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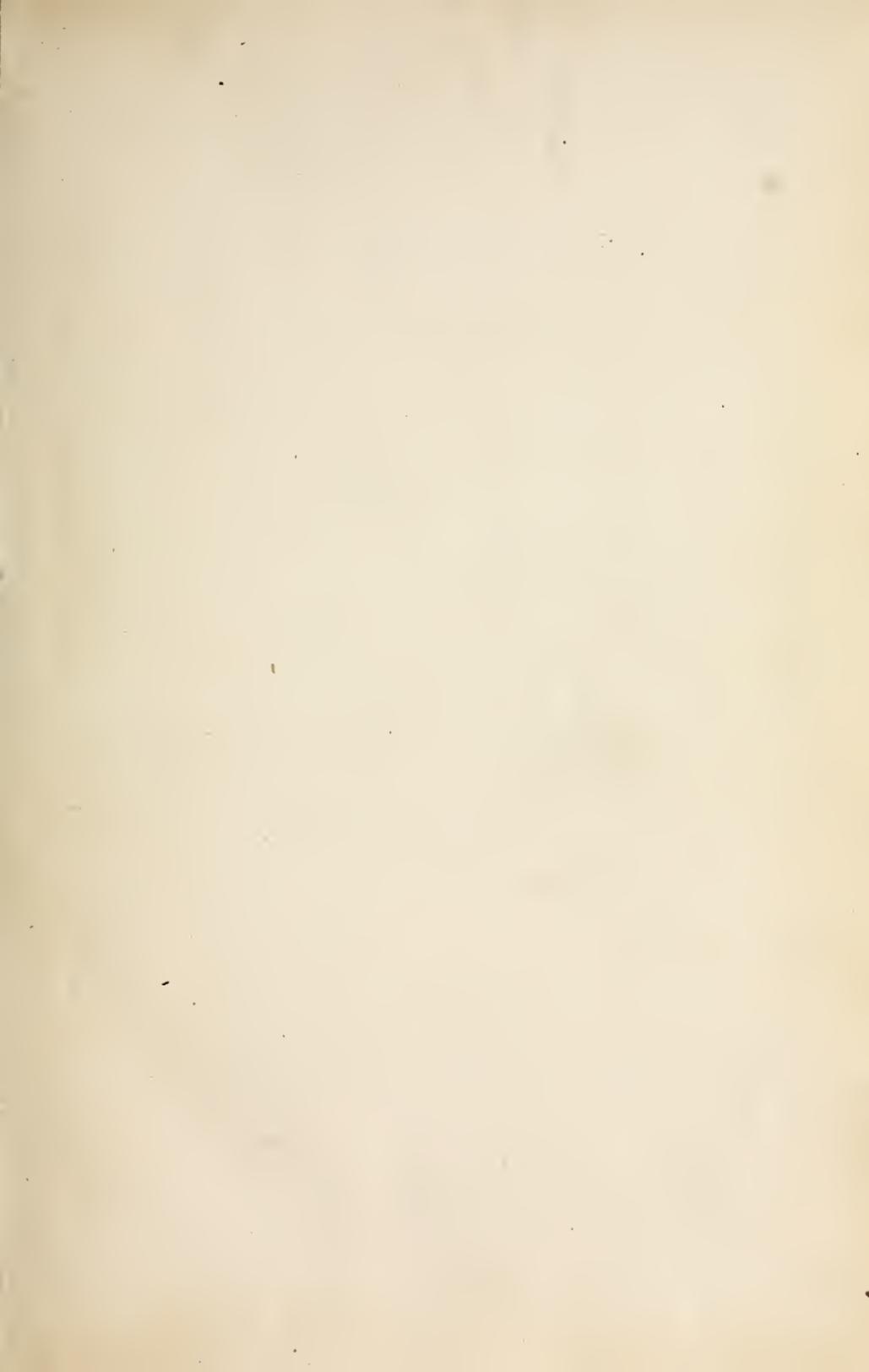
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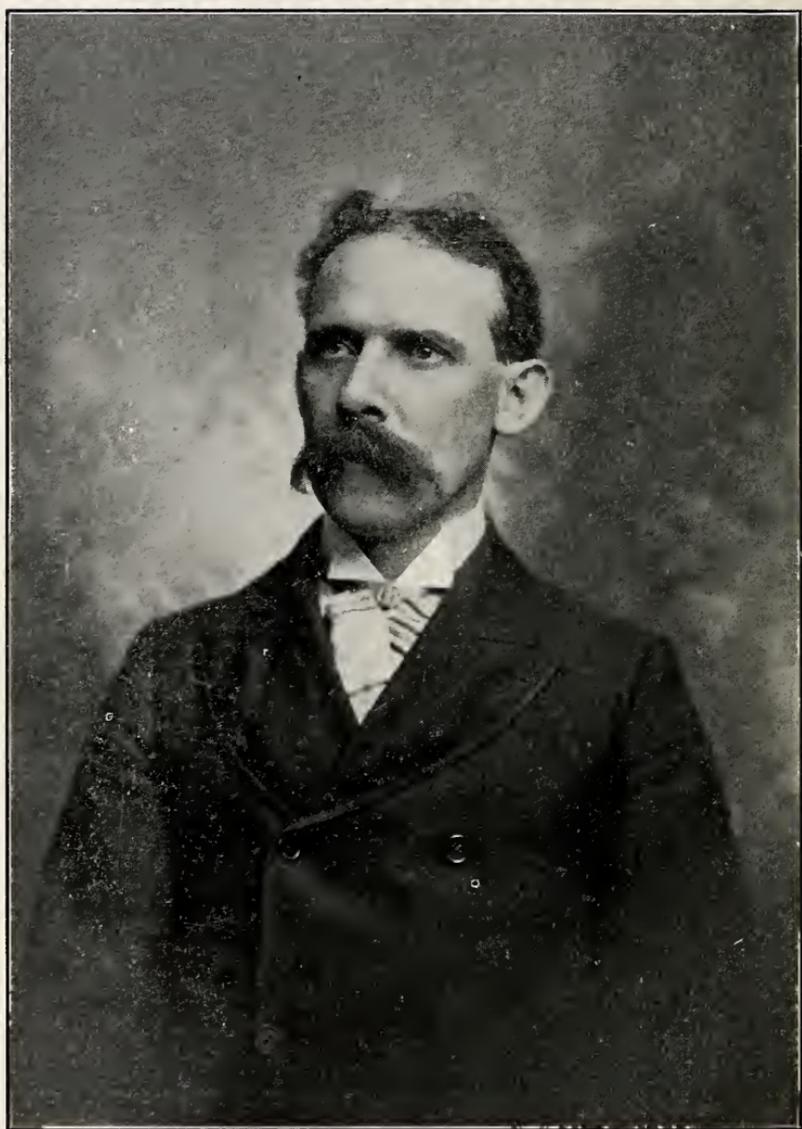
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FRANCIS PRESTON VENABLE, Ph.D.

NORTH CAROLINA
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Old Series, Vol. XXXI. No. 1----OCTOBER, 1900. New Series, Vol. XVIII.

FRANCIS PRESTON VENABLE, PH.D.---A BRIEF SKETCH.

AT the meeting of the Board of Trustees, during Commencement of last year, they were called upon to perform a duty that meant much for the future history of the University of North Carolina. Dr. Alderman had been called to the presidency of the Tulane University of New Orleans, and it was necessary that his place be filled. It was thought by some that the matter of electing a president would be left open for one year, but the trustees decided that the man for the place was at hand, and unanimously elected to the position Dr. Francis Preston Venable, Professor of Chemistry. The absolute proof of the wisdom of their choice must be left to some future writer, who can look back and view his work after the institution has been under his guiding hand for some length of time. We do not doubt but that they acted wisely and that the broad and far-reaching policies inaugurated by the former president will be successfully carried out under the administration of his successor, and that the growth of the University will be in the right direction under his guidance.

As Dr. Venable has been at work on a subject that did not bring him prominently before the general public in North Carolina, a word as to his life history and personality may not be out of place in this, the first number of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. He was born near Farmville, Prince Edward county, Virginia, on Nov. 17th, 1856. His father was the late Charles Scott Venable, a member of

Gen. R. E. Lee's staff, Professor of Mathematics, and for a long time Chairman of the Faculty of the University of Virginia.

Dr. Venable's early training was gained in the High School of Charlottesville, Va. He was graduated from the University of Virginia with high honor in 1877. During the following year ('77-'78) he was first assistant in the University High School, at New Orleans. In 1879 he returned to the University of Virginia, where he completed a year's post-graduate work in his specialties, chemistry, natural philosophy, and mineralogy. He then went abroad and completed two semesters in the University of Bonn. In 1880, after beginning his third semester, he was called to the Professorship of Chemistry in the University of North Carolina. In the spring of the following year, he returned to Germany and received the degree of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, *magna cum laude*, from the University of Göttingen. He attended Hoffman's lectures at the University of Berlin in 1889. This completed his attendance on regular University work.

His spirit for research showed itself when he first began his specialty, and results were published during his graduate year at Virginia. His doctorate dissertation ("On B-Heptane") added to the knowledge of the fatty hydrocarbons. During the twenty years in which he has been Professor of Chemistry, he has published over sixty contributions to scientific knowledge. His activity in this direction is a matter of wonder when one realizes the unfavorable conditions prevailing during most of the time of his connection with the University. There was practically no laboratory—the old basement of the library being used for that purpose—when he came to Chapel Hill. The chemical department grew under his direction until it reached its present stage of high development.

His success and ease of manner in the lecture room are well known to students of this University for the past two decades. The thorough training he gave his students is

shown by the positions of trust now held by his graduates.

For a number of years Dr. Venable was chemist to the State Board of Health, taking part in the discussions and frequently giving popular lectures over the State, not only stimulating a desire for better sanitary conditions, but bringing many manufacturers to a fuller appreciation of the value of science and scientifically-trained men to their business.

In addition to his class-room work, Dr. Venable has written some valuable books on his specialty. His "Qualitative Analysis" has gone through three editions. His "Short History of Chemistry" is the standard text-book on this subject in America and Great Britain. Perhaps his best work is "The History of the Periodic Law," which is accepted by all chemists as a most valuable contribution to the knowledge of the development of chemistry. His deep interest in that *natural system* caused him to publish (in conjunction with Prof. J. L. Howe) "Inorganic Chemistry According to the Periodic Law," a sharp departure from the previous methods of teaching the subject and an undeniable aid in chemical pedagogics.

When we consider all that he has done it is not strange that Dr. Venable has been regarded as the leader of Southern chemists. Therefore, in 1895, he was elected secretary of the section of Chemistry of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Two years later he was chosen chairman of that section, and his address on "The Definition of the Atom" aroused unusual interest and discussion. Almost at once he was elected a member at large of the council of the American Chemical Society. He was twice president of the North Carolina section of the American Chemical Society, and is now a fellow of the London and German Chemical Societies, and honorary member of the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association. While chemist to the N. C. Geological Survey, he prepared the Bulletin of Mineral Waters, in which investigations on all the important mineral springs of the state are reported.

Notwithstanding Dr. Venable's busy life, he has ever been one of the most active men in the faculty in work about college, serving on numerous committees which were time- and care-exacting. He was one of the promoters of the University Press, which aids quite a number of students to pay their way through college. He established and edited the University Record, and was instrumental in founding the Elisha Mitchell Society. He has been permanent secretary of the same since its inception and has edited its journal successfully through sixteen years.

His interest in the welfare of the student body has always been noteworthy. He and Prof. Gore, in-lieu of a gymnasium instructor, carried the students through the gymnastic exercises. He raised money from the faculty and alumni and built the fence around the old athletic field. For several years he served as chairman of the Athletic Advisory Committee, and his counsel is still sought by the Association.

His interest in religious matters is a well known fact to all his acquaintances. For many years he has been a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church of Chapel Hill, and has often attended the sessions of Presbytery and Synod as a delegate from his church. He is also superintendent of the Sabbath school in his church, and teaches a Bible class of young men, giving them valuable lectures every week. The Young Men's Christian Association of the University has always found a warm friend and ready helper in Dr. Venable. He is a profound student of the Bible, and none of his scientific work has ever led him to doubt a single one of the great truths taught in the Book of Life.

Dr. Venable's home life has been especially happy. Soon after entering upon his duties as Professor in this University, he was married to Miss Sallie Manning, daughter of Hon. John Manning, A.B., LL.D. She has proved herself a sympathetic companion and a most valuable helpmeet in all his undertakings. Four children have been born from the union—the twin boys bearing the names of their honored grandfathers, Charles Scott and John Manning. The

children find in their father a friend and companion, who enjoys being with them and is interested in all their affairs, no matter how trivial.

Dr. Venable is a polished scholar and a cultured gentleman. He has a brusque but kindly disposition, and is ever ready to lend a willing ear to the recital of the trials of the unfortunate. He has no patience, however, with the student guilty of misconduct, or the one who neglects his duties, and he will mete out severe punishment to such characters. As has been shown, he has gained eminence in his profession, and possesses an intimate knowledge and a deep interest in the affairs of the University. This being so, the trustees naturally looked to him to take charge of the University upon the resignation of that eminent scholar and successful president—Dr. Alderman.

THE PROFESSOR APOLOGIZES.

BY J. WARSHAW.

PROF. Tate sat biting his lips in vexation. He had been annoyed, during the first half of the hour, by the knowledge that a number of the men in English 25 were taking advantage of every little noise to stamp, or to drum on the backs of the chairs. And that, too, when a rather technical and very important lecture on "style" required unusual concentration. Before going into class he had determined to impress on the minds of the men that what he should say on the "point of view" he would hold as vital in his examination of their themes. So, now, shaking his pencil emphatically, he continued, "What I desire to have you remember especially, is that the coherence of your piece of composition depends largely on your keeping the point of view with which you started. Thus, if you are going to act as the omniscient observer, as the invisible essence which knows what every character in the story or essay thinks or does, will think or will do, don't, I beg of you, forget your power and your duty. Be consistent. Or, if you let the hero tell the tale, don't grant him the sudden magic of proclaiming what some one at the other end of the world is meditating at any given moment. Or, even if you yourself are the pivot round which the plot swings, don't feel cocksure that you can analyze with hairbreadth precision, the thoughts of that villain, your next-door neighbor. Psychology, in its present state, does not warrant such procedure. The man who is leaving the room is guilty of most ungentlemanly conduct. That man, I say, cannot be a gentleman."

He had spoken, he knew, calmly and forcibly. He would make that fellow either sit or go out with tingling ears; and, at the same time, he had given the class a palpable hint.

He continued, "Take care, therefore, not to overstep your bounds as writer. Limit yourself to one point of view. So doing, the dramatic intensity of your story will gain of its own accord." His shot at the man going out had, he saw, struck. He watched the fellow come striding down the broad steps. "Going to his seat, I suppose. But, no. What the deuce's in the fellow? To offer an excuse? O, confound it! It's that Southerner, young Livingstone. I excused him." Here he bent his mind to his lecture, for he had been obliged to catch the thread of his talk and repeat. On hearing Livingstone step up to him, he turned his face straight toward the culprit. He beheld Livingstone's arm descend quickly, and instantly felt his cheek scalded. Sounds like "shame!" "shame!" came as from a distance. He seemed to hear Livingstone say, "You know me, sir," and singled out the noise of his departing footsteps from the dull hum in the room. Then he nodded, almost mechanically, and watched heads grouping together, and wondered, a little, what the men were saying.

After a long pause which seemed to him to have no connection at all with time; which seemed, in fact, to be an interval between two times, he gathered up his books and walked toward his room. Feeling the inquisitive gaze of men in the yard, he held his head erect, and even tipped his hat in such a way that his burning cheek might be the plainer. Once in his study, he jerked down the curtains, for the bright sunlight irritated him. He wanted darkness, but was unable to have it so complete as to blot out of the mirror in the corner, the alternate red and white blossoming of his cheek. Coolness, however, he would have. He put his hand to his brow, and noted with satisfaction, that his forehead, which had never, as he liked to boast, been hot, was now cool. He would reason; by reasoning only, could he free himself from this network of confusion.

"Let's se how it was. Here am I, Tate, and — Tate, Tate, Tate, confound it, can't I even think? Well, then:

here am I; the class there, noisy; up jumps a man: I will have order: I wish to sting him, but put in too much venom. He comes down and slaps me. God! God! God! but that was an awful thing to do! I, a full professor, and he a half-baked sophomore!—and yet," he burst out aloud in quite the spirit of Becky Sharp admiring her husband as he ruins her, "what a dramatic moment!"

His ideas dropped into a jumble. "What would his fellow-teachers expect of him? What could he do? What should he do? Apologize or—what? And the student body, above all, what would it think of him?" He raised his wrinkled forehead at the tread of feet on the threshold, and strained inwardly to keep his features immovable under the sympathetic gaze of his favorite co-professor, the jolly, thick-set, Falstaff-like Garrett.

"Come, old man," and he felt a heavy, though gentle hand, laid on his back, "don't look so corpse-like. Everybody is for you. Marry, and 'tis dead rot for you to take on so. Come, sakes alive, speak up." The weight had been taken from his shoulders, for Garrett had evidently become aware of the pent-up sobs; and Tate caught a final mutter of "there's no use quarrelling with a man who can't appreciate it." He smiled faintly at the unconscious literary beauty of the remark, and kept murmuring it over and over.

Then he reverted to his interrupted train of reasoning. Finding, to his wonder, that he could not visualize the scene with satisfactory vividness, since it seemed too far away, he hunted for similar happenings to reinforce his mind. "Like whom—like whom had he looked?" He had a dim perception of the answer to his question. Somewhere back in his brain a picture was developing: and when poor, shabby Mell, and handsome Steerforth stood out complete, he sank back with the shock. "Poor Mell," he said softly. Then painfully, and fearfully, for he remembered that he had risen from the ranks, risen by hard, plebeian work, he asked himself, "How many, do you think, thought of the parallel?"

But in a trice, he leapt to self-preservation. "What to do—what to do? Apologize,—I must,—I must apologize. Yet how? How? O Lord, how?" And with "how" ringing in his ears, he went off to dinner, having half-heartedly decided to apologize before the class at the next meeting. He felt dejected, weak.

The little squirrel which always sat expectantly on the grass-plot in front of Matthews hopped toward him, but of a sudden, turned and scampered up a large chestnut tree. This flight hurt Prof. Tate keenly. Were even his dumb friends spurning him? It was certainly, he argued to himself, a rare thing for that squirrel to run from him: it had never done so before. Then he became angry with himself. "Don't be an ass, Tate," he muttered, button-holing himself, in his imagination, and looking earnestly into his own eyes. "You've probably scared the creature by a movement of impatience, or some such act." He felt comforted by this bit of reasoning. And as he walked on, he unconsciously detached himself for a while, from his trouble, and took in the late autumn beauty of the yard. The light of the setting sun was shivering among the waving trees, and silencing an occasional window. The gentle thrumming of a banjo in Holworthy set him back to his own student-days. Would he ever be so happy again? He had, to be sure, been a hard worker, a "grind" at that time: yet he had known fresh joys and eager enthusiasm. He could even now hear the old, long-drawn "Har-vard," "Har-vard," with its indefinable quality of mighty, yearning love. Those days! Those days! . . . Then he pondered on his professional labors. He had ever been a favorite of the boys: his courses drew the most. He remembered how that amphitheatre of faces had, whether consciously or not, he could not tell, changed with his tone, from serious to merry, from good-natured to cynical. The recollection of the shouts of laughter at his description of Swinburne as a "god, a sun-god, but verily, a young god" made him smile.

He stopped, irresolute, before the walk that lay between the statue of John Harvard and Memorial. He had, while

thinking, taken his customary route. Why he had stopped, he did not try to explain. He simply turned and went through the echoing, flagged hall of Memorial, feeling, as he threaded his way among the students, like a released convict, who obstinately goes where his former friends are thickest. The boys moved back, when he came by, as at the approach of a leper. He observed that many of them were grouped about an announcement of a mass-meeting.

At dinner, he began by appearing cheerful; but soon be-
thinking himself that only ordinary people try to deceive by acting the opposite of their real mood, he became quiet and thoughtful, as he usually was. By this fox-like doubling, he reflected, he would not betray his anguish to the five at the table; for these knew but little of the doings of the students.

On his return through the yard, he noticed many groups around the cards announcing the mass-meeting. He ran over, in his mind, the probable subject of the gathering. It could not be a send-off to the foot-ball team; for that had been given. It could not be merely a class-affair, since everybody was called out. Then, like a shock, a suspicion thrilled him. Could it be . . . ? Could it be . . . ?

At eight o'clock in the evening he entered the lecture-room of the Fogg Museum. The hall was blue with smoke; and some of the boys took their pipes from their mouths and looked askance at him. He, however, sat down in the back row, and listened. The chairman solemnly called the meeting to order. Prof. Tate wondered at the deep silence of the audience. Notwithstanding the busy working of his brain and the queer thumping of his heart, he caught, with remarkable distinctness, the words of the speaker. He heard an indignant exposition of how Livingstone had insulted him; he heard Livingstone, who, as he now observed, was present, called up either to apologize publicly, or to submit to ostracism. He was still listening keenly, it seemed to him, when he himself stepped on the platform, calmly, without emotion. And though

the forms before him seemed to be melting together, and he, to be addressing a thick fog, as on his very first lecture, he said, readily parroting what he had memorized while sitting, "Gentlemen, please listen. This afternoon, in English 25, I insulted a member of my class. Yes, insulted him with no provocation whatsoever. Mr. Livingstone had obtained permission from me to leave the room at the end of the first half-hour, and I, vexed with the rest of the class, addressed to him, as he was going out, words such as no gentleman should address to another gentleman. For that insult I sincerely beg his forgiveness."

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES; ITS ORIGIN AND CHARACTER.

BY W. H. SWIFT.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has been thought by many able writers, especially Europeans, to be an out-and-out original invention. There can be no question as to whether this court was different from other judicial tribunals of that time. But, that the Supreme Court is an institution created first-handed in the brains of the framers of the Constitution, is hardly to be believed. Any institution that has lived as long as our Supreme Court, and has met with as little opposition as it, must have had the way prepared for it by a kindred, if not a similar, institution.

The first step to our Supreme Court we will find in the general idea of justice prevalent among the English people. A majority of the people of the new States were English, and had come by right of inheritance into the belief that the adjustment of the balances of justice ought to be a specified function of Government. It seems to me that the Supreme Court of the United States is but a logical result of a development of the idea of courts, which had been going on in England for centuries. In England, it took hundreds of years to get the dispensing of justice out of the hands of the few interested in any particular case, and to make it a part of the King's Government. But it came, and the extension of that idea must necessarily lead to something like our court.

Looked at, then, in this light, the Supreme Court appears to be, not a new thing, but the flowering out of a plant which had been growing for centuries. Why this plant should come to its fullness in America instead of in England, will be seen when we examine into the conditions and necessities of the times.

I have said that the English idea of justice was the foundation of our court. It was but the foundation. The English did not know then, they do not know now, anything of the higher duties of our Supreme Court.

There are two ways of learning things in Governments; one, by seeing an institution at work among a people; another, by seeing an urgent demand for an institution. The first Government set up by the States—the Confederation—taught the Americans lessons which they remembered when they came to make a new form of Government. The failure of the Confederation was due to the weakness of the National Government as compared with the States. The lack of a judiciary was pointed out as one of the defects of the Confederation. So, we would expect some sort of a national judiciary to be established.

It has been claimed that Washington's "Court of Appeals for Captures" was the father of the Supreme Court. This seems to be wrong from the fact that this was a court for a special purpose. It was what we call a Board or Commission. It had very few if, indeed, any of the attributes of the Supreme Court.

Therefore, we may say that the way was prepared for the Supreme Court by the English instinct for judicial institutions, and the lesson taught by the Confederation that all this could not be left in the hands of the States.

Now we come to the character of the Supreme Court. In the study of this question it is interesting to note the almost perfect agreement of plans for the judiciary prepared by Randolph, Pinckney, Patterson, and Hamilton. There was not nearly the difference of opinion in the convention on the judiciary as on other matters. The explanation of this fact is, first, that all felt there must be a court; and second that this court was fitted to the other parts of the government already determined.

The avowed purpose of the framers of the Constitution was to form a more perfect union. The common enemy being gone, the States were falling apart by their own

weight. The States were to be shorn of some of their power, and that was to be given over to the National Government. It was very evident that, if the States were to be no longer sovereign, but members of a Federal Union, that Union must have, in some way, power to control state action. It was argued in the convention that State laws should be left to be negatived, if necessary, by the National legislature. The view of Morris, however, prevailed, that this should be left to the Court. So the Supreme Court is the last resort for State Constitutional questions, subject, of course, to certain well-defined restrictions.

The States were members of a Union, not all forged into one big State. To each State was left a separate corporate existence, and the power to act in that corporate existence. These States, touching each other and inhabited by the same commercial race, must of necessity have many questions of dispute. It would have been an unbearable procedure and well-nigh endless to have left it to the States to adjust their disputes as do sovereign and independent States. Besides, this would have been giving a greater emphasis to state sovereignty than the followers of Hamilton, at least, desired. The Supreme Court was made the tribunal for the settlement of Inter-State troubles.

Our fathers recognized the racial tendencies and instincts of the Englishman. He was to be a trader in his new home, to sail upon the seas, to deal with foreigners. State limits do not extend upon the high seas. Whatsoever is not national domain upon the high seas is international domain. State courts could have no jurisdiction over high seas. That would be giving the States power beyond their limits. Such matters concern the whole nation. Then the only proper court to deal with them would be the United States Courts.

Our Foreign Relations is indisputably a matter of vital interest to the whole nation. If an injury be done to the citizen of a foreign nation, it is not the state wherein the

injury was done, but the nation, which is responsible. Again, it is the nation, not the State, which protects the life and property of an American citizen in a foreign land. No state is allowed to make any treaty or enter into any relations with other nations. These things being true, the inquiry into any cases arising from foreign relations, ambassadors or otherwise, could not be left to State Courts. Foreigners, nationally, know no State. They must deal directly with the United States, and consequently such cases belong to United States Courts.

Human nature is such that local state interest often plays no little part even in the courts. We must concede that there are times, when a New York Rail Road Company would hardly get justice in North Carolina. Where, then, shall they go? Clearly not to New York; for the same thing may happen there with sides reversed. A court must be sought which knows no State, but sees each man as an equal citizen, entitled to all the rights and privileges of his fellow-citizens of the United States.

The same reason, which would send such cases as mentioned above, would also send cases of Land Grants of different States into the National Courts. State courts could hardly fail to be influenced by desire to uphold the grants of that particular State.

The excellence of the Supreme Court does not come from the functions which I have named, although they are important and could not easily have been arranged otherwise. The greatness of the Supreme Court arises; first, from the fact that it was to be that toward which English judicial development was tending—one of the three co-ordinate departments of Government. The doctrine of Montesquiené in regard to the separation of the legislative, executive, and judicial departments had great weight. Learning and common sense told them that a union of these three into one meant a despotism. The only way to preserve their liberties—it seems to me that they were making a Constitution to guard rather than to give

liberty—was to make these departments separate and distinct.

This accounts for the departure from the American idea of direct election and short term of office. The judges are appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate. They are removable for nothing except bad conduct, neither can they be influenced through their salaries. Their salaries shall not be diminished. In no part of their work did the framers of the Constitution show more wisdom than when they gave the judges continuous term of office with salaries that may not be diminished. This raised the court above party politics. It took away from the judges any temptation to pander either to the legislature or executive for second terms or continuation of salary.

If it was the intention to make the judiciary equal with the legislative and executive—and it certainly was—one point seems to have been forgotten. It was left in the hands of Congress to increase the number of justices at will. There is here a possibility of making the court serve a political end, as was perhaps done in the *Legal Tender Cases*. Fortunately, this has been done but once, if at all, and the American people would not sanction such a move now. Leaving out this one point, the Supreme Court is equal with the other departments of the Government.

This equality springs directly from the interpreting power of the Supreme Court. It may pronounce any law passed by Congress, and brought to its notice by actual case, unconstitutional. It is this feature of our court which made Sir Henry Maine call it "a unique creation of the Constitution." We search in vain for a European prototype. There is none like it in Europe to-day. The nearest approach to it in ancient times was the Archons of Sparta, and they were but Kings' guardians.

Legal customs and legal doctrines form slowly. This doctrine was comparatively new and apparently revolutionary against a free legislature. We remember that an all-powerful legislature had been evolved in England. Only

a few of the States had given weight to this new doctrine. Then, we must look for a deeper reason for giving it a place in the new government. That reason is to be found in a Written Constitution.

A written Constitution is the supreme law of the land. It is high law which has been made by all the people in convention. Law made by the Legislature is secondary. Representatives are delegated with power to make laws under this primary law. No power is given them to make laws contrary to the fundamental constitution. There must be some one to act as judge—to determine what is constitutional. This could not be left to Congress. To a man all his acts are legal and right. To have left this matter to Congress would have reduced the written Constitution to a dead letter, and would have given us an all-powerful English legislature. To have given this power to the executive would have placed the legislature in the hands of the executive. It would also have given the people of the United States that which is ever to be dreaded—an executive with judicial powers. George III had taught our fathers that the power of the executive ought to be checked.

Therefore, a separate department must be had for this. That separate department is the Supreme Court. Thus we have two things uniting to render the judiciary equal with the other departments; first, there is the independence of the justices; and second, the interpreting power of the court. It has the right to check any act of the legislature, provided that act be brought into question by actual case, and on examination, prove to be contrary to the Constitution.

Besides, this court serves as a balance, a governor. It is always ready to hold either the legislature or the executive from encroaching upon the other. Above all, it stands between the people and any perversion of the citizen's rights. Milligan's case is a well known example of this.

The exact standing of the Supreme Court must be un-

derstood. The framers of the Constitution meant to form a government of the people. To have given the Supreme Court active power over the legislative and executive would have defeated this intention. So this court is endowed with no extra-judicial powers. Not only has this court no influence over the actions of the other departments, but custom, strong as law, decrees that no previous opinions shall be given by the court. Its duty, its only duty, is to decide cases, and to measure law by a standard furnished it by a sovereign people.

Looking at it from this distance, it seems that the most important duty of the Supreme Court was the one least thought of at the time. I refer to constitutional development. The founders of the Republic perhaps thought that the simplicity of the Constitution was such that it would need very little explanation.

But progress brought new demands. Any system of government must keep pace with the advancement of the people living under it, or else it will be thrown off as a dead shell. Here was the great work of the Supreme Court. Its function was to develop the Constitution to keep pace with the growing country.

A man was found for the occasion. We owe much of the perfection of our system to Marshall. He it was who could see and grasp the full meaning of the instrument of government, and he it was who set a standard of judicial thought high above the political turmoil.

As result of the principles upon which it was established, and of the high character of its justices, there is no part of our Government more secure, more sacred in the minds of the people, than the Supreme Court.

CONCERNING A BOY AND A GIRL.

BY LAMAR RANKIN.

A BOY and a girl sat on the side porch of the hotel, facing the night.

He was bent forward, sitting in the front of his chair, with his elbows on his thighs. His head, thrown back, was on a horizontal; his eyebrows were elevated; his gaze on the dark. It was clear from the way in which he shifted his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, without using his hands or blinking at the smoke, that he was in a supreme situation. His air was preoccupied; he was evidently preparing to utter grand sentiments.

She was sitting straight in her chair, close to the rail, which she tapped nervously with her fan at times. Her head was turned slightly away to get as full a view as possible of the sweeping lines of her candy colored dress. Nevertheless, she wore an undeniable air of expectancy. Tonight was the last of her stay.

Near the corner of the porch a party of elderly gentlemen were preparing to play whist, with much scraping of chairs. A smoking lamp, set on a flower-pot stand, afforded a yellow, uncertain light.

The repose of decision settled on the features of the boy. His eyebrows resumed their normal position; his lips shrunk from contact with the cigar. He leaned forward, his gaze still fixed on the dark.

"Do you know," he commenced slowly, removing his cigar, "If I were a girl I would rather be strangled nearly to death—with just enough life left to be kissed back to life—than to live in personal comfort and do without the kisses. Not that it's at all necessary to undergo the strangling part. It isn't. But I'm putting an extreme case, you know. If I were a girl, I'd want to be loved fiercely. If sacrifice of money, and all that, were necessary, I'd accept it. I'd rather live in a hut—"

"So would I," interrupted the girl, eagerly, "and I believe that, as a rule, sacrifice of money and position is necessary. Rich men don't seem to have the capacity for loving 'fiercely,' as you put it. Two fortune-tellers have told me that I am going to marry poor, and I believe them. I am sure I'll never find a rich man to suit me. I'd be afraid to marry any of them. They seem to think that riches are all-sufficient. No!" giving her final decision in a positive voice, though low, "I am sure I shall not marry a rich man."

The dealer shuffled the cards skillfully, in a manner that appeared careless.

"Shall it be hearts?"

"Heart's my unlucky suit. Let's cut for it." There was an apologetic ring in the player's voice.

"Hearts it is," announced the dealer.

"After all," added the player who had demurred.

The boy turned suddenly and regarded the girl. He had been in earnest himself; yet he smiled at her earnestness.

"If you will allow me," he began jocosely, "I will add the weight of my opinion to that of your soothsayers. I predict," still smiling, but averting his eyes to the ashes of his cigar, "I predict that next year at this time, on this day of the month, at this particular hour, this particular minute, you will be living in a hut, being strangled nearly to death and kissed back to life by your—"

"Next year," she broke in, "at this time, this month, this hour, this minute, I shall be here at this hotel, sitting at this particular place on the porch, and maybe—" glancing fervidly at his profile, "talking to a particular—what's the matter?"

He had taken a long breath and had a dizzy look in his eyes.

"It's nothing—my heart—been smoking too much lately," he replied, somewhat shortly.

"Why don't you stop it?" she asked with an air of concern. "You know it hurts you."

"Yes," he responded, musingly, turning toward the dark. "I know it hurts me."

* * * * *

A year has passed. The boy sits alone on the porch where he sat last year with the girl.

Near the corner where the elderly gentlemen played whist, a party of gay young people are engaged in euchre. The girls laugh shrilly. The flickering yellow light has given place to a shimmering blue brilliance emitted from a radiant electric lamp, which fumed fitfully and sputtered.

The boy spat reflectively between the balusters and, settling back in his chair, stared at the edge of the roof. He was thinking of that other night, one year gone. He wondered if she, wherever she was, remembered her agreement to be with him. Dismissing this as unsatisfactory, he tried to conjecture whether she had stuck to her decision and had married a fiercely-loving, poor man, or had changed and married a rich, indifferent man, or neither. Discarding the latter alternative as out of the question, he pondered with half-shut eyelids.

The fact that he was alone presented itself as an instance of the inconstancy of girls. Certainly girls are inconstant, fickle. That much was established. They say all girls are alike. Yes, of course they are.

He saw her a bride—a bride of a rich man—merely a bride.

He saw a train of cars roaring through dark, smoky cuts and rushing along cool moonlit mountain sides; a long panel of fitting yellow light on each side of the Pullman; the train on which the girl was being borne with the rich man; the panel of hurrying yellow, against which the shadow of her head and of his were being brought out to relief as one.

In the midst of these serious fancies, these serious reflections as to her estate, a light consideration presented itself. His lips reluctantly curled and his eyes wrinkled at the corners. He communed jubilantly for an instant with the rail of the balustrade.

The picture thrust itself upon him of her as she leaned forward in her seat ostensibly to feel with her hand if she were hitched up behind. With a slight distortion of the proportions of the Pullman car window, to ease his conscience, he saw her gazing, half dreamily, into the panel mirror. With her disengaged hand she smoothed back a wisp of hair that drooped vertically.

He felt that the incident was irrelevant, but he appreciated the soundness of his own imagination.

However, he felt a vague uneasiness. It was as if she had suddenly confronted him with an aggrieved countenance. He had no right to judge her so harshly. He could hear her voice strenuous with grievance, yet tearfully tender.

Maybe, after all, she was an exception; he might be doing her an injustice. Possibly she had cast her lot with a poor man.

He pictured a scene in a quiet suburb or rural district, place indefinite: a square sitting room, with new but cheap and glistening furniture, and white curtains; a fire playing merrily in a tiled place. In the shadows a man and a girl engrossed each other, He peered. It was the figure of her.

He repeated the word "probably" to himself twice, as if to reassure something within him. He was sure that he was right.

* * * * *

Ultimately he rocked forward and tossed a fringed stump from him. A blare of sound, such as comes through a suddenly opened door on a railway train in a flitting cut, smote his ears.

It was the crisis of the game at the table of young people. The main fact was that the superior cards were held by two players on opposite sides. The players clustered in postures of hope. So intent were the two that for them the others might not have been.

Suddenly one of them relaxed and raised his triumphant voice above the jumble of excited cries:

"The Knave of Diamonds takes the trick. You're euchered."

The words came to the boy clear.

"I was wrong," he said slowly, to himself.

DEATH.

I.

Cold in death, in waxen death,
A man of strength, of strength bereft,
With graven face, with body left
Motionless, without a breath,
Lies upon his ebon bed.

II.

Linen binds his pallid head,
And linen props his chiselled chin;
The white light falls upon his shroud,
Thickly now the sunbeams crowd
On his features, wan and thin.

III.

Once, the red blood used to force
Its pulsing currents through this frame,
And these limbs moved, and bright these same
Failing eyes once flashed. This corse
Breathed and lived; and in it died

IV.

Painfully a matron's pride.
For she was young in her son's youth,
And with him were her happy days.
Sadly now she knelt. The rays
Tinged her cheek a hue uncouth.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUL; OR
THE PROSE-POEM OF SARTOR.

BY THOS. HUME, JR.

IN this paper we intend, in a small way of course, to discuss Carlyle's great book, the much-lauded and much-abused "Sartor Resartus," as to its most important literary merits and defects, and to its reflection of Carlyle the man, his life and his opinions.

Carlyle was a man of finest sensibilities and highest ambitions, but the non-realization of his aims in his early life almost blinded him to his later success.

As was the case with his poor Teufelsdröckh, his unhappiness came not from without, but from within. The Infinite in him was craving for satiety, for satiety which it could not gain. He became a pessimist, all life was to him an enigma, an unsolvable problem.

He had "gloomy views of man and his destiny;" "a stern gospel of truth," was what he continually preached.

But pessimistic and gloomy as Carlyle was, he had an almost boundless love for his fellow workers in the world; for idlers, for "society" people, for those "whose business consists in owning land," he had a yet more boundless contempt.

"Produce, produce," is his oft-repeated cry. He says: "Two men I reverence and none other, one the artisan and laborer, the other, the thinker," he himself was of the latter class, but he revered truly the earth-besoiled toiler.

There is no doubt that in Sartor Resartus lies the hidden meaning of Carlyle's life. For despite the author's assertion that his book is but a commentary on a philosophical, semi-autobiographical treatise on "The Origin and Influence of Clothes" by Herr Teufelsdröckh, Professor of Things in General at Weissnichtwo, he has in reality given us a mystical, allegorical account of the religious development of himself disguised in the quaint old German figure.

The title is the clothing only of his story, an outer garment of tangible dress, put on, as it were, to make respectable the naked, intangible form within.

Compare the events of Carlyle's life with those of Teufelsdröckh outlined, and at times vividly painted in the Sartor.

Carlyle was reared in an humble home, he was trained by a pious mother, he was bullied at school, he went, with much scraping and economy, to a University where he was badly taught, he had but one true friend, he studies law but gives it up, he subsists for a time by making translations from foreign authors, he has an unhappy love-affair, he sinks into skepticism and rises again to faith. All this we find in our Professor's bags. Yet more minute correspondences might be traced, if there were time, but it surely seems that these are enough to prove the autobiographical character of the *Philosophy of Clothes*.

All the best of what Carlyle felt and thought during the first thirty-five years of his life is comprised in this volume, but the third book is especially rich in thought. The first book tells of the discovery of the treatise on clothes, pictures the solitary, silent German, and leads up to the second book, which contains Teufelsdröckh's (and Carlyle's) biography, with the love-idyl and the spiritual struggle between Faith and Doubt, and the third book consists of grand thoughts, and mighty, if not feasible plans for human welfare and betterment.

The passage from the Everlasting No, to the Everlasting Yea, is especially worthy of note. In this we see that fierce conflict between Faith and Doubt which must take place in the development of a strenuous soul like Carlyle.

To state it in a few words: He goes to the university, imbued with "the simple version of the Christian faith" taught him by his peasant mother, though somewhat embittered by his unhappy school days at Amon, or "Strike Behind," (*Hinterschlag*); there he is half-nourished, lonely and unsocial, and, looking to his teachers for help and

guidance, finds none. He falls into doubt; the happy certainties of his childhood are certainties no longer. From this mood he is uplifted for a time, by his love for the "Rose-Goddess" the "Earth-angel," the "Blumine" of Teufelsdröckh, but unhappy in this too, (Carlyle, though he married a lovely woman, had by no means a perfect or happy wedded life), he is thrown back into a worse state than he was before. A horror of great darkness falls upon him: he is plunged into the Everlasting Nay. The devil of negation seizes him; there is no God, no hope, no help anywhere.

"Thus," says he, "had the Everlasting No pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my being, of my Me; then it was that my whole Me stood up in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. The Everlasting No had said "Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the whole Universe is mine" (the Devil's), to which my whole Me now made answer: "I am not thine, but free, and forever hate thee." And now he can at least look away from his own sorrows over the "many-colored world."

For a time he sees only what seems to be the nothingness of life, not only for himself but for the race. "This is the centre of indifference." Through such experience he is in the way to gain the positive principle of life, the "Everlasting Yea." At first he gives up his own sorrows in the contemplation of the great burden that is on human kind at large. This sacrifice of self is the first step in spiritual progress. For somehow he is led through it to cry out, "This Universe is not dead and devil-bound, . . . but God-like and my Father's house." He has come back to his early faith, but consciously, with the conviction that there is something higher than mere happiness, and that this higher blessedness of "renunciation" of the lower self to win the better self is the secret of true life. "Love not pleasure; love God. This is the Everlasting Yea wherein all contradiction is solved." Through the "Worship of sorrow" he come to see that doubt cannot be lost, except in

healthy action. "Do the duty that lies nearest thee," and realize your ideal in your own actual life. Thus shall you gain unity of being, become a world in yourself and not a chaos. Teufelsdröckh can now write, can produce literature.

Is not this Carlyle's own experience? We do not consider it our duty to prove that while this experience shows a true recoil from materialism and unbelief and a just philosophy in its definition of the connection between working out our faith and getting true peace of mind, yet it contains nothing very new in doctrine. It is the old lesson of self-denial and pure living because God's eye is on us. It is beautifully, powerfully set in a prose-poem. Its weakness for the orthodox believer would be in the failure to define the relation of the conviction of sin and nothingness to the sacrifice of Christ in more explicit terms, and to indicate how faith and love regenerate our fallen nature. But we feel the rugged honesty and the glowing fancy of this doubting, struggling, believing soul and take delight in the artistic as well as moral truth of the delineation.

Quite naturally in a book purporting to be a commentary on a foreign work, *Sartor Resartus* consists mainly of supposed translations or transcriptions, sometimes almost unintelligible, interspersed with narrative written in a clearer style.

In these transcriptions Carlyle's sentence structure is so warped towards the German, that notwithstanding charges of imitation by critics, it affords almost a proof of the genuineness of the work. To one who did not know otherwise, this sentence-structure alone, with the deceptive intermingled German phrase, would be conclusive proof of its foreign source.

Whenever a subordinate clause precedes the independent clause, the order of the subject and verb is inverted, for example, (1) "Good Christian people, here lies for you a loan, with high recompense or else with heavy penalty will it one day; (2) "with soft eyes too

could I look,; (3) "often also *could I see* the black tempest,"

The subject of his sentences often changes, for example: "Often have I fancied how in thy hard life-battles thou wast shot at and beaten till thy good soul first given thee was seared, and there was nothing for thee but to leave in me an indignant appeal to the future as that spirit not of *the* time only, but of Time itself is well named—which appeal and protest wasn't quite lost in air," or "Into this umbrageous, Man's nest one meek yellow afternoon, it was that a stranger entered."

Carlyle is neither stinted or extravagant in the use of sentence echo and connectives; however he assiduously avoids the use of "and" and "but" as mere connectives, adroitly supplying their place by pronominal adjectives and adverbs,

Though not equaling Macaulay in repeated structure, when he does make use of it, it is very effective, for example: "Happy indeed, if it did prove a firework Happy if it did not prove a conflagration."

"So had it lasted, so had it lasted, as a bitter, protracted death-agony."

His sentences are long and periodic in generalization,—in narration and description mostly short. Often they are highly rhetorical, and not infrequently condensed to mere catchy epigrams.

In paragraph structure he is varied. Linked and isolated paragraphs abound. Strongest among the latter are those which give Teufelsdröckh's description of life as seen from his attic bedroom window.

"I look down into all that wasp-nest or beehive, and witness their wax laying and honeymaking. From the palace esplanade I see it all; for, except the Schloss-Kirche weather-cock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted: there topladen, and with four swift horses, rolls in the country baron; there on timber-leg the lame soldier hops That living flood, pouring through

these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, or wither it is going?"

Not often are his paragraphs so much an unit and the figures so well sustained as in that one beginning, "Such a fire, it afterwards appears," etc., where young man Teufelsdröckh is likened to gun-powder ready to be ignited by fire from Blumine's eyes. It opens with an echo from "what a volcanic earthquake bringing all-consuming fire were probably kindled." Of the few paragraph echoes which he uses, the following are examples: "His whole heart and soul and life were hers, but never had he named it love; existence was all a feeling, not yet shaped into a thought. Nevertheless into a thought, into an action, it must be shaped." (2) "For is not a symbol ever to him who has eyes for it, some dimmer or clearer revelation of the Goklike? Of symbols however, I may further remark.

Considered for clearness Carlyle possesses these requisites; an enormous vocabulary, delicate use of synonyms, and correct use of modifiers and pronouns. But these advantages are offset by serious hindrances. With mystic maze of figures he hides his meaning from the ordinary reader. To understand the full meaning of his words, one must enter into his inner life. Consequently, to read Carlyle intelligently is not so much to understand as to feel. All his figures and images are drawn from the vast and violent in nature, storms, earthquakes, seas and volcanoes, and he interweaves these into every train of reflection. Open the book wherever we may and we find this to be the case. (1) In speaking of the volume of *Clothes-Philosophy* he calls it "a very sea of thought, neither calm nor clear, if you will, yet" (2) He says: "I could liken Dandyism and Drudgism to two bottomless, boiling whirlpools," and (3) "Mountains of incumbrance higher than Aetna had been heaped over that spirit."

In point of force he uses powerful words correctly, is eminently rhetorical, is fresh as to diction and extraordinarily vivid; his words seem to shout at you from the written page; and he is highly poetical in form.

He possesses brevity, unity and stability of structure. His epithets are particularly fortunate, for example: "meagre, hunger-bitten philosophy," "humid softness," "meek, yellow afternoon," "a very light-ray incarnate," "many-voiced life." Such are some of his merits.

That which impedes his perspicuity, likewise detracts from his force. Excessive use of adjectives, especially in the "triad," and of figures, together with extravagance in the Historical Present, are serious faults. Worse than these is affectation, and German idomatic sentence-structure. In addition to the examples given above, here are some that illustrate this: "For his perhaps comparatively insignificant misstress," "for his such an unanswerable problem."

As to propriety, Sartor Resartus can hardly be measured by the fast rules of rhetoric, inasmuch as it was intentionally made non-English by its author. There are faults, however, which it possesses, whether English or German. Among these are the presence of words unsanctioned by the best authors, sometimes rather uncouth compounds of his own, and sometimes lack of euphony. As for example, "clear-gone," "earth-angel," "all-hidden, and protectingly folded up in the lovely valley folds." "Wherein unfortunately nothing but the name decipherable." "Diogenes Teufelsdröckh."

Of foreign words and phrases there are quite a number but not so many as some critics think.

Such then are some of the merits and defects of this little book, greeted at first with disgust and opprobrium, but now recognized as one of the most powerful and greatest of books, and steadily growing in favor and influence. And these, its peculiarities, far from being objectionable, really enhance its charm, and clothe the book in a garment of originality without which its great body of philosophy would fail to attract many a reader.

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

The Board of Editors had hoped to have this issue of the MAGAZINE in the hands of the readers before the close of October. But it could not be. In the **Apologetic.** first place, because contributions were not given us with which to make a magazine. For this we do not feel responsible. In the second place, we have had delay in getting the cover. For this latter cause we are willing to accept a reasonable share of the blame. The printers have done their work promptly and have done it well. No blame for the delay attaches to them.

* * *

The MAGAZINE owes its existence to the belief that the only way in which one can learn to write is by writing. Its **Aim.** function is to give expression to such contributions submitted by the students as are worthy of the space and worthy of preservation.

Out of the four hundred academic students now in college only one voluntarily contributes to this issue.

This is a sad commentary on the literary activity of the students. For each issue of the MAGAZINE the editors should have the opportunity of making selections from twenty or thirty contributions. This would mean only about one article from every twelve men, and surely no twelve men could be found in the University who would not be able and willing to write one article for publication. Are you afraid your contributions will not be published? This is possible but improbable. But if you write for self-improvement you have derived the same benefit from the exercise, whether the article goes to the printer or to the wastebasket.

We do not want to be understood as being opposed to athletics, but we cannot help contrasting the interest shown in athletics with that in the art of writing. The editors of any publication would feel encouraged to see twenty-two men, with pen in hand, competing with each other day after day for literary honors, and five hundred men urging them on to their best efforts. On the athletic field every day we see men putting themselves through the severest physical training in order that they may defeat Virginia. This training is necessary. But why do not the students wish to bring out a better magazine than Virginia? Why are they not willing to make the effort? The player who makes a "beauty tackle" or a "fine run" will die and his playing will be forgotten, but the man who leaves behind an enduring contribution to literature will always live. Understand us. We believe in athletics. The University hasn't too much of the athletic spirit, but too little of the literary, and to increase the latter is the work in which the MAGAZINE begs for your assistance.

* *

Alumni of the University have promised to contribute to the MAGAZINE. These articles will be of interest both to the students and the graduates of U. N. C. scattered throughout the State.

Some change has been made in the make-up of this publication. It has been deemed advisable to drop that portion heretofore known as the Exchange Department. Editors of such departments usually conduct them with this understanding: "Pat my back and I'll pat yours," but "if you cuss me I'll cuss you." Unless our subscribers clamor for it, our Exchange Department will be no more. Instead of it we hope to establish some other department in the future.

