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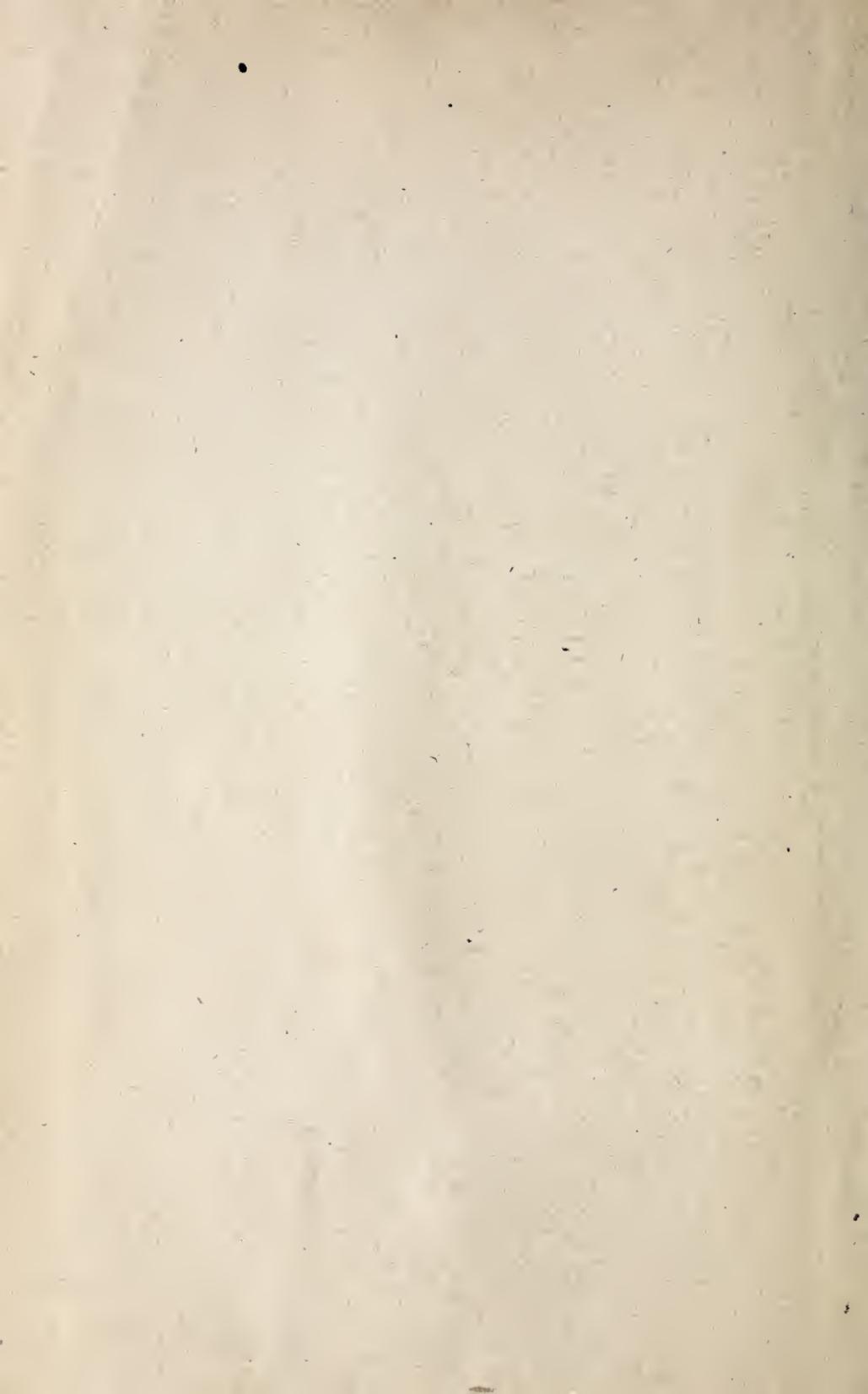
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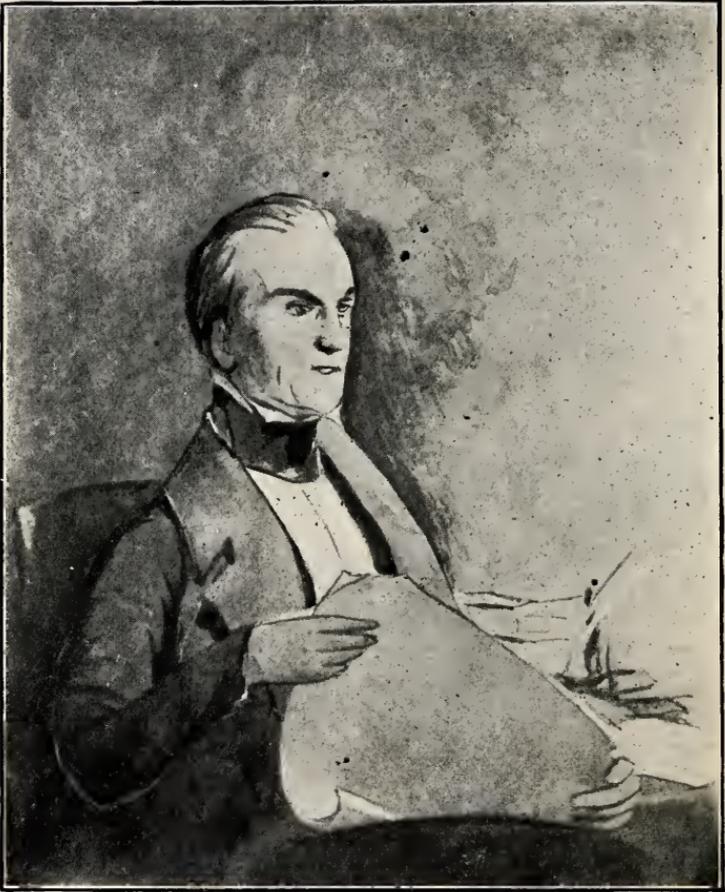
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PRESIDENT JAMES K. POLK.

# University Magazine.

Old Series, Vol. XXXIII. No. 1---OCTOBER, 1902. New Series, Vol. XX.

## HISTORY

### ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT POLK.\*

Fellow Members:

Elevated by your suffrages to the first office in our body a second time, I am impelled by my feelings to offer you my most sincere thanks for your partiality, but deem it unnecessary to repeat the tedious routine of apology for incapacity which invariably emanates from the *Chair* at the commencement of each presidency. Not, fellow members, that I feel myself better qualified to discharge the duties of this office than my worthy predecessors, but that you who make the choice ought and do know the abilities of him whom you choose. It is therefore unnecessary to inform you. Were I to follow the beaten tracks, I should request you to extend the mantle of your charity over my manifold errors. But guided (as I hoped I shall be) by the strict letter of the law, I know from your former generosity you will not be disposed to censure.

The theme to which your attention is chiefly directed for the present is *eloquence*. Feeble indeed must be any

\* Delivered on the occasion of his inauguration as president of the Dialectic Society.

attempt of inexperienced youth to portray to your imagination the irresistible force of genuine eloquence which speaks the language of the heart without any studied ornaments to deck it or any affectation to satiate a corrupt taste. The powers of eloquence have been felt and acknowledged in all ages and in all nations. The unlettered savage feels it and yields his silent assent. A despairing soldiery at the critical moment when their country's fate is to be decided are inspired with invincible courage by their eloquent general. The enlightened statesman who counsels and debates for the welfare of his country is charmed with its beauty and insensibly swept away with the current. But when it flows from the mouth of the minister of God all without exceptions from the sceptred monarch to the indigent peasant are awed into silence. Need I produce examples to support what I have asserted? Attend to the few emphatic sentences pronounced at the eve of battle that made Bonaparte's soldiers fight to desperation. Listen to the heartfelt language of our Patrick Henry and imagine that you witness the awful silence that pervaded the council at the moment when a magnanimous people were about to burst the bonds of oppression and assert the rights of freemen. See how the truly eloquent Mr. Whitefield the effects of whose labours have been witnessed by the world, clothed with the divine authority of an apostle, struck conviction to the rebellious infidel's heart. Its effects have always been greatest when the mind has been least trammelled by the exercise of despotic power. It flourished in the republican States of Greece and Rome while the rest of the world chained down to the idol of monarchy knew nothing of it. The reason is plain. Where-

ever man is his own governor persuasive eloquence becomes the instrument of power. In the Parliament of England when a small portion of absolute power is vested in the people it has made its appearance. In the Congress of America its influence has been felt. It is true it is subject to be converted into the worst of purposes. Some tyrannizing usurper may make it the instrument of his own elevation. Some insidious traitor instigated by mercenary views may delude the council of his nation and involve it in difficulties. But though it may seem paradoxical it is nevertheless true that this, so far from being an objection to its cultivation, is the very reason why it should be carefully attended to. For we have no other weapon so powerful to oppose the delusions of sophistry which an artful individual may attempt to impose on us as this. And in the cause of truth with equal natural and acquired powers it will prevail. If the abuse of it be sufficient to reject its cultivation entirely why may not the abuse which may be made of the arts and sciences reject them also. And why may not the holy religion of Christ be entirely abandoned because some hypocrite has abused it? It would seem strange that a science which has been so universally admired as eloquence in every part of the world when it has made its appearance should have been so little cultivated, did we not recollect that the largest portion of mankind have in all ages been chained down in servile adoration at the shrine of monarchy when eloquence has nothing to effect. The eloquence of the pulpit it is true has seldom been restrained in its exercise and as seldom has it received that attention which an interest in eternity should require. The English Bishop repeats the cold monotony of pray-

er for his king and reads the tiresome production of his stupid hours to meet the demands of his salary without any of that fire that gives force to expression or any of that feeling that works upon the passions and produces conviction. This indifference is measurably the consequence of a religion being supported by government. But we fellow members not only live in a country where religion is voluntary and not systematical, but when the only rule of government is persuasion. While Europe, Asia and Africa tamely submit to regal authority and dare not investigate the measures of government we boast of free discussion and self-government. Ours then is the country according to the principles already laid down when eloquence is less restrained in its exercise and has more to effect than in any other country on the globe. In our political assemblies it is alternately the instrument of attack and the barrier of defence. It is then peculiarly necessary that the American people and particularly those who are favoured with the advantages of education should cultivate it with diligence and care. "Poeta nasectur Orator fet" is a maxim that has stood the test of ages. Be not discouraged fellow members by the gigantic strides of your predecessors in the schools of eloquence when you reflect that diligence and study will effect wonders. A drop of water that falls down upon a rock below makes no sensible impression but if water trickle down for ages adamant will yield. But it is not to be understood from what has been said that it behooves all without exception to make eloquence their particular study. But only those who have some marks of natural ability for this particular science. According to the all wise disposition of providence the minds of dif-

ferent individuals are suited to different professions in life. One will excell in Mathematics, another is born a Poet but oratoracal abilities remain concealed until the experiment is made by cultivating the natural powers. And if upon trial it be found to be an irksome and disagreeable undertaking it is time enough then to abandon it. Apply then fellow members the remarks which have been made to your particular case and increase your eloquence. Reflect upon the high ground which you occupy with respect to the rest of the world. Reflect upon the necessity of cultivating your oratorical powers. You not only live in a country which possesses advantages over every other in the superior excellence of its political institutions and in the freedom of parliamentary debate, but you are the chosen few of your own community who have the advantages of a liberal education. Thousands by nature as good as you remain the same rude stocks that nature formed them. But you, like marble taken from the quarry, receive the polish of the skillful artist. You have the advantages of the Dialectic Society, a body similar in its organization and many of its rules of proceedings to our State legislature and the great national council of our Republic. Seize then with avidity the opportunities of improvement as they pass, for ere long you may be called upon to succeed those who now stand up the representatives of the people, to weild by the thunder of your eloquence the council of a great nation and to retain by your prudent measures that liberty for which our fathers bled. It may be a delusive phantom that plays before my imagination, but my reason tells me it is not. For why may we not expect talents in this seminary in proportion to the number of youth which it fosters, and with the advantages which have been named

why may we not expect something more than ordinary? But even if it were visionary I would delight to dwell for a moment upon the pleasing hope. But fellow members you may not only have to act in a legislative capacity, but you may be called upon to sound the gospel praise to a degenerate world. The imperfect right of humanity may impel you to stand forth the defenders of the innocent victim that is cruelly persecuted and unjustly dragged to the bar of justice where you may have to encounter early imbibed prejudices before the innocence of your client can be made evident. You may have to touch every fiber that vibrates to sympathy before you can paint forcibly the sufferings of the widow or the cries of the orphan. Although our body resembles most what Rhetoricians would term a miscellaneous assembly your proficiency in extemporaneous debating will furnish you with that fluency of language, that connexion of ideas and boldness of delivery that will be equally serviceable in the *council*, in the *pulpit* and at the *bar*. To lay down rules for your improvement in the eloquence of which I have spoken would be impracticable in an address of this kind even from the most concise and able pen. In me such an attempt would be ridiculous and vain indeed. Attend to the many excellent authors upon this and also upon other subjects with which our library is stored that when you are about to leave this Hall of science and enter upon the busy scenes of active life you may have the inward satisfaction to say

“On the wide sea of letters ’twas my boast”

“To crowd each sail and touch at every coast;”

“From that rich \*mine how often have I brought”

“The pure and precious pearls of splendid thought.”

\* Referring to the library.

Say not that the force of eloquence has been diminished in proportion as the world has been enlightened and that the sound sense of mankind now supercedes its necessity and prevents its effects. For though the same powers which once struck the man of nature into silence and led him captive at the orator's will, would not succeed at the present day, it must be remembered that the improvement in this science has been proportionate to the improvement in other branches of knowledge, that as mankind have become more sagacious their intimate nature has become better known and that the orator is therefore furnished with more effectual weapons to accomplish his purpose than formerly. No, the testimony of the world still bears evidence of its effects wherever there is a suitable theatre for its exercise.

“Sooner shall whirlwinds rock the sea to rest,”  
 “And mothers stab their sucklings at the breast;”  
 “Sooner shall tygers from the desert rove,”  
 “And wander harmless thro’ the festive grove,”  
 “Sooner the leopard change his spotted side,”  
 “A feather sooner stem the rapid tide,”  
 “Sooner the Moor efface his sable hue,”  
 “And sooner earth be deluged with a dew,”

than genuine eloquence lose its effects and cease to be admired where man is free. It shall remain with all the original charms in which it is sung to us by the Poet of nature who speaks of it as flowing from the lips of Nestor sweet as honey. But although, fellow members, I do not take it upon myself to give you directions in your progress in this science, I cannot but remark two very fatal and opposite faults that prevail in the exercises in debating that

are exhibited in this body. The one is looseness of preparation before assembling in this *Hall*. The other is writing and memorizing your exhibitions in which there is often too much attention paid to the eloquence of language and too little to the ideas conveyed by it. The former so far from making you fluent and bold, will only tend to corrupt language and embarrass your address. The latter will make you timorous and unprepared to engage in an unforeseen discussion. A due degree of attention shall be given to the subject under consideration. The several heads upon which you mean to touch should be distinctly arranged in the memory, but the language in which your ideas are expressed should not be elaborate, but that which is suggested at the moment of delivery when the mind is entirely engrossed by the subject which it is considering. The attention of your hearers will not then be diverted from the merits of the question by the studied metaphors and flowers of language. But fellow-members you are not to infer from the exclusive attention which I have at this time given to the subject of eloquence that the other duties of composing and reciting history or delivering single orations pointed out in our excellent constitution are of no value and therefore not worthy of your attention. My illustrious predecessors have so repeatedly sounded their advantages in your ears and in so masterly a manner as supersedes the necessity of again entering upon this fertile field of speculation which indeed would only be an intrusion upon your patience. Uniform diligence in all your collegiate studies and social duties of society, accompanied with an honorable independent and upright deportment, are sincerely recommended to you. Experience shows that

without study even the greatest natural abilities can never arrive at eminence. It also shows that the fawning sycophant and cringing courtiers for promotion sink in the estimation of the world, and meet that contempt which is due to their character from the truly upright and honorable. To be diligent in your studies is a duty you owe your country, your numerous friends and relations but above all your aged parents whose future hopes and happiness are intimately connected with all your actions. To be honorable and manly is a duty you owe yourselves if you wish to be received and respected in the first circles of society when you enter upon the great theatre of action which lies before you. It is in your collegiate walks that you form those principles which will probably attend you through life. Beware then of every dishonorable action. While you are strictly obedient to the laws of college stoop not from the true principles of honor to gain the favour of the Faculty and thus succeed in your views of promotion. Make not your attendance on divine worship with the long face of the hypocrite a tool in the accomplishment of your purpose. For though you may deceive for a while those who have the distribution of distinctions, yet when in the calm hour of retirement you look inwardly upon yourselves, conscience that secret monitor of our actions must sting you in a thousand points. I would not have you so foolishly self-important as to think it a degradation to submit to the authority of the lawful officers of college but I would have you act with manly firmness and solicit no reward but that to which your merit entitles you. You can then not only reflect upon your past conduct with pleasure, but you will be respected and esteemed by those with whom you as-

sociate. But if your course of conduct be the reverse of this; if your time be spent in calumniating the character of your rivals and in endeavoring to depreciate their worth by low intriguing schemes it is not difficult to foresee your inevitable situation. Contempt will frown you in the face in all your walks and you will become degraded even in the eyes of your most intimate friends.

Permit me to conclude fellow-members by observing that as the blood can't circulate through the extremities of the body when any of the conducting arteries are disordered, so no government can be correctly administered when there is a deficiency in any of the heads of the departments. Believing then that the firm basis of good government is the prompt execution of its laws, it shall be a rule of my conduct in the executive capacity of our body to punish officers for the failure in the discharge of their official duties to the utmost extent that the law will admit.

JAMES K. POLK.

Chapel Hill N. Carolina

May 20th 1818.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

N. W. WALKER.

When the frost comes on the meadow  
And the cotton-fields are white,  
And a haze hangs 'bout the moorland  
In the purple autumn light,  
Then the Indian Summer's coming—  
Gladdest season of the year—  
When there's not a sigh for spring time,  
And for summer not a tear.

There's a charm about the woodland  
And a joy among the hills;  
There's a pleasure in the singing  
And the rippling of the rills;  
There's a vigorating tonic  
In the crispy autumn air  
That infuses life and spirit  
With a feeling debonair.

From some unknown Eldorado—  
From the mystic realms of light,  
Autumnus bring his colored brushes  
And he paints with all his might  
Until every leaf is gilded  
With a golden-yellow tinge—  
Until every cloud is bordered  
By a glowing silver fringe.

## MORGAN'S DEATH.

**W**HILE in the mountains of East Tennessee I chanced to put up at an inn owned by one John Wilcox. This is in the town of Elizabethton, Carter County, near Greeneville. As all will remember Gen. Morgan was captured at Greeneville. Some say he was shamefully treated. Some that he was tied to a mule's tail, and dragged, Hector fashion, amid jeers of the enemy. Some claim that his hostess, Mrs. Williams walked miles to betray Morgan. The foundation for this report is that Mrs. Williams had a daughter-in-law that was wont to misbehave; that after the war claimed the pseudo-honor and posed as a heroine before a yankee audience. But she was despised because she was known. No suspicion can be cast upon the loyal matron who housed the general. At any rate the inn-keeper was a survivor of the detachment that captured the general. His father wrote what follows. I found it, newspaper clipped, pasted in a scrap book. It gives what I believe to be the true account of the capture. I laid aside all rancor and conferred with Captain S. W. Scott of Elizabethton who seriously assured me that he considered the Wilcox account accurate. Here it is, copied letter for letter from my newspaper clipping, which is, manifestly, in turn a reprint from the Emporia paper. I interpolate a cut of the scene which I copied from the documents of Capt. Scott.

MAJ. C. C. WILCOX, ON THE DEATH OF REBEL RAIDER,  
JOHN H. MORGAN.

We clip the following interesting sketch from the Em-

poria (Kan.) Daily Republican. The characters mentioned in it are well known to many persons of this section.

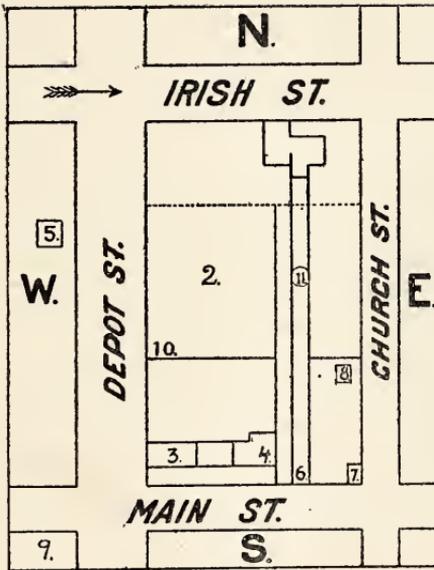
Having seen and read a number of articles in relation to the death of John H. Morgan and the maltreatment of his body after death, at Greeneville, Tenn., on the 5th day of September, 1864, namely Basil Duke's history of John H. Morgan in which he says that Morgan was murdered in cold blood after he had surrendered; an article, published by a Mr. Johnson in the Cincinnati Gazette some three or four years ago, in which he repeats the story of Duke and adds thereto a more infamous lie than the other, that "the dead body of his chief was tied to a horse's tail and dragged through the streets of Greeneville, the East Tennesseans hurraing and yelling after him like wild Indians." Another one of Morgan's staff repeats the story of the horse's tail and the mutilated body being drawn through the mud, and another says it was a mule's tail to which the body was tied. I am quite willing to accord the above gentlemen all honesty of purpose, but knowing their hatred and prejudices against the East Tennesseans, I am not surprised that they should make such statements, not one of them having seen Gen. Morgan shot. There has also been much said about a woman in this connection and that Gen. Morgan was betrayed by a Mrs. Williams which statement is also untrue. I will now give, as near as possible, from memory, the facts in relation to the surprise and death of Gen. Morgan. On the evening of September 3, 1864, while Gen. Gilham's command, consisting of the Ninth and Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry, Tenth Michigan Cavalry, and a battery of six guns, Col. John K. Miller

commanding brigade—while in camp at Bull's Gap, sixteen miles northwest of Greeneville, a boy reported to Col. Miller that a force of rebels was encamped at Blue Springs, about half way between Bull's Gap and Greeneville. Col. Miller reported the matter to Gen. Gilham and proposed a plan to capture them. Lieut. Col. W. H. Ingerton was to take the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry and make a forced march southeast, strike the old Newport road and follow it to a point within one and a half miles west of Greeneville and there form across the Blue Spring's road, facing West. Col. Miller was to move up the Blue Spring's road and attack the rebel forces there. Near midnight we broke camp, and as we did so the elements broke loose upon us. - The Thirteenth performed her part of the allotted task under trying difficulties. It seemed that the very windows of Heaven had been opened; the rain fell in torrents as it only can fall in the mountains of East Tennessee. The lightning flashed, the thunders rolled, but the brave mountaineers pressed on over a tortuous road, mid mud and slush, one moment blinded by the lightning's flash, the next groping in Stygian darkness. We reached our post about four o'clock and took position across the Blue Spring's road, facing West. My company "G" was on the right centre near the road. While forming line a courier was seen approaching. He was halted and upon examination a dispatch was found from Gen. Vaughn, directed to Gen. John H. Morgan, Greeneville, Tenn., at the residence of of Mrs. Williams. This was the first intimation we had received that John Morgan was near us. Col. Ingerton turned to me and said, Capt. Wilcox, do you know the place, I said I do. Take company "G", charge into

town and bring him out. I entered the town of Greenville with perhaps sixty-five men. I reached the entrance to Main Street: a long street running through the town east and west. This street was full of men and horses who had encamped in the street through the night and had just begun to move about and make arrangements for feeding and breakfast. I ordered Lieut. White to take part of the company and move down a side street running past the Williams residence. I ordered the remainder of the company to charge. We charged through the entire length of Main Street to the college grounds; here we discovered the rebels had a battery of eight guns planted near the college. My oldest son, John M. Wilcox, with Sol Turner, Tip White, John and William Humphreys, and the two Sheffield brothers went up to the guns and brought off quite a number of prisoners. I there discovered a heavy rebel force lying east of the college about four thousand strong under Basil Dukes. I drew off my men and returned to the central part of town to collect the prisoners. While I was directing the movements of my men near the Catholic church, south-east of the Williams residence, John G. Burchfield rode up to me and said, captain, Gen. Morgan is in the brick house over there. I had already posted my men around the blocks, north, east and south of the residence. I then ordered some of my men, among whom was Andy Campbell (company clerk) to the west side of the blocks, thus forming a complete guard of soldiers around the block in which I knew Morgan was concealed. I then ordered one of my men to open the gate in the rear of the Catholic church. He did not get it open as soon as I expected, when I rode my mule against the gate and

broke it down. Through it I ordered Jno. M. Wilcox and Jno. G. Burchfield, I soon followed them. They passed near a grape arbor running north and south through the block, separating the residence of the Mrs. Williams from the Catholic church grounds; here two officers surrendered. The boys pushed up the east side of the arbor some twenty or thirty feet, and passed through to the west side between Morgan and the house. He was endeavoring to reach the house. The boys claimed that he fired one shot at them, and after he was killed it was found that one chamber of his pistol had been fired. He then turned and faced Campbell, who had rode out from behind a stable on the cross street east of him. Seeing Campbell about to shoot, he turned and faced the boys, raised his pistol and advanced toward them. They were yelling at Campbell not to shoot, as Morgan was in a direct line with them and only about twenty feet from them. Campbell fired, and Morgan threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Oh, God," fell forward and died without a groan. I rode up to where he lay, but there was none of us knew who he was then. Burchfield was by my side and I sent him for one of the captured officers who had just surrendered. Captain Rodgers came back with him. As he saw the body he said, "you have killed General Morgan, the best man that ever lived." I think I said, that is the man we are after. Campbell was ordered in and the body was laid across the horse in front of him and he carried it out west of town near the place I had left the regiment where I met Colonel Miller with the brigade. Col. Ingerton hearing my men firing, and the rebel artillery also, became alarmed for my safety and ordered Captain Worthington into town to support

me, but our work was done and he with his company, helped gather up the horses and prisoners. I ordered my men with the prisoners, some seventy-five, consisting of Morgan's staff and escort, to move out, and as we did so the rebels made a charge into town, but this did not



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|----------------------------------|--|
| 1. Williams' residence.          | 7. Shop.                               |
| 2. Place where Gen. Morgan fell. | 8. Episcopal Church.                   |
| 3. Mason House.                  | 9. Court House.                        |
| 4. Fry Hotel.                    | 10. Where Morgan's body was taken out. |
| 5. Stable.                       | 11. Old Summer house.                  |
| 6. Gate on Main Street.          |  |

alarm me or my brave boys, for they did not haste at all but brought off the dead body of Morgan, the prisoners and horses. The body was laid beside the road and I

was ordered into action again and followed the retreating rebels some five or six miles east of Greeneville. Morgan's body was placed in an ambulance and carried back to the house of Mrs. Williams, dressed and sent through the lines the same evening.

I have writien this sketch, not for self glory or any personal feelings I may have in the matter, but that my boys of Company "G" may have justice and stand before the world as true soldiers and brave men. I have often said, and now say that they never turned their backs upon their country's foes, nor did any one of them to my knowledge mistreat a prisoner. Most of them had good cause to take vengeance on their enemies. They had been driven from peaceful, happy homes and friends, and hunted in the mountains like wild beasts, but they left vengeance to whom vengeance belongs. They did their duty and without exception, have made good citizens, and I wishto pay this tribute to their memory. Brave in battle, unyielding to treason, nerves of steel and hearts as gentle as a woman's. Brave men I love your memory and the name of each is recalled by your old commander.

## LETTERS

### THE INFLUENCE OF LYLY AND GREENE UPON THE PASTORAL COMEDY OF SHAKESPEARE.

**T**O the student who is familiar with the works of Shakespeare but not so with those of dramatists preceding him, his genius is a thing of great wonder. To such a one he is a genuine poet, a maker, a creator, who, with a powerful constructive imagination, 'turns the forms of things unknown to shapes and gives to airy nothingness' a thoroughly substantial, dramatic form. He is looked upon as the one great inventive artist, the result of whose work is a highly complex, perfected drama. But it is just here that a partial mistake is made. Granting that his genius surpasses that of all poets of all times, it does so, not by reason of its distinctly creative powers, pure and simple, but rather by reason of its power to use in new, striking combinations, the dramatic material with which the Elizabethan public was familiar; to take from whatever source possible, whether from the classic stage, early drama, or crude chronicle, an incident here, a suggestion there, and to cast them rapidly into decidedly attractive forms. In truth, the plot of but only one of his plays is of his own creation. The individual character creations, however, such as the melancholy Jacques or the wise fool Touchstone, belong to no one save himself. The general suggestions may have been borrowed from others,

but the particulars, the details are his own. By re-arranging, by adapting, and by coloring the rough material at his disposal, he gives it a compact, beautiful form, around which with inexpressibly fine artistic effect, he folds the delicate woof of dramatic poesy.

Thus, at the hand of Shakespeare, the drama was perfected, not created. Centuries previous to his coming its foundations had been laid. The mystery plays, filled with tragic and comic elements, had flourished; the classic stage had contributed stock characters, rhetorical forms, and act divisions; a new form of dramatic verse had been evolved; plot construction had been emphasized; dialogue, songs, and pastoral scenes had been added; under the leadership of Kyd, Peele, Lyly, Greene, and Marlowe, the superstructure had been built,—there was need but for the capping stone—Shakespeare. The growth had been gradual, constant, upward. As in the coming of Spring in a Southern clime Nature does not put forth all that is beautiful in one short day, but displays a daffodil to-day, a violet to-morrow, until her appearance is entirely transformed, so the drama grew slowly, steadily, expanding year by year, being perfected first in one particular, then in another, and on, until it received its final form from Shakespeare himself.

Co-existent with this development of form, was the marked growth of available dramatic material. Narrative poems, chronicles, crude plays, translations from the classics and from Southern European literature, accounts of travels, both in the newly opened East and West,—all these valuable materials were at hand. They formed a general store-house to which all writers had access and from which all could draw. Thus, when

Shakespeare reached London, he found the essentials for a great drama. He found form, material, and an eager public clamoring for the best plays that could be brought on the stage.

Among the many writers who had aided in bringing about these conditions so favorable to the dramatist were John Lyly and Robert Greene. Fresh from the University, trained in the niceties of the court, familiar with the various phases of London life, and above all touched with marked dramatic genius, they came into the field of dramatic action. Each brought with himself his characteristic contribution; Lyly, an unlimited store of fabulous, classical lore, court affection, balanced prose dialogue; and exquisitely beautiful lyric forms; Greene, the sweet atmosphere of the country, the beauty of Nature, and the loveliness of pure womanly character. Both writers, through the medium of novel and play, made these contributions to the general fund. To determine to what extent Shakespeare was influenced by his predecessors in his pastoral comedies, and in what respects he excelled them, is the two-fold purpose of this paper.

The plan thus expressed can be best carried out by showing in the first instance how Shakespeare adapts essentials; in the second, how he takes suggestions and enlarges upon them at will. Of the essentials there are three, plot being the most important and taking precedence of character proto-types and forms of speech. Following the example of early dramatist, Shakespeare did not hesitate to use whatever material he found peculiarly suited to his needs. He drew from the general fund, so it is but natural that we should find he has taken the

plots of two works of Lyly and Greene and has recast them in plays of his own. From Greene's "Padosto" he took the story upon which the "Winter's Tale" is based. He changes the names of all the leading characters of the novel and shifts the main action of the play from Bohemia to Sicily. Hermione, when cast off by her jealous husband, does not die, as does her proto-type, Bellaria, but on the contrary she is kept by Paulina until the words of the oracle are fulfilled. Then, in a most beautiful scene she is re-united to her penitent husband and gives a joyful welcome to her newly wedded daughter. In both works the highly sensitive prince dies upon hearing of the treatment of his mother, but in Shakespeare's play the outcome of all mistakes and sorrows is unmixed happiness. Perdita is joined to Florizel and restored to her father and mother; there is no misplacement of affection upon her by her father; there is no tragedy to mar the beauty of the sheep-shearing feast which casts its happy influence over the concluding scenes of the comedy. To the old story Shakespeare has added much that is charming, but possibly nothing more so than the character of Paulina. It is true that Autylocus is amusing, but Paulina is devoted and loyal. Her firmness, her tact, her goodness,—all appeal to us. She is distinctly a creation of Shakespeare's.

For the setting of "As You Like It," another of his romances, Shakespeare is indebted to Lodge, a disciple of Lyly, and to Lyly himself. While it is true that for mere outline he borrowed most from Lodge, still in matters of detail and spirit, he borrowed directly from Lyly. For the proto-types of his characters, he drew upon the "Golden Legacie;" for the description of the

effects of love, for the situations to which feminine disguise gives rise, for the flash of wit, play upon words, sprightly prose dialogue, and lovely lyrical notes, upon the beautiful court masque, "Gallathea." Here, again, he gives us new creations. Jacques, Touchstone, and Audrey are the children of his imagination, around whom he throws the sunshine and the shadow of his native wood. But mingling with them beneath its melancholy boughs, where the romantic, the unconventional pervades all, are the characters of Lyly and Greene, who, with courtiers, lovers, shepherds, 'fleet the time carelessly' and withdraw themselves from the great noisy work-a-day world.

