thought. He had said: "My father fought in the civil war under Stonewall Jackson. He was a good soldier, worth five Yankees. Any southerner was for that matter."

The remark was addressed to a group of officers seeking protection under the shade of a tall tree from the hot Cuban sun.

He was perfectly innocent in his assertion—this thin fair-skinned young Southerner. It was like the bursting of a Spanish shell when the tall dark Northerner fiercely replied, "That's a lie!"

Lieutenant Blow was too astonished at first to realize fully what had been said. Then it dawned upon him that he had been insulted. His hand sought his revolver. The other drew his.

But friends soon interposed. "For shame young men," cried Major Wood, "Haven't we enough to occupy our attention without stirring up strife among ourselves? Vent your anger on those Spaniards."

A long column of Spanish infantry was moving under the cover of a dense thicket. "We will soon have need of your pistols there, my young friends," said the gallant Colonel Stark. "See there now," he exclaimed.

As he spoke, a puff of white smoke came from the bushes protecting the Spanish soldiers. An irregular volley quickly followed before the echo of the first shot had quite died away.

Then came the order, quick and sharp.

"To your commands!" cried Col. Stark.

A fierce glance passed between the two lieutenants as they moved to their places with their respective companies. Major Wood cried out to them as they parted, "Now for a proof, my young fire-eaters."

They understood.

Lieutenant Blow was a Southerner, in a southern company. Lieutenant Hancock was a Northerner, in a northern company. They were going into a charge side by side. It was to be a trial of Blow's boast.

The firing from the Spaniards had become rapid. Occasionally a soldier fell. The Americans grew impatient.

Between them and their enemy was a long stretch of entangled vines and briars, tall grasses, and deep ditches. Difficult marching even without the singing of the Spanish bullets.

"Charge!"

They sprang forward eager to be the first to meet the foe. "Come on boys! Drive them out!" cried Blow, dashing through the thick bushes, waving his pistol, "After 'em!"

"Steady fellows! Take it easy," shouted Hancock calmly, "They are firing too high."

But the firing was fierce; the sun was hot; the bushes thick. The men scattered. They were pressing

gallantly forward, stopping only to fire, and firing with deadly effect. Blow dashed forward. He saw before him a Spanish color-bearer cheering on the foe. There was a prize. Now he was entangled in the briars: now he fell in a ditch; up; down. His face was scratched; his handsome new uniform torn almost to shreds. But he pressed onward, the bullets whistling close to his head. Men fell all around him. Their comrades pressed on with shouts. 'Twas close quarters, 'twas hot!

But Blow was ahead leading the charge.

Bang! to his left.

"Oh!" he cried. His left arm dropped to his side useless. He was faint, thirsty, but he dashed on, firing right into his enemy's faces. Again came the sharp pain. This time in the leg, and he fell. He was far ahead of the others, but they were pressing on. The bullets were screeching through the air. The savage yells of friends and foes mingled and made the scene hideous.

Suddenly above the roar of the guns a great shout was heard far away to his right. He tried to raise his head above the tall grass to see, but he was weak. He knew it meant victory. For friend, or foe? He knew not. Then came the sound of a mighty rush. 'Twas the retreat. The enemy were breaking. He lay in the line of their march, and in a few minutes they would be rushing over him. It meant death, and he shuddered. Gathering all his remaining strength he made a final effort to get out of the line of retreat. He staggered. There was a depressing dizziness and buzzing in his head and he fell heavily forward.

But his effort was not useless. He had been seen as he rose above the tall grass.

It was Lieutenant Hancock. He saw at once the gallant Southerner's danger. It was almost inevitable, the Spaniards were so close upon him. He sprang forward and tore through the bushes. Now down, now up, he pressed desperately forward in the face of the wildly retreating enemy. They were almost upon him and his tall form dashing through the bushes was a target for a hundred marksmen. Bullets whizzed in close proximity to his head. He was almost there. He could see Blow now and thought him dead. Surely they would both be trampled to jelly. Ten yards ahead was a Spanish officer, revolver in hand. He fired. Hancock staggered—recovered—and pressed on. A rib was broken. Now he leaned forward to snatch Blow's body from under the feet of the oncoming foe. He raised it to his shoulders expecting to be borne down at any minute before the retreating horde. But help was at hand. Some of his men had seen his danger and followed him. Then they dashed at the enemy and a hand to hand struggle ensued.

But now the Americans, victorious along the entire line, were pressing forward driving the enemy before them. They came rushing on, hundreds of mad, yelling demons, tasting battle for the first time and thrilled with excitement. 'Twere simple madness to attempt to resist the terrific onset, and the Spaniards gave way at every point and fled for their lives.

Hancock's senseless body lay across Blow's. They

were picked up and carried away on the shoulders of two strong soldiers.

“That was a close shave, old fellow,” said Blow afterwards, as he and Hancock walked arm in arm down the streets of Santiago. X.

## THE DISPENSARY SYSTEM.

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There are two forms of the Dispensary system, now in this country, which claim our notice—one that of the State, as it might be called, where the State has entire control of the liquor traffic, the other that of the county which as a part of the State acts according to the demands of its voters, we will not say inhabitants, with the consent of said State. Both forms are in line with methods for some time prevalent in North Western Europe, but very new and fresh in America: tho' it is now quite five years since South Carolina launched out into the liquor business, presenting to sister States the rather incongruous spectacle of a State prohibiting its citizens from trafficking in a commodity which had been declared detrimental to the good habits and morals of themselves by a majority of said citizens, and going into the condemned business herself for the sake of revenue. It is true that revenue was for a high and noble purpose. All the profits accruing from the business, and it was calculated to be a most successful one, were to swell the school fund of the State and to reduce other taxes: it was to be apportioned out among the counties of the state, the county selling the most liquor getting the most money and hence the best schools if money makes the best, a fact which we believe is now universally conceded. But with all this worthy intention the law was most obnoxious to a large class of cit-

izens; to outsiders it was a very radical experiment in State socialism. To the Prohibitionists in the State there was something about an imaginary fish and real stone which seemed extremely apropos: the State had been carried by them in the previous election. But all this has become ancient history. What we wish to know is, how is this Dispensary system working today; is it for the good of the State: and many other things which cannot be solved by an account of its beginning.

All agree that if the law could be enforced it would be a fine thing; unfortunately, it has always found itself in contrariety with the constitutionality of things. Before the law went into effect the State's Attorney General gave as his opinion that the law was not a violation of the Constitution, yet in nine days after it had gone into operation Judge Hudson, of the Circuit Court decided that it was anything but constitutional. A nine day's wonder, forsooth. The halt called by Judge Hudson proved to be a most serious interference to the machinery of the law, and he was a big frog in his own puddle, as the saying is, until his decision was reversed by the State Supreme Court and his official head cut off by the next legislature. From then on the history of the dispensary has been one of enormous litigation, with the State on the one side and the united efforts of liquor dealers from New York to California on the other.

Because of an injunction granted by Judge Simonton in the spring of 1894, a respite from dispensary rule was granted for ten days and sporadic bar-rooms were

in evidence at every available spot. Only once since then has there been sold any whiskey in the State except by the State, this time because of another decision of the same judge in the case of the Vandercock Wine Co. that any original package of whiskey or any commodity if sold in the original package could not be opened or seized by the State. This gave rise to the "O. P." stores where all beverages from beer to champagne were sold in the original package having been shipped into the State in the same way. These "O. P." stores have died the death of the unpatronized and again the thirsty South Carolinian can only allay the predominant feeling by "that dispensary stuff." And unless a mighty change takes place in the political family of the State the aforesaid South Carolinian will continue to mix his own drinks in the same old way.

Nor is the law an objectionable one in a general sense: its title is certainly in its favor, being—"An act to provide for the Election of a State Board of Control, and to Further Regulate the Sale, Use, Consumption, Transportation, and Disposition of Intoxicating Liquors or Liquids in the State and Prescribe Further Penalties for Violations of the Dispensary Laws, and to Police the Same."

These last words, "and to Police the Same," have caused the awful red stain on the not otherwise, however, snowy escutcheon of the Palmetto State pointed to with horror by her sister States. The murders resulting from the attempt to "Police the Same" have been many; but those who know will not lay the blame to the letter of the law, rather it is because of the char-

acter of the men who were selected to fill the necessary parts in the engine of execution. It has furnished on a smaller, but more detestable scale another example of the evils of the spoils system. The men employed by the State as constables to enforce the law, squelch blind-tigers and check the toper, have as a rule been men of little understanding, pig-headed men, men who drank themselves into a state of still denser imbecility, if possible, while it was their duty to suppress the whole business, and "clothed with a little brief authority cut such capers before high Heaven as made the angels weep." The law will ever prove an octopus-like destroyer of human life as long as its enforcement is left in the hands of fools and rascals.

Section I. of the law, says that the keeping, use or sale of alcoholic or brewed liquors or compounds or mixtures "thereof by whatever name called or known, which contain alcohol and is used as a beverage, except as is here-after provided, *is hereby prohibited* under a penalty of not less than three nor more than twelve months, at hard labor in the State penitentiary, or pay a fine of not less than \$100 nor more than \$500, or both fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the Court, for each offence." This sounds somewhat like absolute prohibition, but is far from it in its actual workings.

However, the State is determined that its liquor shall be pure as is shown by the clause which says that no liquor shall be shipped into the State which has not been analyzed by the chemist of the South Carolina College, and has to have his certificate to that effect on the package.

Section II provides for the election by the General Assembly of a State Board of Control, consisting of five members, whose business it shall be to carry out the provisions of the act. It is their business to appoint a commissioner every two years who shall purchase all liquors for lawful sale in the State. The appointment has to be confirmed by the Senate. They are to have a general oversight of the entire system. So much for the central dispensary, now for its ramifications. Wherever located the County dispensaries are exactly alike. They have a County Board of Control and this board appoints a commissioner to dispense all liquors used by the county. His legal name, by the way, is not commissioner but dispenser. The dispensaries are not forced on the counties. The establishment is always in the following manner: Upon petition signed by one fourth of the qualified voters of such county wishing a dispensary therein being filed with the County Supervisor, he orders an election, submitting the question of dispensary or no dispensary to the qualified voters of the County, and if a majority of the ballots cast be found and declared for a dispensary, then a dispensary may be established in that county. A similar process, *mutatis mutandis*, is prescribed for towns and cities.

The county dispenser is required to take a solemn oath that he will not sell to minors nor habitual drunkards, nor any one already intoxicated. This most excellent feature of the law is sometimes evaded by old toppers and the hot-blooded youth who can always find the ever ready "darkey" to swear for them. Such an

act entitles the person to a heavy penalty—if caught.

So much loss has been incurred by the State through the embezzlements of county dispensers that Sections 14 and 15 are entirely devoted to the control of such unfortunate occurrences. Hotels are allowed the privilege of dispensing liquors bought from the dispensary, by the bottle, either night or day by giving a bond of \$3,000 conditioned for all the rules prescribed and imposed by the State Board of Control.

The most dangerous feature of the law is set forth in Section 24, viz: the privilege of searching houses suspected of harboring contraband liquor: it has been the real cause of over half the murders which have resulted as a consequence of the constables' sometimes over zealous desire to carry out the law. Certainly as officers of the law they ought to enforce the law, but not forgetting that every man's home is his castle, and his rights should be duly respected. Much less abuse of the searching right has resulted from complaints of innocent citizens.

Any package containing one gallon of liquor and marked "For Personal Use" may be shipped into the State provided the addressee is not implicated in any blind-tiger transactions in the opinion of the constables. Constables have the right to seize and open any suspicious package and if they find one containing whiskey and not marked as above, they seize it in the name of the State and ship it to the State dispensary. These are the most important features of the dispensary law of the State of South Carolina. It contains none of the unconstitutional features of the original

act, and really seems to be working to the satisfaction of most citizens. But we cannot consider the liquor question as settled there; it is very probable that the State will be in the hands of a strictly Prohibition administration next time. One of the most important legislators of the State said recently in a newspaper interview, "The dispensary system was never intended as an ultimatum. It was justified only as an expediency and as a step towards Prohibition." The great objections to the law are the political machine at the Capital and the method of enforcing the law. It is hardly probable that the State will ever go back to retail license; all drinking saloons are prohibited by the new constitution. If any change is made it will be to allow dispensaries in such counties as want them and enforce absolute prohibition in the rest.

Dispensaries by counties is now being tried in this State and the outcome is watched for with great interest.

H. LEGARE WATSON, '99.

# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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PUBLISHED SIX TIMES DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY  
THE DIALECTIC AND PHILANTHROPIC LITERARY SOCIETIES.

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All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. All business matters to the Business Manager.

Entered at the Chapel Hill Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

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## The Editor's Desk.

**Dr. John  
Manning.**

Elsewhere in this issue of the MAGAZINE will be found an excellent sketch of the life of this great and good man together with a faithful likeness. No one was better able to write that sketch than Dr. Manning's life-long

friend and co-laborer, Dr. Battle, who knew so well the sterling character and christian worth of his friend.

In his death the State loses one of its best citizens, the University a professor, who by honest, pains-taking work had made for himself a name and had won the love and admiration of those whom he taught, and the student body loses a kind and sympathizing friend whose like it will be hard to find. His was the christian's life; an example worthy the imitation of all young men.

Truly a good man has gone to his reward. The MAGAZINE extends sympathy to the bereaved family and friends.



Through the kindness of Col. Julian Carr Hall. S. Carr, of Durham, the University is soon to have another much needed dormitory building. In 1891, Col. Carr gave the University \$10,000, and a few days ago he added \$5,000 to this amount, making \$15,000 with which a handsome building will be placed on the Campus, and will very appropriately be called "Carr Hall."

No son of the University has shown greater interest in his *alma mater* than has Col. Carr. He has always been first and foremost to lend his assistance and to give liberally of his money to every cause which has been for the uplifting and advancement of the institution.

And it is but fitting that this Hall should bear his name and perpetuate his memory in coming years.

**New Law Professor.** The trustees have acted wisely in selecting Judge Shepherd to succeed to the Professorship of Law made vacant by the death of Dr. Manning. Judge Shepherd is peculiarly fitted for this position both because of his legal ability and knowledge, having filled with honor positions on the Superior and Supreme Court benches, and because he has for a number of years been associated with Dr. Manning in the management of the Summer Law School. He comes to us therefore not as a stranger, but as a friend whom we are glad to greet, and we feel sure that he will be as successful as a teacher as he has been as Judge and practitioner.



**Legislature of 1899.** The work of this grand body of North Carolina's leading citizens has become a part of our history, and it is a chapter of which every man should be proud.

Setting aside all other laws, their work in behalf of public education will guarantee to them the gratitude of coming generations. Though the amount appropriated is comparatively small, it shows that our people from mountain to sea-shore are interested in this great question, and this is but the beginning of what will some day crystallize into a more perfectly arranged and more liberally endowed public school system which will be the pride of our State. The day is fast coming when there will no longer be heard this small talk against appropriations for education, and when there will be provided an efficient system of public schools reaching from the kindergarten to the University.

**Georgia-Carolina Debate.** "Carolina wins!" These were the thrilling words which greeted the expectant and hopeful throng of 'Varsity students early Saturday morning, 18th inst. Again we have met our opponents, the Georgians, in mental combat, on their own grounds, and have gained a victory of which we are justly proud. Too much praise cannot be given our representatives, Messrs. Bowie and Broadhurst, who so nobly fought to win laurels for their *alma mater*, and we feel that we voice the sentiment of the Faculty and student body in saying, we appreciate their work and are proud of their victory.

As each of these rival Universities had been successful in one of the two previous debates, increased interest and enthusiasm was manifested in the result of the present one. The time is fast coming, and rightly, too, we think, when our inter-collegiate debates will be considered of equal importance to our athletic contests. Let the good work go on, and let us continue to meet our friendly and gentlemanly opponents, the Georgians.

## Book Notices.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. By James Bryce.

This is an incisive and weighty book. It is judicial, as it is by the author of "The American Commonwealth." It is full of loving reverence, as it is the estimate of the intimate friend who found a hero in this seemingly contradictory and puzzling character.

The Introduction suggests the method of showing the consistency and unity that reigned over his actions and opinions. It traces the early influences that shaped his nature and goes back of them to the Scotch ancestry through whom earnestness and moral conviction were bred in the bone, and dialectics and theology came to be part of his very life. A member of the Church of England, a so-called high churchman, with marked individuality and fervor he often diverged, not from her doctrinal positions, but from her policy with reference to the State, to the dissenters and to education. He was the leading agent in disestablishment in Ireland and a supporter of disestablishment in Scotland and in Wales. Yet his first notable religious utterance was in advocacy of the strongest possible bond between the State and Church. Mr. Bryce does justice to the conscientiousness, the progressive spirit, and the independence which led him to make such radical changes of theory and to the moral courage and

brilliant tactics which attempted to put his new views into practice.

For sixty-three years in Parliament, he passed from high Toryism through a conservative "half-way house" to be the admired Liberal leader. Such vigor and alertness of body and mind, such receptive freshness and eagerness of spirit, from a noble young manhood to grave old age, are rarely seen. In so long a life he had time to observe, to read, to think, to act, and to revise his opinions, without being the juggling and insincere opportunist his aristocratic Tory enemies supposed him to be.

Mr. Bryce shows that the majority could not follow his patient secret investigations and so suspected that he was trimming his sails while he was studying the relation of his theory to action and the duty and expediency of reforming the established order.

Such power of debate, such eloquent statistics, such passion and such spiritual force, such self-mastery blended with keen sensibility, such pride with humility, such dignity and such friendliness! In rapid searching analysis he lets you into the secret of the man. He often lost influence over irritable friends and wily foes by being the statesman and the strategist who saw only great situations and ideals rather than the politician and the partisan who appealed to small prejudices and low passions. Mr. Bryce thinks that his speeches will not last like Burke's and Webster's as literary classics, but that he was the resourceful thrilling master of the situation, the magnetic orator, as few have been, fire in his eyes, conviction and music

in his voice and whole bearing. Yet our critic proves too that his power was not that of the rhetorician alone, but that he was a constructive original statesman and framer of laws and policies. He traces him through financial, ecclesiastical and electoral reforms, through the Home-Rule movements in which Gladstone weighed every condition scrupulously and made his progress and his separation from the Liberal-Unionists on principle, through the foreign policy which evoked the intense anger of the Jingoës and their arraignment of his "Pecksniffian" piety and presents all the breadth and depth of this great soul along with his knowledge of detail and his skill in making up budgets and drawing bills.

Mr. Bryce has a discriminating chapter on the strength and weakness of Gladstone as an author. In Greek mythology and Homeric geography he will not do to follow so much as in his pictures of Greek political and social life. Our critic honors his subject, but he can see spots in the sun and he thinks that a wider study of the physical sciences and of modern philosophical methods would have given him a better grasp of certain spiritual and ethical problems. He seemed sometimes to settle upon the ritual or sacramental side of religion as all-important. Yet he was in close political affiliation with non-conformists and though he gave up his early desire to be a clergyman, he preserved a purity, almost sanctity of spirit, which led many to feel "how awful goodness is." With all his inflexible devotion to principle he was forgiving to the sinful and the weak. A model of domestic piety and sweet-

ness, he was, with a few imperfections, great and high, as our author thinks, "the noblest Roman of them all."

This is one of the satisfying books in its style and its lucid and compact presentation of its subject.

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LIVES OF DISTINGUISHED NORTH CAROLINIANS;  
EDITED BY W. J. PEELE, NORTH CAROLINA PUBLISHING SOCIETY; RALEIGH, 1898.

This is a book written by North Carolinians, among them some of its most distinguished sons, about North Carolinians, and for North Carolinians. It is written for a purpose: the desire to stimulate pride in State, to set before us examples of lofty virtue and true greatness to be patterned after and followed in our own humble way, and also to show to the world and especially to ourselves, that North Carolina is not "a strip of land between two States," but has had men as great and as good as those of any country.

We know New England's history better than we know that of our own State. Do we fully appreciate the fact that the "Mayflower incident" happened comparatively late in the history of the colonies; that the very first colony was right here in North Carolina; that the first American-born white child was right here in North Carolina? Do we bear in mind that the battle of Guilford fought right here in North Carolina virtually decided the war for American Independence? No, too long we have been using New England text-

books, histories of the South and of North Carolina written by northerners, which tell all about the Boston Tea-party, and nothing at all about the refusal of the people of Wilmington, N. C., even to the point of arms, to allow the British officer to land with the odious stamps, years before. And furthermore this resistance was made in the broad open day, by well known men, without disguise. Bunker Hill is everlastingly dinned into our ears, but when did a Northern historian ever do full justice to King's Mountain?