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The frontispiece is a cut of President Venable. The photographer's art does violence to Dr. Venable's appearance, and the engraver's skill detracts from it still more, but the likeness, after all, bears some resemblance to him, and we present it to our readers with the above explanation. The MAGAZINE begs to extend its congratulations to President Venable on account of the large number of matriculates and the material improvements of the University in this first year of his administration of its affairs. We hope and believe that the new-born years of the coming century will prove our president to be among college executives what he has long been among chemists—the leader of those in the South.

* *
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In the death of Wm. L. Wilson the South loses a politician of the highest order, a college president of wide and varied learning, and a gentleman unsurpassed for purity of character. He had been a soldier of the Confederacy, tutor in a college, leader of his party in Congress, member of the President's cabinet, and chief executive of Washington and Lee University. He was a man of more scholarship than any of the other Southern representatives in Congress since the civil war, but, like Lee, he was content to pass from a life of public activity to the quiet but arduous duties of college president. His influence for good will be felt in generations yet to come.

LITERARY NOTES.

WHITEHEAD KLUTTZ, Editor.

Be it said to their lasting shame: North Carolinians are slow to honor those of their number who, by virtue of superior abilities, possess the capacity for eminence. This saying, generally true, is particularly applicable to the worker in the domain of letters. Perhaps he does well to go afield, where letters are honored and a writer is not regarded, if regarded at all, as *non compos mentis*. The ashes of many a "mute, inglorious Milton" may be resting in the country churchyards of North Carolina. Indifference and neglect are usually fatal to the genius. There is nothing sadder under the sun than the stolid, unseeing stupidity with which men regard the mountain that is near, the prophet sent into their midst.

* *
*

These reflections are suggested by the recent appearance of a work of fiction, which is also a work of art and talent, from the pen of a North Carolina writer—a woman, Christian Reid—whose beautiful books but few of the people of this State have read. She has many readers and admirers in other States, but it is hard for a writer whose merit is not recognized at home to obtain honor and prestige abroad.

Christian Reid is the most gifted woman of whom we have any knowledge in the history of this unappreciative State. Her recent work "Weighed in the Balance" (Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston), is up to her high standard, and is typical of all her work. There is no slovenly English and the style is pure enough for a purist. It is a carefully written book; no pains have been spared to make it what it is—a finished literary production. The tone is pure and elevating. Prudery is absent from its pages, and so also are sensual suggestions. The slime of the serpent,

that is over so much of the current fiction, does not attach to these pages. That kind of writing may be popular, but here is a writer who hates time-serving and has an ideal; one who will not bow in the house of Rimmon. "Weighed in the Balance" proves that a novel may combine great interest and attractiveness with absolute purity.

The book holds the reader at all times, and some of its situations are handled with a dramatic power that is fascinating. The flow of the narrative is never stopped for philosophizing, and yet there is an analysis of character and motive that recalls George Eliot. It is not with the outward and the artificial so much as with the inward and the real that Christian Reid is concerned in this book. There is a realization of Carlyle's grand aphorism that the one is but "the transitory garment veiling" the other, "the eternal splendor." The book is of deep human interest because it is concerned with the human soul in its relations to life.

The heroine is Psyche, made flesh and dwelling in a sordid world. About her are other souls, some noble, many base. She is an idealist, star-wrapt. She becomes deeply attached to a man who first seeks her hand because of her wealth, but ends by prostrating himself at the altar of love. He is a man of the world, selfish and easy-going, but with a strong character which his environment renders inert. He does a thing that his world does not think dishonorable. She discovers the act, measures the actor by her plumb-line for character and conduct, finds him wanting, and puts him out of her life forever. Called upon to choose between a love that is everything to her and her plain duty, she unhesitatingly places herself on the side of the "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God." She is cast in that rare mould that prefers death to the slightest compromise with dishonor. Her heart is broken, and she dies. There could be no other ending, for the love of two such souls bears the same certain relation to tragedy that cause bears to effect. The materialist, unable to understand, will call the girl "fool"

and "impracticable," and scoff at the pitiful wreck of her life. Others, purer in heart, will see here a soaring human soul, struggling and suffering in the meshes of a sordid environment; a soul whose full fruition is impossible on earthly soil—to which death is only the door to the larger life.

* *
* *

This is one of the best character sketches ever written. It ranks alongside of "David Harum," and is even better, in that "Aunt Minervy" is with us all the time in the one story, whereas David, in the other is sometimes absent, and when he is, the story is very flat indeed.

**"The Chronicles
of Aunt Minervy
Aun." By Joel
Chandler Harris.**

Aunt Minervy tells her own tale in her own vernacular (and who can equal Harris in the negro dialect?) and she loves to talk. She is nothing like Fed Tatum, whose taciturnity is thus happily hit off by her: "Ef you wanted ter talk wid ol' Fed Tatum, you'd hafter go whar he wuz settin' at an' do all de talkin' yo'se'f." No, Aunt Minervy has some charming reminiscences and side-splitting stories and she loves to "norate."

She is devoted to her old master and the family, and sticks by them "after freedom" in spite of her husband Hamp's desire to go elsewhere "and change de name what we got so dey can't put us back in slave'y." Aunt Minervy has a mind and a will and a courage (when she gets wrought up) of her own, and when Hamp has been elected a member of the legislature, she "jines" the legislature and in a most amusing scene, forces him to introduce a bill against "republican pencepuls" that her old master desires. The scene is very vivid and introduces the black legislatures of several decades ago that, fortunately, the present generation know of only by hearsay. Aunt Minervy's husband is a leader in this heterogeneous gang, but as she says to some of her brethren, "he can't lead *me*" and "it shorely was de truf."

The book is full of humor and pathos from "An Evening with the Kuklux," the opening chapter, to the concluding

one on Mary Ellen, a nearly white slave. It is a pity that Mr. Harris did not resign the monopoly of such almost unknown types as the last to the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in which book they fit in well with the many other exceptional characters introduced.

Mr. Harris is at his best in this book, which gives us a vivid sketch of the times and an accurate portrayal of many characteristics—lovable and otherwise; besides, it is a work of art that is unique. It is to be hoped, now that the author has left the editorial chair of the *Atlanta Constitution*, he will devote his whole time to literature and give us many more such sketches as "Aunt Minervy Ann." C.



COLEGE RECORD.

B. S. SKINNER

Editors

E. D. SALLENGER

Ex-president, Dr. Edwin A. Alderman spent a day or two with us at the opening of the University in September.

The Magazine extends its congratulations and best wishes to Dr. Linscott, our esteemed Professor of Latin, and his bride.

Mr. J. E. Gant, '00, recently visited his brother Mr. Kenneth Gant, '00. He is now in Lowell, Mass., studying cotton-milling.

Mr. M. L. Elliot, our former foot-ball center, is playing right tackle at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. Mr. Elliot has been a faithful servant, and it is to our regret that we lose him.

Burton Craige, '96, who has been instructor at Horner's School, is a member of the law class.

Mr. G. N. Nelson has returned to take a course in law.

The U. N. C. boys of the law department made an excellent record, as usual, at the September examination before the Supreme Court.

It is interesting to learn that nearly every member of the Class of '00 has a good position. We wish them well in all respects.

We welcome the new instructors, Dr. Wheeler, Mr. Osborne, and Dr. Ruffin.

The University opened with 461 matriculates for the first week.

Messrs. John Carr, Julius Caldwell, and Walter Brem are taking medical courses at Johns Hopkins University. H. C. Cowles, Jr. is pursuing his medical studies in New York City.

Stonewall Adams, of Raleigh, and "Shrimp" Post of Wilmington, were our guests before the opening.

We heartily welcome our old friends, T. C. Bowie and B. B. Lane, as matriculates; one in the law department, and the other an applicant for A. M.

The class of '00 is represented this year in the University by Wm. S. Bernard A. M., Librarian, T. D. Rice Ph. B., assistant in Geology, and A. R. Berkeley, who is pursuing post-graduate work.

The General Athletic Association, composed of the student body, has elected the following officers. A. R. Berkeley, President; Marvin Carr, Vice-President; Benj. Bell, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer.

The *Tar Heel* board this term is composed of Whitehead Klutz, Editor-in-Chief, R. R. Williams, Managing Editor, B. S. Skinner, Business Manager, E. D. Sallenger, Assistant Business Manager. Associate Editors: Messrs. Ivey F. Lewis, B. S. Drane, J. K. Hall, and Benj. Bell.

Mr. Holland Thompson, brother to Mr. Dorman Thompson. '01, visited his alma mater recently while en route to Columbia University.

Mr. Walter Murphy, of Salisbury, an alumnus and friend of the University, was on the Hill from September 15th. to 17th.

Mr. Joe Martin, quarter-back of '99, has returned to resume his studies.

Mrs. H. B. Short was on a visit to her son, Mr. Henry Short, during the past month.

Mr. E. A. Abernethy, ex-manager of the University Press Company, was on the Hill September 30th.

Prof. Collier Cobb delivered a lecture in the Chapel September 30th. on "Bible Study."

President Venable delivered the first of the series of public lectures in the Chapel October 12th. Subject: "The University and the State."

It can be stated on the Executive's authority that a new dormitory will be built in a short time. Place of location, near New West, South of the Infirmary.

Dr. Thos. Hume delivered an address before the Mount Zion District Association at Graham, N. C., October 10th., on "A Century of Education amongst the Baptists." He also lectured at Hollins University, October 12th, on "The Literary Study of the Bible."

The Zeta Zsi Fraternity expect shortly to replace their hall by a handsome one. The Sigma Nu Fraternity has purchased a lot and is also looking forward to building.

The students of the University have started a movement which, it is hoped, will result in the building of a large swimming pool to be located adjoining the athletic field.

It is with genuine pleasure that we note the welcome Tulane University gave Dr. Alderman upon his assumption of the duties of president. The Magazine sends its best wishes to Dr. Alderman in his new work at Tulane.

The new athletic field was in readiness for the first game of the season. The field is conveniently located and when well turfed will doubtless be the handsomest athletic field in the State.

Rev. Ashby Jones, pastor of the Leigh St. Baptist church, Richmond, preached in Gerrard Hall Sunday night, October 14th.

Rev. T. M. N. George, rector of the Episcopal church in New Berne, and a well known minister, delivered a sermon by special invitation before the University, Sunday evening, October 21st.

Prof. Collier Cobb lectured recently at Graham and also before the public school at Worthville.

Mr. Percy Whitaker, '98, spent a few days on the Hill with his many friends, the second week in October.

The James Sprunt Historical Monograph No. 2 is now in press. It consists of "The Congressional Career of Nathaniel Macon" by E. M. Wilson, A. B. (Guilford College and University of North Carolina) Appended to the principal papers are twenty-three letters of Mr. Macon and

one of Mr. Willie P. Mangum, referring to him, annotated by Dr. Kemp Plummer Battle.

Dr. Charles Staples Mangum, of the University faculty, and Miss Laura Rollins Payne, were married in St. Andrews Episcopal church, Washington, D. C. on October 24th.

It is a matter of congratulation that Dr. J. Wm. Jones, the friend and historian of Lee, is pastor of the Baptist church.

ELISHA MITCHEL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society for this year was held in Person Hall September 29th. The election of officers took place. Dr. R. H. Whitehead was elected President, Prof. Howell, Vice-president, Dr. Baskerville, Recording Secretary, President Venable, permanent Secretary. This Society is one of the most active in the University, Monthly meetings are held and subjects of interest in the scientific world are discussed at each meeting.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Historical Society was held in Gerrard Hall, Monday evening, October 22nd. Dr. Kemp P. Battle was elected President and Mr. E. D. Sallenger Secretary.

Interesting and instructive papers were read on "The Foundation of Our University," by Mr. B. B. Bobbitt, and "North Carolina's First Court," by Mr. E. D. Sallenger.

Dr. Battle closed the evening with a very instructive and humorous "Review of the Diary of a Colonial Indented Schoolmaster."

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The regular work of the Societies has begun again with renewed strength and vigor. This bids fair to be one of the most promising years in their history. The older men,

as a rule, are doing well, and many of them are working to get on top. The new men have not yet had the opportunity to show their debating talent, but from appearances we believe they have literary powers in them, and shall expect great things from them in this line of work.

The debaters for the Semi-Annual Inter-Society debate are: Phi, Messrs. S. J. Everett, '02, and H. B. Short, '03; Di, Messrs. R. P. Conley, '02, and C. A. Bynum, '03.

SHAKESPERE CLUB.

The Shakespere Club held its first meeting in Gerrard Hall Tuesday evening October 23. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Dr. Thos. Hume, President; Mr. E. K. Graham, Vice President; Dorman Thompson, Secretary and J. C. B. Ehringhaus, Treasurer. Dr. Hume, the President delivered the inaugural address on "The Violations of History in Shakespere and the Dramatic Reasons for Them." The following interesting and instructive papers were read: "Drayton and Shakespere" or "The Method of the Epical Ballad compared with the Historical Drama", by Miss Lucy Cobb. "The Religious Side of King Henry V as dramatized by Shakespere" by Mr. Newman. "The Unity of Henry's Character in the Play" by Mr. J. R. Conley. All the papers showed acute analysis and good thought and were enjoyed by the audience.

LECTURE COURSE.

The University will have a splendid lecture course during the session 1900—1901. The following is the programme as arranged up to date and given by the committee on lectures.

October 12th. President F. P. Venable, Ph. D. "The University and the State."

November 1st. K. P. Battle, L. L. D., "Some Remarkable Trials, Civil and Criminal, in North Carolina."

November 10. Mr. Ramon Reyes Lala, A. B., (St. Johns, London), "The Philipines." Illustrated.

November 22. Mr. Archibald Henderson, A. M., "The American Novel of To-day; Its Place in Modern Life."

December 13th. Eben Alexander, Ph.D., L. L. D., "Some Old Teachers."

January 17th. Prof. John DeMotte, A. M., M. D. "The Harp of the Senses." Illustrated.

February 14th. (Marshall Day.) Judge Jas. C. McRae, L. L. D. "The Character of John Marshall and His Influence upon the Construction of the Constitution."

February 4th. Grand Concert by the Tyrolean Concert Company, then just arrived from the Paris Exposition.

February 24th. Prof. M. C. S. Noble, "Southern Blockading."

March 7th. Prof. H. H. Williams, A. B., B. D., "Some Vital Economic Problems."

March 28. To be filled.

April 15th. Hamilton W. Mabie, subject to be announced.

April 26th. To be filled.

ALUMNI NOTES.

DORMAN THOMPSON, Editor.

Chas. B. Aycock, recently elected Governor of the State, is a graduate of the University.

Col. Thos. S. Kenan, A.B., '57, has recently been re-elected clerk of the Supreme Court for a term of eight years.

J. Bryan Grimes, the newly elected Secretary of State, belonged to the class of '85.

John Sprunt Hill, Ph.B., '88, has been nominated for Congress in the 14th district of New York.

W. C. Smith, Ph.B., '96, formerly instructor in English at the University, has been elected Professor of History in the State Normal and Industrial College.

Among the University men who did military service in the far East are Lieutenants Wm. C. Harlee, W. B. Lemly, Walton and Wooten.

A. H. Price, '93, was one of the Republican nominees for elector-at-large in the campaign that has just closed.

Harry Harding, '96, is now principal of the Graded School at Newberne.

Thos. Bost, '96, of Rowan county, will edit the Statesville "Mascot" this winter.

Walter Brem, '96, is studying medicine in Johns Hopkins University.

E. A. Abernethy is pursuing the study of medicine at the Medical College of Richmond.

An alumni association has been organized in Charlotte, with the following officers: President, Col. H. C. Jones; Vice President, Prof. Alexander Graham; Secretary, Geo. Stephens.

Brown Shepard, '96, was united in marriage to Miss Lilla May Bass, in Raleigh, a few weeks ago.

Geo. B. Nicholson and Zeb. V. Long, Law, '00, are practicing in Statesville.

H. B. Holmes, '99, is Professor of English in Elon College.

L. R. Wilson, '99, is filling the chair of English in Catawba College.

C. Henry Smith, Pharmacy, '99, is in the drug business at Hickory.

T. C. Bowie, '99, who has been taking a course in Economics at Yale, is a member of the U. N. C. law class.

J. Ed. Latta, '99, is instructor in Physics.

Cam. MacRae, ex-'01, is studying the cotton milling business.

Percy Wood McMullan, '96, and Miss Flora Hazel Brockett were united in marriage in the First Baptist Church of Elizabeth City, October 24th.

Several letters have been received by Dr. Hume from Mr. Leonard C. Van Noppen, describing his life in Holland, his journeys to the scene of the Passion Play, Ober-Ammergau, and to Chillon. He announces the completion of his metrical version of Vondel's Samson. One of the letters includes a fine poem on Chillon. He will lecture in Boston and New York on the Passion Play and on Vondel's work. We follow this brilliant alumnus with admiration and growing interest in his successful literary activity.

North Carolinians in New York city have perfected an organization to be known as "The North Carolina Society of the City of New York." Ex-Justice Van Wyck, '68, Democratic candidate for the governorship of New York in 1898, was elected President, and Lindsay Russell, son of Governor Russell, of North Carolina, was made Secretary. Those are eligible to the Society who are native North Car-

olinians, or their descendants, and graduates of the University of North Carolina. There will be about 400 members of the society, and among them will be many of the prominent citizens of New York. They propose to give a supper next February in the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, and every year a banquet will be given on the anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

THE CLASS OF 1900.

We give below the occupation of the class of 1900 as far as they have been reported:

- Adams, S. J., Teaching, Raleigh.
- Allison, T. T., Real Estate Business, Charlotte.
- Anderson, Halcott, Teaching, Pensacola, Fla.
- Asbury, J. J., Chemist, Birmingham, Ala.
- Barwick, A. J., Prin. Graded School, Kinston.
- Berkeley, A. R., Graduate Student, U. N. C.
- Bernard, W. S., Librarian, U. N. C.
- Branch, L. V., U. S. Geol. Survey, Chapel Hill.
- Bryan, W. F., Teaching, Bingham School.
- Byerly, T. J., Teaching.
- Chadbourn, Geo., Studying Cotton Milling, Lowell, Mass.
- Cheatham, T. A., Theological Student, N. Y.
- Coffey, Geo. N., U. S. Dept. Agriculture.
- Cowles, H. C., Medical Student, New York.
- Curtis, N. C., U. S. Geol. Survey, Washington, D. C.
- Eley, P. H., Student, Harvard University.
- Gant, J. E., Textile School, Lowell, Mass.
- Graves, E., U. S. Geol. Survey, Chapel Hill.
- Greening, J. W., Teaching, Ronda, N. C.
- Harris, I. F., Graduate Student, U. N. C.
- Hearn, W. E., Graduate Student, U. N. C.
- Hinsdale, J. W., Law Student, U. N. C.
- Hoell, Chas. F., Principal school, Beaufort.
- Hollowell, F. W., Teaching.
- Hume, T., Jr., Teaching, Horner's School.
- Jarrett, A. H., Principal school, Mana.
- Jones, Alice E., Teaching, St. Mary's School.

- Jones, T. W., Law Student, U. N. C.
 Latham, M. L., Teaching, San Antonio, Tex.
 Lewis, K. P., Cotton Mill, Durham.
 Lockhart, J. A., Teaching, Wadesboro.
 Massey, J. B., Theological Student, Richmond, Va.
 Miller, C. L., Business.
 Moore, J. A., Business.
 Neville, E. L., Teaching, Glenwood, N. C.
 Parker, D. P., Prin. Stanhope School, Finch.
 Reynolds, H. H., Teaching, Advance.
 Rice, T. D., Assistant, U. N. C.
 Rose, C. G., Teaching, Fayetteville.
 Thompson, C. E., Law Student, U. N. C.
 Ward, N. E., Teaching, Washington.
 Watkins, F. B., Teaching, Rutherfordton.
 Wharton, W. G., Cotton Mill, Central Falls.
 Wilson, H. E. D., Assistant William and Mary College,
 Williamsburg, Va.
 Woodard, Graham. Law Student, U. Va.

DEAD.

Carr, Elias, Sparta, Edgecombe county. Student, 1855-'57. Confederate States Army. Planter. Chairman of Board of County Commissioners. Master of the State Grange. Governor of North Carolina, 1893-'97. Born 1839, died July 22, 1900.

Lancaster, James Warren, Wilson. A. B., 1843; A. M., 1846. Lawyer. Member of General Assembly, 1854-'55. Died September 21, 1900.

Pettigrew, William Shepherd, Tyrrell county. Student, 1834-'37. A. M., 1868. Lawyer. Planter. Member of the Convention of 1861. Confederate States Army. Episcopal minister at Ridgeway and other places. Born 1818, died July 27, 1900.

Reynolds, Joseph Roscoe, Ora. Student, 1898-1900. Census taker. Died September, 1900.

Ruffin, Peter Brown, Hillsboro. Student, 1838-'39, entering from Alamance county. Planter. Treasurer of the North Carolina Railroad Company. Died August 5, 1900.

Ruffin, Thomas, Hillsboro. Student, 1878-'81. Railroad contractor. Born October 1, 1862; died in Alabama, September, 1900.

Sitterson, Joseph Murden, Jr., Wilmington. A. B. 1899. Student Episcopal Theological Seminary, New York. Died 1900.

Proud, Edmund Gregory. A. B., '65. Episcopal minister and Editor at Deer Lodge, Montana. Died July 26th, 1900.

Fremont, Frank Murray. '72. Entered from Wilmington, N. C. Mangum Medalist. Manufacturer in Atlanta and New York city. Died October 26th, 1900.

Haywood, Francis Philemon. '25. Confederate soldier. Born 1810; died October 23d, 1900.

Mason, Jas. B. Student from Davie county, 1867-'68. Lawyer at Chapel Hill. State Senator. Died October 16, 1900.

Peterson, Matthew Ransom. Student '83-'85 from Sampson county. Graduate of U. S. Military Academy. Major U. S. A. Died in Cuba October 18th, 1900.

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E. R. Shepherd, Official Photographer, Minneapolis, Minn.
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The
North Carolina
University Magazine,

PUBLISHED SIX TIMES DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR
BY THE

‡ *Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies.* ‡

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Is to encourage literary activity in the University and to record and preserve so much of student thought and research as deserves a permanent place on the library shelves.

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JAS. K. HALL,

Editor-in-Chief.

J. C. B. EHRLINGHAUS,

Business Manager.

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NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Old Series, Vol. XXXI. No. 2----DECEMBER, 1900. New Series, Vol. XVIII.

ROWAN'S COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY.

BY WHITEHEAD KLUTZ.

FROM its erection in 1752, to 1770, when Surry was cut off, the county of Rowan was imperial in its extent. It comprised what is now thirty counties in Western North Carolina, and extended westward "to the south seas." Rowan is the mother of counties in Western North Carolina, and the glorious history she made in resisting colonial exploitation, before others had realized the danger, is the common heritage of her daughters.

Rowan county was settled, not by princes and lords, but by better blood, the best of which Europe could boast. Her settlers were of the sturdiest yeomen stock and that is the character of her citizenship today. Two great streams of emigration met and have mingled within her borders. From the valley of the Shenandoah came the Scotch Irish, builders of schools and kirks, with no fear in their hearts save the fear of God. From Pennsylvania the liberty-loving Germans of the Palatinate pilgrimed through the pathless wilderness. On the banks of the Yadkin and Catawba and in the fertile country between the rivers settled these representatives of two great races. Differing in many things, "in language, institutions, and laws," they had in common the love of God and Liberty. Scotch-Irish and Germans alike had turned from Old World in-

justice and oppression to the bow of promise which they saw kindling in the western sky.

They thus had prepared conditions which would make revolt against tyranny probable. Besides the pioneer is the freest of the free. The early citizens of Rowan had passed the outposts of European civilization, and conducted their affairs with little interference from outside. In the solitude of the western wilderness, in the forest and by the stream, in contact and communion with the great heart of nature, the spirit of freedom blossomed. It was to bring forth fruit.

In the War of the Regulation Rowan was prominent. On March 7th, 1771, an indignation meeting compelled the Crown officers to give up moneys which had been illegally extorted from the people. But the overshadowing fact in Rowan's early resistance to unjust government is her Committee of Public Safety, which made the first recorded protest of American Colonists against taxation without representation. The journal of the Committee, from August 8th, '74, to May 7th, '76, has been preserved, and it is with that splendid evidence of American courage that this paper will deal. An attempt will be made to show the nature of the Committee's proceedings, as set out in the record.

The Committee had plenary power and transacted a variety of business. It acted with vigor and effectiveness, manifesting these qualities increasingly as the storm of the Revolution drew nearer. It elisted as a protest of the freeholders of Rowan against British misgovernment, and it held a commission from them to safeguard their liberties.

At its first meeting, on August 8th, '74, Rowan's Committee of Public Safety adopted Resolutions which deserve a prominent place in American history. Before the first Continental or Provincial Congress, when most of the colonists were dead to their danger, these men, representing an imperial domain and two thousand souls, proclaimed their political faith without fear of the mighty empire over seas. They declared that the right of taxing was in

the General Assembly; that the exercise of this right by any other authority was "an arbitrary exertion of power, and an infringement of the constitutional rights and liberties of the colonies;" that the imposition of a tea tax by Parliament, in which America could not be represented, was an act of "power without right" and "subversive of the liberties" of the colonies. The conduct of Parliament towards Boston was pronounced "a convincing proof of their fixed intention to deprive the colonies of their constitutional rights and privileges." "The cause of the town of Boston," said Rowan's brave sons, "is the common cause of the American Colonies." Thus early in Rowan did the people take their stand by principles whose inevitable outcome was revolution.

The Committee further urged a union of the colonies to defend their rights and prevent the importation of British commodities. Home manufactures and simplicity of life were declared worthy of encouragement. "The African slave trade," it was resolved, "is injurious to this colony." The whole set of resolutions of this brave day in Rowan's history was "unanimously agreed to." From this time on the Committee dealt with many matters, which we will now attempt to digest.

As the guardian of the people's rights, the Committee watched over the political sentiments of all citizens. We may say that its main office was dealing with persons known or suspected to be hostile to the cause of the colonies. For a time the Committee contented itself with declaring the disaffected "enemies to the common cause of liberty." Later, Tories were haled before the tribunal and forced to sign a test oath. It is notable that they generally did so "cheerfully."

One of the first against whom the Committee hurled its anathema was William Spurgin. He was his country's foe because he had abandoned it "to be illegally and unconstitutionally taxed, which has a tendency to spread sedition amongst His Majesty's loyal subjects in the county

of Rowan." Dr. Rumble, in his "History of Rowan," remarks that the attitude of the Committee in the American crisis reminds one of the time when the Roundhead Parliament levied war against the king in the king's name, for his own good.

An example or two will show the Committee's treatment of Tories in 1775. William Franklin was recalcitrant, and was apprehended. The journal says: "William Franklin, being in prison bounds, was brought to the bar of this Committee and admitted to take the following oath: I, William Franklin, do freely and solemnly swear on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, that I will not take up arms against the friends of American Liberty: nor will I directly or indirectly aid or assist, comfort and encourage, any person opposing in any manner the measures pursuing by the Americans in defence of their liberty." "Mr. Cook, the Baptist preacher," was called before the Committee. "In the most explicit and humiliating terms he professed his sorrow" for backsliding.

The case of John Dunn, attorney for the crown, and Benjamin Booth Boote occupied the attention of the Committee from time to time. At the second meeting the two men were strongly denounced for signing an anti-American paper. This denunciation, John Bone, the Salisbury constable, was directed to put up "on the two posts of the gallows and whipping-post, to demonstrate the contempt in which the Committee hold the authors of so infamous a performance." In July, 1775, the Committee denounced Gov. Martin's proclamation of the preceding month, and demanded of Boote to produce certain letters which he was alleged to have received from his Excellency. Shortly after this Dunn and Boote were forcibly removed to South Carolina by certain citizens. A petition charging that the removal was malicious and unnecessary was presented to the Committee by some of the best people in Salisbury, but the Committee sustained the unofficial act of its chairman, Col. William Kennon. He was a young

lawyer and Dunn was an old one, and Dr. Rumble thinks professional jealousy may have been his animus. The two Tories sent up pitiful appeals from Charleston, where as, Dunn wrote, they were "prisoners in exile," but they were unheeded by the Committee. At length they were released and returned to Salisbury loyal to America. Dunn's name is preserved by the granite mountain near Salisbury, known as Dunn's Mountain. There his ashes rest.

The Committee had other functions besides oversight of the political sentiments of individuals. It had *carte blanche* to do all things necessary for the defence of freedom, and for good government in the unsettled conditions of the times. The affairs it supervised were both civil and military; the powers it exerted were legislative, executive, and judicial; its affairs were attended to with more and more vigor and efficiency until it became the real governing body in the county. The militia sent members to it.

The militia of the county were its especial care. Its power of direction over the militia seems to have been almost unlimited. In the journal we find that they were ordered to raise money to meet contingencies; to provide against Indian invasion; to sign the test oath. The Committee regulated their election of officers, and in November, 1775, a list of officers was nominated by it to be returned to the Provincial Congress. Captain Olyphant was deposed for peculiar conduct. Frequent addresses were issued to the militia, and in these suggestions were made as to military matters. These addresses were remarkable for their fervor of patriotic devotion. In July, '75, an address to the militia denounced British intentions to incite an Indian uprising. "Let us rouse ourselves like one man," it said, "in deference of our religion from popery, of our liberty from slavery, and our lives from tormenting death." The embodiment of 1000 volunteers was ordered.

An important problem of the Committee related to the "sinews of war." On the subject of powder it did much

“resoluting” and took strong action. It undertook to regulate the price of powder (and of other thing, as the Continental Congress directed); to keep the militia supplied; and to keep powder, lead, and flints from accumulating in Tory hands. Any person raising the price of powder was declared an enemy to his country. A number of persons who did so were brought before the Committee. It was resolved that all the powder in Salisbury be taken in charge by the Committee, the owners to be indemnified. Provision was made for application to other colonies and to Charleston for powder, if necessary.

One of its resolutions shows what a strong force making for law and order the Committee of Public Safety was in these troubled times. It declared that where impressment of horses and necessaries was made, application must be made to a Justice of the Peace.

The attitude of the people in the Forks of the Yadkin gave the Committee much concern. Several committees were sent to confer with them “in regard to American liberty,” and win over the doubting or disaffected. Finally, at its meeting, in November, '75, the Committee, “with singular pleasure” received assurances of the “pacific dispositons” of the people of the Forks, among whom British emissaries had been at work. By argument and persuasion, without violence, the Committee had done some most effective missionary work.

The Committee sometimes vindicated accused persons from aspersion. Of these was Capt. Davidson. When Wm. McBride published an “advertisement” against Capt. Thomas Whitson, Whitson was cleared of blame, and McBride severely banned.

It was the Committee’s duty to see that the mandates of the Provincial and Continental Congress were obeyed. It corresponded with the Provincial Congress, and sent delegates to it. A communication asking that “the greater unity may be in supporting the common cause” was sent the Mecklenburg Committee. “The Disposer of all

Events" was besought "to interpose against the counsels of designing men. That we may have our Constitution as contained in the Magna Charta.....handed down unsullied to posterity."

The Committee exercised jurisdiction over civil matters in certain cases of debt, taxation, and administration of justice. It gave creditors leave to take the goods of absconding debtors as security, in numerous cases found in its journal. In view of the number of applications made to the Committee for leave to bring suit for debt, an opinion was rendered that under certain circumstances the creditor could bring suit without leave. Any three members of the Committee were authorized to transact this kind of business. An opinion was handed down that the Provincial Congress did not intend to make application to the Committee necessary for bringing criminal actions. In certain instances the clerk of the court was given leave to issue an order of sale and the Sheriff to sell, for taxes. The "number of taxables" and "number of souls" in Rowan was given in to the Committee by the militia captains. Nov. 8th, '75, a resolution was passed that "all suits now depending in the Inferior Court, in the County of Rowan, ought to be tried as soon as possible; but no execution to issue without leave."

It is hoped that this sketch will give some idea of the nature of that fearless and devoted band of freemen and patriots, the Committee of Public Safety for the County of Rowan, whose heroism added lustre to the American name and hastened the coming of the great war for American Independence.

OUR COMMON HAWKS; WHY THEY ARE DESPISED.

AT present, the most common hawk around Chapel Hill is the sparrow hawk. This is probably the smallest hawk that occurs near here. The male is chestnut and blue in color and affords a beautiful picture as he skims over the fields, in search of an unwary field-mouse, or a lazy grass-hopper. The female is larger than the male and has the same graceful peculiarities of flight. The one which lives around the campus seems to feed mostly on grasshoppers. It is continually trying to make up its mind to attack one of our flock of larks, but its courage seems to fail it at the last moment and the lark sails safely away. This hawk is very beneficial to the farmer, destroying as he does, countless numbers of noxious insects and field-mice.

The next most common hawk is Cooper's Hawk, known as the "chicken hawk" and the "blue tailed darter." Here is the real mischief maker. Now skimming low over the fields, now hovering on poised wing, this brigand is the terror of our game birds and scourge of the farmer's chickens. He is easily recognized by his long tail and comparatively short body. He possesses all the wariness of the hawk kind, and by his underhand methods manages to throw the blame of slaughtered partridges and stolen chickens on the larger hawks which are so often seen sailing high in the air, secure in their own innocence. Cooper's Hawk is the only really harmful hawk common around Chapel Hill. The larger and more conspicuous hawks do practically no damage, but the blind prejudice of the gunners, ignorant of the facts, has so depreciated their numbers that it is now a rather rare thing to see them near this place.

The most common of these is the Red-shouldered Hawk. He feeds on batrachians, mice, and such vermin, but has the

unfortunate habit of relaxing his wariness occasionally. The Marsh Hawk, or Harrier, is absolutely harmless and really very beneficial. He sails low over the land and marshes, and may be easily recognized by the conspicuous white patch over his tail. The Red-tailed, or "Rabbit" Hawk and the Broad-winged Hawk occur here rarely. The Sharp-shinned Hawk, the only other member of the genus *Accipiter* to occur here, is too rare to attract attention. Cooper's Hawk is an *Accipiter*.

How to protect our hawks is a problem of some economic importance to the farmer. That this is so is proven by the state of affairs in Pennsylvania. A few years ago in that State, a bounty was offered for hawk heads, and in a year \$90,000 had been thus paid out. A very liberal estimate of the loss in chickens in that year puts it at \$12,500. So the computable loss was \$77,500. Besides this, the damage done by the mice and grasshoppers which the hawks would have killed, probably mounted up into the hundred thousands. It would be far better never to shoot a hawk than to practice indiscriminate slaughter as is now being done. Needless to say, the Pennsylvania Legislature quickly repealed the foolish bounty-law. The amateur sportsman and the farmer must be a little judicious in their killing of the hawks. To say that all hawks are harmful, because one species is, is like condemning the human race because there is a criminal class.

A GAME OF HEARTS.

BY J. WARSHAW.

She had been standing by the rail for a good twenty minutes, gazing long at the thin, pale-blue horizon, and at the twinkling waters, and jotting, every now and then in a writing-pad which she held in the palm of her delicate hand. Undoubtedly it gave her a feeling of wonderful awe to look out on the infinite expanse of the ocean, and surely her eyes must have delighted to watch the accumulating swells recede in a dark multitude from the sides of the steamer and pile up in a heap of thick froth and white spray. She too, was good to look upon. Her hair, tied rather loosely, bound her head in a rippling, golden net; her simple straw hat jauntily overshadowed her serene forehead; and her blue serge dress, blown closely about her shapely form made her appear particularly slight and aerial. Indeed, she must have become tired. Had I known her even but distantly I should have offered her a chair: or had I only had a little brass in my composition, I should have felt emboldened. But being without this indispensable weapon, I turned to my comrade.

"She's probably tired."

"Ye-es."

"Been there a half hour."

"Uh-h'm.—her face seems somehow familiar to me."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Why, give her a chair of course."

He turned his slow eyes wide-open on me.

"Ah reck'n Ah might if she came an' asked me. But offer her one mahself! Ah'd rather drop overbawd."

"Then," said I ardently, "I'll do it myself. For, thus saith the *Book of Ethics*, 'Where there are no men, seek thou to be a man.'

And rising, I thumped my hat firmly on my head, and

walked across the deck. It was an ungraceful sort of walk, since I had to calculate to meet the rising deck; and had, moreover, to tack twice, in order to escape colliding with the bottle-nosed captain and his buxom companion. I steadied myself with the rail and accosted her.

"Pardon me, but may I not get a chair for you? You have been standing long. You must be tired."



"O, no, thank you," she said covering her paper with her hand. "I'm not tired at all. Why, I had'n't even stopped to think that I was standing. I'm ever so much obliged to you, nevertheless," she concluded with a sweet smile.

"But—," I began.

"O, no, no. Don't trouble yourself, please."

"I can't sit down now, unless you sit. I'll fetch the—."

"Fetch?" she exclaimed, arching her dark brows, "Fetch! Then you're not a southerner?"

"Not southerner 'enough to browbeat that good old Anglo-Saxon word. Some of my Carolina friends call me "Fetch and Tote."

"Why, I'm not a southerner either," she said, as though communicating an astounding bit of news.

"Really?"

"I've been visiting in Durham."

"And I've been working in Raleigh."

"I'm from—."

"Massachusetts."

"How *did* you guess it?"

"So am I. Malden."

"Brookline. How funny!"

"How funny!—now won't you sit down?"

"Inded, I will," she cried, laughing joyously. "You can't imagine how good one feels at meeting a friend from home."

"I don't need to imagine. I know, now."

We sat silent for a little while, I glanced from time to time at the writhing, green sea-serpent stretched out far in our wake, and at the waves churned into solid emerald blocks and fringed with creamy foam, and at her frank, sunny countenance. She was leaning forward, with her chin hidden in her white palm. She held her long lashes downcast and seemed deep in thought. On a sudden she beamed on me, asking whether or not my friend was a Carolinian.

"O, yes, he is. He has been a chum of mine down south. I met him on the boat just as we were leaving Norfolk."

"I know it."

"You heard us talking it over at breakfast?"

She nodded, "I thought I'd die. It was the oddest thing I ever heard."

"You mean our meeting? So it was. You know, Barker said I touched him on the shoulder, but as a matter of fact I trod on his heel. Strange psychological train, wasn't it?"

She tittered, and struggled to retain her composure and ended by bursting into a loud, pealing laugh. "O it's so funny, it's so funny." Then she became abruptly quiet and stared abstractedly at the toe of her shoe. It was a shoe of lovely shape and suggested a neat patrician foot within. I was quite fascinated by it. But her voice, also, was pleasing: and I liked to listen to her unaffected words. So I said, fixing her with a glance of half-bold, half-timid expectation.

"A penny for your thoughts."

She answered quick as a flash, "Is Mr. Barker going to live up north?"

I was vexed. She had either missed the point or evaded it.

"O, Barker? Yes. Barker is going to live up our way. He thinks of drawing cartoons for a Boston paper. He can draw pretty well."

"Is that so? He must be a genius."

"He is a freak."

"Well, I always look on artists as geniuses."

"Then he surely is a freak. All geniuses are freaks. But Barker may not be a genius."

"Why, what do you mean by that Mr. ——?" she asked questioningly.

"St. John. And you are Miss ——?"

"Cowper. Can you spell it?"

"C-o-o-p-e-r?"

"No. C-o-w-p-e-r. The English Cowper."

"Then you're English too, are you?"

"And you, also? How strange! How very strange, indeed!"

After a short pause she came back to our discussion. I don't know whether or not I really saw, or only seemed to

see a little malicious twinkle in her eyes but I certainly had a vague impression that she was trying to tease me.

"Now, Mr. Saint John, or Sin Jin, as I believe you would be called in England—which shall I call you?"

"It does'nt matter."

"Well, then, Mr. St. John, will you please explain your seeming paradox? About geniuses and freaks, I mean."

"You seem awfully interested in Barker," I said sullenly.

She blushed with a beautifying anger.

"I don't know why ——" she began tartly. Then breaking off, with a ring of repentance in her voice, she said in haste, "Dear me, here I've been and forgotten my poor aunt, and sat enjoying myself while——."

She lowered her eyes as I looked at her, but continued bravely,"

"While my aunt's probably been having a wretched time. How thoughtless of me——I wish I knew just what to do."

"Is your aunt sea-sick?"

She nodded.

"You tell her to take lemonade. Lemonade is good. Dr. Waldron says so."

I did not tell her that Dr. Waldron was not a physician, but a professor of philosophy in a southern college. Still he had been across the water and should have known certain things.

"O, thanks, ever so much," she said rising. "And now you must go. I hope we shall see you at dinner.——You——and your friend." With that she tripped lightly along the clean lead-colored deck.

Leaning back in my chair, with my legs stretched out against a bench, I fell into a brown study. The heavens above seemed to have overcast their blue candor, and the waves had darkened, and the deck had lost for me its cheery good-nature. A woman, pale as wax, lay on a settee, her heavy wraps scarcely stirred by her faint breath-

ing: far down toward the stern a stalwart young fellow, supported by a rough-looking Irishman, was reeling and pitching from side to side.— Why had she harped so much on Barker? Yet she was'nt even acquainted with him. But, was that the case? Barker said her face was familiar to him. Had they met before? Possibly.—She certainly was a pretty girl, evidently well-bred, simple, witty, open-hearted. Ah! But was she? Or, was she not too much so? Well, that remained to be seen.

Barker, coming from the smoking-room, interrupted my meditations.

“Ah wish Ah had your pluck,” moving a chair close to mine. “And your luck. You seem to be getting on right smoothly.”

“And so did you.”

“And so did I?” cried he, in amazement.

“Why, yes. She talked a good deal about you. I told her you were an artist, and she said you must be a genius.

“O come, now, did she really? Did she, now, really?”

“Yes.”

“But Ah don't know her.— Her face looks familiar, though. Ah wonder if she knows me?”

“Of course she must. Your fame, as Elkins said of Dr. Gordon, is not confined within the borders of your own states, nor of these Grand United States, but is spread out even the to uttermost corners of the universe.”

He laughed loudly at my imitation, and a bit vainly at the words. His joy was complete when I told him that I'd introduce him at dinner.

At dinner, we met her aunt, a noble looking woman, somewhat wan from her illness. Apparently she had found an efficacious remedy: but I was astounded to hear her thank me for my very helpful suggestion.

“Whew!” I muttered under my breath, who'd have thought it?”

And in consequence of my unsuspected remedy the aunt

conducted herself most graciously toward me. I wished many times during the meal that she would be a little less attentive, for Barker was monopolizing Miss Cowper; and I had, during my stay down south, acquired a horror for monopolies. At last I said, forcibly addressing myself to the younger lady,

"Mr. Barker tells me that your face looks familiar to him. I wonder if you ever met him before."

"I, too, have been wondering about that."

Then turning to Barker she inquired, "Have you ever been in Durham, Mr. Barker."

"Many times," he answered, reddening.

"Recently?"

"About a fortnight ago."

"At Trinity? You were umpire of the base ball game?"

His face was burning.

"I made a fool of myself then, whooping and yelling, and flying about."

"O, no, indeed." She protested, "I like enthusiasm."

All this while she had steadily devoted herself to him: and I felt angry with her, the dinner, Barker, and myself. And partly because I feared lest Barker should manage to spirit her away (for the aunt was already going to her berth) I proposed a game of cards.

"Won't that be delightful!" she exclaimed vivaciously.

After Barker had procured the cards, we sat down at a table, and played. Barker was unusually bright during the games, and I, disgustingly stupid. I made foolish bids in "set-back" and was set back tremendously: and though I won two games at "California Jack", the way in which our last game, a game of "hearts" was played, made me fume and storm inwardly and grow sick in spirit. And the blame was not all mine. For what should Miss Cowper do, but make it a point to force all her bad cards, hearts, into my hand and to combine with Barker against me. During this game she was very quiet,

excepting when she contradicted me: and she persisted in making me lose. Then, leaving Barker to crow over his progress with her, and me to sulk, she went soberly to her aunt.

We did not meet her at supper, nor immediately after; and we wondered whether she had fallen a victim to the sea. Barker and I spent the evening in the smoking-room, listening to the maudlin talk of the stalwart young fellow whom I had seen before, and of the wily Irishman. I felt woefully wretched, oppressed. I was Porthos despairing under the mighty weight of his tomb; I was Enceladus under Etna; I was Atlas shouldering the world. I was overburdened with vast sorrows and inexpressible griefs.

Just after the steward had entered with brandy for two men, I happened to look out of the window in front of me and saw a figure flit quickly by. I looked again, straining my eyes, and my heart leapt. Miss Cowper had passed toward the bow. I made some sort of an excuse to Barker, and hurried out. She was standing in the dark, at the foot of the quarter-deck.

"A lovely moonlight, Miss Cowper. May I accompany you forward?"

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. St. John," she replied rather curtly. "I was just about to turn back."

"Dear me!" I said contritely; "I am afraid I've spoiled your walk. You *were* going forward, you know."

"You are mistaken, sir. I was going back."

"Ah!" I exclaimed naively, "then you were going forward only in order that you might go back. I see now. I see."

I saw her suppress a smile. We were standing under one of the ship's lanterns.

"Well," she answered, relenting, "I should not mind going a few steps further——" "But," she added with a sting in her words, "I don't want to deprive you of pleasanter company."

I looked around vacantly.



John Calder 1888 Boston

"I took her hand in mine, and drew her to me, trembling."

"Pleasanter company? Where?"

"O, in there;" and she pointed to the smoking-room.

"You seemed to be enjoying yourself."

We walked on in silence, breathing the cold wind. Then, probably thinking that she had hurt my feelings, she said in a low tone,

"I don't like you in there, Mr. St. John."

"I know you don't like me," I returned with moody assurance.

"I said no — well, — I, — that is —." And she looked ready to bust into tears.

"Well, you don't," I insisted.

She was silent. After a long pause, she remarked in a vague, general sort of way, "Isn't it strange how easily a statement may be distorted?"

"But you did say you don't like me."

"I did not," she retorted with heat.

"I said I didn't like you in there. It's no fit place for a gentleman."

"Well, do you like me here?"

"Shall we return?" she asked.

I became obstinate.

"And here?"

Her face was very pale, as I could see in the dim light; and she was biting her lip. I let my hand accidentally touch hers. She did not shrink back. So, turning half toward her, I took her hand in mine, and drew her to me, trembling.....

"And — —?" I continued.

"O," she cried, sobbing, "please forgive me. I meant the place you were in."

I guided her to a bench, and sat down beside her.

"But," I questionèd reproachfully, "why did you take such pleasure in making me lose at hearts?"

She answered softly, "did you lose?"

LIFE IN A GREAT UNIVERSITY---COLUMBIA.

BY HOLLAND THOMPSON.

COLUMBIA is now passing through much the same sort of change and growth as did our own University during the years from 1892-'96, though, of course, on a much larger scale. The institution was founded in 1754 as King's College, afterwards changed to Columbia. For more than a century it held the even tenor of its way, attracting some attention, of course, but expanding very little. Gradually there grew up around it, though not under its control, professional schools of high rank, and Barnard College for women was founded and affiliated. But the quarters far down in the city were an effectual bar to any considerable expansion, because of lack of room and the noise of business.

With the election of Seth Low to the presidency larger plans were formed and successfully carried out. The great group of buildings on Morningside Heights was built, and when all are completed, there will not be a superior educational plant anywhere. The name Columbia College was retained for the undergraduate department, but all the schools, professional and graduate, were brought into closer relations under the name of Columbia University, in 1896. Since, the growth has been rapid and steady. If the present rate of growth continues, within five years the number of students will be greater than in any other American University.

In writing of American institutions it is the undergraduate that must be considered. Here, unfortunately, he is swamped by the great size of the other departments. Last year, of a total registration of more than thirty-five hundred, the registration in the college was but four hundred and fifty. Further, the greater size and supposed importance of the more dignified departments has operated

against him in the matter of instruction. He is left to the care of tutors and instructors, except possibly in his senior year, when he may come in contact with the professor. Even the college man seems to realize his unimportance in University life and turns elsewhere for his interests. One can hardly blame him, for some of his instructors are exceedingly uninteresting.

Since it is the undergraduate who is always the conservator and preserver of college traditions, it is not at all surprising that Columbia has so few. There has never been a dormitory system; few of the fraternities are able to afford chapter houses; the membership in the debating societies is small; the athletic teams are of comparatively recent origin, as gymnasium and training grounds were lacking. With the success of the football team the past two seasons, has come more of college spirit than before was manifest, and it is now the intention to devote more attention to increase the importance of the college.

It will be understood that the Columbia undergraduate is a self-contained young man, somewhat lacking in spontaneity. The problem of discipline troubles the authorities very little, as no responsibility is assumed off the grounds. The undergraduate, too, is marked in his intercourse with more or less formality. Usually he lives in the city and has other interests. His college life is not exclusively important. It is more an incident,—of some importance, of course,—but only an incident.

If there is little unity in the college, there is less in the graduate and professional schools. The men come from the whole United States and some foreign countries. In the law school graduates of sixty-eight colleges were found. In one class were Americans from a dozen States, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, four or five Japanese, and a negro—the only one in the University. These men are usually of mature years, some as much as forty years old, have had their college days long ago, and do not enter in any considerable extent into college life. Their work is in

research rather than in class rooms, and largely each seeks solitude. The type of mind in the graduate schools has not struck me as being particularly high. Dr. Munsterberg, of Harvard; says that the ability of the undergraduates is greater than that in the graduate schools. That remark seems to hold good here. Possibly the business opportunities take more of the stronger men here.

There is no University community, such as around Harvard or Cornell. The instructors are scattered throughout the whole city and the surrounding suburban towns in the state and in New Jersey, while some even live in Connecticut. The excellent traffic arrangements on some of the railroads make it possible to live fifteen to thirty miles away and yet meet all classes with promptness and certainty. But this dispersion counts against the growth and development of a strictly university sentiment. Full professors may not know each other by sight, as the faculty meetings are held by schools, and not by the University as a whole.

Then Columbia stands for individualism—separation in all her work. The professors are free to think and speak as they please, subject only in their teaching to the normal authority of the dean of their school. The institution stands for scholarship, and little for personality. It is a place where one studies freed from any exacting restraints, and largely without supervision or guidance, until the time for the tests of performance.

CROATAN.

·BY A. B. C.