In these foregoing instances, the poet's method of direct borrowing has been noted. In the one following it is our intention to show how he draws, indirectly it may be, upon the plays of Greene, and that too, in a way which gives proof of his greatest genius. Greene, in "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," bound together in clever style a leading plot and two underplots. He took the leading story of the magician from the old Elizabethan book of Friar Bacon legends. He devised the underplot of the love of Prince Ned for Margaret, the proxy courting, and the unexpected love affair between Lacy and the maid, from current stories. He drew again upon the story book for the tragic quarrel over Margaret, and upon the early church plays for the character of the "roaring devil." Around all these he threw the beauty of his country home, Suffolk. It is the play of a novelist, rather than of a dramatist. In it there is but little of tragedy, nothing of dreadful foreboding,—it is pervaded by the repose of "As You Like It," and the

charm of the closing scenes of "The Merchant of Venice." Shakespeare, with keen dramatic instinct, was not slow to note the possibilities of similarly constructed comedies, a marked example of which we have in the "Merchant of Venice." Following the suggestion of Greene, he collected his materials wherever he chanced upon them. The main story concerning the strange bond and the three caskets he took from the old play, the "Jew," and from the "Gesta Romanorum." The story of Lorenzo and Jessica came from the "Jew of Malta." Shylock was drawn from Barabas, Dr. Lopez, and from the stock characterization of the Jewish merchant in Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These are his materials. Like the argosies of Antonio, they came from far and near, laden with choicest riches. From them a thousand scenes could be drawn. They yield an ancient Roman in spirit, a Spaniard, a Moor, an Italian, a Christian, a Jew. They show the quickened life of Venice: its Rialto, its shipping, its courts of law, its feverish business activities,—all are exhibited; while away in the distance, glimmering in the summer moon-light, stand the towers of Belmont, beautiful, serene. These are, in part, the materials, the characters, the scenes. Surrounding them, pervading them, is the spirit of the Italian renaissance. It breathes upon them, they rush together into perfect beauty of life.

Art of a genuine kind is undoubtedly displayed by Greene in the treatment of his theme. To it alone must be attributed the beauty of scenes and the interest of scene sequence. The very first lines of the play attract us. Our fancy is delighted with the rich pictures of the

country, the escapades of Prince Ned, the tricks of Friar Bacon, the bombast of Vandermast. Our ambitions and hopes are stimulated by the energy and achievements of Friar Bacon; our lives, brightened by the lessons of sacrifice and love by which the close of the play is marked. But, let us also view the "Merchant of Venice." Are its scenes a whit the less beautiful? Does interest, at any point, lag? Is not art of the highest nature to be noted in every page? First to enter upon the stage is Antonio, the Christian, the master merchant, in whom "The ancient Roman honor more appears than any that draws breath in Italy." Around him gather representatives of Venetian life; beyond him on the blue Mediterranean, fly his woven-winged argosies. While they are making foreign ports or braving sweeping storms, the scene shifts to Belmont. There Portia is the central figure, with Bassanio, her accepted lover, near her. His choice has been delayed. But now, that he knows of her love for him, he demands the caskets. The curtains are drawn back; subdued music breathes through the palace; strangely suggestive melodies steal upon the air, and the leaden casket is chosen. Again the scene quickly changes. Lorenzo and Jessica establish themselves at Belmont, while Bassanio and Portia hasten to the law court. There, all is gloom. Shylock, merciless, revengeful, demands the execution of his bond. Reasons, importunities, offers of money, all are vain. There can be but one end—one sad end,—seeing which Antonio resigns himself, saying to his friends:

"You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height; \* \* \*  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines

To wag their high tops and to make no noise,  
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven—  
As to seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—  
His Jewish heart."

Snatched from the fiendish clutches of the Jew by Portia, away Antonio and Bassanio post for Belmont. From the harrowing despair of the court they pass into the joyous freedom of Italian night and dawn. Romantic lovers are abroad; the moon-beams sleep upon the dewy banks; the stars, sunk in the floor of heaven like orbs of gleaming gold, pour forth an unheard harmony, divine. The travelers draw homeward, they meet, they make their confessions in joy, and as the stars dim and the dawn breaks gray in the east, they lose themselves in sleep.

While it is true that Shakespeare represented princely people, rather than those of the country, he nevertheless is indebted to Greene for several of his individual characters. Leaving out of consideration those prototypes which were directly furnished, is it not possible to find others which are to a degree appropriated and enlarged by Shakespeare? Who, pray, is so blind as to fail to see in the fair maid of Fressenfield, either when she exhibits the products of her dairy to Prince Ned or dances with her lover at the May fair, something of the lovely Perdita who plays the queen of curds or acts the mistress at the festivities connected with the annual sheep-shearing? Perdita is not a "made up" character, to be sure, but glimpses, not only of herself, but of many of the noble heroines of Shakespeare, had been caught from the no less noble heroines of Greene. Mad, ungovernable Bohemian that he was, Greene was the first dramatist to

represent the true beauty and depth of woman's character. To him we are indebted for a Dorothea, an Ida, whose queenly bearing and loyalty are scarcely surpassed by that of Hermione and Imogen.

In still another respect Shakespeare directly borrows essentials. He appropriates two forms of speech, prose dialogue and song. Previous to the time of Lyly no dramas had been written wholly in prose; sustained prose dialogue had not been brought upon the stage. But in the court Masques of Lyly the change indicated was made. Character after character entered and spoke in perfect Eupheuistic style. Simile followed simile; balanced sentence, balanced sentence; quick sallies of wit, quick sallies of wit; the monotony being broken only here and there by the thrilling beauty of a note such as that which runs through the lyrical gem "Cupid with Campaspe played." Such a use of prose and song, though but partially happy in the case of Lyly, appealed to Shakespeare. In it he saw a means of escape from the long drawn messenger scenes and explanatory paragraphs of the early dramas. Why should shepherds attempt blank verse? How could bosom friends translate their anxious heart thoughts into the "mighty line" of Marlowe? Why not use prose where prose was most expressive? lyric outbursts, set to varying measure, when such measures best expressed the feelings of the soul? And this is just what Shakespeare does. Taking the hint from some such passage as that in act third, scene second, of "Gallathea," in which Phillida and Gallathea, each in love with the other, quibble in sprightly, Eupheuistic sentences over their promises to each, he moves onward to the perfection of such a style as is evidenced in the passage from act

third, scene second, of "As You like It," in which Celia informs Rosalind in a most tantalizing way of the presence of Orlando in the forest, or in act fourth, scene first, where Rosalind playfully, yet anxiously puts Orlando through the paces of a wooer.

In his development of the lyric element, he proceeds in a similar way. From Lyly he caught the idea that song could be used effectively no matter what its setting be. Greene helped him a step further: he showed how a lyrical note could be placed in peculiar positions in such a way as to heighten interest. Thus when Lord Bonfield, in "The Pinner of Wakefield," urges his suit upon Bettriss, the country maid, and interest is high as to what her answer will be, Greene shows that smoothly flowing blank verse is inadequate to express her flood of feeling. Nothing save a native clanging ballad rythm can convey her meaning, as it beats through the stanza

"I care not for earl, nor yet for knight,  
Nor baron that is so bold:  
For George-a-Greene, the merrv Pinner,  
He hath my heart in hold."

With these examples to stimulate him he quickly displayed his genius as a lyricist. Soon, from the melancholy shade world of Arden, like the moaning winter's wind, come the lyric notes:

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude; \* \* \*"

or from the dimly lighted hall at Belmont breathes the subtle melody

"Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?  
Reply, reply. \* \* \*"

These are lyrics set to lyric forms. But Shakespeare, forgetful of form, but ever conscious of the artistic, throws lyric passion into blank verse. We have only to follow him into "A Mid Summer Night's Dream," or into "The Merchant of Venice," to find the heart-utterances of Helena sweeping rapidly on in wild rhythmic measure through the verses,

"The wildest hath not such a heart as you,  
Run where you will, the story shall be changed:  
The dove pursues the griffin; the wild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,  
When cowardice pursues, and valor flies. \* \* \* "

or flowing swiftly, softly, through the exquisite dialogue between Lorenzo and Jessica as they sit beneath an Italian sky and pour forth the story of their love, or floating harmoniously, like the far-away music of the spheres, through the verses,

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music,  
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

Thus far instances have been considered in which Shakespeare borrowed actual material from Lyly and Greene. In the pages following will be considered his indebtedness to them for important suggestions. Of these there are three; namely, the tendency of characters in pastoral comedy to fall in love at sight; the influence of the supernatural and of enchantment upon persons and events; and the gain of beauty produced by contrasting the life of the court with that of the country.

Of the three suggestions worked out to an artistic per-

fection in the pastoral comedies, that of causing characters to love at sight is possibly the most noticeable. In "Gallathea" Cupid, himself is the cause of sudden passion. While roaming through the forest he meets a nymph of Diana's. She rails at him and tauntingly demands of him a definition of love. That given she pokes fun at him and sweeps away into the forest. Abashed at his treatment, Cupid vows that Diana and all her train shall pay him homage, and sets off to prepare arrows. He returns in the disguise of a maid, wounds Diana and her nymphs, and exultantly departs, while they immediately give themselves over to the pursuits of love and become enamored of all with whom they meet throughout the forest. Greene advances the idea a point further. He dispenses with the personal aid of the classic god and causes the passion in the human heart to burst into flame without the aid of his godship. Arrows are laid aside. It is the sparkling eyes of the bonny wench Margaret that "lighten forth love's alluring fire" which flares up white hot in the heart of Prince Ned. Lacy feels the blast too. It sweeps past him on to Margaret, in whose strangely love-lighted eyes he seems,

"Proportioned as was Paris when in gray,  
He courted *Ænon* in the vale of Troy."

Shakespeare, ever quick in detecting the beautiful, seized upon this idea and used it most happily in his plays. An interchange of glances leaves the heart of Rosalind all overthrown, the tongue of Orlando laden with the stammering weights of love. Once in Arden, 'love-in-idleness' is the all-absorbing pastime. Courtiers, shepherds, clowns,—all feel its strange power.

Thither Oliver finds his way. He meets Celia. 'They no sooner meet than they look; they no sooner look but they love.' So natural in Arden, this meeting, this tendency is even more so in the moon-lit park of Theseus and in the enchanted island of Prospero. Oberon and Ariel set themselves to the work of making everything perfectly accord with it. Inclined by disposition to love, lured on by fancy, bound by enchantment, what could the four lovers and Titania do, save love at sight? Or Miranda, gazing fawn-like upon the seemingly divine form of Ferdinand, save sigh and have him answer with his love? Carried still further and placed in contrast with the gloom of tragedy it assumes a finer beauty. It mocks stern, unrelenting destiny. It defies fate. A glance, a kiss, a soul-transforming love, —these are the happy attendants which accompany Romeo and Juliet to the friar's cell, while death, skulking momentarily in the rear, quickens his step and overtakes them at the Capulet grave.

Following close upon this suggestion which Shakespeare used so effectively, both in comedy and in tragedy, is that of the use of the fanciful, of the supernatural. A study of "Dr. Faustus" and "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" reveals an antiquated, peculiar spirit-world, the magic art of which is black, the spirits of which are largely evil. But in Shakespeare's spirit-world as it is revealed in his comedies all is different. Amusement or happiness is the object of magic art, while the spirits, happy, joyful, good, are never evil. This being true, the most natural question is, from what source did Shakespeare get his suggestion for this seemingly new creation? Again the answer is, from Greene and Lyly. It is in

"Endymion" that the latter first introduces the fairies. While Corsites, the brave, valiant soldier, lifts at the stone-heavy body of Endymion over whom Cynthia is keeping watch, they enter. They strike up gentle music, under the influence of which Corsites falls asleep; they dance around him; they pinch him; they kiss Endymion, and then airily move away, while the echoes of their song die away in the distance:

"Pinch him, pinch him, black and blue,  
Sawcie mortals must not view  
What the Queen of stars is doing  
Nor pry into our fairy wooing."

Greene does not add grace and charm to this fanciful conception, but he does add a new and most important feature. He gives the fairies a king. Oberon is his creation. In "King James the Fourth" Oberon speaks the prologue of the play. His crude "antics" attend him and his power is felt until the last scene closes. With these fairies and their king at hand Shakespeare proceeded to his "Mid Summer Night's Dream." It is mid summer in a Southern clime. The hour is midnight. A pale, thin moon-light shimmers through the trees. Oberon, Titania, Puck, Cobweb, Peachblossom are abroad. Fancy and imagination are stimulated to the highest pitch. In truth, this is fairy land and the sprites, hastening hither and thither, are bending themselves to their task of deluding and confounding. Among them move Puck, the knavish Robin-Goodfellow of the land, and Oberon the king. They are the prime actors. Oberon calls to mind the time he sat upon a promontory and listened to a mermaid's song. While listening to her dulcet, wave-queiting notes, he saw Cupid flying all unarmed between

the moon and the earth, whose arrows, quenched in the chaste beams of the moon, passed on and fell upon a little western flower turning its milk white petals to purple. He knows the virtue of the juice of that flower. It has power; it perverts the senses; enslaves fancy. Away he sends Puck after it, and back comes the sprite to confound all. Titania, Hermonia, Helena, Demetrius, Lysander, —all are entangled in the delicate fanciful maze of illusion. All are, in a sense, as Bottom, translated, until the fairies weary of their sport and the dawn, the enemy of spirits, begins to break in the East. In these scenes, in which Puck appears so frequently, it is to be noted that he is something of a flesh and blood sprite. It takes him forty minutes to gird the earth. He assumes physical form. He has shape, size. But how different is queen Mab, and how wonderfully different is Ariel. The former is the "fairies' midwife," and she comes,

"In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
On the forefinger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep."

Her chariot is the hull of an empty hazel nut, her charioteer, a small gray gnat. This is Mab, with the physical, the material, largely laid aside. From her to Ariel is but another step, but one not taken until years and fortune have ripened Shakespeare's fancy. Born of the air, cradled upon the mists, clothed with the luring haze of the sun or the silvery sheen of the moon, Ariel flits here and there filling the sky with storm, with calm; with shrieks of despair, with sweet touches of harmony. Called by Prospero, he approaches and answers,

“All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come  
 To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
 On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task  
 Ariel and all his quality.”

When asked how fully he has performed the task of wrecking the king's ship, yet saving the crew and in what way the mariners acted, he replies,

“To every article.  
 I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,  
 Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
 I flamed amazement.  
 Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
 O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
 And sight-out-running were not, than I.”

“Not a soul  
 But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
 Some tricks of desperation.”

and of the ship he says,

“Safely in harbour  
 Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once  
 Thou call'd'st me up at midnight to fetch dew  
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:  
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd;  
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffered labor  
 I have left asleep.”

This is the dainty Ariel who 'drinks the air,' and before his master's pulse can beat twice, returns with Iris, Ceres, Juno, and the selves of the hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves, and those that stand with printless feet upon the sands and chase the ebbing sea.' The grossness of Puck is forgotten; the lightness of Mab made lighter. He is the fairy of faries, the spirit of spirits, the perfect creation of fancy.

In still another respect, Shakespeare is indebted to Greene. Through the wild Bohemian's plays breathes the gentle air of the country. He pictures the wild-wood, the haunt of George-a-Greene and Robin Hood. He delights in meadows, brooks, trees. His amusements are sheep-shearings, country fairs, May dances; his characters, the daring outlaws, the yeomen, the countrymen, around whom he throws the freedom, the happiness, the beauty of his native Suffolk. For him the birds sing, the flowers bloom, the trees cast their delightful shade. Nature yields him her richest harvest. Shakespeare sees all this and more. He feels that it is beautiful. Called back by the pervasive sweetness which breathes through the pages of Greene, the scenes of his childhood, so varied, so exuberant with life, so radiant with joy and sunshine, flash again through his pensive mind. He beholds Stratford again. The Avon winds slowly to the sea; the meadows bloom anew; Arden stands in the distance, sombre and grim. He is at home in his native Warwick. Possibly he is lying upon some bank such as Oberon tells of, a bank

“Where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with luscious wood-bine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine,”

or beneath the shade of some gnarled oak whose ‘antique roots peep out upon a brook that runs brawling by.’ As a result the life of the country is unfolded through his plays. Through his scenes, zephyrs move, moon-light dances, shadows come and go, fountains sparkle, rushy brooks wind sparkling to the sea. Nature is revealed. Her beauty is brought to light.

To interpret correctly the influence of one man's works upon those of another, to discern aright the extent of such an influence, and its results, is more than difficult. At times it is impossible. However, approximations are frequently made which are decidedly near the truth. Whether we have made such an approximation or not in representing the influence of Lyly and Greene upon Shakespeare, we cannot say. Some ideas may have been over-stressed, others, not sufficiently, but, be that as it may, the fact still remains that Shakespeare, a surpassingly great dramatist by nature, was enabled to reach his unassailable eminence through the aid of these two immediate predecessors. To them he was indebted for plots, for characters, for forms of speech, for men whose hearts are susceptible to the constant, purifying fires of first love, for the creation of a fanciful spirit world, and for the breath of Nature, which sweetens and refreshes all upon which it blows. They like skilful musicians, had set the deeper notes of the drama vibrating. Finding its fundamental chords atune, Shakespeare, with a defter hand, a more subtle touch, divided them into segments whose higher, infinitely sweeter over-tones, blending with the rich, deep under-tones, produced perfect harmony. His is the finished art, he, the unequaled artist.

L. R. WILSON.

# POLITICAL SCIENCE

## GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN IDEA.\*

**P**HILOSOPHICAL historians have formulated two theories as to the cause of the growth of the American republic. The former of these schools attributes to Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and their contemporaries the honor of inaugurating a new system of government, the consolidation of thirteen weak, dependent and incoherent fragments into a rounded and symmetric unit and the final elevation of this new creature to the exalted position of a positive, dignified and unified force in world politics. The exponents of the latter theory, on the other hand, would refuse to recognize in the birth of the American nation any radical departure from principles of government already existing. They see in American institutions only an extension and amplification of a deep underlying force that has been working for centuries among the Anglo-Saxon peoples. The tendency of this force has been constantly drifting toward a larger interpretation of individual rights and the curtailing of arbitrary powers assumed by the sovereign. Its current has been deep, its movement has been slow but ever and again it has overflowed its bounds leaving every time a rich deposit of human liberty, as in the Magna Charter and the Bill of Rights.

We shall then do well to examine these views briefly and glean from them, as best we may, the elements that each

\*This oration, delivered at Commencement, 1902, won for Mr. Stacy the Willie P. Mangum Medal.

has contributed to the growth of the American idea. For simplicity we may note them in the reverse order.

In support of the latter view, which without any derogation, we may call the ancestor theory, it may be said that there is a marked parallelism between the nature of the struggles of the English kings with their parliaments and the contests between the royal governors and their colonial assemblies prior to the American Revolution. It is claimed that the form and spirit of these struggles are identical, and more than that, their results have been practically the same—the one obtained for Englishmen what the other, in later years, achieved for Americans.

But yet a stronger support, is the perfect identity existing between the legal system of America and that of our English neighbors. It is true that our forefathers in that remarkable document, the Declaration of Independence, preferred against the British sovereign eighteen articles of impeachment and entirely renounced all allegiance to the British Crown, yet when they came to formulate a code of laws for themselves they incorporated in it every fundamental maxim of the common law of England and went so far as to copy even the very forms of English jurisprudence.

The support of the opposite view, which without violence to facts, we may call the heroic theory, rests largely upon the individual initiative of a small band of American patriots. Its advocates would claim that every beneficent movement in the history of mankind, whether in morals or in politics, has been the fruitage of the toils and labors of some master mind, and this product has always been a reversal of existing tendencies. It was

Martin Luther who purged the morals of Germany; it was Julius Ceasar who transformed the politics of Rome; and in no less dergee was it the upright life and spotless character of George Washington and his associates that engendered in the wilderness of America [the love for a measure of human liberty which hitherto the world had never experienced.]

What, then, shall be our verdict from this mass of conflicting testimony? If we accept the ancestor theory without reservation we should make our fathers the mere tools of time, the victims of a current they could not stem and rob their services of all that makes them commendable and praiseworthy, while to accept the opposite view in its entirety would be to ascribe to these, supernatural powers and so impregnate their deeds with noble and heroic daring that the average citizen of to-day must feel himself an unworthy descendant from such distinguished sires.

Perhaps if we can strike the *medium aureum* of Vergil, if we could hit upon that happy middle ground from which we may extract the salient truths of each without incorporating the extravagances of either, our position shall be most fortunate. And this, I think, is the correct solution of the problem. There was someteing of the old and there was something of the new in the birth of this nation. There was the old historical line of English development from Runnymede all the way down, there was a most perfect system of common law based upon immemorial custom from the time "whence the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," finally there was the native inherent Anglo-Saxon instinct for self-gveronment and upon these principles the fathers builded.

But there were elements in their structure for which they had no precedent. The older European governments had existed entirely for the benefit of the aristocratic classes. Among these, the average citizen found little relief in the concessions made in his own behalf. Even to this day, the Houses of the English Parliament, one of the most democratic of them all, is based upon this idea. And herein American institutions present a most striking contrast. For the first time in history men of our own blood blazed a new path through a primeval forest and instituted here a government which should demonstrate by practical example what had existed before time only in theoretical treatise. At one blow they completely struck down all English and European aristocracy and in no uncertain sound firmly placed themselves upon the broad principle that all men are created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights. And though there may be a jingle of rhetoric in these words they are too positive and sincere not to be a terrible rebuke to the conditions that had preceded them. This was a position broader and stronger than the world had yet seen applied to government.

If our reasoning is correct, we conclude that the first stage in the development of the American idea was itself a composite quantity, composed of two essential factors: the superposition of a broader interpretation of human liberty upon the old historical development of individual rights which was the common heritage of the English speaking race.

But, however patriotic may have been the deeds of our forefathers in the war for Independence, however heroic may have been their sacrifices in that uneven

struggle, their real genuine service to humanity was not in the battles that they fought but in the plain simple practical government they instituted among men. If Washington as a soldier has blessed his thousands, Washington as a statesman has blessed his tens of thousands. And the fact that enhances the value of his labor for us to-day is that [the corner-stone, the entire foundation, in fact, of this republic was the rights of the individual citizen.] The whole constitution was a compromise between the rights of the citizen in his individual relation and the rights of the citizen in his general capacity. It is true there was some difference of opinion as to where the line between the two should be drawn and that a system of checks and balances was devised—the one see-sawing with the other—yet the main fundamental idea underlying the whole superstructure was, as Grady expressed it in later years, “The home of the American citizen is in his castle and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat.”

For one-third of a century this principle without question guided the young nation in her steady march toward progress and development. Culminating in the era of good feeling in 1824 under President Monroe, American history up to this point reads with the charm of romance and the thrill of fiction. Admitting that there were external problems grave and perilous enough to have taxed the wisdom and resource of the oldest government in existence, yet the careful American student must feel the thrill of patriotic fervor rise within him as he traces the solution of these intricacies to their historical conclusion. In every instance were they settled to the honor, credit, and practical advantage of the young

nation. Only one internal dissension had arisen and this was adjusted in that characteristic American style of mutual concession and compromise.

But from this point the pendulum swings backward and a darker phase of the picture comes into view. The vigorous and unstified energy of individual initiative became swallowed up in a fiercer contest between larger administrative units. For a time the rights of the individual were lost in the approaching storm between conflicting interests of geographical sections. The question was often asked, "What is liberty," and just as often was it answered by differing interpretations. At this stage, liberty meant simply the power of choice and choice consisted in the voluntary selection of that course of action most advantageous to the chooser. No regard whatever was paid to the rights, much less the interests of those whom that choice might affect adversely. This marks the second step in the growth of the American idea. We shudder to note its consequences. The halls of Congress that had witnessed the peaceful adjustment of former controversies became now the hot-bed of political rancor and strife; the wholesome principle of compromise that had so often bridged the gap between contending parties, under the directive genius of such men as Henry Clay was entirely brushed aside, prejudice was weighed in the scale against reason and passion became the determinant of judgment. Two hostile armies took the field and a million firesides disbanded to unite no more on earth. The very foundations of government were quivering as though with the tremor of an earthquake, and war was imminent, and war *must* come, and war did come, and what a war it was!

I do not mean to contend that this strenuous period did not produce great leaders, nor that individuals did not rise above their fellows in the discharge of high and onerous duties, but I do mean to say, with double emphasis, that the abrogation of individual liberty, the denial of the principle that a sovereign state might exercise a sovereign's rights, was an antecedent whose inevitable consequent was war.

And though to the roar of cannon and to the clashing of steel we have submitted the problem of secession, and we accept, with dignity, the verdict of the arbitrament of the sword, yet we have not yielded, nor shall we yield, the smallest part of the right and privilege of the man who wears nothing but the simple toga of American citizenship—the face and countenance of an honest man. The fence that encircles the front yard of the American citizen is still a dead-line across which no usurping power may come. And that field of activity that measures to the hardy hand of toil the returns of honest labor must still distribute, with impartial hand, to each according to his merit, the wholesome bread of life.

And this brings us to the final step of our discussion. I am inclined to be of the class of those who, while they deplore the conditions that made our civil war necessary, while they regret, in fullest measure, the immediate consequences that resulted therefrom, yet do not conceive it with all its blood and peril, as an entirely unmixed evil. The terrific and murderous heights of Gettysburg, the beautiful banks of the Rappahanock, the fertile plains about Richmond, and the forest-crowned knolls of Appomattox, speak to us to-day, in eloquent tones, of a lesson that we had been slow to

learn. These were the refining fires through which the American spirit must pass in order to burn up its dross of selfishness. This was the period of wandering in the wilderness, for both North and South, before we might possess, in security, the promised land of individual rights. We often hear that a new South has been born but I am hopeful enough to believe that a new North has arisen as well, and that in spite of the howls of pessimism we are translating into our national life a more equitable toleration for the rights of others and a conception of liberty as commensurate with the obligations of opportunity. So far as we understand it, individual liberty implies the privilege of choice—when a man is not free to choose, he is not free at all; when he is free to choose he may choose to do wrong, he may select a course that will injure himself or damage his neighbor but in that event, liberty degenerates into license and the free man either enslaves himself or enslaves some one else. In its simplest and noblest terms, that liberty which we feel as the power of choice, is the capacity for service and the opportunity of self-sacrifice. Self-sacrifice *can* be the act only of a free man—others may be sacrificed but only those who are free can sacrifice themselves. And this liberty, whose supreme manifestation is service, is the basic principle that underlies the vigorous policy of the American people. Each individual citizen holds simultaneously to relations—on the one hand he is a sovereign, an equal among equals, acknowledging the superiority of none; on the other he is a subject, a servant to each of his equals, and owing allegiance to them all. This profound duality of American citizenship is the key that unlocks the magic mys-

tery of the rapid rise of our country into pre-eminence among the nations of the world. For, after all, with nations as with individuals there is a simple but sublime reciprocity in human affairs. The man who enters life with the purpose of helping somebody else will find that someone else will help him, and he who expects to profit only at the expense of others will find that others will profit at his expense. And no nation can be accounted good and great that does not assure to even the humblest of its citizens, the unquestioned right to improve his condition constantly by helping his community and his state. The truest patriot in this land is not the man who shoulders his gun quickest to ward off a foreign foe, but he who in honorable calling adds the full measure of his capacity to the development of the resources of his country. The favorite maxim of the Roman was, "It is sweet and honorable to die for one's native land," but in the evolution of American patriotism we believe it is far more honorable to *live* and *work* for one's country.

This has been the growth of the American idea. Planted firmly upon an equality of opportunity, the eighteenth century saw the young nation in the swaddling clothes of infancy, the nineteenth century has witnessed a marvellous external expansion and an internal strengthening of character even at the expense of human blood; it remains for us of the twentieth century to carry forward this crystallized product of an advanced civilization and to make American citizenship a synonym for the cardinal virtues of mankind. In this contest we are all enlisted. Henceforward our battles cannot be fought single-handed but in the united and

systematic effort of each citizen at his respective post. To this end it is our patriotic duty to foster institutions that recognize the dignity of individual liberty and encourage the spontaneous activity of individual manhood. If we shall do this, our work shall have been well done and the dying words of a martyred patriot to his country, uttered over forty years ago in prophecy, shall have been transformed into reality and into history when he said, "The American union is indestructible,"—yes, indestructible—because it is founded upon this eternal bed-rock of truth, this fundamental principle of individual sovereignty and individual service, upon this adamantine pillar, so firmly and securely, that all the combined and allied forces of this world together, at one single onslaught, could not shake nor demolish it.

M. H. STACY.

## FICTION

### THE DEATH OF RUBE NORMENT.

LATE one June afternoon, I rode up to a lone monument on which I read the following strange epitaph. "In loving memory of Reuben Norment, who was shot and killed by the Lenore Rifles on November 22, 1889. Reuben was a true, faithful and obedient son. Let no one judge him harshly until he learns the motives which prompted his actions in life. May the earth rest light on his ashes."

At a glance I saw that the grave was out in an open field far from any church or sign of habitation. I also noticed that the grave was neatly cared for. A single, square shaft of white marble rose to the height of about fifteen feet at the head, and a beautiful weeping willow stood at the foot of the grave. The little mound was entirely covered with white sea shells and scattered around were some rare red roses blooming in the eager air. These made it a rather lovely spot. While I was standing there filled with the thought as to who this unfortunate man could have been and why he should have been killed by a military company, an old country man came plodding by. I saluted him and he came up to the grave and threw down a small budget which he carried on his back.

"My friend," I began, "do you live in this community?"

"Yes," came his answer.

"Then," I continued, "do you know why this man was shot and then buried here alone?"

"Yes I know that too," he answered.

"Well sir," I replied, "if you don't mind telling me, I would be glad if you would, tell me all about this tragedy."

"All right," he said, "Hits purty long but if you want me to I can tell the hul thing," and a ray of pleasure shot across his face, for doubtless he had told the same thing a hundred times and knew it well. The old fellow took a chew of tobacco, spat on the ground, and rubbed the spot clean with his foot.

"Rube Norment," he began after a pause, "wuz the only chap ol' Cap'en Norment had. An' the ol' Cap'en he wuz what yer'd call a rough un. Since I ken ricollec he's bin in three duals—that's whar two men what ain't afeared, gist go out an' shoot or cut 'till one or tother gits killed. As I sed the Cap'en bin in three and gist so many men's died; fur, stranger he wuz the best pistol shooter in this here 'hul country. He cud shoot a sewin' thread intwo nine times out of ten at fifteen steps away an' that off hand too. Why I've seed his niggers hold money in their fingers an' let him shoot hit out.

"Look here," I broke in, "I dont care about the old man's shooting qualities but I would be pleased if you would tell me about this man here," and I pointed to the grave.

My friend did not hear me or at least he gave no heed to my advice. "That's all I had to say 'bout the Cap'en," he continued, "now I'll begin on Rube. As I sed in the outset he wuz all the chap the Cap'en had an' the Cap'en liked him mighty well. Anything Rube

wanted, he got hit, fur the Cap'en saw to hit. But this didn't spile Rube. He wuz the jolliest, biggest hearted man I ever seed in my life. He wuz allers redy to crack a joke on yer or let yer git one on him. Ever'budy liked him, fur nobody went to Rube Norment fur a favor but what he got hit. But with all these good traits, when Rube got mad he was a reg'lar devil. He had some uv his daddy's fighten blood in him too. When yer insulted Rube yer had him to fight, an' that's why he's ded now.

"The ol' Cap'en wuz awful rich. He had a sight of bizness, to 'tend to and Rube allers he'ped him. He went up here to Lenore one Saterd'y evenin', on bizness, an' thar's wher he got into hit. He got his hoss an' wuz redy to go home when a frend called him. He led his hoss out in the street an' wuz talkin' to his frend when the hoss pranced aroun' an' got on his foot. Rube jerked him back an' cussed him. A policeman wuz standin' right close an' he cum up an' tuk Rube to jail, his fust and last time. Rube tried to pay out an' tried to bond out; but no sir, that policemen kept him thar all night long. Some say he had tuck Rube up gist to say he had tuck up the Cap'en's boy. I don't know how it wuz but hit kinder seems so to me.

"Anyhow Rube got out soon a Sund'y mornin' an' went strate home. He tol' the ol' Cap'en-all 'bout the hul thing. An' the Cap'en was awful mad an' cussed like furies. He tol' Rube if he didn't kill that policeman 'fore the sun went down a Mond'y evenin' he'd never own him as his boy agin.