We are told that in 1861 the North took up arms to free the oppressed and much-abused negro; that they sent their armies down as missionaries. As a matter of fact, fifty per cent of these "missionaries" were foreigners or foreign born, knowing nothing of our institutions and caring still less. Thousands couldn't speak our language; many were imported simply for war purposes, English, Irish, Hessians, French, some from nearly every nation on earth; very, very few came to free the negro. De Tocqueville in 1835 says, "Nowhere is the prejudice against the negro so intolerant, as in those States where servitude has never been known.....he cannot meet the white man upon fair terms either in life or in death." Abraham Lincoln in his inaugural address says, "I believe I have no lawful right to interfere with them (i. e. institutions of slavery), and have no inclination to do so." Eight days before, Sumner had said "Congress has no right to interfere with slavery." The emancipation proclamation was simply a war measure; a mere something to glaze over the true cause. The causing cause of this war was discrimination and sectional taxation.

Let us be thankful that we are still one nation; that slavery has been done away with (for it crippled and almost ruined the South), and let us hope that we will always remain one nation, going on to reach the highest and best, but let us not allow the future generations to believe an untruth. The world has long respected the courage of the South, it must respect her cause. In the words of Thomas H. Benton, "Let us write down our history as a profit to rising generations and extending the knowledge of the kind of men to whom we are indebted for our independence and for the form of government which they established for us."

This book is a step in the right direction; the editor promises to bring out a second volume if properly supported; by all means let us have it, we need it.

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HISTORY OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, BY  
HENRY WATTERSON.

The above is the title of a superbly illustrated, richly bound volume issued by the Werner Company, Akron, Ohio. It is the only authentic history of the Spanish-American War that has so far come to our notice. All the others have, in the main, been merely re-vamped histories of the Cuban War, with some illustrations and a few chapters about the Spanish-American War. Of course, anything written by Henry Watterson would be readable. He, above all other men in America, is fitted by training and experience to write a history of this war, which has brought world renown and glory to our arms. Every line of the book breathes

an enthusiastic spirit of patriotism that is exhilarating and inspiring.

The work contains over 650 pages, a large number of full-page half-tones, together with many rich double page illustrations in ten colors. It is sold by subscription, and will undoubtedly prove money to every intelligent salesman.

# Exchanges.

WM. BERNARD

EDITOR.

Standing one day in good hearing and seeing distance of our deep-voiced Niagara, a companion, who has the habit of always noticing things, brought his vocal organs close to my ear and through the trumpet formed of his hands yelled, "Say, Bill, do you hear that noise the thing's making?" And now, even now amid the thunders of "imperialism" and "expansion," the student who in his college-monthly essays to settle his nation's policy must needs assail our ear with the preface:—"The subject which is to-day engaging the attention of the nation from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific is the thrilling question of Imperialism."

A startling discovery, brothers, ye all be making at the same time. We have difficulty in bestowing credit where credit is due.

In respect of the discussions of the above absorbing topic much that has been said in the College magazines is good, both pro and con, but for the most part only a reproduction of the ideas advanced by able writers in our national periodicals, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Forum* and others. There is nothing very blameworthy in this method of acquiring information, and reproducing that which has been made a part of

ones own thought. But only is this to be considered, that the majority of thoughtful students are constant readers of the heavier magazines, and from past experience of student-treatment (if I may use the phrase) of such topics, hastily turn the pages which contain your contribution in search of stuff that rings truer.

Even the well composed paper, "Expansion—The Policy for America," contributed to the *Baylor Literary* of January is but a reflex of a great northern monthly. Why not get a new point of view if write we must?

Truly that was a deep draught of Edward Bellamy's own concoction you swallowed, my friend of *The Atlantis*. You out Herod Herod. If you will true yourself down a little, we'll back you against Jules Verne. But in sooth a brilliant idea that of using the Great Sahara as a bulletin-board for flash-lights of the latest ball-game on the planet Neptune or some other. When the Great Atlantic Tunnel is laid, when a traveller leaving Europe in a closed car is blown into New York 3 hours before he starts, when the "sky-scrapers" are 200 stories high (4000 ft.), when we can look into the back yards of the inhabitants of Saturn, when we shall have harnessed the tides of the ocean, then, *then* the world looking backward will regard you as a prophet. *vide*:—"Inventions of A. D. 2000," *The Atlantis*.

On the 22nd February last, high carnival held among the fair editors of *The Kalends*—Greek, Latin, French, Italian, good United States, English and U. S. Negro were levied upon for subject matter and form to express the warm emotions the day is supposed to inspire in the male bosom. Odes, Epodes, Sonnets, and Strophe, after Soppo, Horace, Petrarch, Hayne and Sambo pour fourth the pains, and hopes and prayers of Cupid-wounded hearts. Here's the Nigs':

I ain' so ve'y hain'some, and I ain' so ve'y good,  
 And the fac' is I'm mos'ly mighty po',  
 And they say there ain' no reason why on yearth I eveh should  
 Come a-bangin' an' a-knockin' at yo' do'.

But, honey, I has seen you lookin' at me wif yo' eyes  
Kinder smiley, tell I done made up my min'  
'At I'll hide away my razor, and I'll toe up to the line,  
'At I wo'n' steal no mo' chickens 'cept the little lonesome kin';  
'At I'll go on up to Sbiloh, an' I'll tell 'em 'at I'll *jine*,  
If you'll say you wanteh be my Valentine.

*Melissa Hill, 1900.*



Thou hast not loved, young heart;  
    So naught of pain  
Hast known, not felt the dart,  
    That ruthless, vain,  
Thy fondest dreams of happiness hath slain.

Thou hast not loved? I envy thee  
    The perfect sway  
Thou hast o'er joy; for thou art free  
    To have thy way  
And laugh at love and lovers all the day.

Thou hast not loved? I pity thee  
    For all of this;  
The pain of love is joy to me.  
    I know the bliss  
The warm ecstatic sweetness of her kiss.

*Georgetown College Journal.*

# Alumni Notes.

H. M. LONDON.

W. F. BRYAN.

P. T. Cheek, ex-'98, is teaching at Ellerbe, N. C.

R. S. Busbee, '98, is in the general offices, of the Southern Railway at Washington, D. C.

J. A. Jones, '92, is Principal of Roanoke Institute, Weldon, N. C.

R. A. Nunn, ex-'99, is practicing law at Newbern, N. C.

T. H. Battle, '80, has recently been elected Manager of the Rocky Mount Cotton Mills.

H. A. L. Latham, '85, is shipping clerk of The Tate Springs in Tennessee.

Geo. G. Stevens, '96, has associated himself with the Piedmont Industrial and Real Estate Agency at Charlotte under the firm name of Abbott and Stevens.

Jas. J. Slade, '52, Capt. C. S. A. and ex-mayor of Columbus, Ga., has been recently elected Principal of St. Elmo Institute of that city.

A tablet to the memory of Col. R. L. Patterson, '51, has recently been placed in Memorial Hall.

Augustus Van Wyck, '64, ex-judge of Brooklyn City Court, has been prominently mentioned as a presidential candidate in 1900.

O. H. Dockery, Jr., Law '94-'95, and T. H. Newland, '94-'95, have been recently appointed to second-lieutenancies in the regular army.

A Review of the thesis of J. E. Mattocks, '95, —The Lateral Sensory Aulage in the Salmon, Anat. Anzeiger Bd. 13— for the Master's degree '96, has appeared in the recently issued volume for 1896 (pp 336—37) of the Ergebnisse der Anatomie und Entwicklungsgeschichte.

In pursuance of the plan inaugurated in our last issue of taking up the different leading towns of the State and showing the influential stand taken everywhere by alumni of the University, we present below the names and occupations of the alumni now residing in Charlotte.

Samuel J. Gilmer, 1838—'39, Prominent Shoe Merchant.

J. L. Morehead, A. B., 1853, Col. C. S. A., Capitalist and Manufacturer.

John H. McAden, 1853—54, Physician.

Richard A. Torrence, A. B., 1855, Capt. C. S. A., Planter.

Joseph Graham, A. B., 1857, Capt. C. S. A., Physician.

Wm. S. Williams, 1857—'58, Hotelist.

S. B. Alexander, A. B., 1860, Capt. C. S. A., ex-Congressman, Planter.

Thos. Hill Haughton, A. B., 1861, Capt. C. S. A., Insurance Agent.

Platt D. Walker, 1865—'67, Lawyer, President of State Bar Association.

Alexander Graham, A. B., 1865, Sup't City Schools.

George W. Graham, A. B., 1868, C. S. A., Physician.

Lucian Holmes Walker, A. B., 1881, with Mecklenburg Iron Works.

John Francis Wilkes, Ph.B., 1881, Manufacturer.

Wm. Alexander Graham, 1882—'83, Physician.

Heriot Clarkson, 1883—'84, Lawyer.

Henry Adolphus London, 1884—'86, Merchant.

Chas. Henry Duls, 1887, Lawyer.

Wm. James Yates, 1887—'88, Lawyer.

Henry Neal Pharr, 1888—'89, Lawyer.

Wm. Ross Robertson, 1890—'93, Insurance.

Frank McRae Shannonhouse, 1891—'93, Lawyer.

Ralph Van Landingham, 1892—'94, In Southern Railway office.

Eugene Berrien Graham, 1892—'95, Charlotte Supply Co.

Frank Ryan Harty, 1892—'95, Travelling Salesman.

George G. Stevens, Ph.B., '96, Real Estate Agent.

Wm. Elbert Farrior, 1894—'97, Merchant.

Percy Moran Thompson, 1894—'97, Lawyer.

Edward K. Graham, Ph.B., '98, Assistant Principal Charlotte Military Institute.

C. A. Brenizer, Law, '98, Lawyer.

E. C. Ray, ex-'99, Travelling Salesman.

A. A. Burwell, Jr., ex-'99, Travelling Salesman.

Adlai Osborne, ex-'99, Architect.

Frank S. McNinch, Law, '99, Lawyer.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

We the committee appointed to draw up resolutions of respect on the death of our fellow member W. R. Tucker, beg leave to submit the following report:

PHILANTHROPIC HALL,

Feb. 11, 1899.

Whereas, God in his inscrutable providence has seen fit to take from us our fellow member W. R. Tucker, We, the members of the Philanthropic Society while bowing in humble submission to the Divine call cannot but mourn his loss.

*Resolved:* That we extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

*Resolved:* That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Society and sent to the college periodicals for publication.

W. F. BRYAN	} Committee.
J. W. HINSDALE	
G. V. COWPER	

PHILANTHROPIC HALL,

Feb. 18, 1899.

Whereas, God in His infinite mercy has seen fit to take from among us one, who was beloved and honored not only by his Society, but also by his University, his State, and his Country, We, the members of the Philanthropic Society, while bowing in humble submission to the call of Almighty God and realizing our great loss in the death

of Doctor Manning, know that the example of his noble life will continue in the future to exert an influence upon our lives even as it has in the past.

And whereas, we the members of the Philanthropic Society having gathered together out of respect and in memory of Dr. John Manning, our esteemed Professor of Law, have hereby drawn up the following resolutions:

*Resolved 1st.* That this Society as one extend to the sorrowing family their deep and most sincere sympathy.

*Resolved 2nd.* That our Hall be draped until after commencement.

*Resolved 3rd.* That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family.

*Resolved 4th.* That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Society, and be published in the *Tar Heel*, University MAGAZINE and State papers.

J. H. PRATT, Chairman,	} Committee.
E. D. BROADHURST.	
A. J. BARWICK,	
J. F. STOKES,	
J. K. DOZIER.	

# College Record.

FRANCIS M. OSBORNE.

ALONZO E. CATES.

Mr. Percy Whitaker, '98, was in town last week.

Mr. Harper, '99, Elon College came down to hear the annual debate.

Mr. W. D. Pritchard, '01, has received a \$2,000 clerkship at Havana.

\$7,500 was appropriated by the Legislature for a water supply at the University.

Prof. J. A. Holmes has been appointed one of the Commissioners to the Paris Exposition.

Mr. Frank W. Cook, ex-'97, recently graduated at West Point, standing 29th in a class of 72.

Dr. Thos. Clark delivered a lecture before the Chemical Society in Raleigh at its meeting in February.

The debate with the University of Georgia took place March 17, at Athens, resulting in a victory for Carolina.

The Senior photographers have practically finished their work here, and will complete the photos in Durham.

Many new books have been added to the library this spring. "Red Rock" is a great favorite here as elsewhere.

Our first game of ball for the season was played with Horner March 8th. The score was 'Varsity 24, Horner 2.

Dr. Hume, of the Department of English, recently delivered a lecture in High Point on "The Bible and Social Progress."

Dr. Chas. Baskerville was elected president of the North Carolina Chemical Association, at a meeting held several weeks ago.

The people of Guilford College were greatly delighted by a lecture from our talented and interesting Prof. Cobb, a few weeks ago.

Dr. Thos. Hume has accepted an invitation to deliver two lectures before the Southern Biblical Assembly in Charlotte, N. C., June 24—27.

It has been a great deal of pleasure to the University to have Rev. Howard Rondthaler, '94, here again for a few days as University Preacher.

The D. K. E. fraternity gave two receptions to Miss Rosamond May of Boston, Mass., which were sources of great enjoyment to those who attended.

Prof. J. Crawford Biggs, of the School of Law here, was elected Secretary and Treasurer of the State Bar Association recently organized at Raleigh.

Dr. Pratt, who gave a course here last spring known as Geology 8 a, has rented the residence of F. K. Ball, a former Professor of Greek in the University.

Appropriate exercises were held on Washington's birthday in Gerrard Hall, Mr. H. P. Harding, '99, presiding. Messrs. Bernard, Phi. and Osborne, Di. were the orators of the day. Dr. K. P. Battle, Professor of History, made the closing address. The speaking was all of a very superior kind.

The lecture of Walter Page, Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, delivered in Gerrard Hall, March 9th, was one of rare power and interest. North Carolina may well be proud of such a son.

In the semi-annual inter-society debate Messrs. Thompson and Klutz of the Di will represent the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished." Messrs. Cowper and Stern will speak for the negative. The debate will come off sometime in April.

In the eleventh annual inter-society debate, held in the Phi. Hall on March 4th, Messrs. A. E. Cates and Jno. M. Greenfield of the Di., represented the affirmative, and Messrs. D. P. Parker and B. B. Lane, Jr., of the Phi., the negative of the query—*Resolved*, "That the U. S. should annex Cuba, provided a majority of the people of Cuba ask for annexation." The Committee decided in favor of the negative.

The concert given in February by the Chapel Hill Choral Society was all that could be asked for. The rendering of each and every piece was magnificent. Miss Lawson, Soprano, and Mr. Dauer, Violinist, were both encored everytime, and the enthusiastic applause which drew Miss Lawson to the rostrum a second time best shows the keen appreciation of her lovely voice. Few can tell with what perfection Mr. Dauer drew many and varied notes from his violin. Mrs. Whitehead and Miss McLinn at the piano added much pleasure to the evening.

The committee of inspection, appointed by the Committee on Education of the General Assembly, visited the University in February. After prayers on the morning following their arrival, they made appropriate and interesting speeches in the Chapel, each avowing his devotion to the University, and promising us an increased appropriation for a water supply, which promise was not for naught. The committee consisted of Hons. H. Clay Wall, of Richmond county, R. L. Smith, of Stanley, Chairman of the Senate Committee, Locke Craige, of Buncombe, Chairman of the House Committee on Education, James, of Pitt, Davis, of Franklin, Bryan, of Madison, Williams, of Yadkin, Mauney, of Cherokee, and Williams of Cumberland.

Our spring weather seems to have the virtue which tradition gives it in evolving poetic effort. The following lines, entitled "A Plea for Co-Education" and signed "A 'Varsity Boy" were recently submitted:

Is it fair when the daughters of N. C.  
 We welcome to the 'Varsity  
 That the privilege of the N. & I.  
 To us in turn the girls deny?

Officers of the University Moot Court for 1899:—

Judge,	J. Crawford Biggs.
Assistant Judge,	Z. Vance Turlington.
Solicitor,	D. Lester Russell.
Clerk of Court,	Benjamin F. Kelley.
Sheriff,	J. H. McCall.

Officers of the Law Class.

President,	J. F. Newell.
Vice President,	J. W. Cobb.
Treasurer,	B. B. Miller.

This ball-tone was made from a very old and very inferior mixture, hence  
its appearance. Printed by Barrett-Walker Co. - 34



JOHNSTON BLAKELEY.

From a photograph, by Prof. Collier Cobb, of a portrait taken from a miniature at Rock Rest, the home of Ed. Jones, Esq., Solicitor General for North Carolina.

[This half-tone was made from a very old and very inferior miniature, hence its appearance. Printed by Everett Wadley Co.—Ed.]

# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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## CAPTAIN JOHNSTON BLAKELY.

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Johnston Blakely, the subject of this sketch, was born in October, 1781, at Seaford, in County Down, Ireland. In 1783 his father, Mr. John Blakely, together with his wife and two young sons, emigrated to America and landed at Charleston, S. C. In the next year he moved to Wilmington, N. C., accompanied only by his son Johnston. According to some authorities his wife and youngest son died at sea.

Soon after his arrival in Wilmington Mr. Blakely made the acquaintance of Col. Edward Jones, a fellow countryman by birth, the first Solicitor General of North Carolina. Mr. Blakely succeeded well in the mercantile business in Wilmington, so that when he died in 1797 he left, on account of his fast friendship, Col. Jones to be the executor of his will and guardian of his son, who was amply provided for. Young Blakely had been sent by his father to the celebrated gram-

mar school at Flatbush, on Long Island. Here he was prepared for the then infant University of North Carolina which he entered in the fall of 1797.

The records of the Philanthropic Society, to which he belonged while in college, show that he entered his name as "Johnston Blakely, of Chatham," thus showing that Wheeler in his history was mistaken in stating Wilmington as his place of residence. As a matter of fact Blakely was a mere boy when he left that city and it is certain that he always designated Col. Jones' Rock-Rest residence on the banks of the Haw in Chatham as his home.

At this time Blakely is described as being strikingly handsome, with bright, black, flashing eyes and teeth of exceeding whiteness. He was rather small in stature, but compact and muscular. Although somewhat reserved among strangers, he was gay and cheerful when at home. From his youth up, it is said, he always commanded respect and won the affections of all who knew him. His portrait taken from a miniature likeness which was left at his home in Chatham, now hangs in the Philanthropic Society Hall.

About one year after Blakely's entrance into the University, the property from which he derived his means of support was suddenly swept away by fire and although offered assistance by his generous guardian, his high spirit and independent nature caused him to decline the proffered aid. He determined to enter the United States Navy for his life-work when the first opportunity presented itself. Accordingly through the influence of Col. Jones he secured the position of

Midshipman in the navy which he accepted in October, 1800. Although this was at a time when the country was at peace he did not spend his time in idleness, but in acquiring knowledge and in preparing himself for the events of the unknown future. From this time on he rose step by step in his profession so that when war broke out with Great Britain in 1812 we find him in command of the U. S. Brig *Enterprise*. Although this vessel was rather a heavy, slow-going sea-craft, Blakely handled her with such skill as to make several captures, one of which is narrated by her commander in the following report to the Secretary of the Navy dated U. S. Brig *Enterprise*, Portsmouth, N. H., August 20th, 1813:

“Sir: I have the honor to report to you the capture of the British privateer schooner, “*The Fly*.” She was captured yesterday afternoon off Cape Porpoise, after a chase of eight hours.

Very Respectfully,

(Signed) Johnston Blakely.”

Blakely did not remain in command of this vessel long for he was soon transferred and promoted to the command of the U. S. Sloop-of-war *Wasp*, then in process of construction. All of the next winter Captain Blakely remained on shore superintending the building, rigging and equipment of the *Wasp* and enlisting and training her men. On May 1st, 1814, Capt. Blakely set sail from Portsmouth, N. H., with a full complement of officers and men aboard, and soon appeared in the chops of the British channel. This was destined to be Blakely's last and by far most brilliant cruise.

\* His ship, which was rated as a first class sloop, carried 22 guns with a crew of 179 men. He captured on this cruise thirteen British merchantmen and two sloops-of-war, *The Reindeer* and *The Avon*. These deeds are written in his country's history and form one of its brightest pages.

The Sloop-of-war *Reindeer* was taken and burned, June 28th, after a hard fought engagement, much bravery being shown on both sides. For this heroic achievement Blakely received a gold medal by vote of Congress, thus being recognized by that body as one of the nation's naval heroes. After refitting in a French port he was again scouring the seas in search of British prizes, and after the capture of the *Avon* Sept. 1, in a desperately fought engagement, the *Wasp* on Sept. 21, 1814, captured the *Atalanta* off the Madeira Islands. This rich prize was sent through the blockade and reached Savannah in safety,

This is the last authentic account we have of Blakely and his crew. It is thought that he made his way to the West Indies and in November started homeward; that he met a heavy armed vessel off Charleston bar and, an engagement resulting, that the *Wasp* went down with all her crew. If this be true, and the round of heavy firing off the coast distinctly heard about the time when the *Wasp* presumably was on the American coast makes it probable, her fate was most pathetic. Her commander was returning home in triumph, his vessel laden with wealth and his brow crowned with laurels bravely won; his crew had the most unbounded confidence in their commander. A desperate conflict with

this British frigate—twice the size of the *Wasp*—ensued. Blakely and his men beat off the British foe and caused her to sheer off, we are told. But it was a dearly purchased victory, for the *Wasp* was crippled to her death, and in the very moment of victory this noble ship with her noble Captain and her gallant crew finds a watery grave amidst the waves of the Atlantic.