JOHN White's ships were slowly fading into the distant ocean. The seaward shore of Roanoke Island was lined with about a hundred men, women and children, looking on silently. Silently, because they were, so to speak, lulled by their rocking emotions. All were homesick and sad. Some were brimming full of the romantic; others were dissatisfied and sullen. Among the white men were distributed a few Indians. They, too, were silent and still; because, unsophisticated primeval folk that they were, the North Carolina wild men felt a sympathy and love for the helpless strangers, a love which was soon roughly and cruelly beat out. There stood the "Lord of Roanoke", Manteo, just baptized a Christian; beside him his little son, Wonango. Near by, but outside the crowd, stood watching the home-bound ships, a husband and his wife. The woman was staring fixedly out to sea. Presently the man saw how she frowned and asked her, "What, Eleanor, art not contented here?"

"No," she answered emphatically, "for our dear little Virginia's sake I would we were on my father's ship sailing for home."

The colonists scattered to their huts, built fires in the twilight and made ready for night. One day after that day was like another. In the morning some of them hoed; most of them trifled. Then came dinner. After dinner some of them hoed; most of them trifled. The three great events of the day were breakfast, dinner, and supper. After supper they all gathered on the westward beach and watched the sun set. That was a beautiful and comforting sight. Then they went to bed. Thus the daily routine was, for some, hard, rough work; for the majority, listless idling.

One day just after dinner Wonango glided into the Dares' cabin. He seemed to be in restless haste. "Ananias Dare," he muttered, "the Socotas are coming to lay you low. My father sends word that his people will fight for you as would parents for their children." Then he looked fondly at the little one playing in the corner and slipped out the door and was gone.

Dare quickly warned the cabins and, a little after, all were working like mad; men, women, boys. Some were in the woods, cutting down trees, lopping off the branches and sharpening the root ends. Others were in the clearing, driving the trees in the ground and sharpening the upper ends; building a palisade. All were tremblingly excited.

And well they might be. Far off they could hear the wild yells of the struggling savages. They knew that Manteo would do his best; but how vain was that best! Eager desperation could not overcome the unfair odds. Defeat for Manteo was a fact that would be established by time, and withal a very little time. The only hope stretched out after a miracle. John White might come. John White—little did they know how he had been called to decide between duty and self-inclination; how, with a sore heart-ache, he had answered duty's requirement. How could they know that far away, near Bonnie England's shore, John White was fighting the Invincible Armada? This they never knew.

For the noise in the distance ceased. And all the colonists in the woods and those working upon the palisade paused and listened. They could hear behind them waves licking the shore and in front an occasional whoop from the conquering Indians. Thus for one minute; then to work again with despairing calmness.

They strained all night, but morning saw that they had not finished the defence. One glanced up from his work and caught a glimpse of the stealthy murderers slinking through the trees. The man shouted; the company rushed

to arms; they massed at the gap. But what was the use? They were worse than dead men; for they still had the pain to feel. One minute and all lay strewn over the ground, and every man's hair was gone and his head was bloody.

But off there in a corner crouched Eleanor Dare, her husband lying dead before her, the baby in her arms. How did she escape? She had twisted her hair out of her scalp and received the blow at a glance; so she was not quite dead. Her eyes were piercing one of those bloody-handed copper-skins. It was Wonango. He caught her eye and knew she would betray him; so he rushed at her with a yell and struck heavily. But the tomahawk somehow missed. Wonango grunted. Eleanor's face changed and she died happy. Little Virginia, alive and safe, cowered beside her and whimpered.

The Indians were done and went their way; with them Wonango, the deserter. Little Virginia, clinging to her dead father and mother, kept fretfully crying. But she made very little noise till night came on; then she cried aloud and bitterly. After a little while Wonango crept up cautiously. Then Virginia was happy and hugged him lovingly and trustfully around his brown neck. He picked her up in his arms; she seemed to realize that she was leaving only the dead, and did not resist.

So Wonango carried her away from the palisade down to the group of empty cabins. Here he drove a stake deep in the ground and began to carve. He cut the letters C-R-O, then seemed to recall something and stopped. Then he went up to one of the cabin doors and on the lintel cut, C-R-O-A-T-O-A-N. When he had finished he picked up the wondering, pitiful little Virginia and strode away.

That evening when he quietly stepped into his father's wigwam on Croatan Island, he found Manteo gloomily dreaming over the coals. Manteo said not a word. Wonango began talking so softly that one could hardly have told when he began. He explained his desertion and told the story of the Roanoke massacre. Finally he put

the little girl on his father's knee. That was how he made Manteo understand his well-timed, crafty cowardice.

Between them they soothed Virginia. She was too young to grieve much and besides she admired Wonango. So things went on for two years and Virginia grew noticeably older.

She loved these improvised parents and forgot her white kin. But her grandfather was alive. He had done warring and was sailing, anxiously sailing, for South Virginia and Virginia Dare.

She and Wonango were playing on the beach one evening at sunset when Wonango caught sight of a sail nearing Roanoke shore. He knew what the sail meant; it was John White returned for his children. Wonango led Virginia hastily back to the hut.

That night two men knelt for an hour under the stars. John White's gray head was bowed upon his breast; to his Father in Heaven he groaned and cried aloud. Then, among the ruins of his hope, he fell upon his face. On Croatan island, just a few miles away, Wonango's heart bled before the same God. And Wonango's prayer prevailed. Next morning John White's rebellious men sailed out for England. Behind them they left the ashes of a queen's pride, a church's longing, and a grandfather's heart.

And now, dear reader, skip fifteen years. Two lone Indians are sitting in the night on a log in the forest of Croatan. Not far off is a bark wigwam, solitary and lonesome.

"My son," said the elder Indian, in those monotonous tones so characteristic of the dignified warrior, "you are the one man left of all your tribe; can you take a woman not of your race and kind?"

"My father," answered the other, earnestly, "I am a Christian."

Manteo said no more, and the two rose up and went slowly toward the wigwan.

One hour later, within the peaked tent, three stools were drawn close together around the low-burning fire. A flickering light fell on one bright, pale face, loving and soft, and on two unimpassioned bronze faces, strong and furrowed. Manteo still held his finger between the leaves of an English prayer-book.

On that same day in old England a sad-faced, solemn priest had opened the English prayer-book at another page. That priest had been the beloved pastor of John White.

A SOLDIER'S FATE; OR ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN'S RETURN.

BY DONALD L. ST. CLAIR.

EVERY afternoon, between the hours of four and five o'clock, a gray-haired man may be seen slowly wending his way through the hurrying, jostling throng on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington City. His shoulders have bent beneath the burden of a great sorrow and in his once flashing eyes there is a look of hopeless despair. At the same hour, day after day, he may be seen going home from his day's work in the Agricultural Department to sleep and dream of a time when he drank for a moment from the cup of happiness, only to have it dashed from his lips forever. Beneath the dress of this gray-haired man beats a heart as brave and unselfish as ever throbbed within a human breast, and a life-story more sad than this has seldom been dreamed of by novelist or poet.

In the spring of 1861, when the trees were budding and the flowers were blooming among the rugged hills of New Hampshire, this man, whom I shall call Frank Adams (that is not his name), was married to a fair young girl of nineteen. Adams was then a tall, handsome young man of twenty-one, and the owner of a small but valuable farm lying near a country village. At that time only the mutterings of the storm of civil war, which soon burst at Fort Sumter, had reached the New Hampshire village, and young Adams and his bride entered their home dreaming only of contentment and peace.

The flowers that bloomed and the birds that sang around their rural home were not more happy than this young couple during the first few weeks of their wedded life, but the terrible storm of war was increasing in fury, and soon Lincoln's call for volunteers reached this home. Adams' ancestors had shed their blood for independence, and he was

willing, if need be, to lay down his life for the Union of his fathers.

One bright June morning a company marched southward from a New Hampshire village to battle for the stars and stripes, and in the front rank was Frank Adams, who had enlisted for three years or the term of the war. His company was soon in active service and Adams proved a model soldier, never shrinking from duty, and was always ready to go where the bullets were flying thickest. He kept up a regular correspondence with his wife and in his letters often spoke of the happiness that would be theirs when the cruel war was over.

At the bloody battle of Chickamauga Adams fell in the thickest of the fight and was left on the field for dead, but, after hours of suffering, he was picked up by the Confederates and carried to the hospital, where his wound healed rapidly, and in a short while he was conveyed to Andersonville. He had been confined in prison only a few weeks when he managed by a bold stratagem to escape, but when safely away from the prison, he realized that he was little better off than before, as he was in the midst of the enemy's country without money or friends, and likely to be recaptured at any time. For several days he concealed himself in the Georgia swamps during the day and travelled at night, making his way north as best he could. On the fifth night he lay down to sleep near the roadside and when he awoke in the morning he was delirious with fever. Perhaps fortunately for him, he was near a large plantation, and was found the next morning by some negroes, who carried him to their cabin near by. Several families of slaves were at the time the only occupants of the plantation, and, judging from the sick man's uniform that he was an escaped Federal soldier, they determined to conceal and nurse him.

Adams' disease proved to be the terrible malarial fever prevalent in that section, and for several months he lingered between life and death. In the spring of 1865, when

the war was nearly ended, his health and strength returned, but reason had fled and the past was to him a blank. For several months he wandered from place to place, an object of pity, subsisting on the charity of the generous Southern people. When peace was fully established he was taken in charge by the authorities and placed in the asylum at Milledgeville.

What of the young wife in the far away Northern home? She prayed and waited for tidings that never came. The war over, the few surviving members of the company that had gone away from the village returned and told the weeping wife that her husband had fallen at Chickamauga and died a soldier's death. For a while she was almost heartbroken, but youth can survive terrible griefs, and at length the bloom returned to her cheeks and her love became a sad, sweet memory.

The insane soldier remained in the asylum fourteen years before he showed any signs of recovery. At length the light of reason showed dimly in his eyes, and by degrees his reason and memory were entirely restored. He was discharged from the asylum in the summer of 1880.

Naturally, Frank Adams' first thought was of wife and home and how to reach them. No pen can portray his feelings, as he wondered if the sweetheart of his youth had been true to him through all these years, and was watching and waiting for him in the little home among the hills where they had once lived so happily together. Would he write and tell her that he still lived? No. He would wait and surprise her with his coming. Would she know him? His once ruddy cheeks were wan and pale, and his locks that had been black, were thinned and whitened by years of suffering. But not once did he dream that his wife would not recognize him. Taking a lumber and turpentine boat at Savannah, he worked his way to Boston, and one beautiful summer day, when the flowers were blooming and the birds were singing as merrily as though sorrow and suffering were unknown, became in sight of his

home. With throbbing heart he walked slowly along, noting each familiar spot, and when near the house where the happiest hours of his life had been spent, he seated himself upon a rock that lay by the roadside. He knew not why, but he would not enter just yet. The premises had undergone little change. The flowers, as of old, were blooming in the yard, and the laughter of three merry children was wafted to the wanderer's ears, but he gave no thought to them.

"Takin' a rest, are ye, stranger? It's kinder dusty travellin' along these roads, 'specially 'bout this season of the year," and a middle-aged man, wearing the dress of a farmer, brought his team to a standstill in the road near where Adams was resting.

"Stranger in these parts, I guess, otherwise I cannot place ye," continued the teamster.

Adams recognized the man as a former neighbor and ventured to remark, "I was acquainted in this section before the war."

"Wall, ye aint so much of a stranger then, I guess; but there's been a power of changes since the war, though ye might see some familiar places. That's Jim Burton's place over thar. A good fellow he is, too, but the place belongs to his wife. He married Frank Adams' widder, ye know. Frank was killed at Chickamauga; at least that's what they said, though there are some believes he wern't never killed, but he must 'abeen or he'd a turned up 'afore now. His widder took on a powerful sight when she heard Frank was killed, but she got over it as they allus do, and her'n Jim are happy as two larks, and thar aint three likelier chaps in the State of New Hampshire than them two little gals and that curly-headed little boy o' thern. That's them playin' over thar in the yard now with my dog Fido. What's the matter, stranger, aint ye feelin' well? Must be the heat. It's been uncommon hot this summer. Feelin' better now?"

"If ye're goin' my way, climb up. I'll give ye a lift as

far as the village, and a little brandy and water 'll bring ye around all right."

With a last, lingering look at the home that could be his no more—without even one look at her he had once called wife—with a heart that seemed turned to stone—Frank Adams rode toward the village, determined to bear in silence the burden of his great sorrow and leave his wife alone in her new found happiness.

The sun shone on, the flowers continued to bloom, and the birds still sang their happy songs, but on that bright summer day the light of joy in the strong, brave heart of Frank Adams went out forever.

SONG OF A BIRCH CANOE.

BY MACS.

Paddle dipping,
Ripples clipping,
O'er the wave, I singing glide
To where a maiden
Waits, hope-laden,
Watching e'er the flowing tide.

Moon-path glowing,
Star-gleams showing
Lovers' rapture, each to each.
Kisses thrilling,
Cooing, billing,—
Idle Birch drawn on the beach.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies.

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

It is a fact—a disagreeable one, yet one we are all forced to admit is true,—that we have had no *University Annual* **A University** for several years. Year before last ~~last the~~ **Annual.** fraternities issued a very (a very good *College Annual*; last year it came down to a *fraternity* annual, having practically no interest for those not belonging to fraternities. If this process of devolution continues it would be safe to assume that, unless some steps are taken, there will be no annual of any kind this year.

Now we do not intend for any one to infer from the above that fraternities are the thing next to nothing. Far from it. The most prejudiced man in college must admit that, had it not been for the fraternities, we should have had no annual of any sort for several years past. They not only deserve credit for issuing the best annual they were able to

do under the circumstances, but they have endeavored for the last two years to provide a way by which the publication could be improved and its sale increased. Whether the suggestion made to the literary societies by the fraternities was wise or unwise does not concern us here.

But there is no man in college—not even one of the editors of last year's annual—who would make the statement that such a publication as that of last year or the year before, is commensurate with the size of the University and the different phases of its life. No sane man can expect the fraternities of this institution, with a membership of not more than 125, to take upon themselves the expense, time, and labor to bring forth a publication for four hundred other men. It would be as foolish as it would be to expect the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives to incur the expense and trouble of issuing the *Congressional Record*.

An ideal annual, such as we should have in this great University, should answer to the need of every phase of our life. It should be issued by all for all. How to get out such a publication is the real problem. Some one suggests that one or two of the upper classes unite with the fraternities for this purpose. But the class organizations are weak—class spirit is lacking—and, worst of all, their finances are *nil*. Others have the temerity to advise that the Athletic Association lend a hand. It has long been a patent fact that this association has troubles enough of its own. At times its burden is almost greater than it can bear. And besides, there are those who would look upon such an undertaking as another one of those schemes worked for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

We believe there are only three organizations in the University capable of undertaking the work and carrying it out successfully. These three organizations are the fraternities, the Dialectic and the Philanthropic literary societies. These organizations include in their number members of all the professional schools. They are well or-

ganized, each possesses a certain degree of society spirit; each has some financial ability; and each one has some men capable of doing such work as would be required. An Annual issued by these organizations should appeal to every phase of life in the institution, It should be such a publication that every man in college would be proud of it. It should be such a publication that every man of the five hundred in the University would possess a copy.

Now as the propositions have been coming in the other direction for two years, let the members of the literary societies make proposals to the fraternities in regard to this matter. There is practically no danger of financial loss if each party assumes an equal share of the expense. The *Helleman* of last year, intended as it was, for only a small number of the students, was published with practically no money loss to any one. Then certainly an annual published by three organizations having a membership of three hundred and fifty or four hundred would run no financial risk.

Let every man in the University think about this matter. Let him lay aside any little political prejudice he may have, without any danger of losing his political self respect, and work for the purpose of getting out an annual worthy of the best tradition of the University. In future years, when he is separated, by hills and vales, from his *alma mater* and the friends of these bygone days, the sight of such a book will cause him to live again, in his imagination, the life of his youth.

* * *

We believe it would be wise for the Literary Societies of the University to bear in mind the two-word motto of the "Nothing to ancient Greeks, which governed them in all Excess." their actions—"Nothing to Excess." We have special reference to the inter-society debates. Of course the primary object of these societies is to teach a man how to debate, and the skilled debater is, perhaps, the highest type of man, intellectually. But debating, as well as all

other things, can be carried to excess, and we believe this has been done in this University.

Every year we have four of these inter-society debates, and a debating contest, also, between members of the same society. These debates are of such common occurrence that they have lost their value, except to the man who gets the prize, not because he has made a good debate, but because that of his opponent was worse.

As mental gymnastics, they are often positively worthless. Those selected to fill the positions seem to think that the best debater is the one who brings forward the most statistics. The literary and rhetorical preparation is often completely neglected. Facts and figures are thrown out to the audience somewhat as coal is scooped into a bin.

We believe this state of affairs could be remedied if these debates did not occur so frequently. As it is now, men who could represent their societies worthily do not care for the position because they feel there is no honor attached to it. The result is that men are selected who not only fail to represent their societies, but stultify themselves.

More preparation for debate, and less debating, would be helpful. More attention given to the rhetorical, and less to the fact-and-figure, side of the argument would improve the character of our discussions.

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Since the authorities of the University have decided that the Carolina-Vanderbilt debate must be held in **Chapel Hill**, and not in Raleigh, we hope some **effort** will be made to entertain the Vanderbilt debaters while they are in the village. The treatment hitherto given visiting debaters has been shameful. Twice since the writer has been in college Georgia has sent debaters here, and on neither occasion have they been tendered a reception such as they should have had. The college boys treated them with perfect indifference: the professors listened to their debates, criticized them, and went home. The gentlemen from Georgia, after the debate, have gone

to their rooms at the hotel, and left on the early morning train for Athens. Only one of the professors has been kind enough to take them to his home after the debate, showing them that southern hospitality is not a thing of the past.

We are apt to forget the situation of these debaters. They come here for the first time—to a town in which they know no one. Each time they have suffered defeat. This would be disposed to make them feel not unusually cheerful even if they were treated royally. But they have been allowed to return to their rooms, without meeting many of the boys, and, to go unaccompanied to the station on their departure. We must remember that the situation would be quite different were Chapel Hill a city instead of a very small country village. Then our visitors could amuse themselves in various ways. But the University is the only thing of interest in the village to such visitors, and unless some one takes the trouble to point out to them the various things of interest on the Campus, they leave here knowing no more about us than when they came.

On their return home, the debaters who have been visiting us, have always spoken in highest praise of the hospitality showered upon them. Knowing the circumstances, we have been able to understand this as nothing but irony.

This spring the visiting debaters come from Vanderbilt University. They come from the institution where their successful opponents from this University were treated so splendidly a year ago. It, therefore, behooves the members of the faculty and the students of the University to endeavor, in every way possible, to make the visit of the Tennessee gentlemen as pleasant as possible.

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It was our purpose at the beginning of our connection with the *Magazine* to make it a publication of the stu-

The dents, by the students, for the students.

Magazine Student contributions should be, and shall be, given the preference over other articles, though they may

be intrinsically inferior to contributions from other sources. We prefer for publication one article of doubtful merit from a student, to two articles from a member of the faculty or from an alumnus. And the professors and alumni will not misunderstand us. They are not only willing to contribute to the *Magazine*, but feel that it is an honor to them to be asked to do so.

But we do not want them to furnish the material for the *Magazine*, if we can help it. It is assumed that they can write. They could, if they desired, write for money for some of the great monthly magazines.

The *Magazine* does not exist for the benefit of those who already know how to write, just as the University was not founded for the benefit of scholars, but for the ignorant. The *Magazine* is here for the benefit of those that cannot write correctly, entertainingly, and fluently. It would give you an opportunity to develop your ability to use your pen—for the pen is powerful. The day is come when the man who can wield his pen is as powerful as the man who can handle his sword. We believe there are none who exert greater influence over their fellowmen in this country today than the editors of the great magazines and newspapers. And many of them have not had the advantages of a college education. They had great odds to labor against, and they learned to write only by numberless efforts.

There are yet four issues of the *Magazine* to be published during the spring term. These four numbers will be issued whether they be good or bad, because we have made such a promise to our advertisers. If the students do not contribute to the forthcoming issues they must be filled with material from members of the faculty and from the alumni. If we are reduced to this extremity the *Magazine* had just as well be discontinued, for it will then be a publication in which the students will not be vitally interested.

We want the students to understand that the *Magazine*

is not a publication so high that they cannot attain unto it. It is intended for them and is theirs. It is in their power to make it what they will.

Now, to you, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior let us say this: Every month for the remainder of this term we must issue a Magazine of some sort. Let us ask you to take three hours out of the thirty days in each of those months and devote those three hours to writing a short article for the Magazine. If the article has in it any merit whatever, rest assured that it will be published, and if it is not fit for publication, it will be evidence that you are about to quit the University in a miserable plight. But if your contribution is published,—and the chances are 10 to 1 that it will be—then you will not only be encouraged to do the same thing again, but you will also induce someone else to do as you have done. Do not wait for the editor to ask you personally for a contribution to your *Magazine*, but send it to him.

LITERARY NOTES.

WHITEHEAD KLUTTZ, Editor.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives (Longman's), by M. P. Follett, contains matter of interest to the student of American politics. The great power wielded by the Speaker as party leader, and, through his right of recognition and by means of the committee system, is emphasized. Some account is given of those who have occupied the Speaker's chair. The author says the arbitrary authority of the Speaker, as embodied in the "Reed Rules" and so bitterly denounced when exercised by Mr. Reed, was adopted by Carlisle, and carried on by Reed and Crisp.

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Monopolies and Trusts (MacMillan), by Richard T. Ely, is a work filled with facts and valuable for them. It is the compilation of a statistician rather than the work of an original thinker in the realm of sociology. It is a work of the inspirationless kind becoming too common in our literature. It lacks philosophical grasp and insight; it is dry and mechanical. The writer shows no power to vivify facts, and his book cannot be called literature in the true sense of the term. But the author has brought together much valuable material, which some writer better fitted for the task may make good use of in a better discussion of the great problem of trusts.

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Uncle Sam Abroad (Rand), by J. E. Connor, is an informing work on the diplomatic and consular service of the United States. The method of presenting the information reminds the reader of *Com's Financial School*. The

facts are imparted by a somewhat eccentric figure in a series of lectures. The book is attractively gotten up and is well worth reading. The simple statement of the facts, without any remarks from the author, abundantly establishes the urgent need of reform in our foreign service. If we have an efficient consul anywhere, it is usually in spite of the politicians. Our consuls hardly learn the language and the ropes well enough to be valuable, when the vicissitudes of American politics cast them adrift upon the waters. With the American imagination, touched and fired by the vision of a world-trade, American commerce whitening every sea in the twentieth century, no nation is to-day more poorly represented in the forerunners and advance agents of trade, the consuls. They are untrained and poorly paid; they needed a job and had a political pull.

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Problems of Expansion (Century Co.), is the title of a collection of papers and addresses by Whitelaw Reid. Mr. Reid speaks as one having authority, for he was a member of the Paris Peace Commission and is now on the Philippine Commission. Few, if any, of our public men have been more deeply filled with the spirit of expansion and few have given more eloquent and forceful utterance to it. All the arguments which Mr. Reid advances are now quite familiar, though they were not when he penned or spoke them. The 'duty' argument is presented with power and 'the open door' invites almost irresistibly. The statistics of trade are vitalized. Tables of exports and imports are transmuted into bounteous booths at which the nation may feast itself in fatness. Mr. Reid deserves high praise for the frank and manly stand he very early took on the status of our new possessions. From the beginning he was outspoken and unequivocal in his declarations that alien and inferior races could never be admitted to an equality of political privilege with our own people, could never share with an American freeman the birthright of citizenship.

Without equivocation Mr. Reid maintains his position regardless of party advantage. The islands must always remain colonies; their people must always remain subjects.

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The Story of the Ages, by Ida Brown. 12 mo., pp. 108. Richmond, Va.: B. F. Johnson Publishing Co. 1900.

It is a hard task to select, from the great mass of facts and complex theories of modern geology, such things as will appeal to the mind of a child. This Miss Ida Brown has attempted with admirable success, in a bright little volume, entitled "The Story of the Ages."

The avowed purpose of the author is to present with simplicity an outline of historical geology, in such a way as to awaken interest and to stimulate the ambition of the child for further research. Scientific theories have, as far as possible been omitted, but it is clearly brought out that the history of the familiar objects around us extend into the remote past. It is the old story of how the earth and its inhabitants came to be, yet the author, appealing to the young by a recountal of the strange and wonderful, has added a charm to the usefulness of the book, and made it an interesting addition to juvenile literature.

At the end of the book is a copious glossary of such scientific terms as the author has found it necessary to use. The numerous illustrations are reproductions from pencil drawings by the author, with the execution of four full page plates furnished by Prof. Collier Cobb, with whose work our readers are familiar, in the attractive cover of our *Magazine*. The frontispiece is a wash drawing, showing a group of animals of Mesozoic times; the three other illustrations are done in charcoal from Hausnofer's ideal scenes.

We heartily commend the book for use as a supplementary reader in our schools. This little volume is the best example of book-making we have seen from any Southern house, and the work is altogether Southern, letter, press, illustrations and binding.

T. D. R.

COLLEGE RECORD.

B. S. SKINNER.

Editors.

E. D. SALLENGER.

Dr. Battle lectured in Gerrard Hall Friday night, Nov. 1. His subject was "Some Remarkable Trials in North Carolina, Both Civil and Criminal."

Mr. Frank Murray Fremont, 79, formerly of this State, but lately of New York, died Friday, Oct. 26, from the effects of a railroad accident.

Prof. Noble delivered an address on "The University and Schools of North Carolina", in November, before St. Paul's School, where C. F. Hoell, '00, is now professor.

Mr. E. W. Myers, '95, of the United States Geological Survey, is again in Chapel Hill after a long absence.

William M. Walton, ex-'00, of the 5th U. S. Cavalry, recently won a lieutenancy in the regular army in a competitive examination.

Mr. Ramon Reyes Lala delivered his famous lecture on "The Philippines" in Gerrard Hall Saturday night, November 10. This was the first of the Star Course of lectures; the others are to be delivered during the spring.

Messrs. N. C. Curtis and K. P. Lewis, '00, spent a few days with us last Fall.

Mr. J. R. Rountree was called home about the middle of November to attend the funeral of his uncle.

Dr. K. P. Battle lectured at Guilford College Saturday night, Nov. 17, and spent Sunday with his son, Dr. H. B. Battle, in Winston-Salem.

Dr. H. M. McDonald, of La Grange, recently spent a short time on the Hill with his son, Mr. A. M. McDonald, a pharmacy student.

Mrs. Julia Graves recently made a short visit to Selma to the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Noble, parents of Professor Noble, of the University.

Mr. A. C. Miller, '00, was on the Hill for a short time last Fall.

The Old Dominion boys made three touchdowns on U. N. C. in Norfolk, but Carolina can feel congratulated on the good work done against Georgetown in Washington Thursday evening, November 9th.

Mr. Archibald Henderson, Instructor in Mathematics, lectured on "The American Novel of To-day; Its Place in Our Modern Life." This was one of the series of faculty lectures and deserved attention.

We tender Prof. Cobb the sincere sympathy of the students in the loss of his beloved wife.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Staton, of Tarboro, recently visited their son Marshall.

A. W. Mangum, '97, now professor at William Bingham School, spent a few days with us last month.

Dr. K. P. Battle went down to Lilesville to the funeral of Mrs. Cobb.

Carolina held Georgetown down for no score, nothing to nothing, on Thanksgiving. This speaks well for the Old North State.

Frank Bennett, Jr., of Anson county, has been elected Captain of next year's foot-ball team. He is widely known in the State and over the South, and his selection as Captain meets with the hearty approval of the student body.

Mr. W. R. Weeks, Physical Director, has published a pamphlet containing valuable suggestions in regard to physical culture.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Junior-Soph inter-society debate was held in Gerrard Hall Wednesday night, Nov. 28th. The query was "Resolved, That South Carolina's Dispensary system is better than North Carolina's present one." The affirmative was argued by Messrs. C. A. Bynum and R. P. Conley, of the Di. The negative was argued by Messrs. H. B. Short and S. J. Everett, of the Phi. The Committee, composed of Professors Alexander, Gore, and Warshaw, decided in favor of the negative.

ELISHA MITCHELL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society held its regular monthly meeting Tuesday night, November 20th, in the Chemical Lecture Room. Valuable scientific papers were read by Prof. E. V. Howell on "Chocolate and Vanilla," and Dr. A. S. Wheeler on the "Dissociation Theory." Prof. Cobb was expected to read a paper on "A Marsupial Track from the Triassic," but was absent from the meeting.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The second meeting of the Historical Society was held in Gerrard Hall Monday night, November 19th.

Mr. Hugh Smith read a paper on "Commodore Johnston Blakely, the Hero of 1812."

Miss Rodman read an instructive paper on "The Selection of the Seat of Government of this State."

The last paper of the evening was read by Whitehead Kluttz on "Rowan's Committee of Public Safety."

All the papers showed considerable research and study and were examples of the great interest taken by the students in the study of history.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

The Shakespeare Club held its regular meeting in Gerrard Hall Tuesday night, November 27.

The first paper was read by Mr. N. R. Blackman on

“Richard III.; Shakespeare’s Method of Treating the Character of Richard.”

Miss Margaret Jones read an essay on “A word for Anne and the Other Women.”

Mr. Dorman Thompson spoke on the “Point of View of Margaret in Richard III.”

The meeting was closed by a paper on the “Battle of Bosworth” by Mr. R. L. Payne.

The papers were all of a high order, and were heard by a large audience of interested students.

ALUMNI NOTES.

DORMAN THOMPSON, Editor.

The editor of this department has a full realization of the difficulties that attend his work. We had the same position last year, and at the end of that time made our vow that hereafter the Alumni Department should be in other hands. When the editors were assigned to the various departments at the beginning of last term we were not given this work. After the notes had been prepared for the first number, the editor-in-chief added to our numerous woes by telling us that our name must appear at the head of the department. The notes in the first issue were not prepared by this editor. We take up the work very reluctantly. The most obvious reason for this reluctance is that we have no adequate means of obtaining matters of interest concerning the alumni. If this cannot be remedied, we would suggest the discontinuance of the department. To the end that this department may be made a success, we hope that the alumni scattered abroad will send us anything concerning the sons of the University that they think will be of general interest.

There is nothing that the University rejoices in more than the success of her alumni in any of the various walks of life. It is a pleasure to notice the number of alumni among the new State officers and members of the Legislature. With this in mind we have, after some trouble on our part, prepared a list of these men. We trust that the list is free from mistakes, but it is a very difficult matter to be absolutely accurate in work of this kind. If any names have been omitted they will be published in the next issue of the Magazine, which will be out early in February. The following is the list we have prepared:

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor, Charles Brantley Aycock, Ph.B., '79, Wayne county.

Secretary of State, J. Bryan Grimes, '82-'85; Pitt county.
Commissioner of Agriculture, Samuel Ledgewood Patterson, '67-'68, Caldwell county.

SENATORS.

Second District—H. S. Ward, Law, '64.
Fifth District—Dr. R. H. Speight, '66-'68.
Sixth District—F. B. James, '75-'76.
Eighth District—T. D. Warren, Law, '96.
Fourteenth District—George H. Curry, B. Litt., '91.
Eighteenth District—R. W. Scott, '77-'78.
Eighteenth District—Howard A. Foushee, Law, '94.
Nineteenth District—Henry A. London, A.B., '65.
Twenty-third District—James A. Leak, A.B., '43.
Twenty-fifth District—S. B. Alexander, A.B., '60.
Twenty-sixth District—E. Y. Webb, Law, '94.

REPRESENTATIVES.

Bertie—F. D. Winston, A.B., '79.
Buncombe—Locke Craige, A.B., '80.
Cumberland—Edward Robeson McKethan, A.B., '91.
Caswell—W. S. Wilson, Ph.B., '99.
Chatham—R. H. Hayes, '93.
Cleveland—Clyde R. Hoey.
Chowan—W. D. Welch, '97.
Columbus—D. C. Allen, '55-'57.
Granville—A. W. Graham, A.B., '68.
Greene—F. L. Carr, Ph.B., '95.
Guilford—Wescott Roberson, A.B., '96.
Halifax—W. F. Parker, '61-'62.
Hertford—L. J. Lawrence, '92.
Hyde—Julian S. Mann, A.B., '85.
Jones—A. H. White, '95.
Martin—H. W. Stults, '75-'77.

Mecklenburg—F. M. Shannonhouse, '91-'93.

Mecklenburg—C. H. Duls, '87.

Moore—A. A. F. Seawell, Ph.B., '89.

New Hanover—George Rountree.

Northampton—F. R. Harris, '91.

Orange—S. M. Gattis, Ph.B., '84.

Person—W. T. Bradshaw, '95.

Pitt—W. J. Nichols, B.S., '97.

Robeson—G. B. Patterson, A.B., '86.

Wilkes—H. L. Green, '83-'85.

Yadkin—Frank Benbow, Law, '94.

NOTES.

Mr. W. Thomas Bost, '97-99, of South River, Rowan county, has assumed the position as editor of the *Salisbury Truth-Index*.

Holland Thompson, '95, who is now a student at Columbia University, was elected Secretary of the Federation of Graduate Clubs at its annual meeting in Philadelphia during the holidays. He will also deliver some lectures during the month of January, on Southern questions, under the auspices of the Board of Education of Greater New York.

Col. Charles A. Cook, '66-'68, of Warrenton, has been appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Justice Furches to the Chief-Justiceship. Col. Cook's term will expire in 1902.

Zebulon Baird Walser, '80-'84, of Lexington, who has held the office of Attorney General of the State for nearly four years, has resigned that position and been elected by the Supreme Court as their official reporter.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Charles A. Reynolds, '67-'68, has been appointed postmaster at Winston-Salem.

Mr. Hartlee MacCall, '95, has been selected as clerk to the Senate Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Brevard Nixon, Law, '96, has been elected to his old position as principal clerk of the House of Representatives.

Mr. W. A. Graham, '98, has a position in the Agricultural Department at Raleigh.

On November 27th, the alumni of Forsyth county held a banquet at the Phoenix Hotel in Winston. This association was organized in the Spring, with John W. Fries as President and Dr. R. E. Caldwell secretary and treasurer. Dr. Venable was the guest of the Association. There were about forty-two members present. The alumni in Forsyth county number 74.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Robert L. Gray, Law, '98, of Raleigh, was married to Miss Mary S. McRae, '97-'98, daughter of Judge James C. McRae, dean of the University Law School, on Jan. 15. The ceremony was performed in the Episcopal church in Chapel Hill.

Mr. William W. Davies, '91, was married to Miss Sarah O. Coonley, at Chicago on Nov. 29th.

The marriage of Mr. Frank C. Mebane, '92, and Miss Alice R. Collins was celebrated in the town of Hillsboro on Dec. 20th.

Mr. James F. Gaither, '93, and Miss Helen W. Bruton were married at Salisbury, on Dec. 12th.

On Dec. 26th, in the Presbyterian church at Chapel Hill, Dr. Thomas J. Wilson, instructor in Latin and Greek in the University, was married to Miss Rena Pickard, daughter of Mr. W. W. Pickard, of Chapel Hill.

DEATHS.

Mr. J. J. Crowell, ex-'03, died at his home in Fayetteville on Jan. 15th. His death was caused by an attack of typhoid fever.

The
North Carolina
University Magazine,

PUBLISHED SIX TIMES DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR
BY THE

‡ *Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies.* ‡

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JAS. K. HALL,

Editor-in-Chief.

J. C. B. EHRLINGHAUS,

Business Manager.

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JAMES AUGUSTUS WASHINGTON

DAVID
1831

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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DR. JAMES AUGUSTUS WASHINGTON. A. B., UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA 1823.

BY SIBYL HYATT.

“**T**he world knows not its greatest men.” These words were said centuries ago and are as true today as then. The man whose portrait we publish as a frontispiece was born in Kinston, North Carolina, on the 31st day of July, 1803. His father, John Washington, removed to Lenoir county, North Carolina, from Virginia. He was a man of sterling worth and a great believer in every man’s standing on his own merits. He never claimed or denied relationship to the illustrious Virginia patriot. He was thoroughly imbued with the correctness and justness of the saying, “Honor and shame from no condition rise; act well your part, there all the honor lies.” I have it from a family connection that when his relationship to our country’s father was mentioned it would irritate him. Like a good and true man, as he no doubt was, he preferred to be James Washington to being anybody’s kinsman.

He married Elizabeth, daughter of Jesse and Elizabeth Cobb, of Lenoir, by whom he had several children—John, James Augustus, George, Eliza, Ann, Susan and Mary.

Dr. Washington’s mother was a humanitarian in the widest sense of the word, and possessed an intuitive faculty for attending to the wants of those sick and in trouble. It was

long a custom with her to make weekly visits to the sick and distressed, one of her children or servants carrying a basket to relieve the hunger as well as the pains of the poor. It was from this source that Dr. Washington early imbibed his great love for mankind. During childhood and through life he was very much affected by any creature—man or beast—suffering pain. It was his custom when a very small boy to splint the broken legs of the fowls about the yard, and he usually treated them with good results.

James Augustus Washington graduated from the University of North Carolina, (A. B., 1823) and while at Chapel Hill won the respect and esteem of the faculty and student-body. Gentle in his manner and earnest in his work, he was always in the front ranks.

After leaving Chapel Hill Dr. Washington began the study of medicine. I am not able to ascertain in whose office he was prepared for his medical course, but think it probable that it was under Dr. Parker that he received his preliminary training. Dr. Parker, a native of Edgecombe county, was at that time the leading physician in Kinston.

Dr. Washington attended lectures in Philadelphia at the University of Pennsylvania. He remained there during the interval between the courses and visited the various hospitals. After graduating he went to Paris, then the great medical centre of the world. He remained in Paris three years. During this time he formed the acquaintance of Lafayette, who became a fast friend. Through Lafayette, this accomplished young American obtained the favor and patronage of Louis Philippe and readily gained access to all the institutes and academies, and formed an extensive acquaintance with the great men of the day. While there, Dr. Washington gave himself up entirely to the study of his profession. His accomplishments as a man of science and his courtly manner gave him entree to the best society—but the pleasures of society were to him as nothing when they interfered with his one object, the acquisition of knowledge that would make him of more benefit to mankind.

Returning from Paris, he settled in New York City. He was soon in possession of a lucrative practice, and became an object of the sincere regard of the eminent medical men of that great city. His personal magnetism attracted all people to him, and he soon became much beloved by all classes. Though his great success in the practice of medicine secured him the patronage of the wealthy, he never neglected the poor, who were always the object of his extensive charity and benevolence.

The following extract from the New York correspondence of *The Newbernian*, September 4th, 1847, illustrates his humanitarian instincts. "The writer of this has visited with him the abodes of the most squalid wretchedness and poverty, and witnessed his ministration to their comforts and wants without money and without price. Thousands in this city whose wants he has supplied have risen up since his death and called him blessed. Tears are shed and sighs of grief are heard in dark and dreary abodes here where no one before him ever visited. The suffering poor have indeed lost a friend, science one of its earnest and most ardent votaries, and society a most useful and learned citizen."

Dr. Washington used to make occasional visits to North Carolina to see his friends and relatives. During his stay his hands were generally full of work. The people for miles around would flock to see him. It was during one of his visits to Newbern, in 1835, that he operated on Mr. Green Harper, long a well-known liveryman of Kinston, for stone in the bladder. Green tells us that while in Newbern, Dr. Washington was called into the country to see a very poor woman and upon arrival at the house found no one large enough to give him any assistance. The woman needed a hot bath. The doctor cut the wood, filled a pot with water, heated it, and using an old hogshead as a bath tub, gave her the bath himself. The woman recovered as she ought to have done under the circumstances.

A man without the elements of greatness could not have

done this. This man, finely educated, tenderly reared, distinguished in his profession, the peer of any man of his day, the friend of kings and conquerors, did this menial act for one of the lowliest of the earth. Is it any wonder that the poor of New York and the unlettered of North Carolina mourned the death of this great and good citizen?

Dr. Washington's services were always in great demand. On one occasion, he was called to Kinston to attend his kinsman, John Cobb. This was before the days of railroads. He travelled the whole distance in a buggy, being three weeks on the road. This is probably the longest ride ever taken by a doctor in a private conveyance to see a patient.

Dr. Washington's stay in Paris was probably from the first of 1830 to 1833. He was in Paris during the three days, revolution of July, 1830, and was a conspicuous member of the assemblage of American citizens, who were presided over by Washington Irving. This meeting was called to offer congratulations to the French upon that great event.

During his stay in Paris a grateful patient, a Scotch gentleman, had executed by the celebrated sculptor, David, a medallion of Dr. Washington, which is now in possession of the family.

I remember well the first time we ever saw the medallion at the home of his brother, John C. Washington, and that I mistook it for a medallion of the Greek god Appollo. The purely Greek face and the large, deep, and full top head are so fully in accord with the ancient conception of the god of medicine that I think the mistake was excusable.

During Dr. Washington's short life he had many distinguished patients, among them being Col. Trumbull, aide-de-camp to General Washington. Col. Trumbull and Dr. Washington were warmly attached to each other, and at Col. Trumbull's death he bequeathed to him a pin containing the hair of General Washington, which the General had made especially to present to his much-loved aid. The pin is still in the family and much praised. It bears the date, June, 1793.

Judge Augustus W. Graham has a miniature of George Washington, which was a gift to Lafayette, and which the latter presented to Dr. Washington when he was in Paris.

On December 2d, 1834, Dr. Washington was married to Miss Anna W. Constable, of Skenectady, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Mason. Six children—four girls and two boys—were the result of this marriage, all of whom are now living except one who died in infancy.

After marriage, Dr. Washington devoted himself assiduously to the practice of medicine in New York, and like all great lovers of science, he cared more for the advancement of human knowledge than he did for the accumulation of money. His practice was large and he gave much of his valuable time to the poor without pay. He probably had more patients from a distance to visit him than any other man in America. The southern and western parts of the country afforded him many patients, and in his day he drew more patrons from Europe than any one else. His foreign practice was so great that at his death, a scheming German doctor petitioned the New York Legislature to alter his name to that of James A. Washington. Unfortunately, the family being in deep grief at the time, raised no objection. This German, whoever he may have been, never attained any prominence in the medical profession. No one could have expected he would. Any man of mature years who is willing to sail under any but his own name cannot have much intellectual calibre, or has been guilty of a heinous offence and wants the public to lose sight of his identity.

Dr. Washington instead of saving money from his large practice, spent it in getting up improved surgical instruments, anatomical models, manikins, etc., and in investigating the nature of diseases. Although a scholarly man, he never wrote anything. It is probable that he was waiting to get spare time before he commenced to write in order that he might give the world the benefit of his wide and varied experience. He was not only abreast of but far ahead of his time in all that pertained to his profession.

About the year 1836 Laforgue made some crude experiments as to the curative effects of morphine when placed under the skin. Dr. Washington became interested in these experiments and varied them. He communicated his experiments to his brother, Mr. John C. Washington, of Kinston. There is a tradition among the older people of the town that Mr. Washington used to cure neuralgia by scraping the skin and dusting the abrasion with morphine. It must be remembered that at the time we write of, from 1836 to 1840, very little was known of the absorbing power of the tissues and that what is common knowledge now was then a new discovery in physiology. In the progress of advancing civilization, it has always been that what is a new truth today becomes an old fact tomorrow. It is the few who wrest from nature her secrets or formulate her laws, and the great masses take it in, little thinking and little caring who it was that by patient labor had laid the whole of mankind under obligations.

Dr. Washington continued his experiments, and in 1857 used a morphine solution and injected it under the skin with an Anel's eye syringe, having first made an opening to admit the point. Anel's syringe, the progenitor of the modern hypodermic syringe, is a small metal syringe with elongated nozzle about the size of a pin. It needs only to have a point ground to it to make it a complete hypodermic syringe.

Dr. Taylor, of New York, a friend and associate of Dr. Washington, not only used the same method with him but since others have laid claim to priority, has announced Dr. Washington's right to be considered the originator of the hypodermic syringe. Had it not been for Dr. Taylor, it is probable that the world would always have accepted Wood, of Edinburgh, as the inventor. In 1843, four years after Dr. Washington had used the hypodermic syringe, Dr. Alexander Wood of Edinburgh, first used the method, but failed to publish an account of it until twelve years afterwards, in 1855.

In 1847, Dr. Washington died. Had he lived it is doubtful whether he would have disputed Wood's claim. The man was thoroughly wrapped up in a desire to acquire knowledge, with an intense love of mankind, and all his time was so occupied with patients that he had no place for an ambition for honors. It is probable that it would have made no difference to him who got the honors so the world got the benefit of the discovery. Dr. Washington has many kindred in the State to-day, among whom are men eminent in the medical profession: Washingtons, Cobbs, Knoxes and Grahams—known for their professional skill and tender sympathies.

THE OVERTONE.

BY MACS.

The harpstrings struck by a master hand
Thrill through the air so sweet and clear,
For high through the sound on our senses rings
From vibrant parts of vibrant strings,
Unheard alone,
The Overtone.

The soul string tuned by sorrow's hand
Sweetens its song to the saddened ear,
And the soothing balm of the pitying heart
Healing the hurt of pain's keen dart
And hushing the moan
Is the Overtone.

THE PROCESS OF FALLING IN LOVE.

BY K.

THERE exists in our modern times a great tendency towards the observation of all natural phenomena and the upbuilding and classification of numerous sciences founded on these observations. This tendency has given rise to many and varied "ologies" of comparatively recent growth.

In view of this fact it seems rather remarkable that some aggressive thinker has not recently made a study of the phenomena attendant upon the process of Falling in Love. For, since the facts relating to this process do most certainly form a body of knowledge, the laws governing the phenomena may be collected and formulated and certain generalizations applicable to all cases may be made.

This little article has for its aim nothing so pretentious. Its purpose is simply to set forth certain facts relative to the matter of Love, which the writer has gleaned strictly by observation. For this is a matter in which experience is not the best teacher, because experience, in this case, robs one of the ability to reason, and without this ability no truth can be arrived at.

At different periods in the world's history certain conditions existing peculiarly for any one period have influenced the method and procedures of Love-Making. The progress of civilization has wrought changes in these methods and procedures. As in the case of all natural sciences new discoveries have been made, new methods introduced, and old theories exploded. The influence of fashion has made itself felt in this as in all the phenomena of society. It may be objected that this variability robs the Process of Falling in Love of its scientific aspect. Not so. There are great principles which underlie all the phenomena relative to the process and these principles have existed through all the

ages. Given the same conditions the same results will be produced at all times. The progress of civilization, fashion, and the like have only made themselves felt on the outward, and visible working of these laws of Love, while their real nature has always been the same. Differences have existed in the manner of Love-Making, but the laws governing the Process of Falling in Love has always been the same.

A noteworthy example of the influence exerted on methods of Love-Making by certain tendencies in society is to be found in the *societie plebiense* which existed in France in the seventeenth century.

Under the influence of the *Marquise de Rambouillet* the coarse and rude social life of Paris in the seventeenth century was subjected to a healthful influence of refinement and elegance. After the death of the *Marquise* and the decline of the social influence of *l'Hotel de Rambouillet*, this tendency went to the extreme under the leadership of Mlle de Scudéry. Wrong ideas of refinement, wit, elegance, and learning were everywhere present. Social life was characterized by a lack of simplicity and naturalness and the most extravagant application was brought into the language and literature. For example a chair was called a "commodity of conversation;" the teeth "the furniture of the mouth," to dine, "to take the meridional necessities," etc.

In such a society honest confessions of love and offers of marriage were regarded as harsh and brutal, and a lover could win the lady of his choice only after long and trying experiences. The heroine of *Moliere's "Les Precieuses Ridicules"* has described the conventional love making of this period. The gentleman meets by chance the lady of whom he becomes enamored. At first he hides his passion, but cannot refrain from visiting her. Next, he declares himself, only to be repulsed and banished from the presence of his angered mistress. At length he finds means to appease her wrath, to accustom her to his passion, and even to

draw from her a confession of love for him. Then come adventures. Rivals plot against their happiness, fathers persecute them, jealousy arises caused by false appearances, complaints, despair, and even abduction, until at length all difficulties are surmounted and "they live happily ever afterwards."

The heroine of *Mlle de Scudery's* romance *Clelie* made for one of her admirers the celebrated *carte de Fendre* (Map of Affection). The various courses which a lover traverses in passing from friendship to affection are outlined on this map. The starting point is the village of Recent Friendship; the point to be reached is the city of Affection. There are three of these cities of Affection, distinguished by the rivers on which they are situated, namely the river of Inclination, the river of Acquaintance, and the river of Esteem accordingly. There are three different routes which lead from the village of Recent-Friendship to the three cities of Affection. The shortest and easiest route is the one which leads to the city of Affection which is situated on the river of Inclination. The journey is by way of the broad river of Inclination, on which no stops are made and no obstacles present themselves to be overcome. The roads leading to the other two cities of Affection lead overland through many villages and by a circuitous route. On the one hand there is danger of losing one's way and falling into the lake of Indifference, while on the other the sea of Enmity threatens the incautious traveller.

According to our modern views *Mlle de Scudery's* map seems somewhat ridiculous, yet there are elements of truth in it. We are hardly ready to admit that there are three different kinds of love, each differing from the other because of the different reasons which give existence to each. However, there would seem to be about three stages in the Process of Falling in Love, which would correspond roughly to the three cities of Affection devised by *Mlle de Scudery*. These three stages may be characterized according to cer-

tain symptoms or tendencies peculiar to each, as the Period of Fascination, based on Acquaintance; the Dream Period, the predominant characteristic of which is Esteem or Reverence; and finally the Period of Reality, which is attained only by the gratification of strong inclination.

The Period of Fascination is the one that is most commonly experienced. It occurs usually between the ages of fifteen and twenty, but often comes at a later period of life. The love that the average college student bears for his best girl comes under this head, and the experience known as getting "stuck on a girl" is a product of this period. It is at this stage that a boy calls on a girl and makes violent protestations of his love for her, and then goes home and wonders what made him do it, for he knows perfectly well that not a word of all he has said is true. Let no one criticize him for insincerity. For when he told that girl he meant it. Fascinated by the spell of her presence, the charm of her manner, he was swept off his feet, as it were, and believed very genuinely that all the avowals he made were true. Once out of the influence of her magnetism he realizes that he has lied outrageously, but the knowledge does not cause him much anxiety for he knows that the girl, if she be as clever as the average specimen of her sex, will know how to value these protestations, and in many cases will know that she herself has skillfully managed to call them forth. Summer resort flirtations, the phenomena known as "love at first sight," etc., are not properly speaking love, but fascination. A fascination which may pass into love, indifference, or even aversion, according to circumstances.