"Rube didn't say a word but soon a Mond'y mornin' he got on his hoss an' rode up to Lenore agin; but this

time he went on other bizness. He went up to the policeman an' tol' him' what he'd cum fur because Rube had too much grit to take advantage of any man, even his enemy. He tol' the policeman that he had treated him like a dog an' he had cum to have a settlement fur hit. An' that wuz the last settlement that policeman ever made. Rube put a bullet through his heart, jumped on his hoss and went home. He tol' the Cap'en what he'd done an' the Cap'en wuz awful glad. He kissed Rube an' called him his own brave boy.

"The Sheriff cum ater Rube, but he went back gist as he'd cum, fur no one man cud take Rube Norment. Rube left home then an' went to his daddy's barn down close to the swamps. Fur a long time nobody know'd whar he wuz. But folks started to talkin' 'bout how much the Cap'en went to his barn an' soon they 'cided that Rube wuz thar, an' they wuz right too. The Company went ater him. They rid up to the barn gate, called Rube out an' tol' him to giv' up, but Rube said no, an' afore he cud shoot them they shot him down an' rid away an' left him to die alone.

"That about ends my story, stranger. The ol' Cap'en brought his body here an' had that tombstone put thar an' them roses planted. He comes here once ever' day an' sees that nothin' goes wrong. He loved Rube with his hul heart. As I sed Rube Norment wuz as kind as any man; as jolly as any and as brave as a lion. I wuz awful sorry to hear uv his death."

I thanked the old country man for his straight, true story and mounted my horse and rode away.

## THE WRECK.

AS Harry Maxton sat at his desk in the railroad office at Glencoe one cheerless afternoon in December, he was suddenly interrupted in his work by the salutation of an old man in faded garments, whose shaggy beard and untidy appearance were sufficiently repulsive to win for him the title of "tramp."

"Cold day," said the intruder, stepping up to the stove and unbuttoning his coat.

"Yes, indeed," replied Harry without taking his eyes from the column of figures over which he was puzzling. "Looks as tho' it may snow presently."

"Rather think it will," replied the stranger.

At this moment the young operator was called to his telegraph key to take a message. In changing positions he had noticed that tho' the old fellow was on the whole repulsive in appearance, yet there was a kindly twinkle in his eye which bespoke a benevolent nature; indeed there was something in his manner of address that indicated gentle breeding and told of better days behind. Harry was becoming curious to know why this stranger, apparently having no business at all, should linger at the office, and so he asked: "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I should like to tell you a short story if you have time and patience to hear it."

While Harry was taking the message he had observed that a tear unbidden had come to the old man's eye. It was one of those afternoons when there was "not much doing," and so he seated himself on the opposite side of

the stove affirming at the same time that he would give ear to the narrative.

The stranger began. He had been an operator in the employ of the N. & L. S. Railroad; the operators of that road had struck three months before and had been put off, he with the rest; he had been looking for work but could find nothing to do; he had spent all his money and was then trying to get back to his old home at Dalton to spend Christmas. "And, now, young man," he continued, "I am going to ask of you a favor. If you refuse me, it will be no more than I expect; if you grant my request, I shall appreciate your kindness. Furthermore, you shall be repaid."

The genial manner and dignified bearing of this old fellow had from the first secured Harry's attention; the pitiful story of the past few months of his life had awakened the boy's sympathy. And indeed at this juncture we need not be surprised at finding a tear in the younger man's eye as he inquires: "What is the favor you wish to ask?"

"I want you to let me have money enough to purchase a ticket from Heleca to Dalton. I would not ask it, but I am afraid to stay out in this fearful weather."

"From Heleca to Dalton," repeated Harry, "Four dollars and fifty cents." And then after a moment's reflection, "Yes; you shall have it."

"Thank you, my noble boy, and may Heaven bless you! You shall not regret this act of kindness." And with his countenance beaming with gratitude he departed.

It was then two o'clock in the afternoon and Heleca which was on another road was fifteen miles away.

Nine up this railroad and six by dirt road to the north of it. The northbound train passed there at eight o'clock, and so he had no time to lose. Harry's heart had been touched. As the old man trudged away up the track against the cold northwest wind the boy watched him with a sympathetic interest. And somehow there lingered in his mind the pathetic tones of the homeless, friendless, penniless old man who had left him three hours before.

As the evening wore on a severe snowstorm had set in. At 5:30, Engine No. 276 pulling the "Fast Mail" for the west came rolling in "five minutes late." After a few moments' delay it thundered on into the storm and the darkness with these orders: "No. 276 take siding at Fleetwood for No. 384."

Fleetwood was a little town eighteen miles from Glencoe at which the two trains often met when both were on time. Halfway between Glencoe and Fleetwood was a flag station known as Belmont. Here the trains should have met, for the "Vestibule Limited" speeding eastward with its hundreds of passengers had these orders: "No. 384 will pass No. 276 at Belmont."

Scarcely had the great Engine 286 with its loaded cars of mail pulled out from Glencoe when Harry discovered his fearful blunder. "*Great Heavens! What have I done!*" he exclaimed. He knew that the operator at Belmont, having nothing to hold him, had left his office for the day. There was only one hope. He could wire the operator at Fleetwood to hold the "Vestibule Limited," that orders were confused and a wreck was otherwise inevitable. But "384" had just pulled out. A few minutes more and the two great engines

flying at the speed of sixty miles an hour would collide a little beyond Belmont and no power under the sun could prevent it!

What fearful pictures of wreck and disaster occupied Harry's mind! He *shuddered!* He imagined he heard the terrific crash of the locomotives, the deafening explosion, the sobs and wailings of the mangled and dying commingling with the moaning wind and raging storm! What a complete picture of wreck and ruin was before his mental vision! And all caused by his own blunder!

Tho' almost frantic, he still had some presence of mind. The only thing to be done was to order wrecking trains to the scene of the disaster at once, and so he had just started to put this idea into execution when above the raging of the storm a distant sound like the scream of a locomotive fell upon his ear. Again the whistle and the "Vestibule Limited" was coming in "on time!" Two weeks later Harry received this letter:

"Dalton, —,  
Dec. 23, 18—.

Mr. Harry Maxton,  
My dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find four dollars and fifty cents which amount you let me, have two weeks ago to purchase a ticket from Heleca to Dalton. Again let me thank you for your kindness, and may I explain how what would have been one of the worst wrecks in railroad history was prevented?

"Inspired by the thought of having money enough to purchase my ticket I pushed on thro' the fearful storm to Belmont. I had just reached there and had stopped

by the window to rest when I heard your message to the operator at Fleetwood. I understood the situation. The wreck was prevented.

Gratefully yours,  
Howard Weiman."

N. W. WALKER, '03.

## SCIENCE

### A TALK ABOUT SEEDS.

**W**HILE persimmons, black haws, and fox grapes do not easily arouse, even in the college youth, the warm enthusiasm which inspired the old poet to exclaim—"What wondrous life is this I lead: Ripe apples drop about my head," they are at least good enough to be sought and eaten by many creatures, as small boys, birds and beasts; and as to be eaten is the purpose of their existence, they cannot be said to be a failure because unknown in song and story.

These fruits have a function to perform, which is the distribution of the seeds, and by making themselves attractive to animals they pay the cost of transport. The seeds of such fruits are so hard and well protected that they escape digestion, and are scattered unharmed far from the parent tree. Many other means of dispersing seeds are used by plants, and their adaptations to this end are manifold.

On returning from a walk in woods or fields at this season of the year we bring with us a varied assortment of fruits which, unlike the first mentioned, employ us without remuneration to scatter them abroad. Spanish needles, beggar ticks, sanicle, agremony, avens, and burdock are apt to come home with us from every stroll to take their chances in our yards next spring. They are all furnished with admirable contrivances of hooks or barbs to catch and hold to any passing creature. It

is some part of the fruit and not the seed which is thus furnished, and what are often called the seeds in such cases are not botanically seeds but indehiscent fruits, or parts of fruits, inclosing generally a single seed. Often, however, the seeds themselves are provided with attachments to secure their distribution, as those of the trumpet vine, catalpa, and pines with broad wings; or the silkweed, Spanish moss and cotton with long hairs or fibres which are caught by the wind and carried for long distances. Fruits are also often winged or hairy for distribution by the same agency. The winged fruits of the maple, elm, ash and the hairy ones of dandelion and clematis are examples.

Some seeds are so minute and light that, like the spores of fungi and bacteria, and the pollen of many flowering plants, they are lifted up and carried away by the winds.

Water, too, is used by some seeds and fruits for distribution. The cocoanut palms of the tropics which grow luxuriantly on the rocky coasts is carried to distant islands by the large fruits which fall into the sea, and, protected by a thick coating of fibres, float with the currents.

If, when the seed pods of the witch-hazel are nearly ripe, we bring some of them into the house, we will soon have a demonstration of a method of seed dispersal not yet mentioned. The pods are so constructed that as they become dry strong tension is set up in their walls which at last suddenly open with a snap and throw the seeds to a considerable distance. Many other plants, as touch-me-not and vetch, employ the same method.

Books have been written on seed distribution, and it

will not be possible to give here even a bare enumeration of the many beautiful adaptations which are employed by plants to this end. It is hoped, however, that by calling attention to this interesting subject, our autumn rambles may be made even more enjoyable through personal observations of plants themselves.

After the seeds are ripened and scattered they must endure in our climate the cold and stress of winter before a new season of growth arrives, and they are especially constructed to carry unharmed through frost and snow the embryo plant within them.

Some surprising results have been obtained in experiments on the resistance of seeds to extremes of temperature. As early as 1879, C. de Candolle and Pictet exposed certain seeds to a temperature of  $-80^{\circ}$  C without injury, and in 1884 the same investigators placed seeds in a temperature of  $-100^{\circ}$  C without destroying their power of germination. In 1897 Brown and Escombe subjected both oily and starchy seeds of twelve different kinds, representing eight different families, to the temperature of liquid air for 110 hours. They were subsequently sprouted to maturity.

One step further was taken in 1899 when Sir Thistleton Dyer, of Kew Gardens, England, and Prof. Dewar placed seeds of mustard, peas, squash, wheat and barley in actual contact with liquid hydrogen for six hours. But even this supreme test of the resistance was passed successfully, and the seeds when afterwards planted "germinated without exception." These results are of great theoretical interest for it is hard to conceive of the processes such as respiration and excretion, which we ordinarily consider as indispensable to all life, as contin-

uing at such temperatures as these. Chemical activity is thought to cease at  $-100^{\circ}$  C and without chemical activity life, or at least active life, is impossible. We must conclude then that some slight activity is still continued at the temperature of liquid hydrogen  $-250^{\circ}$  C or that life may, in so-called resting stages, be absolutely static or potential, and not simply slowed down to an almost imperceptible degree. Experiments of a different kind have been made to try to determine whether respiration is carried on to a small extent in resting seeds. Those of Romanes "conducted with high vacua and atmospheres of various gases, leave no room for doubt on the question and we must consequently abandon all idea of the dormant state of resting seeds having any dependence whatever on ordinary respiratory processes." This conclusion however, should not be accepted without much caution as Pfeffer has found that long subjection to an atmosphere of Carbon dioxide is more or less injurious to seed. Under ordinary conditions of temperature many seeds and spores retain their power of germination for years, but old stories of the sprouting of wheat taken from the mummy caves of Egypt are without foundation. Similar stories of living frogs being blasted out of solid rock appear in the newspapers from time to time, but they seem to be nothing more than exercise of the imagination on the part of the reporters.

It is obvious that seeds cannot endure such extremes of heat as of cold, but some have withstood a temperature of  $98^{\circ}$  C without damage, and the spores of some bacteria can remain uninjured for hours in boiling water. Some algae and bacteria in fact grow naturally in hot

springs at a temperature not far below boiling, while plants of the desert must often bear a midday heat almost as great.

In the tropics where adaptations to the cold are not necessary the seeds are frequently so delicate and watery as to be killed by ordinary air-drying for a week or by a slight fall of frost.

The first function of the seed is the reproduction of the plant and to accomplish this end successfully various means have been devised for wide dissemination, and special structure developed for protection. With all this care, the great majority of seeds fail to produce mature plants and if one seed out of the tens of thousands that are borne on such a tree as the oak during its life succeeds in producing a mature tree it is as much as can be expected. The struggle for life bears heavy on all alike and from it no living thing may escape.

W. C. COKER.

# University Magazine.

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

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## EDITOR'S PAGE

### I. GREETING.

The editors begin the work for 1902 and 1903 with the earnest purpose of succeeding. They hope the Magazine may be representative of the University, and pleasing to their best readers.

### II. PROSPECTUS.

A Brief of our plan may not be unwelcome. We have

divided the work into two halves, the Literary half and the Editorial half.

The Literary half is again separated into departments; History, Letters, Political Science, Fiction, Science, General Interest, Poetry, Books. The department of General Interest has more or less flexible limits and is designed to include any desirable article not elsewhere provided for. The poetry for plain reasons will not be massed but scattered.

The Editorial half will consist of three departments; Editor's Page, College Record, Alumni. The Alumni department will be subdivided into two portions, Notes and Necrology.

So much for the scheme. We shall publish in each issue one or more articles under each of such heads as we see fit to utilize. We earnestly hope to publish nothing which will not stand the test of usefulness. Our only question—Has the thing value?

### III. POLK AND A QUESTION.

We are opening this twentieth volume of the Magazine with an article by our President graduate. It was written in the year 1818, when Polk was twenty-three. He was then taking his seat, for a second term of presidency over the Dialectic Society. Twenty-seven years later, Polk delivered a perhaps more pretentious, but a certainly no more serious dissertation before the organization of the people of the United States.

His young man's address we are printing, primarily because we deem it valuable, worthy of preservation. Secondarily because we can draw from it a lesson of such usefulness. We mean the lesson of seriousness. The

most flippant would be halted and forced to think, not so much probably by the precepts uttered as by the example displayed, by the tone of earnestness that fills all the crevices between the words. This tone of earnestness every college man should seek to acquire. There is no other tone that means half so much. A college graduate is not judged by the tone of his dress, nor by the tone of his board bill. No,—the college graduate is weighed in a scale which determines degree of practicality, of seriousness of thoughtfulness.

Last Summer a judge of our Superior Court asked us what was the standard of thoughtfulness at this college. He wanted to calculate our ratio of usefulness. The question stood: are your students men or children? Is your college a success or a failure?

The answer had to be two-fold. There are men here. Serious thinking men. Who are worthy of a college education. Who think deep, as Polk thought deep. Who humbly consider real life problems; economic, sociological, religious. Who realize that our lives are units and that the laws of health and morality apply as well to a college man as to an alumnus. Who respect the daily-working man and cling to democratic principles. Who maybe gain the honors of the four years life, yet never forget that they are merely preparing for a wider life beyond. Who can see the years that are near by, yet have their eyes focused to the distances of three score years and ten.

But again, there are here as everywhere childish boys. Flippant, thoughtless, children. Who toss away their generous privileges. Who think—not at all. Who consider only petty problems of college factions. Who be-

lieve themselves exempt from all the laws and the penalties thereof. Who laughably scorn the laborer. Who forget there is any life but the society life of the college. Who are self-inflicted with an offensive myopia. Such are the childish ones.

Still the question was to be answered. What is the ratio of men to children, of success to failure? The answer we gratefully give: There is a tone of seriousness, of respect and love for the thinkers, that is ozone for the consumptive pessimist. The empty-headed has his place. Sometimes on top. The scum, the foam ever floats upon the surface. But the steady undercurrent of business sense and firm, resolved sincerity flows on serenely. The fool has a hopeless minority. The man has an overwhelming majority.

## COLLEGE RECORD

Sept. 8th. Registration begins.

Sept. 11th. Lectures begin.

Sept. 12th. Dr. Venable addresses members of three upper classes.

Sept. 13th. Societies hold first meeting.

Sept. 16th. Athletic Association meets and elects following officers: President, I. F. Lewis; Vice-President, Frank Smathers; Secretary and Treasurer, G. L. Jones; Editor-in-Chief Tar Heel, N. W. Walker; Business Manager Tar Heel, T. J. Gold; Sub-Editors Tar Heel, L. L. Parker, F. S. Hassell, R. M. Harper, N. R. Graham, and H. V. Stewart. Chief Cheerer J. L. Morehead.

Sept. 20th. Dr. Venable talks to Senior Class on vital questions.

Sept. 21st. Decision Meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Sept. 23rd. First year Medical Class elects C. O. Abernethy, President; B. Starnes, First Vice-President and J. Knox, Second Vice-President.

Sept. 23rd. Junior Class election; Evander McIver, President and W. M. Swink, First Vice-President.

Sept. 25th. Second year Medical Class elects officers; L. N. Newell, President and J.H.Harper, Vice-President.

Sept. 27th. Initiation of new members by Societies.

Sept. 27th. First game of foot ball—with Guilford.

Sept. 27th. Senior class election; F. L. Foust, President, Geo. Wilcox, First Vice-President and J. Tomlinson, Second Vice-President.

# ALUMNI

## I. NOTES.

We extract the following from the Baltimore Sun of September 25th, 1902:

New Orleans, Sept. 24.—A steamer that has arrived at New Orleans from Honduras brought news of the death of Joseph P. Benjamin, formerly of New Orleans, on his plantation near Ciengolfo, Honduras.

He was a brother of the famous Judah P. Benjamin, United States Senator from Louisiana and Secretary of State of the Southern Confederacy. Joseph was born in South Carolina in 1826 and was graduated from the University of North Carolina. He served through the Civil War in the Confederate Army. The Benjamin brothers were irreconcilable Confederates and left the United States after the failure of the Confederate cause never to return.

Judah went to England, Joseph to Central America, where he established the large Coffee and fruit plantation where he died.

Joseph graduated in 1847, in the class of Generals Pettigrew and Ransom.

F. M. Osborne, '98, has been elected the President of the Athletic Association at Sewanee, Tenn.

J. D. Grimes, '98, who was here studying Law during the Summer School, is now practicing law in Washington, N. C.

W. W. Council, "Bull" of the Medical Class of '02, has gone to the University of Virginia to continue his medical course.

Mr. Fred Cooke, of the Medical Class of '00, has been elected Dean of the new Medical School of Wake Forest College.

R. S. Hutchison, '02, is now working in a cotton mill at Albemarle, N. C.

M. Makeley, Jr., '01, is now studying Electrical Engineering at Columbia College New York City.

Mr. E. K. Graham, '98, enters Columbia College this year to take advanced work in English.

J. A. McRae, ex-'03, has been nominated for the State Legislature by the Democratic Convention of Anson County.

W. H. Stevenson, ex-'04, has recently entered the class of '06 at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

J. E. Avent, '01, is now a Professor of Languages in the Bayton High School.

S. P. Bass, ex-'04, is now studying Medicine at the University of Virginia.

Benj. Bell, ex-'01, is located now in Wilmington; he is Associate Editor of the Messenger.

H. P. Harding, '99, is Superintendent of the New Bern Graded Schools.

J. Ed. Latta, '98, is now at Harvard College taking advanced work in Physics.

Palmer Cobb, '01, is taking an advanced course in Modern Languages at Columbia College.

P. H. Busbee, '01, Law, '02, is practising law with his father in Raleigh.

Thos. Hume, Jr., '00, who taught at Horner Military School last year, is this year teaching in the Winston-Salem Graded Schools.

T. W. Jones, '00, Law '02, has moved to Oklahoma to settle and grow up with the country.

#### A GENEROUS GIFT.

Mr. James H. Ruffin, Ph.B., 1881, has given to the Thompson Orphanage the handsome sum of \$2150. This institution is a noble charity under the charge of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Rev. Walter R. Smith being Superintendent. It is located at Charlotte on a tract of land adjoining the city, which was chiefly donated by Mrs. Mary Urquhart, of Bertie, daughter of Hon. Lewis Thompson, an honor graduate of the University in 1827, a most intelligent and influential member of the General Assembly of this state and of the Convention of 1865. The orphanage is named in his honor.

#### II. NECROLOGY.

We grieve to chronicle the deaths recently of valuable Alumni of the University.

AUGUSTUS MINTON MOORE, 1859-1861; a Lieutenant in the Confederate States Army; a good lawyer, and an upright judge. He was born in Edenton, son of Judge Augustus Moore, A.B., 1824; and brother of the late Wm. Armistead Moore; 1848-'51, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Judge. Died April 24, 1902.

THOMAS DILLARD JOHNSTON, of Asheville, 1858-'59;

C. S. A.; Mayor of Asheville; Member of the General Assembly and of Congress, 1885-'89; Lawyer; Presidential Elector. Born 1840—Died June 24, 1902.

ALEXANDER McIVER, Moore Co., A.B., 1853; Prof. of Mathematics in Davidson College and U. N. C.; State Superintendent of Public Instruction; Superintendent of Graded Schools of Greensboro; Farmer and Teacher. Farmed in Orange, Chatham and Moore. Died Aug. 20, 1902.

ATLAS OCTAVIUS HARRISON, Raleigh, A. B., 1841; Became insane soon after graduation and never recovered. Died June 5, 1902

JOSEPH McLAURIN, Wilmington, A.B., 1844; Bank officer; accidentally burned to death when his dwelling was destroyed by fire, June 7th, 1902. Born 1822.

M. WILLIAM WISE, Murfreesborough 1850-'51. Died July, 1902.

HENRY THOMAS BATTS, Tarboro, 1893 and medical student, 1894; M. D.; Settled in Norfolk, Va.; Coroner. Killed by insane negro patient July 11th, 1902.

CHARLES BLACKWELL BROOKS, Salem, 1845-'48; Merchant. Died September 1st, 1902.

SAMUEL SPENCER STEWART McCaULEY, Chapel Hill, 1842-'43; Settled in Monroe, N.C.; Teacher and Farmer; Mayor of Monroe. Mr. McCauley was a grandson of Matthew McCauley, one of the donors of the land on which the University is situated. He was brother of the sound lawyer and State Senator from Union County, Charles Maurice Talleyrand McCauley, A.B., 1838, who died June 18, 1896. Their father was Wm. McCauley, 1813, a lawyer at Chapel Hill. Died Aug. 31, 1902.

## BOOKS

*Before the Dawn:* A story of Russian Life by Pimenoff-Noble. (8x5, pp. 401. \$1.50.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. [Cushing, Baltimore.]

Those who know something of Mr. Edmund Noble's studies in Russian life and history will be perplexed by the hyphened authorship of this volume. The book is really, so the publishers tell us, the joint work of Mr. Noble and his wife, née Pimenoff. As she is a native of Russia and Mr. Noble has spent several years in Russia, the reader has a right to expect a faithful and first-hand treatment of Russian life; and this expectation is fulfilled.

The story is of Russia in the seventies, all the characters being Russian except two—John Forsyth, an English schoolmaster, and Mathilde Bergier, a type of "the gay and easy manners of the capital of France." The two leading characters are Tatiana and her lover, Platonov, who illustrate the social and political ideals of the younger generation. Both belong to the new era in education and both are zealous propagandists. Platonov is arrested and sent to Siberia. He escapes after a short imprisonment, reaches England via Japan and the United States, meets and marries Tatiana in London, and from this city as a centre the two exiles devote themselves to "the work of enlightened propaganda."

The book has no purple patches. The style is easy and fitting; the interest is evenly distributed; a high and serious purpose is evident from beginning to end,

but the propagandist *motif* does not mar the story. The authors leave the impression of being fair even to Russian officials, and their book forms an interesting introduction to the life and customs of the Russian people. Only in the twenty-second chapter, in which the complications of the plot begin to unfold, does the story become at all strained and improbable. We refer not so much to the banker's recital as to the *rencontre* with him at this remote Siberian grave. "It was like the sight of an apparition, so much did it startle and astonish them." The reader shares this astonishment in full measure. Were this incident changed, were the banker's narrative communicated to the exiles by letter, say to London, the story would gain in naturalness and force.

C. ALPHONSO SMITH.

Louisiana State University.

—*From the Baltimore Sun.*

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*The Conquerer*, by Gertrude Atherton, Macmillan. \$1.50.

If one is tired of the regulation historical novel with its endless round of duels and mosaic of archaic expressions it might be well to turn to this book for new impressions.

The author's first intention was to write a biography but she was carried away by the fascination of her subject—Alexander Hamilton—and the result is strictly neither romance nor history. In order that Hamilton may stand out in the bolder relief the first five presidents of the United States fare badly in her hands; Washington's integrity is alone saved from the wreck. A panegyric of Hamilton occurs in every dozen pages while his personal vices are just as frankly condoned. Although

many another biassed history has been written without a hint of apology, Miss Atherton's conscience evidently troubled her and to escape the possible odium of writing unfair history she calls it fiction while still claiming that all the important incidents are historically true. Her transparent device does not affect the result, for before you lay down the book you too become a Hamilton worshipper.

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*Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall:* By Charles Major. Macmillan. \$1.50.

When the literary public heard that a new novel by Charles Major was about to appear, there was eager anticipation and the financial success of the new book was already assured. "When Knighthood was in Flower" had reached great sales and popular favor, much of it deserved too, for that book had stood head and shoulders above many historical novels coming out then, in the straightforward way the story was told, the character drawing and its historical accuracy. The new book was well illustrated and nicely got out but in every other respect was a disappointment.

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall was an almost exact reproduction of its predecessor with hardly a single new idea either in the characters or in the story. Dorothy Vernon, heroine, a wilful impulsive girl falls in love with the hero and does most of the courting herself in just the same manner as did Mary Tudor of the first book. Even the scene of the heroine securing her interview with her lover by disguising herself in male attire is used again. Again the story is told by the close friend of the hero who has in each case been discarded

himself by the heroine and then loves the heroine's friend. Parental opposition and the release of the hero by the heroine again occurs, and so on.

True this rehash of materials has reached a great sale and is ranked as one of the leading books of the month but other and poorer books have done so too. Unless Mr. Major uses another theme he will drop back to a place among the multitude of writers of historical novels soon forgotten.

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*Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*: by A. C. Hegan.  
Century. \$1.00.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is the sort of book the middle-aged married woman and the sweet girl graduate go wild over; a reference to it makes them clasp their hands ecstatically and exclaim, "Oh, isn't it *too* sweet for *anything*!" But the college man lays the book down and says, "Faugh!" To him there is nothing in it—it has no "primary meaning" for him.

Mrs. Wiggs is probably a good representative of a type, but her cheerfulness is really oppressive. The author seems never to have taken into account the times when she had to drive a nail or sharpen a pencil—things that a woman never could do and preserve an unruffled temper. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" belongs to the David Harum tribe; it catches the popular fancy, the sales of it run up into the thousands and then it disappears from view, never to be heard of again.

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Through the kindness of its author, we have in hand an English-German Conversation Book compiled by Dr.

C. Alphonso Smith, aided by Dr. Gustav Krüger, Professor in the Kaiser Wilhelm's Realgymnasium, Berlin. We recommend the booklet to all who are real in a desire to learn German. For it will teach some words and expressions that students "must know, if their conversation is to rise above the level of laundry lists and bills of fare." We learn that it is to be used in Harvard University. The publishers are D. C. Heath and Co., Boston.

#### MOST POPULAR BOOKS.

The Critic has twenty-one lists from twenty-one representative libraries in the United States and Canada. We take the liberty by a laborious process to calculate from these lists the most universally popular books of the past month. Each of the Critic's lists, we presume, arranges its books in order of popularity. In our list we ignore the relative positions of the books in each list and give precedence to the book most often appearing.

They are as follows:

- (1) Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.
- (2) Making of an American. Riis. Macmillan. \$2.00.
- (3) Life on the Stage. Morris. McClure Phillips & Co. \$1.50.
- (4) Up from Slavery. Booker T. Washington. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
- (5) Empire of Business. Carnegie. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$3.00.
- (6) Education and the Larger Life. Henderson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.30.
- (7) Lives of the Hunted. Thompson-Seton, Scribner. \$1.75.

(8) Heroines of Fiction. Howells. Harper, 2 vols. \$3.75.

(9) A Buried Temple. Maeterlinck. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.40.

(10) Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. Harper \$1.50.

(11) Democracy and Social Ethics. Addams. Macmillan. \$1.25.

Of the above books, the first two appear on thirteen lists; the third on twelve; the fourth on eight; the fifth on seven; the sixth on six; the seventh, eighth, and ninth on five; the tenth and eleventh on four. No books that appear on less than four lists will be inserted.

The most popular novels are arranged at random below.

The Virginian, Wister.

The Hound of the Baskervilles, Doyle.

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, Major.

The Leopard's Spots, Dixon.

Audrey, Johnston.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Hegan.

#### THE LIBRARY.

From September twelfth to September thirtieth, inclusive, books have been issued as follows:

Political Economy,	-	-	-	-	27.
History,	-	-	-	-	31.
English Literature,	-	-	-	-	45.
Fiction,	-	-	-	-	465.
All others,	-	-	-	-	174.
					<hr/>
Total,	-	-	-	-	742.

This is a very unrepresentative period but the list appears in this issue for completeness' sake.

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# University Magazine.

Old Series, Vol. XXXIII. No. 2---DECEMBER, 1902. New Series, Vol. XX.

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## THE LAST TOURNEY AT CASTLE VERE.

A TALE OF MEDIAEVAL TIMES.

(Recast from the *Lingua Franca* of Blondel, Court Minstrel of King Richard I.)

### PREFACE.

PERHAPS one should apologize for writing upon so threadbare a subject as that of the great Crusade, for at best it is but "a rethreshing of old straw." Still it is a popular one, for the world, especially the world of the young, never tire of their popular hero, the Lion Hearted King.

And the writer may be accused of plagiarism, as the incidents of Richard's life have been utilized by others over and over again as previously intimated. The writer would refer such critics to his predecessors in literature. Especially would he point them to the great English novelist Charles Reade who has most indisputably shown that it is the common prerogative of writers so to use the incidents and even the language of others without laying themselves open to so grave a charge.

In the latter's novel, *The Wandering Heir*, he uses whole pages of Dean Swift to illustrate the manners and customs of the Irish nobility and gentry during the eighteenth century. Mr. Reade's defense of himself from the charge of plagiarism is conclusive. The writer of these verses claims that if such be plagiarism, he sins

in very good company, for the best of authors even great Shakspeare himself, was guilty of similar sins as he (Shakspeare) borrowed largely of Boccacio and the meagre literature of his times, for the building up and the perfecting of his wonderful dramas.

Now a word or two regarding the language in which these thoughts are clothed. Mayhap the writer should have eliminated more of the archaisms so profusely sprinkled upon his pages. He in this connection will say that in a revision of the text of the poem (?) he ran his pen through many old quaint expressions, content to leave but enough to impart an antique flavor to the production—a little smack of words beloved of Dan Chaucer and Sir John Maundeville.

He thinks the ancient "ne" for "no" is written but once in the verses, and instead of "Cnycht" for "Knight" he has invariably used the modern orthography. He also has written "God's truth" when he could have penned "Godde's Troth" or "God his Trothe" instead, as he has also substituted "hand" for "honde." Verbum sat.

The writer in conclusion would add that he has not recently read any book in which the great "Melech Ric" figures, and it has been fully twelve years since he rejoiced in the pages of *Ivanhoe* or *The Talisman*, though he may have imbibed his conception of the character of Richard from the perusal of these works in childhood or early manhood.

Windsor, N. C., 10th September, 1902.

#### FORECAST.

Castle Vere an old Stronghold of the family of that name. After the death of its Lord the widow had remarried. Her last husband was one who had formerly been the court jester of King Richard

and who had wooed and won her through fraud. An only daughter Anabel by her first husband had been sought in marriage by Lord Tristram de Gray, one of Richard's Knights. Through the influence of the fool the mother's heart had been steeled against the knight and he ordered to keep away from the castle.

At a tournament called by the King near Castle Vere, a court Lady disguised as a gypsy fortune teller, tells Anabel she will yet become Sir Tristram's wife. At the tournament Sir Tristram after being completely victorious is set upon by four craven knights, who had entered into a conspiracy to kill him, set on by the fool. He unhorses three of these when a fourth overthrows him by running him through with a steel pointed lance, the point of which had been dipped in poison. Richard discovers the whole conspiracy, finds out about the poisoned lance, rushes to Sir Tristram whom he heals by applying to the wound a powerful antidote given him while in the East. Richard then orders the nuptials of Sir Tristram and Lady Anabel. He banishes the conspirators, sending the fool to the Archduke Leopold of Austria, as the worst punishment he can inflict upon both the fool and the Archduke for the bad treatment of both to him. Richard, after ordering the demolishing of old Castle Vere, which had been disgraced by "the lordship of the fool," endows Lord Tristram and Lady Anabel with great "richesse" and honors.

### INTRODUCTORY LAY.

#### I.

The King had called a Tourney  
By the ancient Castle Vere,  
And the proudest of proud Chivalrie  
Had come from Far and Nere.

#### II.

And the many regal Beauties  
That gathered round the Queen  
Made such fair Show that happy Day  
As ne'er before was seen.

#### III.

But midst those high-born Ladyes  
Who had assembled there,

Not one shone like fair Anabel  
The Daughter of the Vere.