Blakely was undoubtedly one of our country's greatest naval commanders and is so ranked by the best historians. Theodore Roosevelt mentions him along with Decatur and Jones, and says, "It is no small glory to a country to have had such men upholding the honor of its flag." The General Assembly of North Carolina presented him with a handsome sword in acknowledgment of deeds that "reflected honor upon North Carolina as being performed by one of her sons."

In April, 1814, Captain Blakely was married to Miss Jane Ann Hooper, of Boston, a daughter of an old friend of his father. To them was born a daughter, Udney Maria. When the sad fate of her father became known Judge Archibald DeBow Murphy introduced a resolution in the General Assembly of North Carolina that Captain Blakely's child should be educated at the expense of the State. This resolution was unanimously passed on the 27th of December, 1816, and until 1830 the sum of six hundred dollars was annually appropriated for the support of the child. This same child grew up beautiful and accomplished. She married Baron Joseph Von Briton and removed to the West Indies where she died childless about a year after her marriage.

The race of Johnston Blakely is extinct but his name will ever live as that of a fearless, gallant captain, and his brilliant career, tho' short, will cause him to be ranked in history along with Perry, Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, Jones, Porter, McDonough and Stewart—the great naval heroes of the War of 1812.

HENRY MAUGER LONDON, '99.

## MONSIEUR MELANCHOLY.

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The dramatist who held "as 'twere, the mirror up to nature" and in his own wonderful way cast the impression of life in all its fullness upon a canvas before mankind of all ages, did not fail to picture in bold relief that deeply rooted tendency of English if not of universal human nature, melancholy. The genius of melancholy is sketched in its various phases throughout Shakespeare's drama of life; we might trace it in almost every play, though sometimes there is depicted only an occasional fit of sadness, a mere hypochondriacal seizure, as in the case of Antonio, the merchant of Venice, whose temporary dejection, the general topic of conversation at the beginning of the play, indicates no victim to sentimental passion but the temperament in which, as Boas says, "Emotion takes the more masculine and solid form of friendship." Hamlet maddened by noble grief, inspired by righteous wrath, driven to desperation by loss and suffering, is the embodiment of the melancholy, intense and terrible, which follows the destruction of lofty youthful ideals. Romeo languishing under a love unrequited but half imagined and unreal, and later knowing real passion, haunted by a vague presentiment of evil, "crazed with care" and "crossed in hopeless love" was indeed "star-crossed" and

"Melancholy marked him for her own."

In the forest of Arden, in the company of Rosalind, in the enchanted atmosphere of "As You Like It," we would cry "Hence, loathed melancholy!" But the spirit of Jacques is there, out of harmony with the surroundings, yet a necessary part of the plan, serving to heighten the effect of comedy, making stronger through contrast the main characters of the play, representing the purely contemplative side of life which will thrust itself into prominence even in the forest of Arden. The melancholy Jacques cannot be suppressed even though

"Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancies' child

Warble his native woodnotes wilde,"

as he does so beautifully in this pastoral play, full of the freshness and fragrance and sylvan beauty of a "Midsummer Night's Dream," whose guiding spirit is, instead of the fun-loving Puck, the heavenly Rosalind, the play picturing the forest life of a banished duke and his co-mates in exile who find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

In this life of the forest it is care that is banished. It is as if

"Young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holiday,"

and again

"The hounds and horn  
Clearly rouse the slumbring morn,"

music penetrates,

"Untwisting all the cords that tie

The hidden soul of harmony"——  
"And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

The melancholy Jacques is first referred to in Act II, Scene I, of "As You Like It," as moaning over the spectacle of a wounded stag, this circumstance proving, it seems to us, not the index to an "amiable, gentle and humane disposition," ascribed to Jacques by Skottowe but only the excuse for a "thousand similes." The key to Jacques' character may be found in the duke's question, "Did he not moralize the spectacle?" His province is to moralize, but this moralizing which the duke sometimes finds interesting, these reflections on all situations of life result in nothing. Jacques never acts, neither his own life nor the life around him is in the least affected by his thought and his pessimism has no great disturbing power. His enthusiasm and eagerness to hear more of Amiens' music is merely, he says himself, because he can "suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs." For him, as Fletcher had expressed it, there is

"Nothing so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy."

His philosophy ends in this;

"There's naught in this life sweet,

If man were wise to see it,

But only melancholy;

Oh, sweetest melancholy."

He revels in melancholy, would be miserable without it, would not part with it for the world, is in

ecstasy when he finds a "fool in the forest," moralizing in his own vein, almost loses his melancholy in the joy "that fools should be so deeply contemplative," would turn fool himself for the purpose of "chiding sin" and is by no means disconcerted when the duke reproaches him, reminding him that he has been a libertine. The duke's observation,

"This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play,"

which is called forth by the entrance of Orlando, seeking food for Adam, is seized upon with delight by Jacques as a text and elaborately he enlarges it, proclaiming sententiously, "All the world's a stage, etc.," as he translates the *Totus mundus agit histrionem* inscribed over the entrance to the Globe Theatre. The pictures of the seven ages, given by Jacques, could not proceed, Maginn says, from a man very heavy at heart, for he enumerates merely those stages of life from the cradle to the grave which are common to all mankind, and shows no realization, no comprehension of the real misery and woe which "flesh is heir to." Jacques' account of man's life is characteristic of the morbid nature and clearly reveals the fantastic sneerer and cynic.

Touchstone and Jacques are admirably contrasted in dialogue; the former, as one of the critics states, is "shrewd, sharp, worldly, witty, keen, gibing, observant," is entirely lacking in the deeply contemplative but superficial nature of the melancholy Jacques. Jacques loves solitude, his only object in companionship is

that he may have someone to "rail" with him "against our mistress the world and all our misery." His own definition of his melancholy is strikingly acute. He truly says, "It is a melancholy of mine own"—not the melancholy of scholar, musician, courtier, soldier, lawyer, lady nor lover, for all these types of melancholy imply a cause and the possibility of relief and escape from gloom and sorrow in case the cause were removed. For these victims of melancholy it is still true that "Hope springs eternal in the human breast" and impels to action. All yearn and strive for a glimpse of the sunlight behind the cloud. But the melancholy of Jacques is permanent and ineradicable, a type of its own peculiar kind, not confined to one individual of the forest of Arden, but ever present as a discordant element somewhere in the life about us. Jacques' melancholy is his very life and he is content so long as it wraps him in that most "humorous sadness." The mere subject of melancholy has a fascination for Jacques, he loves to analyze it, makes the brilliant diagnosis of his own case and displays remarkable familiarity with the malady in general and in its various phases, reminding us of Burton in that curiosity of literature, "The Anatomy of Melancholy," seeking to give in his alarmingly elaborate and erudite form the seat, varieties, causes, symptoms, and cures of melancholy. For Jacques, however, there is no interest in remedies, for his melancholy, as has been said, is his most cherished possession. Jacques' part in the closing scene of "As You Like It" is thoroughly characteristic. When there is a general happy culmination

to the sojourn in the forest, Jacques takes his leave of his companions to join the once usurping duke, now a "convertite," as he is just entering upon the hermit's life, replying to the invitations to witness the nuptials and join in the revelry in his most emphatic way, "To see no pastime, I!"

Jacques is one of the remarkable conceptions of Shakespeare, stands apart from all around him, is different in nature from Touchstone, the peasants and the characters of high life; his self-sufficiency is equal to that of Malvolio, his self-appreciation to that of a Benedick, his bitterness and cynicism to that of Don John, though he has not the maliciousness and evil design of the last; he seems akin to Shakespeare's fools, yet is entirely lacking in Falstaff's ingenuity, in fact shares scarcely a trait with him and is almost an opposite of Feste, Olivia's fool, who studied to please while jesting, suiting his words to the mood of his listener. Jacques should have been Monsieur Melancholy in an old Morality play, as someone has suggested.

The melancholy of "As You Like It" is concentrated in the melancholy Jacques, unless the varying moods of Rosalind, who cannot forget a banished father in the life of court, who again is momentarily depressed on account of love for Orlando, be considered, or we take into account a slight and rapidly passing melancholic tendency in Orlando.

The fascination of Jacques is too great for George Sand, who has allowed imagination to run riot and pictured Jacques in her "Comme Il Vous Plaira," not

as the unique factor in an underplot, but as the real hero, far eclipsing Rosalind and Orlando in interest, and has crowned her erroneous conception by the marriage of Jacques to Celia. Strange match indeed! The Jacques who could marry at all, who could love at all, is not the melancholy Jacques, the blasé sentimentalist of "As You Like It," but a totally different character. Thus the motive of the comedy is entirely changed.

The eminent critic Brandes has in his truly original, ingenious and interesting analysis of Jacques, wandered far from any conception which appears warrantable by the text of the play; his sympathies have been so far enlisted by the constant sadness and skillful moralizing of Jacques as to cause him to spiritualize and idealize him to an extent almost incredible. Brandes eulogizes Jacques until, in his dreaming, he sees him as the very incarnation of Shakespeare. Shakespeare may have recorded many of his own traits and opinions in his characters but they are doubtless fused into the general life so as to be inseparable, the object of his work being not the demonstration of any theory or the perpetuating of his own or any other real character, but the chronicling of every phase of life. As Samuel Johnson said,

"Each change of many colored life he drew  
Exhausted worlds and then imagin'd new."

Shakespeare is known to the world as both grave and genial, not melancholic. Even if his Sonnets reveal something of darkness and gloom in his own life, we imagine he had nothing of the view of the cynical

Epicurean "Eat, drink, and be merry for to-morrow you die." Certainly the great panorama of life he has spread before us in his writings conveys more to the human mind than the hopeless philosophy—"While you live, Drink! for once dead you never shall return." Instead of formulating such a theory or lapsing into the melancholy of Jacques and shutting himself from the world, it is felt that Shakespeare could say at least with Tennyson,

"The shade by which my life was crost  
Has made me kindly with my kind."

Hardly would Shakespeare have selected as his mouth-piece, to give voice to melancholic sentiments of his own, Jacques, the misanthrope, the embodiment of *ennui*.

It is not conceivable that Shakespeare intended Jacques for a superior type of character, as some of the critics seem inclined to believe, for according to the law of natural consequences his early life and character could not lead to any lofty plane. His whole moral nature had been undermined and ruined by that goddess of revenge who follows Shakespeare's characters so closely. Shakespeare hardly held the doctrine "Of life outliving hearts of youth," and at any rate, we think, did not preach it as a truth in the case of Jacques. His Hal can not be cited to prove the contrary, for Hal was not contaminated by his low company.

No doubt Shakespeare felt deeply the terrible truths of life; no doubt he had his moments of extreme depression, knew the song of the

“Sweet bird, that shun’st the noise of folly  
Most musical, most melancholy,”

and felt the beauty of the “cherub, contemplation.” But we do not see with Brandes the analogy between the gloom in the forest of Arden was for no purpose but to

“Feed with sighs a passing wind.”

Perhaps the most charitable construction to put upon the character of Jacques is that he was suffering from a species of real insanity known to-day as *Melancholia*.

In depicting melancholy Shakespeare gives due prominence to the type which springs from fancy as distinct from that arising from the deepest feeling. In duke Orsino and Olivia of “*Twelfth Night*,” we have two distinct phases of melancholy; Orsino living in despondency and dejection and inaction suffers merely from a fancied love unreturned, Olivia, playing the part of a recluse, vowing to seclude herself from the world for fourteen years in memory of a dead brother, is making grief itself artificial. Viola,

“Never told her love.....

.....She pined in thought

And with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat like patience on a monument

Smiling at grief.”

However mistaken Viola’s general course, according to modern standards, her feeling was real and resulted in energy and action.

There is something beautiful in the "Sad Shepherd," the gentle Eglamour, as he is pictured by Ben Jonson, wandering in search of the lost Earine, crying in his sorrow when urged to join his fellows, and enjoy the solace of the Spring—"A spring, now she is dead!" Our sympathy for him is akin to that felt for the crazed Ophelia strewing flowers in her anguish. In the melancholy of the Sad Shepherd we see sorrow and deep gloom, glorified by the strength of pure and noble love, a melancholy almost divine.

Far removed from the melancholy arising from the depth of intense feeling and in contrast to it is the affected pessimism of Jacques, a misanthropy springing, like that of Childe Harold, from base living. Both Childe Harold and Jacques, were

"Of moody texture from their earliest day  
And loved to live in darkness and dismay."

Milton has thrown himself with all his soul, as Mr. Hales has shown, into his portrait of *Il Penseroso*. His nature appears in his poem. He reveals his real sympathy not for *L'Allegro* but *Il Penseroso*, for the temperament depressed, yielding to melancholy, inclined to study, loving music, charmed by the nightingale; he idealizes the character until he invests it with the mystical power of a *vates*, believing that he shall, as Milton himself hoped to do

..... "Attain  
To something like prophetic strain."

Milton's melancholy is of an order too high to admit of classification. Another word than melancholy is

needed to designate and describe the tendency of his mind, which almost seems the result of contact with the Infinite. In the character of Il Penseroso there is nothing of the cynicism of Jacques. For Milton, this life is something more than sighs. Il Penseroso is the type of the grave rather than the sad spirit. With the

“Pensive nun, devout and pure”

Milton wanders, as says Taine, “amidst grave thoughts and grave sights which recall a man to his condition and prepare him for his duties.”

The melancholy Jacques lives forever in the world, as well as on Shakespeare’s page, where he is known as an inimitable and immortal creation, one of the dramatist’s masterpieces. But Jacques inspires no homage. In his presence there is no impulse to cry out “Hail! divinest melancholy!”

BESSIE LEWIS WHITAKER.

## DID THIS EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

---

When you were quite green—just about eighteen,  
Were you timid and awkward and shy?  
Were there bumps on your face and in every place  
Where company was, did you try  
To feel like the others did, too?  
Did this ever happen to you?

Did your feet feel as large as an ocean barge?  
Did your elbows take up a whole room?  
Your voice, did it squeak, when you tried speak,  
Or sound like the hoarse horn of doom,  
That thrilled your kind hearers all through?  
Did this ever happen to you?

Did you love every lass that happened to pass,  
But were you afraid one to meet?  
Were you both hot and cold, when you grew so bold  
As to offer your love at one's feet?  
Oh say, were you all of a stew?  
Did this ever happen to you?

And did your girl smile, and then love you awhile,  
Or at least pretend that she did?  
Then for some other coon kick you high as the moon,  
And say you were only a kid?  
And then, oh say, were you blue?  
Did that ever happen to you?

J. W. GREENING, '00.

## ELECTION OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.

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[This is the first speech on the negative, following Mr. P. H. Doyal of Georgia, delivered by Mr. E. D. Broadhurst of North Carolina, in the Inter-Collegiate Debate between the University of Georgia and the University of North Carolina, held at Athens, Ga., March 17, 1899, on the query, "Resolved, That United States Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people." Time allowed each speaker, thirty minutes. The speech delivered by Mr. T. C. Bowie of North Carolina will appear in the June issue of the MAGAZINE. —ED.]

MR. CHAIRMAN, GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE,  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

The general question for discussion to-night is: Shall we give to every citizen of this state the right to his vote *directly* for U. S. Senators who represent this State as a political being in the national legislature.

It appears to us that there are just *two* points to be considered in dealing with this change.

1st. Let us see *if the present indirect mode of election by legislatures is not in harmony with our system of Representative Democracy.*

If we can show you that the present *indirect mode of election* is in harmony with our system of Representative Government, then Sirs—why should the indirect mode of electing Senators be changed unless the indirect mode of electing or appointing every other government officer be changed also? Are not the President and Vice-President both elected indirectly by the people? Every officer that the President appoints—does

he not represent the people even though he is elected indirectly? The Supreme Court Judges, the Federal Judges, all Ambassadors and Ministers, the cabinet officers, your post masters, etc., are all subject to indirect election. Do they not represent the people even though they are elected indirectly?

Thus we see there is nothing strange or out of order that U. S. Senators should be elected indirectly by the legislatures since our whole scheme of Representative Government is founded upon *delegated power* and *indirect election*.

Sirs—You cannot attack the present mode of electing Senators as being out of harmony, without declaring our whole system of Representative Government to be an inharmonious conglomeration of inconsistencies that ought to be changed from *bottom to top*.

Now that we see the present mode of indirectly electing Senators is in harmony with our scheme of Representative Government—there can be no reason for changing the present mode and making it direct unless you wish to *tear down* our whole system of government and in its stead place an absolute Democracy in which every man can vote directly for every officer from President to County Constable.

Now if you do away with all representatives and let the people act directly you must solve the problem of holding elections as it was solved in the western part of N. C., by letting every candidate pass around his hat and return quietly to his home to count the votes.

Imagine Bryan and McKinley canvassing under such conditions. I know Georgia would help tear down the

“Cross of Gold” but I am sorely afraid the “Crown of Thorns” would remain unmoved if Mark Hanna helped McKinley count his votes.

If you wish an absolute Democracy, in which alone your scheme will fit, instead of a Representative government such as we have to-day, then you have a right, yes an inalienable right, to clamor for the proposed change that you fancy will make us a greater and more progressive people.

But mind you—If an absolute Democracy was a failure in the Grecian Cities; if it was a failure in the Italian Provinces; if it has been a failure wherever and whenever history has seen it tried, in cities and small republics; it stands to reason, that an absolute Democracy would ruin this government of seventy millions of people.

Now let us see *if the present mode of election has not given the best results possible under any conditions.*

We admit that it has not given the most desirable results in States where politics has reached the low water mark. The present mode was not created and adopted to send a noble statesman from a state which was full of millionaires, machines and party manipulators. But the present mode was adopted to select from any state the highest product of the politics in that state. And I leave it with any committee if Mark Hanna and Quay are not the highest products of the politics of their parties in their respective states.

Again let me ask the gentlemen of the affirmative if they dare to argue that Georgia's line of illustrious Senators, extending over a period of one hundred and

ten years, hasn't been the highest product of their State's politics? I hardly think they will. When you are prepared to argue that your past Senators have not been true representative Georgians, when you are prepared to declare to the world that your state legislature has reached such a degraded point that it cannot be trusted with the most important duties pertaining to State sovereignty, then and not till then are you prepared to clamor for this change.

You will always find it the case that a state which has a high standard in politics has little trouble in electing the statesman. Sirs—If you would reform the Senate you must reform the people, for as the people are so will the Senate be. The Senate as a whole is a representative body and can justly reply to those who clamor for reform, "Physician heal thyself." If it happens that a corrupt man reaches the U. S. Senate through his State Legislature, by referring to his state's local government you will find no better man filling the Governor's chair.

You cannot have a pure legislative body or pure representative of any kind if you have behind it a corrupt people.

The mode of election is not to be blamed. It is the rottenness of Ohio's politics that has sent Mark Hanna to the Senate. Are we in the South to suffer because of Ohio's failures? The same method that placed debauched millionaires from the degraded politics of a few north-western states in the Senate, that same method sends honest, able, true statesmen from all over the South where politics has not reached a degraded point.

A method of election is not hopelessly bad that sends a Hawley from Connecticut; a Beverage from Indiana; a Daniel from Virginia; a Morgan from Alabama; a Davis from Mississippi; a Benton from Missouri; a Vance from North Carolina; a Toombs and a Hill from Georgia. Surely that method cannot be hopelessly bad.

Do not your present Senators represent the highest product of Georgia's politics? History tells us that your mistakes in Senatorial elections have been few. That you have always honored the people's choice and secured the expression of their deliberate will. Was not Crisp the people's favorite? But he passed away ere honor could claim her own.

We have shown to you that the present indirect mode of election is in harmony with our representative form of government, and second that the present mode always acts with the best results possible under any conditions. And that is all any mode can do. Therefore we should not change the present method of choice unless it can be shown beyond a reasonable doubt that the method of direct election, if instituted, would give us Senates in the future that would excel the Senates of the past both morally and intellectually.

Think for a moment how we have developed under the Senates elected by the legislature. A century ago we were thirteen states along the Atlantic coast. To-day vast Rail Roads have joined the Atlantic and Pacific, the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. The Church has gained its rightful place in our advancement. Education has been fostered and has wrought wonders in our striving. Our population has increased

a hundred fold to occupy the Western field from which thirty-two states have sprung and been admitted into the family of states. Mediaeval Spain has made room for our progress. Yes, the soberest historian records the story of our commercial development and it reads like a fairy tale.

You will remember that in 1890 this country passed through a great crisis. The House of Representatives gave an overwhelming majority in favor of the infamous "Forcé Bill," or Lodge election law. But the Senate, true to its nature, stemmed the tide that threatened our progress and the welfare of our Southland was preserved. Think Sirs—What would have been the action of the Senate if it too had been composed of the direct representatives of the people.