He who falls in love in very truth must assuredly pass through the Period of Fascination and then into the Dream Period (for want of a better name). A sharp boundary line between the Period of Fascination and the Dream Period cannot easily be drawn. One of the primary characteris-

tics of the latter stage is that the subtle hypnotism of the woman not only influences the man when he is in her presence, but follows him when he is out of her sight, and makes him tell his chum all about it; or it induces him to make a confidante of his girl's chum, and to solicit her help. At this stage a man is dreamy and preoccupied. He is fond of building air castles, dreaming day dreams, and gazing at mental pictures of a snug little home which he is going to build for himself and for his "her." These figures are for some unaccountable or psychic reason usually of trim and dainty little cottages rather than of solid and substantial homes. At this stage "love in a cottage" presents more attractions than love in a palace. It is in the Dream Period that a man, with a tender note in his voice, speaks of his sweetheart as "dear little girl," notwithstanding the fact that the amount of the "little girl's" *avoirdupois* may in many cases make the application of such an epithet an absurdity. At this stage he develops a fondness for sentimental poetry, and his gifts to his lady love take the form of such books as "Love Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning," "Lucile," and books of a similar character. If he be a true man his Dream Period love is ennobling and uplifting, because it is largely mingled with reverence for the sweetheart whom his love places on an ideal pedestal far above the level of common mortals.

The love of the Dream Period, unless it has violence done to it in the way of misunderstandings or jealousies, passes into the strong and binding affection which characterizes the Period of Reality. The love of this period is that which exists between a man and a woman who are to be life-companions. The realm of such a love is too sacred to be invaded by the irreverent pen of the theorist.

In considering the laws of love, as well as those which govern all the natural sciences, one needs to bear in mind carefully the distinction between natural laws and the laws

of the body politic. The former are founded on observation and state simply what will take under certain circumstances, while the latter govern men's actions. Given a man and a woman, their temperaments, and the circumstances of their association, and in general the results can be forecasted. Yet some latitude must be allowed for the exceptions which prove the rule.

JIMMY'S LUCK.

THERE was something the matter on the campus. That was plain. Down by the Society Halls the boys were discussing something, while another and larger group was gathered around the big elms in front of the Row. To be sure it was nothing unusual for them to gather here, for the thick grass and deep shade were irresistible attractions these warm spring days. But for all that this group was unusual; there was no listless lolling about on the grass: no careless interchange of college chaff. The joker sat in silence. Social pleasure had not brought this group together; you could tell that by its composition. The self-important Freshman looking forward to the coming college years, was there with the graver Seniors looking forward to life. The grind had torn his white face away from his books, and stood now, for once, elbow to elbow with his brown, sweater-sheathed athletic brother. There was but one bond between them: they were all interested in the same subject.

The general cause of this was the fact that the annual Soph-Fresh declaimer's contest was to come off that night. For several years back there had been a growing apathy in this contest, but this year an alumnus, who, by his own declaiming ability, had talked himself out of obscurity into the bright light of fame, had offered in addition to the medal given by the society, a valuable prize to promote in his alma mater the cultivation of the precious art that had stood him so well in the world. Therefore many boys had entered the contest this year, eager and determined to carry off the prize. It was with this phase of the subject the group to whom we have just referred was occupied.

"I think it's a shame, all the same," the boy in the sweater was saying. "Of course it is," several others echoed.

"I don't deny that," answered he to whom these remarks seemed to be addressed, "but still, Marsh had just as much right to choose that piece as Jimmy Daniels, and it's no use for you to be kicking now."

"Yes, but you know he did it because he hated Jimmy. He knew he was a better speaker than Jimmy, so he took the same piece on purpose to emphasize his superiority before the public."

"How do you know that?" the second speaker still on the defensive was driven to answer, "maybe Marsh didn't know he had chosen it. You could'nt expect him to go round and ask everybody what they had taken, and——"

"Why man alive!" broke in the first, "everybody in college knew what Jimmy had taken weeks before Marsh ever thought of going into the contest at all. No sir, he did it for pure meanness; and you can't defend him," he added as the other turned away. With that the conversation became general and was carried on between twos and threes. The general feeling was that unless Jimmy's proverbial luck sustained him he was beaten.

There was some truth in these charges. Jimmy Daniels, to everybody "Jimmy," had entered the contest, and had been practising for it long before the above-mentioned famous alumnus had offered the additional prize. Marsh on the other hand, had only entered then. He was a sour, gloomy fellow, with few friends. He had, however, a talent for speaking that every one recognized, and was looked upon as one of the coming men of the college.

Owing to an escapade in their Freshmen year, in which Jimmy as we, too, shall call him, had come out considerably the better, Marsh had borne an ill concealed hatred for him ever since. Now here was an opportunity for revenge, easy and simple; in the first place, beat him; in the second, beat him with his own piece. He did not doubt his ability to do it, so he entered the contest joyfully. "The Dying Huguenot's Lament" is well known to all declaimers, No other piece in the whole repertoire of declamation has such a long

list of victories to its credit. Its heart-rending complaints would rend tears from a Niobe. Many a youthful orator by the aid of its burning sentences has wrested the decision from an unwilling committee and covered himself with glory. No wonder then that Jimmy felt confident, for he had been practising this all-conquering piece for weeks; and no wonder that Marsh's choice awakened resentment among Jimmy's friends when it became known. But Marsh could keep a secret; so the truth had not leaked out till this the last day before the contest, too late to do anything.

How the hours flew that day! These fleeting minutes seemed to bear a grudge against those who had put off getting their pieces perfectly until the last day, and were engaged in a conspiracy to prevent such an ill advised undertaking. Soon it was supper time, and then, directly, time for Society. Promptly with the bell, the contestants—and there was a long line of them this time—filed into the seats reserved for them. There they sat; some trembling in their boots already; others, with more experience, calmly; others still, desperately cool, as making the best of a bad matter; one or two clinging till the last moment to their papers in vain endeavor to to fasten in their minds some slippery phrase that just would'nt be learned, and cursing their folly for ever entering the contest at all. Jimmy and Marsh were of the second class. Each was confident.

Slowly the house filled. They came in merrily, whispering and laughing just as if it was an ordinary occasion; as if there were to be no speaking and there were no poor mortals up there in front wishing to sink through the floor, or that a fire would break out, or something else would happen that would deliver them from the necessity of standing up before everybody and speaking.

The preliminary ceremonies are soon over, and the first speaker is read out. He gets bravely through, and the second is called, and the third. Then it is Jimmy's time. He comes out slowly and takes his stand. Here for the

first time he gets a little frightened. The people seem far away, and hidden in a mist. Now it is that the long weeks of practice tell. His tongue goes ahead with the "Lament" independent of his brain, and when Jimmy fully comes to himself, it is half over with. At last he is through and retires. In a way he has been perfect. Not a word has been misplaced, every gesture was correct, every modulation of his voice well considered. A phonograph could not have done better. But alas! there were no tears among the audience and the judges sit cold and critical. Had his luck deserted him?

By chance, Marsh's name is next. He comes quickly forward as if eager for his triumph, and although his speech falls on ears knowing beforehand what he would say, he speaks with such fire and feeling as to carry his audience with him. When he sits down, all felt that he has won. The knowing ones nod to each other, while Jimmy's friends sadly realize that he is beaten, and beaten by Marsh, for, in spite of all its mechanicalness, his was the best speech until now. Jimmy realizes it too, and sits crushed beside his triumphant adversary. His Luck has deserted him. The speaking after that progressed uneventfully. Some of the speakers got through without a hitch, some stumbled painfully along, and two failed outright. The audience began to be weary. Marsh beyond all question had won. The contest was not even close enough to keep up their interest. It was growing insufferably monotonous. But at last only one speaker remained.

As he stepped out the audience revived and drew a breath of interest. He was enough to arouse interest in truth. A freshman, long, lank, gawky, dressed in clothes that hung loosely upon his body, and with his arms held stiffly against his side, he almost provoked laughter. The subject of his declamation, too, might arouse feelings stronger than laughter in his hearers. A political subject, it expressed views wholly opposed to those usually received. The judges were known to be outspoken against them.

So, altogether, he cut a ridiculous figure. When he began to speak it was with a harsh, twangy voice, consonant with his looks. But there was in his manner something new. Before he had uttered a dozen words this jaded audience felt it. An intense earnestness in his voice drew all under its power and made them forget the absurd appearance of the speaker and his awkwardness, which wore off, indeed, as his eyes began to glow with excitement. For this boy was a dreamer, and this oration, written if you will by a political fanatic, perfectly expressed his dream. It was a part of his soul that he was laying bare, and his earnest word, seemed to tear away the superficialities that separated them, and spoke directly to the souls of listeners. With a thrill like a vibrating harp-string they felt their spirits leap up to meet and become absorbed in his. He completely dominated them. With quickened breath they hung upon his lips, unconscious of all but him. At last he finished; for a moment they sat stunned; then, as self-consciousness rushed all at once upon them, again they broke out in vociferous applause. The president pounded long and sternly upon his desk before he succeeded in quieting them.

The judges retired to decide; no need to tarry: the vote is unanimous. The committee decides in favor of Mr. Brice. The president does not even try to keep order now for the house is up and will not be held down. But above all the rest, and madder than all the rest, Jimmy yells his joy. His luck has not deserted him.

THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.

BY ROBT. L. PAYNE, JR.

IN giving you a condensed description of the Battle of Bosworth Field, it is my desire to represent in contrast this battle at it has been both dramatically and historically treated.

Before plunging into my dramatic outline, I wish to have you go back with me for a moment to the sixteenth century and note the marked difference existing between the production of drama in those days and the present time.

During the early ages the drama was presented to the public under much greater difficulties than at the present time, because the poor facilities of the stage, which were due to the short life of the drama, shut off good opportunities from the actors.

In the present day, drama is presented under very different circumstances. The great amount of stage paraphernalia, the number and variety of every sort of bodily accoutrement, and the unique arrangement of the whole stage, all facilitate the presentation of drama to a greater advantage than could have possibly been attained in Shakespeare's day.

Hence, in describing the battle of Bosworth Field as dramatically treated, we may readily arrive at the conclusion that the poet adapted himself to existing circumstances and produced the drama accordingly.

On the night before the battle we find the two opposing English armies situated about a mile from each other upon the plain of Bosworth. Richmond makes a short speech to his men, exhorting them to fight for liberty and against tyranny.

We find him drawing with ink and paper the outline of tomorrow's battle, appointing each leader to his several charge; then seeking Lord Stanley to solicit his support, and finally, after dispatching his staff to slumber, we see

him kneeling as a suppliant before the throne of his Maker, there beseeching his strength for the fierce struggle of tomorrow.

In this prayer of Richmond's, in which he accounts himself God's Captain, we have an example of the powerful dramatic effects which the poet so brilliantly displays.

This prayer is merely a contrast, for dramatic effect, between the manner in which Richmond and Richard spent the night previous to the battle.

We find Richard upon Bosworth Field, his tents pitched and there taking a survey of the enemy's forces, which number, according to the drama, about eight thousand. He marks this small army, concerning which he says his own forces "treble" and victory seems sure.

He declines to sup and also calls for ink and paper with which to draw an outline of the battle. He dispatches messengers to determine Stanley's loyalty and fix careful watches, and upon being thus satisfied, calls for a bowl of wine and asks to be left alone. It is here that dramatic effect is displayed when the poet draws such a vivid contrast between Richmond's peaceful night and the harrowed night of Richard, for retribution has at last on this night come to Richard. It was not enough for offended justice that he should die as a hero; the terrible tortures of conscience were to precede the catastrophe. The drama has exhibited all it could exhibit. The poet has powerfully shown the palpable images of terror haunting a mind already anticipating the end. "Ratcliff, I fear, I fear," is the first revelation of the true inward man to a fellow being. But the terror is but momentary. "Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls," we then hear him saying.

Dawn draws quickly nigh and with it both generals awake to the importance of the hour. Richmond calls his men to arms, appointing Lord Brandon as his standard bearer and also retaining Lords Oxford and Herbert upon his staff, while he desires the Earl of Pembroke to lead his regiment. He then exhorts them in the name of God and

their good cause to fight well, promising that upon victory all should share his part thereof. Thus we find Richmond, sustained by faith both in God and his good cause, ready for battle.

On the other hand we find Richard fresh in his tent from an eavesdropping expedition. The enemy are already on the field and he quickly calls his men to arms. He sends for Lord Stanley's forces and determines that his advance guard shall consist equally of infantry and cavalry, while archers were to be placed between them, the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey commanding the foot and horse. Then like Richmond, before entering the battle, he urges his men to fight. The poet here draws a strong contrast between Richmond's exhortation of ethical tone in comparison with Richard's demands to fight because the scum of England should be crushed.

The two armies advance to meet and the archers upon both sides discharge a shower of arrows. The battle then becomes a hand-to-hand conflict and Richmond fights furiously. Richard's overwhelming numbers begin to tell on his enemy and just as the tide of battle seems to go against Richmond, Lord Stanley comes over with three thousand men to his aid. With cries of treason, Richard throws himself into the thickest of the battle and fights desperately. His horse is killed and it is here he cries, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," an exclamation which the poet has artfully thrown in with such powerful effect. Finally, he is overwhelmed and killed. His crown is found under a briar bush and placed by Lord Stanley upon the head of Richmond, who soon attained a more solemn coronation as Henry VII.

In examining the historical as compared with the dramatic treatment of the Battle of Bosworth Field, we find a very interesting contrast.

Drama, on account of effect, exaggerates many instances and again merely touches some others, while history confines itself to facts alone and never deviates. In Shakes-

peare's dramatic treatment of the two opposing forces we see that personality is insisted upon. Richmond is made to contend in mortal combat with Richard and finally to kill him with his own hand.

History merely suggests the fact that they did not contend in hand-to-hand conflict, and there is no historical evidence whatever to confirm the fact that Richard was slain by Richmond himself.

Drama must follow history, but as an example of deviation we find that it greatly exaggerates the numbers of both armies, for history does not substantiate the dramatic account. Again we find drama deviating from history in the frequent concentration of time. As an example, I cite your attention to Buckingham's revolt, Buckingham's revolt and his attempt to join Richmond upon arrival from Brittany, is, according to drama, very closely connected with the battle. However, according to history, the true relation between the happenings of Acts IV and V was really several years.

Looking at this contrast in another light, we find that the drama is pervaded throughout with a strong ethical tone. 'Tis true history tends toward the ethical but it is an impossibility for history to be as pronounced as the drama.

Although the victory of Bosworth Field has not been accorded, by the historical writers, a place among the decisive battles of the world, yet it was a victory of great potency.

With the fall of Richard III did the long reign of the Plantagenet's terminate. The fierce spirit and valour of the race never showed more clearly than at the close. The Middle Ages, too, as far as England was concerned, may be said to have passed away with Richard III—then came the union of the Lancastrians and the Yorkists, followed by a long reign of prosperity, in which the white rose and the red, blooming side by side, made sweet the atmosphere of established peace.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE CATAWBA.

BY L. C. L.

On the high bank of a red, muddy river squatted a man fishing. The stream was a quarter-mile across and looked deep and slow. It took its color from good old Lincoln county mud; it was Catawba River. The time was afternoon, tenth of July, 1757. The man was Jacob Forney, a dignified settler, held in deep respect by all his acquaintances.

He was there because Louis Fourteenth revoked the Edict of Nantes. When in 1685 that sore disease plagued the Huguenots his father had fled to Alsace on the Rhine River and had lived there. Jacob was born in Alsace about 17--. When very young he went to Amsterdam and thence to Pennsylvania. After a while, when he came to be twenty-one, he was recalled to Germany for an estate-settling. On his way back he found him a wife, a radiant Swiss girl, Marie Bergner. He became engaged to Marie while yet on board ship: they consummated the little romance as soon as they landed. Then in '54 they took a wagon and drove South as far as North Carolina. There in the pine woods near the Piedmont river Catawba they settled down to a peaceful, loving life, a life that one of their descendants would give his share in the biggest city of this State to live after their example; to reproduce.

Occasionally, indeed, the Indians broke the calm and drove the family across the river to the protection of the forts. One of these raids had happened in the year I am talking about, 1757. Forney had put his family in safety, and had angrily returned for his cows. That is why he was squatted on the bank fishing out a supper.

He jerked out three little glittering sun perch and a pair of cat-fish and strung them carefully on a peeled switch. Then he put his forefingers in his mouth and whistled a low buzz. After a minute two men came up from down the riv-

er, joined him, and the three pushed up along the bank through the reed brakes. For a considerable distance they struggled with difficulty, then came to more open ground. Soon they stopped and pulled off their heavy boots and long thick stockings. They toed carefully down the slick bank to the water and waded across the river in the shallows. The other side gained, they scuffled with the mud for possession of their boots; finally compromised and set out again. They tramped through the meadows of little Japanese clover, and so to the red, half-ball hills and on into the pine woods.

At last they broke out into the open. It was a great big clearing. Seven log cabins were within sight; three were lined up close together on an improvised road, the rest scattered. To the front appeared no more woods, just the top of trees, as though the ground sunk away into a deep valley; off in the dim distance loomed up the hazy mountains. Giving life to the landscape were these log cabins.

The men strode up to the middle one of the group. Forney put down his gun. He hooked his thumb-nail under a little unnoticeable notch in the door and prized out a small block that left a hole just the size of his fist. Putting his hand through he reached high up and manipulated; then he shoved the door open and ushered his companions in before him.

The companions sat down upon the bed and watched Forney build a fire in the wide-open chimney and watched him get a pan and fry a few of their little stock of fish. Then all three pulled stools around the hearth and ate their suppers. Afterwards they talked over their bold plans for the next day's work, plans all too useless and frail. Finally they went to bed and noisily slept.

At sunrise they were up; had eaten the rest of the fish and were ready for business. Plenty of it was soon to hand. The three men, rifle on shoulder, struck out into the cool morning breezes. They made down the hill back of the house. At the foot of the hill they separated, one went up the little stream that ran along there; Forney and the oth-

er went down. In a few minutes Forney stopped and waited while his companion who had stopped behind came up. "Here they are, Richards," he said, "whistle for Fronabarger." Richards did so. Thereupon Fronabarger came running up. Then they marched on together and followed the cattle's track for a mile or so down the stream. At last the many clean-cut hoof-prints skipped the stream and marked a trail into the woods. The three men followed the trail. Perhaps if Forney had had an Indian's eyes he would not have failed to note that faint man track which dogged the cows. But he had not the Indian eye. So on they went, eager for their cattle, taking no heed of distance, thoughtless of Indian terrors.

And now the sun was high; I should say the time was ten o'clock. Forney and company stood dumbfounded. Cows in a semblance of a herd were jogging among the trees, pausing here and there to bite off a peculiarly attractive leaf. An under-sized Indian with a long switch in hand was scampering away into the sheltering thickness of woods. Forney involuntarily clapped rifle to shoulder; Richards prevented him. The three hastily turned about and began to retreat. They had gone perhaps five paces when Fronabarger feared they were being followed. Forney turned about and truly eleven Indians with guns and some more with hatchets sought safety behind trees. They knew Forney; seemingly they feared him.

So the white men marched hastily on again and the Indians' bullets began to hum music in their ears, a music that seemed strangely to disconcert Fronabarger. A bullet sought out and struck one in the group. Richards it was, and he cried out. Forney turned quickly in French sympathy and wrath; an Indian clawed the dead leaves. Fronabarger fled.

Forney picked up Richards who had fallen flat, and hoisted him upon his shoulder. Three men had kept the cowardly Indians at a reasonable distance. One man, burdened down as he was, no longer held the same respect. They ventured much nearer. Forney staggered along with Rich-

ards a helpless weight upon his back. A hot bullet burnt his hand; he smiled grimly. Richards grew weaker and weaker. The bullets flew over their heads and the Indians crept up closer and closer. Forney was sweating under his load. But he looked ahead and saw the muddy, quiet flow of the dear old river.

Richards faded away and died. The Indians grew more urgent. Seemingly they felt sure of their prey at the river's bank, and were waiting for an opportunity. They never did by force a dangerous thing that could be rendered, less dangerous by craft. Forney was pushing forward in desperate eagerness. He knew Richards was dead; for he had drooped limp and then stiffened ten minutes ago; but his earnest hope was to save the body of his friend from mutilation. So when at last he reached the bank, without the hesitation and delay the Indians had expected he plunged into the deep water and swam out to midstream. There he turned dead Richards upon his back and with swelling eyes looked in his unresponsive face as he floated off slowly on the dark flowing water, his pure, agonized face turned up toward heaven.

Then Forney clambered up the slippery bank and rushed wildly away until he gained a safe spot on top of a little hill. There he stood tall and stern and sharp in feature and looked down frowningly upon the now distant body of his floating comrade.

Now those Indians had lost heavily at Forney's hand. Perhaps they, too, had lost loved brothers. But they did a ghastly thing. They dashed down the river side and out into the stream. They dragged the dead body out of the water. They stripped off all its clothes and hacked and gashed the corpse. They scalped the head. Then they hurled the mutilated trunk contemptuously into the water, shrieked piercingly and went their way.

Forney fell down upon the ground and gnashed his teeth. He clawed the earth. At last he rose steadily and tottered on till he reached the fort. He went within the palisade. There sat Fronabarger.

THE SOUTHERN STUDENT.*

COLLEGE men the world over are alike in the large. They form a universal fraternity with similar characteristics and ideals. What they are and what they ought to be is, in the main, the same everywhere. Whether in New England, the South, California, Japan, India, Germany, or anywhere, the college man is practically *semper idem*. He is light-hearted, easy-going, social, and on terms of fine familiarity with his fellows, as contrasted with the barriers that separate men in what he calls the "real world" beyond college walls; he is conscious of his prestige as a college man, feels artlessly sure of his recognition, and bears a breath of liberty about him. One finds him also carrying, perhaps cherishing, certain large ideals of thought and life, implanted by the fostering mother. What these ideals are Professor Thwing of Western Reserve University has recently quoted from a Phi Beta Kappa address by President Dwight of Yale, namely, "a certain large-minded and fair-minded love of truth, "manliness," "the disposition to estimate both men and things at their true value," "that union of the intellectual and emotional elements which keeps them in due relation to each other," and "the spirit of reverence for what is good, of kindness towards others, of gentleness and self-sacrifice and honor and truth, of obience to that great command which bids us love our neighbors as ourselves." These are the birth-right of every son of every Alma Mater. They make of the world-wide brotherhood of college men a tremendous social and uplifting force, conserving old, unforgotten usage, preserving present institutions, and pressing onward into a freer place. Such is the universal college man as he is, or may be, everywhere.

*The writer's Alma Mater is the University of North Carolina, and the unexceptional conditions that prevail there, he has had especially in mind in the following pages.

The species of this one general type, however, are as many as there are historic colleges in existence. In each specific college there are differentiating traits which serve to distinguish its men from others and which make them individual. The type remains, the individuals vary.

What may one record as the differentiating traits of the Southern student? There are three things that distinguish life in a Southern college, namely, the power of the emotional, the sense of scholarship, and the consciousness of the moral. These things spring out of the life of the students under favoring circumstances; they are not the impositions of the college. These characteristics, which await definition, exist elsewhere, to be sure, than in the South; they exist nowhere else so conspicuously.

The Southern student feels the power of the emotional. He is still capable of genuine enthusiasm, even for ideas, and is not yet weary with the world or himself. He loves the halo and the romance of life. He is not afraid of being called a dreamer. Fancy and imagination irradiate his life with their iridescent charm, they are their own excuse, and he loves them none the less that they are unfractional and unreal. Their influence, at least, is real. It is the power of the unfelt, the influence of the unseen, "the light that never lay on land or sea." It often makes him incapable in practical affairs, indicated by deficits in athletic and musical organizations; one may be sure the trips were in good taste and form, one may not be sure that expenses were realized. It is not yet business, but the learned professions that mostly invite him.

This power of the emotional explains several things in his life. He cultivates the grace of oratory in the way in which it no longer exists. I remember that my undergraduate room-mate once learned and spoke Patrick Henry's famous speech in the very fashion, so far as he could discover it, in which it was originally uttered. Oratorical honors are coveted. He thinks, he says what he thinks, and feels what he says, especially the last; and the feeling is com-

municated. It is only within the most recent years that debating interests in the form of intercollegiate debates have begun to compete with orations. Two literary societies, meeting weekly for declamation, composition, original orations from Seniors, and debating, exist instead of debating clubs. Each society gives annual prizes for best efforts in each line. Junior representatives from the two societies, as well as six selected Seniors, contest for oratorical honors at Commencements, at which occasions audiences of twenty-five hundred people will sit through two hours of Senior orations.

This power of the emotional manifests itself also in the sentiment of honor. Perhaps the tradition of a duel fought years ago in consequence of a love affair at a sequestered spot now marked in some historic way, is among the dearest heritage of the institution and wreathed in its poetry and song. In athletic contests victory with dishonor is contemned, beside defeat with honor. The one thing better than to win is to deserve to win. There is no policing by the faculty. The honor system in examination prevails. The supposition is that every man is true; if he shows himself otherwise, the students expel him and the faculty ratifies their action. The disgrace of doing wrong is felt to consist in the deed, not in getting caught. The college authorities would as soon think of closing the doors of the institution as to take it for granted that men would cheat and lie if they were given the chance. The writer remembers that in his first written examination in New England under a proctor, it took him half the examination period to get adjusted to the new situation. This description is not intended as an argument for the honor system elsewhere; we are decribing not arguing; it works in the South and nothing short of it would work.

A stranger in the presence of this emotional aspect of Southern student life imagines that the ancient and estimable instinct of chivalry is not dead in a company where gentlemen honor ladies as their superiors, not their equals,

and are zealous rather to hold their high regard than share their intellectual opinions. The enthusiastic championship of ideas, the devotion to the graces and amenities of life, demonstrative expression of compliment or cordiality, to the uninitiated critic often seem gush, feigned, unsophisticated, or not disinterested; to those to the manor born it is natural and real. As an undergraduate, the writer remembers hearing an address to students from the present President of his Alma Mater, then a Professor in the institution, in which was demonstrated the fundamental place of enthusiasm in life. Enthusiasm is the use of latent energy in endeavor; it is a whole-hearted spendthrift of effort. It originally meant the inspiration of divinity; to many, now, it would seem to mean the inexperience and unwisdom of men. Perhaps it is a characteristic that belongs to the childhood of the world, but it is not childish, and the Southern student has not outgrown it, finding it to add zeal, vigor, charm, and elasticity to life. He has the enthusiasms of a gentleman.

Secondly, the Southern student has the sense of scholarship. The spirit of work, the power of intellectual industry, unwearied devotion to the details of class-room duty, are regnant in his life. He has learned to work and not to shirk, to labor and not to faint, to plunge through and not avoid the difficult. He has not attained scholarship, but is in possession of its idea; he is not a scholar, but has the making of a scholar. One thing he has not learned, is the "Mere Don's" Oxford of being able "to loaf well; it softens the manners and does not allow them to be fierce; and there is no place for it like the streams and gardens of an ancient University." He would like to be a discoverer of truth, and not simply a learner, or a loiterer.

The standard of scholarship is high, seventy per cent. is the passing and graduating grade, and it means seventy per cent. The students are one or two years younger than in northern institutions (the writer took his master's degree at twenty), and the principle of emulation is used

moderately to advantage. The final marks of all students who pass on all subjects are posted on the bulletin board. There are prizes in Mathematics, English, Oratory, Geology, Pedagogy, Philosophy and Anglo-Saxon. Graduate honors are high; the degree *cum laude* means ninety per cent. in one half of all work for four years; *magna cum laude* ninety per cent. in five-sixths, or ninety-five per cent. in one half, of all work for four years; while *summa cum laude* means ninety-five per cent. in five sixths of all work for four years. The last distinction has been granted to only three men in six years, with graduating classes averaging fifty in number. A little better than the average man takes *cum laude*. The "grind", who knows much of books and nothing of men, is in disfavor here, as everywhere, but a sound and not slovenly attainment is required. The ambition is to get through well rather than to get through. He has system in his study, unfringible hours of work, can take notes of value from a recitation or lecture, cites authorities in his thesis and considers nagging from the faculty a departure from their duty and a trespass on his privilege.

Aside from the standard set by the institution and the stimulus of emulation, his quality of good work is due to the personal, and not professional, relations which bind teachers and students, and to the steadying effect of ambitious poverty. Nobody is rich any longer in the South. Education is sought as the way to rise. The spirit of the institution "equality, opportunity and self-help," encourages such endeavor. The cheapness of living invites poor men to undertake University training, the institution itself furnishing best board at two dollars a week, and the total expenses being reducible to two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Half the students are sent to college and the other half send themselves. The poverty is not grinding, they enjoy college life, they cannot otherwise, but a deeper feeling is that college life is to be used. They are there bent on business rather than pleasure. He does not scorn delights,

but lives laborious days. If the Southern student is enthusiastic, he is also industrious. He has the instincts of a scholar.

Thirdly, the consciousness of the moral. In the life of Southern institutions there is a pervasive and subtle atmosphere of moral seriousness and earnestness. The Southern undergraduate can take every thing easily but conscience. There is surely piety, not much of pietism. Duty is something one owes, obligation something that binds, and right something not to be eschewed. Those not of, though in, this atmosphere, are as conscious of it as the rest. Life touches life in critical ways. The seriousness of reflection, the quiet of deliberation, the solemnity of choice, the lonely hour they know. Their institution is sequestered from the busy world. The light ripples on the surface of his life suggest artificiality; really, the founts of his being lie deep. It is the sea, not the mountain stream. I remember hearing our President forcefully define the essence of education, in an address to an incoming class, as self-control, Religion is felt to be not a luxury, but a necessity of life, and the unchurched carry a problem. The old Puritanism of New England has migrated to Virginia and the Carolinas. Dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, fashion, failure in Sabbath observance, are in disrepute with the majority. There are undergraduates who never open a text book on Sunday during their whole college course, rising, instead, early Monday to study, when necessary. Education of the head with atrophy of the heart is dreaded. Revivals visit the largest institutions. The first thing that impresses a Southern student come North to study, is the removal of limitations. His old life was not narrow, it was free, but it was careful and cautious. It is in this definite moral atmosphere the Southern student lives and he imbibes pretty precise standards of social conduct. But having hot blood in his veins, he is no saint, his vices being such as are common to men. His social agreeableness and *camaraderie* easily lead him astray, but he swings quickly

back. He sins rather than offend, and then he lives to repent. He does not feel himself better than other men, but feels considering his privileges, that he ought to be. One may like his motives or dislike them, but hardly be indifferent to them. He feels the standards of the Christian. It must be repeated that these are not *all* of the qualities of the Southern student, nor are they *only* his, but they will serve to distinguish him. He is not, on the whole, so unlike others that not one would notice his distinctness at a glance, but continued association reveals, *inter alia*, his enthusiasms, his labors, and his morals. One does not say the Southern student is a gentlemen, a scholar, and a Christian, but these are his ideals.

A former Professor and recent President of the institution has interpreted and quickened its life with the following words, which must summarize in their own effective way the things we have been trying to say:

"I have an ideal for this University. My desire would have it a place where there is always a breath of freedom in the air; where a sound and various learning is taught heartily without sham or pretense; where the life and teachings of Jesus furnish forth the ideal of right living and true manhood; where manners are gentle and courtesies daily multiply between teacher and taught; where all classes and conditions and beliefs are welcome and men may rise, in earnest striving by the might of merit; where wealth is no prejudice and poverty no shame; where honorable labor, even rough labor of the hands, is glorified by high purpose and strenuous desire for the clearer air and the larger view; where there is a will to serve all high ends of a State struggling up out of ignorance into general power; where men are trained to observe closely, to imagine vividly, to reason accurately, and to have about them some humility and some toleration; where finally, Truth, shining patiently like a star, bids us advance, and we will not turn aside."

[Herman Harrell Horne in *Dartmouth Magazine*.]

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

While the University is making improvements along many lines we should like to see it take a step that, we believe, would be for the good of all the students: namely, the abolition of honors at graduation. We know that there are two sides to this question, as there are to all others, and we realize further that it may seem impertinent on our part to suggest the abolition of a custom that the authorities of the University have thought wise to maintain for many years. But, just as every change does not bring improvement, so the retention of every old custom does not always prove to be best.

For instance, it was once believed to be the best thing, both for the students and the University, to compel all matriculates in the academic department to become members of one of the Literary Societies. It is not thought so now. A very few years ago it was customary to award honors to those members of the three lower classes who made the required grades. That practice was considered unwise, and is no more in use. We believe these changes have resulted

in good. At some future day we hope to see all the members of each Senior Class graduate, not *cum laude*, not *magna cum laude*, nor *summa cum laude*, but just simply *with diploma*, that ought to be *laus* enough. The objections to the honor system are not a few. In the first place it is difficult for the professor to grade an examination paper. If seventy per cent. be required, and the paper comes from a student who is not too familiar with the subject upon which he is examined, it must be rather hard to say by figures just what the student knows about it. If his paper has on it 66, and he goes back and induces the professor to look over it again, with the result that 69 is put on it, why, the student naturally does not understand why another critical examination of his paper would not result in grade 70 or 71. But he is told that the figures 69 are an exact representation of what he knows about that particular branch of knowledge. From enough of these figures added together and divided by a small number come the *Laudes* of the three orders, and in the hope that one of these may be written after his name the student comes here and struggles for four long years, takes it away with him and quite often is never heard of more. The student if he be ambitious, often labors, not for an increase of knowledge, but for the good grade. As an illustration: there are those in our number when preparing a lesson in an ancient language who often have near by some accessory means,—by some called a “jack,” by others a “pony,” and by others still simply a “translation”—because they are mindful of the fact that the term record is worth just twice as much to them as the grade they will make on their final paper. Such a man will make a record on class-work almost perfect, will put up an examination paper that, by the help of his term record, will be a great leap towards honors, but that same man will leave college knowing just about one-tenth as much Latin or Greek as his friend who labored laboriously without the aid of any translation and just barely got through on his examinations.

Again, in the struggle for honors one very often selects

from the elective branches, not a study that he cares to know something about, but one in which he thinks he can make a good grade. He takes the catalogue, consults the old students, and begs them to help him select a "pud." He finally registers for a study on which he is satisfied he can make 1. Again: There are certain students who can stay up all night before the examination and just simply memorize the text-book, go on the examination the next day, answer all the questions, make a perfect grade, and forget all they knew about the subject in two days.

The writer remembers that a Professor told him of a certain boy making 1 on an examination under him, though he had not answered a question on class during the term. Though the Professor was unwilling to award grade 1 to such a student, he had no way to escape it, for he had been given an examination paper that had answered all his questions.

The race for honors narrows a man. It shuts him in his room and out of the library; it keeps him away from the other boys and makes of him a recluse; he knows no more about college life and human nature when he leaves here than he did when he came; he leaves here a narrow-chested, weak-eyed dyspeptic, but an "honor man," instead of the large muscled, optimistic graduate that he should be. He goes out in the world trusting in an ability that he does not possess. He has been made to believe that he has what he does not have; made to believe that he knows more than he does know.

As it now is each man's amount of knowledge is tabulated in the office of the Registrar. What he knows of Latin may be expressed by 3, or perhaps he may know so much that nothing save 1 will fairly represent it.

Is it necessary that these honors must be held out as an inducement to get the boys to be more studious? That is not necessary in any of the professional schools of the University—and the members of those schools are regarded the hardest students in college. They work not for grades, but for a knowledge of the subjects which they study.

Would it not be better for the academic department if it were to do as the other departments? When a man knows enough mark him. "passed," when he does not, break the news to him without the use of numbers. Then the students would realize that what they get from text-books is a small part of their college training. They would patronize the library more, keep informed on what is taking place in the world every day, mingle with their fellow students, and be better equipped to go out into the world.

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Through the courtesy of Architect Milburn in loaning the plate, the Magazine is able to give its friends some **The New Dormitory.** idea as to what the new dormitory will look like when completed. It will be known as the Mary Ann Smith Building, in honor of a true friend of the University, and will cost about \$15,000. The money comes from the University's funds now invested elsewhere. The purpose is to put the money into a building that will pay the interest on the investments and beautify the campus at the same time. The building will be situated in the western part of the campus, about half-way between the New West and Professor Gore's residence. The location is perfect. It is the highest point on the campus and affords a splendid view. The Postoffice and all the other college buildings are within easy reach. The Mary Ann Smith Building, when completed, will be inferior to none on the campus. Its length north and south will be 113 feet, 8 inches, and its width 48 feet, 6 inches. It will be three stories in height, not including an ample basement, and will contain 46 rooms, each one suitable for occupancy by two students. The design calls for unpressed brick as the material used in construction, and slate roof. The outer face of the wall is to be painted. Each floor is to be "deadened" with some material that will not conduct sound. The building will be lighted by electricity, and probably heated by steam. It is the purpose and hope of President Venable to put in a

central steam plant by which all the buildings on the campus will be heated. Steam-heat is desirable for many reasons. It would be cheaper than present methods, would lessen the danger of fire, and would heat the rooms more satisfactorily. It is quite likely that all the buildings will be equipped with steam-heating apparatus during the summer.

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This number of our MAGAZINE has in it an article on "The Southern Student", written by Mr. Herman Harrell Horne for the December issue of the *Dartmouth College Magazine*. Mr. Horne is a recent graduate of this University, and is one who reflects credit on his Alma Mater and the State of his birth. He is now Assistant Professor of Mental Philosophy in Dartmouth College, at Hanover, New Hampshire. We hope every man in the University will read the article. It is really a sketch of student life at this University, and is altogether complimentary to us. Though Mr. Horne has been in some of the great Universities at the North for several years, he has not allowed their superiority in many respects to lessen his love and hope for his Alma Mater.

LITERARY NOTES.

WHITEHEAD KLUTTZ, Editor.

The Life of Henry George (Doubleday, McClure & Co.),
by Henry George, Jr.

This is a book that will not pass in the meteoric way so common with literary productions in these latter days. There is nothing brilliant about it: less of the rising rocket and so less of the falling stick. It is simply the life history of one whom the author loved to the point of adoration: it is beautifully sympathetic. It is a life-history that is told with more regard for fact than rhetoric: it is a full and reliable record. At times we miss that fine and finished literary touch that should characterize such a work, but the work is good, and most likely enduring. The world will be glad to read the story of Henry George's life so truthfully set down. He was a great and good man, and if mistaken he was ever honest. The single tax theory may not outlive the decade, but Henry George's name will outlive this century as the name of a man who labored in sincerity for what he thought would uplift humanity.

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Crittenden (Scribner's), by John Fox, Jr.

Mr. Fox is a young man, yet he has made a large place for his name in American fiction and has made Kentucky and the South feel very proud of him. "Crittenden" is the story of a young Kentuckian, of high birth, who loves a maiden of the blue-grass, gets small encouragement, he thinks, and goes to fight for Cuba Libre under the Stars and Stripes. Refusing a commission, Crittenden takes a private's place. He wins glory and honor and returning finds Judith, the blue-grass maiden, ready to meet and greet him as a lady should meet and greet her knight returning from the wars.

The story is a gem of great beauty. The descriptions

of the marchings and the fightings in Cuba are remarkably vivid. They could have been written only by an eye-witness who had also the trained observation of a modern newspaper reporter and the pen of a very brilliant literary craftsman.

But the author is at his best in telling the beautiful love story that runs through the book like a golden cord. It is a Kentucky idyll, and the man who wrote it has the soul of a poet. A rare sense of the beautiful in nature—her sights and sounds—enobles this book and breathes through all its pages. We hear the singing of the birds; we see the far-stretching, fragrant blue-grass bathed in sunlight; we smell the odorous earth, upturned for the sowing; we get back to first principles, and draw a long deep inspiration from the soil, the root of all high emotions and great enterprises. The American people owe a debt of gratitude to John Fox, Jr., and James Lane Allen. They have made life happier by showing us how full it is of beauty—if we will lift up our eyes and see.

* *
* *

Daniel O'Connell (Putnam's), by Robert Dunlop. Heroes of the Nations Series.

It was remarked by the great Scotch seer, Thomas Carlyle, that the man who can truly understand and appreciate a hero must of necessity have something of the heroic in his own soul. This seems to be the statement of a great truth. If it is, then it forever disqualifies Mr. Robert Dunlop from writing the biography of Daniel O'Connell. Mr. Dunlop has done neither himself, nor the series he is writing for nor the subject he attempts to deal with any credit in this work. It is true that a cat can look at a king. But it does not follow that he can understand the king. Such seems to be the pitiful case of Mr. Dunlop. As a penny-a-liner he is a success, but as the biographer of O'Connell he is grappling with something too big for him and is a melancholy failure. It would be sad,

sad for the fame of the great Irish orator, agitator, and patriot if it had to rest on the work of Mr. Dunlop. He has, however, collected some facts about O'Connell's life and times in a crude and imperfect manner, so that his book is not altogether without a show of excuse, or perhaps we should say apology, for its existence.

* *
*

America's Economic Supremacy, (MacMillan) by Brooks Adams.

Here is a book that will appeal to students and statesmen. Mr. Adams is a member of the famous Adams family of Massachusetts, has wealth as well as brains, by inheritance, and gives himself leisure to observe and remark upon the trend of the world-movements. Sometimes he seems a little too cock-sure that he has seen into the very heart of the thing, has caught the very energy that is in this civilization or that, not considering how the very vastness and complexity of such questions makes over-positiveness with regard to them at once unphilosophical and unwise. But it would take far more than these words of slight criticism to express the great and lasting service that Mr. Adams is doing for the thinking and the unthinking people of his time by his studies and writings.

In his recent work he has made a great future for his country—a near future—made it out on facts and proved it with statistics. Aply he has shown how from point to point, with the rise and fall of nations and civilizations, the world's economic center has shifted from the ancient city seats of power in Western Asia to London. Convincingly he has shown how New York is superceding London as the great economic center, the operation of tremendous forces that are slowly bringing about the decay of England and the ascendancy of the United States as the first among the world powers. We will dominate in world-politics because we will dominate in that industrialism which is the controlling force in the world.

COLLEGE RECORD.

B. S. SKINNER Editors E. D. SALLENGER.

The second Star Course lecture, arranged between the University and the Literary Societies, was delivered by John Fox, Jr., of Kentucky, early in December on "Mountaineer Life" and other famous selections of his own.

A number of students went down to Raleigh January 15th to the inauguration of our new Governor, Hon. Chas. B. Aycock.

Dr. Baskerville was called to New York in January on a visit to his mother, who was seriously ill in that city.

Work is now under way on the Mary Ann Smith Building, as the New Dormitory is to be named.

Prof. Noble attended the Grand Lodge of Masons recently held in Raleigh.

Dr. Alexander delivered a lecture on "The Study of the Classics," at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, January 12th.

The election of Ball Manager for next Commencement took place in Gerrard Hall, January 12th. Mr. W. A. Murphy, '01, was the successful candidate.

Mr. Whitehead Kluttz recently resigned the Editor-in-Chief's place on The Tar Heel. Mr. B. S. Drane, '02, was elected to succeed him.

Sunday night, January 13th, in Gerrard Hall, Dr. Green, a missionary of the Baptist church, gave a talk on "The Missionary Work and the Late Troubles in China."

Dr. Jones entertained an interested audience in Gerrard Hall January 17th, by lecturing on "Lee the Soldier."

Messrs. D. P. Stern, '02, of the Phi. Society, and R. R. Williams, '02, of the Di., have been chosen to represent this University in the Georgia-Carolina debate.

Mr. J. C. B. Ehringhaus has been elected on the Tar Heel Board, to fill the place of exchange editor, vacated by Mr. Drane.

Mr. W. R. Richardson, '03, has re-entered the University.

Prof. J. A. Holmes has recently been appointed chief of the Road Building Bureau of the U. S.

Mr. W. W. Pierce, '02, a student of West Point, visited his brother, Mr. T. B. Pierce, early in February.

The picture committee composed of Messrs. Coble, Stevens, and Murphey, have chosen Cole & Holladay for the University Photographers.

At a meeting of The Athletic Advisory Committee held January 22d, Mr. J. B. Whitehead, '03, was elected manager of the football team for 1901. Mr. I. F. Lewis was named as his assistant.

Among those of the football team, who made The All Southern Eleven, Messrs. Bennett and Osborne were successful. MacRae's work entitled him to honorable mention.

Manager Worth has arranged a game of base-ball with the University of Virginia to be played at Charlottesville, April 20th.

Mr. G. R. Berkeley has been appointed manager of the track team.

At a meeting of the Junior Class Mr. Ivey F. Lewis was elected Chief Marshal for next commencement. He has appointed as subs—Messrs. Byrnes, Duffie, Q. Gregory, Drane, Stafford and Moss.

Dr. Hume has accepted an invitation to deliver the Baccalaureate Address before the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., May 20th.

Friday evening, February 1st, the third lecture in the Star Course was given in Gerrard Hall by Dr. John De-

Motte, on the "Harp of the Senses," or "The Secret of Character Building."

Judge Jas. C. McRae delivered an address in the College Chapel Thursday night, February 14th. His subject was "The Private and Judicial Life of Chief Justice Marshall."

Gen. W. R. Cox, ex-Secretary of the U. S. Senate, spent Sunday on the Hill, the guest of his son, Albert S. Cox.

Mr. J. F. Newell, Law '99, of Concord, has re-entered the University to take special work.

We are proud to know that all of the Law students who went before the Supreme Court at the recent examination were successful in getting license.

Dr. Hume addressed the Oxford Shakespeare Club Saturday, February 2nd, on "The Personality of Shakespeare." On Sunday morning he preached at the Baptist church and at night gave his lecture, "The Hymns of the Ages," before the Oxford Female Seminary. Monday he visited the English Department of Horner School.

The Literary Societies and the Fraternities have agreed to publish a college annual this spring. An annual representative of every phase of college life will be gotten out. Our confidence lies in its editors, Mr. W. H. Swift being Editor-in-Chief. An excellent publication is expected.

In Gerrard Hall on Thursday night, February 7th., the Tyrolean Concert Company, one of the Star Course Series, attracted a larger crowd than any paid entertainment for some time.

The date of publication of *The Tar Heel* has been changed from Wednesday to Monday of each week.

Prof. Cobb has just returned from Lilesville, N. C., where he was called by the serious illness of his daughter.

Mr. C. H. Rose, of Raleigh, was on the Hill a few days ago.

Mrs. Alexander left Friday, February 15th, for Philadelphia.

Miss Rosa Battle and the Misses Hinsdale, of Raleigh, recently visited friends and relatives here.

Mr. A. M. Carr recently attended the Annual Convention of the Zeta Psi Fraternity in Portland, Maine.

Dr. Hume has been invited to contribute signed articles on Contemporary Literature to the *Baltimore Sun* for its special literary number on Thursdays.

Our esteemed Professor of English, Dr. Thomas Hume, lectured on "Shakespearian Side Lights and Old English Life" at the Anniversary of the Literary Society of Louisisburg Female college, February 22nd.

The largest and most successful dance ever given by the German Club, was held Friday night, February 15th, in Gymnasium Hall. The leader, Mr. Emory Alexander, introduced a number of pretty figures. He was most ably assisted by his floor managers, Messrs. W. K. Battle and Graham Andrews. The next German will be given at Easter.

The Vanderbilt-Carolina debate will take place in Chapel Hill about the middle of April. The Carolina debaters for this contest are Messrs. W. H. Swift, '01, of the DiSociety, and B. B. Lane, '99, of the Phi. We recognize the ability and competency of these gentlemen to fill the honorable places, and have hopes that they will keep up old U. N. C.'s standard by plucking victory from their Vanderbilt friends.

An interesting talk on the "Food Question" was given by Dr. W. B. Kilgore, State Chemist, in Gerrard Hall, Thursday night, February 21st. A large assembly of students and citizens was present to hear this splendid lecture.

The prospects for Track Athletics are very good. A

number of the old track team men are back and primary work is being done in the gymnasium, preparatory for the spring. A good team is expected.

The visiting Legislative Committee from Raleigh, composed of Messrs. McIntyre, Whitaker and Aycock, met the student body and Faculty in Gerrard Hall Monday, February 18th. Each gentleman made a brief talk, speaking well of the University.

As usual, the Fresh medals were awarded on February 22nd, to deserving Freshmen. Some of the awards were very appropriate.

It has been decided that we cannot enter the track meet of the State colleges at Oxford this year.

Mr. J. B. Ross recently visited his son, Thomas Ross.

ELISHA MITCHELL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society was held Tuesday evening, Feb. 12.

Dr. H. V. Wilson read a paper on "Porto Rican Sponges", giving an account of the classification of a great number of sponges that have come into Dr. Wilson's hands for that purpose.

Mr. I. F. Harris gave an account of the contention between two great German chemists—one asserting that phosphorous is transmutable to arsenic, and the other declaring it impossible.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

The first meeting of the Shakespere Club of the new year was held in Gerrard Hall, Tuesday evening, January 15.

The president, Dr. Hume, opened the meeting by a few introductory remarks on the doubt existing as to there ever being such a person as Shakespeare. However, there were a number of portraits of such a person.

Mr. J. W. Turrentine spoke on the "Faces of Shakes-

peare", taking as the best portrait of the great dramatist that made by Chandes.

The second paper was read by Mr. J. Warshaw, on "Tragic Method in Shakespeare and Racine." He showed that Shakespeare's superiority was due to two facts—

1. He was a cool, experienced observer and could reason out situations.

2. He was a laborious student of literary art; he labored to make words stand for real concepts.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Historical Society Monday evening, Feb. 11, interesting papers were read by Mr. I. F. Lewis and Dr. Alexander.

Mr. Lewis read an account of the celebrated trial of the "State vs. Wills." Wills was a slave convicted in the Superior Court for the murder of his master, which he claimed was in self defence.

The case was taken to the Supreme Court, where the decision of the lower court was reversed. This decision created much surprise, as it was supposed that a slave was only property and could not resist the assaults of his master.

Dr. Battle declared it was a landmark in the decisions of the North Carolina Court.

Dr. Alexander, himself a native of the "State of Franklin", read an interesting account of the struggles of that State against its foes. John Sevier was the guiding spirit in the effort to organize a new state. Afterwards he was honored by his people with the highest offices in their power. Franklin was succeeded by Tennessee.

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY EXERCISES.

Washington's birthday was observed as a holiday and with appropriate ceremonies customary on that occasion. The orators were Mr. B. S. Skinner, of the Phi. Society, who spoke on "The Ideal of Citizenship in the Twentieth

Century", and Mr. Whitehead Kluttz, of the Di, whose subject was "The Spirit of the Old South in the New."

Both orations were of high order and were frequently applauded by the audience.