## IV.

And the Flower of all the Knighthood  
That bowed to Richard's Sway,  
Was brave Lord Tristram, only Son  
Of the noble Earl de Grey.

## V.

Our Knight had gone first to that Castle  
As a Page with the Merrie Court,  
When one now the Lord of the Mistress there  
Was making his clownish Sporte.

## VI.

Again they had met at a Jousting,  
He and fair Anabel,  
When he gave to her his loyal Heart;  
And she loved him true and well.

## VII.

But they loved him not at the Castle,  
The Dame and her Consort there,  
That Laughing Stock of the Countrie round  
In the Home of the dead de Vere.

## VIII.

For 'tis sometimes thus with the Widow  
Though she wail with Despair at the Yule,  
Ere the Harvest come hath her Lord forgot  
To fly to the Arms of the Fool.

## IX.

Two Yeres had Tristram wooed her,  
Fair Anabel so true,  
When a Cloud rose o'er Love's Pathway bright  
And dimmed Love's Sky so blue.

## X.

For the Fool had come between them  
And had played on the hard cold Heart  
Of her who had Power to wreck two Lives  
Till she tore those Lives apart.

## XI.

And they closed to him the Castle,  
 Yea, spurned him from its Gate,  
 And the Maiden languished in the Keep,  
 The Sport of a cruel Fate.

## XII.

But in the true Hearts of our Lovers  
 Lived the dear dead Long Ago  
 And he often sighed in his bitter Payne  
 While her Tears ne'er ceased to flow.

## LAY II.

## THE FORTUNE TELLER.

## I.

Beneath a gorgeous Awning  
 A dark Sooth Sayer sate  
 Clad in bright Robes of Tyrian Dye  
 While ranged around the Great;

## II.

For many a proud Court Beauty  
 Would have her Fate unrolled  
 And many a Peer of the noblest Port  
 Had crossed her Palm with Gold.

## III.

But a merrie Crowd from the Castle  
 Ere long was standing nere  
 And in the Midst our Heroine  
 Fair Anabel de Vere.

## IV.

Soon the Sere had whispered to her  
 "List to me Ladye faire—  
 I would rede to thee thy Future now,  
 But thou alone must hear."

## V.

"Stand back," cried young Fitz-Eustace—  
 "No one must venture near,  
 While this *Sibyl* casts the Horoscope  
 Of this faire Ladye here." A.

## VI.

In a soft low Voice the Stranger  
 To our Heroine began,  
 "And wilt thou trust the Gypsy, Child,—  
 One under social Ban ?

## VII.

"I'm drawn to thee Sweet Maiden,  
 Thy Face bespeaks thy Mind;  
 No Wonder that a Knight so true  
 In thee his Fate doth find.

## VIII.

"List to me high-born Ladye,  
 What aileth thy young Heart ?  
 Why heaves thy Breast with Anguish dire ?  
 Why do these Tear Drops start ?

## IX.

"Can it be Love proud Ladye  
 Is Love not lowlie born ?  
 Hath he not fled to the Rustic's Cot  
 Afar from the proud World's Scorn ?

## X.

"Doth he enter the Palace Portals  
 To mingle with grand Estate ?  
 Doth he o'erleap the Castle's Wall  
 To hold his Tryste with the Great ?"

NOTE A. The reader will here note the emphasis given the word by the young knight Fitz-Eustace. He must have been into the secret.

## LAY III.

## LADY ANABEL'S FORTUNE.

## I.

At this the Peal of a Trumpet  
 Told some great Knight rode by,  
 All knew it was Sir Tristram Grey  
 By the Flash of his haughty Eye.

## II.

He proudly sate his Charger,  
Scarce bent his sable Plume,  
But the Maiden's Cheek all Crimson grew  
Like a blood-red Rose in Bloom.

## III.

'I would recall my Words, Childe,'  
The Seer began again,  
'I'd add naught to thy Burthen great,  
Nor give thy Breast a Payne.

## IV.

'Hush! do not say a Word, Dear,  
I know thy Life so true—  
How they did goad thee nigh to Death  
When Tristram thee did woo.

## V.

'But pardon high-born Ladye  
(I seem abrupt to thee)  
The Power now mine to rede thy Fate  
May make my Words too free.

## VI.

'The Stars told me thy Story  
Ere I saw thy winsome Face,  
They bade me leave far Palestine,  
To seek thee at this Place.

## VII.

'I beare to thee their Messuage,  
So hearken Ladye well,  
While the Daughter of the Gypsey King  
To thee thy Fate doth tell.

## VIII.

'I've climbed the Mountaign Fastness  
Trode many a Desert Coast  
My only Guide the bleaching Bones  
Of the great Crusadre Hoste.

## IX.

'My Pilgrimage now over  
And all its Daungeres past

I must fulfill the Stars' Beheste  
Here at thy Face at last.

## X.

"I rede in this Hand faire Ladye—  
Nay—start not—None be nigh—  
That she who once loves Lord Tristram Grey  
Shall love but him till she die."

## XI.

Now she that erst had trembled  
At this withdrew her Hand  
For hers was as proud as the proudest Soul  
In all great Angle Land.

## XII.

"Cease, or I go—the High-born  
Brook not such Words to hear,  
The Love of my Race goes not unsought  
Such ne'er was the Way o' the Vere."

## XIII.

"Tempt not the Stars," cried the Other—  
"I've warned thee, pray be still,  
Thou can not flee thy Future, Child,  
Stay! learn their mighty Will.

## XIV.

"Who says he does not seek thee?  
Dares hint that he doth range?  
The Strong like Him are true as Heaven,  
It is the Weak that change.

## XV.

"But now that I have found thee,  
Here Maiden by thy Side,  
I dare to tell thee to thy Face.  
Thou'lt yet be *Tristram's Bride*.

## XVI.

"They can not come between ye,  
Fate wills them no such Power  
But if thou *will* it, thou art his,  
His own this very Hour!

## XVII.

“Sweet One, my Mission’s ended,  
 The Stars reveal no more,  
 Recall thy Lover to thy Side—  
 Be happy as of Yore.”

## XVIII.

The Seer’s low Voice grew Silent,  
 No more the Maid could hear,  
 But her Words sank deep in the gentle Heart  
 Of Anabel de Vere.

## LAY IV.

## THE TILT.

## I.

The Heralds blew their trumpets  
 At the Wave of a Pursuivant  
 And Fourscore Knights rode down the Listes  
 No earthly Power could daunte;

## II.

Knights who had fought the Heathen  
 ’Neath distant Acre’s Wall,  
 And who for the Holy Sepulchre  
 Had risked their Lives, their All;

## III.

And Knights like young Fitz-Eustace,  
 Who scarce their Spurs had won,  
 But whose bright Armour glittered ’neath  
 The flashing Noon Day Sun.

## IV.

But the noblest One among them,  
 Was the brave Sir Tristram Grey,  
 For this Knight so tall, was the Pride of All  
 As he strove in the Lists that Daye.

## V.

They watched his Mighte and Prowesse  
 And Many cried amain  
 “The Spirit of great Launcelot  
 Comes back to joust again;

## VI.

“Or Bevis of Southamptown  
Or Amadis de Gaul,  
How they go down before his Lance,—  
He’s Victor over All !”

## VII.

They fell like Leaves around him,  
Montfitchet was laid low,  
Sir Victor Vane and Lord De Vaux  
And Wilfred Ivanhoe.

## VIII.

The Lists were cleared about him  
And his Victory complete,  
When Four false Knights bare down as One  
Our Heroe to defeat;

## IX.

Four Knights who long had halted,  
Who seemed to shun the Rest,  
Now spurred their Steeds and on him charged  
North, South and East and West.

## X.

Three soon went down before him  
But the Fourth with a vengefulle Thruste,  
Smote our Knight so true that he ran him through  
And he reeled and fell to the Dust.

## XI.

“Go to him—loose his Corselet,”  
The King in direst Peyne  
Cried out while the News like Wild Fire spread,  
“Sir Tristram Grey is Sleyne !”

## XII.

But a slight Form now rushed through them,  
The First to reach his Side,  
“Stand back” she cried “the Place is Mine,—  
I am his promised Bride !”

## XIII.

She quick unlaced his Armour,  
(The Knights fast gathering round,)

Then from ner Neck so pure and white,  
Her Kercheif she unwound.

## XIV.

She stanchèd the flowing Life Tide  
Then in her sweetest Speech,  
She said "Kind Knights, go one of ye  
And send to him a Leech—

## XV.

Yea, send a Litter also,  
He to our Castle goes,  
Living or Dead, I'll take him there,  
Despite of Friends or Foes."

## LAY V.

## THE MAIDEN'S VICTORY.

## I.

"Who is this Maid," cried Richard,  
That dares the kingly Will?  
I'll have her wit that 'tis my Wish  
My Knight bide with me still.

## II.

"I'd keep him like a Brother  
Aneare the royal Tent,  
Where my own Leech his Wound may tend  
Till it heal or his Life be spent."

## III.

"My Liege, I am the Daughtere  
Of thine Ancient Knight de Vere,  
I dwell in yonder Castle elde  
Sweet King I'd take him there.

## IV.

"This Knight and I were Lovers,  
I was almost a Bride,  
But ere the Church our Love did bless,  
They drave him from my Side.

## V.

“Thy Leech may be all parfait,  
 But by the Heaven above,  
 My noble Leige, 'tis God's own Truth,  
 There is ne Leech like Love! B.

## VI.

“Sweet King O let me take him  
 Sith he comes Home to rest,  
 Sore, wounded, bleeding, dying too  
 Unto this aching Breast.”

## VII.

“Fair Maiden thou hast conquered;  
 I bow to thy Commands;  
 Take him and treat him as thou wilt;  
 I leave him in thy Hands!

## VIII.

“Ho! Call my own Chirurgeon,  
 Bid him with Tristram go,  
 And a Scare from out my bravest Knights,  
 To attend my Victor Foe;—

## IX.

“For she's the First to vanquish  
 Imperious Richard's Will,  
 Adieu, fair Maid! God's Grace to thee!  
 I be thy captive still!

## X.

“Break ope the royal Coffers  
 That Tristram Nothing want,  
 And should these fail let Jews sweat Gold,  
 Now clear the Way—Avaunt!”

NOTE B. “Parfait,” perfect.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# HISTORY

## UNIVERSITY DAYS SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

BY R. B. CREECY.\*

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

—PASCHAL.

WHY is it that in old age the memory of school days are the most cherished? Why is it that the latest are the sweetest? Why is it that college days live longer and cling closer to the memory till time makes all memories blank? Why is it that the ideal home of happiness is not the college with crowded halls, overburdened curriculum or severe disciplines, but that of smaller numbers, where the rein of discipline is loose, the curriculum easy, and where each student exhibits without restraint his own individuality? These memories are now my most precious treasures. They relieve the solitude of age and are loving companions. They mellow as they grow older and never lose interest. They come when bidden and never reluctantly. They are ample compensation for all the expense and nostalgia borne in the dear old days of my University life, if I had received no other.

I entered the University of North Carolina in June of 1831, being the beginning of a new term, having finished my preparatory instruction under my revered friend and instructor, Rev. Joseph N. Saunders, who had been a tutor at that institution and held it in highest honor.

\* Author of "Grandfather's Tales of N. C. History."

He was rector of the Church in Warrenton, N. C. After reaching Chapel Hill in the stage from Raleigh, we met an old schoolmaster of Edenton Academy—John H. Houghton—a Tyrrell county boy, who was to enter the Senior Class. He took charge of us with great kindness and took us to his boarding house, kept by Miss Nancy Hilliard. It was a few days before the session opened.

My first experience of University life was when ushered into a room with some dozen freshmen, to be examined as to our preparation for admission to college. We sat before a teacher who was evidently a gentleman of refined manners, who handled us with kindness, was grave in deportment and inspired respect. We afterwards learned that it was Professor William Hooper, in charge of the departments of Greek and Latin. He was a reserved man and did not readily unbend from his upright dignity. He must have been amused at the paucity of our attainments, but he never relaxed into a smile but once, when he smiled aloud. He was examining us, and in the course of it, probably from sympathy at our diffidence and embarrassment, said he had a book at home for sale that would aid me, which was worth fifty cents, mentioning the name of the book. He had scarce mentioned it when a stumpy, short boy, dressed in a short-cut, cow colored, homespun coat, with pants to suit, stepped out from the class and with a sincere but artless tone of speech, said: "Mr., I will take one of them books likewise." The whole scene was, so artless and grotesque, that Professor Hooper relaxed into a broad smile and the eruption of a genuine laugh was only prevented by pinching up his thin lips. That boy was C. C. Battle, from Rocky Mount. We asked Gus Foster, when we

sat down, who was sitting next to me, and whose acquaintance I had formed in the stage from Raleigh to Chapel Hill, who that boy was? He said it was C. C. Battle, that he was no fool, though he looked like one, and that he had two brothers who had graduated at the University with the highest honors. Little did we then think that boy was to become one of our dearest and best friends, that "Lumbus" and "Dick" were to become the most familiar names in our friendly circle, and that in old age we should number several members of his family among our best friends.

We came out from the ordeal of an examination, feeling better in the pericardial regions. When the time for evening prayers came, we went to Person Hall to make our devotions. We had been trained from childhood under Christian influence and had been taught that, when practicable, we should approach the Deity on our knees. Mr. Saunders, who was a strict observer of devotional proprieties, had told us, among other things, when leaving him for the University, that it was a State institution, but under the management of a Presbyterian faculty, that they always stood up in prayer, and that he wanted me when I attended prayers in the Chapel to kneel down when they stood up. At our first attendance in the Chapel, when the congregation with the minister all rose in prayer I kneeled. The Freshmen all sat together and next to me stood a stranger boy with a rollicking expression, whose name, as we afterwards learned, was Syd Yancey, a son of the celebrated Bartlett Yancey, of Caswell county. He was standing up. After prayer, when we attempted to rise from our knees, he put his hand upon our head and held us down. With some

difficulty, we rose and made a pass at him with the clenched fist of a Church militant. He was profuse in apologies, assuring me that it was only fun and with a quizzical expression, said: "What mout-be your name?" "Dick," said we, somewhat mollified by his honest assurance. And then turning to me he replied: "Dick, Dick. Yes, Dicky. Darn'd if I don't name all my guinea chickens Dicky, when I go home."

Some days after, while indulging in the pride of being a matriculate of the University of North Carolina, we looked around and took the personnel of the Faculty, the "potent, grave and reverend seniors" who were to mould the plastic clay of our youth into the hard or "sammon" brick of our manhoöd. Dr. Caldwell, the President, seemed too diminutive in person for our standard of greatness, but his shaggy and austere eyebrows and the brilliant orbs which they protected isolated him in an exclusive atmosphere that no man dared enter. Measured by mental standards, Dr. Caldwell was a grand, great man. His whole soul was centered in the University and from humble beginnings he built it up until it became an imposing Institution of Learning, and the foremost in the Southern States. His lectures before the class of mental philosophy were models of literary excellence, original, profound, lucid and interesting, monologues without consciousness of another's presence, without ornaments of rhetoric or oratory, but full of thought and masterful in force and concentrations. "Grand, gloomy, peculiar," his austere dignity never forsook him. He seemed to desire no companions but his own thoughts. Usually, he called the roll of delinquents at morning prayer in the Chapel at the close of the week, and the

solemn occasion yet lingers with me, as I met his scathing glance, when called for excuses. We know whereof we speak, for somnolency, through life has been our sweet comfort. Dr. William Hooper was refined, courteous and considerate, evidently cast of gentle materials. He was a double man without duplicity. When abstracted and communing with his inner consciousness, he was a miserable victim of abject despair. Put a pen in his hand in prospect of a public lecture, his whole nature was transformed and he became the embodiment of humor that bubbled up with every sentence. No one who heard his lecture on "Primary Education in North Carolina" at the Commencement of 1833 can ever forget it. Dr. Caldwell who was present rocked about in uncontrollable mirth like one of the boys. Dr. Hooper paused, smiled, looked down upon his audience, and said plainly, in pantomime—"What fools ye mortals be." Dr. Mitchell was Professor of Chemistry and good fellowship, and he was the soul of geniality and good humor. The boys lovingly called him "Old Mike." What shall we say of Johnny Bull, (Professor Phillips). The first object that met his eyes when he opened them upon this breathing world, was a mathematical blackboard, and his expression ever after was a combination of arcs and circles, sines and cosines, with an occasional interrogation mark.

Kind reader did you ever suffer with a disease, called in medical ambiguity—nostraglia? Well, I'm glad you never did and hope you never may, of all the ills that flesh is heir to, it is the worst. It is the great wail of humanity for the natural eye and hand. It is the calf bleat of the animal kingdom. Nostraglia would have

conquered Napoleon, that great master of war who aspired to the supremacy of the world, if he had not forbidden Swiss National airs when he crossed the Alps. It is the "mammy" cry of humanity. It is the instinct of "home," that dearest word of the English tongue, that poets have embalmed in immortal verse, before which kind and stout hearts have been prostrate, which utters a more plaintive note than a blighted lover's sigh. That dread disease, I had in its most malignant form in my first months at the University. It would have carried me off to that bourne which has been the burden of the greatest and best of men since the birth of time, but for an opportune wrestle with John Gray Bynum, President of the "Ugly Club," of the University, the progenitor of the Hazing Clubs of many of the Universities and Colleges of our country.

Is Dave Barnum's name ever heard now in the halls and passage ways of the college? He was the Caleb Quotum of the University in the early part of the last century. He made the fires, brought the water, blacked the shoes, rang the bell, made up the beds, put the rooms in order for nearly the whole college. He was the best servant I ever knew. Fearless, silent, faithful, he attended to his own business and let the world take care of itself. We never saw Dave Barum frightened but once. When the stars fell in 1834, I think it was, Dave came out a little before day to cut wood for his fires. The air was full of falling stars in every direction. He did not know what to make of it nor did anyone else, except in its literal scriptural verification. After cutting a few sticks, Dave picked up an armful, ran with it up to our room, in the north end of South building near his wood-

pile and rushed in proclaiming judgment day. He waked us up and with some difficulty explained the cause of his disturbance. In the meantime, day was breaking. We got up, went out and the sun was shining with its old time lustre.

Of the memorable events in the history of the University none is more so than that which occurred during the war with England in 1812. It was a fresh tradition in the early thirties, and was often spoken of by the students and by some of the older villagers. Dear old Miss Nancy Hilliard, with whom I boarded when a student, often told of it with great glee, and how the boarders hurrahed and rattled the plates on the table when they came to supper, all of which occurred when she was a girl. It was a disturbance between faculty and students, in which William B. Shepard, a student from New Bern, delivered a phillipic, in his senior speech in Person Hall, denouncing a Professor, an Englishman, who expressed his English feelings too freely of the war. At that time there were only three Professors, two of them loyal Americans and an Englishman. Shepard complimented the two by name, denounced the other and his denunciation reached its climax in an original doggerel couplet:

“—— and —— are men of note,

But as for —— he’s a damned old goat.”

“Stop—stop! Come down—come down!” cried out the Professors. “Go on—go on” shouted the students. Shepard was confused by the uproar and lost the thread of his speech. His prompter, Kemp Plummer, of Warrenton, a class mate, called out to him—“Shepard go on.” Shepard said: “Prompt me and I will go on.” He then

proceeded and finished, amid outbursts of applause from the students, and when he came down from the rostrum, the students pulled off their coats and strewed them in the aisles for him to walk on. It was a proud day for the boys but its sequel was that Shepard was expelled from the University. He spoke once afterwards from the same platform, in his subsequent distinguished career and made a Commencement Address that was second only to Gaston's great speech. We had a somewhat intimate friendship with Mr. Shepard, after he had acquired a national reputation in the ranks of statesmen, but we never heard him allude to the incident at the University but once in a casual conversation about his graduating at the University of Pennsylvania after leaving Chapel Hill.

### EUTAW SPRINGS.

**G**REENE was on the Santee Hills. Sixteen air-line miles away was Colonel Alexander Stuart (or Stewart) near the junction of the Congaree and Wateree. On the 22nd of August, (1781) Greene had been joined by a brigade under Jethro Sumner, and he therefore crossed the Wateree, hot after Stuart. The Colonel decamped forty miles in haste to Eutaw Springs. Thither the Americans quickly pursued.

From Burdell's (or Bendell's) plantation, seven miles out of Eutaw, Greene moved on the morning of September 8th. He had two columns intended to form two lines of battle. In front were the North and South Carolina militia; behind, the Continental troops. In all Greene had twenty-three hundred men. At Eutaw, Stuart stretched across the road. Behind him in the fork of the road stood his tents. He was too confident of victory to pull them down.

But he was on the alert. So when Greene thrust he was ready to parry. Finally they rushed together pell-mell; a bloody fight ensued. Part of the first line was crushed. The second line supported brilliantly. Otho Williams with the Marylanders cleared the field. So when the smoke rolled off some of the British were down the Charleston road; others were destroying the camp and stores; others were massing in a brick house near the road.

But then the foolish Americans stopped to loot the camp and thereby lost the day. The British rallied and regained their camp. Then they were satisfied. Greene

retreated. The next day so did Stuart. Greene turned and pursued him, but eventually, on the eighteenth of September, returned to his sanitarium on the Santee Hills.

In this bravely fought and bloody battle, at Eutaws, the North Carolina militia amounting to about 150 men were as stated in the front line. They were commanded by Colonel Francis Malmady. It is interesting to know that Malmady (or Malmady) was a French officer and that he is called by McCrady,\* Marquesse de France. Schenck says he held a commission from North Carolina. His career is queerly shadowed.

Below is a short account of this battle at Eutaws. It is written by Greene himself. A peculiar feature of the letter is constituted by three almost illegible words scratched upon the sheet at the conclusion of the letter. The first of the three is easily identified as "to." The second by a straining of the fancy might be "colonel." But the third is totally undecipherable. Now take up Lossing. On page 700 is precisely the same hieroglyphic, precisely as illegible. Fortunately the list of illustrations has a clearer eye. The fac-simile is referred to as "Signature of Colonel Malmady." Now we have the address; "to Colonel Malmady," as printed below. But how came these words in Malmady's hand on a letter written by General Greene? Take the case.

Head Quarters Martins Tavern

Sepr 12th: 1781.

Dear Sir—

Your letter of the 10th is just Delivered me. I sent Colonel [Jack] to take Charge of the Prisoners, and Col-

\*See Schenck's No. Car. 1780-81, p. 450. See also Heitman's Historical Register.

onel Williams will give your Instructions on that head and whence I wish you to take post; as I feel myself under many Obligations to you for your Exertions, to promote the Service and particularly for your gallant Conduct in the Action at Eutaws [is i] Shall Still consider myself under additional Obligations, if you'll Exert yourself in providing for & accomodateing, the poor unfortunat wound'd. Thier Distress for want of Supplies wound my Humanity, our Victory was Complete, and nothing but the House Saved the whole Army from falling into Our Hands. The Enemy however fled to Charlestown, at Eutaws they [Stored] thier Liquors and left upwards of a Thousand Stand of Arms, and many other Military Stores. When our Prisoners are all Collected of the well & wound'd they will Amount to between four & five Hundred, and I think Thier Kill'd and wound'd will be between five and Six Hundred; perhaps more their loss—Our Loss is Considerable as the Action was long & Obstinate

With Esteem & regards,

I am D'r Sir your most Obed't Humble Serv't

*Nathl. Green*



to colonel Malmedy.

AN AUTUMN LEAF.

Torn from thy stem poor, withered leaf  
Where goest thou?

“I nothing know, the storm swept oak  
Where once I clung at last is broke.  
Tossed on the breath of restless gale  
From wood to plain, from mount to vale,  
I go where blows th’ inconstant wind  
Nor sigh, nor find my fate unkind.  
I go where all things fair must come,  
Where thou, in turn, must find a home.  
There lies the rose when life is done  
There fall the laurels one by one.”

—*From the French of Arnault.*

## GENERAL INTEREST

### THE TWO CALDWELL MONUMENTS ON THE CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

DR. Joseph Caldwell came to Chapel Hill on October 31st, 1796, from a Tutorship at Princeton University, then and until recently, the "College of New Jersey." He entered upon his duties as Professor of Mathematics after only one day's rest, and in a few months the institution was placed under his charge as Presiding Professor. His health beginning to fail after two years, the Trustees, in order to prevent his departure gave the principalship to Rev. James S. Gillaspie, but after a rather stormy administration he resigned the place and Mr. Caldwell was induced to take charge a second time. In 1804 the Trustees elected him to the Presidency and he continued in this office until 1813. Being fond of the study and teaching of Mathematics, and wishing to complete his treatise on Geometry, he applied to the Trustees to choose a new President, recommending Rev. Robert Hett Chapman, D. D., of New York. His counsel was heeded but, after four years unpleasant experience, mainly on account of the heated political feeling engendered by the war with England, Dr. Chapman gave up his post and early in January, 1817, Dr. Caldwell again became President, very reluctantly, but as a matter of duty to the University he loved so well. He had already resisted the blandishments of a larger salary and the chief place in a richer college of another state.

After a few years the University came into possession

of considerable funds from the sale of Tennessee lands, and became more prosperous. High water mark was reached in 1823, the number being 173, which, considering the sparse population and difficulty of travelling in those days, was conclusive proof of the public confidence. The Trustees, on this account, and in expectation of continued receipts from the sale of their lands, sent Dr. Caldwell to Europe, at his own suggestion, for the purchase of books and apparatus for instruction, and began the construction of a new chapel, the Old West Building and a third story to the Old East. The Faculty also was enlarged.

It was not long before a financial crisis came and blasted this prosperity. The number of students diminished, the sales of land ceased and the golden stream from Tennessee dried up. The Trustees were no wiser than other men. They shrunk from discarding professors and discontinuing their building, and soon they owed a debt of forty thousand dollars.

Anxiety about this financial trouble was not the only affliction of the good President. He was attacked by a grievous internal malady, which became a constant and chronic torture. He journeyed to Philadelphia, whose physicians then stood at the head of their profession in America, but they thought his disease beyond the reach of surgery. Bravely and uncomplainingly he performed his duties, never asking for aid. Even when the Trustees elected Professor, afterwards Judge, Walker Anderson, to perform his duties, he insisted on taking on himself half the work. He sunk to his rest on the 27th of January, 1835. He was buried in the middle of the lot now called the Village Cemetery, which had

been laid off on University land and enclosed by a stone wall under his direction. His grave had been walled in by his own orders.

President Caldwell attained a very high place in the public regard. In 1804, simultaneously with his election as President, the General Assembly appointed him a Trustee of the University. He was the astronomical expert to run the western part of the boundary line between the Carolinas. He had published admirable letters over the pen name of Carlton, advocating a railroad from our Western boundary to Beaufort. He had ably championed popular education. The name of the county of Caldwell given six years after his death shows the estimation of the legislature, the representatives of the people. The following resolutions of the Trustees, whom he served, have the merit of truth without exaggeration.

“Raleigh, 6th of February, 1835.

On motion of Governor Swain.

Whereas the Executive Committee with the deepest emotions of sorrow have received intelligence of the death of Rev'd. Joseph Caldwell, D. D., President of the University,

Resolved unanimously, that by the eminent purity of his life, his patriotism and zeal in the cause of learning, and his long, faithful and distinguished public service at the head of the University, Doctor Caldwell has approved himself one of the noblest benefactors of the State and deserves the lasting gratitude and reverence of his countrymen.

Professor Anderson was then requested to prepare a memoir of the life and character of the deceased Presi-

dent, to be delivered at the following Commencement. This was excellently done and was printed in pamphlet.

Judge Frederick Nash and Rev. Dr. Wm. McPheeters were appointed to erect an appropriate monument "in the burial ground near the University." The authorities afterwards concluded to place it in the Campus, and the site chosen was thought to be sufficiently remote from any building then standing or likely to be erected. Its inconvenient proximity to the New West Building shows how mistaken as to the progress of the University were the locators.

The body of Dr Caldwell has been exhumed twice. A day or two after his death, at the instance of the Philanthropic Society, it was taken up by Mr. Waugh of Raleigh in order to procure a plaster cast of his features. The bust is now in Gerrard Hall and is a faithful reproduction. The grave was reopened on October 31st 1846 and the remains were reinterred by the side of his wife at the base of the monument.

His wife died October 30th, 1846, while on a visit to Chapel Hill. Her maiden name was Helen Hogg, she being a daughter of James Hogg, a prominent merchant of Hillsboro, who was one of the Commissioners that chose the site for the University. Her first husband was William Hooper, son of the Signer of the Declaration of Independence of the same name. He died early leaving two sons, William and Thomas Clark, and when the elder was prepared for the University, she moved to Chapel Hill in order to have him with her. Dr. Caldwell had married Susan Rowan, who, with her infant daughter, died soon leaving him a widower and childless. Before many years elapsed the fascinating young widow

became the President's wife, and well she adorned her station by the graciousness of her manners the activity of her benevolence and leadership in good works. Her elder son, Rev. Wm. Hooper, D. D., became one of the ripest scholars, the most interesting and informing speakers and most learned divines in the South. After the President's death she moved back to Hillsboro, where were many relations, and was on a visit to Chapel Hill when she died. The following notice, kindly copied for me by Miss Alice C. Heartt from the Hillsboro Recorder, of which her father, Mr. Demnis Heath, was for many years editor, is a truthful estimate.

“HILLSBORO RECORDER.”

Thursday, November 5th, 1846.

“Died at Chapel Hill on Friday morning, the 30th ultimo, in the 78th year of her age, Mrs. Helen Caldwell, relict of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Caldwell, late President of the University of North Carolina. The deceased was a woman of extraordinary endowments, blending in her character the highest mental culture with all the Christian graces, in their liveliest exercise. She has left few superiors; and those who enjoyed her acquaintance will feel that, by her removal, a space has been left in society, which will not soon be filled. But with what confidence can her friends and relations commit her to the tomb. She was a bright and shining light in the Church, and it was impossible to be in her company without admiring the Cristian cheerfulness which she at all times exhibited.

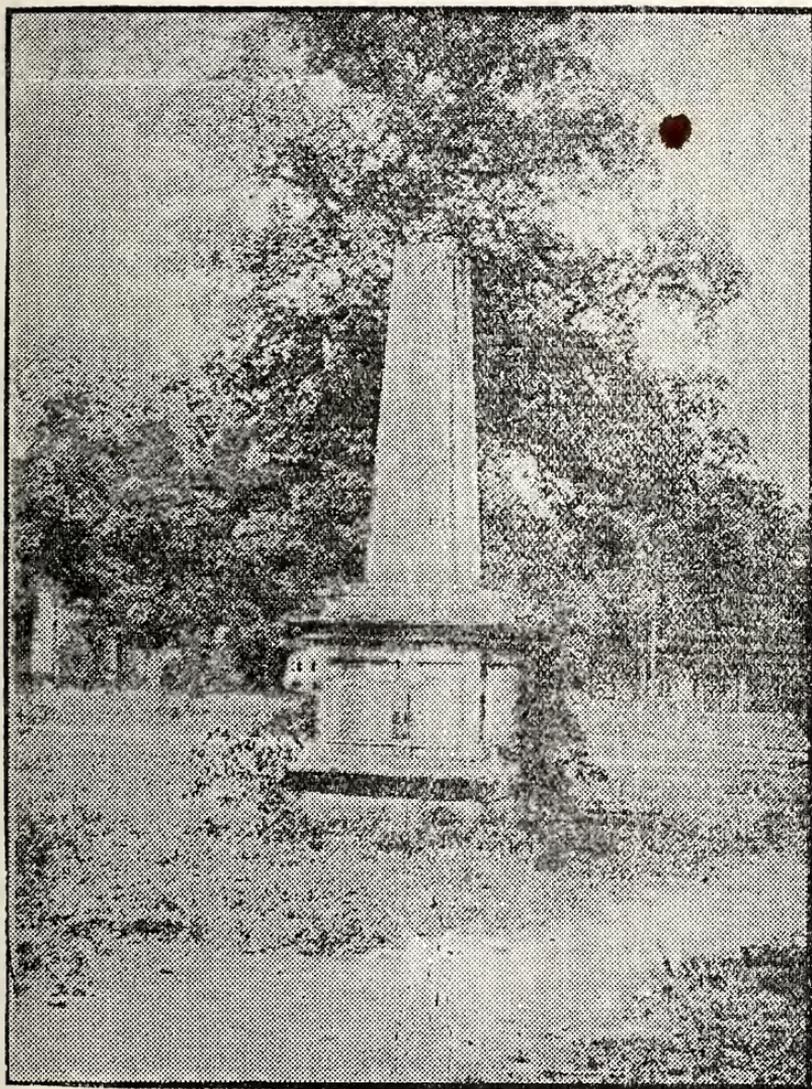
“The funeral obsequies were performed at Chapel Hill on Sunday last, the President and Faculty of the University acting as pall-bearers on the occasion. The

sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Mitchell from Phil. IV. 3, and her remains were deposited with those of her late husband, at the base of the monument erected to his memory by the Trustees of the University."