Never yet have we had a Federal election law. But the gentlemen argue for such a curse in their ardent plea for an absolute Democracy. The same argument used for the direct election of Senators applies with equal force to the direct election of the President and Vice-President by the people. Grant the one and the people will demand the other. The two movements go hand in hand. Now when Senators, Vice-President and Presidents are all elected by the direct vote of the people, pray, tell me what arguments can you set forth against the passage of a Federal election law; against federal officials holding your elections?

Not only does the burden of proof rest upon the affirmative to prove to you beyond all doubt that direct elections will do as well in the future as indirect representative elections have done in the past, for that

would be no reason for such a deep-seated change; but they must prove that *direct elections*, if instituted, would secure to us a greater prosperity in the future and create Senates that will better act as the balance wheel to too *vicious and hasty legislation*.

Our fathers in creating the Lower House of Congress intended that it should represent the people directly. In creating the Senate they had something more in view than a second house of representatives whose members should be directly from the people. The Senate was to represent the states as equals, and we mean by the word State something more than a mere mass of individuals. It was to be a court of sovereigns where every sovereign was to have an equal voice. Thus we see they created a government of *checks* and *balances*. Every proposed act would have had to be judged from two separate authorities—from two different points of view, namely, that of the people and that of the state. The Senate Chamber was to be a hall of deliberation where North Carolina and Georgia could meet New York and Pennsylvania as equal sovereign states. And lastly the Senate was created that we might have a body to represent deliberation in the expression of the popular will by the length of the term of office of its members and by its *removal* from the *direct popular* vote in the method of choice.

Just here the Senate is attacked and we propose to show you that if the method of choice which is now removed is made direct that the essential character of the Senate will be destroyed in each of these particulars—that you will destroy the Senate of our fathers,

the Senate that has guided us thus far—and in its stead the method of direct election will place a second House of Representatives to act as a check upon the present House in passionate moods.

The Constitutional Convention of 1787 recognized the fact that two Houses composed of representatives directly from the people could not be a sufficient check and they voted down this very mode of direct election, not because they thought the people were not supreme, but because they knew the people had learned to act through representatives, because they knew that a state's chosen legislature was legally, by the people's consent, the best and only true representative body of a state to perform such an important act of sovereignty.

But the opposition declare to you that the framers of our Constitution distrusted the people, and that that distrust accounts for the present indirect representative mode of electing U. S. Senators.

The Constitutional Convention, composed partly of the same men who signed the Declaration of Independence in '76, gave to the world a sign of the purest, noblest trust in the people. Its trust in the people was sublimer than that of any other body of men who have gathered together in human history. As Mr. Hoar says "They were laying deep the foundations of what was hoped would be an eternal structure. Every stone, every beam, every rafter, was laid in confidence of the wisdom and justice of the people and their eternal capacity for self-government."

Trust in the people was with them an article of profoundest religious faith. They derived that doctrine

of human equality which they placed in the fore-front of that Declaration, from the word of God, as they read and interpreted it. Surely you do not mean to say that those men who placed the great declaration of natural rights at the very foundation of their government and pledged all that was dear to them on earth to maintain them, distrusted the people. Sirs—It was not because the framers of our constitution distrusted the people says Mr. Hear, it was because they *trusted* the people that they confidently asked their adoption of a constitution which compelled them to deliberation, to sober thought, to delegated power, to action through selected agencies, to thinking twice before acting once. It was not Hamilton or Madison, Washington or Robert Few, or Abraham Baldwin but the people of the whole United States, who ordained and established our Federal Constitution. Our fathers feared and distrusted the people's hasty, direct and immediate action and by the present mode of election they secured their calm, cool, settled, deliberate action.

The present mode is called undemocratic. We will admit that it is not democratic in the true sense of the word. We would also remind the gentlemen of the opposition that we have not yet established that absolute democracy they cry for. We have proved to you that we have a representative democracy and that the present mode of electing senators is in harmony with our scheme of representative government, and we are bound to have a representative government in such a country and age as ours.

Again does the burden of proof rest upon the affirm-

ative to show beyond a reasonable doubt that a change to direct election would not undermine our whole system of government.

To the Southern people nothing can be more harmful and dangerous to their interests than the tendency towards centralization. Now it is a fact that can't be disputed that the *more* of the people's *legally delegated* power you take from their representative legislatures, the *less* will that legislature, the centre of a state, receive the hearty support of the people. Their love for state will begin to cool and they will begin to look to Washington as the centre of a fast becoming centralized government. Sirs—The change to direct election of Senators will take from the state's law making body the crowning emblem of the people's delegated power, and in placing the people in a closer direct connection with Washington, will be one more great step towards dreaded centralization.

The Senate and the Supreme Court are the two great distinguishing features of our Constitution which have commanded for it the admiration of thoughtful persons the world over. Now the Senate represents, as I have said, the states as political beings, without regard to numbers or wealth. So that every measure has to run the gauntlet of two separate authorities, one the direct representatives of the people, voting according to numbers, and the other the representatives of the states, voting as units and equals. This is the great conservative feature of our government and prevents us from being a mere democracy which can be hurried into action, dangerous or fatal, by great spasms of popular excitement.

My friendly opponents argue that the Senate does not derive its conservative nature from the mode of electing its members. On the other hand they tell us that its stability is to be accounted for in their long term of office, and their matured age, and the fewness in number of its members. Since the conservative nature of the Senate is thus accounted for, pray tell me how you are to account for the radical nature of the House of Representatives? You, together with the world, are bound to admit that the radical nature of the House of Representatives is a result of the mode of electing its members. The Senate's conservative nature is a result of the mode of its election also; for statistics show that of the present House of Representatives 72 per cent. are old enough to be eligible to Senatorship; 58 per cent. have been in Congress over six years and 28 per cent. have been there over eight years while 12 per cent. have been there ten years. Tell me why you haven't *conservatism* in the House of Representatives. Because its members are dependent upon the masses of the people for their election. Why have you *conservatism* in the Senate? Because its members are removed from the turbulent masses in that they are elected by the chosen representative electors of the whole State. Your state legislature, the chosen men of the State, elects them; hence comes their *conservatism*.

Again we are told that the quality of the Senate will not be effected. I'll not argue that point, but will simply leave it to your judgment if a man elected by a legislature, itself composed of picked men chosen under the

law and sworn to do their duty to their state and to their God, will not differ in quality from a man chosen by a political convention which is gathered together under no safeguards of the people's rights.

The Senate has been branded a "Beer Garden" in times past. Even when Webster, Hayne, Calhoun, and Clay were there. When Vance, Ben Hill, and Toombs, held the Senate for hours as if it were under the magician's hands—the press denounced it. And today when Clay and Bacon take the floor, lest this government should forget its precedent and its honor and commit the crime of this century in annexing and ruling an unwilling people, whose patriotism and love of liberty is as deep-seated as our own—yes, today no epithet is too low or degrading to be applied to the American Senate.

It has been called "The balance wheel to vicious and hasty legislation." Time has proved to us that it deserves that compliment. History has shown us also the fearful results that would have followed in the path of the House of Representatives had a loose line been given to its passionate, hasty will.

What was supposed to be a popular demand, which you would enthrone, seemed to call for the impeachment of Johnston by a vote of 126 to 47 and caused the House of Representatives to cast a vote of thanks to the capturers of Mason and Slidell—but the Senate saved our honor and secured progress.

Waves of popular excitement like the Salem witchcraft, the anti-mason rage of 50 years ago, the anti-Jewish craze in Russia and France today, or any other

silly crusade against an imaginary or exaggerated danger will more easily influence the public acts of representatives elected directly by an excited mass of men than those of men who are sufficiently independent of popular breezes to be obedient to their own unbiased judgment.

The advocates of direct election, knowing that it would necessitate an amendment at least to our Constitution, point with pride to the fact that it has been changed, they say, fifteen times. Why not change again, they ask us? Perhaps our Constitution does need changing if it is to be changed in the same manner that it has been changed heretofore. With the exception of the amendment concerning the election of the President and Vice-President, I defy you to point me to one amendment to our Constitution in which the people have not placed checks upon themselves.

Quote me one other amendment that is not wholly negative in its structure and meaning. Our fathers placed certain bulwarks in our Constitution against the easily aroused popular will, and when the Constitution was submitted to the people—Did they reject it on that account? No! Says Mr. Chandler—They gave it a more lasting foundation by inserting other *safeguards still*. I would have those seeking this change in our Constitution to bear in mind that the change they ask for, if granted, will be the first fundamental change that has been made in the foundation of our government. Truly amendments have been added, but never before has such a direct attack been made on the very principles of our government.

Years have passed—The people want this amendment, they tell us. Congress has passed resolutions concerning it; party platforms cry out for it; the press is raging. All this is true; but their very acts warn us against the change; the people act by spells, they can't think in a day or a month or a year. We must deal with this matter gently, quietly and wisely. It is not a matter of to-day, last month or last year. Judge the Senate by its history, by its experience of a hundred years and more.

Every age seems to have had a spirit. Homer gave to the world the spirit of his age. Shakespeare was contemporary with the spirit of dramatic poetry. Our Constitution was created in an age of constitutional law, the greatest the world has ever known. Under this Constitution we love and honor a great people—a great republic has grown up. Under it and for it wars have been fought. In its presence proud Spain has bowed and passed away. The story of this country's development under it can't be told.

We have it to-day as the gift of our fathers, never having been *changed fundamentally*; and we warn you to be careful and bring the same wisdom and sagacity to change it that your fathers used in creating it—for you ask for its first fundamental change.

The Senate Chamber has been the most conspicuous arena for all this nation's conflicts. Swords have been measured and strengths tried *there*. The great conquests which gave the Union and Constitution their Empire over the reason and affection of the people have been achieved there. There Webster lived and

taught the world. There Calhoun lived and taught Webster. There Robert Toombs joined hands with Jefferson Davis and fought for the right of State. There today Clay and Bacon, shoulder to shoulder, fight for the right of Freedom, for the right of Liberty, for the right of Humanity, for the right of free Government to all men everywhere.

## AN UNSUCCESSFUL 'POSSUM HUNT.

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One afternoon as I was lazily sauntering down the principal street of X—, with nothing particular to do, and with my thoughts off in dreamland, I suddenly noticed on the other side of the way a figure making frantic gestures at me. I stopped, my thoughts coming down to mundane affairs with a mighty rush. As I looked again, I saw the burly, hurculean form and curly brown head of my old school fellow and college-mate, Henry Stephenson, as he slowly forged his way across the crowded street.

“Say, Jack, I have got two or three town-girls spending the the week with my sisters out at my home and I want you and Bob Williams and one or two other fellows to come out this afternoon, and we’ll take a big ’possum-hunt to-night. We went the other night and caught four ‘whoppers.’ And besides, you know, your friend Miss Alice Brenton is staying with us.”

“I’ll be there, Henry, said I; this is fine weather, and what we’ll do for those ’possums will be almost enough.” Henry said nothing, but I noticed a suppressed smile flitting around his firm-set mouth. It must be confessed that I had accepted somewhat eagerly, after he had made that last statement about who his company was.

Late that afternoon, Bob Williams and I drove up to the old country-house of my friend. As we drove up

the long sweeping drive-way lined on either side with low, closely trimmed box-bushes, we had a good view of the fine old country-seat, with its vast porch and huge pillars and large open windows, its velvety turf in front, and century-old oaks, and its dark and gloomy woods sweeping off to right and left as far as the eye could reach. Henry met us on the piazza. After our horse had been put up, we knocked about the farm, visiting Old Pete and his noted pack of hounds, till dark.

After a good supper, we all started out, going into the deep, dark woods on the left of the house. In front with the dogs were Henry, armed with a big axe, and one of the girls, then Bob and the other boys and girls. Somehow, I don't know exactly how, Alice and I found ourselves along with Old Pete. She couldn't walk as fast as the others, and I—why I stayed behind to talk to Old Pete, who, on account of old age and 'a tech of the misery,' was not quite as active as he had formerly been. With one hand Old Pete carried a big sack of apples, that article so indispensable to a 'possum-hunt, and in the other a pine torch. Thinking that it was his bounden duty to entertain 'young Missey,' he poured out a strange medley of stories of his youthful adventures, and blood-curdling tales of ghosts and goophers, which he had 'heer'd of from his folks.'

"'Liss'n, dah goes Belle, she's de beaten'est dawg in dis heah kyuntry." Sure enough, way off in front we could hear the deep, bell-like notes, soon followed by short, sharp barks of the other dogs. Seeing that we should not be able to catch up with the others and upon

Old Pete's repeated assurance that they would soon be back our way, we all sat down upon an old fallen tree, and Old Pete began to while away the time with fresh stories of midnight adventures with unholly spirits. Suddenly I felt a cold drop of water on my hand and soon it began literally to pour down rain. After repeated questioning, Old Pete said that he knew of but one shelter anywhere for miles around. This was an old deserted and said to be haunted church. At first he absolutely refused to show us the way, but finally, by dint of much persuasion and coaxing on the part of Alice, and a few threats on my part, he was induced to guide us to the place. It was an old wooden building, long disused and in ruins, surrounded by an old burying-ground; the half-sunken crosses looked very uncanny when half-revealed by lightning flashes in the darkness. I could feel Old Pete trembling, and at every rustling in the grass he would start and shiver.

After we had been seated in the church some fifteen minutes,—I taking good care to get between Pete and the door—we heard a mighty scratching up at the other end of the room, and slowly one—two—three—four, there seemed no end to the number, white figures came trooping down the center aisle right towards us. We were in complete darkness, the rain having put our torch out, but the incessant flashes of lightning alternately revealed and shut them from our view. They would stop and come on again. The suspense was becoming unbearable and something had to be done. Locking the door, I told Pete to stay with Miss Alice,

while I went to investigate. Suddenly I heard a dreadful yell I wheeled around and got a flash-light picture of Old Pete crashing through the rotten door, his coat tail as level as a card table, his hat gone, and he sprinting away much faster than the renowned Tam when he fled from the pursuing warlocks. Just then something cold and wet struck against my hand; with a jump I turned and then something warm and soft rubbed up against me. By the next flash I saw the ghostly white figures were all—sheep; they had wandered in through the open door from the neighboring pasture, and being attracted by the sound of our voices, were coming to investigate.

When I got back to Alice with word of my discovery, I found her half-fainting. But she soon revived, and as we sat there in the darkness, with the rain pouring without, and the wind shrieking around the old house, I told her the thought that had been in my mind for so long. I don't know what I said or how I said it, but I did say it, somehow. As I ended, I took her hand in mine, and she did not draw it away.

The rain having ceased we went outside, hearing voices coming towards us; presently we saw Henry and the others hurrying our way. Henry's hand was on Pete's collar.

“Well, there you are. Pete swore to me that he distinctly saw the devil with his horns and all other paraphernalia, take you in his arms and fly away with you; that he went to your assistance, but His Majesty came very near making away with him too, leaving him minus the sleeve of his coat.”

Now, Pete on going through the door had torn off this sleeve, where I afterwards found it, but I didn't say so. And strange to say, I could not feel angry with him for his desertion, although I knew I ought to be.

"Well we haven't caught a thing," said our host; "I don't understand it, we caught 'em right and left last week; in fact a very 'Unsuccessful 'Possum-hunt.' "

I thought to myself, now that depends on the point of view, my friend; we didn't catch a 'possum, but, you ask the future Mrs. John Campbell what my opinion is of 'possum-hunting in general, and of this one in particular, and you'll find that my views and yours do not exactly coincide.

CLAUDE BAKER DENSON, JR., '99.

## COL. WILLIAM HOLLAND THOMAS.

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William Holland Thomas was born in Haywood county, on Pidgeon river on the 5th of February, 1805. He was a son of Richard Thomas, who came to North Carolina about 1803 from Virginia. His mother was Temperance Calvert (of Maryland), lineally descended from a brother of Lord Baltimore. His paternal grandmother was a Strother of Virginia, a sister of President Zachary Taylor's mother. His relationship to President Taylor was traced up by him and during Taylor's short term as President Col. Thomas always had the entree to the mansion and was a welcome guest.

Richard Thomas came to North Carolina with John and George Strother, his first cousins. He was drowned in a stream in Northern Georgia, where he had gone on business, some months before his only child, the subject of this sketch, was born.

Mrs. Temperance Thomas was a woman of strong native intellect, wonderful energy and was inspired by the sole object in life of advancing her boy.

Col. William H. Thomas started life when he was fifteen years old, as a clerk in a store at Qualla Town, Jackson county, for the celebrated Congressman Felix Walker, who was the author of the expression "talking for Buncombe." Felix Walker's principal store was located at Waynesville and young Thomas went to the branch store, with Walker's brother, agreeing

to work three years for one hundred dollars and board and clothing, but the profits of the Qualla Town store were applied to meet the losses of that at Waynesville, and the young clerk at the end of his term of service was compelled to accept Walker's law-books, now in the possession of his son, in place of the hundred dollars.

Meantime young Thomas had developed marked aptitude for business, and his mother agreed to sell a tract of land owned by her to furnish capital to start him, as a merchant. Within about ten years he was running three stores in the Cherokee Country, at Scott's Creek, Qualla town and Fort Butler (where Murphy is now located). In 1837 he had opened two others, one at Fort Montgomery, (now Ruffinsville), and the other at Calhoun (now Charleston) Tennessee. In his boyhood he became a great favorite of Yonaguska (Drowning Bear), who was the head chief of the Uppertown Indians. Yonaguska had the Cherokees to adopt Thomas into the tribe, by a decree of the council. From that time he was the adviser in all of the business of the tribe, and was soon declared to be their head-chief.

Before the end of Gen. Jackson's second term, in the year 1836, Col. Thomas went to Washington to establish the claim to a fund due from the government, to those Cherokees who wished to remain in North Carolina, and to get the consent of the government that they should remain without surrendering their claim to the fund. Col. Thomas presented to President Jackson a letter of introduction from Col. Robert Love

of Haywood county, an old revolutionary hero, who had been Jackson's friend, when he first migrated to East Tennessee, and who had won Old Hickory's favor by giving him every vote in Haywood county, as a candidate for the Presidency. Thomas never failed during the remainder of Jackson's term, to get a respectful hearing upon the business which took him to the Capitol.

So deeply did Col. Thomas become interested in the cause of the Indians, that he spent much of his time in Washington between 1836 and 1840 and all of the time from 1841 till 1848. But notwithstanding his absence such was his executive capacity that he conducted through agents a large and lucrative business in North Carolina and continued to increase his wealth.

On his return to the State in 1848 Col. Thomas became a candidate for the State Senate and was elected every two years thereafter until 1862. Meantime he served as a delegate from Jackson county to the Secession Convention of 1861 being elected while discharging his legislative duties in Raleigh.

In 1862 Col. Thomas was authorized by President Davis to raise a Legion for Service in the Confederate Army. He recruited under this authority and had mustered into service fourteen companies of white infantry and four companies of infantry composed of Cherokees. He raised also four companies of cavalry, one company of Engineers and one of Artillery. When East Tennessee was evacuated in the winter of 1863, most of the white companies of infantry went under

Lieutenant-Colonel James R. Love, Lieutenant-Colonel McKawee and Major Stringfield to Western Virginia and fought under Breckenridge in 1864. Col. Thomas with the residue of his command crossed over into North Carolina and protected all of the State border south of Madison county.

No man in the State showed his devotion to the cause by either sacrifice of time or money or the risk of his life more cheerfully than did Col. Thomas.

During his long term of service in the legislature Col. Thomas had procured donations of Cherokee lands to build turnpike roads, which permeated every section of the State south of the Pidgeon river, and which were a monument to his memory. But his greatest service as a legislator, was in forcing the adoption of the amendment to the charter of the Western North Carolina Railroad Company, requiring the building of the Ducktown, afterwards the Murphy, branch.

In 1858 Col. Thomas was happily married to Sarah J. Love, the oldest daughter of Col. James R. Love, a leading citizen of Haywood county and a grand-daughter of Col. Robert Love.

His ardent devotion to the cause of the Confederacy induced him to accept service, which at his time of life was too arduous, and his health gave way under the great strain upon both mind and body.

He was one of the most remarkable men the State has produced. Few men have done more either for their State or for their fellow-men, than did Col. Thomas.

His home was at Stekoah, the location of the Indian-

town destroyed by Gen. Rutherford, on the banks of the Tuckaseege. Mrs. Thomas died before her husband, but he left surviving him two sons\*, William H. Thomas, Jr. and James R. Thomas and a daughter, Sallie Love Thomas, who is the wife of Judge Alphonso C. Avery of Burke county.

\*Since deceased.

# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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PUBLISHED SIX TIMES DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY  
THE DIALECTIC AND PHILANTHROPIC LITERARY SOCIETIES.

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## The Editor's Desk.