The final speaker of the occasion was Hon. Francis D. Winston. Mr. Winston spoke of the man whom men were honoring; of the human side of his character,—not of Washington as the great statesman or general, but of Washington as a man. He showed that despite the fact that Washington was intensely human, he was a great man and deserved all the respect and honor we could pay him.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

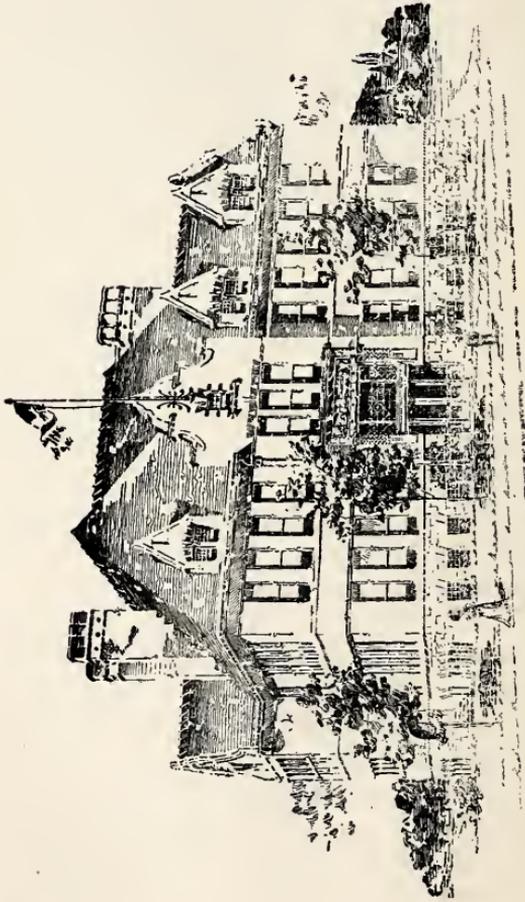
WHEREAS, Almighty God in his divine power has seen fit to remove from time to eternity our late friend and fellow member, Ira Newton Shaw, therefore be it

Resolved, First, 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.

Second, 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.

Third, That these resolutions be placed upon the minutes of our Society; that a copy of the same be sent to the Clarkton *Express*, the *News and Observer*, the *Tar Heel* and the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, with a request to publish them.

J. TOMLINSON, }
W. A. LUCAS, } Committee.
B. U. BROOKS, }



MARY ANN SMITH BUILDING.

ALUMNI NOTES.

DORMAN THOMPSON, Editor.

We hoped to furnish our readers with a sketch of Governor C. B. Aycock in this issue, but owing to circumstances over which we had no control, we failed. The sketch will be furnished next month and will be written by Hon. F. A. Daniels, an alumnus of the University, the former law partner, and a warm personal friend, of Governor Aycock. We hope from time to time to publish sketches of prominent living living alumni of the University, which we trust will be of interest to all the sons of the University. We make the request again and would urge the alumni scattered abroad to send us items of interest for this department. We not only made this request in the last issue but sent personal letters to several of the secretaries of the various alumni associations. So far not one favored us with a reply. Notes cannot be manufactured and unless the alumni help us in this matter the department will be worse than useless.

THE VISIT OF THE MECKLENBURG ALUMNI.

It is with pleasure that the editor of the Alumni Department makes note of a movement inaugurated by the members of the Mecklenburg Alumni Association, which, it is hoped, will mean much for the University. On the 22nd of February a party of alumni and friends from Mecklenburg arrived on a special train. They were met at the depot by a reception committee composed of members of the faculty and some students and escorted to Pickard's Hotel. The rest of the day was spent in looking over the buildings and campus of the University.

The party was organized by Mr. George Stephens, '96, and consisted of Messrs. H. E. C. Bryant '95, J. K. Ross, '01, Heriot Clarkson. Besides the alumni the following

warm friends of the University were in the party: G. E. Wilson, D. A. Tompkins, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brem, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, H. G. Brown, Mrs. H. E. C. Bryant, and Misses Mary Oates, Lottie Caldwell, Mary Morrison and Ross.

On Friday night the students gathered in the Chapel to hear speeches by members of the party. Dr. Venable presided and first introduced Mr. George E. Wilson, of Charlotte, who, though not an alumnus of the University, is its friend and is interested in its welfare as every citizen of the state should be. The next man to be introduced was Mr. Heriot Clarkson, who on all occasions has shown his love for his Alma Mater. The principal address of the evening was made by Mr. D. A. Tompkins. His speech was plain and practical, full of thought, and especially suited to the men who are thinking of taking a part in the new industrial life which is beginning in our State. The speaker holds a hopeful view of conditions in our State at the present and predicted that if the educated men of our State would take a part in this new life that the South would hold in the future, and that in the near future, the permanent place in the industrial countries of the world.

The party returned to their home on Saturday well pleased with their visit.

The University gladly welcomed these sons and friends and hopes that other Alumni Associations may follow Mecklenburg's lead and freshen their interest and increase their love for their old mother by visits here during the year.

NOTES.

The formal inauguration of Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, '82, as President of Tulane University, New Orleans, will take place at New Orleans on March 12th. President F. P. Venable will attend the ceremonies. North Carolinians, and especially sons of the University, note with pleasure the success of this distinguished alumnus at his new post

of duty. The students of the University, the members of the Faculty, and the citizens of his new State seem to have all conspired to make the great burden of carrying on the executive work of this great institution as light as possible.

Pegram Ardrey Bryant, '97-'00, who has been working for the *Presbyterian Standard*, in Charlotte, has given up that position and accepted a position as local editor and business manager of the *Statesville Landmark*.

Holland Thompson, '95, has been elected Instructor in History in the City College of New York.

In the list of alumni that are members of the State Legislature the name of John S. Henderson, of Rowan, '58-'60, was omitted. By mistake, George Rountree, of New Hanover, was included. We have not been able to lean of any other mistakes.

W. J. Horney, A.B. '96, who has been in Idaho for the past year, has gone to Raeford, N. C., to take charge of the school at that place. W. P. M. Currie, A.B. '94, who has been the principal, is now in Richmond, Va., taking a course in theology.

Dr. Chas. Wyche, '89-'90, has gone to Manila to enter the United States Hospital Service.

I. F. Harris, '00, will leave in a few days for New Haven, Conn. He will be one of the chemists in the State Experiment Station.

T. D. Rice, '00, who has been Assistant of Geology during the present year will go to Washington City about the first of April. He will take a place on the United States Geological Survey.

J. K. Dozier, '99, is now at Kirksville, Mo., where he is taking a course in osteopathy.

As far as can be determined by Dr. Battle, R. B. Creecy, '35, is the earliest living graduate of the University. As

The authorities of the University wish to know this fact, if it is not correct they will be glad to be informed. It might be said in this connection that a cabinet has been placed in the President's office in which are placed the cards with the addresses of all the alumni since the reopening of the University in '75. We have been requested to ask that the alumni will send to the Registrar the recent changes in the address of any alumni that they may happen to know.

DEATHS.

Mr. James Webb, Jr., '94-'97, of Hillsboro, died in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on February 1st. His death was the result of an attack of pneumonia. After leaving college he engaged in business with his father at Hillsboro. Last fall he entered Eastman Business College. His remains were buried at Hillsboro on February 3rd.

The
North Carolina
University Magazine,

PUBLISHED SIX TIMES DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR
BY THE

‡ *Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies.* ‡

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JAS. K. HALL,

Editor-in-Chief.

J. C. B. EHRLINGHAUS,

Business Manager.

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NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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MODERN SCIENCE IN MODERN FICTION: AN EVOLUTION.

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

St. Augustine said: "It matters not so much what we are as what we are becoming." To embrace within brief confines the tendency, the drift of modern fiction is an ambitious task and yet one that deserves our best effort. The century just concluded stands for definite, concrete and wonderful conceptions which differentiate it from the century that just preceded it. The eighteenth century died in a reek of blood and smoke, with "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" upon its lips. It represents most conspicuously individualism, freedom, reaction and revolution. The nineteenth century stands for social order, organic union, community of effort—and for science. To one influence alone can be ascribed what we may call the character of the century—the transforming influence of science.

Victoria's reign (1837-1901) the longest reign in history (Anne of Austria being regent during nine of the seventy-two years of Louis XIV's reign), includes with itself the most marvelous advance in human thought and human activity. If "the world moves forward in concentric circles" the last radius has lengthened to a limit beyond all possible preconception. Alfred Russell Wallace, whose discovery of the evolutionary hypothesis jointly with Darwin, helped to make his assertion credible, declares that

beyond question the nineteenth century surpasses not only any other one century but all the other centuries taken together, in the number and importance of scientific discoveries, applications, theories and inventions.

To one fertile conception, concretized and formulated in the second quarter of the present century, we can trace the successive workings of that spirit of analysis which has forced the world to restate the dogmas of its faith, to redirect the currents of philosophical and theological speculation, to refocus truth. Biology, controlled by the master hand of Darwin, has brought us to the scientific attitude and view-point of to-day. To that *x* club, so unique and so avowedly exclusive, the breeding ground of the theory of evolution, belonged Spencer, Tyndall and Huxley. To its meetings Darwin was often invited. From this little *x* club we can trace the evolution of a new world.

The "Origin of Species" was published in 1859, although Darwin had been working on the theory of evolution for twenty-one years, verifying beliefs, obtaining new and additional verifications, placing his theory on the irrefutable and indisputable basis the scientific and analytic spirit demands. Darwin was forced to publish the "Origin of Species" some years before he intended on account of the receipt of a monograph from Alfred Russell Wallace (then in the Malay Archipelago) containing the theory of evolution in brief. The idea of this "unfolding" process in nature, the sequence and variation of biological forms and the study of their primal derivation made its influence felt almost immediately. Herbert Spencer had already begun to construct his system of evolutionary philosophy upon the basis of modern science in his "Principles of Psychology" in 1858. The idea of evolution was in the air. When the "Origin of Species" appeared it gave a fresh impulse and new life to Herbert Spencer's thought. From 1864-'7 he published his "Principles of Biology", in which the Darwinian doctrine is formally incorporated. He invented the term "survival of the fittest" as an alternative for "natural

selection". He foreshadowed the doctrine of Heredity and Environment, a fundamental belief of today, for in his "Principles of Biology" he regards the "action of the environment on the organism and the inherited use or disuse of organs" as auxiliary factors of organic evolution.

Between 1851-'4, Auguste Comte, the Positivist, published his epoch-making book, the "Systeme de Politique Positive". He laid down the study of the biological sciences as the essential part of the prolegomena of a new view of social phenomena. He contributed to the world that most modern of all sciences—Sociology. He wove a wondrous fabric of political and social ethics, which has grown to proportions almost incredible in the present day. Spencer, intoxicated with the vital potentiality and universal applicability of the Darwinian theory, applied it in turn to Sociology and to Ethics. He, however, pushed to a somewhat extreme extent the analogy of society to a biological organism. Yet Spencer has done more than any one man towards popularizing the term "sociology". His zealous ardor carried him too far, as might have been expected in the early days of excitement over the discovery of the evolutionary hypothesis, but this exaggerated analogy disappeared as time went on and today is largely a reminiscence of those early days.

It is manifest then that Sociology, as a science, owes its origin to Biology and to the Darwinian theory, with its doctrine of survival and elimination, making possible as it did the explanation of political evolution. President Hadley of Yale has shown that at the basis of modern political science lie three ideas, derived in essence from the Darwinian theory. The first of these is that each race has a definite and well-marked character, a type of personal evolution. This means that society is an organism, so called. The second fundamental idea is that the past history of a people operates to produce this characteristic type of man, endowed with certain inherited habits of action, a quasi second nature. Thirdly, the doctrine of the survival of the

fittest among the lower animals find itself reproduced in the history of race development. These characteristic habits of mind are the resultant of a fierce struggle for existence between alien races. Its mark is a certain ethical type of particular moral aspect rather than physical structure. As President Hadley says, "this is where the work of Darwin has given the modern investigator his greatest advantage. The process of elimination by natural selection does its work and registers its verdict."

Fourier, Robert Owen, Comte, Lassalle and Karl Marx have effected tentative solutions of some of the insistent social problems of our age. From 1860 to 1875 the English people became deeply absorbed in the study of this new science of Social Philosophy, and that interest remains unabated in the present day. America has led in the study and exploitation of this new science, and as far back as 1888 Mr. James Bryce, in an address before the Incorporated Society of Authors in London, declared that there were two lines of literature assuredly in which the United States surpassed Great Britain. One of these was that of political science and economics, and the other was that of the short story. This social science has been an influence of almost incomprehensible importance in coloring the thought of modern times and in diverting the course of fiction towards social aims, ideals and values.

It would be an interesting and fruitful study to note the insistent, pervasive entrance of the Darwinian theory into nearly every branch of human thought. To speak of the influence of science upon theology would be to review the work of Sir Charles Lyell in his "Geology" and of Darwin in his "Descent of Man" in remoulding established beliefs. To speak of the influence of science upon ethical literature would bring us again to Darwinism. To note the genesis of the modern scientific methods of writing history would be to recite the efforts of Niebuhr, Ranke, and Comte, towards constructing a science of history, drawing their analogies from the facts of biological science. Since 1850

literary criticism has been dominated by the evolutionary principle. Taine, Riehl, Burckhardt, Freytag and Volkelt have devoted their energies to applying this principle to the study of literature. The study of anthropology in recent years has tended to induce the belief that "*mind* in its historical development will eventually be treated upon evolutionary principles." Subject after subject might be mentioned into which the doctrine of evolution has entered as a basic principle. What has been mentioned, however, will suffice to show that the modern world has seized this doctrine with eagerness as the Open Sesame to the deepest secrets of human thought and conception. As John Fiske puts it, "Whether planets or mountains or mollusks or sub-junctive moods or tribal confederacies were the things studied, the scholars studied them as phases in a process of development."

The conclusion has been reached that *Zeitgeist* today may be spelt science, and "tendency" may be spelt sociology. Having reached this conclusion, the query that presents itself is of the following nature: Are we not prepared to expect the influence of science, in various forms, upon modern literature? The literature of an age symbolizes, in a broad sense, the life of the age which gives it birth. It is not a thing apart, an isolated product, but is always in close touch with the progression or retrogression of the time, in all branches of human activity. In what relation does it stand towards the Darwinian theory, the sociological fever, the scientific attitude of modern times?

(I.) What may be termed the modern method of novel writing owes its origin in greatest measure to George Eliot. George Henry Lewes, with whom George Eliot was long associated, was a brilliant and versatile man—as dramatist, journalist, critic, biologist, and popular historian of philosophy. As early as 1853 he published his "Exposition of Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences." Chiefly through this association with Lewes and her intimacy with Spencer, George Eliot became versed in the new scientific theories

of biology, psychology and social ethics. She began to apply these scientific principles to real life and reached, with Taine, the conclusion that "a novelist is a psychologist who naturally and voluntarily sets psychology at work." She received her chief inspiration from Comte, who had said in his *Positive Polity*: "The principal function of Art is to construct types on the basis furnished by Science." With her the novel was the application of psychology to real life. Destiny is human character, chance is in reality the revelation of mentality, circumstance is but one more stage in the evolution of our subjective existence. As John de Motte, the scientist, said, "You are only specializing brain cells." As Pinero, the realistic dramatist, says in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*,—"The future is only the past entered through another gate." As that poetic genius, Maeterlinck, has said,—"No one but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate. If Judas go forth to-night, towards Judas will his steps tend." As some one else has said,—"Finest hope is finest memory."

George Eliot was a "positivist" with Comte, for she dealt with phenomena and their laws; she was a psychologist with Spencer, for she regarded character not as a crystallized entity, but as a development, an evolution. We see her then as a logical product of her day, a representative genius in close sympathy and in vital relation to the scientific movements of the age. She may in truth be called the founder of the modern psychological novel.

Since George Eliot's day the novel has become scientific in aim, and in character. Her doctrine has stormed the bastion of romance and conspicuously triumphed. The cataclysmic crisis in modern fiction takes place not in battle, murder or in sudden death; we see it in the human heart, the human soul. Tragedy today is not one of jarring action but of silent conscience. The modern novel is subjective, introspective, analytical rather than objective, external, imaginative. Need I cite instances to prove it? Helbeck of Bannisdale, *The Gadfly*, *Sentimental Tommy*,

Tommy and Grizel, Tales of Unrest, The Touchstone, The Reign of Law, The Maternity of Harriet Wicker, The Kreutzer Sonate are but types of the analytical novel. Science, that spirit that brooks no weak sentimentality, that holds not back for fear of destroying ideals or rudely breaking images, has at last brought *man* face to face with *himself*. After the objective world had passed beneath the cold scrutiny of science, the subjective world of human impulse and human thought at last is examined in the fierce glare of searching criticism. The modern microscope is brought to bear with telling force. From a literary standpoint, man's relation to himself may be called the key-note of modernity.

(II) What is the second definite contribution of modern science to modern fiction? It has been dimly suggested in what has preceded, yet it deserves marked consideration and attention. The attempt has been made to show how biology and evolution, acting upon Comte and Spencer, have created a new science, Sociology; how this new science, working by analogy, has shown man, both individually and racially, to be the product, among other things, of two great forces, Heredity and Environment; how, from this hypothesis, society has received the title of organism; how the world, with intense eagerness, has studied social phenomena of every description, from criminal statistics to Social France. Social laws have been revealed to the world and these laws have shaped and moulded in a marked degree the aim and method of modern writers of fiction. This new insight into social truths has revealed that the Shakespearean theory—that destiny is a man's own character—is after all but a partial truth. There are forces at work upon him, both from within and without, which add poignancy to the tragedy of human existence. There is an order in which man's life is set, there are influences of social law and environment which act upon him and from which he reacts. Man is the child of the age, the social organism involves him in its resistless and relentless pro-

gress. Again heredity transmits to him conditions from which he cannot escape; physical condition of the body, a particular moral, social or religious aspect; the very mould in which his thoughts are cast. These two forces, heredity and environment, mutually acting and reacting, control and direct the current of human life.

The modern novelist, keen to seize upon any new truth, alike the resultant of scientific analysis and the eliminant of scientific formulae, has incorporated these new truths into his scheme of things. Life to him is a serious struggle, against unlimited competition, against heredity and environment, against the dangers within the four walls of his own personality. Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urberville's*, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale* and Harold Frederic's *Damnation of Theron Ware*, three of the most powerful novels in recent years in their treatment of heredity and environment, are explainable in no other way than that they reveal the trend of modern thought. George Moore's *Evelyn Innes*, d'Annunzio's *Trionfa della Morte* crush our spirits with the inevitableness of their tragedy. Among the dramatists Ibsen's *A Doll's House* and Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* produce the same effect. This tragic note of man's struggle, often vain and ineffectual, against the invariable law of race progression sounds monotonously and mournfully through the great novels of today.

(III) That there is a third influence, general in its nature and far-reaching in its extent, no one can doubt when he sees the "naturalistic" school of novelists loom into view. This influence is more universal than individual, more subtle than describable, more atmospheric than tangible. So far particular phases of treatment have been detailed; the application of evolutionary philosophy and of sociology to real life; the study of heredity and environment; their insistent entrance into modern fiction. The third action of science upon literature has created a school which numbers its followers in all the countries distinctly

literary. To trace the evolution of this school of thought would require deep study and painstaking care. A suggestion or two as to its genesis, progress and influence is the most that can be attempted.

Chas. Reade, as early as 1852, definitely foreshadowed the modern naturalistic movement. He culled all sorts of particulars from newspapers, books and from his own experience, "human documents," as they are now called, to contribute towards making his novels scientific transcripts of life. With similar attitude, Anthony Trollope is found regretting "that no mental method of daguerrotype or photography has yet been discovered by which the character of men may be reduced to writing and put into grammatical language with an unerring precision of truthful description." In France Zola has carried forward with intense zeal the work of Flaubert, the Gancourts and Guy de Maupassant, the pioneers in the "realistic" movement. He pushed their theories a step further, however, and is the protagonist in the naturalistic movement of today. Between the years 1880 and 1890, Zola definitely formulated the principles which should govern the "naturalist" or the "experimental novelist." His theory is to record the facts of human life accurately, to give, as it were, a "slice of real life." The novel, he believes, would thus become of positive value as an exact transcript of life. A novel might then be called a scientific monograph—title "Life."

George Moore and George Meredith in England, and Tolstoi in Russia show the impress of this movement. D'Annunzio in Italy has been dubbed a "pathological criminalologist of the naturalistic-scientific school." Henry James, William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garland and Brander Matthews, of the realistic and impressionistic schools, follow in essence very much the same line of thought. This school has grown to be an influence not lightly to be reckoned with in any consideration of modern fiction.

Since the theory of evolution is now applied to all

branches of human thought, to nature, to animals, including man himself, we cannot logically escape its application to the creatures of man's imagination—novels. From Biology with Darwin to Psychology and Sociology with Spencer and Comte; to George Eliot and the biological-psychological novel; to the analytic method of novel writing of Zola and his cult; to the sociological novel of Mrs. Humphrey Ward; and lastly to the critical and scientific attitude towards everything in this "*saeculum realisticum*"; these are but gradual stages in the successive evolution of the modern spirit of literature. This evolution we are forced to acknowledge. Darwin is vindicated.

GENERAL THOMAS L. CLINGMAN.

BY A. H. J.

THIS noted son of the Old North State was born in the little village of Huntsville, Yadkin county, North Carolina, July 27th, 1812. He was the oldest of a family of four children. From his early childhood he gave evidence of an intellect far superior to that of the ordinary individual. Though fond of his studies, in which he was no laggard, he was by no means a book-worm, and entered as readily into boyish sports as any of his playmates. His favorite sport was fishing; and to this the nearness of the Yadkin River, with its bountiful supply of shad, and myriads of smaller fish, offered considerable encouragement.

On one occasion, while he was yet quite a child, he returned home from a long day's fishing with some of his young friends and told his mother that he had landed the 'finest' fish he had ever seen. When asked where it was, it was only after considerable fumbling that he was able to produce it from the nether corner of his trousers' pocket. He seemed greatly surprised to learn that fishes were not reckoned 'fine' on account of diminutiveness as were the needles in his mother's work-basket.

He attended the schools of his neighborhood and, as I have said, took great interest in his studies and made rapid progress. When he became too far advanced for these schools he began his classical studies under private instructors. In 1829 he applied for admission to the University. When he appeared before the Professors of Greek and Latin for the entrance examination it was found that he had considered the preparatory lessons too simple and had mastered several of the higher branches. He entered college as a Sophomore. At graduation he was justly accorded the privilege of delivering the valedictory, then considered the highest honor the institution could confer.

After graduating Mr. Clingman commenced the study of law, but under the strain of overwork his eyes failed and it was thought he would lose his sight. However, with his usual determination he refused to give up his studies. So his sister, Mrs. Puryear, read the remainder of the course aloud to him. In a short time he had mastered the elementary principles of legal jurisprudence, but it was never intended that such a mind as his should be buried in a law office. Just as he was about to enter upon the practice of his profession he was elected to the House of Representatives of North Carolina.

When, in 1836, he withdrew from the Legislature, he moved from his home in Yadkin to Asheville, in Buncombe county, which place he ever afterwards considered his home. In Buncombe he became the Whig leader and was well beloved by all the citizens, among whom he was generally known as "Tom Clingman." Though nominally a Whig, he was very independent in his views and always expressed them freely. This suited the people of his new county, for they were as independent as he, and the views of their party leader controlled more votes than the principles of the party itself.

Mr. Clingman was very fond of travelling, and about the year 1858 he made a tour of the countries of Europe. While abroad he became acquainted with several rulers of the old world. He became so attached to the King of Belgium that, when he returned to America, he sent his royal acquaintance several kegs of the best whiskey the Old North State could produce.

In 1840 he for the first time called upon the people of his district to give him a seat in the State Senate. In this election his popularity was amply manifested. He was elected by two votes to his opponent's one. In 1842 the Legislature elected him to Congress, to which position he was continually reelected during a period of nearly thirteen years. When he entered the Thirty-first Congress, he was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

In his early Congressional career Mr. Clingman was a bitter enemy to John C. Calhoun, whom he accused of everything that was calculated to disrupt the Union, to which step Mr. Clingman was at that time bitterly opposed. When the bill providing for the introduction of anti-slavery petitions into Congress was put before the body, then Mr. Clingman, with his usual disregard for party sentiment, opposed it most strenuously and was very instrumental in its defeat. He said it would not only do no good, but would increase the bitterness of feeling in the North.

As years went by and sectional feeling grew more bitter and more impossible to curb, Mr. Clingman's political mind underwent a very appropriate though gradual change. Even as early as 1850 we see him slowly inclining towards democratic views. He opposed the compromise of 1850 but voted for the Fugitive Slave Law. His final break with the Whig party occurred in 1852. Mr. Clingman favored Mr. Webster for the Presidency because he was a conservative, but a majority were in favor of General Scott on a platform endorsing the Compromises of 1850. Upon this decision of the caucus he and his few adherents withdrew and from that time was as strong for the Democrats as he had hitherto been for the Whigs. Notwithstanding this change of opinion on the part of their favorite, his mountaineers returned him to Congress.

In 1858 Senator Biggs resigned and Mr. Clingman was appointed to finish his unexpired term. This appointment was confirmed by his election to the same seat by the Legislature. He was sworn in at the special session on March 6, 1861, but a few weeks later resigned to follow his State in secession. Though he had been so bitterly opposed to war and still declared himself opposed to secession, there was never a braver soldier or a more staunch Southern-Rights man in the country.

In the speech which Mr. Clingman made in 1845 on "The Causes of Mr. Clay's Defeat," he made a bitter attack upon Mr. Calhoun. The Democrats put Mr. Yancey up to reply

to him, but Mr. Clingman, ever more ready to give abuse than to receive it placidly, considered some of Mr. Yancey's remarks insulting and challenged that gentleman to a duel. But the blood of neither of these worthies was destined to be spilled over such trivial matters. The bullets from the first passage at arms harmlessly struck the ground about equidistant from the two combatants, after which they were both ready to shake hands.

In 1861 Mr. Clingman entered the army as a volunteer and fought as such at the first battle of Manassas. He owned a half interest in the battle field. As he entered the fight he said to one of his comrades, "A cock always fights best on his own walk." Shortly after this battle the Twenty-fifth North Carolina Regiment was raised for Mr. Clingman and he was immediately elected its Colonel (August 15, 1861.) He was, on May, 17th, 1862, promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, which rank he retained throughout the remainder of the war.

The General was very fortunate, receiving no wound until near the close of the war. Even then he might have escaped had it not been for his characteristic impetuosity and wilfulness. In the fight around Petersburg he ordered some of his aids to reconnoiter some woods near by. They did so and reported some Federals to be concealed in the brush. This, however, did not satisfy the General, so he started off to see for himself, and he both saw and felt. As he drew near he soon discovered the presence of the enemy, but he had approached too near for a precipitate retreat; so he rode on as if he had seen nothing, till he thought he was out of range. Then he put spurs to his horse and made a dash for life. But he had started too soon, and a ball overtook him, planting itself securely in his leg.

When he was taken to the field hospital he told the surgeon under no conditions to amputate his leg. Just before the chloroform was administered he put his pistol under his pillow and said, "If I wake up and find my leg cut off I'll be damned if I don't shoot the man who did it."

The General meant what he said, and it added very much to the surgeon's peace of mind to find that it was unnecessary to remove the limb.

At Cold Harbor General Clingman in some way lost his sword, and in the excitement of the conflict he seized a piece of fence rail and led the charge with it.

From the beginning of the war he heartily disapproved of Jefferson Davis. He said there never had been a cause yet which could succeed under him, but he believed God Almighty could create one and he hoped he had done that in the Confederacy.

After the war he returned for a short time to his old home in Yadkin, but he could not remain long away from his staunch friends in and around Asheville, where the most of his later years were passed.

He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1867, but of course he and the few other Democrats present were overwhelmed by the vast majority of Republicans.

The General had owned a great deal of property and had made considerable money. But as his intellect weakened his money and property slipped away from him, so that when he became helpless in body and mind he was also helpless in purse. It fell, therefore, to the lot of his relatives to care for him during the last few years of his life. He first went to his niece, Mrs. J. C. Gibson, of Concord, where he remained for nearly a year, when he was taken to the home of his favorite niece, Mrs. J. P. Kerr, in Yadkin county. Here he was faithfully watched and cared for by Mrs. Kerr and her brother for several years. But the burden became so great and Mrs. Kerr's health so bad that she felt obliged to give him up. She was forced to send him to Morganton, where a few months later he passed gently into the arms of death.

One of his most earnest prayers had been, "May God grant that I may not outlive my intellect." But, as we have seen, this was denied him.

APPALACHIAN SENTINELS.

BY FRANCES L. ALLISON.

Day wakens, and slow o'er the mountains
The sun in his brightness comes ;
The fogs, miniature cloudlets,
Disperse as his journey he runs.

The shadows, phantoms of darkness,
Flee from the splendors of morn,
While hill top and valley and mountain
Rejoice in the day new-born.

Oh, grand are the Appalachians!
In this far famed "Land of the Sky,"
With heads towering blue in the heavens,
With verdure-clothed valleys nestling nigh.

When lengthens the day to even
In her grandeur to me nature speaks,
As I list to her powerful teachings,
And mark her well-defined peaks.

There a calm sweet spell enchains me,
That fills me with pure delight;
And anon, creeping stealthily onwards,
Come heralds of the unborn night.

How can one deny a creator
Who thus his handiwork sees?
Divine the hand of their maker
Is proclaimed by even the trees.

God in nature revealéd,
In infinite love is displayed
By these great everlasting mountains
Clad in garments of light and shade.
Keep up your proud heads, O Sentinels,
A constant reminder thou'lt be,
That the God of this glorious present
Is the God of Eternity.

THE EASTERN BAND OF CHEROKEE INDIANS; FROM 1835 TO 1893.

BY H. G. ROBERTSON.

The year 1835 found the Cherokee tribe of Indians in a most unenviable condition. It was rent with civil strife and contention. Numerous quarrels and collisions with the neighboring whites had caused very harsh laws, regarding the affairs and conduct of the Indians, to be passed.

The Tribe was situated in Western North Carolina and in the Northern portion of Georgia. Some, however, were in Northern Alabama, South Carolina, and Eastern Tennessee.

The Tribe was divided under petty chiefs who were each striving to raise themselves to be the head or principal chief. The means adopted were not always honest, neither were their dealings with the whites always upright. Horses, cattle, and other live stock could easily be stolen from the whites and carried to the mountain fastnesses, where they were secure from recapture. Run-away slaves could always find a safe retreat from their white masters among the red men.

Georgia had passed some very harsh laws against the Indians but as the Indians, when on their own territory, were supposed not to be under Georgia's laws, it made no special difference to them whether the laws were harsh or, indeed, whether there were any laws at all. But Governor Troup, having arrested an Indian for a crime done in his own nation, then took the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the plucky Governor was rewarded by the court declaring that although they could make treaties, there was no such State as the Cherokee Nation. Then Georgia's laws became more exacting, for she tried to exclude mean men and meaner whiskey from contact with the Indians. North Carolina's laws, however, were more lenient.

Just at this time those Indians living near the waters of the Tuckaseege and Tennessee Rivers in Western North Carolina came under the leadership of an able chieftain named Younaguska (Drowning Bear). Under his chieftancy they became more sober and law-abiding, and consequently more prosperous than their other brethren. They had been taught agriculture and fruit growing and had become fastened to the land. Even at this early date schools had been established by the Northern missionaries.

In December of the year 1835 the Indians were ordered to assemble at New Echota, in Georgia, to make a treaty with the United States.

They met and agreed with the United States commissioners to exchange their lands in the East for lands West of the Mississippi River. They were given two years in which to move. Also, they were to receive \$5,000,000, which the United States Government was to hold in trust for them till it was exhausted by annual payments.

The Indians under Younaguska claimed that they were not represented in this treaty and therefore it was not binding upon them. So they refused to move West.

By a supplemental treaty of 1836 the United States initiated the policy of compelling the Indians to remove from peaceful homes to untried fields in the West. It was a long stride towards despotism for a great nation to enact laws allowing the Indians to be hunted down and driven off their own lands as if they were wild beasts. In May, 1838, General Scott was sent with a force of United States troops to remove all unwilling Indians by force. The Indian Council only asked to be allowed to conduct the removal themselves. Ere long 18,000 Indians under their respective chiefs started for the West.

But those under Younaguska, who claimed that they were not represented at New Echota, refused to move. But they showed scarcely any hostility toward the soldiers. Some were sullen, and refused either to help the soldiers or to hinder them. Others escaped to the mountain fastnesses and there defied the power of the United States.

General Scott seized all the posts and passes among the mountains so that no one could escape, and then hunted down these refugees.

How these Indians suffered from love of their native lands is shown by the story of a small band under a petty chief named Euchella. This band was securely hidden in the deep valleys of the Smoky Mountains near the head of the Ocona Lufta river. Here for a long time they defied the power of the United States and of nature as well, for their food had given out, and they could get no more without risk of capture. One of their scouting parties was captured, but turning upon their captors in a suitable place, they killed the soldiers and escaped to Euchella's camp.

But a white man who knew what their hardships must be, and who felt a great interest in these simple people, at the risk of his own life, hunted them up and carried food to them. He found them, as he expected, in a most serious condition. Some had died from hunger and cold, and all the others were suffering. He showed them the helplessness of their case, and finally persuaded them to surrender. Then this same gentleman, Col. Wm. H. Thomas, called "Junaluska" Thomas, went to work and secured, after some trouble, permission from the United States government to allow them to remain in Western North Carolina. This was done by the treaty of 1848. Such Cherokees as could prove themselves of good character, able to work, and capable of making good citizens, were allowed to remain.

About 1700 Indians accepted these terms and fulfilled the conditions. Of these seventeen hundred Indians about 1515 stayed in North Carolina. The rest were scattered in the neighboring States. These Indians were under their own chiefs and for some time the United States did not even have an agent among them. They were citizens of the United States.

July 29th, 1848, the United States created a fund for "Transportation and Subsistence" by which \$33.33 was set apart for each Indian that should desire to go West. Until they should go West the interest on this amount was all

the Eastern Cherokees received from the United States government. They brought suit for their share in the Trust Fund created by the Treaty of 1835, but the Supreme Court of the United States declared that as they had violated the treaty in not going West, they had no share in the money which had come from the sale of their own lands and the surrendering of their immunities.

Previous to 1861 the U. S. allowed an agent to purchase certain lands for a home for these Indians. These lands were to be bought by the agent as trustee. They were bought from private parties in what was then Haywood county—but now Jackson and Swain counties.

They still live on these lands. It is not a reservation and the Government has no control over it more than any other land. It is more properly called the Qualla Boundary. The Qualla Boundary is especially well situated. The Smoky Mountains are to the West and rise directly over it. Just to the East are the Balsam Mountains. Nestled thus between these two lofty ranges it is sheltered by peaks higher than Mount Washington. The finest of bottom lands lie along the swift clear streams of Ocona Lufta and Soco. The Mountain sides are covered with the most magnificent timber. Fruits of many kinds abound. Wheat, rye, and oats are profitably raised, while the corn crop never fails and "corn juice" is always abundant.

Here the Indians with very little labor can live happy and contented lives. No wonder they did not wish to leave these splendid hunting grounds of their fathers for untried fields in the far West.

The agent who purchased their lands was Col. Wm. H. Thomas, a very able and intellectual man. Although a pure white, he was an adopted Cherokee, and the foster son of the chief Younaguska. When Younaguska died in 1849, Col. Thomas became their chief. This was but natural, as he was Younaguska's adopted son, and was named in Younaguska's will as his successor. He held this place until he was stricken with nervous disease about 1879.

Their form of government now was a mixture of democratic and aristocratic forms. They were divided into small communities or townships, each governed by a petty chief. The principal chief presided over all. He appointed the sub-chiefs and presided over the councils, and these councils did little more than confirm his transactions. It consisted of the sub-chiefs and the principal men of the tribe. The members of the council were neither elected nor appointed but rather grew into the position. The sub-chiefs, of course, had to have the sanction of their inferiors. This office was usually, but not necessarily, hereditary. Sometimes some one by force of character would assume it. However, it generally fell upon the best man of the community. It was not uncommon for the old men to resign the sub-chieftaincy, and after Col. Thomas became principal chief he usually appointed successors to prevent inter-tribal quarrels.

When the Civil war broke out Col. Thomas took four companies into the war in Thomas' Legion. They were commanded by whites, or at least by officers who spoke the English language. A good many Indians changed sides when Fortune frowned upon the South. They could hardly be expected to be zealous on either side when their treatment is taken into consideration. In the early part of the war, about 1862, they were in East Tennessee. They were employed then in guarding the railroads defending the Salt Works, and doing duty as scouts and couriers between the different posts. This last work was especially suited to their habits, and they are reported as making excellent scouts.

During the war the internal affairs of the Indians became chaotic. They were deprived of the leadership of Col. Thomas, and rival chieftains sprung up, and all the wild and savage passions which had been kept down while under able chiefs, now came to the top. When the war was over they again became peaceful citizens under Col. Thomas' leadership, and remained so till his mind gave way, and then they began quarrelling again.

Col. Thomas held the chieftancy till 1874. But in 1870 about 22 Indians met and elected a rival chief named Flying Squirrel—Call-lee-high. But when Thomas was declared insane in 1874 Loyd Welch was elected principal chief.

Now arose trouble with their lands and for a time it seemed that they were in danger of losing them. When these lands had been purchased the title had carelessly been left in the purchaser's hands, and not in trust for the tribe. So when Col. Thomas was declared insolvent the lands were seized and sold for his debts. But the United States by an act of Congress appointed an able commission to investigate the matter. Their decision resulted in an act passed Oct. 9th, 1876, conveying the Qualla Boundary of 50,000 acres to the Eastern Band of Cherokees. After this 15,211 acres in Cherokee and other counties were added to the above number. The whole 75,211 acres were left with the commissioner of Indian affairs to hold in trust for the said band of Indians.

About this time the Indians reorganized their form of government. They kept one principal chief, a sub-chief, and a council.

Lloyd R. Welch ruled as principal chief until about 1885.

The schools of the tribe were conducted at first by the Methodists and possibly other denominations. The U. S. Government had given a small amount to aid these schools.

The Quakers purchased about 50 acres of land at the foot of Mount Noble, from the heirs of the chief, Long Blanket. They established a school here and with the characteristic energy of the Yankee it was not long till they had the funds for the education of the Indian in their own hands. Then they had it increased and soon established a prosperous school. This fund had been first given under President Grant's administration to encourage the various religious bodies to undertake the education of the Indian. The Quakers got control of this fund under an agreement to last for ten years. They gave industrial training, as well as academic work in the school.

About 1885 Nimrod Jarrett Smith was elected principal chief. Under their constitution the chief is elected every four years to hold the office for as many terms as he may be elected. The salary is \$500 per year with \$4 per day additional when in Washington City on business for the tribe. The assistant chief receives \$250 per year. He is to act as chief when the principal chief is absent. The Council is composed of two delegates for every 100 inhabitants. Smith was elected for two terms, or eight years.

In 1889 the North Carolina or Eastern band of Cherokees residing and domiciled in the counties of Cherokee, Graham, Jackson, and Swain, were created a body politic and corporate under the name of The Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians, with all the rights, privileges, franchises, and powers incident and belonging to corporations under the laws of North Carolina. 1893 was the year for the election of another chief.

In 1890 when the agreement of the United States with the Quakers was at an end, Chief Smith had interposed his veto against an indefinite continuation of the agreement. Smith claimed that the principal of the school was not treating the Indians right, and instead of using the money for educational purposes, he was using it for political ends. For just a few years before the Indians had voted a solid Democratic ticket and now by corruption they were just as solidly Republican. The principal of the school denied this and set up counter accusations. The result was a compromise, and the school was put under the direct control of the Government.

Then when Smith came out as a candidate for re-election, he was violently opposed by the parties who wished the Quakers to control the school, and all influence was used to elect an Indian named Stillwell. Stillwell was far below Smith in ability. He cannot speak English and knows nothing of the duties of a chief. Smith was by far the best fitted for chief of any in the tribe.

His grandfather was a pure white man who married a

half Indian, making Smith five eighths white and three-eighths Indian. He had a fair English education and was the best interpreter in the tribe. Smith ran as a Democrat and his opponent as a Republican. Smith was defeated.

Soon after the election Smith died, much lamented, and was buried with Masonic honors, being a Master mason in good standing in Ocona Lodge.

The Cherokee Indians are increasing as is shown by the census reports. There is now just about the same number as in 1838, but many move West each year.

They receive no support from the U. S. Government except for educational purposes, and are citizens of North Carolina, voting and paying taxes. Their incorporation as a band and their local government was merely for convenience in carrying on certain land suits. Under a special report it is said 56 white families unlawfully occupy about 6,000 acres of Indian lands in North Carolina. Steps are being taken, however, to recover these lands.

TOMMY'S OPINION.

BY L. M. C.

You just oughter see
Cousin Nell's blue eyes,
They look like pieces
O' bright summer skies
On a day in June,
But they close too soon
Fer me.

Dere's de puttiest light
Like de sunshine bright
Dat shines from out
Her eyes so blue.
And if I'se a big feller
I'd have ter go tell her
"I love you Nell
You bet I do!"

BIG-EYE.

BY G. C. S., '04.

BIG-EYE, as he was called by the negroes on the place, had occupied no small part of the minds of us small boys for a year or two past. The fact is, several qualities were attributed to Big-eye that would hardly have been believed by older heads than ours. For instance, if any one had told us that the owl had not strength to fly with a common sized small boy in his claws, most certainly would we have put the new comer down as stark crazy and probably have had him to go alone through the piece of woods where Big-eye was supposed to stay, that he might experience his mighty power.

Among other things, Big-eye had been known to eat an entire turkey in a single night. Now this was verified by uncle Tom's Pete who had been whipped so much of late that he was scared to tell anything but the truth; he had seen the turkey ascend the roost at night and the next morning found the feathers and skeleton some little distance from the roost.

Big-eye's mighty strength and cadaverous appetite were attributed to his want of a mate. Even the disbelievers, and we had many, admitted there was only one hoot-owl in the immediate neighborhood. One belief was that Big-eye had either eaten or absorbed the other owls and combined the power of all in his own person. The truth of the matter is Big-eye was a large bird and rather singular in his habits. His manner of life clearly showed this, for it is rare that the life of a bachelor has not its peculiarities.

Big-eye's place of abode was a very good indication of his character. Two hundred yards from the river, and extending back probably half a mile along a rocky creek bank, lay a point. Near the left edge of the woods was a long unused and now over-grown negro grave-yard. About

half-way between this grave-yard and the creek on the side of a steep hill was an immense pile of rocks jutting out and over-hanging the hill. This crag held the reputed den of Big-eye.

During the warm months in the early night he would come out on a raid, and woe to the poultry yards. Supper finished, he would begin his plaintive hootings to the delight of us small boys and the utter dread of Aunt Sukey.

Things went on in this way for several years. I was a small boy no more. Pete, being three years my senior, had learned to plow and was my chum no longer.

I had become independent and had ceased to look on Big-eye as a ghost to be dreaded, but as a neighborhood pest, and felt that the everlasting gratitude of the country around would be won if he could only be trapped. Now was the feeling in me of a mighty hunter and a second Nimrod. Three long summer months were spent in deliberation as to what mode of procedure should be followed, and by fall my plan of operation was mapped out. Six different methods of hoot-owl trapping owe their invention to me, for if one method failed it was my intention to throw it aside and try the next in order.

Each method failed and Big-eye continued his depredations. The wailings of the house wife urged me on, and the gun, the last expedient, was resorted to. In ordinary circumstances this cowardly implement would have been left alone, but my reputation was at stake and there was no one who did not think Big-eye doomed. In a month I got only one shot and that at too great a distance to prove fatal.

After this he grew wary. No more could he be seen at dusk flying across the creek bottoms. Now he made his raid in the dark hours of the night and only during the small hours of the morning could you hear him in his melancholy—"whoo whoo, whoo-who whoo." About the latter part of November Big-eye disappeared from our neighborhood. Where, no one knew. Some one suggested

he died of old age but this was held improbable, for though he was venerable enough to be respected, yet Pete and I thought it too ignoble a death for one of Big-eye's notoriety.

Winter passed and spring came again. Late one evening as Pete and I were coming up the river bank looking at the fish traps we noticed two birds flying up stream, and as they drew near we discovered them to be of different size. Straight to the grave-yard woods they flew, the larger of the two leading. Without being told we both knew who the new comers were, and Pete turned to me and said, "Big-eye has come with a mate."

After this the woods were no longer silent at night.

Big-eye's plaintive song was accompanied by a gentle laugh; and the housewives shuddered, for they knew the husband's duty was imperative since he had a family.

Pete found the nest in a hollow oak near the crags and climbing up stopped the entrance, thus shutting in Big-eye's mate. For several days after this the moaning's of an owl could be heard on the river and a week later I found Big-eye's body near the foot of the nest tree. What no man could do, Nature did, for Big-eye had ceased to mourn.

EARNING AN EPITHET.

BY MILTON CALDER.

“JAKE, we'll have fun when this storm blows over. Those Yankees out there are only waiting for fair weather to begin business, and they have enough gun boats to blow an ordinary fort to shreds.”

“They would't make any impression on these old sand hills, though. We are as safe here as we should be at Wilmington.”

The speakers were two Confederate privates quartered at Fort Fisher. The fort was situated at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, and was one of a number of defenses guarding Wilmington, an important Southern seaport and the center of the blockade traffic. A large fleet of United States war vessels had been sent to capture the town, and were just off the coast waiting to attack the fort.

“Colonel Sands came just in time to command the defense” resumed Jake. “By the way, George, any relation of yours? Same name you know. What's the matter? Are you sick.”

“Oh it's nothing but a little dizziness. The air is too hot and close in here.” Everything was swimming before George Sands' eyes. He knew his father was a colonel in the army. Could this Colonel Sands be his father? “I'll go out and get a breath of fresh air,” he managed to say.

“You are not going out into the storm!” But he was already out of the door. “Queer fellow. There is no moving him once he has made up his mind. At any rate I am not going out in such weather to hunt up the fool.”

Sands was pacing up and down in the blinding storm utterly unmindful of the elements. The same old struggle was going on which the thought of home always brought up, only now the temptation to yield was ten fold greater than it had ever been before. He yearned to reveal himself to his father, and beg forgiveness; but the remembrance of that last scene held him back.

He had been left alone in his father's tent to guard some important documents. Remembering an undelivered message to a friend across the way he had thoughtlessly stepped out for a few minutes. During his absence the papers had disappeared. He could have stood all the merited blame, and even the cutting reproach of his angry father, but a false charge had been laid to him. He had been called a coward. That caused the outburst, and in a rage he had sworn never to return until that charge had been withdrawn.

"Yes, he would stand by his determination. He would not give in now—no, not if his life depended on his submission. His decision was made. His identity must be concealed from his father at any cost. Since their last meeting three years had passed, and in that time his soldier's life had wrought great changes in his appearance. Probably he would not be recognized at all. At any rate his identity would not be discovered before the battle."

Morning's dawn, clear and calm, released him from a sleepless night, and the duties of the day soon occupied his mind. The enemy could be seen moving, and forming a large semicircle in front of the fort. At eight o'clock a terrific bombardment commenced, centered on one end of the fort. The flag was soon shot away and the pole shattered.

"Order the flag to be raised on the battery mound," commanded Colonel Sands.

"There are no halcyards on that staff, sir," answered an aid.

"Then they must be fixed." The Colonel approached a crowd that had gathered beneath the big mound. "Men, who will volunteer to fix the flag on that pole?"

Quickly a man stepped out and sprung up on the mound. His face was pale and his lips set. In his eyes was a look satisfied, even happy, as if an opportunity long sought for had come. A flush of pride swept over him as he heard the ringing cheer of his companions. Seizing a rope in his

teeth he grasped the pole and rapidly climbed to the top. The little group of men below scarcely breathed. Was it possible for him to live in that storm of shot and shell? Calmly and quickly he worked and soon the Stars and Bars were floating to the breeze. As he slid down a great shout rose; but just as the brave youth reached the ground he lurched forward and fell without a groan. His companions rushed to his assistance and bore him to a place of safety.

The Colonel came up quickly. "Is he dead?" "No, but the ball has pierced his lung and he has little time to live."

"What is his name? Search his pockets."

"Here is a letter addressed to 'George Sands.'"

The Colonel stepped up quickly and closely examined the pale face. "God help me", he said quietly.

The eyes of the wounded man opened, his lips twitched convulsively. Then his features assumed the peaceful smile that knows no pain.

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

Lawrence Holt, Jr.
N. R. Graham.
B. F. Huske.
Jude Palmer.
William Whitaker.
Frederick Archer.

THE SPIRIT OF COMPROMISE. It was all a matter of taste. That was what she said. The point of controversy was whether Gibson's drawings are superior to Christy's or not. She adored Christy's men, while he maintained that Gibson's girls are the embodiment of all that is noble in the feminine line, strengthening his point by the statement that she was a perfect Gibson girl.

They had had now nearly a week of heated debate over it, during which an astonishing number of "Gibson's" had passed into her possession, showing that he was making strenuous efforts to convert her. But no. She placed them on the table and gazed ardently at a large "James K. Hackett" which she considered Christy's masterpiece.

He was to call at eight. It was then seven, and she was thinking whether they were as congenial as she had supposed. If they differed as to who was the best dabbler with a brush, there was a reasonable probability that there would be an eternal wrangle as to whether they should have steak or ham and omelette for breakfast. She finally decided to accept him only after due deliberation.

He came promptly at eight. In his arms he carried a large square bundle. Unfolded it proved to contain a large pen and ink picture. The figures portrayed were two in number and the attitudes left no doubt but that it was a proposal scene.

The pose and expression of each figure was perfect, yet there was a something about it which was decidedly odd. Close examination revealed the fact that it was composed of

parts of two pictures, the man one of Christy's, and the girl Gibson's.

A diligent search through the bookstores had yielded these two figures which coincided entirely in thought, and a skillful manipulation of the glue pot did the rest.

She was highly delighted with it and the conversation for the next hour or so was the stereotyped lovers' variety. Just before he left, she said, nestling closer to him,

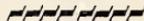
"Harry dear, the only reason I liked Christy's men was that you are his exact type."



"LIGIOUS PRINCIPLES." Tom was a good old, hard-working darkey, and one who lived according to his "ligious principles." He was drayman one day, cotton-trucker another and shipping-clerk when goods were to be shipped. Tom could do nearly everything around the mill that any negro could do, and certainly worked by his "'ligious principles," Of these he was continually boasting.