Thirty years afterwards her child, Dr. William Hooper, after laboring in many fields, was living in Chapel Hill, where he had spent most of his boyhood and much of his manhood. He was attacked by a fatal disease and as he felt himself sinking towards the portals of death, longed to be laid by the side of his mother. The University authorities readily granted his request, and, when on the 19th of August, 1876, the Centennial anniversary of the signing by his grandfather of the instrument which declared the independence of the American people, the good man breathed his last, he was borne from Gerrard Hall to the resting place which he had chosen.

This monument is of sandstone from one of the quarries near the University Buildings, possibly that on the land bequeathed to the institution by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Mason. The stone soon began to crumble and grow dingy. Moreover the plan was to insert on the eastern face a marble slab with an appropriate inscription in Latin. When this slab came from the workman at the North, the Latin was found to be so atrociously bad as to be beyond amendment. The Professor of that language, in disgust, seized a hammer and broke the offending marble into fragments. It was never replaced.

At the Commencement of 1847 amid the general enthusiasm aroused by the visit of President Polk to the scene of his graduation twenty-nine years before, it was



THE OLD CALDWELL MONUMENT.

proposed to erect a new monument of marble, more worthy of the President, so much venerated by the older Alumni. The motion was made by John Y. Mason, of the class of 1816, then Secretary of the Navy. President Polk headed the subscription and others of the eminent Alumni present followed, it being agreed that no one should contribute more than three dollars. It was not until the Commencement of 1858 that the monument was ready to be dedicated. It was prepared under the supervision of a Committee, President Swain, Mr. Wm. J. Bingham and Judge William H. Battle.

It is an obelisk of white marble over twenty feet high, standing in front of the South Building, not far from the Davie Poplar. A tablet toward the top bears as emblem of Dr. Caldwell's services to the State, a Rail Road wheel, an Engineer's Transit, and the Holy Bible. The inscriptions are as follows:

On the North face;

"In grateful acknowledgment  
Of their obligation to  
The First President of this University,  
Joseph Caldwell, D. D.  
The President of the United States,  
The Governor of North Carolina,  
And other Alumni  
Have raised this monument  
A. D. 1847."

On the West face;

"Born at Lamington, New Jersey,  
April 21st 1773.  
Professor of Mathematics in this  
University, 1796.  
Died at Chapel Hill  
January 27, 1835."

On the South face;

“He was an early  
Conspicuous and devoted advocate  
Of the cause of Common Schools and  
Internal improvements in North Carolina.”

On the East face;

“Near him repose the remains of  
His beloved wife,  
Helen Caldwell.”

The monument is the work of Struthers and Company of Philadelphia. It was transported by water to Wilmington, and then, by the liberality of the Wilmington and Weldon and North Carolina Railroad Companies, brought without charge to Durham. Mr. Paul C. Cameron with like generosity caused it to be hauled with his own team over the rough road to Chapel Hill, the bridge over New Hope being specially strengthened to bear the unusual weight.

The dedicatory services were on the day preceding Commencement day, 1858. The Alumni marched from Smith Hall, while the band played a funeral dirge, to the site of the monument, and standing around it with uncovered heads, sang the grand Doxology, “Praise God from whom all blessings flow.” Then Rev. Dr. James Phillips, the only survivor of Dr. Caldwell’s colleagues, offered a prayer with that extraordinary propriety of language and solemnity of utterance for which he was distinguished. The procession was again formed and, marching to Gerrard Hall, the Alumni, students and visitors, listened to an excellent address, commemorative of the deceased President, by one of his pupils and greatest admirers, President of the Alumni Association,

the late Paul C. Cameron. I give a few words of his eulogy delivered in 1889 at the Charter Centennial.

“These woods must ever call up the memory, form and characteristics of Joseph Caldwell, and will, as long as these walls by which we are surrounded shall stand, or this pleasant village is known as a seat of learning; and so long as the name of the University is on the map; it will be associated with that of the first President. To leave it out would be as if the topographer should present us with Switzerland without its profile of mountains, or old Egypt without its overflowing and fertilizing Nile, or our vast North American Continent without the great Father of Waters, in his grand sweep from the lakes of the North to the Gulf of Mexico. The good man needs no eulogy at my hands, and no praise of mine can add a cubit to his stature. His early struggles in its behalf must stand alone in the building up of this institution. He came like Paul to plant, and then like Apollos to water with his tears, prayers, benedictions and benefactions to the end of his days—a continuous effort of thirty-one years.”

“It is a pleasant memory to the surviving Alumni to recall the steady devotion of good President Caldwell to this institution and his complete identification of himself with the citizens of the State in every interest. He made himself a freeholder and a slave-holder, and today the chief servant\* of the institution is of his family of slaves. And so long as the great trunk line railroad from Morehead City shall increase the wealth and commerce of the State the name of Caldwell will be remembered as its first projector in the letters of ‘Carlton.’”

KEMP P. BATTLE, '49.

\* The late Wilson Caldwell.

## ALL HALLOWEEN.

“Some merry friendly country folks  
Together did convene,  
To burn their wits and pou their stocks  
An’ haud their Halloween.”

Halloween is the short for All Hallows’ Even, that is, the eve of All Saints, which is the thirty-first of October. The origin of All Saints Day was the conversion in the seventh century of the Pantheon at Rome, into a Christian place of worship, and its dedication to the Virgin and all of the martyrs. May the first, was the original day commemorated, but it was afterwards changed to November the first, under the designation of the Feast of all Saints.

It has long been a custom in Roman Catholic countries to visit the cemeteries on All Saints Day for devotions. A very beautiful feature is the laying of floral tributes on the graves of relatives; somewhat like our custom of celebrating Memorial Day. But Halloween is in no way connected with Christian religion. It is a relic strictly of pagan time, when mediaeval superstition reigned supreme, and fairies, witches and imps of all kinds, were supposed to be especially active. It was regarded as the time when supernatural influences prevailed, and was set apart for a universal walking abroad of spirits of both the invisible and visible world; it was believed that even the human spirit detached itself from the body and wandered abroad.

On Halloween some of the customs are still kept up. In countries where usages and traditions of the Church

survive, as in South England, it is a time for cracking jokes and general sporting. Many odd, frolicsome, games are played. Quite an amusing play kept up in Virginia and Maryland today, is the arrangement of the dishes on the dining table; milk in one, clear water in another and the third empty. A girl is blindfolded, taken to the table and turned around three times. She then reaches towards the dishes, and if her hand dips into the milk, she will marry a rich handsome fellow; if into water, her husband will be a widower, and if into the empty dish, she will remain single. A similar rite is getting the wedding ring. A large cake is baked containing a ring, a thimble and a nickel. The cake is sliced and passed around. The one who gets the ring will soon marry; the one who gets the thimble will live in single blessedness; the nickel promises wealth.

Another amusing play is taking a large tub of water containing floating apples; boys and girls get around it. Some one calls the roll and as each one's name is called he must pick out an apple with a fork held between the teeth. The penalty for failure, is a ducking.

One queer rite comes from Scotland. The person interested in having his future revealed, is blindfolded and led to a sage bush in the garden. While picking sage, he repeats three times, "low cow, low, or knock hammer, knock." If the cow lows, his marriage is assured; if the hammer knocks, single life will be the misfortune.

Another absurd fortune telling is the Halloween pill. Small pills are made of cocoanut, cheese and half an English walnut mixed with honey. Just before retiring, swallow the pill. If dreams are pleasant, you will woo a gentle lover. If your dreams are bad you will wed a disagreeable person. A similar rite is removing the

yolk of a boiled egg, filling one half with salt and eating at "bed-time," without drinking water. If your dreams are of water, you will marry; if not, death will find you single.

Much fun may be had at supper, by having a large molasses cake on the table, with as many candles around it as there are guests; each candle a different color as far as possible. The cake is served last. The guests each take a candle, selecting whatever color strikes their fancy. As they do so some one reads:

"He who takes the candle blue,  
Will find his sweetheart ever true.  
The pink the sweetest of them all,  
Will wed a fellow six feet tall.  
Alas for yellow, bright to see,  
Your lovers e'er will jealous be.  
Happy she who orange takes,  
Now prepare your wedding cake.  
Hopeless, homeless, bachelor he,  
If white candle his should be.  
Crown her blest this very night,  
Who has chosen crimson bright.  
He whose choice inclines to red,  
His heart's love will surely wed."

Halloween parties are becoming very popular in society of today. While mystic plays are not indulged in, yet it is celebrating the same pagan custom. In olden times when rough houses took the place of our twentieth century mansions, and instead of modern heating, the "back log" in the large fire-places, cracked and glowed, such plays seemed to be suitable. But of course with the advance of civilization, they would be called "old timey" and not in keeping with the spirit of the times.

E. A. HAWES, JR.

## FICTION

### UNCLE 'ZEKE.

“NO, sah, don’t you nebber have nuffin’ ter do wid cross-eyed peoples,” said Uncle Zeke, “dey is pow’ful curi’s sort of folks. Now I ’member er ole feller named Mistah Jestice, a pawful curi’s ol’ man an’ ez cross-eyed as ennybody you eber seed. W’y, dey say when he ’uz a chile, dat eber time he cried de tears ’ud ackchully run down ’is back.

Well, one day ez I ’uz walkin’ ’long de street, I hyeard Mistah Jestice holler out, ‘Zeke, you ol’ scoun’el you! Come over heah!’ sezee. I went.

He ’uz runnin’ a beef-myarket den an’ I foun’ dat he wanted me ter come he’p him butcher er cow. Said he’d gimme de brains. I ’greed an’ so we went down ter de paster back er de myarket whar de slaughter-pen wuz. Dere wuz a mean, deblish-lookin’ cow loose and Mistah Jestice sont me in ter rope her. I tell you what, I didn’t la’k dat cow’s looks er bit ’n’ when she bellered sort er low ’n’ shuck her haid at me, I nigh broke de fence down gittin’ back ober it.

Mistah Jestice called me er ol’ grizzle-headed baboon ’n’ sech like an’ den went an’ roped de cow hisse’f ez he oughter done at fust an’ sabe skeerin’ me out’n a yeah’s growf.

He led de cow out an’ gib me de rope ter hol’, ’n’ I c’n tell you, I got des ez fur from dat cow ez dat rope ’ud ’low.

I led ’er ober ter de pen an’ Mistah Jestice took up ’is

axe 'n' spit 'n' 'is hands. De rope I 'uz hol'in de cow wid 'uz pow'ful sho't an' ez Mistah Jestice raised up de axe fer ter tap 'er—you know ez I said befo' he 'uz pow'ful cross-eyed—I th'owed up mah hand so an' sez, 'Look-a-heah, Mistah Jestice, is you gwine ter hit whar you's lookin'? Well, if you is, I's gwinter drap dis rope right heah, f'r I see right now dat you's fixin' ter bus' *my* brains out 'stid er de cow's!'

What eber 'come er ole Issacher, you say? He's daid. Yes, sah, ol' Issacher done daid. Issacher wuz er right good ol' mule, too, ef he *wuz* bline in one eye, cud 'n' see good out'n t'other, an' had ribs lak er wash-boa'd. Huc-come 'is name Issacher? Well, I'll tell yo! I 'uz read'n' in de Scripters one day whar it sez: 'Issacher is a strong ass, couchin' down between two burdens,' 'n' I sez ter mah se'f, 'Dat's jes' de name fer mah ol' mule,' 'n' dat's huccome he name Issachar.

Issachar didn't hab but jes' one fault. I 'ud be ridin' 'im 'long de road ca'm an' peaceable-lak when all uv er suddint de ol' scoun'el 'ud see sump'n' dat he didn't somehow lak de looks uv an' he'd quoil he tail un'er him an' set down in de middle uv de road perzackly lak er dawg. He'd 'zamine dat sump'n'-'nuther an' ef he c'n-cluded dat it warn't gwin'er bite 'im, he'd perceed to go on. W'y, I 'member one day when I 'uz rid'n' 'im ter myarket wid er basket er aigs un'er mah ahm an' all uv er suddint de ol' rapscallion tuk er seat in de middle uv de road an' I, bein' tuk by suhprise, jes' slid off'n 'is back lak er ta'ypin off'n er lawg. Fudder more, de basket er aigs got ter de groun' fust 'n' right down in de middle uv 'em I went—kerslosh! Some er de aigs 'uz bad, too. Jes' ruined my Sunday britches. Had ter hol' mah nose all de way home.

One day ol' Issacher got sick an' lay in he stable lookin' so much lak he done petered out dat I got skeered 'n' hiked off ter de vet'n'ay suhgeon, whut doctors hosses 'n' mules, yer know, an' axed what ter do.

He sez, sezee, 'Go ter de drug-sto' an' git forty-five grains er cal'mul, put it in er quill, stick de quill in de mule's mouf an' blow it down he froat.'

I done perzackly lak he sez. Got de cal'mul, put it in er quill, walked up ter ol' Issachar an' stuck de quill in 'is mouf an', jes' ez I wuz drawin' er long bref fer ter blow de stuff down, ole Issachar coughed and — sho's you born — right down my froat went de forty-five grains er cal'mul!

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, I 'uz able ter sorter stir 'roun weak an' feeble-lak 'bout free weeks arter dat but ol' Issachar wuz done daid. Howsumdever, dere's one thing sho'— naixt time I gib er mule cal'mul fru' er quill, you c'n bet yer life dat I blows fust!"

CHARLES P. RUSSELL.

## THE LITTLE CIRCUS GIRL.

THE little circus girl was joyously sucking her lemon candy. She was very happy, for that day, as she rode around the stage on her little bicycle she had been manifestly the favorite. Her family did all the new wheeling tricks on the old-fashioned big-wheel little-wheel machines. When her father had held her aloft, wheel and all, to show how fast her little legs would walk, she had especially exerted herself and the mob had gone into ecstasies of sympathy and affection for the pet.

So now as the rain poured down on the canvass and made so much of a lulling roar the family had gathered in a corner of the tent. A leering ex-clown approached: "No evening performance," he called and the little girl snuggled up close to her mother.

"Mamma," she whispered, you love me?"

The father and mother exchanged a quick glance.

"Papa," said the sad-eyed woman, "she is the supporter of us five. If it wasn't for her we'd starve."

The little one understood, so she threw her thin muscular arms about the mother's neck and kissed her painted cheek.

Such was their home life. Rain gave them holiday; holiday gave rest on a pile of acrobat's mats. That meant the hearth and home. So they made all they could of it till sleep time.

Then the little circus girl lay down on one mat. The rest lay in line each on a mat. All fell asleep but the parents—and the little circus girl.

"Do you know," said the wife bitterly, "I can almost find it in my mother's heart to wish the kid harm."

The husband said nothing. The kid turned over in the dark and listened.

"Since my mother told me she could never recognize me, after you know what, but she would help the kid if I brought her in time—"

"In time?"

"Yes, in time. Before she could ruin her pretty little face and figure. She saw her in the parade and she thought she could soften down her muscles and make her body real nice looking. I believe she might, too."

"She'll never be an inch taller nor a pound heavier unless she quits this business inside a year."

"Mother has some money too and a good farm, and I believe Margate could marry well and who'd ever know she'd been in a circus?"

"But what did you mean by saying you could almost wish her harm?"

"Well, if she had an accident—she'd have to quit."

"But your mother said she had to have her same pretty face and figure. And she might spoil both."

"And if the kid knew I said this she'd never forget it. But you know I love her better than anything in the world."

The poor woman burst into a low sob, but perhaps the kid failed to hear that, for she turned over again and she too burst into silent tears. She wept bitterly till she forgot her mother's bitter tone; forgot that if the kid were hurt the mother would starve; forgot all but the unkind hint.

The father snored loudly. The mother spoke in a low sort of groan, "Can I do<sup>o</sup> it?"

The kid heard her. Perhaps she was brighter than most, for she understood and was wide awake. She gritted her little teeth and clenched her little hands.

"I'll hate you forever and ever. You are none of my mother." And she never forgave.

It was late, or early, when all five were asleep; and it was early when they rose. For the morning performance was at eleven that day and nobody knows how much they had to do. So many little things always turn up among circus folk. There was, primarily, the wood to gather from somewhere; then the food to cook and the stuff to be eaten. Then they had to stretch some before the performance and loosen up a bit.

At last the crowd poured in, monkeyed with the monkeys, poked all the small animals, dodged the elephants' trunks or fed apple cores under them; then drank the red lemonade, bought the varnished cocoanut candy and the peanuts and swarmed through into the main tent. Cologne was alert, the country lassies and red bumpkins were grinning from one ear to the next. The band was playing cymbalic discords. The clowns were boring all but the bumpkins. Then came the acrobats; the animals' tricks; the tumblers; the bicyclists.

The father rode every way. He humped himself forward and got around the narrow stage on his big front wheel. He dismounted and rode a single cart wheel. He remounted, removed his handle-bars, and rode. He reinserted them, the mother joined him; and the eldest son; and the second son; and then the little circus girl; and in a grand united ring they wheeled upon the father as a pivot. Around and around they spun; the little girl's feet moved faster and faster, till they just

had to stop. But even that was not all. The father rode leisurely around once more; the mother leaped upon his shoulders and stood erect; the sons were lifted to their positions; and then once again the tower spun around the stage. And the little circus girl climbed lightly to her high place and stood erect. And the crowd rose to its many feet and howled and whooped.

Once more around the stage. The people were tense with excitement. The little girl held every eye. The little girl started down the human ladder. She passed from the younger to the elder brother. She stepped on the mother's shoulder. It twitched.

The crowd shrieked in agony. It burst over the rope and, ignoring the four discomfited cyclists, rushed to the favorite. She lay face down upon the platform. They turned her over and the crowd fell back. Her cheeks were torn and her nose was crushed. She was unrecognizable. They felt her heart. It still beat feebly. Her leg was limp. A doctor was shoved into prominence.

"She 'll never ride again." And he chanced to be poetical, so he added, "And her beauty's clean gone forever."

# SCIENCE

## SCIENCE AT PITTSBURG.

**T**HE American Association for the Advancement of Science held its fifty-first meeting at Pittsburg, Pa., from June the 30th to July the 3rd. This is the most important association of scientists in America, corresponding in its aim and scope to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The affairs of each association are managed by a set of general officers and at the annual meetings a few sessions of the general association are held, usually in the evening, at which lectures of a popular scientific interest are given. The active scientific work is carried on by Sections which hold their meetings in the forenoons and in some cases in the afternoons also, although the afternoons are usually given up to excursions. In the British association the time after lunch is devoted to garden parties and teas but it is said the practice of holding afternoon sessions is likely to become general. The Britons give their excursions on Saturday. The similarity in the organization of the two associations may be seen in the following table, showing the division into Sections:

	AMERICAN.	BRITISH.
Section	A Mathematics and Astronomy.	Mathematics and Physics.
"	B Physics.	Chemistry.
"	C Chemistry.	Geology.
"	D Mechanical Science and Engineering.	Zoology.
"	E Geology and Geography.	Geography.
"	F Zoology.	Economics.
"	G Botany.	Engineering.
"	H Anthropology.	Anthropology.
"	I Social and Economic Science.	Physiology.
"	K Physiology and Experimental Medicine.	Botany.
"	L _____	Education.

An examination of the table shows that the parallelism is almost complete. The Section devoted to Education in the B. A. A. S. is a new one, being but two years old.

The first meeting of the A. A. A. S. was held in Philadelphia, Sept. 20, 1848. There were 461 members but no record of attendance is given for this meeting. The first record of attendance is of the fifth meeting, held at Cincinnati when 87 members were present out of a membership of 800. The attendance has fluctuated considerably, giving as low as 73 in 1867 and rising to 1261 at Philadelphia in 1884 when over three hundred members of the B. A. A. S. were present. At the Pittsburg meeting this summer 431 members registered, making this meeting rank among the largest of the past ten years. This number is raised to 750 if we add the attendance of the Affiliated Societies which met at the same time. It is gratifying to note that the attendance from the South was larger than ever before. The membership of the association from 1882 to 1900 fluctuated between 1731 in 1899 and 2054 in 1891. In 1901 it leaped to 2703 and this year another remarkable jump was taken to 3500. The attendance at the British association meetings seems to be declining. It was 3181 in 1896; 2446 in 1898; about 1900 in 1900 and only 1600 in 1902. About one half of this attendance consists of "local associates," persons who have subscribed for the meeting.

It is the custom of both associations to make grants of money in aid of scientific purposes. Each grant is placed in charge of a special committee which makes a report to the association of the results obtained during the year. The B. A. A. S. this year granted a total of about

\$4800.00 while our association appropriated only \$325.00, of which \$50.00 was designated for continuation of work upon the atomic weight of thorium by Dr. Charles Baskerville. When it is stated that \$4800.00 is an unusually low figure for the British association, it will be seen that our grants are insignificant in comparison.

The B. A. A. S. met this summer at Belfast and *Nature* reports that "a noteworthy event" of the meeting was a speech by President Minot of the A. A. A. S. in which he invited the Britons to attend our Washington meeting during the approaching holidays. Among other things of interest which he said he called their attention to "a new historic condition never existing in the world before. It was the first time that two great nations existed with a common speech, a common past, a common history; would they not therefore so work together that they might build up a common future? And for the scientific man this duty came first." Professor Dumar, president of the British association, replied in behalf of the association and expressed their delight at receiving the invitation of the Americans. He further said, "the great blunder we in the United Kingdom have been perpetrating for many years past is in remaining ignorant of what is being done on the other side of the Atlantic." He had paid a visit to America and "both in the Universities and in applied industries it was a revelation to him." It is sincerely to be hoped that a large delegation will cross the water and help to make the Washington meeting the greatest in the history of the association, for indications seem to point to such a result.

Pittsburg was a particularly interesting place for a meeting from a scientific point of view on account of its

immense industrial establishments. It was especially attractive to the sections of physics, chemistry, mechanics and engineering. The four afternoons were given up to excursions, the local committee having arranged for fifty of these with guides. The financial burdens of the members were relieved by an abundant supply of street car tickets. In fact the splendid liberality of the citizens of Pittsburg is shown by the fund of \$9000.00 which they furnished the local committee of entertainment. Among the excursions were visits to the Westinghouse Electric works, the Carnegie and other iron and steel industries at Homestead, Bessemer and other points, the Heinz great pickle and food establishment, the oil works of the American Refining Company, the oil wells of the Forest Oil Company, the Demmler plant of the American Tin Plate Works, the Otto-Hoffman Bye-Product Coke works, coal mines and many other points of interest. A big steamboat excursion was given on Thursday afternoon. An orchestra furnished music for dancing and refreshments were served on the lower deck. The steamer went up the Monongahela river and back and a short distance up the Allegheny river. Both shores presented an unbroken line of manufacturing plants pouring untold volumes of smoke into the air. The seemingly unlimited number of these hives of industry produces a profound impression.

The first general session was held in Music Hall, Carnegie Institute, Monday, June 30th at 10 A.M. The retiring president Dr. Charles S. Minot, Dean of the Harvard Medical School, introduced the president-elect, Professor Asaph Hall, U. S. N., who called upon Dr. W. J. Holland, director of the Carnegie Institute and chair-

man of the local committee. His address of welcome was followed by addresses from Colonel Samuel H. Church and Colonel George H. Anderson. These addresses were exceedingly happy ones and of course the beauties and greatness of Pittsburg were painted in glowing colors. On Monday evening Professor L. P. Kimnicutt of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute lectured upon "The Prevention of the Pollution of Streams by Modern Methods of Sewage Treatments," a subject of such importance and interest that I have prepared an abstract for the Magazine. On Tuesday evening Professor Charles S. Minot, the retiring president, delivered an address upon the "Problem of Consciousness in its Biological Aspects." He offered for consideration the following hypothesis:—*Consciousness has the power to change the form of energy and is neither a form of energy nor a state of protoplasm.* In conclusion he said: "The universe consists of force and consciousness. As consciousness by our hypothesis can initiate the change of the form of energy, it may be that without consciousness the universe would come to absolute rest. \* \* \* " On Thursday evening Professor Robert T. Hill of the U. S. Geological Survey delivered a lecture upon the Martinique disaster, illustrated by stereoptican views. This was an extremely interesting address as Professor Hill is an authority on volcanoes and described his own observations.

The following are the Affiliated Societies: The Geological Society of America. American Chemical Society. Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science. Botanical Society of America, American Microscopical Society, American Folk-lore Society, Association of

Economic Entomologists, Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, American Physical Society, American Anthropological Association and The National Geographic Society.

A total of 350 papers and lectures were given. Botany led with 79, Chemistry next with 69 and Physics third with 59, while 30 or less were given in the other sections. Nine papers emanated from the Chemical Laboratory of the University of North Carolina.

It is a pleasure to record that our University is represented among the new officers of the association, Dr. Charles Baskerville having been elected Vice-President of Section C, which means that he is presiding officer of the chemical section.

ALVIN S. WHEELER.

# LETTERS

## BIBLE STUDY.

[An address delivered by Dr. C. Alphonso Smith at the Bible Study Rally, Sept. 28, 1902, Chapel Hill, N. C.]

AS you begin to-day another scholastic year of Bible study, there are five points, young gentlemen, that I wish to emphasize. Perhaps you know them already, but it will do no harm to present them afresh.

### I.

In the first place, let there be system and unity in your study. Do not attempt too much in your proposed courses. Select some definite phase of Bible thought, some well defined topic; let it be neither too exclusive nor too comprehensive, but let it make for unity and concentration. "He did not read the Bible by snatches," says the biographer of Vance, "as a good many people do, but he read it by subjects and periods, frequently perusing it for hours at a time."\*

It has long seemed to me that the crying defect in our current methods of Bible study is fragmentariness. In the Sunday School we study the Bible by piecemeal; in the pulpit we hear expositions of small detached portions; in our rooms, if we read it at all, it is usually "by snatches"; and so it happens that matured men and women, Christian men and women, have frequently a far more fragmentary knowledge of the sixty-six books of the Bible than they have of any other literary masterpieces. *Hamlet, Henry Esmond, Evangeline, The Crisis,*

\*See Dowd's *Life of Vance*, p. 121.

recall to most readers clearly defined ideas. The bare mention of each name suggests a certain symmetry of structure, a certain convergence of details, a certain continuity of design, a certain residuum of impression. These books we have read as units; we felt instinctively that the author in each had, if not a message, at least a dominant purpose and meaning which he wrought into his work. But at the mention of *Leviticus*, *Ezra*, *Hosea*, or *The First Epistle of Peter*, do you recall a cluster of ideas or even one distinct thought?

The unity inherent in each book of the Bible is of course only one kind of Bible unity. If we study (a) Character Types in the Old Testament, (b) The Women of the Bible, (c) The Children of the Bible, (d) The Prophecies, (e) The Miracle, (f) The Parables, (g) How Bible Heroes were Trained for their Work, (h) The Life and Work of St. Paul, (i) Old Testament Ordinances as Types of New Testament Truth, our study will possess unity and, in a sense, a larger unity than that of any one book of the Bible. But I believe that the unity of books, a unity both structural and topical, should come first. There is a latter day prejudice against memorizing; but until we know by heart the names of the books of the Bible, and until each name suggests something definite,\* we cannot even handle the Bible intelligently. Anthony Trollope used to say that, "The writer, when he sits down to commence his novel, should do so, not because he has to tell a story, but because he has a story to tell." And the writer of each book in the Bible, whenever or wherever he wrote, did so, not because he had to say something, but because he had something to say.

\*An admirable little book, giving in a mere word or phrase the purpose of each book in the Bible, is Pierson's *Keys to the Word*.

## II.

Never forget that the Bible is a part of world-literature. The Koran is literature, but the Bible is a literature. With the exception of the novel and the editorial, both of which arose in the eighteenth century, there is hardly a type of modern literature or form of modern discourse that may not be found in the Bible. Throughout your college course you will come in contact with no book whose purely literary claims equal those of the Bible. I yield to no one in my admiration of the classical literatures, of the modern literatures, and of the more technical literature of scientific achievement. But in vividness and intensity, in elevation of appeal, in the extent of her literary empire, and in the duration of her sovereignty, the Bible takes easy and secure precedence. The most advanced nations of the world are the children of her fireside; the centuries themselves have been but handmaidens in her service. There is no modern literature worthy the name that has not felt her influence; there is no regnant people whose strivings she has not shepherded.

Not only is the Bible a literature in itself, but it is a literature that has peculiarly influenced the literature of which our own is a part. From Cædmon to Kipling English literature is permeated by Bible thought and Bible diction.\* The first coherent words of English speech that have come down to us are Cædmon's Hymn, a Hymn which is not only biblical in its phraseology but which is itself a paraphrase of the first verse of *Genesis*. Of Shakespeare's use of the Bible, Bishop Charles Words-

\* See A. S. Cook's *The Bible and English Prose Style*.

worth says:\* "Take the entire range of English literature, put together our best authors, who have written upon subjects not professedly religious or theological, and we shall not find, I believe, in them all united, so much evidence of the Bible having been read and used, as we have found in Shakespeare alone."

"Bacon's acquaintance with Holy Writ," says Professor J. Scott Clark,† "is almost equal to that of Shakespeare, and the works of both unite with many modern masterpieces in testifying to the value of the English Bible as a literary model." Professor Corson thinks that Chaucer made greater use of the Bible than did even Shakespeare. "Given any thousand consecutive lines," he says,‡ "taken at random from Shakespeare and from Chaucer, and it will be found, I think, that the proportion of allusions in those of the latter will be greater than in those of the former."

Are the more modern writers equally indebted to the Bible? "I have found," says Dr. Henry Van Dyke,\*\* "more than four hundred direct references to the Bible in the poems of Tennyson." It may be confidently stated that Browning draws far more themes from the Bible than does Tennyson. "Intense study of the Bible," says Coleridge,†† "will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style." Ruskin tells us that in his childhood, as a part of his home education, his mother required him to commit to memory select chapters from the Bible.

\* *On Shakespeare's Use and Knowledge of the Bible*, London, 1864.

† *A Study of English Prose Writers*.

‡ *Selections from Chaucer's Canterbury Tales* (Introduction).

\*\* *The Poetry of Tennyson*.

†† *Table-Talk*.

“And truly,” says this master of English prose,\* “though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge . . . and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters, I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one *essential* part of all my education.”

When Kipling's *Recessional* appeared, in June of 1897, readers seemed surprised at the Hebraic note that runs through it. They need not have been. Kipling's *Seven Seas* (1896) is as Hebraic in mood and diction as is any single play of Shakespeare or any equal number of pages from the *Canterbury Tales*. Indeed, a recent French critic, M. Le Viscomte Robert D'Humieres, goes so far as to complain that Kipling is, “yet entangled with Christianity,” and that “the evangelical shroud wraps him even to the heart.”

### III.

But the Bible is history as well as literature. From *Genesis* to *Revelation* there is an historic continuity, a harmony of ideals, an interrelation of actor and epoch, that make the Old and the New Testament essentially one history. The historical unity, therefore, is the most comprehensive of all Bible unities. The different books are but paragraphs in its development. When one considers the unique significance of this history, its influence upon the world's ethical and cultural standards, the dramatic vigor and unsparing frankness with which it is told, the primal simplicity and straightforwardness of its narrative,—to say nothing of the countless themes

\* *Præterita*, Chapter 2.

it has furnished to poet, painter, sculptor, and storyteller,—it is not a little surprising that its main outlines are not better known to the average reader. Here, again, the fragmentary method of approach, rather than neglect or indifference, must be held chiefly responsible. The Bible is read and frequently studied with no more view to the continuity of its story than if it were nothing but a dictionary.

Whatever line of Bible study you may elect, fix in your minds at least a few nuclear dates. In preserving the outlines of Bible history it will be helpful to remember:

1. That Abraham lived about 1900 B. C., i. e., about as many years before Christ as we are living after Christ.

2. That as Columbus in 1492 A. D. crossed the Atlantic to find a new land, so Moses about 1492 B. C. crossed the Red Sea to find the Promised Land.

3. That the Hebrew Kingdom reached its zenith of prosperity under Solomon about the year 1000 B. C., a date which carries us into the interval between the Trojan War and the composition of the *Iliad*.

4. That as English history has its rival houses of York and Lancaster, so after the death of Solomon, 975 B. C., the twelve tribes divide into the rival kingdoms of Israel, or Samaria, and Judah.

5. That the Kingdom of Israel, containing the ten revolting tribes, was carried into captivity by Sargon of Assyria, whose capital was Nineveh, 721 B. C.

6. That the Kingdom of Judah, containing the two tribes of Benjamin and Judah who had their capital at Jerusalem, was made subject to Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, 606 B. C.