**General** It must be gratifying to the friends of  
**Progress.** the University to note the conditions now obtaining in our life. We have observed the affairs of the Institution somewhat closely for four years, and though this whole period has been a time of steady advancement, we feel safe in saying that the collegiate

year just drawing to a close has been a year of greater growth and more general success than any other of the four. Great progress has been made along all lines.

The number of students in attendance has been unusually large; the Senior class, numbering fifty-seven, is the largest since 1860; the moral atmosphere generally has been free from the petty annoyances common to college life, and on the whole faithful and efficient work has been done. Unusual interest has been manifested in the work of the Literary Societies, and as the crowning result of this activity the Georgia-Carolina debate has been won, and arrangements have been completed establishing a yearly inter-collegiate debate with Vanderbilt University, and a better and more equitable system of selecting our representative debaters has been inaugurated, namely, by competition, instead of by election.

In athletics the University has made an enviable record. Last fall our foot-ball team won the championship of the South, and this spring our base-ball team is making a fine showing. Furthermore, quite a number of students are availing themselves of the opportunities for physical development offered by the track team and general gymnasium work.

During the year there has also been great material progress. A sum of money to be used in establishing an adequate water supply has been obtained from the State, and through the munificence of Col. J. S. Carr a new and commodious building is soon to be erected and fitted up for dormitories. Sufficient funds have also been secured to erect the walls and cover the

Alumni building. Work on this structure will probably be resumed in May.

Thus we see that in spite of all obstacles, the University is entering upon an era of more general success and greater usefulness to the State than ever before.



**Our Exchanges.** Since many of the Colleges and Universities, whose publications are on our exchange list, will close their sessions before the June issue of the MAGAZINE appears, we think it well in advance to thank the Exchange Editors, one and all, for the kindly criticisms they have given us. We assure them that their criticisms, though often times pointing out our shortcomings, have been just, and that we appreciate them and have tried to profit thereby. And if the criticisms of our Ex-man have in the least assisted any brother or sister Editor in making improvements along any line, then we feel that the end has been accomplished for which this department was instituted.

# Book Notices.

## A GEOGRAPHICAL CATECHISM

To assist those who have neither Maps nor Gazetteers  
To Read

NEWS-PAPERS, HISTORY, or TRAVELS,

With as much of

The Science of ASTRONOMY, and the Doctrine of  
the AIR,

As is judged sufficient for the FARMER, who wishes  
to understand something of

The WORKS of GOD, around him;

And for the studious YOUTH, who have or have not a  
prospect of further

prosecuting those SUBLIME SCIENCES.

.....  
By HENRY PATTILLO, A. M., Granville.  
.....

The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all  
them that have pleasure therein. Psalmist.

Lord how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast  
thou made them all.

Sun, Moon and Stars, praise ye the Lord,

Forever singing, as they shine,

“The hand that made us is divine.”

Addison.

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HALIFAX : Printed by ABRAHAM HODGE.  
M, DCC, XCVI.

The above is an exact copy of the title of a rare old book that I have recently found in the University Historical Library.

In this day of well bound and beautifully illustrated school-books, Patillo's Geographical Catechism is of great interest. It is a paper-back book of 62 pages without a single map or illustration and is, as its name implies, written in the question and answer style.

As one after another of the facts of geography and astronomy are brought out, the author endeavors to give a moral effect to his teaching and to show the relation between the sciences and the goodness of God.

In his preface the author gives as reasons for writing the book,—“to smooth the way to the study of geography . . . . . that as news-papers are generally circulated among us there must be many honest farmers and their families who must be ignorant of many countries, towns, rivers and seas mentioned in them, . . . . . I judged it a duty I owed my creator to attempt to lead common readers to some just conception of the divine works.” His last reason showed good business sense and was of a piece with modern literary ambition,—“I hope my book will bring me in a few dollars which will be welcome guests when they arrive.” After stating that his book will teach something of Astronomy, and making a pedantic plea for its study, his “Preface” closes thus:

“Farewell, courteous reader! My best wishes attend you through my book; through life, death and the whole of your existence.” Certainly this is a benediction seldom given by modern authors.

The author treats in order the different natural divisions of land and water, latitude and longitude, the poles, meridians, sun, moon, stars, comets, the continents, and the political divisions of the globe.

A few extracts may interest the reader.

“Mountains are the sources of fountains and rivers, the boundaries of nations and frequently their best defence; the collectors and condensers of clouds and vapors, and checks and barriers of storms. They beautifully variagate the scene; strike the beholder with awe, and entertain his eye with their majestic glory.....”

“The air is the medium of breathing.....It is the instrument of conveying sounds....., of speaking comfort to the distressed; and of praying to and praising God. Fires cannot exist without air, and on it pumps and other useful engines depend..... It turns thousands of mills every day and all bellows have their use from it.” To this statement Mr. Pattillo’s imaginary pupil makes a long reply from which I quote.

“I thank you, Sir; I shall think more of the air than I ever have, study its properties and adore its Creator.....”

In discussing “Comets” I find:

“No part of God’s works astonish me more than the wisdom, foreknowledge and art of the Deity in throwing from his creating hand 40 enormous globes whose paths oppose each other, in every direction, without the rapid fiery comet once

touching a single planet. Adore ye sons of men, and in humble gratitude acknowledge the power, wisdom and goodness of God! Make peace with him while thou art in the way; for he is as gracious to returning penitents, as he will be terrible to the sinner in his crimes."

The treatment of the "Moons" begins:

Question. But what are we to think of moons?

Answer. The moons you know are all made of *green cheese* and fit for nothing but mites to live in.

Question. You make merry sir, with my ignorance; but still my question is unanswered.

Then follows a long answer that entirely satisfies and sanctifies the young inquirer.

The subject of Astronomy is now dropped and the study of Geography resumed, with the observation that although ours is the smallest planet still

"It has one thing to glory in above all the creation of God. It is that great gospel truth, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.' A world thus redeemed is well worth our notice. We return then to the study of Geography . . . ."

Each country is taken up in turn and its divisions, rivers, cities, etc. are mentioned in an unattractive manner that certainly would not "smooth the way to the study of Geography" for the modern pupil.

In the description of Asia there occurs the following:

"Here the human race was first propagated after

the deluge. . . . Here the Almighty gave to a chosen people, a divine law and preserved among them that good foundation of all truth—the unity of the Divine Being. In Asia the Son of God became incarnate, lived, suffered, died and rose again, and propagated the Christian religion.” Then follows a long description of the continent.

Our country is treated with evident pride: “We come in the last place to the freest, happiest, most plentiful part of the globe, . . . . a land in all its youthful vigor, undebilitated by the luxury, vice and old age of eastern nations. . . . in which religion is unrestrained, morality in repute, education promoted, marriage honorable, and age revered, . . . . the United States, and the spot you stand on makes a part of it.”

A two-page account of its early settlement and successful struggle for independence contains a high sounding tribute to George Washington pointed out by heaven “as the instrument by whom it would save his country.”

From the paragraph on North Carolina, the following lines will sound well to all lovers of our State University:

“A University is established by act of Assembly in Orange County with liberal appointments. . . . .  
What can more loudly call for the prayers of all good people, than that God’s blessing may reside on our principal seat of learning, from

which fountain are to flow those streams that must poison, or purify and nourish our country. Its short progress has been rapid; may its success be glorious!"

The closing sentence in the book reads:

"May piety, virtue, honour, truth and justice increase; and let all the people say, Amen."

The book is well written and no doubt among the very best of that day. Although there is too little of geography and too much of the non-essential of astronomy, still there is much to commend in the patriotism and religious ardor of its author.

Rev. Henry Pattillo, born in Scotland of pious parents, came to this country when a young man, studied under Rev. Samuel Davies of Hanover Presbytery, Va., and entered the Presbyterian ministry in 1758. For many years he was the pastor of Eno and Hawfields congregations. For twelve years, in addition to his duties as minister, he conducted a classical school in Granville County. In addition to his "Geographical Catechism" he published a sermon on the death of George Washington, and a book containing three sermons,—“Divisions among Christians,” “The Necessity of Regeneration,” “The Scripture Doctrine of Election.”

# Exchanges.

WM. S. BERNARD,

EDITOR.

Be it far from us to fail to note and profit by a just criticism. We have often revolved the question whether it would be good taste for the Exchange Editor to criticise the contents of his own magazine. At present he inclines to a negative decision. Yet there can be no impropriety in calling the attention of the official and non-official contributors to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE to certain strictures passed upon it by the exchange Editor of *The Converse Concept*, March issue. They are just and tempered with charity.

Would we could say the same for all, even ourselves. Is it that the thought of impending examinations has ruffled the feathers of the placid bird of Athene? The Exchange department is no arena for crimination and recrimination, and we deprecate the caustic, even bitter retorts which some of our fraternity have not felt it their duty to repress. If some young sprig with whom spring elections have honored the sacred chair feels ambitious to become a Scotch Reviewer and proceeds forthwith to make and unmake poets, why let him (or her) sling his ink. He will only succeed in blackening his own shirt front. Why, brother Hamlet, should your dignified magazine fail from its usual calm demeanor because, of the effusive sputterings of a "criticling"? We have noted the general excel-

lence, the fairness, the modest bearing of the *Mt. St. Joseph Collegian* and regret that it has allowed itself to be drawn into an undignified "Scrap". And there are others.

Will ye, who so glibly and dogmatically assert that this magazine has not enough verse, that not enough fiction, this an overload of history, that a groaning burden of "heavy stuff", another a paucity of editorial (for ye all sing one monotonous tune)—will ye wise Jeffreys deign to formulate your code of rules that we novices may no longer err? Or rather has not each magazine its own ideals and a right to pursue whatever specialty the spirit and traditions of its University or School may render incumbent and appropriate? If it has, then shut up and cease the howl for verse! verse! fiction! fiction! "Give us more verse and fiction!" From such verse and such fiction as is mostly in evidence, *O Domine Deus, nunc libera me*. The Forum is not Munsey, nor is the Atlantic Monthly, Puck. Each represents its own undisputed and indisputable idea. When you, whoever you may be, have readable verse or readable fiction, publish it by all means, if you wish to. If you have not, pray have mercy on the majority who would rather be bored by the much damned "heavy article", which may at least impart a grain of thought or information. At least be discriminating enough to recognize that a magazine may have a policy and ideals, and does not care to pander to so called general interest to win taffy from your facile pen. It may feel that its mission and duty is not alone to please.

Bearing upon this same question of a magazine's privilege to pursue its own policy, free from the nagging of purposeless critics, is this: Is it good taste for a college monthly, devoted chiefly to literature, to discuss in a way wholly local a local matter, when that matter is a scandal in the student body of its own college? From two of our exchanges it appears that "cribbing" obtains to a deplorable degree in certain strata of their respective institutions. Now there is no room for cavil at an editorial that deals broadly and generally with the vicious crime. But should the editorial take the form of a red-hot lecture intended only for the ears and consciences of the immediate family? Would not class action be a better way of dealing with the shameful conduct? However, we are only concerned with the attitude of the magazine. It seems to us—not dogmatically speaking—that when our *literary* magazines handle such unfortunate incidents, they should give as little publicity as possible to actual and particular cases, should aim at the general fault and not the immediate offenders. There is an unsavory taste left in the mouth by lines which have been written, and the outside college world feels that it is in possession of secrets to which it has no right.

A LOVE NOTE.

---

Dear heart, the Night is coming with its shadows—

The loveless, dreamless Night.

The snow drifts silent o'er the ghostly meadows:

The hills are white.

And from this casement, while the Night is falling,  
Afar your face I view,  
And in the dark my soul is calling—calling,  
Dear heart, to you.

Where are your steps? In the gardens glad with flowers—  
By starred and sun-kissed streams.  
Where lilies lean, and roses tell the hours,  
Sweet with dreams?

Or, walk you now, as your Love walks, weary  
And lost to love and grace,  
Where all the world is desolate and dreary  
For one dear face?

I know not, sweet! I only know I love you,  
As darkness loves the light;  
And if God arches radiant skies above you,  
Mine be the Night.

For Night is Light, for all the darkness falling,  
If I can dream love true.  
So, in the Light my soul is calling—calling,  
Dear heart, to you!

F. L. STANTON.

# Alumni Notes.

H. M. LONDON.

W. F. BRYAN.

W. G. Haywood, '98, is assistant chemist in the Agricultural Department at Raleigh, N. C.

Calvert Rogers Dey, '98, is in the insurance business in Norfolk, Virginia.

W. W. Davies, Law, '93, is a prominent attorney in Atlanta, Ga.

Michael Hoke, '93, Captain of the '92 foot ball team, is one of the most prominent physicians of Atlanta, Ga.

The school at Monroe, of which J. G. McCormick, '98, is principal, is in a most flourishing condition, having about 100 pupils.

James Daniel Parker, '98, Law '99, is editor of a paper in Smithfield, N. C., in addition to his practice of law.

Rev. F. Hubbard Argo is in the Episcopal ministry with a parish at Rock Ledge, Pennsylvania.

P. B. Manning, '86, who is practicing law in Wilmington, N. C., is receiver of a Building and Loan Association in that city.

Dr. Kemp P. Battle celebrates in June the 50th anniversary of his graduation at the University.

Locke Craige, '80, delivers the annual address at the closing exercises of Jackson County High School on May 12th next.

Robt. Strange, D.D., '79, rector of St. James Episcopal church at Wilmington, and his wife sailed for Europe on the 29th of April.

Judge Elder Little, ex-'98, is principal of an Academy in Mecklenburg County.

Joe Eli Alexander, '95, late private secretary to Governor Russell is now a lawyer in Winston, N. C. We notice that he has recently appeared in an important case before the Supreme Court of this State.

The health of Peter H. Eley, of Williston, Tenn., who was pre-

vented by sickness from graduating with '98, is sufficiently restored for him to undertake the duties of a school. We hope to see him back at the University next year.

Col. R. B. Creecy, '35, has published in the Elizabeth City *Economist* an account of the appropriating by Thos. H. Benton of the money of a fellow-student, taken from the recollections of Governor Branch, '01, and others. Col. Creecy does not believe that Benton could have offered the reported insult to the committee of the Philanthropic Society who thirty years after his expulsion announced to him his restoration to membership. After the time of the reported insult Col. Creecy wrote to Benton asking a contribution to the library and received a very kind letter and a donation of \$20.00.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Salisbury, N. C., April 26th, in the Methodist church, Miss Margaret Overman and Mr. Edwin Clark Gregory, '96, Law '99.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL,

April 22, 1899.

Whereas, God in His divine wisdom and power has seen fit to remove from our midst our friend and fellow member, C. M. Kennedy, therefore be it

*Resolved I,* That while bowing in humble submission to the will our God, we, the members of the Philanthropic Society, cannot but lament our bereavement.

*Resolved II,* That we offer our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased; and while we would not intrude upon the sanctity of domestic grief, we would point them to that Dearer Friend from whom alone the crushed heart can derive consolation.

*Resolved III,* That these resolutions be placed upon the minutes of our Society, that a copy be sent to the sorrowing family and also that a copy be sent to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, to *The Tar Heel* and to the Goldsboro *Argus* with a request to publish.

E. D. BROADHURST	} Committee.
W. F. BRYAN	
H. P. HARDING	

# College Record.

Commencement will soon be upon us.

Ex-Judge H. G. Connor of Wilson will deliver the annual address before the Law Class on Monday of Commencement week.

At the March meeting of the Shakespeare Club papers were read by Miss Bessie Whitaker, Mr. J. W. Canada and by Dr. Hume, the president of the Club. The papers were in connection with the study of "As You Like It" and were of great interest.

Plans for the Carr building have been made and the work will begin within a few weeks. This building is to cost \$15,000—a gift of that generous and loyal alumnus, Col. J. S. Carr.

Mr. Geo. M. McKie, instructor in Expression in the University, has been with us for some time and is doing excellent work in his department.

At the March meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society the following papers were read—"The Relation Between Forestry and Geology in N. C." by Prof. Cobb, "Geological Conditions Favorable to Waterpower in N. C." by Prof. Holmes and "Mitchellite, a new variety of Chromate" by Dr. Pratt. At the April Meeting papers were read by Prof. Cain on "The Early History of Mathematics" and by Prof. Gore on "Wireless Telegraphy."

Mr. H. M. London has been elected to succeed Mr. M. Bellamy, Jr. as Editor-in-Chief of "The Tar Heel."

Arrangements have been made by the Di and Phi Societies for holding a series of debates with the University of Vanderbilt. It is hoped also, as will probably be the case, that the arrangements with Georgia will be renewed.

The Chapel Hill Choral Society gave its second concert of the season in Gerrard Hall on Friday, May 5th.

Dr. J. H. Pratt and bride have moved into the house formerly occupied by Dr. Ball.

At the meeting of the Philological Club on April 25th papers were read by Dr. Hume, Prof. Harrington and Dr. Linscott.

The Spring Semi-annual Inter-Society debate, held in the Phi Hall on Friday evening, April 28th, resulted in a victory for the Di. The victorious debaters were Messrs. Thompson, '01, and Kluttz, '02.

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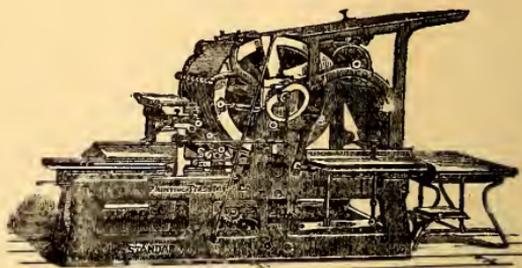
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# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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Old Series, Vol. XXIX.

No. 6----JUNE, 1899.

New Series, Vol. XVI.

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## THE UNIVERSITY AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM OF NORTH CAROLINA.

### PART II.

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In 1817 Judge Murphey brought before the Legislature his plan for the establishment of public schools in North Carolina. As has been shown this plan was not adopted because in its beneficent purpose it undertook to do too much at once. For the eight years following nothing of note was done in our State for public education. In 1825 the question was revived and a bill was introduced for the education of the poor. The prime mover in this undertaking was Bartlett Yancey (U. N. C. Class of 1804), formerly one of Murphey's pupils and at that time Speaker of the Senate.

Yancey's work began with the accumulation of a "literary fund." The people of the State were averse to a direct tax for public schools and so Yancey went to work to collect together the "parings of the treasury" as he styled it. This fund consisted of—

The dividends from stock in the banks of Newbern and Cape Fear; dividends from stock in the Cape Fear Navigation Company, the Roanoke Navigation Company and the Clubfoot & Harlow Creek Canal Company; taxes on licenses to retail liquor dealers and auctioneers; an unexpended balance of the agricultural fund; money paid State for entries of vacant lands; the proceeds from sales of unappropriated swamp lands and \$21,090 to be paid as soon as the United States refunded that amount which had been paid out by the State to the Cherokee Indians.

In Jan., 1827 the literary board which had charge of this fund consisted of Gov. Hutchins G. Burton (U. N. C. Class of 1795), John Lewis Taylor, Chief Justice James Iredell (U. N. C. Class of, 1807), Speaker of the House, Bartlet Yancey, Speaker of the Senate (U. N. C. Class of 1804) and John Haywood, Treasurer.

In 1836 the fund was estimated at \$242,045 which was largely increased by the distribution of surplus revenue by the Federal Government, \$300,000 of which went to the Bank of Cape Fear and \$200,000 for draining swamp lands of the State. Both of these investments were for the benefit of the literary fund. The fund rapidly increased and in November 1840 amounted to \$2,241,480.

When the literary fund was yet small Rev. Joseph Caldwell, President of the University, advocated in a series of published letters that the income from this money should be expended for the establishment of schools for teachers. The need of such a system was much felt.

The result of the effort made at the session of our Legislature in 1838-1839 was "An act to divide the counties into school districts etc." The county voting for schools should be taxed \$20 for each district and this sum was to be supplemented by double that amount from the Literary Fund. Tyrell, Richmond and Macon counties took advantage of this act.

An act passed in 1840 "for the establishment and better regulation of common schools" marked the real beginning of the system in North Carolina. It was reported to the Legislature by Jonathan Worth from the joint committee on education of which Senator Mangum (U. N. C. 1815) was chairman for the Senate and W. N. H. Smith chairman for the House. This plan was largely dominated by the ideas in the plan submitted by Judge Murphey in 1817. The "Board of Literature" could only see to the management and investment of the fund and hence came to be only a committee on finance. There was no definite system by which the schools of different counties could be held responsible to some experienced overseer and so the radical defects of the system were soon seen and changes were repeatedly urged on the Assembly. The general complaint was that a great deal of money was expended by the State and very poor results were to be seen.

Governor Manly saw that the trouble was in the lack of organization and efficient supervision by the State and in a strong message he recommended the appointment of a general superintendent of common schools for the State.

Under such pressure as this from the Governor, the literary board, and other officials, progress was made toward reform. In 1849 the appointment of county superintendents at a salary of \$250 each was authorized.

Continued agitation brought about in 1852 the laying of the corner stone of the best system of common schools in the South before the war. This was in the form of an "Act to provide for the appointment of a superintendent of common schools and for other purposes."