"Tom, what are your 'ligious principles' that you are always talking about around here?" I asked him one day as he was hard at work.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "White folks has their kind of 'ligion, and niggers has a kind of dress-up, shout-en, skin-deep 'ligion; but this 'ere 'ligion is my own, for all places an' times: tend to your own business, stay sober when you're worken, take care your own wife and children, and drink enough liquor Saturday night to make you sleep good on Sunday, so as to enjoy yourself a little and keep away from mean niggers."



HEROISM MISSED. Cross Creek, turning swiftly a right angle, has worn out about the vertex of the turn a swimming pool known as "Gary's Hole." The Creek at this place, from the middle to the right bank is about five feet, six inches deep, and from the left side to the middle a sandy bottom shelves out gradually.

One summer afternoon my twelve year old brother, a boy a year older, and myself were swimming in this hole. The day was hot, but the hole was shady, and the water fine. I swam to the right bank and called to the older of the two boys to come to me. He managed nearly to reach me and then went down. As he came up I caught him and started for the shore.

In trying to hold myself up, I dragged him under. I saw the water rush over him, and pulled him up. But keeping myself up, I sank him; for every struggle I made pulled down the arm I was holding him with, and if I raised him out of the water I went down. So I saw I could not bring him to the bank unless I held him under the water.

The water rushed in my nose and mouth, and sweeping past my ears seemed to say, "You or him, you or him."

On the right bank I saw my brother white as a ghost; thoughts of mother and home, a prayer sad and glad rushed over my heart, and I dropped, but held him up. The water covered my head. I was distinctly conscious that I was strangling, drowning to save the boy.

The current swept round the corner and in a sudden whirl washed us down, nearer the left bank, then flung us sputtering and trembling on the sand.

Then I heard my brother laughingly say, "You look like drowned rats!"

When I told of my bravery, people said, "It must have been *very* funny."

—Evidently, to be a hero one must be dead.



THE ANIMATED STUMP. The Deacon happened to have a melon patch of his own, so it was peculiarly unfortunate that my father caught him raiding our melons.

For some days after his detection in our patch the Deacon's melons disappeared at such a lively rate that he concluded to watch for the intruders.

The night after he came to this decision was dark and

cloudy. The Deacon, however, seldom stopped for the weather. Taking his rubber coat and his gun he sat down on the edge of the patch. He had been working hard all day and the sweet air and the cool darkness soon lured him to sleep.

A little after this a group of shadows glided over the fence and scattered among the melons. Every now and then a muffled *thump, thump* stole out on the night air. Finally one of the shadows said,

"Ned, this is ripe. Where's your knife?"

"Left it in my other pants."

"Jim, got a knife?"—"No."

"You, Joe?"—"No."

"We'll have to bust it then. Yonder's a stump; come on."

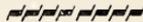
The group of shadows moved toward a black object on the edge of the field.

"Look out, Jack. I saw the top of that stump shake,"

"Ned, I'm afraid you got too much of the cider."

The melon rose quickly and came down with a thud. Then that stump did as no other stump ever did before. It sprang straight up out of the ground and 'lit out' for the Deacon's house yelling "Bet-s-i-e!"

The shadows—well, if the Deacon had to put up his fence the next morning it was his own fault.



BOSSIE. Bossie was very solemn and sedate as becomes a cow to be who is the mother of ten children and half as many grand-children. Bossie had learned a thing or two. She knew that it was too early for grass or buds on the hill side, but she remembered a cozy little hollow where the buds always put out early, and even a few bunches of grass might be found.

Coming in sight of the hollow she began to go more slowly. Some one had already taken possession. Yes, there they were, two wretched young people with not a bit of business there. Bossie knew it, and felt provoked. An early fly lit on her back. She flung her head back savage-

ly at him. When she again brought her eyes to the front, she was distinctively aware that something was happening.

"Now that's strange," thought she. "What did he do that for. Shucks and meadow grass! What is she slapping him for and talking so angrily about. Why he didn't do anything much. I shouldn't mind what he did, at all. Look! What's she up to now. As sure as I am a live cow, she is crying. He has got hold of her, and is doing again and again the very thing that caused the racket. She doesn't seem angry with him now. Why she is getting as close up to him as a calf does to me on a cold night. Still the air is warm. I don't understand it at all."

Bossie looked up at the sky. It was still blue. The crow flying overhead was as black as ever. The trees around looked unconscious and insensible. A robin sitting on one of the lower boughs looked as astonished and mystified as she did. She determined to ask her neighbor in the next stall about it that night. Until then nothing could be done. She drew a step nearer, inquiringly; but the girl saw her and cried, "Shoo!"

Bossie gave a solemn meaningless wink at nothing whatever and walked slowly away. Young people were very queer, and somehow she felt she wasn't wanted.



ACCORDING The long Cunard liner had only a few minutes **TO AMERICA.** before arrived at her wharf at Havre. All of her passengers had disembarked, but were waiting under the big shed for the examination of their baggage. The courteous French officials were going through the trunks with a rapidity born of long experience. Nothing seemed to escape them, and in looking through the belongings of Miss Ethel Thompson, of Boston, several dutiable articles were found. The owner herself was standing near, very indignant at such impositions. Finally the search was ended and the lids of the trunks shut down. One of the officials turned to her smiling,

"Pardonnez-moi, mademoiselle, mais votre souliers."

Miss Thompson had on dainty patent leather slippers and these are dutiable in France.

"What! You are not going to make me pay for the slippers?"

"Oui, mademoiselle, c'est necessaire."

In less time than it takes to write this a slipper landed on the head of a custom official. Another followed, and this is why an independent American girl went to the hotel in her stocking feet.



THE MAN IN "I think you are about to lose your
THE CASE. watch. Miss Morris," said young Doctor West.

"Thank you," she murmured. "Will you tell me what time it is, I should like to set it?"

"It is now exactly four thirty, and half an hour from now"—he started to be facetious, but checked himself and continued, "You know our great humourist said 'Nothing is so ignorant as a lady's watch'."

"Finish the quotation," she interrupted, seeing he was pausing.

"Well, er—'except a man's left hand'—which saying I am inclined to think is an ingenious slander on a man's left hand."

"Look at the name on the face, 'in the name there is fame.' you know," she quoted with a smile.

"What of the fame of the name of the man inside," he ventured.

"Oh, he has some fame in his profession" she answered confusedly, as she took her seat on a rustic bench, and called to a squirrel near by.

She was a young teacher attending the lectures of the summer term, and he was a young instructor, famous for having taken degrees at various colleges before twenty-two years of age. He had rather avoided the society of ladies heretofore; but she had such "winning ways" as he said, that he had made her acquaintance early in the term, and had been rather attentive ever since.

"This is such a fine afternoon for a drive that I think we are wasting it by sitting here" he remarked without special sequence.

"I suppose that is equivalent to an invitation," she said rising. "At least I am going to construe your remark in that light," she added with a laugh, a laugh that puzzled him; he was undecided whether to call it a "gurgle" or a "ripple." It was a laugh that made him laugh and caused something like a pain in his heart.

"Oh! I have dropped my watch," she cried, as they reached the hotel.

"I'll go bring it, and order a buggy here by the time I get back," he answered, overcoming her expostulations by starting immediately.

As he expected, the watch was near the bench where she had fed the squirrels. Picking it up he suddenly remembered the picture inside, and was strongly tempted to open the back and look at it. He put aside this thought with a blush of shame, but resolved to tease her with some suggestions.

Arriving at the hotel he found the buggy at the door and the lady on the porch.

"I am so glad you found it!" she exclaimed, as he helped her into the buggy and seated himself.

"Yes, everything is all right," he answered, clucking to the horses. "I thought the picture might have fallen out but noticed that it is safe."

For a minute she was silent.

"What right did you have to look in the back of my watch" she said slowly, as her color came and went.

"But if it had been lost he would have given you another," he replied as the horses turned into a beautiful forest drive.

"I never dreamed of any one seeing it, but you of all people"—, she said, becoming more agitated.

"Why not me," he answered, rather piqued that she should think him capable of such a deed. "Judging from his picture, there is nothing in him. What attractions does he have for you?" He was unmerciful.

"None," she cried bursting into tears, "I hate him; I despise you; turn around at once."

He kept silent and paid no heed to her command.

"I had no business putting the picture there, but I never thought you'd see it," she continued between sobs. "After that address of yours at some Western University I saw one of your pictures, and then I came to know you—and—"

She did'nt finish. He had been slow to catch on, but he was prompt to act. For a short space of time the horses were perfectly free.

The Doctor teased his wife a good deal about seizing the reins when he turned them loose; but she always laughed and stoutly denied the charge.

[The outline of this plot is not original. F. A.]

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

We have met Georgia, and are defeated. Victory over our old rival for the last three years makes this defeat the **The Georgia Debate.** harder to bear, both by the University and her representative debaters. But our debaters may have the satisfaction of knowing that the University feels that they made a strong and manly fight. The defeat came through no fault of theirs. They were in a strange land, before a strange people, representing the unpopular side of the question. We know by experience that it is not a pleasant task to speak before an unsympathetic audience. We are certain, however, that good will result from this defeat. The debate with Georgia had become too one-sided. So many victories had begot a feeling of over-confidence here. The possibility of our losing was not seriously considered. There will be more interest taken in the debate next year, and we believe our present defeat has in it many future victories.

Under this title we publish a number of short stories. They were all written by members of the first and second **Stories in** year classes, not for publication in the **Miniature.** Magazine, but as regular class exercises. We are offering no apology for publishing them, for we believe they will be read and enjoyed by all our subscribers.

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In this number of the Magazine appears a biographical sketch of Governor C. B. Aycock, written by F. A. Daniels, **Our** Esq., of Goldsboro. Mr. Daniels is a life-long **Governor** friend of Governor Aycock. They were class-mates at this University, and since that time have been associated in the practice of law. It is a valuable sketch, because it speaks of the man, who, in one of the most interesting epochs in the history of North Carolina, stands forth above all others.

* *
*

The Editors of the Magazine for the next year will most likely be elected before our next number is published. We **A Managing** have a suggestion to offer the societies, viz., that **Editor.** they elect a Managing Editor. The duty of such an editor should be to arrange the material for publication, and see the final proof before the forms go to press. The Editor does not have the time to do this. It is enough for him to select the material and prepare it for publication. If our successor does not have some such assistance we beg leave to offer him our condolence in advance.

* *
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In the sketch of Dr. James Augustus Washington in the February Magazine two errors occur that should be corrected. **Errors.** ed. On page 107, in the first line of paragraph two, read "in 1837" instead of 1857. In the fifth line from bottom of same page read "seven years after" instead of four years.

LITERARY NOTES.

WHITEHEAD KLUTZ, Editor.

That was a wise man who said: "Whenever a new book comes out, read an old one." The only fault to be found with this counsel is a consideration of the endless making of new books, which would render a literal following of it perhaps impossible. We might amend it by saying that for every five books that come out in one day, we should read one of the enduring works of former times.

But why, says some one, pass so severe a sentence upon the books of the day? It may be answered with truth: Because they lack the qualities that make for durability—for literature. The Golden Age is gone and the Age of Gold has come. The mercenary spirit has cast its blight upon every department of human activity. Particularly upon our literature has it reacted, by substituting selfishness for high emotions and sordidness for a love of art for the sake of art. The most popular novel of recent years was written, we are told, by a calculating individual who sized up the situation and decided that, owing to a "craze" in the country, a historical novel would sell.

The book is almost sunk into its deserved oblivion already, but its author is doubtless well content, for he has his ducats.

These new books "come not single-file, but in battalions." There is no criterion to judge them by save only the reading of them. They cannot be judged by reviews, for there is hardly a well of pure criticism in American magazines. The book-reviewing periodicals are published by men who are publishing and selling books themselves. Then nothing can be told about a book by its sales. With a blare of trumpets and beating of cymbals many a book that contained only the veriest trash has run up into the hundred thousands.

But after all no one is especially to blame for this state of things. It is not an age of inspiration. When we look in vain for the great man, the hero, in the realm of statecraft, of art, and of everything, except only industry, we can hardly expect to find the vanished type surviving in literature.

What then are we to do about it? Two things. First, quit pretending to think, or being deluded into thinking, that small men are great men and scribblers men of letters. No amount of putty and plaster and moulding and even imagination can make a literary demi-god out of the present-day writer. It is not impossible that one may come, for not to think that would be to adopt a gospel of deep despair. But in the name of the truth, let's not try to make a litterateur out of a hack because his book is "all the rage". Beware of idols of clay! They break in the hands. They don't outlast a decade.

Second, read the old masters. The old books, like the old friends, are best. Shakspeare and Scott defy time and change; their work is for the ages, immortal. They were giants, and there are such giants in all literatures. Why not walk beside the clear waters of life with these men? Who could prefer the spiritual companionship of the superficial author of the average ephemeral modern book to that of the great departed dead: "whose spirits still rule us from their urns"? Surely the latter is to the former "as Hyperion to a satyr."

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JAMES SPRUNT MONOGRAPH, NO. 2. *The Congressional Career of Nathaniel Macon*, by Edwin Mood Wilson, followed by *Letters of Mr. Macon and Willie F. Mangum, with Notes*, by Kemp P. Battle, LL.D:

This is a very valuable monograph. It shows in a marked degree the wisdom of Mr. Sprunt in enabling the University to give to the world some of its literary treasures.

The first part was written by Mr. Wilson when a student

at this University, and obtained the History Prize then offered. It shows the political career of a remarkable man of the school of Jefferson, yet really more conservative than his leader. It is pitiful to see how such a man, of undoubted integrity, endeavored to preserve his consistency in the trying times, when war was threatened, and when war was flagrant, voting for war because his country was insulted, yet for fear of centralized power, voting against the means of carrying it on.

Macon's letters are very characteristic. He writes to his correspondent, Bartlett Yancy, with the utmost freedom and we can see with vividness his beliefs, fears and hopes. We give an extract from which our readers can get glimpses into his mind and heart. In one of his letters he had warned Yancey, whom he regarded in the light of a political son, of the dangers of extending governmental aid to building railroads and canals. Such aid he regarded as unconstitutional. To his surprise Yancey differs from him. He writes again: "Examine again the Constitution of the U. S. and you will perceive your error. If Congress can make canals they can with more propriety emancipate [slaves.] Be not deceived. I speak soberly, in the fear of God, and the love of the Constitution. Let not love of improvement or a thirst for glory, blind that sober discretion and sound sense, with which the Lord has blest you. Paul was not more anxious or sincere concerning Timothy, than I am for you; your error in this will injure, if not destroy, our beloved mother N. Carolina and all the South country; add not to the Constitution nor take strength from it, no incidental power can stand alone; whatever can stand alone is substantive not incidental. Be not led astray by grand notions or magnificent opinions, remember you belong to a meek State and just people, who want nothing but to enjoy the fruits of their labor honestly and to lay out their profits in their own way." Again and again he warns that implied powers can and will be stretched to

emancipate slaves, which he regarded as utter ruin to the South.

There is only one letter from Mr. Mangum, but it is long and exceedingly interesting. He tells the following about Calhoun, who is thought by some to have always been stately and severe in manners. "Mr. Calhoun gives his dinner parties. I had the honor of being noticed by him quite early. And what do you think he said to me when leaving him, holding my hand: "Mangum, Mangum, do—do sir, call and see me frequently and spend some of your evenings with us without ceremony! Come sir! We shall always be glad to see you, and bring any friend with you." Mr. Mangum adds, "Ah sir! he knows a thing or two. It is in that way he manages to sweep the young fellows."

Dr. Battle's notes are very full. They are numerous because of the many allusions in the letters to contemporary historical names and facts. Among other things he gives a sketch of Mr. Macon's family, showing that his father, Gideon Macon, was a man of considerable wealth and the son was only prevented from getting a finished education by the breaking out of the Revolutionary war. He went as far as the Sophomore class at Princeton.

Mr. Macon has two grand children living, Mr. Robert K. Martin, of Petersburg, and Mrs. Signiora Crenshaw, of Raleigh. His brother John was long State Senator from Warren, and one of the most useful. Both were Trustees and friends of this University.

B.

COLLEGE RECORD.

B. S. SKINNER Editors E. D. SALLENGER

Mr. W. R. Capehart, '03, has gone home for a few weeks.

Mr. J. J. London, '03, went to Washington to attend the inauguration.

Miss Bessie Henderson, of Salisbury, was the guest of her uncle, Prof. William Cain, in March.

Mr. W. C. Rodman, ex-'02, has re-entered the University Law School.

Mr. E. B. Cobb, '01, recently made a short visit home.

Mr. Cheshire Nash, of Tarboro, and J. Webb, of Hillsboro, made a short stay with us in March.

Mr. S. T. Peace recently visited his home in Oxford.

Prof. M. C. S. Noble went to Richmond Friday, March 1st, returning the following Monday.

Regular practice of the Track Team began on March 15th. This phase of our Athletic life is attracting deserved attention just now.

One of the finest lectures of the Faculty list was delivered by Prof. Noble on Thursday evening, March 7th, in Gerrard Hall. His subject, "Fort Fisher and the Southern Blockade," was very interesting and exactly suited to his audience.

Mr. Jas. K. Hall, has resigned as editor on the Tar Heel Board. Mr. D. M. Swink, '01, was elected as his successor.

Graham Andrews spent a few days at his home in Raleigh last week.

At a recent meeting of the German Club Mr. W. K. Battle was chosen leader for the Easter German.

Messrs. J. C. and D. H. Webb recently spent a week in Hillsboro with relatives.

Mr. W. K. Battle has been at home for several days on account of an injured arm.

The new catalogue has been out some time. We congratulate the manager, Dr. Linscott, for its prompt appearance.

Mr. A. H. Jones, '04, is now at Highland Falls, N. Y., preparing for West Point.

Mr. Ivey Lewis spent a few days in Raleigh the last of March.

Mr. Ed. Wood, now of Raleigh, formerly of Edenton, N. C., recently made a short visit to his friends here.

Mr. Wm. W. Smith, President of the Randolph Macon System, of Virginia, was on the Hill March 15th.

Dr. Sheiler Mathews, of the University of Chicago, visited the University in March.

The annual appropriation for the University has been increased \$12,500.

At a recent meeting of the Alpha Theta Phi, nine new men were initiated, most of whom are members of the Junior Class.

Mr. Lamar Rankin has tendered his resignation as Business Manager of the Yackety Yack, being unable to serve on account of sickness. Mr. B. S. Drane was elected in his stead.

Messrs. C. A. Owen and J. N. Lipscomb, of Durham, were over to see the Lafayette game.

Paul Collins and Cheshire Webb spent Sunday on the Hill.

The 'Varsity defeated the A. & M. by the score of 30 to 3.

It is very probable that Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie will deliver the commencement address before the Alpha Theta Phi.

The base ball team took their Easter trip to Charlotte, where on Saturday they crossed bats with Clemson College, S. C. The score was 14 to 0 in our favor. On Monday they met Lehigh in Winston, where again Carolina won a very decided victory by a score of 13 to 2.

After a competitive contest, the following gentlemen were elected as scrub debaters. Against Georgia: R. W. Herring, '03, Phi, and M. H. Stacy, '02, Di. Against Vanderbilt: T. A. Adams, '02, Phi, and E. C. Willis, '01, Di.

Among those who went home Easter, were Busbee, Kenan, Ramsay, Cheshire, Gwyn, Gudger, Weil, Berkeley, Lassiter, Staton, Cox, Bass, Morehead, Bunn, Blue, Webb, McAden, Chisman and Smith.

J. J. London, '03, recently received an appointment to Annapolis. He left the Hill last week to stand the examination.

Mr. W. G. Peckham and son, of New York, are spending a few days in Chapel Hill.

Haywood and Bridgers have been on the sick list.

Mr. P. H. Winston, ex-'02, is on the Hill for a short visit.

Show your love for your Alma Mater and subscribe to the University Annual, "The Yackety Yack," which will be out early in May.

ANNUAL DEBATE.

The annual debate between the two societies took place in Gerrard Hall, Friday evening, March 14. The question for debate was, "Resolved: That the fifteenth amendment to our National Constitution should be repealed."

The affirmative was represented by Messrs. H. B. Short,

and J. E. Avent of the Phi Society, while the negative was argued by Messrs. N. R. Blackman and R. A. Merritt of the Di.

The decision of the committee was rendered in favor of the negative.

ELISHA MITCHELL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

At its regular monthly meeting, Tuesday evening, March 12th, papers were read by Prof. E. V. Howell, Dr. Whitehead and Dr. Baskerville.

Prof. Howell's paper was on "A true Antidote for Carbolic Acid." He made reference to some new and accidental experiments with Carbolic Acid.

Dr. Whitehead read a paper on "Yellow Fever and Mosquitos," giving some reports of the investigations of the government at the Marine Hospital in Cuba.

Dr. Baskerville gave some interesting statistics, and stated the condition of affairs in his paper on the "World's Production of Iron and Steel."

SHAKESPERE CLUB.

The Shakespere Club held its regular monthly meetings March 11.

The first paper was read by Mr. F. M. Osborne, whose subject was "Sidney, Lover and Poet." The paper was a study of the group of sonnets by Sidney, entitled "Astrophel and Stella."

Dr. Hume then read an interesting and instructive paper on "Sidney's Influence on English Prose Romance."

The last paper of the evening was read by Mr. J. C. B. Ehringhaus on "Ben Jonson's Type Comedy." Mr. Ehringhaus showed the complete fitness of Ben Johnson to write comedies and traced briefly an outline of the plot of the "Alchemist."

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The meeting of the Historical Society, on Tuesday evening March 19, was well attended and quite interesting. Instructive papers were read by Messrs. G. V. Roberts, N. R. Blackman, and Dr. Battle.

The subject of Mr. Blackman's paper was "A Chapter from the History of Prices in North Carolina." Mr. Blackman showed by comparison the difference in the prices today and a generation ago. He concluded that the general tendency for a hundred years had been to lower prices.

Mr. Roberts read a paper on "The Ku Klux Klan." He explained its origin, organization and object.

The third paper of the evening was read by Dr. Battle. It was a chapter from his "History of the University" now in preparation. The subject was "Chapel Hill Society eighty years ago." Dr. Battle also read a letter about Dr. Dred Phillips of Florida, an ante-bellum physician, who was a graduate of the University.

GEORGIA-CAROLINA DEBATE.

The fifth annual debate between the University of Georgia and the University of North Carolina was held in Athens, Ga., Friday night, April 5th. The subject for debate was "Resolved: That the combinations of capital commonly known as trusts are more injurious than beneficial."

Georgia, represented by Messrs. L. P. Goodrich, '02, and I. W. MacIntyre, '02, defended the affirmative, and North Carolina, represented by Messrs. D. P. Stern, '02, and R. R. Williams, '02, upheld the negative.

The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

The Atlanta Journal said of the debaters: "Such marshaling of facts and logic as every one of these young giants effected would do credit to veteran debaters. Seldom in the halls of National legislation is such strong, clean, clear and intelligent discussions heard as these young men gave last Friday night. They had studied the subject in all its bearings and had prepared arguments with consummate skill."

"Every Georgian who heard the debate was as proud of North Carolina as North Carolina would have been proud of the Georgians had the debate occurred at her University. The universal verdict was, that though one side won the decision, both sides were splendidly victorious."



CHARLES BRANTLEY AYCOCK.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

DORMAN THOMPSON, Editor.

We devote the entire space of the Alumni Department this month to a sketch of Governor C. B. Aycock, which we promised our readers in the last issue of the MAGAZINE. It will, without doubt, be read with interest. The article was written at our request by Hon. F. A. Daniels, of Goldsboro, the friend and law partner of Mr. Aycock. As befits a friend, he has written with deep feeling and earnestness of the character and life of this noble son of the University. Not only that, but he has done the work with literary skill. A longer introduction is superfluous. The sketch follows:

GOVERNOR C. B. AYCOCK.

BY F. A. DANIELS.

Charles Brantley Aycock, son of Benjamin and Serena Aycock, was born in Nahunta township, Wayne county, North Carolina, November 1, 1859, the youngest of a family of eight sons and two daughters, all of whom except one daughter reached maturity. The father, a farmer, as were all his ancestors, was a man whose high character, good sense and practical wisdom won and retained the esteem and confidence of the people of Wayne, whom he served as County Clerk and afterwards as State Senator during the sessions of 1864-'65 and 1865-'66. He was distinguished by great dignity of character, stern integrity and devout attachment to the Christian religion. He was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church, and stood in the first rank of a denomination which has given to the State many of its best citizens. He died suddenly in church while engaged in the worship of God, leaving to his children the memory

of a well spent life and an example they could not fail to emulate.

Serena Aycock, the mother of the subject of this sketch, was the daughter of Robert Hooks, of Wayne county, and inherited from her mother the strain of Quaker blood which gave her the grave, benignant manner, brevity of speech, gentleness of touch, and tenderness of affection which could never be forgotten by those who enjoyed her friendship, and from both parents that fidelity to duty and vigor of mind and body which carried her through a long life of toil and sacrifice, patiently and faithfully borne, and tenderly and lovingly requited, until having accomplished the full measure of her days, she went peacefully to her rest.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed."

The names Aycock and Hooks have stood for a century in Wayne as synonyms for industry, courage, and integrity.

Piety M., the only daughter of the family who grew up, married Captain James B. Edgerton, of Goldsboro, and died some years ago greatly lamented, leaving two children.

A son, Frank M. Aycock, served in the Confederate army, was a merchant and farmer, represented the county in the lower House in 1876 and 1877, and again in 1885, and died in 1888, universally loved and respected.

J. Robert, another son, a Confederate soldier, was engaged in business in South Carolina where his health became impaired and he returned to North Carolina to die. His resemblance to his father both in physical and mental traits was quite marked, and the gentleness of his manner and the amiability of his disposition greatly endeared him to all his associates.

Jesse, another son, a soldier in the Confederate army, spent his life on his farm, illustrating in private life the best qualities of citizenship, active and interested in all that made for the welfare of the State.

William, another son, is engaged in the turpentine business in the State of Florida, where he has won the success

which comes to industry coupled with intelligence and integrity.

John W., another son, lives on the old homestead, engaged in the management of his farm, rejoicing in the largeness of his crops, and intent on the improvement of his lands, but not unmindful of his duties as a citizen, a high type of the men who give strength and stability to the commonwealth.

Bardin, another son, a talented youth of singular purity and strength of character, died in early manhood.

Benjamin F., another son, a business man and farmer, represented his Senatorial district in the State Senate in the sessions of 1889, 1891 and 1893, and is a member of the present Senate.

He was the candidate of the Democratic party for State Treasurer in 1896 and made a most effective campaign. He is a strong speaker and a wise and experienced legislator.

Progressive, farsighted, diligent and painstaking, he has originated much of the important legislation of the past twelve years. It is not too much to say that no Senator has, during that period, contributed more to the enactment of wise and salutary laws or been moved by a more conscientious devotion to the highest interests of the people of the State.

At home, his good sense, kindness of heart, and constant helpfulness to every individual and cause which appeals to his judgment or his sympathy, have given him the respect and confidence of his constituents.

It was such parents and with such kindred that the boy began life. The home was a quiet one in which affection, order, industry and frugality were linked with clear thinking, directness of speech, devotion to duty, and deep religious conviction.

The community was wholly agricultural. The owners, or their fathers or grandfathers had cleared the lands and brought them into a fine state of cultivation. The crops are usually good because cultivated intelligently and indus-

triously. The largest land owner was capable of doing as much work as his best hired laborer and took pride in doing it. The farm hand who could keep pace with his employer in cotton chopping time was the recipient of warm congratulations. Work was looked upon as the first duty of man, and woe betide the luckless farmer who, forgetting the primal law of life, permitted his cotton to become grassy. If he escaped having his crop auctioned off to the highest bidder at the depot some Saturday evening, in the presence of his neighbors, it was only because he bound himself in the most solemn terms that the next Saturday should find it clean.

Prosperity smiled upon the community and as wealth accumulated more land was bought and larger crops were raised. The only investment regarded as wise was the purchase or improvements of land.

The population was homogeneous. The original settlers were of English stock. The scanty immigration came from the same source, and was confined to the occasional arrival of an individual or family from a neighboring county. They were a strong and vigorous people, independent, industrious and religious. They had not much of the culture derived from books, but they had a culture which cannot always be obtained from books. They were well informed on political questions, kept in touch with the great movements of their day, advocated and practiced as opportunity permitted the education of their children, exhibited a patriotic interest in the welfare of the country, and when soldiers were needed gave their best and bravest to die for their principles.

They were an undemonstrative people. Simplicity of life characterized them. "Deeds, not words," might have been written as their motto. They strove to be accurate and literal in their statements. Exaggeration or hyperbole was foreign to them. A flood was to them a tolerably heavy rain; an enormous crop, a fair yield; a great speech a good talk. If one was ill, he was "not very well," and if

he was well, he frequently described himself as "just up" or "so as to be about."

They had a courage of a high order, but never vaunted it. It was of the quiet sort that makes itself felt when occasion demands. A typical Nahunta man, whose company was charging the enemy in one of the battles of the war between the States, engrossed in the business in hand, went his steady gait in the direction of the foe, under a storm of shot, when, not hearing his comrades, he turned and looked to see what had become of them, and found they had stopped a hundred yards or more behind him. He yelled to them at the top of his voice, "Fellows, why don't you come on" and stood his ground until they came. He was never able to see the point of the compliment his Captain paid him in camp that night; his only feeling seemed to be one of good humored contempt for the "fellows" who wouldn't "come on."

The hospitality of the community was proverbial. It was kind and unostentatious, but open-handed. It was impossible to escape the kindly, cordial importunity extended on all sides, and it was no infrequent thing for twenty-five guests to sit down to dinner in one of the modest homes of that community.

It was expected, of course, that every man should take care of himself and his family, and in the rare instances in which this expectation was disappointed, the thriftless or lazy wight soon had it borne in upon him in some indefinable way, that his further stay was not desirable, and ere long took his departure. The tricky and dishonest felt the frown of public condemnation, and could not thrive in that pure atmosphere.

The hand of charity was always extended to the unfortunate, but only to the deserving. Indiscriminate giving was felt to be a wrong to the recipient as well as to the community.

When sickness or misfortune came the spirit of mutual helpfulness was a guaranty that no harm should come to

the afflicted one, and the neighbors volunteered to do the plowing, chop the cotton, or gather the crop as required.

There was in all classes a deep-seated regard for law and order and a strong attachment to democratic government. No more democratic community, both in principle and practice, could be found among civilized men, and coupled with this was the spirit of instant and determined opposition to misrule or oppression, which is always found where democratic principles dominate.

The virtues of this community are traceable in great part to the strong hold of religion upon the people. The Primitive Baptist faith, strongly Calvinistic, had many adherents, and was the controlling factor. Under its influence men and women, strong in faith and character, grew up, led public sentiment and gave tone to moral and social life.

If environment is one of the cooperative forces in determining character, surely the subject of this sketch was fortunate in the place of his birth, and in the people among whom his childhood and youth were passed.

As soon as he was strong enough he worked with his brothers on the farm and acquired a love for life in the open air that he still retains.

He attended school in the little village of Nahunta, now Fremont, where, under the instruction of the late William R. Williams, he made good progress. It was here, as an eager school boy, he heard his first political speech. A local preacher and politician stood on the platform of the railroad and warehouse and spoke to the people about the conditions that confronted them. He was a man of some gifts, and portrayed in strong language the evils of the times, and as the bare-footed school boy stood and listened, his heart burned within him and he felt that if he could make such a speech the ambition of his life would be achieved.

He worked on the farm during his vacations, and spent a year at school at Kinston where he made many friends, and

where he received from Rev. Joseph H. Foy, his preceptor, the encouragement and stimulus which roused his ambition and inspired him with confidence in his powers. He was sometime afterwards sent to the Wilson Collegiate Institute, where he was prepared for college. Here he was one of the best students, careful and diligent in preparation, fond of reading, and taking a leading part in the debating society. Here in the moot court of the society, associated with the writer, he defended his first murder case against the prosecution of Mr. Rudolph Duffy, now the able Solicitor of the Sixth Judicial District. It was noted at this period of his life that whenever he addressed an audience he received its undivided attention. His voice was not melodious and he was rather awkward in his movements, but when he rose to speak every person within reach of his voice listened until his conclusion. There was about him an earnestness, a sincerity and directness that seemed to compel attention. He enjoyed the confidence and respect of the faculty, his fellow students, and the citizens of the town, and won the love of the lady who afterwards became his wife.

He entered the University at the fall term of 1877. Here he devoted himself to completing the course in three years; his means being limited to the value of a farm inherited from his father, which he sold to pay his college expenses. He stood at the head of his class in Latin Composition and immediately won the affection of Dr. Winston, then Professor of Latin, by the ease with which he translated Latin into English. While pursuing the regular Ph.B. course he read widely and constantly. He soon took first rank as a debater in the Phi. Society, of which he was a member, and before his graduation he had no superior in the Society as a speaker. He was not fond of Mathematics but forced himself to master a distasteful subject. After an exciting contest in which he showed unusual qualities as a leader, he was elected Chief Marshal in 1878. At the Commencement in June following his election, whether by the procurement of some humorous friend or some jealous rival, or

by one of those accidents which defy explanation, as he led the procession, arrayed in all the glory of Chief Marshal, the band struck up the then popular tune, "See the Mighty Host Advancing, Satan Leading on," much to the amusement of his friends and somewhat to his discomfort. He was very popular at the University and made many friends in the village whose esteem and confidence he still enjoys.

He graduated in 1880, receiving the Willie P. Mangum medal for oratory and the Bingham Essayist's medal.

He had begun the study of law under Dr. Battle at the University and afterwards completed the course under the late A. K. Smedes at Golbsboro. While reading under Mr. Smedes he canvassed Wayne county for the Democratic ticket.

He began the practice of law at Goldsboro in January, 1881, associated with the writer under the firm name of Aycock & Daniels. This partnership was formed at Commencement, June 1880, and lasted without interruption until Mr. Aycock was inaugurated Governor in January last.

As a lawyer his success was marked from the beginning. He appeared in many of the most important and hotly contested cases in the counties of Wayne, Wilson, Johnson, Green, Duplin, Sampson, Lenoir and Pitt. A student of the law as well of human nature, a logical and well balanced mind, a large endowment of physical strength, a vocabulary enriched by familiarity with the highest models of speech, possessed of a sincere and virile eloquence that moved and convinced, he was a power before a jury whose effectiveness could not be underestimated. It was one of the experiences of a life-time to see him at his best as counsel for the defendant in a capital case, contesting every inch, watching every development, fighting the introduction of injurious evidence, protecting his client from every aspersion, and when the evidence was in, rising to the height of the argument, dissecting motive, exposing fal-

lacy, laying falsehood bare, and tearing away the mask of hypocrisy, with all the power of ridicule, sarcasm and invective; or constructing from the evidence an impregnable defense, fortifying it with every resource known to human ingenuity, and defending it with an eloquence so overwhelming that the assault was beaten down and the prisoner acquitted amid the plaudits of the court and spectators. To the gentlemen described by Judge Henderson as the "lay gents" a legal argument is proverbially dry and uninteresting, but Mr. Aycock's legal arguments were always attractive to the laity as well as to the Court. He clothed the most abstract proposition with so much of human interest that it was no longer a dry skeleton, but living flesh and blood.

His knowledge of the Bible, frequent and reverent use of its sacred texts, and the religious spirit which pervaded many of his speeches, gave them the appearance and effectiveness of the most powerful sermons.

After a practice extending over twenty years and embracing cases of every character, after hundreds of vigorously fought contests against the ablest and most resourceful lawyers of the State, no man can say of him that he ever fought other than a fair fight, or that he was ever wanting in loyalty to his clients or in affection to his brethren. His love of his profession, his high ideals and stainless record, his industry, ability, learning and eloquence entitle him to a high place in that goodly line of patriotic and conscientious lawyers who have been an honor to the State.

His interest in politics dates almost from his infancy. Before he was six years old his brothers returned from the army, and the task of reorganizing the government and providing for the safety of the people was a topic discussed around the fireside. The political and social conditions from 1865 to 1870 were full of peril, and patriotic men all over the State gave to their reformation their best thought and effort, and none were more interested or active in this

great work than Benjamin Aycock and his sons. The youngest son drank in all the discussions, and learned even in childhood that good government cannot be secured without the constant, unremitting effort of the citizen. So eager was he to learn that, on the occasion of a visit of the late William T. Dortch, too timid to sit in the presence of the distinguished visitor, he crawled under the front porch and listened until late into the night to the conversation between his father and that great man, and treasured in his memory the weighty matters they discussed.

Deeply moved by the great struggle going on about him to drive out of power the ignorant, incompetent and vicious and to bring back peace and good order, he grew up with a deep and lasting love of good government and the wise and just exercise of political power. As he grew in years the study of the political history of the country intensified his predilection for politics. Ardent in his temperament and full of youthful enthusiasm, before he was of age, he plunged into the contest, and in every campaign since 1880 he has borne a prominent part. In every county canvass his services were in demand. His speeches, full of strong arguments, scathing denunciation and passionate appeal, attracted the people and made him a popular campaigner. His campaigns will be long remembered in Wayne, where his powers are most highly appreciated, and where the people think no other man can make so good a speech.

His reputation brought invitations from the neighboring counties, to which he responded, and he was soon recognized as the most effective campaign speaker in his section of the State, and in the Presidential campaign of 1888 he was the nominee of his party for District Elector. His opponent was Hon. Oscar J. Spears, of Harnett. They made a thorough canvass of the district and engaged in many joint discussions. Mr. Spears was a strong and experienced speaker and the debates between them were vigorous, sharp and interesting, but constantly marked by mutual courtesy and respect.

Always a strong debater, this campaign strengthened Mr. Aycock's powers and developed his sense of humor, of which his earlier speeches, earnest, serious and intense, had given little indication. The next four years added to his growing reputation and in 1892 he received the nomination of the Democratic party for Elector-at-large.

This high honor brought with it a great responsibility. It came at a time when, owing to a difference of opinion growing out of national questions, a large number of Democrats left their party and united with the newly organized Populist party.

This was the beginning of the division of the white voters of the State which eventually resulted in bad government, violence and bloodshed, to remedy which an important amendment to the constitution was, later, proposed and adopted. Mr. Aycock, in common with many thoughtful men of the State, foresaw the coming evil and sought to avert it. Opposed to him as the Populist nominee for Elector-at-Large was Mr. Marion Butler, of Sampson, the editor of the *Caucasian*, the organ of a great farmers' organization known as the Farmers' Alliance, most of whose members joined the Populist party.

Mr. Butler had been president of the Alliance, was very popular with its members, and was the leader of the new party. He had youth, ambition, ability, shrewdness, capacity for organization, skill in debate and the unanimous support of his enthusiastic followers.

A series of appointments was arranged for joint discussion between the opposing Electors-at-Large, and together they spoke in many of the counties of the State.

Two opponents could not have differed more in temperament, training, and method. Their appointments were attended by great crowds, and the Democratic candidate more than measured up to the expectation of his friends. His speeches, marked by a decided advance in style, delivery and effectiveness, impressed the people with his fairness,

wisdom and conservatism, and demonstrated his greatness in debate. He was appointed in 1893 United States District Attorney for the Eastern District, and discharged the duties of the office with conspicuous ability and fidelity.

In the campaigns of 1894 and 1896 he spoke in many counties, and in the great campaign of 1898 he rendered the most able and effective service.

He was challenged to meet Hon. Cyrus Thompson, the Populist nominee for Secretary of State, in joint debate at Concord and at Hood Swamp. The papers of the day contain a full account of the meeting at Concord. The writer heard the discussion at Hood Swamp, a country precinct in Wayne.

Dr. Thompson is probably the best furnished speaker in the Populist party. He has wit in abundance, is well informed, master of satire, quick at repartee; he is a dangerous opponent. But Mr. Aycock was tremendous. If there was a weapon of warfare that he did not use it must have been obsolete. There was not a joint in his enemy's armor that he failed to find and pierce. There was no argument that was not met, no wit that was not matched, no invective that was not equalled. His opening was so full of matter so strongly put together that it was unanswerable, and his rejoinder to the inadequate reply was crushing. It was a memorable scene, and one that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The conditions which produced the campaign of 1898 and which followed or grew out of it, so affected the public mind that the submission of a suffrage amendment to the constitution was demanded, and the Legislature at its session in 1899 submitted to the people an amendment which will eventually result in basing the suffrage on an educational qualification.

The need of a man who could arouse the people and secure the adoption of this amendment turned all eyes to the young leader whose abundant labors, eloquent tongue, splendid ability and purity of life had won the hearts of

the people, and he was given a unanimous nomination as the candidate of the Democratic party for the high office of Governor.

The campaign of 1900 is a part of our current history. Beginning in the Spring and continuing through the hottest period of the year, the candidate for Governor made more than a hundred speeches, visited all sections of the State and did a work that required almost superhuman endurance. Everywhere the people thronged to hear him. His speeches were vote winners. Democrats, Populists and Republicans listened to his convincing arguments and his lofty eloquence as he appealed for peace and order and good government made permanent by law, and lost sight of their differences in their determination to settle once for all the question that had brought turmoil, strife and bloodshed upon the commonwealth.

In a State that has produced Mangum, Vance, Ransom and a host of great public speakers, it would be ungracious and possibly extravagant to say that the speeches delivered by Mr. Aycock in the last campaign were the greatest ever heard by the people of North Carolina, but certainly it may be written that, measured by results, they were more potent than any to which this generation has listened. The sincerity of the man, his honesty of purpose, his devotion to the best interests of the people, and his deep sympathy with all that uplifts and ennobles humanity are the mainsprings of his power. His wonderful and moving eloquence is but the instrument through which a sound head and a good heart find an adequate utterance.

The response of the voters to the great appeal was registered in a majority the largest ever given to a candidate for Governor in North Carolina, and the amendment was ratified by a majority almost as large.

On January 15, 1901, there was a great outpouring of people to witness the inauguration of Governor Aycock, and thousands listened to his inaugural address which will always rank with the wisest and most patriotic of our State papers.

He begins his administration at the opening of a new era in our history, and under propitious skies. A freer and more wholesome atmosphere greets the new century, and in its earliest years will be inaugurated the great reforms which will guarantee peace, good order, progress, and the best fruits of civilization, to the attainment of which he has so ably and so strenuously contributed.

In his private life he is simple, generous and affectionate. He finds his highest pleasure in the society of his wife and children. He married in 1881 Varina D. Woodard, daughter of Elder William Woodard, of Wilson county, who died in 1890, leaving two children. In 1891 he married Cora L. Woodard, a sister of his deceased wife. He has seven children.

No man has stronger or more devoted friends, and no man is truer or more unselfish in his friendship.

The friend of public education, he advocated the establishment of the Goldsboro Graded Schools, and has been for years chairman of the Board of Trustees of that institution. He believes in the education of all the people, and from the time of his service as County Superintendent in 1881, he has not ceased to advocate in speech and in print increased facilities for the public schools.

The University, his *alma mater*, has no more loyal son. Her history, her growth, her prosperity and her usefulness are to him, in common with the thousands who have experienced her nourishing care, a theme for gratitude and an incitement to lofty aspirations and noble deeds.

The
North Carolina
University Magazine,

PUBLISHED SIX TIMES DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR
BY THE

⌘ *Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies.* ⌘

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JAS. K. HALL,
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J. C. B. EHRLINGHAUS,
Business Manager.

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NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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THE CONGRESSIONAL CAREER OF VANCE.

BY M. H. STACY.

BEFORE attempting to speak of the Congressional career of Vance it is well that we should acquaint ourselves with his previous political life and get as satisfactory a clue as we can of the circumstances that made his subsequent career in Congress a possibility.

Vance's first appearance in public life was his election for solicitor of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions of the county of Buncombe. His competitor for this position was A. S. Merrimon, afterwards distinguished in the history of our State. In the following year, 1854, Vance was nominated and elected to the lower house of the State Legislature. In this body were many distinguished men, two of whom it was his lot to meet afterwards in debate and political contest, David Coleman and Thos. Settle. After Vance's return from Raleigh, at the next election, he was a candidate for State Senator, but was defeated by Col. David Coleman.

In a short time, 1858, Gen. Clingman was appointed by the Governor to the U. S. Senate, and Vance became a candidate for Congress. His competitor for this place was Waightstill Avery. This district had formerly been Whig but under the leadership of Gen. Clingman the majority had been reversed. It seemed almost like foolishness for a young man only twenty-eight years old to aspire

against such odds. But after a hard canvass, the result of the election showed a majority of 3,700 in Vance's favor.

In this Congress, on account of his age, Vance sat for the most part as a listener and learner rather than a participator in the debates. On Feb. 4, 1859, he made a motion to strike out "for miscellaneous items \$40,000" from the report of the Committee on Revolutionary Claims, and made his first speech in Congress in favor of his motion as follows:

"I should like to know what is to enlarge the borders of the Thirty-sixth Congress above the borders of the present Congress. As a member of the present Congress, I do not feel inclined to yield the point that my successor, whoever he may be, will be 25 per cent. a greater man than I am myself. I do not think that he is entitled to \$10,000 more for miscellaneous items than I am myself, and I am in favor of striking out this clause. This whole bill reminds me very much of the bills I have seen of fast young men at fashionable hotels: For two days' board, \$5.00; sundries, \$50.00. It is like a comet, a very small body and an exceedingly great tail, flaming over half the heavens. But this miscellaneous item, which I propose to strike out, is not exactly like the tail of a comet, because philosophers say that with a good telescope you can see through the tail of a comet. What glasses will enable us to see through this miscellaneous item? I should like to know what it is for, what it is intended for, and why we are to increase it \$10,000 beyond last year?"

I have cited this instance to show the characteristic style of Vance. "Great economic problems passed through his fertile brain and came out to the people as a joke." But Vance was not all fun, and on Feb. 7, he addressed the Committee of the Whole House on Tariff, Public Lands, and Pensions for the Soldiers of 1812, in one of the most logical and masterly speeches of the whole session. In this he advocated a tariff for revenue only, spoke against the sale of public lands for improvements in certain States

at the expense of others, and advocated very earnestly a sufficient pension for the soldiers of the war of 1812.

Vance was elected to the 36th Congress, which met in December, 1859. This was the last before secession. The greater part of this was consumed in the election of a Speaker. There was a deadlock until the 44th ballot when Pennington of New Jersey was elected. During all this balloting Vance made one of his characteristic speeches, as follows:

"I hope the House will indulge me in a single remark, especially in consideration of the fact that I have not trespassed upon its attention from the commencement of the session until this time. I hope I have shown by the votes that I have recorded here in this contest that I am willing to assist in the election of any man upon a conservative and national basis, which phrase I am certain the House has never heard before. I have voted for a Lecompton Democrat. I have voted for those who did not approve of the Lecompton bill. I have voted for an anti-administration Democrat. And if there is any other member of that great prolific Democratic family that I have neglected, I hope they will trot him out and give me an opportunity to vote for him. And now, sir, I am willing to exhibit the same national conservative spirit by voting for Mr. Scott, of California. I vote for him, knowing that he will not be elected on this ballot and my vote will do him no good. But yesterday, when my gallant friend from Tennessee (Mr. Maynard) was nominated, forty-five Democrats, members of this House, laid down their party prejudice and voted for him, and it shall not be said to-day, when Mr. Scott, a Democrat, a national conservative one, I hope, was nominated, there was not found one Whig to return the compliment. I vote for Charles L. Scott."

In this session, Vance was placed on the standing committee of Revolutionary Claims. His last utterance as a member of the House of Representatives was a happy pun on the name of the county of his birth. He said: "I sup-

pose that as Congress has for forty years been making speeches for buncombe, there will be no objection to Buncombe making a speech for herself. I, therefore, offer a resolution from Buncombe county, North Carolina, in relation to the state of the country and ask that it be referred to the proper committee."

We pass over now the long period of the Civil War, in which Vance was serving his State as Governor.

His next appearance in Congress was in 1879 as Senator. He was the nominee of his party for this position in 1870 and was elected, but the Senate refused to admit him on account of his part in the Civil War. In 1872 he was again a candidate for the Senate, but was defeated by a union of Republicans and some bolting Democrats.

In the Senate, Vance was no figure-head, His speeches often abounded in wit, but deeper than that, they show a maturer study of the great problems of the day. He was especially and particularly the champion of the South in those days when the South was misunderstood.

Vance made one of his most earnest speeches in defence of the South when the Senate was considering a bill making appropriations for the executive, legislative, and judicial expenses of the government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880. This was a terrific arraignment of the Republican party for the way the South had been treated during the reconstruction period. It was a strong plea for non-interference with elections by the Federal officers.

When the McKinley tariff bill was before the Senate, Vance was a member of the Finance Committee and was the leader of the opposition to its passage. In no way was his influence more marked than in the work he did in committee rooms.

On Jan. 30, 1890, Vance made his famous speech on the "Negro Problem." Of all his many speeches, there is none that shows a broader view or a greater desire for justice and fair play than this, and it is eminently one of the master efforts upon this perplexing political problem.

His last great effort was on Sept. 1, 1893, against the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Silver Act. This was the forerunner of the spirit of his party and was to a great extent a determinant factor in shaping the platform of the Democratic Party at Chicago in 1896 in regard to the silver plank.

This is something, in a general way, of Vance's Congressional career. It is impossible in a short discussion of this kind to enumerate the minutia of his public life, but if we may know his attitude on the vital issues of the day his heroic championship for what he believed to be right, then we may have some appreciation of why in North Carolina he is called "The Tribune of the Common People."

COLLEGE COMITY.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGES.

BY DR. EBEN ALEXANDER.

THE subject is a trifle vague. I am not sure that I know just what it means, and on what lines it was intended that it should be treated; however, we teachers talk so learnedly to our pupils of matters about which we know very little, that we ought to be willing to listen with some degree of patience to each other.

I suppose that college comity was meant to include the relations of friendly courtesy between colleges. It is a pity that any relations other than friendly should be thought possible among teachers, but it is only two days since the anniversary of Washington's birth, and the truth must be told. Colleges do not always have that friendly interest in one another which they ought to have. I hardly know why—possibly, because faculties are rarely made up of angels. Professional jealousy is not peculiar to teachers. Even the Rev. Mr. Cassock does not bubble over with joy when he hears that his colleague has preached to an immense congregation, while he had only a few people to listen to his words, which he knows were splendidly eloquent. Dr. A may be very fond of Dr. B, but he is seldom delighted when he sees that Dr. B's practice is better than his own. Lawyers, editors, carpenters, rich and poor—all of us—have mild or malignant attacks of jealousy. It is like the letter "I" in the conundrum: All have it; Luke had in front, Paul had it behind, and poor old Mrs. Mulligan had it twice in the same place. Happy the man who has it only twice, and then puts it out of his life for ever and ever.