7. That Cyrus, the Persian, permitted the Jewish exiles, those belonging to the Kingdom of Judah, to return to Jerusalem, after seventy years of Babylonish subjection, 536 B. C.\*

8. That about 450 years intervene between the close of the Old Testament and the beginning of the New.

9. That Christ was crucified in the reign of Tiberius Caesar, not far from 33 A. D.

10. That Saint John, whose writings close the New Testament canon, suffered death about the year 100 A. D.

Viewing the Old and New Testaments now as essentially one history, let us glance at some of the controlling ideas and distinguishing characteristics that run through it. This is debatable ground, but critics of every shade of opinion will admit (1) that though the Bible is Jewish and local in origin, its import and application are universal; (2) that every epoch of its history is treated from the standpoint of God, duty, and destiny; (3) that every book is characterised by a passion for righteousness unique in national literatures; (4) that the writers are patriotic to the core, but—strange paradox—unsparing in their denunciation of sin in their own heroes; (5) that though there is a national predisposition to symbol and ceremony, the essence of religion is never thought to consist in symbolism and ceremonialism; (6) that no part of the Bible, nor even the Bible as a whole, is a logically articulated system of theology; (7) that the Bible is a library, showing how men vari-

\*The last three dates are of especial importance at this time in view of the excavations that have been and are still being made in Nineveh and Babylon. A popular survey of the results may be found in Delitzsch's *Babel and Bible* or in Sayce's *Primer of Assyriology*.

ously gifted cast the truth which they received into as many different forms as genius permitted or as occasion demanded; (8) that there is always exquisite adaptation of style and form to spirit and content;\* (9) that there is a steady progress in the unfolding of doctrine and ideals; (10) that the New Testament is concealed in the Old, and the Old Testament revealed in the New;† (11) that the golden age of this people was in the future not, as with other nations, in the past; and (12) that the dominant fact of the Bible, to which every event leads or from which it flows, is the mission of the Christ.

This historical unity is the more remarkable when we reflect that there are sixty-six books in the Bible and that the lives of the thirty-six authors subtend a period of not less than 1000 years according to the higher critics, and of not less than 1500 years according to the more conservative view.

#### IV.

And now a word about the Bible as a source of power for the writer or speaker. The Greek and Latin rhetoricians urge upon the speaker the desirability of putting himself in touch with his hearers by utilizing some incident, illustration, or allusion that will establish a bond of sympathy between the orator and his auditors. They urge him to appeal to a fund of common memories and common associations; for an allusion wins half its power from its relation to the hearer's own life and experience. Did it ever occur to you how perfectly the English Bible

\*See Moulton's *Literary Study of the Bible*, or any volume of his *Modern Reader's Bible*.

†Augustine's famous words are: "Novum Testamentum in veter e latet; vetus in novo patet."

meets this need? The same book lies open upon the desk of the scholar and the pine table of the peasant. "If you touch upon one of its narratives," says Dr. Van Dyke\*, "everyone knows what you mean. If you allude to one of its characters or scenes, your reader's memory supplies an instant picture to illuminate your point."

No one who was present at the National Democratic Convention held in Chicago six years ago can forget the scene that followed these words: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." A study of Mr. Bryan's speeches will show that much of his power is due to his familiarity with the Bible and to his readiness of citation. A distinguished lawyer of this state won a hopeless case, so he told me, by reading to the jury with appropriate (?) comment the story of Joseph. He wished to impress upon the jurymen the insufficiency and untrustworthiness of circumstantial evidence; and for this purpose he dwelt eloquently upon the episode of the bloody coat, the garment shown by Potiphar's wife, the piece of money in each sack, and the silver cup in Benjamin's sack. The prisoner was promptly acquitted, though the revenue officers had found several barrels of newly made whisky concealed in his barn.

The telling use made of the Bible by Burke and Webster and Lincoln in their greatest speeches is too well known to need more than a passing mention. Senator Vance had so communed with the Bible that his style, especially in passages of heightened emotion, as in his best perorations, became almost as biblical as that of

\* *The Poetry of Tennyson.*

Bunyan. Three citations will suffice. In each he is concluding a memorable address. His most famous lecture, "The Scattered Nation," ends thus: "So may the morning come, not to them alone, but to all the children of men who, through much tribulation and with heroic manhood have waited for its dawning, with a faith whose constant cry through all the dreary watches of the night has been, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!'" Addressing the students at Chapel Hill, June 7, 1866, he closed with these words: "Having gone down into the very lowest depths of the fiery furnace of affliction seven times heated by the cruel malice of civil war, I believe there will yet appear walking with and comforting our mourning people, One whose form is like unto that of the Son of God."

At Wake Forest, June 26, 1872, his peroration was a model of force and beauty: "Pray for the prosperity of our political Zion, that her strength may be as her days require; that as foes assault, her towers may rise higher, her battlements become stronger, and her bulwarks increased, until she stands victorious over kings and principalities and powers, and all the weary of earth are gathered securely beneath the peaceful shadows of her walls."

These sentences give evidence of more than familiarity with merely the incidents of Bible history; they exhibit a style moulded by Bible thought and Bible imagery.

I hope that there are before me many young men who aspire to be a force in the world by the power of tongue or pen. It is a noble ambition, worthy of your highest efforts and worthy of the ancestral stock from which you come. To all such I commend these words of a great

critic, poet, and essayist: "The Bible," says Arnold\* in a letter to his mother, "is the only book well enough known to quote as the Greeks quoted Homer, sure that the quotation would go home to every reader, and it is quite astonishing how a Bible sentence clinches and sums up an argument."

## V.

In conclusion, let me remind you that while the year now closing has witnessed a diminution of sectarian bitterness and of denominational bigotry, it has witnessed an increased interest in the Bible.

Never before has the Bible been studied by so many persons or with such patient scrutiny of its minutest details. The first paragraph of the famous address recently delivered by Dr. Delitzsch before the German Emperor contains this tribute to the world-wide interest that is now being taken in Bible study:† "To what end this toil and trouble, in distant, inhospitable, and danger-ridden lands? Why all this expense in ransacking to their utmost depths the rubbish heaps of forgotten centuries? Why this zealous emulation on the part of the nations to secure the greatest number of mounds for excavation? And whence, too, that constantly increasing interest, that burning enthusiasm, born of generous sacrifice, now being bestowed on both sides of the Atlantic on the excavations of Babylonia and Assyria? One answer echoes to all these questions—the Bible."

Of President Roosevelt's recent address on the Bible 80,000 English copies were circulated, and 10,000 Spanish copies. On July 4th of this year the 1700 teachers

\* *Letters of Matthew Arnold*, (Vol 1.)

† See *Babel and Bible*.

attending the Summer School of the South rose as one man to second the resolution favoring "the recognition of the Bible in our public schools." The same stand was taken by the National Educational Association in annual meeting at Minneapolis. The American Bible Society\* declare that their receipts for the last year exhibit "increase in every department" and that now "seven-tenths of the population of the world have the Bible in their own language." A century ago just one-fifth of the population of the world had the Bible in their own language.

You are not asked, young gentlemen, to enlist in a local or provincial cause, but in one whose outposts already dot the islands of the Pacific and whose morning drum-beat, "following the sun and keeping company with the hours," is destined soon to girdle the globe.

\* See their interesting Eighty-Sixth Annual Report (N. Y.)

## BOOKS

*The Varieties of Religious Experience. A study of Human Nature. Being the Gifford Lectures on the Natural Religion Delivered at Edinburgh in 1901-1902:* by William James, LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co.

The great problem of Life is Religion. Every man faces it at some time during his life. Das Wesen der Religion, by Beuder, attempted to deal with Religion from the standpoint of Psychology, it has become the fashion of the Psychologist to follow his example. This book by Prof. James is the most recent number of this series. The problem of Religion is dealt with under the following subjects: (1) Religion and Neurology; (2) The Reality of the Unseen; (3) The Religion of Healthy-Mindedness; (4) The Sick Soul; (5) The Divided Self, and the Process of its Unification; (6) Conversion; (7) Saintliness; (8) Mysticism; (9) Philosophy; (10) Concensions. The method of the book is to get at the essential Religious relation by examining the views and experiences of men given over to religious enthusiasm.

“The conclusions are:—

1. That the visible world is part of a more spiritual universe from which it draws its chief significance:
2. That union or harmonious relation with that higher universe is our true end:
3. That prayer or inner communion with the spirit thereof—be that spirit ‘God’ or ‘law’—is a process where-

in work is really done, and spiritual energy flows in and produces effects, psychological or material, within the phenomenal world.

Religion includes also the following characteristics:

1. A new zest which adds itself like a gift of life, and takes the form either of lyrical enchantment or of appeal to earnestness and heroism.

2. An assurance of safety and a temper of peace, and, in relation to others, a preponderance of loving affections.

Any thoughtful man will be interested in this book. And should he read the book critically, he will raise two objections.

1. Religion is not primarily a belief in "the visible world" or its relations. It is not a "belief" at all.

2. The method of the book is to let the great religionists of the world tell in their own words what Religion is. But the one Person who understood the nature of Religion thoroughly and clearly is not allowed to testify.

H. H. WILLIAMS.

\* \* \*

*The Making of an American*: Riis. Macmillan. \$2.00.

"The Making of an American" is a book that is worth while. The book is really an autobiography and the mere fact that Jacob Riis wrote it should make everyone read it. The author does not make the mistake of letting the big "I" stand out prominently in his sentences, as so many other autobiographers do, but he has a story to tell and he tells it simply, naturally and earnestly. Autobiographies are often but dull things at best but this is an exception; this is a book of real life and it is absorbingly interesting from beginning to end. The story begins with the meeting on the bridge of the author

and his future wife, the heroine of the tale; it then tells of his departure for America, his trials, struggles and hardships until he attains to a position of honor and esteem, and through it all shines the character of a man who loves his fellow men.

C. P. RUSSELL.

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*Parables of Life:* by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Outlook. \$1.25.

Should one enter upon a quest for startling new truths he would, were he to find them, be forced to search elsewhere than in Mr. Mabie's recent book, "Parables of Life." But, should he chance, in a quiet hour, upon the eleven lessons briefly taught therein, he would find, most assuredly, set forth in language at once beautiful and elegant, much that is singularly worthy of attention. Truths he would find, simple, yet great, which, were they made a part of every day life, would give it ineffable beauty and power. Furthermore, he would be impressed, charmed, by the quiet, captivating diction and delicate, mist-like fancy which characterise these eleven didactic creations.

One "parable," in brief, will suffice to illustrate all: "A host of stars watching in the vast silence of the night; the earth, a great ball, still and white and dim with sleep, sweeping through illimitable space; fading in the distance the long, faint glow of time, visible for a moment like a beam of light on a measureless sea; suddenly an apparition, born of the night and the stars and the endless movement of the years as they steal out of eternity and recede again into the depths, which every man sees and no man knows." This figure, vague, mys-

terious, mist-clad, with form undefined, elusive, yet noble in shape and line, stands waiting and plastic by the side of every man. Coming from the vast Infinite; throbbing with immortality, eternal, undying; longing, yearning to be molded into beauty everlasting by the impress of nobility and holiness,—still it is at the mercy of the human touch. It may be—too unutterably sad—touched carelessly, ignobly! “It is the veiled figure of the New Year, standing mysterious and silent beside every man, under the vast and solemn arch of the midnight sky.”

L. R. WILSON.

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#### MOST POPULAR BOOKS.

Following are the most popular books of October selected and arranged as in the last issue:

- (1) Making of an American. Riis. 11.
- (2) Empire of Business. Carnegie. 10.
- (3) Democracy and Social Ethics. Addams. 9.
- (4) Facts and Comments. Spencer. 9.
- (5) The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. 8.
- (6) Life on the Stage. Morris. 6.
- (7) Up from Slavery. Washington. 5.
- (8) Heroines of Fiction. Howells. 5,
- (9) The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. 4.
- (10) Varieties of Religious Experience. James. 4.

Below are some of the most popular novels arranged at random:

The Virginian, Wister.

Dorothy Vernon, Major.

The Hound of the Baskervilles, Doyle.

The Mississippi Bubble, Hough.  
 Oliver Horn, Smith.  
 The Spenders, Wilson.  
 In the Shadow of the Rope, Hornung.  
 Castle Cranecrow, McCutcheon.  
 The Speckled Bird, Wilson.

## LIBRARY NOTES.

During October, books were taken out as follows:

Fiction - - - - -	966.
Political Economy - - - - -	45.
English - - - - -	154.
History - - - - -	52.
All others - - - - -	205.
	<hr/>
Total - - - - -	1422.
Debates, (used in library)	120.
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Grand total, - - - - -	1594.

# University Magazine.

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

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## EDITOR'S PAGE

### I.

The Magazine has been put upon a new financial basis. The University which formerly was a partner in the publication now withdraws and gives merely an advertisement at double price. Thus the two literary societies are sole proprietors. The new stipulations provide that one of the six numbers shall be issued as close as possible to each of the following dates: October 15th; December 1st; January 1st; February 15th; March 15th; April 15th. This will allow the Business Manager to cast up accounts

before the year closes, and will preclude, we hope, the delay of the last issue.

## II.

Our frontispiece is made from a photograph of Colonel R. B. Creecy, said to be the earliest graduate living. He has kindly contributed for our instruction and pleasure the article which is herein published with his signature.

Colonel Creecy is author of *Grandfather's Tales of North Carolina, Edwards and Broughton*, \$1.25. We hope to give a review of this book in some subsequent number. It is enough to say that everybody who takes a pride in his state ought to acquaint himself with the stories our predecessors hand down to us. We ought to learn all we can from the generations that overlap ours from above. It is our duty and privilege to take their history and pass it on to those that follow.

## III.

We are publishing this month a letter written by General Nathaniel Greene about the time of the battle at Eutaw Springs. It is preserved in fairly good condition in the Dialectic Society's archives. Some of the words are not clear and do not fit the context. These have been put in brackets. There was in the Revolution, we believe, no Colonel Jack. But the name is pretty clearly written. Again some of the words are plainly misspelled. These have been printed just as they were written. Perhaps the English scholars can justify all the peculiarities. This letter should not be devoid of historic interest.

## IV.

Doubtless you have wondered with us what the monu-

ment in front of the New West meant. It has upon it no name, no date, no distinguishing mark. It is however evidently historic. So Dr. Battle has consented to unfold the whole secret. This he has done above in the article called "The Two Caldwell Monuments."

## V.

We learn that Mr. Weston Raleigh Gales of Montreat is dead. We wish herein to say just this word: he was an intensely unselfish man. In the Spring of 1901 he came here to preach and stayed two weeks addressing the students daily. He absolutely forgot his own interests and spoke fervently to increase the religious spirit in the college. He spoke on the unpopular sides of important problems, fearlessly, earnestly. He made a mark here as he ought to have made it. For an unselfish man must make his mark, since such a man is naturally earnest and sincere. Mr. Gales was an earnest and sincere man as you ever saw.

## VI.

If we may be allowed to trespass on the field of athletics we should like to express our commendation of a worthy enterprise. And we do so because we have heard, urged on by mainly one or two interested parties, a very slim rumor to the discredit of the said worthy enterprise.

For three years past we have had remarkably stunted telegraphic reports of our football games. This year we were on a plain path to a like unsatisfactory end when three vigorous youths seizing their chance helped us into a much better path. So far we have been treated to three really continuous reports. And another comes before long. And now somebody complains that these

three enterprising young men are "making a fortune." Forsooth they are also making ours. It is allowable that a concern realize a handsome profit, if the service be good. Moreover the three young men can prove themselves innocent of any charge of robbery. They have given altogether since entering college one hundred and twenty-seven dollars to the Athletic Association. That is a decent record for two Seniors and a Sophomore. This year, too, they have given about fifty per cent of all gains from the reports.

We are told that this business was a function of the Athletic Association. Yet the telegraph people would not put up a loop from the office to the Chapel unless four reports were to be rendered. And we have no notion that the Association would ever have entered such a compact; we usually have one report—the Virginia game. And without the loop any continuous report was a fake.

We seriously believe that no fair-minded man will have a word to urge against the continuous-report trust. It has done a good work. Such a business needed the motive power of individual enterprise to make it succeed. The Athletic Association has no right to complain, but should rather congratulate itself on the generosity of the trust magnates.

## COLLEGE RECORD

- Oct. 4th. Football game with Oak Ridge.
- Oct. 4th. Second year Pharmacy Class election: W. M. Perry, President; C. H. Cates, Vice-President.
- Oct. 8th. Sophomore Class election: J. V. Howard, President; C. C. Barnhardt, Vice-President.
- Oct. 8th. Lecture in Chapel by A. R. Van Meter.
- Oct. 9th. Dr. J. Wm. Jones lectured in Chapel, subject: "The Heritage and Duty of Sons and Daughters of Confederate Soldiers."
- Oct. 11th. Game football with Furman University.
- Oct. 13th. University Day; Dr. K. P. Battle lectured on, "First Eighteen Months of University History."
- Oct. 14th. First meeting of Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society for this year, officers elected: Prof. Collier Cobb, President; Dr. W. C. Coker, Vice-President.
- Oct. 18th. Game football with Davidson.
- Oct. 23rd. Faculty lecture by Dr. Linscott on "Pure Scholarship; Its Place in Civilization."
- Oct. 24th. Dr. J. W. Staggs preached in Chapel.
- Oct. 25th. Dr. J. W. Staggs preached in Chapel.
- Oct. 25th. Game football with V. P. I.
- Oct. 25th. Game football between Sophomores and Horner School.
- Oct. 26th. Dr. J. W. Staggs preached in Chapel.
- Oct. 30th. Meeting of Shakespeare Club.
- Nov. 1st. Game football with V. M. I.
- Nov. 1st. Game football between U. N. C. Scrubs and A. and M. Scrubs.

- Nov. 2nd. Rev. C. A. Jenkins preached in Chapel as University Preacher.
- Nov. 4th. Meeting of Historical Society; Dr. J. Wm. Jones lectured on "American Slavery; Its Origin, History and Effects.
- Nov. 6th. Faculty lecture by Dr. C. A. Smith on "Literature and Industrialism."
- Nov. 8th. Football game with A. and M. College.
- Nov. 10th. Lecture by Prof. J. A. Holmes, subject: "The Development of Mines, and its bearing on Strikes."
- Nov. 11th. 143rd meeting of Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society.
- Nov. 14th. Mozart Symphony Club, first of Star Course.
- Nov. 15th. Game football with Georgetown.
- Nov. 17th. Meeting of Historical Society.
- Nov. 20th. Faculty lecture by Judge J. C. MacRae, subject: "The Senate of the United States."
- Nov. 25th. Mass Meeting to get up Richmond excursion.
- Nov. 27th. Game of football with Virginia.
- Nov. 28th. Mass meeting.

# ALUMNI

## 1. NOTES.

Mr. E. C. Wilson, '91-'92 Law, has been elected to the Legislature by the Democrats of Union County by a good majority.

J. A. MacRae, ex-'02, who we stated in the last issue was a candidate for the House of Commons has been elected. He is at present with us in the Law School.

J. C. B. Ehringhaus, '01, is now assistant in English and also a candidate for the degree of B.L.

Henry Lee, ex-'04, is now teaching in the graded school at his home in Waynesville.

Kenneth Gant, ex-'03, is now working in a cotton mill at Elon College. He is not attending school there.

F. B. Peirce, Jr., ex-'03, is now a student at Davidson College.

W. G. Lamb, Jr., ex-'04, is now travelling on the road for Daniel Miller and Company, of Baltimore, Md.

Ernest Graves, '00, is now playing right tackle on West Point. He was slightly hurt in the game against Yale, in which game he was a "star."

Frank Bennett, ex-'00, is in the Geological Survey and is head of his party in Mississippi.

A. S. Root, '01, is in the Soil Survey in Florida.

Sam Peace, ex-'04, is working in the Bank of Granville, Oxford.

"Buck" Urquhart, ex-'03, is in the Geological Survey and is stationed in West Virginia.

Ed. Land, '99, and Vernon Cowper, ex-'01, are practicing law at Kinston, N. C.

Eben Alexander, Jr., '01, is at Jefferson, in Philadelphia, studying medicine.

W. K. Battle, ex-'01, is teller in a bank at Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

H. M. London, '99, is here studying law. Having given up his position in the Census office in Washington.

#### WHAT '02 IS DOING.

C. O. Abernethy, medical student at U. N. C. He is President of the Class.

T. A. Adams, law student at the University of N. C.

D. C. Ballard, teaching at Raleigh.

T. R. Brem, insurance business at Morganton.

W. W. Brown, teaching school at Glover.

Miss Christiana Busbee, teaching at her first Alma Mater, St. Mary's in Raleigh.

Miss Minna Bynum, at her home in Lincolnton.

C. M. Byrnes, medical student at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

A. M. Carr, in the wholesale dry goods business in Kansas City.

R. B. Chastain, teaching at a public school in Cherokee County.

J. B. Cheshire, Jr., working with the National Bank

of Raleigh. He was an alternate for a Naval Academy appointment but his principal passed.

B. S. Drane, situated in Greensboro for the next six months on the U. S. Geological Survey.

R. N. Duffy, pursuing his medical course at the Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore.

J. F. Duncan, A.M., '02, is a law student at the University of N. C.

S. J. Everett, teaching at Monroe.

J. A. Ferrell, teaching at Garland, N. C.

G. M. Garren, teaching at Canton.

R. L. Godwin, law student at the University of N. C.

Louis Graves, Assistant in Modern Languages, taking post graduate work and still holding his position as quarter back on the Varsity. After Xmas he will move to New York to be a reporter for one of the large papers.

E. P. Gray, medical student at Johns Hopkins.

Q. Gregory, now working at Halifax, N. C.

Miss Mary Groome, is teaching at the Red Springs Seminary at Red Springs, N. C.

P. B. Groome, is teaching in Maxton Graded Schools.\*

J. S. Henderson, Jr., with the Westinghouse Co., at Pittsburg, Pa.

R. S. Huchison, is in a cotton mill at Albermarle.

C. A. Jonas, teaching at Winston.

A. C. Kerley, teaching at Siler City.

\*Dead.

F. H. Lemly, Chemist in the Agricultural Department in Washington, D. C.

I. F. Lewis, Assistant in Biology in the University of N. C.

R. A. Lichtenthaeler, Assistant in Geology, University of N. C.

J. H. McIver, teaching at Charlotte.

R. A. Merritt, teaching at Littlefield, N. C.

E. G. Moss, Chemist at Birmingham, Ala.

T. C. Oliver, student in Mining and Engineering school, Golden, Col.

W. S. Prior, graduate student, University of N. C.

Miss Birdie Pritchard, Chapel Hill.

F. A. L. Reid, teaching in Mecklenburg County, N. C.

H. M. Robins in the Law School at University of N. C.

G. V. Roberts, practising law at Marshall, N. C.

E. D. Sallenger, with American Tobacco Co., Durham.

H. B. Short, law student at University of N. C.

J. T. Smith, teaching at High Point, N. C.

M. H. Stacy, Instructor in Mathematics in the University of N. C.

W. F. Stafford, with the American Tobacco Co., N. Y.

D. P. Stern, law student at Columbia College, N. Y.

G. P. Stevens, Assistant in Mathematics in the University of N. C.

Reston Stevenson, graduate student in University of N. C. He is preparing to enter the Geological Survey.

J. Swain, teaching in the Asheville High School.

B. B. Williams, insurance business at Ridgeway, N. C.

R. R. Williams, teacher, Bingham School, Asheville.

T. C. Worth, cotton mills, Asheboro.

## II. MARRIAGES.

Richard Busbee, '99, to Miss Pearl Clarkson, in Charlotte, Nov. 18th, 1900. P. H. Busbee, '01, brother of the groom, acted as best man.

Mr. Joseph Harvey White to Miss Pomeroy, at Graham, N. C., November 19th, 1902.

Mr. Leonard Charles van Noppen to Miss Adah M. Stanton Becker, September 28th, 1902, at Jamestown, New York.

George Blount Wills, '91-'92, to Miss Geraldine Kent, Sept. 22nd, 1902.

Dr. William Alexander Graham will marry Miss Anne Cameron Shepard on December 3rd, 1902, at Edenton, N. C.

C. A. Jonas, '02, to Miss Rosa Petrie, August 23rd, 1902, at Rutherford College, N. C.

## III. NECROLOGY.

P. B. Groome, Guilford County. A. B., Guilford College. A. B., U. N. C., 1902. Died Nov. 9th, 1902.

Frank S. Johnson. Matriculated from Pine Bluff,

Arkansas, 1864. Adjutant C. S. A. Lawyer at Little Rock, Ark. Born 1847. Died September 24th, 1902.

A. B. Shaw. Matriculated from Rockingham, N. C., 1886-7. Teacher and Farmer. Born October 11th, 1865. Died July, 1902.

George Cunningham Worth, Asheboro. Matriculated 1894. Died, at Chapel Hill, Nov. 6th, 1902.

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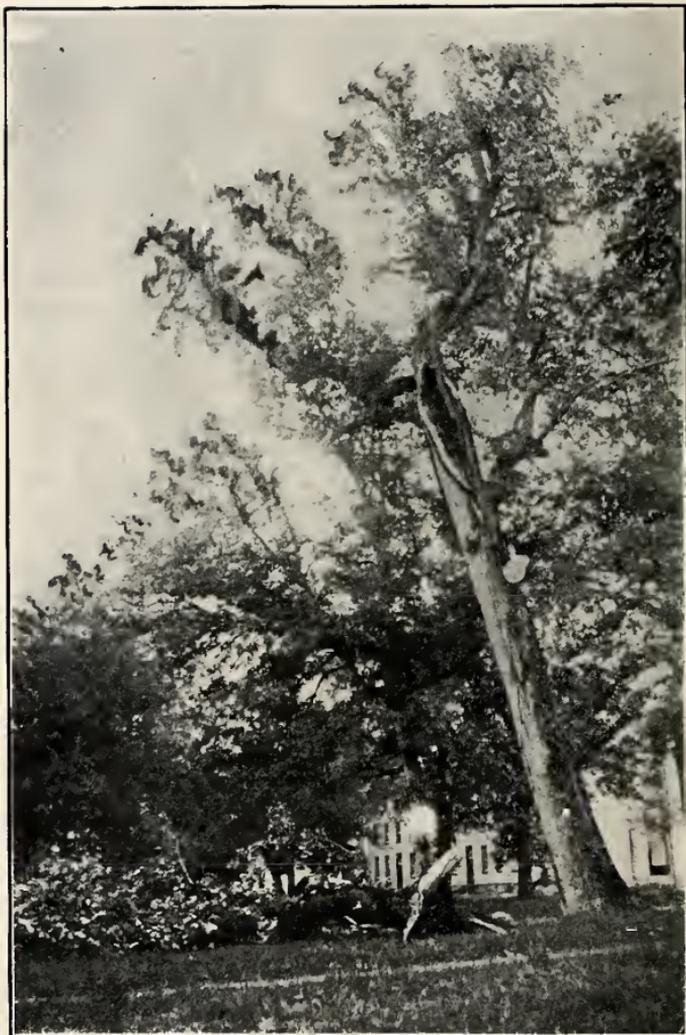
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THE DAVIS POPLAR.

# University Magazine.

Old Series, Vol. 23. No. 3----JANUARY, 1903. New Series, Vol. 20.

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## THE LAST TOURNEY AT CASTLE VERE.

A TALE OF MEDIAEVAL TIMES.

(Recast from the *Lingua Franca* of Blondel, Court Minstrel of King Richard I.)

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

### LAY VI.

#### THE TRIAL.

##### I.

“Who did this Deed Unholy?”  
The King in Wrath now cried;  
“Who sought these Lists this Wrong to do?  
Stands he anere my Side?

##### II.

“I say where hides the Craven?  
Which be the low fause Knight?  
Know I can rede the Coward’s Heart,  
No matter how he’s dight?

##### III.

“Stand up each One among ye,  
Prepare your Souls to purge,  
For by the Blood of the Crucified,  
I’ll cease not this to urge

##### IV.

“Till the truth be clear as Sunlight  
In the Eyes of Xian Men,  
And my Realme then be of the Dastard rid.  
I cease not work till then,—

##### V.

“For by the God who made me,  
I’ll find this *silent* Liar,  
Or ye every one shall Barefoot walk  
And Blindfold midst the Fire.

## VI.

“Where were ye Four last Evening  
 Despite our royal Rule?  
 Why did ye Alle our Presence shun  
 To parley with the Fool?”

## VII.

“Methought I once smelt Treason  
 But now I rede ye right,  
 Ye sought the Life of Tristram Grey  
 That noble Xian Knight!”

## VIII.

“My Liege, behold this Weapon,”  
 Sir Ivanhoe now cried,  
 “I found it where the wounded Knight  
 So long their Power defied.”

## IX.

Quoth Richard, “ ’Tis Fitz Roberts’,  
 This Lance is shod with Steel  
 And by the Rood, these Stains of Blood,  
 Its Owner’s Crime reveal!

## X.

“A trenchant Weapon surely  
 When we the Heathen fight,  
 But not the Thing in Richard’s Mind  
 To push ’gainst Xian Knight.

## XI.

“Lord Constable, arrest them  
 And hale them to yon Tower,  
 And fetch me here from Castle Vere  
 Its so called Lord this Hour!”

## LAY VII.

## THE FOOL.

## I.

“My Liege, I’ve done thy Service,  
 And brought this Prisoner here,  
 He who was once thy Court’s poor Fool,  
 Now Lord of Castle Vere.”

## II.

“Stand forth Sirrah! how comes it  
That thou hast waxed so great?  
Why like a Knight art thou bedight?  
How didst thou change thy State?”

## III.

“Dread King, list to my Storye,  
I dare not lie to Thee—  
That Eye of thine at once can pierce  
Clear through a Fool like me.

## IV.

“My Liege when thou didst leave us  
To journey in the East,  
My friends grew few and far between,  
My Enemies increased.

## V.

“They drave me from thy House Hold  
Because thou lovedst me well,  
Alack the day, my noble Liege  
When 'neath their Ban I fell!

## VI.

“I wandered o'er the Countree  
And begged my daily Bread,  
Till I saw the Acres broad of Vere  
Before my Vision spread.

## VII.

“I stopped my King—gazed round me  
Upon the Scene so bright  
And said 'fain here I'd pass my Days,  
'Twas such a goodlie Sight.

## VIII.

“I ventured to the Castle  
And what I'd learnt at Court,  
Did Service true in Business do  
As it had done in Sport.

## IX.

“I hung about that Strong Hold  
Till I gained its Lady's Ear,

For the Lessons thou didst give, my Liege,  
Were not forgotten here'

## X.

"I was a noble Pilgrim  
Just from the Holy Land,  
Whose Argosies were wrecked and lost  
On the hostile Grecian Strand.

## XI.

"Dread Liege, 'twas the old, old Storye,  
Ere long I'd won her Hand,  
She loved me for my Wealth of Wit,  
I loved her for her Land."

## XII.

"Sirrah! what means this Rubbish?  
I'll hear no more from thee!  
Confine him in the Donjon Keep,  
Such Wretch shall ne'er go free.

## XIII.

"They say thou art a Wizard,  
A Dabbler in Black Art,  
Sure this is true, or never thou  
Had'st won a Woman's Heart.

## XIV.

"Take him from hence Sir Turnkey,  
I'll see to him ere long,—  
Mayhap the Thumb Screws well applied  
Will change for us his Song."

## LAY VIII.

## AN INTERRUPTED TRIAL.

## I.

Again before King Richard  
The Prisoner Fool did stand,  
The Gyves upon his trembling Legs,  
A Turnkey at his Hand.

## II.

"Give Ear to me Sir Merlin,  
A single Lie of thine,

(C)

And I'll unsheath Saladin's Sword  
And cleave thee to the Chine." (D)

## III.

Thus spake he to the Jester,  
The Four then cowering by  
Like meanest Malefactor's dire  
Condemned at once to die.

## IV.

"This Deviltry thou wottest  
For thou wert with the Four—  
God's Death, I'll have the naked Truth  
Or else, I will have more!

## V.

"What were ye Five then doing  
And at so late an Hour  
Against the royal Mandate too  
Behind yon ruined Tower?

## VI.

"Bring ye the Thumb Screws quickly,  
We'll show this Wretch no Ruthe,  
There's Naught on Earth so sure to find  
For Kings the hidden Truth."

## VII.

The Fool's harsh Face grew ashen,  
He fell at Richard's Feet,  
In Agony embraced his Knees  
And wildly did entreat:—

## VIII.

"Thou thinkest true dread Sovereign,  
We Five the Yesterday  
Conspired together 'gainst the Life  
Of this Lord Tristram Grey."

## IX.

"Why would ye slay him, Devil,  
That loyal Xian Knight,  
Who while a Youth my Life twice saved  
In Acre's bloody Fight?"

## X.

“Dread Liege, once to mine Umbrage,  
 This Knight had flouted me,  
 And the Others too had been the But  
 Of his bitter Railerie;

## XI.

“And he had sought in Wedlock  
 Our Heiress of de Vere,  
 Whose Mother had betrothed her to  
 My Lord Fitz Robert here;

## XII.

“And we had ever dreaded  
 Should she with Tristram wed,  
 That he would dispossess us of  
 The Roof above our Head;

## XIII.

“And he was ever mighty,  
 Nor with us would make free,  
 Even looked with Scorn upon my Dame  
 Because sh'd wedded me.