After securing a new and improved act by which to regulate the school system and to secure the best results for the large amount of money expended, and after providing for a superintendent came the still more difficult task of finding the proper man to fill the office. Dr. Calvin H. Wiley (Class of 1840) was then a member of the Legislature from Guilford county. He was a Whig in politics and a lawyer by profession, while the Legislature was Democratic. But the activity displayed by him in advancing the interests of the schools pointed him out as the man for the place. He was elected by a large majority without the slightest solicitation on his part, December, 1852 and entered upon his duties January 1, 1853.

The duties of this office were numerous and trying. In the spring of 1853, Dr. Wiley traveled in a buggy from the middle part of the State to Currituck county and in the fall to Cherokee county, thus making a tour from the farthest eastern to the farthest western county of the State. This trip while for the help of the schools was taken at his own expense.

The story of Dr. Wiley's labors is a long and interesting one. By the end of nine years North Carolina had organized her scattered schools into the best system of common schools in the South and North Carolina was acknowledged to be the banner state of the South in colleges, academies and schools. Improvements continued to be made but soon the Civil War interrupted this regular course of progress.

Throughout the war the statesmen of North Carolina took a firm stand for the protection of the schools. A bill to the effect that no school taxes should be allowed during the war was opposed by such men as Governors Morehead, Ellis and the immortal Vance. The funds were protected and the schools went on in many places throughout the war. Then followed the dark days of reconstruction and in general ruin the schools went down.

Such was the work of University men under the old régime. Another chapter is needed to show the reorganization of our schools since the loss of the literary fund by war and repudiation of bonds.

The supremest need of the State is still an adequate system of common schools. All the forces of the University *have* worked, *are* working and *shall ever work* to that end.

F. M. OSBORNE, '99.

## ELECTION OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.

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[This is the second speech on the negative, following Mr. J. L. Tison of Georgia, delivered by Mr. T. C. Bowie of North Carolina, in the Inter-Collegiate Debate between the University of Georgia and the University of North Carolina, held at Athens, Ga., March 17, 1899, on the query, "Resolved, That United States Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people." Time allowed each speaker, thirty minutes. The speech delivered by Mr. E. D. Broadhurst of North Carolina appeared in the May issue of the MAGAZINE.—Ed.]

My colleague has shown you that the present mode of electing U. S. Senators is in harmony with our system of government and, that judging it from the experience of a hundred years, it has worked well.

It shall be my purpose to point out to you what would be the effect of the proposed change. Would it be favorable or unfavorable to good government?

Change does not always mean reform; and it has been well said by John Fiske that, "The evils that inevitably flow from any fundamental change in the instrument of a country are apt to be much more serious than the evil the change is intended to remove."

Now, let us see if this would not be the case in this particular instance. If we take the election of U. S. Senators from the legislatures what must be the necessary and only alternative for the performance of such an important function of state sovereignty?

The very extent of area, as well as wide distribution and large number of population in the great com-

monwealths that compose this government, renders it both impracticable and impossible for the people to gather together and put in nomination a Senator by direct action. Then Sirs, the choice of the Senators virtually to be made by the state convention of the party in power.

Now let us compare the alternative with the present mode and see from the very nature of things which is the better of the two methods for the election of the men who are to protect the rights, maintain the honor and dignity of the states in the Federal government.

You change the mode of selecting by public officers who are entrusted with making the laws upon which the financial, social and moral status of a whole commonwealth depend and substitute the partisan machinery of a political convention composed of persons with no other responsibilities.

Instead of a deliberate selection of the Senator by men chosen under strict legal provision there is to be practically a choice of men not chosen in the pursuance of any law.

Instead of a choice by men under an oath of office there is to be a choice by men upon whom no oath is imposed.

Instead of a choice by men acting under a high sense of personal responsibility it will be by men who may vote by proxy or even vote twice.

Instead of a choice by men of whose actions there is an official and accredited record there is to be a choice by men of whose actions no official record exists. For

a choice by a permanent body there must be a choice by a body enslaved to the behests of a party spirit which may last one brief day.

Instead of a choice by a body acting by majorities there is to be substituted in the end a choice by pluralities.

For a choice by a body representing all localities of a state, where different local interests are fairly represented, you substitute an election by sheer force of numbers where the popular masses in great cities have disproportionate and undue weight.

This is the alternative that my opponents propose for the appointment of the men who are to compose what we are fond of calling the most august body on earth. Is it to be preferred to the legislature, to which all that is near and dear to the state is entrusted? But the opposition maintains that certain undue influence is brought to bear upon the legislature which it is unable to withstand; yet does it not stand to reason that the same evils will operate with equal if not more effect upon the conventions, than they do upon the legislatures? And from their nature which is the better able to withstand them? Nay, how much more susceptible must the convention be to the bribes, mistakes, corruption and double voting than the elect company sifted out of a commonwealth, to whom are entrusted all the sacred duties of state legislation? But it is said, "this is one of the reasons for not electing the Senators by the legislatures; that you embarrass those already laden with care." Yet is it not a well known fact that responsibility is the strongest safeguard of the strict performance of duty?

It is further stated, "that our President, Vice-President, Governors and other officers are nominated by these conventions." But Sirs, it cannot be denied that the character of the convention is such as I have described it, and the simple fact that our political machinery is such that it compels us to nominate our other officers in this manner is no reason why we should submit the great office of U. S. Senator to such subjection.

It is further maintained by the opposition, that the action of the state legislature is final, while that of the convention is not; that the people may correct the mistakes of the convention.

This statement is wholly inconsistent with the ordinary experience, in popular election, for men do not vote, except in the most extreme cases, against candidates on account of their individual character, but because there is an honest difference as to political convictions.

But even admitting this to be the case, note the dilemma in which it places the voter. It either compels him to disfranchise himself or vote against his political convictions. He must either not vote at all, or vote for the candidate of the opposing party, who represents political principles diametrically opposed to his own. Why gentlemen, you readily see the remedy would be worse than the evil itself, since the mistake of the convention can only be corrected at the cost of destroying the character of the state because of the character of the candidate.

Now gentlemen, the next and most disastrous effect

of the proposed change would be to destroy the state as a *state* in national government, and hence rob the state of its last vestige of "states rights." For pray tell me what voice the state has as a *state* in national affairs, save that uttered by her Senators who stand for the state.

But my friendly opponent challenges me to prove that "the people are not the state, and that the creature cannot rise above the creator." Upon this question I desire to join issue. The fallacy of his argument lies in the confusion of sovereignty and government, between which there is a striking distinction, namely;—while the sovereignty resides with the people, government is the means by which it is expressed.

The people taken in their mere aggregate force are not the state. The very nature of a state itself contradicts this argument. A state "is a collection of individuals living together in a well *defined territory*, permanently organized for the purpose of government." Then Sirs, the true representation of a state involves two fundamental principles, namely, permanent organization and proportionality both as to *territory* and *inhabitants*. Why gentlemen, the simple fact that the inhabitants of each state possess peculiar characteristics that are different from those of every other state; that a Northern man differs radically from a Southern man; in short that man is the product of his environment, shows what an important part the soil plays in determining the character of a state. Different interests also arise from the difference of the soil. Georgia and Maine have certain permanent in-

terests that differ widely because of the geographic and climatic diversity of their soil. And when you ignore this vital principle in the representation of a state you have virtually destroyed the state as a state in our National Government, and this is exactly what the proposed change does.

The voice of the state is now uttered by the Legislature in which the state is represented proportionally both as to territory and inhabitants, each county having its representative, whether or not it has the requisite proportion of inhabitants, while the proposed change requires the voice of the state to be uttered by the mass of its citizens, regardless of local divisions, removing the political power now equally distributed to the great cities and centres of population.

New York City would control the vote of the State of N. Y.; Boston, that of Mass.; Baltimore, that of Md.; Chicago, that of Ill. Each little district now having its just weight would be outweighed by the dwellers in the great towns where the two extremes (great wealth and great poverty) meet and combine to take charge of the affairs of government.

But the opposition maintains that the cities are greater in wealth and population, therefore they should have more weight in representation. That this is true is demonstrated by the fact, that our forefathers wisely provided that this should be taken into consideration in the distribution of the Representatives that compose the lower branch of our national assembly. And with equal ingenuity they provided that the distinct personnel of each state should be regarded in dis-

tributing the representation in the upper branch. And it is upon this and not upon the mere force of numbers that the representation in the Senate is based. I admit Sirs, that if this government was based directly upon the people in their mere aggregate force of numbers, that the election of Senators by the people would be the only logical course to pursue. But I deny Sirs, that this is the nature of our government. It is not a union of individuals, but a union of forty-five states with distinct personnels and different permanent interests—upon this very point hinges the controversy. My opponents maintain that this is a government based directly upon the people in their aggregate force, hence the people should elect the Senators.

We maintain that this is a government based primarily upon the states; that the people of the states, taken in their mere aggregate force of numbers, are provided for in the distribution of the Representatives of the Lower House of our National Assembly, while the States, as such, are represented in the Senate; hence the Legislature, the true and legal representative of the State, as a corporate body, should elect the U. S. Senators.

Sirs, these two theories of government that we are advocating here to-night involve the same question that invoked that memorable debate in the U. S. Senate Chamber; that called forth the severest logic and the most thrilling eloquence that this young republic has ever heard. Sirs, it is the same question that aroused Calhoun and Webster to their feet, to exchange blows, the sparks from the encounter of whose

swords, kindled the conflagration that devastated this fair Southland of ours. It was a conflict between two great theories of government and not of freedom and slavery that drenched our Southern soil in blood. And we are here to-night representing these two antagonistic theories of government.

My friendly opponents occupy the same ground that Webster occupied, when he maintained that this government was a union of individuals and not, of the then, twenty-four separate states.

We occupy the impregnable ground of state sovereignty that Calhoun did, when he held the converse of the position. Sirs, we are advocating the same principles of government that our fathers fought for so heroically and for which they surrendered their lives and their fortunes. But I see my friendly opponents preparing to tell you, that in that mighty war-grave, where sleep so many of our Southern heroes, lies buried also the idea of "states rights" and the Southern cause. But Sirs, I deny that such an idea is buried and lost forever. For although the superiority of the North in numbers and forces compelled our half-starved and half-clad heroes to surrender their arms and march home in defeat and despair, thank God the very principles for which they fought still live! History repeats itself and Senator Hoar, the champion of the advanced Republicans of to-day, has a spasm of constitutional learning and honesty in his great argument against expansion, boasts for a Northern leader most inconsistently, and yet with a great truth in his anomaly, says he "stands upon the same ground that Alex-

ander Hamilton, Dan. Webster and Chas. Sumner stood;" yet maintaining that this is a government composed of forty-five states and not a mere aggregation of individuals. In his speech before the New England Club in Charleston, S.C. last December Senator Hoar said:—"I always delight to think, as I know the people of S. C., delight to think, of these States of ours, not as a mere aggregation of individuals, but as beautiful personalities, moral beings, endowed with moral character, capable of faith, of memory, of pride, sorrow and joy, courage and heroism, honor and shame. Their power and glory, their rightful place in history depend upon these things and not upon members." And he further adds, "That it is this that justifies the arrangement of the Constitution of the U.S. for equal representation in the upper legislative chamber, and explains its admirable success."

And thus we see, that though Calhoun and that glorious company of witnesses both in the Senate halls and on the battle field, lie cold in the grave, their doctrine still lives and when great issues are at stake the disciples of their great opponents make it their own.

Then gentlemen, we maintain that not only will the proposed change destroy the state, as a state, in our national government, but that it will obscure and blot out forever the last vestige of "states rights."

Now gentlemen, I propose to show you that the proposed change is virtually forbidden by the text of the Constitution itself and should it be made in defiance of this provision, it would result in the overthrow of our

National Constitution. The logic of my opponent's position compels them either to submit to proportional representation in the Senate, or repudiate the very principle for which they contend, namely: that this is a government "by, for, and of the people."

Because Sirs, if they give Nevada, with her 45,500 inhabitants, two Senators, they must give New York as many in proportion or disfranchise more than five million people in the State of New York alone. But the Constitution provides that "no state shall be deprived of its equal representation in the Senate without its consent." And when we remember how long and bitter was the struggle between the large and small states, we readily see that nothing short of a revolution would make the small states submit to this. Hence the major premise of the opposition's argument is contradicted by the constitution itself, since it has virtually forbidden proportional representation in the Senate, which must inevitably follow the direct representation of the proposed Senate. And should this illogical change be forced upon the states, claiming to be based upon the people, yet disfranchising more than half their number, the great legislative chamber, which has been for more than a century the admiration of all mankind would be forever gone.

The states never agreed that there should be perpetual equality in representation in a Senate based upon any other mode of election. New York never agreed to submit forever to equality in legislation, in making treaties, in the appointment of great executive officers and the power to punish and remove them, in declaring

war and making peace with the 8000 votes of Nevada, when the two states are simply representative districts the only difference being that the one is 150 times larger than the other.

The larger states loyally submit to this to-day, because the representation in the Senate is based upon the states, as such, and not upon the force of numbers. But tell them that the Senate, as Hamilton and Madison drew its stately plan, is gone; tell them that it is no longer composed of select men, chosen by select men, superior to impulse and passion, representing the deliberate will and sober judgment of the people and they will tell you that their constitutional obligation is also gone and that they never agreed to submit to equality in representation in a Senate based directly upon the people.

Then, Sirs, my opponents, in consequence of a few instances of fraud and corruption, which always have and always will accompany political parties, come here and demand a fundamental change in one of the most powerful instruments ever written by man; an instrument that has given us liberty and freedom—made us a powerful and progressive people.

No doubt there have been a few instances where fraud and bribery were used in the election of the Senator; but I challenge my opponents to show you that popular elections are free from corruption or to point to a single epoch in the history of political institutions where demagogues and designing men have not bathed their hands in the stream of political progress and rendered it unclean.

Sirs, we admit the packing of the legislative caucus, the scandal of Quay's dealing with his puppets; but if the finer elements of a state legislature yield to such influence, how much more susceptible to this influence will be the delegates of a party convention, chosen to obey the behests of a partisan spirit. But the opposition insists on "more rights for the people." Why gentlemen there never has been since the dawn of civilized government, a people who have surrendered so few of their national privileges and had so many protected in return; who inhale an atmosphere of more absolute freedom than the American people. Yet my opponents come here demanding "more rights for the people." Why this is the old, old political story whose babbling echoes mock themselves. But when public enthusiasm has subsided there is always a calm level of public opinion, which moves beneath the storm that tells us that the vigor of government is essential to liberty, and that a dangerous ambition more often lurks behind the mask of an over-scrupulous zeal for the rights of the people, than a real enthusiasm for the efficiency of good government. And history teaches us that the former has been a more certain road to despotism than the latter and that of those men who have overturned republics, the greatest number have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the people—beginning as demagogues and ending as tyrants.

Then Sirs, in conclusion I will say that this change would alter the nature of our government. It would no longer be "an indestructible union of indestructible

states" but a mere league, or confederacy. And if carried to its logical conclusion it will result in the substitution of an absolute democracy for our representative government. And since there can be no progress without restraint, civilized society and absolute democracy cannot walk 'hand in hand.

Then Sirs, if the proposed change is adopted and carried to its logical conclusion it will result in the overthrow of the whole scheme of our national Constitution as designed and adopted by our forefathers.

The Constitution is our great bulwark against agitation. It is the defense of American civilization—the foundation upon which our progress and prosperity is based. It is the hope of the future of this republic—the "Ark of the Covenant" of liberty.

Disease and epidemic may sweep over the country and be forgotten; floods may rush down our beautiful and fertile valleys, but the water will subside and labor will restore the desolation. Cyclones may destroy, but industry will repair the shattered edifices. Fire may come and consume, but strong hearts and willing hands will rebuild. War and famine may find place in our country's history but American courage and fortitude will enable us to rise above these desolating effects. But undermine the Constitution of our country and that for which mankind has fought, labored and struggled since the world began is gone forever. Even give it a blow and civilization will stop and stagger, liberty will be imperiled, the progress of the American people will halt and this great Republic, the pride and envy of the world, will be lost among the wreck of nations and its triumphs and greatness will be among the glories of the past.

## IMPRESSIONS OF A SOJOURNER IN THE HILL COUNTRY.

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It is the last hour of day. In a secluded mountain valley the voices of the birds are hushed; the gentle sound of falling waters alone is heard; the long shadows have enveloped the cabins of the mountaineers. But though all around is shadow, the God of Day is not yet fled. Lift up your eyes and behold how the red rays of the dying sun linger lovingly upon the distant pinnacle of the mountain chain, crowning the lofty summit with an unspeakable glory. Such a scene is an emblem of hope for those who in life must walk through the valley of the shadow. Let such not despair, but rather look up and behold the sun of hope lighting up for them the distant heights of achievement.

Communion with Nature among the hills is balm like unto that of Gilead for the victim of distress, in body or in spirit. The atmosphere of the mountains is an atmosphere of buoyant hope. To such as know how to "look through Nature up to Nature's God," it is an atmosphere of supremest happiness.

Passing from the general to the particular, it may be truly said that the seeker after health or pleasure will find no more delightful region in the world than the extreme western portion of North Carolina. Tourists who have travelled the world over, and have looked upon its grandest and most beautiful scenery say that in natural beauty and sublimity the mountains

of Western North Carolina are not only unsurpassed, but unequalled in the world. In the balmy balsamic breezes there is strength and health and life for the feeble and the dying. In the grand old mountains whose lofty summits are now wrapped in the clouds, now kissed by God's sweet sun-light, and ever fanned by cooling breezes and lulled by the music of the murmuring rills tumbling down the furrowed mountain side,—in these mountains there is inspiration for all mankind. They are the "sucking breasts" of our good old mother State from which all may draw life and inspiration. Ho every one that thirsteth, thither go!

During the past summer I enjoyed seeing much of the unsurpassed scenery of the western portion of the State. I had heard much, and read much, but the half had not been told me of the scenes on the Western North Carolina Railroad where, by a triumph of human ingenuity and engineering skill over seemingly insuperable difficulties, the railroad surmounts the Blue Ridge; where one winds along the forest-clad sides of the mountains whose mighty domes mingle with the sky; where from the car window one sees beneath, happy valleys arrayed in garments of green and traversed by glistening streams, and above the grand sentinels of the ages,—of these scenes it is unnecessary to speak, for the fame of them has gone over the world.

Scarcely less well-known is the country between Asheville and Paint Rock, where the rushing, foaming French Broad is followed in its sinuous course by the railroad train.

The scenery on the railroad from Asheville to Murphy, in Cherokee county, is comparatively unknown and unappreciated. The length of railroad is one hundred and twenty-four miles, and there is scarcely a mile which does not present some new and interesting aspect of mountain scenery. In this region turbulent streams, foaming in rocky channels, and the majestic mountains combine to make the beauty of the scene. In this section are deep gorges, and lofty trestles over tiny, shining streams in the valley far beneath; there are fertile and, in some instances, well-cultivated fields, large orchards whose trees bend under the weight of the ripe fruit, and a people who, though simple and unlearned, are happy and contented. A great future is surely in store for this section, for here nature has been prodigal with her blessings.

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During my short sojourn in the mountains I was particularly impressed with two aspects of mountain scenery—the rainbows in and out of the clouds and the ever-changing effects of the clouds themselves.

It was at Gombroon, in Buncombe county, the loved home of North Carolina's dead Senator, Vance, where now the memory of him is kept fresh and fragrant, that I saw a rainbow which I shall never forget. When first I looked the bow was dim and indistinct. Gradually it became more clearly defined, the colors deepened, and the bow, set not "in the cloud," but with clear air and mountains for its setting, was perfect in shape and coloring and of titanic size. Span-

ning the blue heavens, and the great gorge beneath it, on the one side the bow rested on the Blue Ridge and on the other upon the Black Mountains. Surely such a rain-bow must have been seen by the entranced patriarch of old when he looked upon the sign and seal of the promise of God. As I looked the ever-changing hues began to pale, the beautiful arch, reaching from mountain range to mountain range, became more and more indistinct, and in a few moments the rainbow was gone. In its unapproachable beauty and its dazzling radiance, it seemed to me that it was indeed the bow of the Almighty, set in the mountain where He dwells as a sign of promise for North Carolina.

I was scarcely less impressed with the beauty and grandeur of the cloud scenery. One evening the distant eastern mountains were kissed by the sunlight, and the clouds above and behind them were tinted with all the hues of the rainbow by the sun sinking in the West. The sight was beautiful and inspiring beyond the power of words to describe. But beauty was about to give place to grandeur. I turned and looked behind me and saw a lowering storm-cloud wrapping the earth in impenetrable mist, and rolling up the valley. Black as Erebus, in indescribable majesty, it rolled on, giving forth the low rumblings and mutterings which signify the coming of the storm. Soon the storm, thus threatened, broke in all its fury, and the rain descended in torrents through the darkened air. The artillery of heaven was unlimbered. The thunder rolled and the live lightnings flashed through the thick clouds. But the storm was over in

quickly as it had come, and the sun again lit up the cloud-isles of the sky with all his glorious hues.