Each of us needs all of the helpful, hearty sympathy that he can get from his fellow-workers in his own college and in other colleges. In the long run, unselfish sympathy is a better stepping-stone to decent success than a stepping stone made by tramping down each other's reputations and

interests. We hear too much of this sort of thing: "Why, I was amazed at the low standard of work in Arabic at Blank College. In their senior year they read no more than we require for admission to the freshman class." Perhaps they do. As long as they tell the truth about it, however, let them alone. The truth is mighty and will —, I was going to say, will prevail, but sometimes it does not prevail to an alarming extent until one has gone to his quiet resting place. At any rate, we can do more for the upbuilding of Arabic learning, if, instead of talking about the low standard of Blank College, we try to give it such sympathetic aid as may be in our power. If no way of helping appears, we can, at least, render the sympathy of silence or the sympathy of truth. An opportunity for real help will, in most cases, be easy to find, if we look for it. The profession of kindly helpers is not at present overcrowded. This association is likely to do very much good by bringing us college men together. It is a good thing for us to know each other; to talk about the work which each of us is trying to do as best he can, about our difficulties, and the remedies for them—about anything. As far as this particular object goes, it makes no difference what we talk about. Of course, we know already that each one of us receives the most inadequate salary, and does harder work than any other professor in the State. It is just as well to say nothing on this subject. We talk to our wives about it all day Saturday and Sunday. They are the only persons on earth who believe us. Sometimes I am not perfectly confident that they do.

But, as I was saying, the getting acquainted with each other is what we want most of all. If we know each other personally, and once come to understand each other, the road to friendly relation will be smooth and easy to travel. We all know the good old old pessimist, who says that everything is going to the dogs, that ninety-nine hundredths of the inhabitants of the world are scoundrels, but the people and things coming within his own knowledge are un-

failingly all right. He only needs to know everybody to be changed from a hard-hearted pessimist into the kindest of optimists.

We are too poor to visit other colleges very often, if at all. I submit as a pleasing suggestion that the institutions of the State confer honorary degrees on the members of the faculties of their sister institutions. And if they will kindly pay the expenses of the visiting recipients, all the better.

The good work done by the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly in bringing about friendly relations among teachers in our colleges, as well as in our schools, cannot be too highly commended. For one, I gratefully acknowledge that the Teachers' Assembly has taught me more, not in the way of knowledge perhaps, but in what is far better than knowledge, than I know how to express. Those of us who do not attend its meetings fail to avail ourselves of one of the best means of mutual help.

I believe that some of our colleges have done injury to themselves and to other institutions by declaring their opposition to intercollegiate athletics. This opposition comes apparently not from our college Faculties, who know what is the true state of the case in regard to athletics, but mainly from friends of the colleges, who are honest in thinking that they know, but who are surely mistaken. Anybody who speaks from experience, covering a proper time from which to reach just conclusions, will say that there is good in rightly managed college athletics, and greater good in intercollegiate athletics. I am speaking now merely of athletics as a means of bringing our colleges into another kind of friendly rivalry. And all of our rivalry—there cannot be too much of it for our own good—ought to be friendly.

It is the easiest thing in the world to grow narrow-minded. Most of us are born that way. It is not a bad thing for each of our institutions, while clinging to its own worthy traditions, which have made it what it is, to grow

broader-minded, broader in every way, as we profit by the experience of the men from other institutions who become members of our faculties from time to time. Other people may have wisdom. Now and then they may have almost as much as we have ourselves. Broad-mindedness is one of the solidest foundations on which to build college comity. When we can see the good that is in other institutions, our own will be none the worse for admitting it and for showing hearty appreciation of it.

There is no real difference between college comity and that gentle courtesy which makes a gentleman. Cardinal Newman was right when he said that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never willingly inflicts pain. Put yourself in his place, is one of the best precepts which we can carry about with us for constant use. We may be willing to put ourselves in another man's place, if he has a better salary than we have, otherwise, it is not at all times an easy thing to do.

But there is a better rule than this. We are prone to forget it, though we learned it by heart long ago. It is a glorious rule, and the man who lives by it need never fear that he is failing to be courteous in his college relations, or in any other relations of this life; he need not fear even to die. It is amazing that some church has not made this rule its cardinal doctrine, even if transubstantiation, or some other doctrine, must be given a lower place to make room for it. It is the simple old rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them."

BEFORE THE MAYOR.

ALL the facts alluded to in the following sketch are actually true.

At the request of Mrs. Nancy Watkins I issued a warrant against her husband, John Watkins, for disorderly conduct. The parties live about two miles from town and came into my office the next morning with the Chief of Police, who stated that Watkins had been drunk in town, and I asked the defendant what excuse he had. His wife broke in, her sad pinched face carrying conviction with it; small and very delicate she was, too.

“Yes, Mr. Watkins, tell the Mayor what excuse you have got. You just ain’t got no excuse. I can’t stand it any longer, and I have come to the Mayor to do something for me. I know he will, if anybody can. I’ll tell you how it was myself, Mr. Mayor. You know how Mr. Watkins does, how he keeps on getting drunk and leaves me to support the whole family, and we have five little children and the oldest one 12 years old, is the only one who can help me. We had to quit farming because Mr. Watkins would not work and we moved to town and I kept a boarding house and Watkins behaved so that he ran all my boarders away; you remember that, Mr. Mayor, and we moved out in the country again and I bought a steer and a cart on time and I have been selling wood in town. My little boy brings the wood in and I come in every Saturday and collect the money for it. I try to do all I can for Mr. Watkins, and just to give him work and to keep him out of town I hires him to cut the wood, paying him just the same I would have to pay a nigger, and I pay him forty cents every night after he gets through. Well, yesterday he came in town and collected all my wood money—two dollars and forty cents—and got drunk and spent every cent of it, and I am owing a dollar of it now on my steer and the balance

I need to buy meat with for the children. That's his excuse."

"Now, Mary, I told you I only spent forty cents, and fifteen tramps caught me going home and took the other from me, everybody knows that the country is full of tramps; now, Nancy, tell the Mayor, if I didn't tell you that?"

"Of course you told me that, and you can tell everybody in the world the same thing and nobody would believe you, you know you never saw a tramp. I just can't stand it, it ain't right, and I know the Mayor will help me like he did before: the last time we had you up before the Mayor he fined you so much that you couldn't pay it and had to stay away from town for eighteen months and you kept sober, too, except at cider time. Now, Mr. Mayor, I have not got a thing against him, but if something ain't done I can't support the children, and besides, he will get as bad as he was before you come here."

"Now, Nancy, don't be hard on me."

"Hard on you, you are hard on yourself. You remember the time you went to Tom Smith and asked him to give you some brandy, and he was trying to learn dentistry and told you that he would give you a quart of brandy if you would let him pull out four of your teeth, and you agreed to it, and opened your mouth like a whale and let him pull out four of the best teeth you had, you know you did, for you staid drunk on it a week: and then you went back and he caught you at night breaking into his still house and he came very near shooting you for a thief and made you sit on his front steps all day telling everybody what you had been doing, and I don't know who was the worst, him for pulling your teeth out, or you for letting him do it; and it makes me cry to think of your being so hoggish, and he was postmaster of Sandy Knob, too, and I wonder if the Government knowed what sort of man he was."

The Mayor adopted the suggestion and banished him

terra marique, that is to say, fined him and instructed the officer to give him five minutes to get out of town in, and to send him to jail the first time he made his appearance in town. And the brave little woman went off to her home, weak and feeble and very slight in form, but full of the same dogged Anglo-Saxon spirit that threw back Napoleon's grenadiers at Waterloo and remoulded the map of Europe. And John, why John is on the black list, and if you want to see him, you will have to look for him in the country: he will tell you the difference between woman's rights and woman's wrongs and explain to you that—

“A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day that she is made a bride.”

THE COLLEGE STAIRS.

BY W.

Ye are old, and soiled, and sunken;
They have worn ye smooth and thin,—
The feet of the generations
Over ye, day out, day in.

There are some that still awaken
The echoes of many a spot:
Some that are firm and lusty,
And some—Oh! some that are not.

Over ye, some have tramped to splendor,
And some to splendor of soul:
Contentment hath come to many:
To a few hath been meted dole.

Ye are old, and soiled, and sunken,
With the years' unceasing beat:
Ye are smooth, and thin, and hollowed
With the tread of aspiring feet.

WHAT THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA SAID TO THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY Z. B. VANCE.*

IN the olden times of our Statehood, before the steam engine bullied the earth with thunderous stroke and reduced space to a mere matter of time; when whiskey with sugar was five cents a glass and all backs were turned as the glass was filled; and when a white man was considered as good as a negro, if he behaved himself,—the Governor of North Carolina took it into his head one day to pay a long-promised visit to his neighbor, the Governor of South Carolina. So he put a clean shirt and pair of socks in his saddlebags, mounted his horse and rode away through the pine forests toward the South. Diligently following his nose in this direction, in due time he came to the home of his brother Governor, where he was received with all the honors of genuine Southern hospitality. When asked how he was, his characteristic reply was, "Thank you, Governor, I am tired, sleepy, hungry and sober." The host cordially assured him that he could remedy all these.

Next day dinner was served at 12 o'clock as the horn blew for the hands to come in, and after it was over the two Governors retired to the shade of the long back porch, where corn-cob pipes, with long twists of home-grown tobacco, awaited them. There in the long soft afternoon, reclining in easy split-bottom rockers, they lolled and smoked and talked the hours away. Betwixt the twain on the floor sat a brimming pitcher of apple toddy, with the mellow roasted fruit impudently floating on the surface of the divine tipple. From time to time this aided and en-

* This story was handed to the MAGAZINE by Dr. K. P. Battle. He discovered it among the many old papers of his department. How it got there no one knows, but even were the signature lacking one could easily guess that it was written by Vance.—ED.

livened the conversation. They talked of the comparative excellencies and advantages of their respective States, of the price of cotton, of horse-racing and runaway negroes; and as they talked they smoked, and as they smoked they drank. They speculated on the coming glories of the country; they pledged eternal friendship to each other personally, and vowed to preserve all neighborly courtesies between the two Carolinas, sisters forever and forever, amen! Now and then they would doze in their easy chairs under the mellow influence of their happy surroundings, and on waking up would indignantly deny having been asleep, and take another drink to prove their wakefulness. And thus things went on.

Now, it happened that the Governor of South Carolina had a wife, as all good governors should have, on the principle of the old maxim that he who aspires to govern should first learn to obey—and her name was Betsey Jane. She well knew the failing of *her* Governor, and she easily guessed that the visiting Governor was tarred with the same stick. Quietly watching proceedings, she at length concluded that these two old cocks were about as full as they could well hold without slopping over, and it was time to stop. Watching her opportunity, during a rather protracted doze, she slipped away the pitcher, still half full, and inserted in its place a piggin of cool spring water with a clean yellow gourd hanging on the handle. But the instincts of nature are infallible. Though sound asleep the Governor of North Carolina *felt* that something was wrong—a lack of spirit, as it were—every nerve in him cried out against the presence of a hostile element, and he awoke. His perturbed soul had not deceived him; the pitcher of toddy was gone!

He immediately awakened his host, who cautiously inquired, "What is the matter?"

"Don't you see what's the matter?" said the guest, looking indignantly at the piggin and the gourd.

"Indeed, I see nothing wrong," said the now distressed

host. "Please tell me what is the matter, my dear Governor."

"The devil you say! Nothing wrong, indeed! I go to sleep with a pitcher of toddy before me; I wake up and find a piggin of spring water, and the Governor of South Carolina tells me in his own house that he sees nothing wrong in that! Well, well! All I have to say, sir," said the Governor of North Carolina, rising with a very great, but rather unsteady dignity, "is that it is a d——d long time between drinks."

"Oh," said the Governor of South Carolina, as the situation flashed on him, "I see. That's Betsey Jane. She means stop, and we're done for to-day. I am sorry I can't bring that pitcher back. I humbly beg your pardon, Governor; but may be you know how it is yourself."

The offended dignity of the Governor of North Carolina dissolved slowly into a genial smile of intelligent comprehension, and solemnly winking one eye he fell—either upon the neck of his host or upon the porch floor, and tradition does not say which—exclaiming, "You bet, old boy, you bet."

And that's how it came about. Throughout all that Southern land, tradition has wickedly repeated and kept alive the saying of the Governor of North Carolina as a convenient mode of jogging the memory or stimulating the flagging hospitality of a host, but has failed to embalm in human memory the righteous providence and wifely virtue of Betsey Jane, the spouse of the Governor of South Carolina.

For nigh onto a hundred years the saying has been a faithful one and worthy of all acceptance in our country; that is to say, it has been faithfully repeated all that time and everything offered in response thereto has been universally accepted, either straight or with sugar.

SOME TYPES OF DEGENERATION.

BY J. W. TURRENTINE.

THE zoologist's study is the study of variety in the animal kingdom; variety has for its explanation the theory of evolution, which, to the mind of the layman, is the theory that men are descended from apes. To the mind of the student upon first acquaintance it is the theory that all animals are undergoing, from generation to generation, a process of development or evolution to higher forms, an elaboration, a process of higher specialization of the organs and nervous functions, and of the self-adaptation of the animals to more varied and complex conditions of existence and to higher modes of life and habits. This is evolution, but only in its larger phase. The laws, which are set forth by the theory, in their workings bring about other results than this. In the selection by Nature of those individuals best fitted to live and to propagate their kind, the race in many cases goes through a process of backward growth in which the organisms become adapted to less varied and less complex conditions, and finds itself finally degenerated far below the exalted position it once occupied in the kingdom of animals. But it has been following as strictly the laws of evolution as have its more fortunate brother races which have developed upward. For Nature chooses those that are best adapted for winning in the struggle for life, and, under particular conditions it may happen that simplicity of organization, a relatively low structure, is the result of this selection.

Degeneration as applied to animal races,—and that is the application in which the process is considered—means a backward evolution, a down-growth. The race loses powers, or organs, or functions of organs it once possessed and comes, in many cases, to occupy a place in life far below that of its brother races.

Speaking more correctly, the individuals of a race in

some instances lose the use of only one organ, either of locomotion or of digestion or of sense. In others the whole organism undergoes a complete metamorphosis in which all locomotive organs are lost, or are so changed that they are no longer organs; the digestive system is both reduced and simplified, and the sense organs are almost obliterated, until we find the adult animal merely an arrangement for reproduction. Yet it still continues to exist, fulfils the one chief condition that Nature demands of it,—that is, to reproduce its kind.

But how do we know that this animal, this animated but helpless sack of eggs, was ever any higher in the scale of animal perfection than it is now? How do we know that it has degenerated?

Here again is where the zoologist is dependent upon evolution for an explanation. In the development of the animal from the egg, the ancestral history of the race is recapitulated and in this are seen the facts of degeneration.

In the development of the embryo, the stages are represented through which the race went in its course of evolution from the primary one-celled condition, represented by the one-celled egg, up until it reached a level equal to that of its kindred races, and down to the condition of the degenerate adult.

But why do animals give up those powers which, it seems to us, are essential to the completion of life? The simplest answer is that certain parts of animals become no longer needed, are no longer used and, because of disuse, atrophy and disappear and are lost to the race. This is simple and inviting but, though logical, is misleading. Nature does not in any case create without purpose, and when an organ of an animal becomes useless it does disappear, but the one is not the reason for the other. That is how we are misled. We may take the dog as a subject and lop off his tail for generation after generation, and still the descendants will possess tails as much as did the ancestors with

which we started. So, it is evident, degeneration is a problem that cannot be solved by tail-lopping.

But were the dog-fancier to undertake to produce a race of tailless dogs he would choose from his kennel those individuals to breed from which have the shortest tails; and since the characteristics of the parent are inherited by the offspring, the young of these would have their caudal appendages more or less shortened. Thus in several generations it would be possible for the breeder to produce a marked change in his race of dogs. If this could be accomplished in a few generations, how much more could a race be changed were the selection of the breeders carried on through thousands and even millions of generations!

Yet, that is just what has been going on in the world since the first creation of life, with Nature acting as the selector.

It is clear, therefore, since a characteristic acquired by an individual during its life cannot be inherited by the offspring, but it is only the slight inherited variations between the individuals of a generation that can be transmitted to the descendant,—it is clear that natural selection is the law that controls evolution and, therefore, degeneration.

Let us take as a working example the blind fish of the Mammoth Cave. Normally, a fish, in procuring its food, and in detecting its enemies, is dependent to a great degree upon the keenness of its eyesight; and in the struggle for existence those will survive which are best fitted for that struggle. In this way the keen-sighted individuals are chosen by natural selection and they bring forth a keen-sighted race. But when the fish have taken up their abode in the pitchy dark waters of the underground caverns, where eyes are worse than useless, eye-sight is no longer a prize to be striven for. Henceforth those with poor eyes have chances in the struggle for existence equal to those with good eyes, and probably a better chance, for the lack of good eyes may have been made up by a higher develop-

ment of some other sense; and the result is that a race of fish is produced with eyes constantly degenerating from generation to generation, until the blind fish is the outcome.

While the great primary cause of degeneration is the action of the law of natural selection, the more immediate causes are self-preservation, change of habitat, change of food and the adoption of a sedentary mode of life. The action of self-preservation on evolution produces reduction in the size of the animal. Reduction in size shields it from the eyes of a devouring enemy. This phase of degeneration has representatives in many groups,—the minute, inconspicuous, and often microscopic ones, and because minute, they have limited needs for the organs of respiration, excretion, circulation and digestion. A less elaborate nervous system is sufficient and, too, reduced locomotive organs. Here, almost the entire organism is fundamentally changed by degeneration.

A large influence is had, again, upon evolution by change of habitat. Of this the blind fish, above spoken of, is the best example. Another illustration is the apteryx, a bird of New Zealand, found inhabiting holes dug in the ground for nests and shelter. At night the bird issues from its hiding place to seek food. This is found entirely in the ground; the long beak of the bird is used to probe the soft earth and to extract the favorite worms. For this reason the bird forsook its natural home in the trees and took up its abode on the ground, which furnished food and comparative freedom from enemies. The wings thus became useless and a hindrance to the bird's rapid gliding through the undergrowth, degenerated consequently, and were lost. Now, a mere concealed rudiment, yet possessing the structure of a wing, is all that is left to the bird. This degeneration is brought about immediately by change of habitat; change of habitat by change of food. This case serves as a transition to the consideration of the next cause, change of food.

In the greatest degree has change of food acted upon evolution to produce degeneration. This is readily understood since it is for the capture of food that many of the sense and locomotive organs are developed; and when natural selection can no longer act on these, because the food no longer has to be worked for but is provided through some other agencies, then these organs degenerate. In one instance the animal, a small flat worm, one of the *Convoluta*, has acquired the power of feeding on the carbonic acid dissolved in the water around him. This is accomplished by means of minute green bodies, similar to those possessed by green leaves. These are used by this flat worm in the same way as green plants use them to make, with the aid of sunshine, starch from the absorbed carbonic acid gas. So, all he is required to do is to bask lazily in the sunshine and allow the chlorophyll to manufacture food from the abundant carbonic acid gas. This leads to degeneration;—locomotive and digestive processes are both unneeded and are, therefore, taken away.

But among the parasitic and quasi-parasitic animals this effect is best seen. In many cases the food is provided already digested, this, of course, leading to a degenerate digestive system. Thus the animal with both digestive, locomotive and sensory organs gone, becomes a mere sac of reproductory elements. This occurs most often among the Crustacea.

The characteristic mode of development of Crustacea is complicated. The larva, called the nauplius, when hatched has a small oval body with three pairs of appendages which serve for taste, the prehension of food, and locomotion. Metamorphosis continues, accompanied at intervals by moults in which the growing larva casts off its too small skin, until the adpendages and segmented body of the adult is acquired.

In the case of a characteristic parasitic crustacean, the *Chondracanthus*, the larva begins its life as the nauplius with its three pairs of appendages and an eye. The alter-

ations undergone in the course of its development, which are marked by moults, are the acquisition of fresh appendages and an enlargement of the body, together with a differentiation of segments. But instead of running its course the development is arrested and degeneration begins. In the adult there is nothing to suggest the relationship to the crustacea except the characteristic egg sac; and were it not for the recapitulation undergone by the larva, the proper classification of the form would be impossible. The body is unsegmented, the eye is lost, the antennae serve as hooks for attachment to the host, and the other appendages appear as crinkled lobes. Thus a helpless mass attached to the gill of a fish, fit only to suck nutritive juices from its host and to bear eggs, it ends its life, its sole purpose being to leave to the world some of its accursed kind.

There is found among crustacea an example of degeneration from another cause, the mere adoption of a sedentary mode of life. This is the attractive little goose-barnacle that is found attached to ships' bottoms or piles below low tide mark. The barnacle as a true crustacean, leaves the egg as the nauplius. After several months, the larva, now grown to a considerable size, enters upon the cypris stage of development. The skin, by a reduplication, has formed a bivalve shell, thro' the gaping anterior edges of which the appendages are protruded to produce locomotion, forming a close resemblance to the little cypris, one of the water fleas. An anterior appendage has become a four-jointed antenna, the extreme point of which has become large and disk-like and contains the opening of a cement gland. Two large eyes are acquired in addition to the first simple one. and the larva, by means of its protruding, swimming feet, moves freely from place to place.

But soon the larva fixes itself by its cement-charged disks to some solid body and then rapidly metamorphoses into the degenerate adult. The head grows and changes into the supporting stalk, the eyes disappear since no long-

er needed, the mouth parts become differentiated and the swimming feet shorten and become many jointed cirriform appendages. Thus it passes its days standing on its head and blindly sweeping the water toward its mouth, that it may luckily in that way find the sustenance for its existence.

Degeneration, apparently from this same cause, has wrought havoc with an organism at one time much more highly developed, much more highly specialized, than the crustacea. Among the lower animals, so low that it was difficult to decide where it really belonged, is an animal that was once a member of the highest great family in the animal kingdom, the vertebrates. But it became sedentary and all that it had was taken away from it.

This is the Ascidian, the sea-squirt, a marine form and quite common. The ascidian larva resembles to a great degree the tadpole of a frog, not only superficially but also in the internal details of anatomy. The origins of these parts from the primitive tissue in the two embryos compared are in many points identical. And this is the origin that is common to all vertebrates.

In both tadpoles are found an intestine, mouth, eye, notocord and brain, and gill slits in the throats. But when this point in its development has been reached, that of a free-swimming vertebrate embryo, the tadpole attaches itself by its mouth in some such way as does the barnacle, to some foreign body, and undergoes complete metamorphosis into the degenerate adult. The tail, with its nerve cord and notocord, atrophies; the body changes its shape and becomes a leathery sac with two openings, like a two-mouthed flask; the intestine becomes a simple bent tube, the brain a mere nervous speck. In through one opening of this sac water is drawn, forced through the porous wall of the great throat by which all particles of food are strained out and passed on into the intestine. and then the water is squirted out through the other opening. Unable to move, and dependent for an existence upon the chance

food matter brought it by the constant current of water passing through its body, the ascidian has become in truth a "knot on a log."

As the curse of degeneration has overtaken this unfortunate cousin of ours, the sea-squirt, is there not reason for asking, "Are we in danger of degeneration?" There have been in the history of the world notable cases of the degeneration of nations, both mentally and physically because of degeneration morally. The Romans, once the boasted rulers of the world, became parasitic and fed on the nutritive juices of the world's people, assimilated to themselves the art, the learning, the wealth, even the martial forces of the subjugated nations. This led, as in the case of the parasites, to degeneracy and helplessness.

But as it is given us now to know the causes of things, it is now ours to learn the lessons of the past and to know the course that leads to a higher and broader existence, an elaboration, a greater degree of perfection of work in the animal machine, increased strength and skill, and sharpened senses. It is ours to outstrip forever in the rate of our development all other children of evolution.

ON THE HEADWATERS OF THE PIGEON.

BY F. L. GWYN.

HIGH up on the Pigeon, where the water rushes down in falls and whirling rapids, there is one deep, dark pool, whose waters are smooth as those of a lake. Dense woods surround this beautiful spot, and on one side, jutting out from the hillside and extending far out over the water, is a large, flat rock. On account of this rock the place is named "Flat Rock Hole."

It was a warm night in early autumn, a gentle breeze was stirring the surrounding forest, the moon was shining brightly upon the still surface of the pool. At about midnight the figure of a woman came out of the dark shadows of the wood and with the utmost caution, came down upon the rock.

She was a young woman of seventeen or eighteen. In her hand she carried an earthen jar, to which was fastened a light cord. For several minutes she stood, looking and listening as if expecting an interruption.

It came. From the shadow of the trees came a sudden "Halt!"

A soldier, clad in a worn Confederate uniform, rose from beneath a sheltering cliff and stepped toward the young woman. For a moment neither spoke, then the sergeant said slowly, "It's no use keeping this up. Both of us never sleep at the same time. You might as well go home and stay till —— it's all over."

For the past week this fearless mountain girl had come at all times of night, but to no purpose. The guards were ever watchful, and each time she had been sent roughly away. This time she turned toward the soldier as if she would speak, a look of despair and entreaty on her face; but reading the answer in his stern and sullen face she turned away, sobbing softly. and he, with a sigh of relief returned to his resting place beneath the cliff.

* * * * *

When the civil war broke out, the call for volunteers did not meet a hearty response in some parts of the mountains of Western North Carolina. Slavery there was unknown, and it was natural that people so isolated from the causes of the war should regard it as a burden they had no need to share. There were some few who were open sympathizers with the North, and many who wished it well.

Among the latter was a young man named Wood. When the war began he had been married a few months. His wife was the only child of an aged widow mother. It was hard for him to leave his peaceful home, the loving young wife, and the aged mother so dependent upon him. It was too hard, and for a long time he stayed at home, taking care to hide for a day or two, whenever officers were near. But at last he was caught napping, the conscript officers came unexpectedly and he was hurried away to fight for a cause he did not love. For a long time nothing was heard of him, but one night he returned. He had deserted the army and made good his escape.

That however was not all. He had blackened his name, not only by desertion, but by treason also. While in the army he had been in secret communication with enemies of the Confederacy at home, and through them he had furnished the enemy valuable information. So when he came back it was only to be followed in a few days by a detachment of soldiers with strict orders for his capture. He was a traitor and must pay the debt of treason.

For days the posse searched for him, exploring every wood, stream and swamp, ransacking every barn and house, but to no purpose. The composure of Wood's wife and friends told the sergeant only too plainly that he was near and safe. Accordingly, he sent all his men back but one, and with him continued the search, keeping meanwhile a close watch upon the young woman. Each night they stationed themselves near the Wood cottage until their vigilance was at last rewarded.

Late one night the door of the cottage opened quietly

and a woman came quickly out. Pausing a few moments to see if any one was near, she hurried down the path leading to the river.

She paused close by the sergeant's hiding place and he could see that she carried in one hand an earthen pitcher and in the other a light cord. He followed her along the rough mountain trail, keeping at a safe distance behind. She made straight for the "Flat Rock Hole," stopping occasionally to look and listen. When there, she walked quickly to the edge of the rock and with the cord let the jar sink down into the deep water.

Now he knew all. He recalled a story he had heard long before of this place. Why he had not thought of it before he could not tell. Beneath that rock and extending up into the hillside was a cave of considerable size. It could be reached only by diving under the rock and swimming under water; yet it had been explored by two or three expert swimmers.

Five days and nights of unbroken watching had passed. Hunger must soon drive the prisoner out.

What must have been the anguish of that poor fellow those five long days of suffering? What had become so suddenly of his loving young wife? Perhaps she was sick, or perhaps she was dead and would never come.

No man can long be proof against such mental and bodily anguish.

It was now long past midnight of that warm autumn night. The young wife had made no further attempt. The moon still shone brightly on the unruffled surface of the pool. The wind still sighing through the pines had almost put the sergeant to sleep, when a bubble suddenly broke on the shining water, sending little ripples to either shore. The officer roused with a start and touched his comrade. More bubbles came and more; and finally the wasted face of the man,

Two shots rang out on the still night air, the water boiled into foam, the face disappeared forever.

But they were not the only ones who had kept that lonely watch. With the report of the guns came the shriek of a woman, a cry of horror and anguish, and before the soldiers could interfere the faithful wife had rushed past them and joined her husband in his watery grave.

A CONFESSION.

BY MACS.

I am a miser for I love my gold:—
I love the golden moments with my sweet;
 The golden hours that circle swift away;
The golden flowers that worship at her feet;
 The golden lights that round her, shimmering, play;

The golden breath when summer breezes stir
 With sweeter scents than Orient perfumes rare;
The golden haze of summer draping her;
 The golden gleam of sunshine in her hair;

The gold of white-fringed daisies as they lie
 Along the hollow of her cradling arm:—
I love the golden love-light in her eye
 And all the golden treasure of her charm:—
 I am a miser and I love my gold!

A CRACK SHOT.

THE sub ball-manager was in a quandary. For many months he had intended giving his rosette to Alice Butler, and had hinted as much to her in several letters; but now she seemed to snub him almost, and he didn't like to be snubbed. She was entirely too independent, he thought; she didn't seem to appreciate sufficiently the honor he was going to do her.

He looked at his watch and saw that he had only a little over an hour in which to decide.

"Well," he said to himself, "I have the next dance with her. If she isn't nice to me, then I'm not going to make a fool of myself over her."

When the music started he went in search of Miss Butler. During the waltz she appeared as indifferent as ever. She chattered and laughed, and when he left her she looked much too happy, he thought.

He tried to harden his heart.

"I won't be so humble. I'm going to give my rosette to somebody else."

After this he carefully avoided her, and whenever they passed each other he tried to appear as if he were enjoying himself immensely. Once when he saw her dancing with some one else and laughing gaily he felt a pang of jealousy. He became angry with himself at this and went to the dressing-room in a bad humor. He lit a cigarette and threw it down after one puff.

Then another troublesome problem presented itself. If he didn't give it to her, to whom should he give it? No one else he knew stirred the slightest emotion in him. As he pondered over this the chief ball-manager came in and said:

"Goin' to give the rags away in ten minutes, Jack. Don't be behind time."

Jack remembered two girls whom he had danced a good deal with.

"One of them can have it. Which?"

Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He pulled a nickel out of his pocket.

"I'll throw for which one of those two to give it to, and I swear to abide by the result. Two out o' three. Tails for the fair one, heads for the dark one."

He carelessly tossed the coin up. It fell heads. Next time it fell tails. There was a little interest in it, after all. He pitched it up the third time. When it hit the floor it rolled around three or four times and finally rolled into a crack where it stuck straight up on edge.

"No result," he said. He looked puzzled a moment; then his face beamed.

"Oh, I see. That means Alice."

TO QUEEN WILHELMINA.

BY LEONARD CHARLES VAN NOPPEN.

There is no loveliness that can compare
With the white splendour of a wedding eve,
There is no wondrous whiteness half so fair
As lily wishes that good fairies weave.
To-day let fall the fetters of old Care;
Not once let mournful reminiscence grieve;
Nor shall one doubtful morrow us deceive
While shines thy soul upon the world's despair.
Accept, Oh Queen, the plaudits of these rhymes
Amid the carillons of wide acclaim
That greet thy waking to a dawning year.
Scatter, sweet bells, the silver of your chimes
And let our happiness ring loud and clear,
Making glad music with thy golden name.

The Hague, Holland, Feb. 7, 1901.

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

The University does not attribute its fame to the reputation of its professional schools. It has been known

A Greater chiefly on account of its academic work. Its **University.** professional departments, however, are doing a work that must surely add to the prestige of the institution. The Law department is the oldest of the professional schools. Its life has been comparatively long, compared with the University's age, however, it is only a child. Yet during its existence it has given instruction to men who have gone out into almost every state in the Union and won distinction. For the past forty years it has been sending out the leaders of thought in this state.

The medical school is unique, in that it is almost the only preparatory school of the kind in this country. And it is this which robs it of much credit that should naturally come to it. The college from which the medical

students are graduated take the credit for any good work their students may do. This is but natural, but their fine records are made possible by the good foundations laid here. No students of the University's Medical department have ever failed to get license upon application, and they usually go through at the head of the class.

The pharmacy school here is the only one in the state, but that is not the reason for its being the best one. Though it is the latest feature in the University it has made a splendid record. The training given in it is equal to that obtained in the larger and older colleges in the North. Its students have made the highest record ever made before the state board of examiners.

These remarks are not intended to vaunt these departments in the University. The one purpose is to show that the reputation of the University in future years will not come altogether from its academic department. The professional schools are no longer separate from the University, but they have been incorporated into it, and are a part of it. Members of these schools are students of the University. This is as it should be. A University should be an institution capable of fitting a man for any profession. Our University is approaching that ideal. Though shut out from the great outside world she is able to train men for service in that world, whether they would be lawyers, physicians, pharmacists, chemists, geologists, or even poets.

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We believe all are of the opinion that *Yackety Yack* is a success. It would not be true to say that it is the best **Yackety** annual ever sent out from here. But there **Yack.** was never one so good gotten together in such a short time. And it will be popular, for all parties had a hand in its preparation. It is a University annual. The editors have done faithful and efficient work. The students are indebted to them for a souvenir of Chapel Hill that will always be a pleasure.

LITERARY NOTES.

WHITEHEAD KLUTTZ, Editor.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry (MacMillan) is a valuable compendium by Stopford A. Brooke and J. W. Rolleston. As emotion is the basis of all poetry and the Irish are the most emotional of all peoples it necessarily follows that the sentiment of such a work as this is very high. It is a treasure not of strictly Irish poetry in the English language but of a literature which dates back truly a century. This being true we may expect to find and indeed do find much that is crude and imperfect in the beginnings of this literature.

There is humor in these pages, broad Irish humor. There is poetry—real poetry of passion, of pathos and of many of the varied phases of life, but most of the poems run into the poetry of patriotism. The true significance of this book lies here and a sad significance it is. Ireland's passionate longing to be rid of domination, to be a nation, breathes through the pages of this book and inspires its noblest poems. From "the wearing 'o the green" to the latest Irish burst of patriotic fervor, freedom has had no nobler voice in literature, than the voice of Erin. Nor has any land offered more martyrs upon her altar. This treasury of Irish Poetry is a decidedly great and permanent contribution to the literature of the world. It is a treasury of fancies and noble sentiments, ever fresh and fragrant from the green fields of the Emerald Isle, to which the world-weary may ever go as unto pleasant pastures.

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Sketches by Dr. Battle. In Superintendent Mebane's last Report just published, we note two articles by Dr. Kemp P. Battle. The first is "Lives of the University

Presidents." pp. 27. Sketches are given not only of the Presidents, but of the Principals or Presiding Professors, and Chairmen of the Faculty.

The second is entitled "Old or Extinct Schools in North Carolina, Supplemental," pp. 21. This is an addition to a much longer article on the same subject two years ago. A new feature of this sketch is a list of the names of the most eminent teachers up to 1850, arranged according to the different periods, e.g. Prior to the Revolution; from the Revolution to 1800; from 1800 to 1825; from 1825 to 1850. Dr. Battle admits that it is hardly possible that he has included all the worthy teachers, but is sure that none he has named should be omitted.

K.

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TWO NEW NORTH CAROLINA BOOKS.

The White Doe: The Fate of Virginia Dare. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila.) by Sallie Southall Cotten.

This dainty volume is dedicated by its author, Mrs. Sallie Cotten, to the National Society of Colonial Dames. It is illustrated by seven pictures of the imaginary maiden and the Indians, who were her lovers, her friends, and enemies.

The legend of the White Doe is given in smooth and flowing verse, beautiful and interesting. The extracts from historical works give a setting of truth to the romance.

The Old Plantation: How we lived in Great House and Cabin before the War. (E. Tennyson Neely Co., New York.) by James Battle Averitt, author of *Andy and his Compeers, Who was the Traitor*, etc.

Rev. James Battle Avirett was raised in Orange County, his father being one of the most wealthy in that region. He has in this work faithfully and interestingly shown the light and shadows of life on a large plantation,

stocked with slaves, under the wise control of a high minded, conscientious overseer. It is an excellent antidote to the poison fastened in the mind by Mrs. Stowe's pen portrait of Legare and his iniquities. The exciting stories of 'coon hunts, and the humorous incidents, which diversify the more grave sketches of slave character, make the book a favorite with the youngest readers.

B.

COLLEGE RECORD.

B. S. SKINNER

Editors

E. D. SALLENGER

Miss Louise Jones, of Charlotte, has been the guest of Miss Mary Graves.

Mr. B. R. Webb, of Hillsboro, spent a few days on the hill recently.

Mr. T. D. Rice, '00, is now at Statesville, N. C. in a Geological Survey. Rob't. Lassiter has succeeded him as Assistant in Geology.

The Phi Delta Theta Fraternity has constructed an excellent tennis court just back of the South Building.

Messrs. T. N. Webb and Paul Collins, of Hillsboro, were over to see the Lehigh game.

Mr. O. S. Thompson, ex-'02, recently spent a few days on the Hill.

The Easter German, the most enjoyable dance of the season, was held in Commons Hall, Friday night, April 12th. Mr. W. K. Battle was leader.

Mr. Chas. Pearson, of Raleigh, was on the Hill during the latter part of April attending to some business matters.

In a recent game with Cornell, Carolina won by a score of 10 to 9.

Dr. Chas. Baskerville took a short trip to Baltimore about the middle of April.

The score of the Virginia-Carolina game was 9 to 2 in Virginia's favor. This is one of the few games lost by Carolina, but we should feel congratulated as the number of our victories has been unusually large this season.

The fifth and last lecture of the Lyceum series was delivered by Mr. Henry Watterson in Gerrard Hall, Friday, April 23rd. His subject was "Abraham Lincoln."

Mr. K. P. Lewis of Durham, was over to the Easter German.

Miss Bessie Henderson, of Salisbury, has been visiting friends in Chapel Hill.

Mr. Phil. Meade is now playing short stop on the Raleigh base ball team.

Mr. Emmet Gudger recently visited his home in Asheville.

Mr. J. A. Aluminal, of New York, has been here for several days looking after the proposed heating plant of the University.

Jas. Whitehead, '03, left the University Thursday for an extended trip North.

Work of repairing the Chapel has begun.

Prof. H. A. Patterson of the University of Georgia has been spending a few days with Dr. Alexander.

Mr. H. C. Zachary of Raleigh, the contractor for the Mary Ann Smith Building, was on the Hill a few days ago.

Mrs. James C. McRae returned Thursday from a visit to Fayetteville.

Mr. K. B. Thigpen was in Greensboro last week.

President Venable attended the Educational Convention in Winston.

In the recent ball games with Georgia, Carolina was victorious with the following scores: 40 to 4, 12 to 4 and 10 to 0.

W. R. Reynolds, our former foot ball coach, will coach the Georgia team next season.

Walter Holladay, of Durham, was on the Hill last week finishing up the group photographs.

Representatives of the University track team, Messrs.

Osborne, Council, Irwin, Linville and Berkeley G., left for New Orleans, May 15, where they competed with representatives of the different colleges at the S. I. A. A. Track Meet, May 18th. Carolina won, scoring 41 points.

The Southern trip is over and Carolina ends the last four games by winning three victories and tying one score.

Hon. Richard H. Battle, of Raleigh, lectured before the Law Class in the Dialectic Hall, Friday night, May 3rd. His subject was "Some Lawyers as I have known them and the lessons learned from them."

The Oak Ridge base ball team claims the State Championship.

A Music Recital was given by Misses Harrington and Taylor, and Mr. McKie, on Saturday evening, May 11th in Commons Hall for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. The exercises were excellently carried out and a large audience was present.

ELISHA MITCHELL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The last meeting of the Scientific Society was held in the chemical lecture room Tuesday evening May 4.

The following papers were read:

"Transit Methods for Laying Sewer Grades" by Mr. Wm. E. Cain.

"Acid of Crsytallization," by Mr. Chas. Baskerville.

"The Probable Composition of Thorium." by Mr. Chas. Baskerville.

"The Recent Geological Formation of the Mississippi Valley," by Mr. J. A. Holmes.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Historical Society held its last meeting in the History lecture room Monday evening, May 6.

Papers were read by Messrs. Stacey and McKie.

Mr. Stacey's paper on "The Congressional Career of Zebulon B. Vance" was an interesting account of some of

Vance's most prominent speeches made while in Congress and during his campaigns.

Mr. McKie spoke on the "Battle of Camden," giving in detail how the Continental troops were routed. He spoke in highest terms of the bravery of DeKalb who fought in this battle. The meeting was closed by some very interesting remarks on the paper by Dr. Battle.

WITH THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The Tenth SemiAnnual Inter Society Debate between the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies was held Friday evening April 12. The question was, Resolved: That an educational Qualification is Preferable to Universal Manhood Suffrage in the United States.

The affirmative was debated by Messrs. R. M. Harper, and F. S. Hassell, for the Phi, and the negative was upheld by Messrs. S. S. Robins and J. A. McRae for the Di. The Committee rendered their decision in favor of the negative.

In the recent contest for Declaimer's Medals in the two Societies, the medals were won by R. S. Stewart, Di, and E. S. Dameron, Phi.

The Phi Society has recently had its walls repainted and frescoed, the designs of which show up well and add much to the beauty of the Hall.

VANDERBILT-CAROLINA DEBATE.

The second annual debate with Vanderbilt University was held in Gerrard Hall Friday evening April 19.

The query was, Resolved: That the Concentration of Capital into Trusts and Combines is an Economic and Social Advantage. Carolina's representatives—Messrs. B. B. Lane and W. H. Swift—upheld the affirmative. Vanderbilt was represented by Messrs. T. R. Reeves and R. H. Scott who championed the negative.

It was a great debate, and we rejoice in our victory.

Both teams handled their subjects in a masterly manner and the contest was so close that many thought the negative had won. But when the decision was announced it contained the happy news that Carolina had again been victorious. This is the second time we have beat the boys from Tennessee.

The
North Carolina
University Magazine,

PUBLISHED SIX TIMES DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR
BY THE

‡ *Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies.* ‡

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JAS. K. HALL,

Editor-in-Chief.

J. C. B. EHRRINGHAUS,

Business Manager.

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NORTH CAROLINA
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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THE OPPORTUNITY OF A STATE.*

BY DORMAN THOMPSON.

THE drop of water at Swannanoa Tunnel, falling to the ground, pauses for a moment and then, impelled by the slightest force, goes either to the gulf or to the Atlantic. Just so little may determine the future of a conscious being. To States, as to individuals, there come crises. There come times when to choose aright means life and power; to choose the wrong means disaster and death. In the wake of one there follows peace, prosperity and organized effort; the other leads on strife, poverty and chaos.

At this, the dawning of a strange new century, it would appear that the Commonwealth of North Carolina is approaching a crisis. Will she become a great state, expanding her sphere of influence, demanding and taking her place as a leader in the nation and she world? Or will she again allow the opportunity that is hers to pass and leave the advantages that are offered, untouched?

That we may get our bearings, a brief review of conditions in our state for the century that has passed and gone is necessary. At the time of the taking of the first official census of the United States, we see that our state stood third in wealth, in population, and in power. We were the manufacturers of the Union, and here education shed abroad its liberalizing light. There were giants in

*This oration won the Mangum Medal at Commencement, 1901.

those days, giants not in brawn and muscle, but great in intellectual power. Through the dusk of the departing years they loom up as mighty figures, the makers and preservers of our nation. With us many of them made their homes, and then it was, indeed, that we had influence in the councils of the nation. For there were Mangum and Macon, and Badger and Graham.

Now, our position is humiliating. We are the most illiterate of the American Commonwealths. Disguise it as we may, regret it as we must, our influence upon national life is small. The opinions of our citizens upon the great social, political, and industrial questions of the day have not been sought and are not quoted.

Well may we ask ourselves; Why our condition today? The fact that the few wealthy men in North Carolina were slave holders made them of necessity devote their attention to agricultural pursuits. As a result, the time and interest of the poor white man were occupied in attempting to wrest from his small amount of soil, a scanty living. But we were evidently meant for a manufacturing community. The soil, taken as a whole, was not rich enough to endure the wasteful processes of slave labor and still thrive as did Louisiana and Mississippi. Yet the possession of slave labor retained in agriculture those who might have been the leaders in industrial progress. Nowhere has the negro been treated so well and nowhere has his presence repressed more effectively the true activity of the superior race.

The tendency of agriculture is always to make men individualistic, and in North Carolina this tendency worked to the full. Unwillingness to co-operate was the result. Jefferson's theory of the state would work in a primitive community, but when men really begin to need the state in a complicated modern society, it breaks down. But in no state have the ideas of Jefferson had more influence than here.

The result has been to prevent the development of an adequate school system. The man so unfortunate as to be

born of common parents must, except in very rare cases, content himself with remaining among these people and being no wiser than his father before him. As Walter Page says, he was forgotten, and the system of education then in vogue did by no means reach him. Little was done to remove from the body politic the cancerous sore of illiteracy.

Later on a system of public education was established, but it has been wholly inadequate for the needs of our state. The system has been so poor, so little money has been expended upon it, it has been so inefficiently managed that we find it almost worse than useless. Few were educated, and these few did not find here an opportunity to use the ability nature had given them. The brains and skill that should be here building up the waste places of our state are found all over the nation. This has meant to the state the loss of an immense amount of wealth—for brains, education and skill are wealth of the indestructible sort.

The few far sighted statesman who saw our fate, conscious of our loss of power struggled unavailingly to extricate themselves and us from our plight. At last, despairing of better—thinking that the future was a lowering cloud to which there was no silver lining, there grew up in them the spirit of hopeless resignation, a spirit fatal to all progress.

In our uneducated people, reading little or none, unacquainted with the problems of the present and knowing nothing of the minds of the great past, there sprang up the spirit of narrowness, with its weak suspicion of the stranger within our gates. Ruled by this spirit, a people honest and God-fearing in the main, were held in the bonds of political and religious intolerance. Until 1835, by our written law we kept from office the Jew and the Catholic. The repeal of the odious statute did not dispel the persistent idea. That a man belonged to a certain church was in itself a passport to office.

Since the great war that almost rent our nation in twain, the race issue has been the dividing line in politics. Men have been compelled through fear of ostracism, to vote a certain way—be the principles of that party what they may, without regard to the character of the leaders. A man's political faith, rather than his deeds, has been the criterion of character.

Such are past conditions. There has been no desire on my part to see anything which was not in our past and which is not vitally connected with our present—for North Carolina is my state and I love her—still, in love faults can be found and wrongs corrected.

Is it difficult, then, to find the reason for the backward swing of our state? The progress of the industrial world has brought the ends of the earth together. The completion of the Siberian railroad girdles the globe with bonds of steel. The swift ocean liner puts continents one against the other and electricity brings us in touch with the world. The controlling force today is a "strenuous industrial life." This is in a sense a material age. The mad chase for wealth in itself is far from the highest aspiration of man, but the desire for wealth is a laudable one. No longer can there be great wealth in a community devoted to agriculture alone. Wealth is necessary. It is useless to decry its power. Without wealth there can be no decided step forward, material or mental. Wealth provides for culture and scholarship and with this comes influence. The industrial life and man's higher intellectual life are interdependent. Wealth and prosperity, education and civilization, are inseparably linked together.

Today forces are at work underneath our state which if allowed full play, will again place her in the lead. The United States has entered upon a new era of its existence. Stepping almost suddenly from the position of an isolated power, content to work for itself, into the position of a world power, presents to us many new problems. We are now in the race for the world's market, and our industrial life is

quicken. But it is of North Carolina we speak. On every side we can see the new life springing into existence. From every corner of our state gigantic piles of brick and mortar are thrusting themselves skyward, the forerunners of larger ones yet to come.

But this young life is tender and weak. Properly nurtured and skilfully cared for, it will spring into a mighty power whose fruit shall be wealth, prosperity and position. If, however, it is uncared for, certain conditions unfulfilled, it will sicken and die and in its place will spring up poverty, calamity, and weakness.

It is a trite saying: "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link." Equally so, our life is no richer, no deeper, no stronger, than its least developed phase. A man, scholar though he may be, honest of purpose perhaps, but still controlled by a narrow mind and a congested brain, is a weakling and an object of pity. So it is with our State. This general development of every phase of our life must proceed step by step with the advance of industry.

The people must be educated in more ways than one. It must be said no longer that the State forgets its citizens. The spirit of education is growing—the young men of state must make it grow. The day that North Carolina deliberately chooses to educate her people will be a turning point in her history. For "Education is an indispensable condition of wealth and prosperity. Our wealth does not lie in our soil and our cotton. Far richer is that wealth which lies in the intelligent industry of an educated people." The State cannot afford to lose this by illiteracy. We need skilled labor, the inventive faculty, the directive genius in the men who handle machinery and practice the useful arts.

In the words of that celebrated Southerner, Dr. J. L. M. Curry; "It will not do to say we are too poor to educate the people—you are too poor not to educate them. Ignorance and wealth, ignorance and prosperity, ignorance and civilization, never dwell together, they have no concord."

A people educated in the rudiments of knowledge will see the need for higher and technical education. Then no longer will the legislator be deterred from his duty by any craven fear of his constituency when the cry of taxes is raised. This prejudice, a heritage from our fathers, strengthened by the war with King George, and encouraged by the blatant demagogue of late days, has been our curse. But the demands of these institutions will be recognised and the people will give them succor.

Our own institution here is old and full of honors. On these walls* are graven the names of her illustrious sons whose history is the history of our State. They are the ones who battled nobly against the unfavorable conditions and there is no fault to them if they failed of the highest success.

How this University has done so much with so little is an insoluble mystery to all who have not felt the spirit of sacrifice of those who from Caldwell to Battle and Venable—aye—even to the youngest and newest member of the faculty have given of their toil and sweat to raise this University and so our State; working for insignificant salaries, working longer than should be demanded, they have builded strong and broad. Their love for their state, for pure scholarship, has constrained them. One must feel the atmosphere of sacrifice and devotion to duty, as he follows the bell from lecture to lecture. But we are now the favored few. There are hundreds, yes, thousands, of young men in North Carolina today who sit in darkness, where there are scores here bathed in the beneficent light of a liberal education.