## XIV.

“So, we laid our Heads together,  
 His Head to lay full low,  
 And chose our Place and found the Hour  
 As thou, dread King, dost know;

## XV.

“‘Twas I that tipped their Lances  
 With trusty Steel and good,  
 Although thy royal Edict called  
 For blunted Points of Wood;

## XVI.

“And I that found the Poison  
 In which to dip each Lance,  
 Distilled the dread Tophana, Sire,  
 As I had learnt in France;

## XVII.

“Alack, we've surely done him,  
 None ever such withstood,

For it doth search the Vitals through  
And burneth up the Blood !”

## XVIII.

“Quick! bring my fleetest Arab,  
I’ll hie to Castle Vere  
And see how noble Tristram Grey,  
My murdered Knight dothe fare,

## XIX.

“Ye, Turnkeys, hold these Caitiffs  
And keep them safe for me,  
And if a Single One escape  
Your Lives shall forfeit be !”

NOTE C. An ironical allusion to the wizard of King Arthur’s Court.

NOTE D. A reference to the sword said to have been given to King Richard by the Sultan Saladin.

## LAY IX.

## THE MARRIAGE.

## I.

“How art thou noble Tristram?  
How farest thou my Son?  
I trust that thou wilt mend eftsoons  
Despite the Deed they’ve done !

## II.

“And thou my lovely Cousin, (E)  
Right well I trust thou art !”  
“I would be well most noble King  
Were I not so Ill at Heart.

## III.

“Could I be whole, my Sovereign  
When he I love lies low?  
Dost thou not see mine own true Knight  
Yields to our last dread Foe?”

## IV.

“Quick Maiden, bring me Water,—  
There’s Poison in his Wound—

Haste, for I'd try an Antidote,  
Which in the East I found.

## V.

"Here pour it to this Powder,—  
Now quick the Balm apply,  
And ere the Hour doth pass, we'll see  
Light beaming in his Eye.

## VI.

"A Sheikh of the Assassins  
Gave me this Potent—see!  
It will give life to Tristram Grey  
And Happiness to thee!

## VII.

"Ha! to his Face comes Colour,  
And blithelier now his Breath:—  
Yea in his Eye we may descry  
Life's Triumph over Death.

## VIII.

"Now summon our Chirurgeon,  
For I would have him see  
His Sovereign can both kill and cure  
Almost as well as he.

## IX.

"And let our Knights approach us  
Sith Tristram doth improve,  
For every loyal Knight doth owe  
To Others loyal Love."

## X.

At this Sir Tristram started,  
Rose partly up in Bed,  
"My Liege, why art thou here To Day,  
When I've for Days been Dead?"

## XI.

"Yea, Dead, my royal Master  
As I shall ever be,  
Yet alway through Death's wondrous Trance  
My Loved One's been with me.

## XII.

“Ah! there she comes, my Sovereign  
 I am not Dead nor dream—  
 The Truth at length doth on me dawn  
 And things are what they seem.”

## XIII.

“ ’Tis mine own self, my Tristram,  
 I saved thee, brought thee here,—  
 I’m thine and thou art mine again,”  
 Cried Anabel de Vere.

## XIV.

“Come in brave Knights,” said Richard,  
 No longer stand out there,  
 We’ll stay and see Lord Tristram wed  
 This gentle Maiden here.

## XV.

“Go fetch our royal Chaplain,  
 Here have him in a Trice, (F)  
 No doubt he’s neare with some gay Fere  
 At Forfeits or at Dice. (G)

## XVI.

“No, Stay, his Grace of Chester (H)  
 I see across yon Way,  
 Have him here ere the Moment pass,  
 We’ll suffer no Delay;

## XVII.

“For the Lion Heart doth Sweare it,  
 In Spite of Death or Life,  
 That ere the Day shall wax and wane,  
 These shall be man and Wife.

## XVIII.

“But there’s one Thing Sweet Maiden  
 I’d whisper in Thine Ear  
 I sent that Sibyl unto thee  
 To make Love’s Pathway Clear.

## XIX.

“For to his King brave Tristram  
 Had bared his loyal Breast,

So I oped the Lists at Castle Vere  
And Love hath done the Rest.

XX.

“A noble Spanish Ladye  
In waiting on my Queen,  
’Twas she that did the Zingara  
And did it well, I ween.

XXI.

“Fair Maid thou owest Richard  
A kiss for this To Day,  
Nay, thou shalt keep them Every One  
For thine own Tristram Grey.”

NOTE E. A term applied by Royalty to noble Ladies.

NOTE F. Companion.

NOTE G. The Clergy of that day were no whit behind the laity  
in their love of gaming.

NOTE H. The Bishop of that See.

## LAY X.

### THE FOOL’S LADYE.

I.

“My Liege I have a Favour  
To crave of thee To Day,  
On bended Knee I humbly sue,”  
Cried happy Tristram Grey.”

II.

“I wist what thou woulds’t ask Sir,  
But I must say thee nay,  
For no true Knight of mine shall fight.  
With such foul Knaves as they;

III.

“Nay, with thy Mortal Eye Sight  
Thou’lt see them ne’er again,  
For ere another Day shall pass,  
They shall be banished Men.

IV.

“But, hark! what means this Olamour?  
’Tis a Woman’s Voice I hear!

Fore God, it is that living Shame,  
Once Wife to Stanley Vere!"

v.

She came into the Presence  
And there did lowly Kneel,  
While from her Way the Peers did Sway  
And gallant Knights in Steel.

vi.

"Dread Sovereign, spare my Husband  
Who hath offended thee,  
His Life is Naught to thy great Self,  
But oh, how much to me!"

vii.

"Dos't call yon Caitiff Husband?  
Did I then rightly hear?  
Art wedded to this low Buffoon  
Thou born a Mortimer?"

viii.

"What? Carest thou my Ladye  
For such a Thing as he?  
We will annul thy nuptial Vows,  
The Church shall set thee free.

ix.

"For sure such Clown had never  
Found way into thine Heart,  
Save through the Fiend's unholy Power,  
By Necromantic Art!

x.

"Within our royal Kitchen  
Amidst the Scullions there,  
Are many Mates more meet for thee  
Than this Blot on the House of Vere.

xi.

"Yet, Woman I'll not curse thee  
For it seems to me the Rule,  
That the best of ye attracted be  
By 'the Cap and the Bells of the Fool'!

(I)

## XII.

“Go, seek thy Caitiff Husband,  
A last Farewell to take,  
Ere I yield him up to Holy Church  
To burn him at the Stake.

## XIII.

“But no, a Thought comes to me,  
He shall to Austria go,  
I’ll give him to that mighty Duke, (J)  
Sith I do love him so.”

## XIV.

A Smile stole o’er the Features  
Of Richard’s Face so grim,  
“Faith, there’s no Way on Earth so good,  
To square old Scores with him.

## XV.

“Yea, there he packs the Morrow,—  
Much Joy I wish the Twain,  
This Time his Grace and France shall KNOW  
The Devil’s loose again. (K.)

NOTE I. ‘For oft a man’s own angry pride  
Is the Cap and the bells of a fool—’

—Tennyson’s Maud.

NOTE J. The Arch Duke of Austria who for the base purpose of gratifying an old vengeance, and to extort a heavy ransom, had imprisoned the English King for so long.

NOTE K. An allusion to the letter written by the King of France to Prince John, brother of King Richard, on the escape of the latter from prison: “Look out the devil’s broke loose.”

## LAY LAST.

## RASING OF THE CASTLE.

## I.

“What say ye Poltroons—Caitiffs;  
Hath the Fool the Truth then Spoke?  
But Silence, Richard needs no More,  
He redes it in your Look.

## II.

“Go fetch the meanest Huckster,  
Or Mountebank or Jew  
To hack the Spurs from off the Heels  
Of these fause Knights untrue. (L)

## III.

“And hear ye base Assassins  
I'd slay ye where ye stand,  
But never yet hath Caitiff Blood  
Stained royal Richard's hand.

## IV.

“Or I would have the Hangman  
To strangle ye in Chains  
Did I not fear this Sorceror here  
Had witched ye for his Gains.

## V.

“Depart my Realm the Morrow  
On a Ten Yere Pilgrimage,  
Or else Five Yeres 'gainst Paynem Power  
For Holy Church engage.

## VI.

“And then may X assail ye, (M)  
But never until then  
For each of ye doth stand accurst  
In the Eyes of Christian Men.

## VII.

“Your Yeres of Penance over  
Ye may draw neare againe,  
But should ye this anticipate,  
Ye'll suffer Death's dire Peyne.

## VIII.

“For I your King have sworn it,  
I'll rid my Realm of Knaves,  
If I send a Score a Day or more  
To rot in Foreign Graves.

## IX.

“I've said enow base Caitiffs,  
Leave ye our Presence now,

The Curse of Cain upon your Souls,  
His Mark upon your Brow.

X.

“We’ll now endow Lord Tristram  
With Lands and Richesse great,  
That he and his faire Bride may dwell  
In an almost Regal State.

XI.

“And we’ll rase to the Ground the Castle  
Before another Yule,  
For it is all contaminate  
By the Lordship of the Fool.

XII.

“For since great William’s Coming  
We’ve never yet heard tell  
Of such Disgrace to the Northman’s Race  
Or a Crime One Half so fell.

XIII.

“And ne’er again shall Knight Hood  
Tilt at old Castle Vere,  
Though long they’ll seek the Spot and speak  
Of our last great Tourney here.

THE END.

NOTE L. Spurs were hacked from the heels of recreant Knights, and it would add to the disgrace to have it done by a Jew, who in Mediaeval times was the most despised of all men. The hypocritical reader may take exception to the tautology of the last line of the same verse, though such expressions were not unusual at the time.

NOTE M. A term just brought over by the Crusaders, though it is doubtful that it was thus used at the time.

# HISTORY

## SIXTY YEARS AGO.

SOME time during the summer while we were mourning over the reported fall of the University Poplar, *Liriodendron Tulipifera*, was the fine old stately name it had in my youth—an Alumnus of the University, probably sole survivor of the editorial corps of the first University Magazine, 1844, sent me his copy of that volume. And not very long after the arrival of the book another friend was so kind as to forward anonymously a photo of the old Poplar, not yet fallen, as had been feared, though sadly dismembered by the August storm. Poring over these two highly prized reminders of a day that is dead is calculated to set an old inhabitant of Chapel Hill upon a reminiscential train of talk. I feel sure that the North Carolina University Magazine, itself now nearly sixty years old, will not be impatient of it.

What phantoms linger around that aged monarch of the grove:

“The shade of youthful Hope is there,  
That lingered long and latest died,  
Ambition all dissolved to air,  
And empty honors by its side.”

Dr. Battle thinks it has probably seen two hundred years, being certainly a commanding figure among the other “trees of the wood” in 1789, when the Committee appointed to select the location of the University buildings chose to take their noonday snack at the foot of its giant bole. A notable tree then, and has been notable

ever since. Around it has swept the tide of commencement life, year after year. The march of the procession to the music of the band was directed to pass near it, grave statesmen and fair ladies regarded it with affectionate interest, poets sang of it, and under its towering canopy three reigning Presidents of the United States have stood on three several occasions to receive due courtesies from their follow-citizens, Polk in 1847, Buchanan in 1859, and Johnson in 1867. The last President of the old *regime* of the Federal government received an especial ovation, being kissed under the tulip-tree by the belles of that Commencement day.

Unhappily James Buchanan was a confirmed old bachelor, and those kisses were wasted.

In this Volume I. of our Magazine is a poetical tribute to the Poplar from the hand of one of its first and brightest editors, Edmund Debarry Covington, of Richmond County. Graduate of 1844, handsome, popular, ambitious, who would not have predicted a long and bright career for him! Alas! the blind fury with abhorred shears was waiting for him a little way further on the road. The tree which to him seemed venerable enough to be tottering to its fall has survived him nearly sixty years, and has survived all but two or three of his classmates.

Let us call the roll of that class once more and emulating the affectionate labors of old Mortality clear away what mosses may have gathered, and refresh the University's memory of her sons. These are the names as the catalogue of 1844 gives them:

John Ballanfant,	Tennessee.
Wm. F. Barbee,	Tennessee.
†Wm. S. Battle,	Edgecombe county, N. C.

Wm. A. Blount,	Washington, N. C.
John B. Borden,	Alabama.
John H. Bryan,	Raleigh, N. C.
John H. Clinch,	Georgia.
E. DeB. Covington,	Richmond county, N. C.
John Cowan,	Wilmington, N. C.
Robert H. Cowan,	Wilmington, N. C.
Pleasant H. Dalton,	Rockingham county, N. C.
Chas. F. Dewey,	Raleigh, N. C.
†Leonidas C. Edwards,	Person county, N. C.
Alfred G. Foster,	Lexington, N. C.
Robert T. Fuller,	Caswell county, N. C.
Henry W. Graham,	Lincoln county, N. C.
Jos. M. Graham,	Catawba County, N. C.
E. Clarkson Grier,	Mecklenburg county, N. C.
Robert T. Hall,	Wadesboro, N. C.
Philman B. Hawkins,	Franklin county, N. C.
Wm. Hill,	Wilmington, N. C.
†Wm. H. Hinton,	Bertie county, N. C.
Jas. H. Horner,	Orange county, N. C.
Jas. S. Johnston,	Halifax county, N. C.
†Gustavius A. Jones,	Wake county, N. C.
Robin Ap. C. Jones,	Hillsboro, N. C.
Edward B. Lewis,	Chapel Hill, N. C.
John W. Long,	Randolph county, N. C.
Joseph McLaurin,	Wilmington, N. C.
Peter K. Rounsaville,	Lexington, N. C.
Thomas Ruffin,	Orange county, N. C.
Robert A. Sanders,	Johnston county, N. C.
Jas. G. Scott,	Chapel Hill, N. C.
Ben. M. Smith,	Granville county, N. C.

† Those who are living now.

Stephen A. Stanfield,	Virginia.
Walter L. Steele,	Richmond county, N. C.
Thomas Clay Turner,	Hillsboro, N. C.
George B. Wetmore,	Fayetteville, N. C.
Exum S. Whitaker,	Halifax county, N. C.
J. Alexander Wimbish,	Virginia.
Edward C. Yellowly,	Pitt county, N. C.

Forty-one names, and the fatal asterisk is attached to all but four, and these four could they now be assembled in the college grove would probably present much the same appearance as the brave old Poplar, shorn, and faded, and leaning to its fall.

"Thus said the old man  
To the old tree,  
'Sair failed hinny  
Sin' I kenned thee."

The Catalogue shows 160 students in all, 26 being from other States. But six members of the senior class were from outside of North Carolina. The influx of students from the South-west which marked the latter years of the '50s had not then begun. The Catalogue for '58 shows 178 from outside, (there being then 461 in all the roll) a condition not likely to occur again—when every state, South and West as well as North, has half a dozen "Universities" carefully calculated for its own meridian and warranted to accomplish both sexes and all colors.

At this distance of time and place I have no means of ascertaining with accuracy who were the editors or contributors among the forty-one. Covington as editor only I am sure of. It was held to be the proper thing in those days to conceal all evidence of authorship,—a

piece of good manners not to obtrude one's personality on the public. Who officially controlled the Magazine then I cannot say, but an authoritative pencil has scored for me the names of the contributors, and among them are Robert Cowan, Fuller, Edwards, Johnston, Wetmore, Stanfield, Steele;—all of them good men and true, as may be said in truth of the whole class. Useful honorable lives they led, doing North Carolina good service with dignity; two of them at least laying down their lives in battle for their country—Exum Whitaker in the war with Mexico, 1847, and R. Ap. C. Jones for the Confederacy, 1863. Three were honored ministers of the Gospel—Dalton and Stanfield in the Presbyterian church, Wetmore in the Episcopal. There were men of affairs among them, lawyers, politicians, teachers,—James Horner, Walter Leak Steele, and Thomas Ruffin most lately of them all seen in attendance at our commencements—all serviceable men.

The latest recorded death in my copy of the Century Catalogue is that of John McLaurin, of Wilmington, who died in June, 1902, age 80 years. Not many of them attained to Septuogenarian honors—the gray hair, the troops of friends, and all that should accompany old age—

“For some were young, and suddenly beheld life's  
morn decline.”

Not one became a millionaire. Millions and billions were not known in those days except as impossible amounts in some problem of the school arithmetics. A man was “well off” who had \$25,000, and he was rich who had \$75,000. Now these sums, and greater, express the annual income of many. Fortunes that formerly

represented the labor of a lifetime are now made in a few years. What quiet uneventful days these were of the 1840's and '50's! With what a crash came the '60's! What night-mare in the '70's! What gradual weakening in the '80's! What renewed hope and prosperity in the '90's! And we old people who muse over the past and wonder at the changes we have seen and wonder still more that we should have survived so much,—we see the first steps of the new century advancing still further and higher. "More and more it is becoming clear that the future cannot be as the past has been." Every interest in life is changed from what it was sixty years ago. Government, society, business, - education, all are changed and will change more and more. "Only these two elements remain the same—God and man."

The Senior Class of 1844 whose college career we have briefly considered, had their day. They went forward upon the stage and played their part and then retired behind the curtain into silence. But they still live. Somewhere they still live, and are conscious. If they could send a message to their successor now in the University, what would that message be likely to contain? Few words, but solemn, we may be sure:

"Young man rise. He calleth thee."

With affectionate salutations to the White and the Blue.

C. P. S.

Cambridge, Mass.

# LETTERS

## THE DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE OF TENNYSON AND BROWNING--A COMPARISON.

TENNYSON is the exponent of nineteenth century life in England. At heart he is undemocratic, as for example in 2nd "Locksley Hall,"

\* \* \* "Ye are equals, equal born.

Equal born? O yes if yonder hill be level with the flat."

He characterised the French struggle for liberty as the "blind hysterics of the Celt" and "red fool-fury of the Seine." He believed in precedent and law and order controlling our life as he believed in a divine law underlying everything. He was conversant with the science and philosophy of his time but bent it all to show the logic of Christianity. "Tennyson's poetry is, in fact," says Corson "an expression of the highest sublimation of the skepticism which came out of the eighteenth century, \* \* \* while Browning's poetry is a decided protest against, and a reactionary product of that skepticism, \* \* \* and has closed with it and borne away the Palm."

The chief fame of Tennyson is due to his lyrics. Even "In Memoriam" is shown to be a great collection of this kind. He attempted the drama with but little success, his work in that line being usually lyrical in theme and spirit if not in construction. His drama is essentially undramatic.

In Browning the dramatic idea is uppermost. He has been called the poet of situations. Scant praise has been

given him as a writer of lyrics. In Tennyson we find ideas happily clothed. Thought and expression are wedded. It is the dramatic structure and wealth of suggestiveness that draw the reader to Browning.

Browning is also a poet of the nineteenth century, but is not limited to a British audience. In fact he was first recognized and appreciated in America. We find apparent oriental or medieval philosophy in his poems, though his interest is always with the analysis of present day problems. As to his method, Symons quotes from Swinburne, "If there is any quality more perceptible than another in Browning's intellect, it is his decisive and incisive faculty of thought, his sureness and intensity of perception, his rapid and trenchant resolution of aim." These have direct control of his work. The vehicle of his expression is chiefly the dramatic monologue.

This form is a drama restricted in actors. A central characteristic of the dramatic monologue is that one person does the talking, and by his words his nature is laid to view and that of another is reflected.

Let us turn now to the poems of the two men that we may compare them more specifically. We find in the "Northern Farmer,, (Old style), the "Northern Cobbler" and "Locksley Hall, sixty years after" that types rather than distinct individuals, are portrayed. The "Northern Farmer" is typical of the robust, honest, ignorant man wedded to the soil, disdaining the "Devils oän teäm" as he styles the implements of modern agriculture. He is a splendid character, doing his duty according to his lights. "This is a primeval creature" says Stopford Brooke, "and he is drawn as a giant, who happened to be a poet, might have drawn him before the flood."

The second "Locksley Hall" also deals with a type, the man "whose youth was full of fire and whose age is full of the ashes of that fire." (Brooke). It is a splendid portrait of age. In "Rizpah" we know at once the situation,—“And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother come out to me.'” It is the expression of feeling common to all mothers. It is pathetic, even tragic. It shows the deepest passions aroused in the mother-bosom. The "Northern Cobbler" is a type of the reformed drunkard.

The theme is begun at once in each of these poems and the situation clearly given. The subject is simple, taken from ordinary life, typical, clearly and simply treated.

Now, compare with the Tennyson monologue such genuine Browning poems as the "Laboratory," "My Last Duchess" or "Cristina." The "Laboratory" suggests the setting and relation of the characters. At no time is the story told in so many words. This poem is subtle and suggestive. It traces the soul of the jealous woman—poisoner and through her reflects the character of her rival. The position of the alchemist is fully known by the single phrase, "nay, be not morose." This phrase shows the delicate and dangerous position of the poison maker. "Cristina" exemplifies Browning's doctrine of the supreme moment which overbalances the rest of our normal existence. The poem shows a man and woman united by a single glance. This glance shows their souls' predestined union. This knowledge is erased from the woman's mind by thoughts of worldly triumphs. The man remembers and is perfected by it. He retains her soul. No more un-Tennysonian situation could be chosen. Compare this coquette with "Clara Vere de

Vere." In "Youth and Art" the supreme moment is missed by both. The pretty singer and ambitious sculptor, each striving for ideals, fail to unite, and "each life unfulfilled" is the outcome. Ruskin said Browning had in the few lines of "The Bishop orders his Tomb" given a more complete renaissance picture than Ruskin himself had compassed in many pages. Worldliness, pride, hypocrisy, love of art and learning are forcibly drawn.

Browning frequently plunged abruptly into his subject and delayed explanation until the end. "Karshish" is an example of this method. The postscript holds the core of the entire poem. That is a clever stroke when Karshish, convinced against his wish, says "Why write of trivial matters \* \* \* I noticed on the margin of a pool

Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort,  
Aboundeth, very nitrous."

In this way he attempts to conceal his conversion from himself as well as from Ahib his master. "My Last Duchess," like the work of Fra Pandolf, is well nigh perfect. Here as in the "Laboratory" we see the refinement of heartlessness and cruelty. The Duke views (with the critical eye of a connoisseur) the picture of the woman he had murdered. Then, as if dismissing her story as casual, says, "Notice Neptune \* \* \* which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me." "A Woman's Last Word" shows a woman's final surrender to her husband—morally and intellectually. Argument is futile; what is truth if "we lose our Edens, Eve and I?" "Any Wife to any Husband" deals with the exalted fortitude with which a dying wife anticipates the inevitable in-

constancy of her husband to her memory. The faultless painter, Andrea del Sarto, is perfect in his execution. He falls short of Leonardo, Raphael, and Angelo, his contemporaries, because, dragged down and stifled by an unworthy but beautiful wife, he becomes soulless. This is Browning's greatest art poem. It teaches us to strive after the unattainable. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for?" Andrea, who by a single stroke could accomplish his rivals' work of hours, is self-satisfied, devoid of stimulus, mismatched, inevitably stagnated.

The differences in the treatment of the monologue in Tennyson and Browning are great and obvious. They differ in outward form, character of subject selected, and methods of treatment. Tennyson chooses a simple subject and performs his work in a clear and simple manner. He deals with types rather than with separate individuals. He chooses his characters at normal, even commonplace, moments of their lives. He is therefore, a writer who appeals to the average man, and to all men. Browning, on the contrary, treats of the unfamiliar and the complex. He selects a distinct personality at a supreme crisis in his life and sketches this crisis with realistic force, giving an analysis brimming with detail. The doctrine of the all important moment was a conviction with Browning. To him such soul-baring periods were worth the rest of our normal existence. He often begins abruptly and delays explanation to the last. He is subtle, suggestive—an Andrea with a soul.

In these men we find contrasted: simplicity and complexity; the typical and the individual; the commonplace and the significant. To apply a common figure,

the difference between Tennyson and Browning is the difference between "Home Sweet Home" and "Home Sweet Home" with variations. In the first, the central theme stands out clearly and simply; it is the skilled performer alone who can bring out the variations in the second without involving and obliterating the main theme.

With Browning the problem is to cope with the infinite variation with which the direct and simple theme of Tennyson may be amplified.

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PRESTON CUMMING, JR., '03.

### THREE PARODIES.

THE following three parodies on the nursery rhyme —“Sing a Song of Sixpence” are taken from the London Sunday Sun of August 12, 1900. Dr. C. Alphonso Smith recommends them to us with the words that the author has caught to a remarkable degree the spirit, the tilt, and the metre of the three English poets whom he parodies.

Here are the parodies and comments as given by the Sunday Sun.

“Taking a nursery rhyme—‘Sing a Song of Sixpence’—the Professor (Tucker) gives three imaginary versions as they might have been written by three characteristic English poets; Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne. The first is the result Browning might have produced:

Sixpence good coin o' realm; and good enow at price,  
And then a song well-sung: shall hear it in a trice,  
And rye i' pocket, crammed and fit to burst:  
All this for six poor pence: now comes the worst—  
Blackbirds, two dozen, put inside o' pie  
'Neath crust and put i' th' oven: see it lie  
A-browning. Pie's done; crust's cut. So you said  
That in such case the birds of course were dead!  
Nay, sir, too fast. The birds began to sing.  
Say, wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a king?  
You think so? Good! And so do I, I vow,  
Others p'r'aps not: road's wide: damn't anyhow.

\* \* \* \*

Tennyson, according to the Professor, would have treated it with calm, dispassionate hauteur which stamps 'In Memoriam' with his seal for ever and ever:

'Tis mine to sing as best I may  
 A trifling thing of little cost,  
 Which ere the morrow may be lost,  
 Or e'en may live its little day.

A song of Ceres' humble grain,  
 As much as might the pocket fill  
 Of one who labouring, labouring still  
 Garners the produce of the plain.

And there withal, no more to roam  
 In sable plumage through the trees,  
 Twice twelve of captured mavis  
 Are pent beneath the paste-wrought dome.

They feel the oven's scorching might,  
 Endure the ordeal to the end;  
 Yet when the blade the dome doth rend,  
 Burst they in warbling to the light.

Say, ye who serve a royal lord,  
 Who know his rich and dainty fare,  
 When saw ye dish more choice and rare  
 Brought ever to a royal board?

\* \* \* \*

The imaginary Swinburne setting is the most effective of all:

Awaken, thou Lesbian lyre, with the surge  
 and storm of thy strings!

Awaken the passionate pealing of voice that  
 its riotous rapture forth-flings!

Nay, what poor paltriest soul of some six  
 sorry obols shall prate?

Nay, who shall peddle and price out the muse  
 with the pence of man's greed and man's hate?

Sing we the song of the boon of the bounteous  
 goddess of grain,

Of the pockets that burgeon and pouches  
aburst with the whitening wealth of the plain,  
Weep we the twenty and four, how, entombed  
in their Cerean tomb,

They are scorched with the scorchings of  
fire, those mavisés, sable of plume.

But sing we the rapture, when lo, from the  
cleft that man cleaveth there-through  
Out-chanted the chorus in jubilant joy the  
wild warblings of woodland anew.

O speak, then, thou Lesbian lyre, and, ye  
Muses melodious, sing;

Did daintier dish ever gladden the gaze or  
emburden the board of a king?

## GENERAL INTEREST

### THE PROPOSED SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN FOREST RESERVE.

FOR many years past some of our foremost citizens, who take a more than superficial view of the cause and effect of nature's phenomena, have observed with growing apprehension the dangerous tendency of our energetic Americanism as it relates to the destruction of the forests of our country, especially on the steep mountain slopes. Taking as an object lesson the sad fate of France, Spain and numerous European countries, whose earlier inhabitants swept the hills of their original forest growth and completed their destruction by methods of neglect and ignorance, these men of science have pointed out the probability of a similar fate for our own fair land, unless protective measures are soon enforced against the encroachments of man's greed and the consequent operation of nature's immutable laws.

The past decade has given birth to a movement having for its object the preservation of a considerable area of our mountain forest for the purpose not only of protecting the forests themselves, but in order that through the intelligent management of large forest tracts the individual owners of neighboring lands might be educated to the necessity—and indeed the profit—of scientific forestry conducted on practical and improved plans. Such methods now exist in Germany and England where forestry is a science taking rank with the more advanced and useful avocations of its citizens; and by whose past ex-

periences we must profit, using the early mistakes of these older nations as a warning of the threatening danger.

In its earlier stages the movement for a forest reserve in the Southern Appalachian Mountains contemplated the remedying of evils existing in local communities; but with the growth of the idea, there have appeared interests so varied and far reaching as to render the question national in importance and confined in its operations to no particular section. The forests of these mountains contain the finest specimens of hardwoods on the continent and to this especial region must a considerable portion of our American people depend for their future supply of timber and forest products. Already, through the operations of the lumberman and the agriculturist, many of these hillsides are now a barren waste; nor is it easy to conceive the very great difficulty attending their reforestation, even should such a task be attempted. The government of France is now expending \$40,000,000 in an effort to restore some of the former forest growth to its Southern Mountains, now naked and barren,—testifying to the reckless extravagance of a former generation, and pointing with pathetic prophecy to the ill fate awaiting that nation which is so forgetful of its own interests in transgressing the laws of nature as to fail to husband these priceless resources entrusted to us by an all-wise creator for our present needs and to be handed down as a rich legacy to posterity.

This Appalachian Mountain system extends along the eastern portion of the continent from New York to Alabama, a distance of a thousand miles, and having a maximum width of about 150 miles. In the Northern

States these mountains attain an altitude of two thousand feet; in Virginia the greatest height being four thousand feet, while in North Carolina they reach their maximum development in the Black Mountains, where Mt. Mitchell rears its lofty peak to an altitude of 6,711 feet, this being the highest point east of the Rocky Mountains. It is in our own State, therefore, that the highest peak is found and it is here also that the largest number of lofty peaks occur and the greatest variety of rugged mountain scenery is observed.

The Southern division of this general Appalachian system begins in Southern Virginia and extends through North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee and into Alabama. and it is in this region that the proposed reserve is to be established. With its numerous high peaks and dividing ridges, this Southern Appalachian region is declared to be the "greatest physiographic feature in the eastern half of the continent." The mountain scenery of Western North Carolina is unsurpassed for picturesqueness and natural beauty. It has been the theme of poets and the delight of health and pleasure seekers for ages past. Its life-giving climate and heaven-kissing mountains have won for it the title "The Land of the Sky." In Ruskin's words do we find the fittest description of the Western North Carolina mountains:

"Cathedrals of the earth, with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of streams and stones, altars of snow and vaults of purple, traversed by the continual stars."

To preserve this beauty and glory is merely incidental to the pressing needs that compel us to look to the protection of our material wealth.

While the movement for this forest reserve has been fraught with many disadvantages, nature has seemed in league with the advocates of the measure and has opportunely placed in their possession arguments of most convincing though pathetic weight and character, showing the necessity for protection of our forests in order to preserve the homes and even the lives of the citizens inhabiting our mountain countries from the ravages of floods produced by excessive rainfall. It has been ascertained by carefully prepared statistics that during the year of 1901 more than \$18,000,000.00 damages resulted from floods along the courses of rivers having their sources in the region where it is proposed to establish this forest reserve. By comparison it is shown that along rivers drawing their water supply from forest-cleared areas the danger from damage by flood is increasingly large, while in the territory where the forest growth is allowed to retain some semblance of its natural growth, these dangers from flood damage are comparatively small.

The records in the office of the Weather Bureau show the region embracing the Southern Appalachian Mountains to have a heavier rainfall than any other portion of North America—except the Northern Pacific Coast—and it is therefore essential that some natural reservoir should exist for the storage of this vast amount of water in order that it may be given out gradually to feed the thousand of sparkling springs on the mountain sides and thence to form the swift flowing streams as they rush down their course across a number of States to the sea.

It is a notable fact, however, that in this entire mountain region there is not a single lake, while among the

Adirondack and other Mountains further north hundreds of beautiful lakes form the natural storage basin for the waters falling in that section in the form of rain and snow. It is also a matter of more than ordinary interest to know that the soil covering these Appalachian Mountains contains none of the glacial gravels such as abound in the Northern and Western hill country of the continent. Nor is it possible, by reason of the peculiar soil conditions, to raise the hardy grasses which easily form a sod on the hillsides and protect the land against the terrible effects of erosion. The erosion of the hillsides in our own State is robbing some of our grandest mountain scenery of its richness and beauty and rendering the land unprofitable for any useful purpose. The forest has been cleared and carried away and nothing remains for the lumberman; the soil has been washed down the hillsides and the farmer can not cultivate the barren rocks, nor is it possible for stock raising to be conducted successfully on these hillsides where sufficient pasturage cannot be maintained for grazing. Not alone do the hillsides feel the effect of this terrible washing of the land surface, but the rich valley lands are injured even more by the bringing down of this refuse by the mountain streams and rivers where it frequently covers up entirely growing crops and spreads over fertile lowlands the rubbish of the mountains which cannot be easily removed and the lands thus permanently injured, or else these valley lands also are washed away in the river channels or harbors.