Such are some of the general aspects of scenery and such some of the grand natural displays in the mountains of Western North Carolina, as I have feebly attempted to describe them. But such things the pen of no writer can describe and the brush of no painter depict. Every man must see and feel for himself.

WHITEHEAD KLUTTZ, OPTIONAL.

HAMLET WITH THE PART OF HAMLET  
LEFT OUT,  
OR  
A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF "HAMLET" AND  
"FRATRICIDE PUNISHED."

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Paradoxical as is this title, impossible as it is to conceive of the great tragedy of thought without the character which gives it its very life, we nevertheless find a play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out as we turn with curious interest to an old German play which carries us strangely through the incidents and atmosphere of the period in Denmark depicted by Shakespeare, yet leaves upon the mind a sense of the weakness of mere plot and recalls, in contrast, the marvelous power of the great dramatist.

Perplexing are the theories as to the relation of this play of "Fratricide Punished" to the Hamlet drama of Shakespeare. So striking are the resemblances in plot that there is no room for doubt as to a connection existing between the two plays. For in Shakespeare's Hamlet the divergence, in the main outline of the story, from the Saxon Grammaticus drama and from Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," is decidedly more marked than the slight variation on the play of "Fratricide Punished."

Did Shakespeare make use of this plot as he found it to construct his great tragedy or was the play of

“Fratricide Punished” a different rendering by inferior playwrights of Shakespeare’s own play? Obviously, a comparison of exact dates as to the publishing of the two plays and their presentation on the stage would throw much light on the question; but the dates are lacking, conjecture as to the time of the appearance of “Fratricide Punished,” ranging from 1589 to 1710.

Shakespeare’s picture of Hamlet, deeply feeling and thinking while failing to act, reflecting, and lamenting his own misfortune, not proceeding to the duty which lay before him, exclaiming soon after the interview with the ghost “The time is out of joint—O cursed spite that ever I was born to set it right!”—This picture is one not found in the play of “Fratricide Punished.” The German drama reveals no Hamlet in the first agony of grief, almost on the verge of suicide, crying out,

“O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,” paying the beautiful tribute to his father:

“So excellent a king . . . . .  
. . . . .so loving to my mother  
that he might not between the winds of heaven visit  
her face too roughly” . . . . .suffering intensely the  
mortification in his mother’s hasty marriage with the  
uncle murderer, exclaiming, even while discoursing  
on his own madness to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,

“What a piece of work is man!” uttering, just before the conversation with Ophelia, the immortal soliloquy, “To be or not to be, that is the question.”

The scene in which Hamlet wildly advises Ophelia

to retire to a nunnery, Hamlet's advice to the players and the interview with his mother are all found in "Fratricide Punished," but they are mere travesties instead of the master strokes of Shakespeare we have "Words, words, words!"

A comparison of Hamlet's instruction to the players, beginning "Speak, the speech I pray you as I pronounced it to you, etc., and of those passages revealing the experienced playwright and the genius, with the corresponding piece in "Fratricide Punished" may serve to show a decided difference in the character of the two plays. After criticising the head-gear of the actors, Hamlet tells them that "when they act a king or a princely personage they should not leer so much when they pay a compliment to a lady and not be always stepping a Spanish pavan, nor putting on such braggadocio airs," that a player should imagine himself the character he is representing, etc. This is no doubt wise counsel as far as it goes but is clearly below Shakespeare.

Instead of Shakespeare's heart-stirring, soul-stirring picture of Hamlet and his mother when he "cleft her heart in twain," in that interview during which he states the old eavesdropper, we have the prince in the German play speaking thus:

"Do you weep? Ah, leave off: they are mere crocodile's tears. But see, there in that gallery hangs the counterfeit of your first husband and there hangs the counterfeit of your present. What think you now? Which of them is the comeliest? Is not the first a majestic lord?" The old chamberlain crouches behind the tapestry, Hamlet stabs him, the ghost of the mur-

dered king appears, is invisible to the queen and Hamlet, reproaching his mother for not being worthy to look upon his (the ghost's) form, leaves her in anger.

There is no gentle touch of the spirit's pity and intercession for the queen as seen in the direction to Hamlet to "Step between her and her fighting soul," no trace of lingering love and tenderness for the mother or confidence in her capability of good, as Shakespeare implied in Hamlet's anxious hope that the queen would cultivate virtue, that she would throw away the evil portion of her heart "And live the purer with the other half," as seen in the near approach of the prince to an apology for his candid reproof and in his pleading counsel,

"Confess yourself to heaven

Repent what's past, avoid what is to come."

The fact that there is not one of Hamlet's great soliloquies in the "Brudermord" is sufficient to stamp the play as Hamlet with Hamlet left out, for it is through soliloquy that he is revealed by Shakespeare in his true character.

The following is the soliloquy of the German play:  
\* "Unfortunate Prince! how much longer must thou live without peace? How long dost thou delay, O righteous Nemesis before thou whettest thy righteous sword of vengeance for my uncle, the fratricide? Hither have I come once more but can not attain to my revenge, because the fratricide is surrounded all the time by so many people. But I swear that before the sun has finished his journey from east to west, I will revenge myself on him." The Hamlet here por-

trayed is not the prince whose diseased mind, brooding and inactive temperament and speculative disposition interfere with vengeance; here we do not find a prince irresolute, a victim of excessive reflection, a mind "Sick-lid o'er with the pale cast of thought," a Hamlet conscious of condemning his own weakness, feeling that his scruples are . . . "But one part wisdom

And ever three parts coward."

The grave-yard scene in Shakespeare's play is one which we can hardly imagine omitted from the Hamlet drama; it is necessary for the full depicting of Hamlet's character. The reminiscences relating to Yorick, the grim jesting of the grave diggers, Hamlet's reflections, with the skull in his hand, on the vanity of life, his whole conversation with Horatio, terminating in the observation

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away"

all contribute greatly to the full Hamlet conception and to the general action of the drama. The funeral obsequies of Ophelia are important as showing the narrow religious views of the day and there is a subtle touch in the picture of the queen throwing flowers into the grave. A new side of Hamlet is displayed in the encounter with Laertes, and the struggle in the grave may be considered the "dumb show presaging the deadly struggle to take place later under the king's auspices. There is no trace of the graveyard scene in "Fratricide Punished." Truly the part of Hamlet is left out of the "Brudermord."

The introduction of low comic characters and coarse

humor into "Fratricide Punished" gives a tone to the play entirely unknown in the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare.

Among the most surprising variations in the *Brudermord* in the familiar Hamlet story may be mentioned the undignified behavior of the ghost during the first appearance; the absurd Munchausen-like stratagem by which Hamlet saves his life, after the order has been given by the king for his murder; and the changed and lowered conception of Ophelia.

Compare the first scene of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," with its realistic imagery, picturing the quiet guard, "not a mouse stirring" on the platform at Elsinore, Bernardo's account of a strange apparition, the sudden interruption of

"Marcellus. Peace, break thee off; look where it comes again!

Bernardo. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Marcellus. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Bernardo. Looks it not like the king? Mark it  
Horatio.

Horatio. Most like; it harrows me with fear and wonder."

(Horatio's address to the ghost follows here.)

"Marcellus. It is offended.

Bernardo. See, it stalks away!

Horatio. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee speak!  
(Exit ghost)"—

Compare this scene with the conversation of the sen-

tinels and the action of the ghost in "Fratricide Punished" and the low grotesque effect is almost painful.

"Sentinel. What is it that has particularly frightened thee?

1st Sent. I'll tell thee. I've seen a ghost in front of the castle and he wanted twice to pitch me down from the bastion."

Contemptuous expressions from the second sentinel form the response, he then goes on duty and the ghost appears to him, when he gives vent to his alarm thus,

"O holy Anthony of Padua, defend me. I see now what my comrade told me. O, St. Velter, if my first round were only over I'd run away like any rogue. If I only had a drink of wine from the king's table to put out the fire in my heart. The devil himself is after me, Oh, I'm so frightened I can't stir!"

Just before he concludes this speech the "*Ghost from behind gives him a box on the ear* and makes him drop his musket and exit."

Passing on to another striking characteristic scene we find Hamlet, in the beginning of Act IV, pleading for his life with the banditti, who according to instructions are about to shoot him.

"Hamlet. Hear me, one word more. Since the very worst of malefactors is not denied a time for repentance. I, an innocent prince, beg you to let me raise to my maker a fervent prayer; after that I am ready to die. But I will give you a signal. I will turn my hands toward heaven, and the moment I

stretch out my arms, fire! Aim both pistols at my side and when I say 'shoot' give me as much as I need, and be sure to hit me so that I shall not be long in torture.

Band. Well we can easily grant him this favor. Therefore, go ahead."

Hamlet then spreads out his hands, throws himself forward on his face between the two, cries 'shoot,' and the executioners, firing at the same instant, as directed, of course *kill each other*. Hamlet exclaims "O just heaven! thanks be to thee for this angelic idea. I will praise forever the guardian angel who through my own idea has saved my life." The scene seems more suited to a parody than a tragedy.

Phantasma, the court fool, and Jenö, the peasant, characters of "Fratricide Punished" are suited only to low comedy, and the spectacle of Ophelia pursuing the vulgar buffoon, madly soliciting his attention and striking him, when, suddenly, in her insane grief, she imagines Hamlet beckoning her, is a scene truly revolting. The coarse girl of the German play cannot be associated with the timid, confiding, gentle, pure and fair Ophelia, the sweet and delicate nature, as sensitive to a touch as are her loved pansies, rosemary and daisies and the violets that "withered" when her "father died," poor Ophelia irrevocably crushed by a double blow, falling at last from the willow into the brook, drowned, still clinging to her flowers and chanting snatches of old times. Surely it is almost sacrilege to confound Shakespeare's Ophelia with the favorite attendant of the queen in the German play, who

runs up and down, cries and screams, eats and drinks nothing, has "lost her wits" as is said of her, and finally to use the words of the text "went up a high hill and threw herself down and killed herself."

Shakespeare's fine strokes in vividly showing the soil which produced an Ophelia, in portraying her natural heritage as the daughter of Polonius, and as the product of her peculiar environment are not to be found in the "Brudermord."

There no curtain is raised upon Danish family life in the home of the lord chamberlain. We do not have the benefit of Laertes' advice to his sister "touching my lord Hamlet" and her famous reply, of the paternal exhortation of Polonius, the "few precepts," sentimentally delivered by the garrulous old gentleman, setting forth the whole duty of a young man of fashion, including sentiments of a high order and closing with the noble injunction

"To thine own self be true

And.....

Thou canst not then be false to any man."

In the German play we are not enlightened, as in Shakespeare, as to the shallow nature of the chamberlain's morals, by his dispatching a confidential agent to Paris as a spy upon his son and on this occasion elaborating, so as to reveal no deep sense of honor and virtue, his ideas of what Boas calls the "venial slips of youth."

The scenes just cited are conspicuous by their absence in the play of "Fratricide Punished."

The king and queen in the German play, though

taking substantially the same part as in Shakespeare are lacking in individuality, the queen being hardly more than a mere figure head and the king displaying more of the studied, affected, euphuistic style characteristic of him in Shakespeare. The strength and beauty of Horatio's character and his important relation to Hamlet are by no means fully seen in the "Brudermord." Throughout the play Hamlet's madness is clearly feigned; there is no possible lapsing into real insanity on account of tremendous pressure of grief and circumstances.

It is worthy of note that the German play is lacking in the touches of ironical cynicism which strengthen Shakespeare's Hamlet conception and also that it has none of the lyrical beauty found in Shakespeare, as in the speech of Marcellus, referring to the idea that at the season of Christ's birth "The bird of dawning singeth all night long" when "no witches, fairies nor spirits" can walk abroad.....

"So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

The prologue of "Fratricide Punished," a short comprehensive dialogue between Night and the Furies, though marred by coarseness, seems almost forcible enough to introduce the play of Shakespeare and is decidedly superior to the mere skeleton play of the Germans.

"Fratricide Punished" is, as has been said the "play of Shakespeare, corrupted, attenuated, shorn of its great nobility, distorted, degraded vulgarized."

If we accept the theory that the "Brudermord" was prior in date to the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare and that

the plot was utilized in Shakespeare's play, there still is no detraction from the art of the master dramatist. For it is not the story that makes Shakespeare's play of Hamlet; it is Hamlet himself! And "Fratricide Punished" is the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. The poet Campbell has said, "I believe that of every other character, either in tragic or epic poetry, the story makes part of the conception; but of Hamlet the deep and permanent interest is the conception of himself." The character of Hamlet is the creation of Shakespeare.

That it is more pondered over, that it inspires more interest than any other character of literature is perhaps due to Hamlet's continual utterance of the thoughts of all mankind, to his struggles with the problems of life, to his despair under a dark and awful cloud and to the sense that Hamlet's weakness and defects of nature are not peculiar to him alone but common to all the world. Indeed, as Coleridge has said "The character must have some connection with the fundamental laws of our nature."

Hamlet is to some extent, the incarnation of the universal mind and of universal sorrow. Furness has expressed the verdict of mankind when he says:

"No one of mortal mould ('save Him whose blessed feet were nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross') ever trod this earth, commanding such absorbing interest as this Hamlet, this mere creation of a poet's brain."

## WHEN THE JESSAMINE BLOOMS AGAIN.

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The Confederates lay like a dyke along the right bank of the Rappahannock. The red glow of sunset had vanished from earth and air, and the river lay as dark and silent as the monster asleep on its bank. But the separate limbs and muscles of the monster were quite active—what we call in physiology now, unconscious cerebration. It required the light of day for this Leviathan of the land to move as one system of nerves and fibres. Its life resolved itself into factors at night. Corps, brigades, regiments, companies, lived, each a life peculiar to itself and yet related to the individual men as to the universe.

Fires of a scraggy bush nature were attempting to carry out the poetic description, "blazing along the line." They seemed to do better in Longstreet's corps than in any other and in Kershaw's brigade of South Carolina troops there was one so advanced as to warrant beginning the preparation of something which for conventionality's sake, the men still called supper.

"My God, Jim, stop eatin' that green corn. You'll die, boy. Doc's done tole us."

"Doc's a lie. I can't starve."

"Put it down, Ross."

With a salute the man obeyed his captain and went on—starving.

The clear, crisp words of authority came from a youth of twenty, but he was a god in a way to seventy-five men. Now he was writing on his knapsack as a desk. The firelight threw lights and shadows equally across the paper, making him pause now and then to make plane for the next word. Raising the paper up, one side is seen to be an advertisement for tobacco. Choice in stationery was largely of the variety known as Hobson's. He writes eagerly, as if his very soul was being spread out on that ragged piece of paper.

The men have fallen into groups as sheep at eventide. The talk is all of battles, of battles on land and sea, where the blood-red, swollen, blackened bodies marked the day's work.

"Ole man Burnside and his yankees is goin' to ketch hell ter morrer," came from a group where "seven-up" had begun to be played.

"Who said so?" The dealer paused long enough to get an answer and then went on.

"Man in the 7th. North Carolina"

"He ain't no prayer book, I reckon."

"No, by George, they're anything else."

The young Captain had finished, and comments broke off as he stood looking over the groups for a messenger. Turning to one, he said:

"Private Mann, see that this letter is posted behind the lines."

In a few minutes Private Mann had become a part of the blackness called "behind the lines." He managed to steer close to a light very soon after. To know the address of a letter one is carrying is not a hanging crime.

"I thought it was a *her*," and as an after thought and an attempt to give credit where credit was due in spite of personal grievance, he added, "and Cap's the best fighter in the regiment, too."

\* \* \* \*

"March 1863—will it never end, thought the girl. Little tears came welling up as she thought of the war and its possibilities.

Then she remembered what she had said to him the night he left, and her lips trembled now and then as she said it over. "I'll be brave, George. I'll be brave, George. I'll be brave,—but oh, come back to me!" And sobbing with grief she stretched out her arms as if to grasp a phantom.

If he could only come. There were so few chances for him to write. "Oh, the cruel, cruel war," she wailed. She read every line in the newspapers to see if among the "killed" and "missing" there might be the name, Geo. Miller, Capt. Co. F. 21st. S. C. She believed she would die if she were to see it, but a something which she could not control would not allow her to desist.

Spring would soon be here. Really, it had begun. Little gusts of wind swayed the peach trees and made the ground pink with falling petals. She thought of the time when love was free. But their freedom had been so short. At this time of the year and until the jessamine bloomed, and then he had gone to the war. The season was coming again—the same flowers, the roses he loved, all would come but George. And what was there without him,—bowing her head she allowed the tears to flow as they willed.

She heard some one coming up the road on horse-back and a voice she knew full well called her. No answer, nor did she raise her head. But when with mock gravity he called out,

“Miss Jessie Dayle, one letter.” She threw up her tearful pall and rushed out to him.

“Give it to me, now, Father.”

He held it up tauntingly as he said, “Not till I know what is the matter with my little bird.”

“She wanted that letter.”

“Well, now she has got it, I do not want to see any more weeping, dear little bird.”

She thought she answered, “No Sir;” but her interest in the letter absorbed her faculties. Over and over again she read it and then down by the big spring in the evening when the shadows were long and gaunt and the ripple of the river came softly purling through the air, she read for the last time that day, this letter:

*Darling Jessie:—There is a slight possible chance of getting you a letter and you know I could not think of you all the time and allow such a chance to go by. The enemy is yielding everyday and Gen. Lee is steadily advancing. \* \* Soon it will all be o'er. Be brave and true, little sweetheart. It may be that I shall join you at the river side—where I know you are now—when the jessamine blooms again.*

*Forever yours,*

*G. M.*

The night before he left they sat here. The breeze heavy with the fragrance of the yellow jessamine from

the river's bank smote their faces white and terse in the moonlight. It seemed to come in waves and bear one along to sweet Elysium, lulled by its gentle motion, and overwhelmed by its perfume. Both remarked its presence, and that the night and the jessamine should always be associated. Till now it had been a sad one, but his coming in the time of the jessamine would make it the sweetest flower that grows.

She took up her abode in the prison of Hope and lived there day by day. Her father, too old for service, helped her by making the prison stronger with statements of his own. He had seen part of the letter and it was with authority that he said pompously to his neighbors that he had had advices from the front and could say safely here what the plans were. Gen. Lee, it was known, would carry the war into the enemy's country. The end was near.

Days pressed on days, but the end seemed just as far as at first. She had a hard battle of her own when the flowers first bloomed and spring came rioting on as it does in lower Carolina. She watched the slaves as they began to "clear up" for work in the fields. Light curling spires of smoke worked where the just blooming black berries were being destroyed and also such wandering pieces of jessamine as had found their way from the great "hummock" on the river. The great embankments of the vine along the river were left untouched: there their matted roots had no fear of the black men and their hoes.

Spring was well nigh gone, the jessamine had bloomed, and ere it could be known, Summer ruled with un-

disputed sway and George had not come. But she lived on with hope.

June came and with it the news that Gen. Lee was in Pennsylvania with the Army of Northern Virginia.

“Now he will come,” she thought, “but if—Oh, God, bring him back to me.”

\* \* \* \*

It seemed like a day on a vast desert, that second day at Gettysburg; the day of destiny to the men there. Their throats seemed parched beyond relief, and relief there was none. Capt. Miller knew his Company was the best in the regiment and wondered why he had not been ordered into action. But no soldier in ranks believed more sincerely than he that the word was to do and die, and not to reason why. All day they had been standing ready and could judge the advances and retreats by the rain of bullets as they fell behind or in front of them. Death was there and was all powerful whether standing or walking. Captain Miller received his orders from the Orderly and said to his men:

“Men of the Secession Guards, you are ordered to take yonder battery. Forward!” That his whole frame was trembling with eager excitement was not seen. Seventy-five throats united in the Rebel yell. That yell frightful, half infernal, was the last utterance of almost one half the men.

The advance was down a little slope, along a flat bottom and across a small stream and then up a long bare hill flanked on the left with woods.

At “Forward” they had run out as if in a race. The stream was reached and the hum of the first bullets

was recognized. Only one man dropped. He did not know where he was hit, but yelled "Go on, boys" and began to watch the water dyed with his blood. Bullets were singing now like a thousand hand looms. They were up by the edge of the woods now, but had become a straight line. Everybody was in everybody's way except right in front where Captain Miller went straight on. The gleam of his sword was the only guide the men had. Most of them held their elbows over their eyes as if to keep out a strong glare. Those who fell kept it up and it made a sure hurdle for some one to fall over. "What the Hell do you mean, man?" The second lieutenant had fallen over a man, and he added, "lie down when you're shot, don't sit up like a fool. Come on up there, Ross. Damn it you're no gate post." "Hey, hey, come on," Miller was beginning to yell at them.