When the public school house stands at every man's door and the public library invites our people to association with the minds of every age and country, when University training has been extended to all who desire it, there will come that largeness of view that will forever banish from our borders all narrowness of thought. And it is necessary that this much desired result be brought about, for no great ad-

*The walls of Memorial Hall.

vancement, material, mental, or spiritual can come among a narrow people. The world has advanced and no longer are men expected to think and believe alike. This we must learn. That a man belongs to a certain ecclesiastical body, well and good, that he belongs to anyone is to his credit, but that he belongs to none should not be held against him. He has his rights and none there should be to deny him.

Civic freedom must grow if we are to realize the highest ideal of statehood. When men divide on principle and not on color, we can turn our attention to the discussion and study of great social and economic questions and in the words of our Governor, the friend of progress, liberty of thought and speech, and the apostle of education, "In this clash of intellects we can raise great minds."

With that our ideas as to the relation of labor and capital will be materially changed. The trained and capable laborer will know his rights and knowing, dare maintain them. But no narrow view of corporations and combinations of wealth will cause our people to pass laws which will cripple our newborn industrial life. No maudlin sympathy for the laboring classes will legislate destructive to interests of laborer and capitalist alike. But there shall be fair and equitable treatment for all.

Then and not till then will we be prepared to take part in, to appreciate, to extend and develop to the utmost, the new industrial life which is springing into existence. Our hope, our future, our opportunity, lies in the increased attention to industrial pursuits. If there is no retarding force—the untold resources of the South will make it the centre of Industrialism. Will we prepare the way for it? Will we seize the opportunity and make the most of it?

Ours, in many respects, has been a great past. But too long have we lived in the past. This is the day of action and the memory of the great past should be the spur to nobler deeds in the present. Shall we rescue ourselves?

It rests with the young men of our state to settle

this question. They are the rulers of our destiny and in their hands is the future of our state. The same blood that coursed through the veins of the makers of our former greatness still pulsates through the bodies of our young men. They are material like unto that which builded our pristine glory.

If they choose aright, I can see the future of our state. Five million happy, contented people will dwell where now there are less than two million. Everywhere will rise the mighty establishments working for North Carolina's glory and North Carolina's greatness. The smoke of the factory, the whirl of the spindle, and the clack of the loom will give forth to the world the joyful news that this day there has dawned for the people of our state a morning of hope.

Purely local interests will be subordinated to the more vital issues which affect our life as a whole, and these issues will be examined with an eye as to their probable affect, examined as grave questions upon whose settlement much depends, and not as issues promulgated by a certain political party, the dictates of which party must be obeyed. The good of the people, the welfare of the state, the prosperity of the nation, will be the end sought rather than the success of any party.

There will be a change perceptible in all our life—ideals may be, perhaps will be shattered, but from out the fragments will be constructed a more excellent conception of duty and greatness, not designed by the narrow mind of prejudice and fashioned by the hand of illiteracy, but by those ideas that belong to a truly prosperous, a truly educated people. The pulpit will be uplifted,—instead of preaching the selfish duty of merely saving one's own soul it will expound a social Christianity; one which teaches men to live, to live rightly, to live nobly in the modern environment. The cold Puritanic spirit that attacks and persecutes wealth will die. This is God's world and in God's name let us partake of its joys. Will you have it so? The future is in the balance and with you is the result.

CHAPEL HILL AT THE CLOSE OF CIVIL WAR.

[By the courtesy of Hon. Richard H. Battle, who, by the bye, was a captain in the Confederate Army, we are enabled to give the true story of the occupation of Chapel Hill by Wheeler's Cavalry in the retreat before Sherman's Army. The writer was a captain in the Confederate Army. He graduated at this University in 1859, when President Buchanan attended Commencement. At the dinner given by President Swain under the shade of the trees to President Buchanan and his suite, including Secretary Thompson, and to the Trustees and Faculty and Alumni of the University, the members of the Senior class and their parents, Mr. Coffin was selected by the class to return their thanks for that and many other courtesies shown by the host, which he did in handsome style. He matriculated from Knoxville, Tenn.; fought throughout the war; then was a lawyer in Arkansas. For years he was Clerk of the Circuit Court of Lawrence County. He writes "Politics was always distasteful to me and I long since came to the conclusion that politics is 'like self-righteousness and rotten corn'; the more he has of it, the worse he is off". So he quit scheming for public favor and is now leading a happy life as Cashier of the People's Savings Bank in Batesville. We give his letter verbally in so far as relates to our subject, expressing our gratification in learning that the safety of the University, its books and apparatus and pictures, from the depredations of the reckless, who follow all armies and were not lacking in Wheeler's, was owing to a son of the University, who, in the distractions of active warfare, found time to think of and protect his Alma Mater.—Ed.]

Batesville, Ark., Oct. 7th, 1900.

Mr. Richard H. Battle.

My dear Mr. Battle:

I know of nothing that would be of

greater delight than to visit Chapel Hill during Commencement, and it has been for years a hope of mine that I should. In fact, James E. Beasley and I agreed to try to get up a reunion of our class in 1895, but something occurred just at the time and prevented both of us from going. I have been on the Bd. of Trustees of Arkansas College, belonging to the Synod of Arkansas, (Presbyterian), for 25 years or more, and the annual meetings of the Board are held during Commencement week, which is usually coincident with the same exercises at Chapel Hill. I hope to make the pilgrimage some day. By the way, there is a little bit of history that I would like you to know. I was in the Army of Tenn., Wheeler's Corps, Humes' Division. This Division covered the retreat of Johnson's Army on the Raleigh and Chapel Hill road and made its last stand at Morrisville where the road crossed the N. C. R. R., 15 miles from Chapel Hill, when night intervened. General Humes had been wounded in a night attack on a part of Sherman's forces, near Fayetteville, sometime before, and the Colonel of my Regiment, who had been commanding one of Humes' Brigades for a year, (Colonel Henry M. Ashby), was in command of the Division and I was serving as Inspector General on his Staff. Immediately after firing ceased, I asked Colonel Ashby to write a note to General Wheeler asking him to send forward a detail to protect the College property from injury and he told me to go in person to General Wheeler and make, with his endorsement, such request as I thought proper. This I did, explaining that I was an alumnus of the University, as the particular reason for preferring the request. General Wheeler promptly told me to make such detail as I thought proper and send them forward, with such instructions as seemed to me for the best. I went back to my own Brigade and detailed Lt. McBurney Broyles, of the 5th. Tenn. Cavalry, (my Regiment was the 2nd.), with 15 men and sent him forward with instructions to report to Governor Swain and tender the services of himself and men to

guard the University buildings and their contents, and to receive and obey any instructions which Governor Swain might give or suggest. Two days after, our command reached there and bivouaced near the grave yard, a mile out of the village, and I went in town to see what Lt. Broyles was doing. I learned that Governor Swain had been called to Raleigh by Governor Vance, to join Governor Graham and Governor Manley, as a commission to surrender the City of Raleigh to General Sherman and ask protection for public and private property and he had reported to Professor Charles Phillips and was in charge of the property under him. I took tea with Prof. Phillips that evening and learned from him, (he having learned it from Governor Swain, who had returned from Raleigh late that afternoon), that General Lee had surrendered. Captain Samuel P. Walker of Memphis, Adjutant General of our Division, was with me, and neither of us believed the report, but returning to our bivouac, after tea, we stopped at General Wheeler's headquarters, in the two-storied log building owned by Mr. Kenneth Waite,* to see if he had any orders for us, and there we found General Wheeler and a young Dr. DeRossett on their knees on the floor with a large map, and the Doctor was tracing with his finger the route of General Lee's retreat from Petersburg and the point of his surrender. The armistice under which we were surrendered had then been in force some days, but we knew nothing of what it meant, that our pickets were kept at a stand-still and no Yankees were seen by us. We retired from there the next day, I remaining with the rear-guard, and, cleaning the town of all stragglers, followed the command later. We had withdrawn across Haw River before we knew that we had been surrendered, and, having to move about to secure forage, were not paroled until May 3rd., at a point some five miles from Charlotte. Some years after the war, I had some correspondence with Professor Phillips and in one of his letters he referred to the fact of

*This building was opposite the Episcopal Church, since torn down

my sending the Confederate guard, and stated that General Frank P. Blair, also an alumnus, sent the first Federal guard. For several years I have thought that there would be no objectionable egotism in my making this known to some one connected with the University, but all the parties who knew anything about it were dead, except General Wheeler and Captain Walker, so I wrote to each, asking them to make a statement of their recollection of the matter, but Captain Walker never replied and General Wheeler replied in general terms that he remembered the circumstances mentioned in my letter to him and that the facts were just as I stated them, but did not say what those facts were, which, though understood between us, would convey no information whatever to a third party. So now you have only my unsupported statement. I have desired that this should be known before I cross the river, and hope that I am not prompted by any motive really personal to myself, but only an item showing the affection of an old Chapel Hill boy for his Alma Mater. If you think that it smacks of anything else, just burn this letter and let the matter die between us, but if you think otherwise make some memorandum of it, which may be used by a future historian of the University.

. Yours very sincerely,

JAMES P. COFFIN.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT MITCHELL.

BY WHITEHEAD KLUTTZ

THE great Appalachian mountain chain, extending parallel with the Atlantic coast from Maine to Louisiana, attains not only its greatest scenic beauty but also its loftiest height in Western North Carolina. In this section, which has been beautifully and appropriately named "The Land of the Sky", there are a half hundred peaks higher than Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, which New England so long boasted of as the highest point of land east of the Rocky Mountains. This great distinction has for years been conceded to our own Mount Mitchell, which, according to the U. S. Geological Survey, towers 6,703 feet above the level of the sea. By reason of the fact that Mount Mitchell is the highest peak in eastern North America, it is naturally the goal of our mountain-climbers. I had long desired to ascend this lofty peak, and when an opportunity was presented, I was not long in seizing it. The memory of that trip to Mitchell's Peak will abide with me always.

Leaving the railroad train at Black Mountain station, we drive a distance of eight miles through a lovely country to the foot of Mitchell, and there secure mules and a pack-horse for the ascent. Near this stopping place and several hundred feet above us, situated on a wooded spur of the Craggy Mountain, is Gombroon, the beautifully designed and admirably located residence of the late Senator Vance. From the bickerings and strifes of political life in the national capital North Carolina's great statesman son was accustomed to turn for rest and refreshment to this beautiful home amid the mountains of his native State. Among these mountains he was born and from their mighty breasts he drew life and and inspiration in child-hood and man-hood. Vance's love for his native mountains, like his love for his native State, amounted to a passion,—a life-long

passion. And to every North Carolinian his mountain home is a sacred spot, hallowed by the life and labors of this great and good man.

Here we begin the ascent to the summit, from which we are now ten miles distant. For several miles our course follows the right fork of the Swannanoa river, a small mountain stream which comes tumbling down with its crystal waters from its sources on the mountain-side, loitering not, but hastening down its rocky path to join its sister stream in the valley below. The murmuring music of these waters is a delightful melody, attuned to the voices of Nature. Now a leaping cataract, now resting in some silent pool, the stream rushes on its mission, between banks blooming with the beauty of the laurel. Azaleas and rhododendrons grow in profusion beside our path, the evergreen adds its beauty, and everywhere are verdant beds of fern. The forest which clothes that part of the mountain side which we are now climbing is of bewildering beauty. Stately oaks, chestnuts, hemlocks, and pines abound. As we mount higher, the forest, becoming yet wilder and more beautiful, comprises gigantic trees which have indeed "stood in the greenwood long",—so long in fact that they must have braved tempests long ere the foot-fall of the white man was heard in these vast solitudes, or the axe of the first pioneer blazing out the path for civilization awoke the silent echoes among the hills. It is a matter for regret that the hand of man, aiding the whirl-wind and the storm, has made sad ravages among these monarchs of the forest, and that the work of destruction still goes ruthlessly on.

Soon we emerge from the woods upon a grassy plateau containing some ten or twelve acres of almost treeless ground. Here we pause to enjoy the view and take lunch. The place is known as "The Half-Way House" or "Mountain House." It is just five miles from both the foot and summit of Mitchell. It is known as a "house" because in the days before the war old Tommy Patton kept a boarding house here. The ruins of the house may be seen, and

the stone wall which fenced in a good part of the plateau is still in good condition. The older mountaineers, who remember him, tell many interesting stories of old Tommy and the red silk night-cap which he was never seen without. On a clear day the view from this point is fine. Below us lie the happy, sun-bright valleys, the forest-clad mountain-sides, and the cabins of the mountaineers; all around the grand old mountains lift up their mighty domes; and above us towers the great mass of the Black, its sides clothed in the sombre forest from which the range derives its name.

Into the very depths of this dark forest our upward-going path now leads us. We enter the region of the close-growing, fragrant balsam, and the air is heavy with perfume. No trees except these firs are found. The earth is covered with dark, luxuriant moss. The balsams grow so close together and so interweave their boughs overhead that beneath we ride in shadow,—such shadow as reminds one of that mysterious “gloomy wood” in which Dante found himself “astray”. Merely to breathe this balsamic, bracing air is a perpetual delight. It is more exhilarating than champagne; it is the only specific for consumption.

Mounting higher and higher the path becomes more and more difficult, though never really dangerous. We find our way frequently blocked by trees which have been prostrated and shivered by the storm, but we avoid them by taking more round-about routes. The path is so rocky as to resemble the bed of a mountain stream, and occasionally in ascending or descending some unusually steep place, the mules slip and slide. This they do with grace, and without much risk to their riders. We pass within a few yards of the summit of Potato Top, 6,393 feet above sea level, and after following its ridges for three miles, we emerge upon a miniature prairie, and see a few hundred feet above us the white signal of the U. S. Geological Survey fluttering from Mitchell’s monument. We dismount and lead our mules up this, this last and steepest part of the ascent.

Arriving at last upon the bare and rocky peak we are somewhat exhausted, but fully compensated for all hardships of the ascent by the sight which greets our eyes.

Who can describe the indescribable grandeur? Truly ineffable beauty do we look upon, as late in the afternoon of a perfect summer day we pause upon the summit of Mount Mitchell and behold the glorious God of Day driving his flaming chariot through the gates of the golden West! Who, witnessing such a scene, can wonder that the ancient Persians, their souls filled with longing after God, ascended to the mountain-tops and worshipped the setting sun? Theirs was an act of truer worship than many a modern Christian has ever performed. Carlyle has rightly defined worship as "boundless admiration." As we stand upon that mountain beside the grave of him who gave it its name and look upon the scene of loveliness and light, the whole beautiful landscape aglow with the glory of crimson and gold, wonder fills our souls and we render involuntary homage to the Master-mind that made the heavens and the earth.

From the summit the view of the mountains far and near is one of the finest in the world. Western North Carolina, as well as regions beyond, lies within our range of vision and we have a bird's-eye view of great extent and beauty. We are higher than all things and consequently overlook all things. Range on range of mountains with their undulating lines unfold to the view, until the horizon line shuts out the last in the hazy distance. Innumerable counties and several states lie unrolled in the great map at our feet. The Blue Ridge, with its striking contrast in color to the range upon which we stand, comes from the North-east. Westward, the Great Smokies, and Southward, the Balsams mingle their majestic summits with the sky. Upon one of the two branches of the Black Mountains we stand, and from the other opposite, Great Craggy raises his kingly shoulders above the clouds and his head is lost in the sky. Standing out in his bold, rugged out-line, conspicuous to the

view, Great Craggy is one of the noblest mountains in the State. Near by are the Two Black Brothers, silent and sombre as death, and the Grandfather lifts up his venerable face in the near distance. But it is useless to enumerate peaks. The whole scene, with its undulating range behind range, resembles some boundless ocean, stilled by the hand of a god, with cloud-wrapped peaks for white-capped waves,—peaks as innumerable as waves of the sea.

After the sun-set mighty and mysterious mist-shapes rise up in the valleys and seem to tower to the very battlements of heaven. Can we ever forget the grandeur of this mist scenery? One great pillar of cloud, of dazzling whiteness, resembling a snow-clad Alpine peak and seemingly as gigantic as one, obscures Great Craggy, wrapping the mountain from base to summit in its pall, and towering hundreds of feet higher than the summit. Weird and fantastic shapes and images of things, made by the moving clouds, are seen in the sky.

But the storm which these clouds seemed to threaten comes not. Hands mightier than the hands of man are shifting the scenery of the sky. The clouds, many of them, vanish, the mist-shapes flee away, and the golden shafts of moon-light pierce the misty vail and flood our lonely mountain-top with glory. The soft moon-light falls lovingly upon the lofty heads of the ancient mountains, haloing them with light.

Beneath the shining of the moon we lie down to rest upon fragrant beds of balsam and beside a fire of crackling logs. At dawn we awake to find the eastern heavens flushed with radiance,—the promise of the coming day. But that promise is but partially fulfilled. The great fiery ball comes over the horizon's rim, and though we behold his glory as he mounts the heavens, it is veiled by curtains of cloud. But still we know and do homage to "the king in his beauty".

After the sun-rise, we make a pilgrimage to the grave of Mitchell. The monument is a cheap, leaden imitation of granite or marble. It is hollow and filled with stones. The

only appropriate thing about it is the inscription which as I recollect is as follows: "Here lies in the hope of a blessed resurrection the body of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D.D., who, after being for 29 years a professor in the University of North Carolina, lost his life in the scientific exploration of this mountain, June 27th, 1857."

"At his feet", says the gifted Christian Reid, "the pines sigh their mournful requiem, and the majestic glory of that Nature to which he was so devoted lies spread around. With this loftiest peak of the Appalachian chain his name is forever linked." On that lofty summit, amid the silence and solitude of the everlasting hills, he awaits the resurrection morn. May the rest of this silent sentinel of the mountain-top be sweet and peaceful. And may the day for which he waits at last break in beauty over the eternal hills and he be among the first to lay aside his cerements and go to be with God.

THE ORGANIZATION OF CAPITAL.*

BY W. H. SWIFT,

WHEN the books of the Eternal shall be opened, and the balancing angel shall audit the account that shall stand forever, that nation will be counted good, which has contributed as much as one stitch to the progress of humanity. If that be true, already our place in the galaxy of worthy ones is secure. From the brains of our fathers, wrung by the stern hands of adversity, comes a thought, which bathed in the blood of heroes, crystallized by the weight of ponderous necessity and polished by the master hand of Jefferson was to shine the Pole Star of an astonished world.

Philosophers had dreamed, poets had sung, and statesmen had written of democracies, of a land where man was equal with his fellows, and whatever his condition in life, walked in the proud consciousness that he was the free citizen of a free Republic. It remains for us to realize the world's dream, and to mould as Lincoln said, a Government of the people, for the people, by the people.

A century of actual experience has shown the grandeur of the labor done. Born from the hearts of freemen to meet the needs of freemen, ours will remain the model of Republics as long as manhood shall be prized and liberty shall be so sweet as to be purchased at the price of death. Were the books to close today our place would be won; for we have shown to the world the principles and practices of Democracy.

But they are not closed. The dawning of this new century finds us still struggling with difficulties. We have settled the religious question—here man may worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; we have solved the political problem by developing the

*An oration delivered at Commencement, 1901.

freest and grandest system of Government—a Government of liberty regulated by law.

There remains still one—the Industrial Problem. I am no pessimist. I hate pessimism, but truth will out. There is something wrong with our industrial system, a screw loose somewhere. What a land is this of ours! God has sent his sun and his showers upon it until it has blossomed like the rose. For each of his children from his bountiful hand he has given plenty and to spare. Bearing this in mind, go forth to learn the lessons of actual life. In a gilded palace and within a stone's throw a ragged family dragging out a wretched existence in a dismal hovel; see an honest man urged on by the cries of his children for bread hurl himself down to hell; see a man of learning, of culture and of wisdom spend his life and his pittance of salary in uplifting his fellow-man fall in the harness leaving his family in sore need. See all this and tell me if all be well.

I turn to the history of our country. I mark the years as they have stalked by like a ghost with the scythe of death. 73-75-88-92. Till this generation shall have passed away their memory will strike a chill to the heart. Though the sun shone just as warm and the earth was just as fruitful, there has been a regular succession of financial panics. Many of us remember 92-93. It was a time that tried men's souls, and many unwilling to face ruin took their own lives, leaving their helpless families to fight the unequal battle of life. The war, the anguish and the death-roll of that time will never be known. We think a whole nation on bended knees might well pray to God to deliver us from those times of destruction. Is it that the Creator of heaven and earth has decreed that we, his children, shall rise and fall on the counter waves of prosperity and adversity tormented, Tantulus like, by the fruits held before our longing eyes and yet beyond our straining grasp? No, in the name of divine love, no.

This want, this poverty, this uncertainty of human endeavor is not because of a lack of good things. The

trouble is with us. Not yet have we solved the problem of industrial life, learned the secret of producing and distributing wealth wherewith the wants of man shall be met.

The progress of the world has created a school for business, that Ideal is that every human being shall have what he needs for his comfort and happiness. It has been in obedience to the beckoning hand of this ideal that every step in our industrial development has been made, and there have been many steps. The last century has probably seen more progress than all the others combined. Forces, hitherto unknown, have been discovered, tamed and harnessed to the chariot of progress. Each has grown world wide, till today the Hindoo of India ministers to the refined tastes of Europe, and is in turn served by the skill of America.

Nor has our country been behind in this movement. Under a system of business the most intricately worked out, the most intense, the most economic, we have been striding forward till now of the four great commercial nations the United States is the only one which shows a balance of trade in her favor. From three hundred millions in 1896 it rose to six hundred millions in 1900, and still the tide of international trade supremacy bears us onward. It would not, I think, be to much to say that of all the earth, we are the most progressive and the best equipped.

But not yet have we realized that for which the world has prayed, that which is necessary for a happy people. Disorganization, contention, and strife milk us on every hand. For hundreds, aye, thousands of years, men have lived and moved and thought and died; and yet the world has not yet been able to develop a system that will guarantee to an honest laborer a comfortable life and ample and honorable protection to his loved ones after his death. Not yet have we freed ourselves from our animal characteristics. Like wild beasts, men, men of intelligence, men of thought

and men of heart, fight for the perishable things of earth. In the name of humanity, in the name of the welfare of our people, in the name of the progressive spirit of a progressive age, I ask you if it be not time that this be ended.

There can be but one way to end it. There must be a more perfect organization of the wealth producing forces. The problem of industrial life is to bring these forces, labor, brains, and capital—into harmonious co-operation.

Within each of these we have learned the power of combination. Money has concentrated itself into banks; labor into unions; brains into Universities, and each has been beneficial. But the end is not yet. Still these elements war with each other. The last step must be taken, and the three must be brought into a system where each does the highest service for itself by doing service for all. In the light of modern thought it is dawning upon man that he can serve himself best by serving his neighbor best. The ideal of the great teacher Christ is being realized.

Money within itself is a dead thing. It is useful only in so far as it is used to supply the wants of man; labor is useful only when it produces that which meets the needs of man, and most useful when it is most productive. Genius—business ability—must manifest itself in uplifting humanity, else nature hath brought a great son in vain.

I hold no brief for any present organization, nor do I believe any adequate to the needs of the world; but this I dare assent, there must be union, combination, organization of these three discordant elements, if a man is to rise to his highest hopes. This warfare must be ended forever.

For now one hundred years, a people's Government, we have blazed the way for the world. Since the stormy day of its birth, this young giant has been the captain of the vanguard of prosperity; and now having recognized its need, the world turns to us for aid. It is ours to work out the last great problem of human life—Moses-like to lead our race out of bondage.

I have stood on a Mountain top at the darkest hour of the night. Deep and awful was the stillness around me. Just as the gloom was setting down over my very soul, I glanced away through a long gap to the East. There I saw angels of light dance on the feathery edge of a cloud, and bright rosy rays came pouring down the gangway of heaven hustling the one upon the other, till the shadows, Daphne like, fled away over the hill-tops to hide themselves in the bosom of the retreating West. So it is. The world has been held in the galling bonds of a defective industrial system but at last has waked up to the fact that there are better things. Now it is waiting, anxiously waiting for him, who with the strength of a God-man, shall lift it up to a higher and wider life. He will come, and with high hopes for our own country I look forward to see him the highest product of this the greatest people on earth. The genius of the race that has solved the political problem will work this out.

No child's play this. As our heroes of old carved their way to fame's eternal camping ground; so these, if they are to be heroes indeed, must do the labors of exalted manhood. But they will do it; and having it done will receive the thanks and honor of an uplifted world.

We have been accustomed in the past to honor our political and religious reformers. When the final roll of honor shall be made up, you will find there along side the Caesars, Luthers, and Washingtons, the names of these Industrial Reformers that are to be. When that day shall come, in which, as that honest old Scotchman Andrew Carniege has already taught us, man shall think it dishonorable to die rich, and shall hold himself the trustee of God for humanity, when man shall no longer snatch the bread from his brother's mouth to moulder in his own hand, but all shall stand shoulder to shoulder, each aiding and being aided by the other, the millenium will already have come, and the fatherhood of God will be acknowledged in the consummation of the brotherhood of man.

Then shall we do honor to him who shall have developed a system that has brought to perfection the production and distribution of wealth.

For with wealth a man buys a coat to cover his nakedness; with wealth he builds a home, the Temple of his family altar; with wealth he furnishes it with refining influences, with music, with art, and with literature; with wealth he builds cities and rail roads to connect them; with wealth he supports schools and establishes Universities; with wealth he builds churches, costly and grand, where, as the music rolls soft as the dim mystic light, his soul rises to God, the giver and sanctifier of every earthly thing. I would not underestimate the higher parts of man, his intellect, or his spirit; but material comforts are necessary for the development of these. And so long as there shall be a country undeveloped, a mind longing for things unsatisfied, a man unhoused, a woman unclothed, or a child unfed, we shall count that man blessed, from whose genius shall be born a system, whose power and purpose it is to satisfy the wants of humanity.

THE MISSION OF THE TEACHER.

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE TEACHERS' ASSEMBLY.

BY F. P. VENABLE.

“I magnify my office,” These were the triumphant words of a man who had turned from a career promising much of preferment and gain, to take up one which involved toil and privation and personal danger and suffering. Instead of the brilliant lawyer and public citizen which he might have been, he had spent his strength as an humble preacher of the truth, a teacher of those who lay in darkness, and judged by all ordinary standards his life was a failure. But he rises above the discouragement of the surroundings, the lack of appreciation of his work, the apparently scant success, and cries with magnificent confidence, bred of a belief in the value of his work. “I magnify my office.” Paul had taken the right perspective of his work and seen things truly and in their just proportion. The judgment of the centuries reverses that of the blind ignorance of the time and makes it clear that his was the grandest work of all the ages and he himself no weakling, no mad enthusiast, but one of the freest, truest and most useful of mankind.

My fellow teachers, I do not propose this evening to weary you with mere platitudes about your work nor to indulge in a complacent summing up of the many excellencies of your profession. Such self-laudation on our part would ill befit so high a calling and rather prove that we had not magnified but mistaken our office.

But I purpose pleading for a proper perspective, a juster sense of the eternal fitness and proportion of things. I know that I speak to some who are bowed down with discouragement and the sense of failure; who feel that their labors are not measured justly by the world's standard; who struggle not only with a lack of appreciation but wage

a bitter and sometimes a losing warfare against poverty and want. The years pass and the blossom and the flower of life fade and no return seems brought to us for all our strivings. Oh, my brother and my sister, in this summertime between the months of our labors, let us strive for a juster perspective of our work, a truer knowledge of what we are and what we should be, and through the elbow-touch of fellow soldiers take heart of hope for the months or years that may lie before us.

Among the false standars by which, we and our work are most often measured is that of the money value. It is not surprising that this should be appealed to. The glittering coin has been the arbiter of value for so long in this slow learning world that it seems impossible for it to understand how the riches of the world may fail to out-balance one common possession of us all which some handle carelessly, and the very existence of which is denied by others—so intangible, useless and valueless does it seem. I do not mean by this that the money standard is to be despised as valueless. It has its appropriate place and we are forced often to appeal to it, but the proper perspective must be maintained and the penny must not be held so close to the eye as to dwarf the stature of a man, blind us to the glories of a sun, or hide from us some of the eternal verities of God's kingdom. The choice is put to many of us; Will you use your knowledge or your training so as to secure for yourself ease of living, freedom from the cares of the poor and a taste of those pleasures which wealth can bring, or will you struggle on, underpaid and unappreciated, poorly clothed and fed, sometimes with the heavy burden of seeing those whom you love and whom it is your pride to support, deprived of simple pleasures or even actual necessities, suffering all of this for the sake of some high-strung, perhaps mistaken, ideal of service. Are there not great things to be accomplished by wealth? Is there not in this also, great service for humanity? Such questions as these we ask ourselves and I can find in my heart no word of

blame for those who yield and persuade themselves that they have higher calls. Often they still do good service and are not lost in the ease of the lessened struggle. Sometimes the softer, easier life robs them of all high endeavor right and noble serving.

Do not misunderstand me. The laborer is worthy of his hire and often the hire is far from worthy of the laborer. If it should come about that the laborer is appreciated at more nearly his true value, the higher reward is his by right of service.

But I insist upon it, the point of view should be one of duty and of service and not one of money and of ease. The question one should put to himself is rather where and how can I make the best use of my one poor talent, or of my five, which some day shall be required of me with interest—how can I be of the greatest service, rather than how can I earn the largest number of dollars? Neither you nor I make the mistake of thinking it easy to look at our lives from this standpoint. It is not easy—it is very hard—but it is the truest and manliest view. Even this blind old world wakes up to that at times and recognizes in some humble, self-denying man or woman, who "hath done what she could," its noblest and its best. See the honor that is being done in these days and in this State to Calvin H. Wiley because he loved the children of the State and labored for them without thought of reward, laying the foundation of that system which today reaches hundreds of thousands of our children till none need be without light. Mankind delight to honor a Liebig, who gave to the world his great discoveries and refused to reap the benefits which might so easily have been his own. I am free to say that I would rather be instrumental in moulding one human mind, in training one strong brain to use its God-given powers, in loosing the shackles of ignorance that bound one hopeless prisoner, in leading one child upward to the light, than to earn thousands by some discovery, or merely heap up in any way piles of metal, even though it be silver or gold.

Let us go back to the beginnings, my friends, and let us ask this question by the touchstone of a mother's love: Can the false glittering stuff that is not gold can deceive the mother? What would that first and best of all teachers, a true and loved mother, take in exchange for the right teaching of the little one who stands at her knee? Would she ever weigh it against any amount of money or ease or pleasure? Could you bribe her by any gift to leave that little one untaught? And she is but the type of the true teacher who loves his work and is proud of it and is not merely working for his hire, though hire is necessary and good hire is very pleasant.

When the penny is withdrawn from the eye and the money value sinks out of view, the teacher stands apart, sometimes at the vision of the great issues of life which are placed in his hands, the making or the marring of the child which is a copy of the divine image, bestowed upon him from far-off Eden.

Do I magnify my office? Rather let me ask, can I magnify my office by any words or comparisons when one has this sublime view of the training of a human mind? If you will but take this view, I hold that there is much to be done to bring comfort amidst great discouragement. Some of us doubtless feel that our facilities are altogether inadequate for the best work, our surroundings uncongenial, our tasks too heavy and our pay too little. Perhaps we think ourselves fitted for higher things and that the world does not place the proper estimate upon us. These things may be true or they may not, but certainly the brooding over them brings no happiness, and the only road to happiness is in doing our present duty thoroughly and well. Your pleasure should be that of the perfect workman who finishes to the highest polish that portion of the great cathedral, which it is his crown of rejoicing to know that he has been thought worthy to build, even though he pours his labor and his life into the polishing of but one of the stones, leaving to the Great Architect the assignment of

parts and the harmonizing of the whole into its wonderful symmetry. The cathedral would not be complete without the stone he spent his life in polishing. It may not have been the corner-stone nor the key-stone of the edifice. It is enough to know that it was needed, and it will be a glorious thought that the work was well done.

Literature does not lack for accounts of teachers who have thus magnified their office. I need scarcely remind you of Socrates, of Epictetus, of Froebel—the lover of children—and of Thomas Arnold—the great master of Rugby. And there have been countless others as to whom the pages of history have been silent, but whose lives have been

“The sweet presence of a good diffused
And in diffusion ever more intense.”

They belong to that

“choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's search
To vaster issues.”

I knew one such, the teacher of my youth, and, next to my own father, the model and inspiration of my own life as a teacher. “Words have scant meaning,” and they do not flow easily for me as I attempt to describe to you my loved and revered master. He was every inch a man, erect and soldierly, for he had fought bravely for his country. He showed a quiet dignity and a thoughtful gravity, to which into an affectionate smile was one of our best prized rewards. Himself the very soul of truth and justice, he taught us to scorn all lies and subterfuge. Impudence and malice found no harbor in his heart nor ever crept into his words. Firm in the maintenance of law,

just in all his dealings, merciful where mercy best conserved the ends of justice, we feared his anger, but loved him for his truth. Is it strange that the gracious memory of such a man should linger in the hearts of his old boys? Can the influence of such a character upon the plastic young minds brought into contact with it ever be fully traced or estimated. I tell you that one of the sweetest guerdons which the years have brought me has been the kindly smile granted me by this, my dear old teacher, now crowned with whitened hair, the old man's crown of glory, when I have brought to him for his approval such few successes of my life as I hoped were worthy. And each time has come back to me the vision of the little old school house, and the small urchin standing before the teacher's desk, with slate all covered with laboriously scrawled examples, waiting hopefully for the same smile which was the signal of success and of release for home. And so, some day, must we all stand, with slates most painfully wrought over, at the feet of the Great Teacher and wait for his glorious smile and the glad reward: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant".

A little more than two years ago one of the great teachers of the University finished his course, having fought the good fight and kept the faith. I refer to Professor John Manning. Many of you knew the grandly simple character of this man, his nobility of soul and perfect courtesy. One of the truest and most tender hearted of men he was a rarely perfect teacher. He loved his students. They were his "boys." He gave freely of his learning and of his strength to teach them. His great heart went out to them in their troubles. He was their adviser, their friend, their helper, and in the end he gave his life for them. He sought no gain, accumulated no wealth. He scorned all lies, hypocrisies and petty meannesses and taught his students to do so. He followed these young men with the keenest interest out into the busy jostling world, rejoiced in their successes and sympathized

with them when they suffered from the "world's rude buffetings."

Was the career of this teacher a failure, whose life and teachings had served to mould and strengthen the character of hundreds of young men and through them to elevate a great profession and a great State, because its cash value seemed to be represented by a few thousands of insurance money? I pity the man who can think such a thought, one so blinded by the "glitter of the guinea," so besotted with the greed of gain that he cannot truly measure the beauty and the glory of such a life. The poor whom he had helped, the pupils whom he had taught and befriended, the friends who knew and loved him, the strangers who had but heard of him yet respected him; all these, numbering hundreds and thousands throughout this broad State, bowed in sorrow when the news of his death came, and paused awhile to do him reverence.

"I would die the death of the righteous
And may my last end be like his."

Herein, my friends, lies your exceeding great reward. To drive away the ignorance and darkness by your teaching is a noble work, and, nobly done, it brings a grand reward. How little will seem some day the trials and discouragements, the slanders and misunderstandings, which once almost made us to faint, when, in the light of that day, we shall see unrolled before us the glorious results of even some little effort at doing our whole duty. A sculptor models in the plastic clay or carves by sharp incision in the yielding stone the vision of grace and beauty which has filled his soul. There is but one vision however, and it stands immobile and immutable through the ages. The painter has his colored oils and canvas, and fixing there a beautiful conception, leaves it for generations of men to admire. The teacher deals with a more wonderfully delicate and receptive material. Plastic young minds can be moulded into nobility and beauty itself. Truth and

honor can be instilled into the child. The seeds of great thoughts can be planted and the fruitage is a grand and useful life which will influence other lives through the generations and the centuries. The vision of grace and beauty has been carved in a warm and living soul. Perhaps we have slight skill in thus imparting the vision of the beautiful and the good, but there is much comfort in thought that some hearts may hold our teachings in loving remembrance and that some lives have been lifted upwards towards the light.

Now, as to this sordid view of the money-value of life, if the teacher should in his own view of life relegate the money standard to a subordinate place, it is also his duty to instill into the minds of those whom he teaches the same juster, broader view. Such teaching was never more needed than at present. The enormous material development of our country in recent years, the rush of our own State into manufacturing and industrial life, into money-making and feverish speculation, bring great dangers which must be wisely met or they will overwhelm us. The restful peace and dignity and beauty of the life under the old conditions is rapidly disappearing. The unflinching consideration and courtesy which was once the mark of every gentleman is now spoken of as "of the old school," and the name carries with it a world of meaning. Our world has become desperately restless and is hurrying so fast to secure the ever vanishing dollar that it cannot stop for gentle courtesy or kindly thought of others. No longer is a man "a man for a' that," but the guinea's stamp is now the all sufficient requisite.

In this hurry to grow rich our young men are hastening out into business or manufacturing or some one of the professions with the scantiest training with which they can possibly get along. As for education, they have none. Of the history, the language, the literature of their race, they know little or nothing. The great past is practically a blank to them and the promise of the future means nothing unless they can translate it into dollars and cents.

Man's philosophy his high and noble thoughts, his discoveries as to the nature of the world in which he lives, its wonders and its beauties, unless they bear upon the comfort of their lives might as well be sealed mysteries still, so far as they are concerned. It is the toiling, money-grubbing present alone that intercepts and occupies them. They have determined to go forth with their muck-rakes and do not care whether their eyes are lifted above the little heaps which they are gathering.

What a pitiful spending of man's great powers of mind and soul. Be the muck pile small or great, the best and highest powers have been sacrificed for its gathering and the brief span of life recklessly thrown away. The teacher can do much to stem this tide. Those are beautiful and memorable words which were uttered as his ideal for the University by its honored president, Dr. Alderman, now serving in a distant state. I repeat them here because they can be applied by each teacher in his work, and striving for such an ideal must restore a truer equilibrium.

"I have an ideal for this University. My desire would have it a place where there is always a breath of freedom in the air; where a sound and various learning is taught heartily without sham or pretense; where the life and teachings of Jesus Christ furnish forth the ideal of right living and true manhood; where manners are gentle and courtesies daily multiply between teacher and taught; where all classes and conditions and beliefs are welcome and men may rise in earnest striving by the might of merit; where wealth is no prejudice and poverty no shame; where honorable labor, even rough labor of the hands, is glorified by high purpose and strenuous desire for the clearer air and the larger view; where there is a will to serve all high ends of a state struggling up out of ignorance into general power; where men are trained to observe closely, to imagine vividly, to reason accurately, and to have about them some humility and some toleration; where,

finally, Truth, shining patiently like a star, bids us advance, and we will not turn aside."

A last thought that I would leave with you is that it is a part of your mission to set men free. In fact, in one way or another, this thought runs through the story of your striving. Men speak of political freedom and patriots have struggled to free their country, but this kind of freedom means only a change of yokes and masters. For man must be governed in some way to insure the public good. A constitution is substituted for autocracy; a many-headed majority for one king; a ruler chosen by the people for one foisted upon them through some fancied right or by sheer might. But he who teaches the truth brings into the world the only breath of freedom which it knows, releasing those who find wisdom, from tryannies more enslaving and degrading than a mere political tryanny.

Across the front of the chief building of a great university are inscribed the words of the Master: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," and no more appropriate, grander words could have been chosen for those who teach and those who sit at their feet to learn. Teach the truth and the slavery of ignorance disappears, the bondage of superstition and of error is broken, the selfishness and narrowness of petty ecclesiasticism and bigotry are done away. All of these together with all that degrades, or dwarfs, or poisons in any way the sweet waters of the fountain of human liberty shall vanish away as the noisome mists are dispersed by the rising of the glorious sun. Teachers of the truth, it is the truth alone that can make men free, and into this truth it is your high privilege to lead them.

And so, I magnify my office, and I love to think that I, too, may be counted among the army of busy workers whose loving service is the uplifting of a world.

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

Ex-president Alderman, in giving his ideal for North Carolina's University, said first: "My desire would have it **A Breath of Freedom.** freedom in the air." Had he been at the last commencement the fact would have been borne in upon him that his ideal is being realized.

Never before since our acquaintance with the University has there been so much free-thinking and free-speech, though it has always been noted for that. The speeches by the members of the graduating class were not all laden with laudation of our native state and her people; the truth was told, and was heard without objection, because it was the truth. The Governor of the State, in presenting the the diplomas to the graduates, urged them to speak out boldly and defend the thoughts which God had given them.

We believe it is the beginning of a new era for the people of the State—an age in which ignorance shall be expelled and each one shall think for himself. And it is time that such were the case. Too long have the people of the State been getting their opinions either by borrowing or inheriting them. From the politicians they got their political opinions; from the preacher their religious beliefs.

The day cannot come too quickly when the people shall be bold enough to think and act for themselves; when Doctor Alderman's ideal for the University shall be the ideal for the State; when every one shall breathe into his lungs a breath of freedom—freedom in religious belief, in political opinion, in education—in all things.

* *
* *

With this issue the present board of editors ceases to be connected with the MAGAZINE. We have given you as **Parting Word.** good a publication as we were able. We are aware of the fact that, when compared with other volumes, ours has been almost a failure. But we repeat that you have had the best we were able to give. An examination of our Prospectus will reveal the disagreeable fact that we promised some things there which we did not give. The fault was not ours. Contributions were promised us early last fall which we tried to obtain every month during the year, but failed.

The Editor desires to express his thanks to his associate editors—some of them—for their helping hand at all times when they could be serviceable. And to many members of the faculty he is under great obligations. At all times when called upon, and many times voluntarily, they have been unfailingly kind and helpful to him. Without their assistance and advice he would long ago have given up in despair. To many of the students he is likewise indebted for assistance in various ways,

We would bespeak the same kind treatment for our suc-

cessor. It is the duty of every student of the University to aid him in publishing their magazine.

We are not unmindful of the unmerited honor bestowed upon us, nevertheless it is with no feeling of reluctance that we lay aside our pen.

COLLEGE RECORD.

B. S. SKINNER

Editors

E. D. SALLENGER

PROGRAMME OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTH
ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, WEDNESDAY,
JUNE 5, 1901, MEMORIAL HALL.

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Right Reverend Joseph Blount Cheshire, D.D.

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Bayard Urquhart Brooks. Some Objections to Govern-
ment Ownership of Railroads.

Philip Hall Busbee. The Electoral System and the
Presidency.

Edward Barham Cobb. The Economic Value of Combi-
nations of Capital.

Palmer Cobb. The Parable of the Three Rings in Les-
sing's Nathan der Weise.

Charles Paul Coble. Individualism as a World Move-
ment.

James Robert Conley. The Educational Ideals of Milton.

James Sion Cook. John Marshall's Influence on the Con-
stitution of the United States.

Calvin Duvall Cowles, Jr., A.B., Guilford College, 1900.
The Geographical Distribution of Animals.

Bayard Thurman Cowper. The Formation of our Union.

Royall Oscar Eugene Davis. The Theory of Electrolytic Dissociation and some of its Applications.

William Davis. Shall the United States Build the Nicaragua Canal?

John Christoph Blucher Ehringhaus. The Personality of Shakespeare.

Richard Lindsay Ellington, A.B., Guilford College, 1900. Action and Reaction in the Business World.

Archibald Wright Graham. The Trust: Its Evils and Remedy.

Emmet Carlyle Gudger. The Relation of Government to Forestry.

James King Hall. The Final Emancipation of the Southern Negro.

Arthur Worth Hardin. The Individual and the Corporation.

Wilton Daniel Harrington. The Argument for Government Ownership of Railroads.

John Lory Harris. Expansion and its Commercial Advantages.

Andrew Allgood Holmes. The Geographical and Geological Distribution and Occurrence of Bauxite, an Ore of Aluminium.

Robert Franklin Jenkins. Slavery in America.

Luren Thomas Johnson. Conservatism versus Progress.

Seaton Gales Lindsay. College Education for Business Men.

Claude Robertson McIver. Compulsory School Attendance in North Carolina.

Metrah Makely, Jr. The Code of Honor.

John Gerald Murphy. The Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge.

William Alexander Murphy. The Grail Myth: Its History and Interpretation.

Nathanael Gross Newman, A.B., Elon College, 1891. The Place of Feeling in Religion.

Frank Bisaner Rankin. Messiah in Isaiah.

John Wesley Roberts, Ph.B., Elon College, 1893. *The Motives and Methods of the Present Educational Movement in North Carolina.*

Aldert Smedes Root. *The Education of Women.*

Clarence Albert Shore. *Natural Selection as a Factor in Evolution.*

Benjamin Smith Skinner. *The Business Man as a Citizen.*

Wesley Bethel Speas. *Literature and the Wesleyan Movement.*

Nathaniel Cooper Starke. *An Analysis of the Conception of God in Isaiah.*

Luke Leary Stevens. *The Moral Element in Early Judaism.*

William McLelland Stevenson. *Some Character Types in Southern Fiction.*

Plummer Stewart. *Criminal Intent.*

John Frank Stokes. *Compulsory Education in North Carolina.*

Orlando Hobson Sumpter.

Wiley Hampton Swift. *The Organization of Capital.*

David Maxwell Swink. *The State Idea; Its Development.*

Kenneth Bayard Thigpen. *Organization, the Principle of Life.*

Dorman Steele Thompson. *The Opportunity of a State.*

John William Turrentine. *The Wide-spread Occurrence of Degeneration in the Animal Kingdom.*

Kingsland Van Winkle. *By-laws of Municipal Corporations.*

Herman Weil. *The Iron Industry of the South.*

Emmett Clive Willis. *The Man and the Trust.*

III.

THESES BY CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS.

Alfred Rives Berkeley, A.B., 1900. *The Civic Ideal in English Poetry.*

Benjamin Benson Lane, A.B., 1899. *The Novel and the Drama.*

James Edward Latta, Ph.B., 1899. *Ether Dynamics.*

David Preston Parker, A.B., 1900. *Homer: His Real Work.*

IV.

THESES BY CADIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF
PHILOSOPHY.

Archibald Henderson, A.B., 1898, A.M., 1899. *The Cone of the Normals for Centre of Surfaces of the Second Degree.*

James Edward Mills, A.B., Davidson, 1896, A.M., Davidson, 1900. *The Heat of Evaporation.*

V.

ORATIONS.

Individualism as a World Movement. Charles Paul Coble.

The Man and the Trust. Emmett Clive Willis.

The Opportunity of a State. Dorman Steele Thompson.

The Organization of Capital. Wiley Hampton Swift.

VI.

ADDRESS.

James Hampton Kirkland, LL.D.

VII.

MEDALS AND PRIZES.

The Holt Medal. R. N. Duffy.

The Hume Medal. L. L. Stevens.

The Hill Prize. E. D. Sallenger.

The Harris Prize. E. G. Alexander and J. K. Hall

The Greek Prize. J. R. Giles.

The Worth Prize. D. M. Swink.

The Debaters' Prize. S. J. Everett and E. D. Sallenger.
 The Bradham Prize. J. M. Cutchins, Jr.
 The Mangum Medal. D. S. Thompson.

VIII.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

IX.

SPECIAL CERTIFICATES.

Greek: Hall, J. K., Kerley, A. C., Moses, S. W., Thigpen, K. B.

Latin: Conley, J. R., Davis, W., Hall, J. K., Moses, S. W., Thigpen, K. B.

German: Cobb, P., Moses, S. W., Shore, C. A.

French: Cobb, P., Moses, S. W., Stevens, L. L.

English: Ehringhaus, J. C. B., Stokes, J. F.

Physics: Jenkins, R. F., Swink, D. M.

Chemistry: Davis, R. O. E.

Biology: Shore, C. A., Turrentine, J. W.

Geology: Gudger, E. C.

Pedagogy: Avent, J. E., Conley, J. R., Skinner, B. S., Swift, W. H.

X.

Address by Rev. J. A. B. Fry, D.D.

XI.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES IN COURSE, BY THE GOVERNOR.

Presented by Professor Eben Alexander.

Bachelors of Arts.

Eben Alexander, Jr.

Joseph Emery Avent, (*cum laude.*)

Philip Hall Busbee, (*cum laude.*)

Charles Paul Coble, (*cum laude.*)

James Sion Cook.

Calvin Duvall Cowles, Jr., A.B., Guilford, 1900.
Bayard Thurman Cowper.
John Christoph Blucher Ehringhaus, (*cum laude.*)
Archibald Wright Graham.
Emmet Carlyle Gudger, (*magna cum laude.*)
James King Hall, (*magna cum laude.*)
Wilton Daniel Harrington.
Metrah Makely, Jr.
William Alexander Murphy, (*cum laude.*)
Nathanael Gross Newman, A.B., Elon, 1891.
Frank Bisaner Rankin.
William McLelland Stevenson.
Kenneth Bayard Thigpen.

Presented by Professor Joshua Walker Gore.

Bachelors of Philosophy.

Edward Barham Cobb.
Palmer Cobb, (*magna cum laude.*)
James Robert Conley.
Royall Oscar Eugene Davis.
William Davis.
Arthur Worth Hardin.
John Lory Harris.
Robert Franklin Jenkins.
Luren Thomas Johnson.
Seaton Gales Lindsay.
Claude Robertson McIver.
John Wesley Roberts, Jr., Ph.B., Elon, 1893.
Benjamin Smith Skinner.
Nathaniel Cooper Starke.
Luke Leary Stevens, (*cum laude.*)
John Frank Stokes.
Wiley Hampton Swift, (*magna cum laude.*)
Dorman Steele Thompson, (*magna cum laude.*)
John William Turrentine, (*cum laude.*)
Emmett Clive Willis.

Presented by Professor Charles Baskerville.

Bachelors of Science.

Neill Robert Blackman, (*cum laude.*)

Baird Urquhart Brooks.

Robert Lindsay Ellington, A.B., Guilford, 1900.

Andrew Allgood Holmes.

John Gerald Murphy.

Aldert Smedes Root.

Clarence Albert Shore, (*magna cum laude.*)

Wesley Bethel Speas.

David Maxwell Swink, (*cum laude.*)

Herman Weil.

Presented by Associate Professor Thomas Ruffin.

Bachelors of Laws.

Plummer Stewart.

Orlando Hobson Sumpter.

Kingsland Van Winkle.

Presented by Professor Kemp Plummer Battle.

Masters of Arts.

Alfred Rives Berkeley, A.B., 1900.

Benjamin Benson Lane, A.B., 1899.

James Edward Latta, Ph.B., 1899.

David Preston Parker, A.B., 1900.

Presented by the President.

Doctors of Philosophy.

Archibald Henderson, A.B., 1898, A.M., 1899.

James Edward Mills, A.B., Davidson, 1896,

A.M., Davidson, 1900.

XII.

THE BENEDICTION.