But the glare of that furnace of hellfire was too strong. They could not look at it; and the singing of the bullets made their very brains sick. Once again they formed and became a moving living Aries. The time seemed to be days long, but really it was the space of only a few seconds. Miller was still running ahead. Men seemed to be stumbling and falling like awkward children, but the noise of guns told of the victory of death. At a distance where the noise of battle could not have been heard one would have said that Captain Miller had fallen over a rock. But there was something fearful about the men. Wavering, the solid body broke again into helpless individuals. Miller saw it as he lay on the ground, and sticking his sword in the ground he raised himself up by it and

staggering on called to them in a voice not terrestrial nor yet celestial, "Forward Secession Guards!"

The men of the battery could not resist the onslaught of a body of men who had seen this. Those who could, saw the Captain smile as they rushed by. First Lieutenant Vann, blackened with powder and swearing was at their head, and the hill was taken. Then they sent a detail for Company F's hero and god.

"He was saying something about Jessie and jessamine. Must have been out of his head as he didn't live more than a minute after we got him on a stretcher."

\* \* \* \*

Days were like centuries to her. Hot, dry, parching August was upon them before she knew that he was really dead. Her father tried to talk of "this gallant youth" in his same old way, but at the sight of her white face all drawn with its heart-pain that ne'er could be eased, he would choke up and let his eyes grow misty. She tried to be her old self for her father's sake. Sometimes she would put her arms around his neck playfully, but when their eyes met the sight of her face would bring tears to the old man's eyes, and he would weep for her sorrow. No help could be given her. It was George she wanted and only George would do.

The days were Spring days now and she seemed a little stronger and her father hoped for better things; but it was a false change, for ere the jessamine had bloomed again her sweet young spirit had joined the one for which it sighed in that spirit-land where faithful lovers forever dwell.

W. H. L., '99.

## A REFLECTION.

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The miracle of the Incarnation at times seems so wonderful as to challenge the credulity of man. Yet it is but little more wonderful than many things which confront us in the course of life. That we live at all passes all comprehension.

A chemist can analyze the human body. He can tell you the elements which constitute the body and the exact proportions in which they exist, but he has never discovered life. He can separate, but cannot fabricate. Verily he can put the constituent parts of the human machine back again in the same proportion which exist in life, but he cannot create life.

The problem of human life is as utterly unsolved today as it ever was. I know that I am; this is just as much as the greatest and best man has ever learned.

We know that there is evolution in life. This evolution is simply progression toward God. It has continued from the amoeba to man; not that the life of man had its origin in that of any inferior animal, but simply that God permits this progression to exist in the wonderful autonomy of nature; not that the life of man is further from the life of God than that of any other animal save in its conception of God.

There is nothing in the Universe devoid of system. In all this system man is king. Every living thing does him homage. Every season brings her offering.

Amid the perfume of her flowers nature has surrounded him with her music and pictures; and nature herself is more attractive under his supervision and his care.

This king is the highest type of animal life which God has seen fit to create. The life of man is perhaps—is surely nearer the life of God than the greatest and best ever dreamed it to be.

Man was not born to die, but to live.

Every man is but an exhalation from God. Every life is a divine miracle. The beautiful and divine life of Christ was no more a miracle than the life of any man. It simply expresses the nearness of man to God. It is an eternal pledge from God that man was born to live, not to die; that He is forever watchful over us; that He forever would draw us to Him; that our existence is merged into His life, and that no human being should perish.

EDWARD W. POU.

# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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THE DIALECTIC AND PHILANTHROPIC LITERARY SOCIETIES.

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## The Board of Editors.

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HENRY MAUGER LONDON, '99, MANAGING EDITOR, *Di.*  
WILLIAM STANLEY BERNARD, '00, *Phi.*  
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ALONZO ENOCH CATES, '00, *Di.*  
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FRANCIS MOORE OSBORNE, '99, *Di.*  
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- 

All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. All business matters to the Business Manager.  
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## The Editor's Desk.

**Commencement of '99.** The goal toward which '99 has striven for four long years has been reached. Commencement has come and is gone. It was with mingled pleasure and regret that the class neared its finish for every one knew that friendships would cease which had long been pleasant and which would be long remembered. The fifty-seven young

men and two young women who filled our ranks will never meet again. Reunions may come, and they will come, but forever hereafter the ranks will be broken. But '99 has a permanent class organization and as many as can will gather here again in 1904 to do homage to their *alma mater*. Until then and ever after then no matter where they roam or what land they call their home, the University of North Carolina will have no stronger friends than these members of the class of '99.



**Parting word.** With this issue the present Editorial staff of the MAGAZINE finishes its work for the college year and welcomes the new corps of Editors and bids adieu to its readers. That our work has been imperfect and that the ideal college magazine has by no means been reached, is recognized by no one more fully than by the Editors themselves; yet we feel that we can conscientiously say, that under the circumstances we have done our best. We recognize the fact also that although the Literary Societies have ever stood ready to help us materially, the student body as a whole has not taken the interest in magazine work it should have done; and we trust that our successors will have a larger number of contributors and that they will not be forced to impose on good nature as we feel we have done in having to call upon the same persons so often. To them and to all who have in any way assisted us, we offer our thanks, and to those who

have criticized our work, we wish them the pleasure some day of filling our position.

The Editor-in-Chief wishes to thank the members of the board for the kind and sympathizing interest they have always taken in the MAGAZINE, and to assure them that to their efforts is largely due whatever success the MAGAZINE may have attained.

And now with a final farewell we bring to a close the work of the board of '98-'99.

## Book Notices.

THE CONJURE WOMAN BY CHARLES W. CHESNUTT: HOUGHTON MIFFLIN & Co., BOSTON, MASS. PRICE \$1.25.

A collection of seven negro-dialect stories. They all have to do with the magic "conjure" or mysterious "goopher" whose powerful influence is acknowledged by negroes all through the South. It is an interesting field for psychological study—this conjure belief. This little volume however is written solely to entertain, and judging from our own experience it is bound to succeed.

One of the first things noticed in such dialect stories by a Southerner is the accuracy or inaccuracy of the dialect. The author has succeeded in giving us a purely natural speech for his characters. They are real in action as well as in speech.

Uncle Julius is a truer type than Uncle Remus in our opinion. Uncle Julius is, of course, the story teller and if his pack contains others as good as "The Goophered Grapevine" or "The Gray Wolf's Ha'nt" the reading public will demand their immediate publication.

Charles W. Chesnutt has succeeded in portraying some of the most interesting characteristics of his race in a way that no one else has ever done. He is a native North Carolinian, by the way.

THE SOUTHERN STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION: by J. L. M. CURRY, D.D.; B. F. JOHNSON & Co., Richmond, Va. \$1.00.

This is a copy of the recent new edition of this most excellent work and a new edition shows the appreciation of it by Southern teachers. It fills a long felt need of teachers in the way of a book that will give the true foundation for historical knowledge of his own nation to the growing American youth. There is no rancorous sectionalism about it: the red robe of rebellion does not flap before your eyes; the Southern Colonel does not strut around and say what "we might have done if—" nor is there any condemnation where condemnation is not due—in a word, it is the book most needed for a close and conservative study of the troubles of days now forever past.

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SOUTHERN LITERATURE: by LOUISE MANLY; Uniform with the above.

The time embraced is from 1579—1898. It makes a very interesting collection for the general reader, though its primary use is for schools. Miss Manly's classifications are excellent. We suggest that more than a nodding acquaintance with Southern Literature be made one of the requirements for our entrance examinations.

# Exchanges.

WM. S. BERNARD,

EDITOR.

The academic year will soon have drawn to a close, examinations and Commencement forgotten before we can place the MAGAZINE in the hands of its subscribers.

It gives us a pang to think of ourself a lone, solitary exchange lying on a deserted table with no warm hand to turn our pages, or quick sympathetic eye to scan our columns. To such of our fraternity however as this our last issue may reach we bid a sorrowful farewell—for we feel, we know and are brightened by the hope that many a well known name will be in its accustomed place again ere September has drawn to its close. The receipt of the following Magazines for the academic year is gratefully acknowledged.

The William and Mary College Monthly, The Polytechnic, Wofford College Journal, The Criterion, Mount. St. Joseph Collegian, The Haverfordian, Southwestern Presbyterian University Journal, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Converse Concept, Niagara Index, The Chisel, State Normal Magazine, The Trinity Archive, The Minneseta Magazine, The Athenaeum, The Wellesley Magazine, Vanderbilt Observer, The College Message, The Guilford Collegian, Hendrix College Mirror, Student Life, The Red and Blue, The Southern Collegian, The Western Maryland College Monthly, University Courant, The Integral, The College Athlete, The Philomathean Monthly, The Erskinian, The Stephens Life, Elizabeth Chronicle, The Nazarene, The Buff and Blue, The Purdue Exponent, Mnemosynean, The Carolinian, Clemson College Chronicle, The Georgian, The Baylor Literary, Richmond College Messenger, The Furman Echo, The William Jewell Student, The University of Virginia Magazine, Missouri State University Independent, Philomathean Monthly, The Clover Leaf, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, The Wake Forest Student, The Kalends. The Davidson College Magazine, Crescent Rays, The Gunniston Echo, 1212 Fourteenth St., Washington, D. C. Eumuean College Magazine, corner and Berkley Sts., Boston, Mass., The Atlantis, Central University, Richmond Ky., The Bellevue High School Nondescript, Bellevue. P.O. Va.

# Alumni Notes.

H. M. LONDON.

W. F. BRYAN.

H. A. London, A.B., 1868, delivered the annual literary address before the Durham graded schools, on June 2nd.

Joseph P. Wimberly, Med. '95-97, graduated recently at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, standing first in a large class.

Lewis V. Bassett. Law 1896-'97, has a fine practice in his profession at Rocky Mount, N. C.

Jones Fuller, Law, '98, has settled in Durham for the practice of law.

John Hilton' 1878-82, is a prominent physician at Swansea, Mass.

The monograph of J. G. McCormick on the personnel of the Secession Convention of 1861 will be run through the press by the latter part of June. It contains a complete sketch of all the members of that celebrated Convention and will be the first of a series of publications by the University.

Miss Sallie W. Stockard, A. B., '98, has been employed by the the Raleigh *Moring Post* to write a series of historical sketches. She has begun with the War of the Regulation and will follow it up by a history of Alamance County.

Mr. E. E. Sams, '98, has been for the past year principal of the college at Mars Hill, Madison County, N. C.

Mr. Luther B. Edwards, '88, has been principal for the year of the Franklin Classical Institute.

John A. Nairon, 1889, Law '93, is now a prominent lawyer in Smithfield, N. C.

Mr. Walter O. Cot, Law '98, has settled as a lawyer at Winston.

S. W. Kenny. 1894-'96, is the very efficient editor of a widely kown journal, the *Windsor Ledger*.

William F. Battle, Jr., 1868, has been promoted to be superintendent of a branch of the Norfolk and Western Railroad.

Francis D. Koonce, Jr., 1888, M.D., '95, is practicing medicine at Richlands, Onslow county.

Dr. Mangum read a paper on the use of antitoxin serums, at the meeting of the medical board in Asheville last week.

Mr. T. G. Pearson, '99, has been made State Ornithologist; and has also been elected Professor of Biology and Geology at Guilford College.

William S. Roberson, 1889, Law, '91, has removed from Graham to Chapel Hill. He is one of the executors of his lamented father, Dr. A. B. Roberson.

Dr. Lewis J. Battle, 1886, has succeeded to the practice of an eminent retired physician of Washington, D. C.

William Dempsey Grimes, '97, B. L. '98, has been recently elected Captain of a military organization in Eastern Carolina.

Dr. Alderman has delivered addresses at the following places during the spring:—

April 13	Elon College.
April 14	Horner School.
May 3,	Tulane University, New Orleans.
May 11,	University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.
May 18,	Wilson Graded Schools.
May 21,	State Normal and Industrial College.
June 7,	Elon College.
June 13,	Elizabeth City, N. C.

#### MARRIAGES.

Edward Payson Willard, '93, was united in marriage to Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Love, in St. James Church, Wilmington, June 7.

#### DEATHS.

Robert Gatling, 1891-'92, died May 4, 1899, at Raleigh.

David Schenck, Jr., 1884-'85, died at Greensboro May 11, 1899.

John K. Gibson, 1867-'68, of Richmond county, a lawyer of Black Rock, Arkansas, a member of the General Assembly of Arkansas, died, March 21, 1899.

# College Record.

F. M. OSBORNE,

A. E. CATES.

The gift of the Senior Class to the University was a bust of Zebulon B. Vance, made by our North Carolina artist, Randall.

Dr. and Mrs. Pratt expect to spend the summer in western North Carolina.

The Commencement Dances were led by Mr. Junius D. Grimes, '99, and were most enjoyable occasions.

Dr. H. V. Wilson has been appointed director of the Marine Laboratory, established by the United States Fish Commission at Beaufort, N. C., and is already on the grounds for the summer. Dr. Wilson was formerly connected with the United States Fish Commission.

The graduating class this year numbered the largest since 1861. The degree of A. M. was conferred on Misses Aherñ and Kendrick, both graduates of Smith College, Massachusetts; and Messrs. Henderson and Horney, graduates of the University of North Carolina.

Prof. Karl P. Harrington has resigned his position here and accepted the chair of Latin in the University of Maine. Dr. H. F. Linscott has been elected to fill the place thus left vacant.

Dr. Thomas Hume, Professor of English, is to deliver the address at the Commencement exercises of Washington and Lee this year.

The '99 *Hellenian* which was received just before Commencement seems to give entire satisfaction to those who have been interested in getting out this publication. Besides the number of copies ordered the Business Manager has on hand a few extra copies. Mr. W. F. Bryan will remain in Chapel Hill several days after Commencement to dispose of the stock on hand. Price \$1.50 per copy with 18 cents postage.

A course of instruction in dyeing is to be added to the department of Chemistry, and will be in charge of Dr. Thomas Clarke.

Mr. J. G. Crawford has been sick with malarial fever for several weeks, and has not yet recovered.

Of the Class of '99, 18 expect to teach; 12 to study law; and 7 medicine.

## '99 Commencement.

The Commencement exercises of 1899 opened on Sunday morning, May 28th, in Gerrard Hall with the Baccalaureate Sermon by Bishop Thompson, of Mississippi. Bishop Thompson's text was taken from Paul's advice to Timothy—"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith etc."

On Monday, May 29th, Hon. H. G. Connor delivered an eloquent address before the Law Class. The Seniors attended these exercises in a body.

The annual meetings of the literary societies held at eight o'clock Monday evening were exceedingly interesting.

On Tuesday was held a meeting of the Board of Trustees.

Tuesday was Senior Class Day and the following interesting programme was carried out:—

9:30 A. M. Prayer in the Chapel, conducted by  
Dr. Thomas Hume.

11:30 A. M. Address of Welcome, J. S. Carr, Jr.,  
President of the Class.

History of the Class, J. E. Latta, Historian.

Class Poem, J. M. Sitterson, Jr., Poet.

Prophecy of the Class, H. B. Holmes, Prophet.

Presentation of Bust of Vance to the University,  
J. S. Carr, Jr.

Acceptance on behalf of the University, Dr. E.  
A. Alderman.

Acceptance on behalf of the Trustees, Hon. R.  
T. Gray.

5:30 P. M. Procession from Memorial Hall to Davie  
Poplar.

Song.—“We are the Boys of '99.”

Reading of Class Statistics, W. E. Cox, Statis-  
tician.

Smoking of Class Pipe.

'Varsity Yell.

Cheering Base Ball Captain '99.

Cheering Foot Ball Captain '98.

Cheering Foot Ball Coach '98.

Cheering Ex-President Battle.

Cheering President Alderman.

Planting Ivy by E. D. Broadhurst.

Class Yell.

Tuesday evening at eight o'clock the orations by the  
members of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies  
began. Presiding officer, E. D. Broadhurst, (Phi.)

The subjects and orators were as follows:—

A. R. Berkeley—“The Great Commoner.” (Di.)

N. E. Ward—“The World Power” (Phi).

D. P. Parker—“What Shall Be Our National  
Ideal?” (Phi).

T. T. Allison—“The Perfect State” (Di).

A. J. Barwick—“The True Sectionalism” (Phi).

G. N. Coffey—“A Menace to Republicanism” (Di).

The marshals were Messrs. Moore (chief), Chad-  
bourn, Cheatham, Hollowell, Neville and Jones.

After the conclusion of these exercises a reception  
was held in Commons Hall by the President and Fac-  
ulty.

The graduating exercises in Memorial Hall on Wednesday were as follows.

Prayer by Dr. Thomas Hume.

The Senior Speakers and their subjects were as follows :

James Edward Latta, "Institutionalism and its Demands."

John Mabry Greenfield, Jr., "Colonial Assimilation."

Thomas Gilbert Pearson, "The Quaker, a Factor in Civilization."

Thomas Contee Bowie, "Republicanism versus Imperialism."

Robert Diggs Wimberley Connor, "Revolutions in Civilization."

Address, Nicholas Murray Butler, Ph.D.

The following medals and prizes were awarded :

"The Holt Medal in Mathematics," Charles Whitehead Woodson.

"The Hume Medal in English Composition," Louis Round Wilson.

"The Worth Prize in Philosophy," Francis William Coker.

"The Harris Prize in Anatomy," Walter Vernon Brem, Jr.

"Early English Text Society Prize," John William Canada.

"The Greek Prize," Philip Hall Busbee, Milton McIntosh.

"The Representative's Medal," George Nelson Coffey.

"The Mangum Medal in Oratory," Thomas Contee Bowie.

The following degrees were conferred :

Bachelor of Arts:—Charles Skinner Alston, Edward Stephenson Askew, (*cum laude*), Marsden Bellamy, Jr., (*magna cum laude*), Charles Connor Brown, Cameron Belo Buxton, John Robert Carr, (*magna cum laude*), Julian Shakespeare Carr, Jr., (*cum laude*), Francis William Coker, (*cum laude*), William Edward Cox, Walter Scott Crawford, (*cum laude*), Claude Baker Denson, Jr., (*magna cum laude*), John Donnelly, (*cum laude*), Jesse Knight Dozier, (*magna cum laude*), John Mabry Greenfield, Jr., A.B. (Guilford College) 1898, Junius Daniel Grimes, Henry Patrick Harding, (*cum laude*), Joseph Henry Hewitt, Howard Braxton Holmes, (*cum laude*), Virgil Laurens Jones, S.B. (Carson and Newman) 1897, Warren Lawson Kluttz, Jr., Edward Mayo Land, (*cum laude*), Benjamin Benson Lane, Jr., (*cum laude*), Henry Mauger London, (*cum laude*), John McLaughlin McFadyen, Francis Moore Osborne, Joseph Murden Sitterson, Jr., George Davis Vick, Harry Legaré Watson, Louis Round Wilson, Earnest Horatio Woodson, (*cum laude*).

Bachelor of Philosophy:—Thomas Contee Bowie, Edgar David Broadhurst, Charles Stafford Canada, Robert Diggs Wimberley Connor, Fred Jackson Coxe, Blanford Barnard Dougherty, S.B. (Carson and Newman) 1896, Charles Foust Harris, Eugene Fuller Hartley, Robert Gilliam Kittrell, (*cum laude*), James Edward Latta, (*cum laude*), Henry McGilbert Wagstaff, William Sidney Wilson, (*cum laude*).

Bachelor of Science:—James Philips Bunn, Julius Alexander Caldwell, Jr., (*cum laude*), Everett Augus-

tine Lockett, Alexander Clinton Miller, Edmund Vogler Patterson, Thomas Gilbert Pearson, B.S. (Guilford College) 1897, Samuel Watson Reaves, Edward Jenner Wood.

Bachelor of Law:—Thomas Davis Warren.

Graduates in Pharmacy:—Charles Dayton Gruver, Thomas William Kendrick, Charles Henry Smith, David Clarence Swindell.

Master of Arts:—Katharine Cecilia Ahern, A.B. (Smith College) 1898, Archibald Henderson, A.B. 1898, William Johnston Horney, A.B. 1897, Mary Pearson Kendrick, A.B. (Smith College) 1898.

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(Founded in 1844.)

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The Board of Editors.

W. S. WILSON, '99, DI, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

W. E. COX, '99, PHI, BUSINESS MANAGER.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

*Di.*

*Phi.*

OCTOBER ISSUE.

C. C. BROWN, '99.

JOHN DONNELLY, '99,

F. M. OSBORNE, '99,

C. B. DENSON, JR., '99,

H. P. HARDING, '99,

H. B. HOLMES, '99.

DECEMBER.

JOHN DONNELLY, '99,

H. M. LONDON, '99.

F. M. OSBORNE, '99,

W. S. BERNARD, '00,

C. B. DENSON, JR., '99,

H. B. HOLMES, '99.

FEBRUARY.

H. M. LONDON, '99,

A. E. CATES, '00,

F. M. OSBORNE, '99,

W. S. BERNARD, '00,

C. B. DENSON, JR., '99,

H. B. HOLMES, '99.

MARCH.

H. M. LONDON, '99.

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