The effect, too, of clearing the forest growth from the hillsides is seen in the rapidity and velocity attained by these apparently innocent mountain brooks. The illus-





**BADLY WASHED VALLEY LANDS, BAKERSVILLE, N. C.**

The lower slopes of the mountains bordering this valley are largely cleared.

[From Senate Doc. No. 84, Fifty-seventh Congress; U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.]

tration (plate III.) accompanying this article shows the desolation wrought in Bakersville, the county seat of Mitchell County, North Carolina, during the fierce storm of May, 1900, where the continued rains caused the streams in this whole section to overflow their banks and rise to an unprecedented height, covering entire farms, washing away dwelling houses and barns, killing and drowning live stock, and even destroying human lives in its mad fury. The evil effects of that destructive storm will be felt in the mountain section of our State for many years, as it in a number of cases completely destroyed the dwellings and barns of the farmers and the people who could least afford to suffer the consequent hardships. The fact that railroad transportation is not afforded over these rough mountains and through deep gorges compels the necessity of traveling with horse or on foot, if one is to enjoy the beauty and glory of much of this particular region. In many parts of this district, so recently visited by flood, a traveler now finds it difficult to secure accommodation for himself and horse overnight. Inquiry into this unusual condition reveals the fact that the inhabitants have as yet been unable to rally from the loss of their worldly effects and in many cases have not, owing to lack of means, rebuilt the houses and stables thus destroyed by the violent floods.

The evil effects of these floods are not confined to the mountain districts, but for many miles follow the courses of the rivers having their sources here, destroying farms, sweeping away mills and damaging property. A single storm along one river (the Catawba) for a hundred miles caused damage to an amount exceeding a million dollars. Indeed, the valuable water powers that are being utilized

for manufacturing purposes in the Western and Piedmont sections of North Carolina are dependent entirely for the regularity of their flow upon the waters which come from these mountain streams. Unless the moisture falling there originally in the form of rain and snow, is stored up and given out gradually to feed the rivers, great damage results not only from the floods and high water during the seasons of excessive rainfall, but on account of this reckless waste, there remains not enough water to feed the rivers in dry seasons; consequently the irregularity and lack of uniformity in the volume of water flowing through these streams lessens considerably their value as water powers.

Nature has wisely provided a method for the storage of this excess of moisture in the crevices and fissures found to exist in these rocks, and by means of the dense undergrowth of ferns and smaller plants and the thick layers of humus abounding on the surface. When the humus is not removed it absorbs a considerable portion of the moisture falling as rain and retains it for weeks and even months, giving it out gradually to feed the small spring. By this means a check is provided against the excessive rainfalls of the region and the consequent danger from floods is diminished. When the forest is cleared from these steep mountain sides, the rapidly descending rain spends its force against the small growths and beats with such violence against the soil as to loosen the small particles of earth and carry them down the mountains into the valleys and even further into the larger rivers; thus the destructive erosive work begins. It is therefore of the greatest importance both for the protection of the mountains themselves and for the pre-





YONOHLOSSEE ROAD ON THE SOUTHERN SLOPE OF GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN.

[From Senate Doc. No. 84, Fifty-seventh Congress; U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.]

vention of destructive floods, that the forest growth be preserved. Indeed, so rapid is this work of erosion that when once started it is a matter of a very few years when the land has to be abandoned as worthless; the heavy rains have no natural storehouse and are allowed to course down the sides of the mountain with increasing force and volume, resulting in floods and destruction of property and incalculable injury frequently to the valuable water powers dependent for their supply upon these smaller streams.

The total available water power on these rivers is equivalent to a million horsepower and, if developed, would run fifty million spindles, their value being twenty million dollars annually to the people of this section. Owing to the uncertainty of the flow in many of these streams, only about sixty thousand horsepower is now being utilized. These facts are the result of statistics gathered by careful inquiry and much labor by the Government in a recent investigation of this subject looking to the formation of a plan for the diminution in the violence of the mountain floods, if not the absolute prevention of their recurrence in the future.

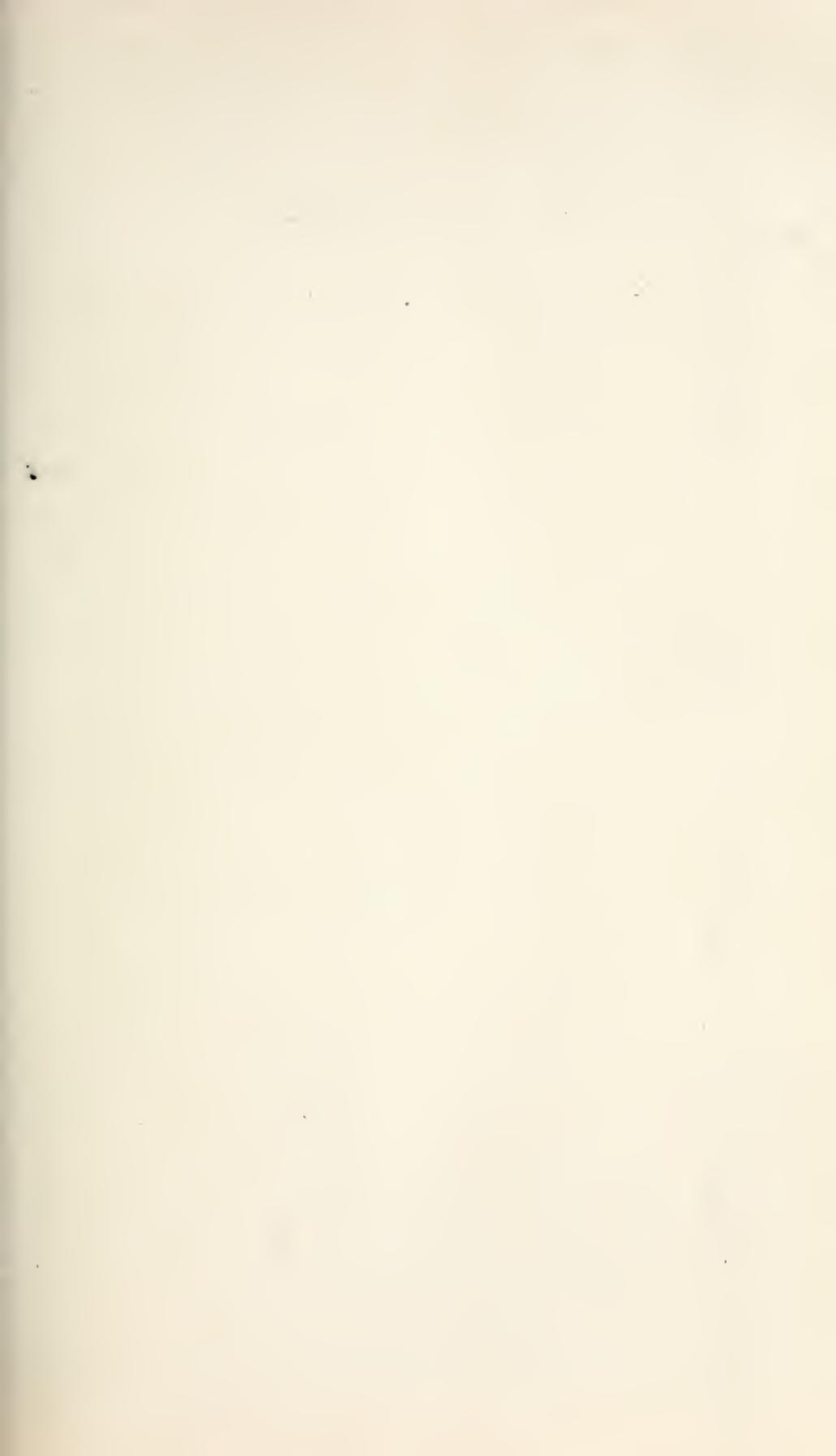
The only feasible means of correcting these evils is conceded to be the establishment of a forest reserve by the National Government by the purchase of the lands in this region which can be controlled by experienced foresters, trained by the Government, who shall inaugurate a system of protection of the now existing forests, and by degrees restore the forest growth to the now denuded waste lands.

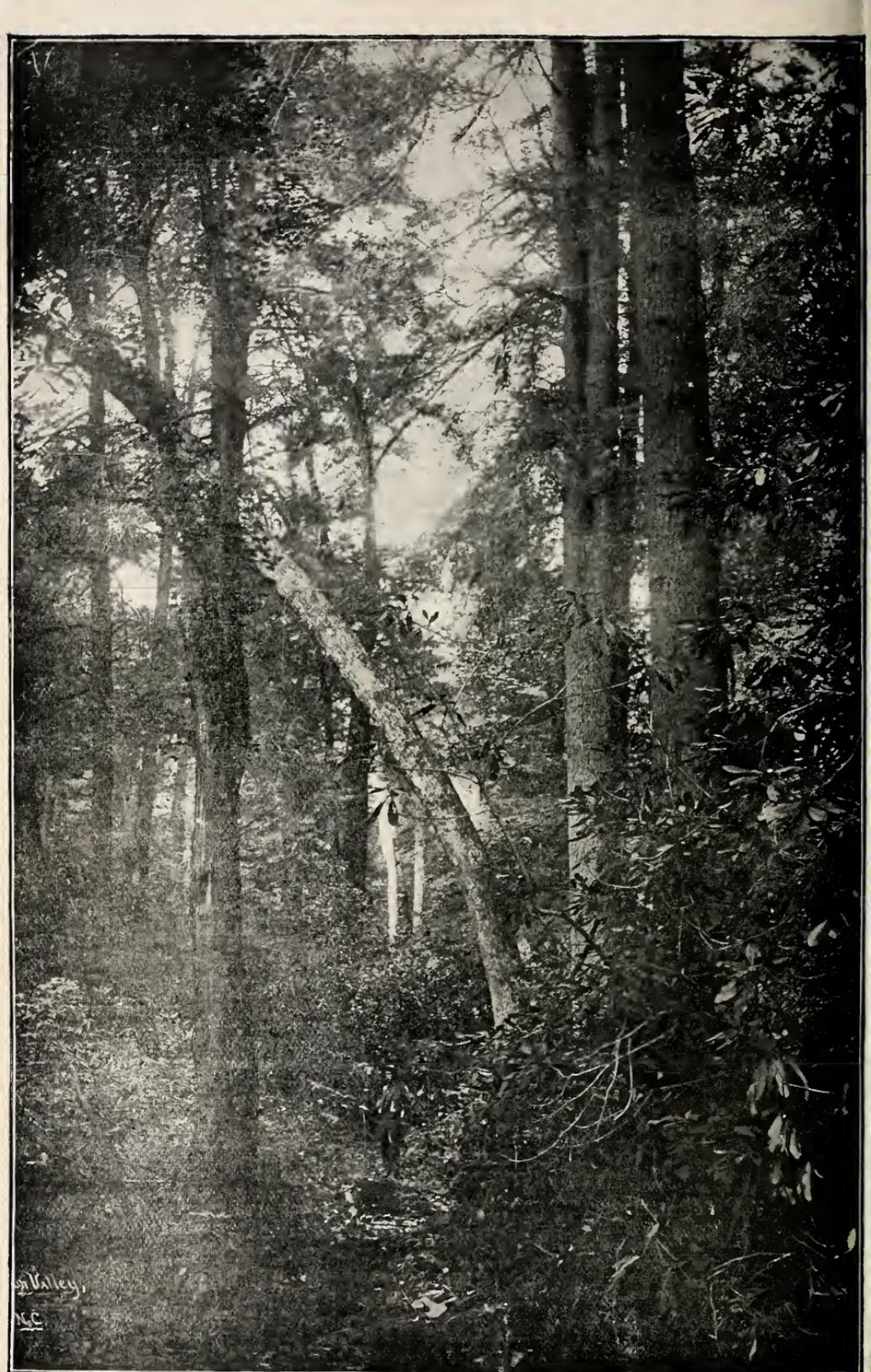
The States of New York and Pennsylvania have established within their own borders forest reserves which

accomplish the results expected to accrue from the proposed reserve in this Appalachian region, but the results are confined within their own respective States; whereas the benefits to arise from this governmental reserve are confined to no particular State or section, but will be shared by every State through which the rivers rising in this region flow. Some of the most important rivers in the eastern part of the United States take their rise here, namely: James, Roanoke, Kanawha, Pee Dee, Congaree, New, Tennessee, Dan, Holston, Savannah, Chattahoochee, Alabama, French Broad and the Altamaha.

The Government—through its appropriations for rivers and harbors—is already expending millions of dollars yearly for dredging these streams, most of this work being rendered necessary by reason of the silting up of the rivers with accumulations of sand and debris brought from these mountain sides during the floods and freshets and deposited in the harbors and near the mouths of navigable streams. It is claimed that the protection of the forests would practically prevent the washing away of this material and its consequent deposition in our important streams.

The comparative youth of our American nation does not enable us to realize the real danger of exhausting the supply of wood of which our forests now seem to contain an illimitable quantity. Such a calamity would affect the poorest cottage dweller as well as him who lives in lordly palace. The present difficulties existing in the coal regions should warn us that we may at any time be called upon to substitute wood as a fuel in the many departments of life where coal has been found under favorable conditions to be more economical. Nor do we realize





ORIGINAL SOUTHERN APPALACHAIN MOUNTAIN FOREST, TRANSYLVANIA  
COUNTY, N. C.

[From Senate Doc. No. 34, Fifty-seventh Congress: U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.]

the great amount of rare and valuable timber that is exported from this country to foreign ports. The forest products of these Appalachian Mountains are more varied than in any similar portion of country. More than 100 different species of commercial trees are found here and on its slopes the flora of Canada's bleak hills mingles with the plants indigenous to the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

The idea of a National reserve is by no means new, for the Government already possesses a number of forest reservations established out of the public domain in the Western States and territories, aggregating in the past decade many thousand square miles. There are already forty-one of these reserves varying in area from 10,000 acres to 4,000,000, acres having an aggregate area of more than 45,000,000 acres, and an aggregate value of near \$200,000,000. But there is not one in the eastern half of our Continent; and this Appalachian reserve established and maintained by the Federal Government would enable the people who cannot visit the great Yellowstone Park and the other government reserves,—on account of their great distances from our largest centers of population—to have access to this beautiful mountain country, and to its inviting shades would come annually thousands of visitors from every portion of the eastern half of the Continent. The very heart of the region is accessible within twenty-four hours of the large cities. When improved by the Government and laid out with accessible roadways, provided with modern conveniences, the Southern Appalachian Forest Reserve would prove the pleasure ground of the future American. Already with our country's fast increasing population, there is

danger of our forgetting to preserve nature's gifts, and with the growing needs of agriculture, manufacture and commerce, rural districts are giving away to the modern demands. Before it is too late, this wonderfully well adapted section ought to be purchased by the Government and preserved to future generations, an undying monument to the foresight and wisdom of the present race of men who are so active in the advancement of our country's interest.

No question in recent years has arisen in our National Legislature so full of import to North Carolina as the bill now pending in that body which provides for the purchase by our Federal Government of a large area in these Southern Appalachian Mountains where it is proposed to establish this National Forest Reserve; nor is it probable that in the near future any legislative act can so vitally affect the welfare and progress of our State, if we concede its greatest interests to consist in the material prosperity and domestic happiness of its citizens.

The measure is one which proposes to appropriate out of the Treasury of the United States the sum of ten million dollars, the same to be used in the purchase of lands, mainly the steep forests slopes in this Southern Appalachian region, the money becoming available, two million dollars immediately upon the passage of the bill and available at intervals until the entire appropriation is expended. The expenditure of these funds is to be entirely under the supervision of the Secretary of Agriculture, whose active, intelligent interest in the matter has already won for him the deepest gratitude of the people in the States affected by the measure.





FOREST-COVERED SLOPES OF LINVILLE GORGE, SEEN FROM BYNUM'S BLUFF.

If the forest on these steep slopes are once destroyed they cannot be restored, as the soils will be quickly removed by the heavy rains.

[From Senate Doc. No. 84, Fifty-seventh Congress; U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.]

It is estimated that an area containing four million acres of land available for the purposes of this reserve—lying in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee—is purchasable at an average cost of \$2.50 per acre. Most of the land required is of very little value to the present owners, it being either too steep or barren for agricultural purposes or too far removed from transportation facilities to render lumbering operations profitable. In the purchase of these lands it is not expected that they will be contiguous, as, indeed, the outer limits of the reserve will include many large and prominent cities and towns, numerous fertile farms and prominent estates, the ownership to which will in no wise be interfered with. Nor is it believed that the smaller farmer is to be molested in the cultivation of his crops, unless he prefers to dispose of his lands and move to a different locality.

The matter of establishing this Southern Appalachian Forest Reserve has been before Congress for two sessions and at its last session passed the Senate by unanimous vote. At the approaching Congressional session the friends of the measure in the House of Representatives hope to secure its early consideration and it is confidently expected that a favorable vote will result. Every North Carolinian should feel a pride in the manner in which our Senators and Representatives have, regardless of party, labored for the success of this measure. No question of politics has seemed to influence their motives, the sole object of their efforts apparently being the welfare of our Southland.

R. H. SYKES.

## MOTHER'S LOVE.

### I.

At early dawn an angel left  
The Peaks of Paradise  
To view earth's habitations o'er—  
Its life to scrutinize—  
To see if Goodness, Beauty, Love  
Or Truth in any wise  
Could dwell in place terrestrial  
However fair its skies.

### II.

He came and saw but was not pleased,  
Yet tarried by the way—  
Along the paths that mortals tread  
In avocations gay.  
He found not Beauty, Goodness, Love,  
Nor Truth in any way,  
Yet lingered on, still hoping,  
'Till the closing of the day.

### III.

When ready then to take his flight  
A rosebud he espied,  
Half-ope and kissed with evening dew,  
And quick to it he hied.  
"Ah! here," said he, "is Beauty!" Then  
He plucked it in his pride  
A souvenir most beautiful  
Of earth's dominions wide.

## IV.

Apart from it there sleeping lay  
A babe with face a-smile,  
Communing with the angels (say  
The mothers) for awhile—  
So near the babe to Paradise,  
So far from sin and guile—  
"Here," said he, "is Goodness, so  
I'll take the sleeping child."

## V.

Just then above the infant stood  
The mother on whose face  
Beamed Beauty, Goodness, Truth and Love  
In unity and grace.  
The angel stopped; then silent stood  
In admiration's gaze  
For nought so true and hallowed had  
He found in earthly place.

## VI.

And this he took—a mother's love,  
A holy, sacred thing,  
Combining all the qualities  
Of which the angels sing.  
'Tis earth's perfection—Heaven's joy.  
And so on pluméd wing,  
He took earth's purest product up  
To show high Heaven's King.

## VII.

As twilight fell away he sped  
To Heaven's pearly gate,

With bud and babe and mother's love;  
Then at the threshold sate  
His treasures to examine ere  
He entered, pleased in mind,  
His trophies to present his Lord—  
And lo! What does he find!

## VIII.

A faded bud, a changéd child!  
(The angel dropped a tear)  
But when he looked at mother's love  
He found it true and dear!  
'Tis e'er the same wherever found  
In palace or in grange,  
In earth, in hell, in Paradise  
It knows not time nor change!  
N. W. W.

# FICTION

## TWO RALEIGH FAIRS.

### I.

IF I only get back to the "Hill" this time, I rather guess I'll stay there. These fairs are the biggest nuisances in the world anyway. The same old things year after year, till you get bored to death. Who ever saw such a dusty midway! If it weren't for these little 'go-way-come-back balls'—Wonder what this fair damsel will do if I hit her. Gee, but yonder's a peach! May be I won't hit her! Go way, little ball, and come back!

"O-o-h!"

"Tom, come here and give an account of yourself."

"Hello, Jack! Didn't know you were anywhere near."

"Miss Wharton, this is my chum, Mr. McKnight."

"Miss Wharton, glad to meet you. Beg pardon for my little 'go-way-come-back ball.' Didn't know I was to have the pleasure of meeting you though. Then you know 'all's war in love and fair,' anyway."

"Yes, I know, and they're just awful fun."

"Going back to-night, Tom?"

"Yes, Jack, got to go."

"Oh, Mr. McKnight, do stay. I am trying to prevail on Jack to stay and come to our recital at Peace to-night, and you must stay and come too."

"Thank you, I should be delighted, but really must go back to-night."

"I think you're both simply horrid. Jack says he has to go back, but I don't believe a word of it. It's real im-

polite of you both, to say the least, to go after I've given you such a nice invitation."

"There, who could resist that, Tom?"

"'Tis hard, Jack, but you know 'when duty whispers —' and the rest of that. Well, bye-bye. Mighty glad to have met you."

Twenty minutes later Tom was standing in the crowd at the station, waiting for the train. "Wonder why I can't get that girl's face off my mind," he said, shaking himself. "She was pretty, there's no doubt of that, but I had already seen pretty girls till I was tired of them. Perhaps it was that sweet invitation to the recital. Say, wouldn't it be a capital joke on Jack to stay and go to that thing? I said I was tired of this place, but—well, that was before I met her. I must get away from here though, for Jack will be here presently looking for me. Won't it be a good one on him!"

At eight Tom walked into the chapel at Peace. A marshal started to conduct him to a seat, but just then some one called in a loud whisper, from the other side: "Tom, come over here." He looked and saw Jack with Miss Wharton and another girl whom he did not know, so he made for that part of the hall.

After meeting Miss Hendrix, the other member of the party, he took a seat beside Jack, who was sitting in front of the girls. They chattered away for a while about—nothing. Presently Miss Wharton said:

"Oh, Mr. McKnight, we're all going to have some pictures taken, some of those little ones—twenty-eight for a quarter, you know—just the cutest little things in the world. Won't you have yours taken and let's all exchange?"

"Why, certainly, be delighted," with a little thrill, partly at the thought of a chance to tease Tom, partly—something else.

Just then the concert began and the conversation—rather, the chatter—was interrupted, slightly; yet attention was divided rather unequally between the two—in favor of the chatter.

When the concert was over, Tom relieved Jack of Miss Wharton, they all went to her home, then disbanded.

## II.

"Is it? or is it not? Yes, it is she, but Gee, what a transformation! She was really pretty before; she's a perfect beauty now. She must be an inch taller and—why, she's quite a woman. That black hair and those dark eyes never struck me so before. That little red jacket—I always thought those things were frights before—why, it's lovely.

"But that fellow with her, wonder who he is. If she looks up at him and smiles that way again, I shall go distracted. If I had known all this, I should have made an ass of myself long ago. Ha! he's excusing himself, so there's my chance. No use to stand back here and 'rubber' this way. Believe I'll use my little 'go-way-come-back,' just for 'auld lang syne's' sake."

"Oh, those horrid balls!"

"Remember you said last year they were 'just awful fun.' "

"Who—? Why, Mr. McKnight, is it you? I'm mighty glad to see you."

"What, even with this horrid 'go-way-come-back ball?'"

"Oh, they're not so awfully horrid. But what have you been doing all day?"

"Looking for you. And I just find you in time to see that some wretch has usurped my place."

"Mr. McKnight, how dare you! Will a wretch, indeed! Why, Will's the sweetest old cousin anyone ever did have."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Cousins are always excusable for hanging around. But I didn't know, of course."

"Well, you must not speak so rashly again."

"Our sweet cousin, Will, doesn't get this evening, I believe. I seem to remember that you promised in your last letter that I might call this evening."

"Yes, I have a faint recollection of writing some such nonsense."

"Thanks be to 'Din,' there's no recital to-night! But here comes our cousin and I must go. Bye-bye. See you this evening."

About ten that evening, they were busy discussing old times—or, rather, just the last year's fair. After a thoughtful pause on both sides, Tom exclaimed:

"May—beg pardon, I always want to call you 'May.'"

"Do, it sounds so much nicer."

"Well, if you will call me 'Tom.'"

"Agreed! But what were you going to say?"

"I was just going to say that you have changed so much since I met you here last year, a little Junior. When I saw you this morning I couldn't believe it was the same May. I had to look at this quite awhile," opening the back of his watch and holding it up, "before I—"

"Oh, that frightful picture!" She exclaimed, blush-

ing deeply. Then with an arch smile, "well, I'm sure I ought to feel honored."

"Indeed you ought," assuming a mock-heroic pose. "I know my poor little 'ugly' did not meet with a like fate."

She flushed slightly, then exclaimed quickly: "I'm sorry I've changed so sadly."

"You can't deny that this is a pretty picture—"

"That fright!"

"But you don't look like the same May that—"

"No longer pretty? Oh, what a pity!" with a little pout.

"I haven't said that, have I? Yet it's time. I never realized before how inexpressive that word is. I wondered this morning how I had kept from stultifying myself so long."

"Oh, Mr.—, Tom, you're the same old silly thing you were last year—just like you were when I put this picture in the back of my watch," holding it up.

"What, May! You don't mean—have you kept that there all this time?"

"Right over my heart, you silly boy."

And Cupid modestly draws the curtain over his sacred scene.

WILL C. RANKIN.

## DROMGOOLE.

ABOUT a mile outside the old Southern college town of Chapel Hill stands Piney Prospect, a high almost perpendicular hill overlooking a pleasant well-tilled valley. All around are the giant pines, some wearing their thick green dress, others standing gaunt and bare against the sky looking like tall gray spectres. Down in this valley a weather-beaten farm house is comfortably settled with its fields and pastures around it.

Two paths lead up to this rocky prominence; one curves around the hill and almost reaches the perpendicular front before it starts on its winding upward way. The other follows the crest of the low range of hills of which this is one, and is lost on the summit near a large gray rock. The first path carries you by a spring at the side of the hill—Miss Fanny's Spring, it is called.

The view from Piney Prospect is beautifully peaceful. The farm house, with its parti-colored rounded hills beyond, the church spires and the smoke of the neighboring town of Durham in the distance, the hazy autumn light over all, combine to make a scene of quiet beauty. Yet up here on Piney Prospect with only the mournful sound of the sighing pines in one's ears, an undefined yearning, a feeling of forgotten things dimly remembered comes over one. Half glad, half sad, but wholly tragic emotions fill one's breast. Is it the place? The natural beauties are such as to call forth only peaceful feelings. Yet the atmosphere seems filled with a nameless sorrow, and the sighing of the pines is like the wail of a lost soul over the inevitable.

A large gray rock attracts your attention, and you remember that there is a legend connected with this rock, the Dromgoole Rock, with its dark red stain. Down in the village you are told that this stain has been on the rock for over a hundred years, that after each rain it looks deeper and darker than ever before.

Over a hundred years ago, about 1800, at the fall opening of the University, a dark morose-looking man, was seen now and then among the other students. With his piercing steel blue eyes under black, shaggy eyebrows, compressed thin lips whose shape was faultlessly perfect, but whose expression betokened a fiery untamed will, his face was enough to attract attention anywhere. Add to this the fact that his figure was tall with just enough breadth in it to make one feel that here was a God-planned man, and that he carried himself with the air of a grandee of old Spain, or walked with head leaning slightly forward in a peculiar slouching gait, and you will not wonder that Roderigo Dromgoole, 'though seen for only a few days, could never be forgotten.

The name of Dromgoole does not appear among the college records of that year. One does find there, however, the name of Percival Gordon and the legend says that wherever one saw Dromgoole, laughing merry-eyed Percy Gordon was seen too.

A duel at sunrise on Piney Prospect about some Miss Fanny, the disappearance of the two men, and the story of a death at a farm house on the old Raleigh road, and a rock with a deep blood stain, is all that was known of the Dromgoole mystery for many years.

Down in Louisiana lived Marion Frances Churchill. To most people she was only a sweet slip of a girl, just

a delicate pink and white wind flower, which however could not brave any harsh winds, but to two people she was dearer than life itself. Near her lived Percival Gordon, a cousin whom she had known since childhood, but who could never bring himself to appreciate a true cousinly feeling.

A few miles beyond was the home of a Welsh gentleman, who since the death of his Spanish wife, lived with his only son almost the life of a hermit. Llewellyn Dromgoole let his son grow up with no safeguard against his national inheritances save his devotion to the sacred memory of his mother and his love for his father. Percival and young Dromgoole were united through an accident. Once when both boys were quite young Percival's quick bravery had saved Roderigo from the deadly bite of a rattle-snake. The latter never forgot it and the boys became inseparable.

When Dromgoole came in contact with a sweet sunny nature such as Marion Churchill possessed, one thing only could follow. He loved her—but loved her with a passionate turbulent love, a love which drew him closer than ever to her cousin, but which rendered him suspicious of Percival, and kept his life like a smoldering volcano. The very fierceness of his love attracted the gentle Marion, and in his quieter moods no one could be more gentle than he, no eyes could shine into hers with such a soft glow. Marion loved both of the boys, both Dromgoole and laughing Percy, and like many another maid, she could not decide on one for fear of losing the other.

One day in the Summer of 1800, Miss Fanny as Roderigo called her, with just a shake of her golden head, told Dromgoole of her intended visit to North Carolina.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"To Chapel Hill to visit Aunt Marion."

"To Chapel Hill? Why that is where Percy is going to college."

"I know it," said Marion, "'twill be hard to leave you and the others, but I'm glad that one familiar face will be with me so far away."

The mere thought of her absence was like a cold hand clutching at his heart, and to know that Percival would be near her, and he Roderigo far away—no, the bare idea was more than he could stand.

"I will go too," he said, "and the race will still be a hard one."

"Why Roderigo, that will be charming! We three can have many days of pleasure together."

But Roderigo's love for Percival was changing its color, and he could not think of days of pleasure the three could enjoy together.

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Just on the edge of the North Carolina village in an old vine-covered house, lived Marion's aunt. Over the balcony, extending all around the front and sides of the house climbed the moon vines, whose heartshaped leaves and cup-like flowers made the place fairy-like in the moonlight. Out in the yard beautiful fall roses filled the air with their perfume; closely trimmed box on either side of the walk made a passage for the lover as he went toward the slim girlish figure standing framed in the vines of the doorway. Roderigo Dromgoole thought that he had never seen a lovelier picture. The girl with her upturned face and the moon shining full on the golden glory of her head, with little wisps of hair clinging caressingly to her soft white neck, would have made

any man feel his heart move within him, and this fiery-hearted man knew she held his happiness in her two small white hands.

Fanny waited for him at the top of the steps, and putting both her hands in his welcomed him warmly, but this friendly greeting was to him as a stone to the man who asks for bread.

"Oh, Fanny!" he said, "I can bear it no longer. Away from you I am as one dead, and with you as a mad man. Such a love as mine cannot live on the milk of friendship. Giving my whole being, all that I am or may ever hope to be into this love for you, cannot you, oh my darling, give me the strong wine of your dear love? To be with you is heaven but away from you I feel like a lost soul shut without the gates. When I see you smile on another, when Percival is with you and your dear hands and eyes show that he is welcome, the pangs of hell itself cannot be worse than the torture I undergo."

Holding her hands in his he drew her nearer to him, felt that for one moment heaven was within his grasp, but Fanny, breathed quickly, shrank just a little from him and drew her hand away.

"Not that, oh not that, Roderigo! Oh I love you, I love both you and Percy! Let us all three be happy just as we are. All our lives are before us! Why should a change come now?" And Roderigo's hand dropped hers, dropped it as quickly as he had grasped it. His heavy brows were knit, and the look in his eyes was full of such mingled love and hatred that the girl felt as if she had had a glimpse of the great fallen angel just after he had been expelled from the regions of light and love.

"'Tis Percival you love! Percival with his laughing

mouth and womanish ways, and a love like yours should well content such a weakling! Oh, God! to think that such a love as mine could find another like it!"

Like a mad man he strode up and down the long veranda, and rushing to the girl who stood still with white drawn face, he lifted her up in his strong arms, showered hot kisses on her hair and face, then putting her down went madly down the walk and out at the gate.

Under the old oak trees, singing a dainty love song, handsome and debonair, and happy in the thought that he would soon be with Fanny, Percival strolled toward the vine-covered cottage. Just before he turned into a winding path that led to the gate he met Roderigo Dromgoole who with eyes on the ground and head bent forward did not see anyone coming. Before either recognized the other, or had time to turn out of the way, Percival had knocked against Roderigo and the latter's hat fell to the ground. In his blind passion, Dromgoole did not see that the encounter was an accident. He only knew that before him was his rival, that here was the man whom he thought Fanny loved, the man who had stolen his treasure, and without premeditation, but with the instinct of the savage, he struck Gordon a blow across the face. Percival realized that Roderigo was not himself, so instead of returning the blow, he tried to hold his friend. Roderigo's hot Spanish blood was at fever heat, and had his passion in its very intensity not rendered him weak, Gordon would not have been able to control him. However, he calmed down enough to walk back to college. Percival turned and went with him, hoping to get an explanation of such peculiar conduct.

But Dromgoole's calmness was only the pause that

comes before a great storm, and that night the men in the college room next to theirs heard loud angry voices. Dromgoole's words came thick and fast, and "honor," "satisfaction," and "sunrise" were among them.

The first shafts of light broke the mist that surrounded Piney Prospect on the morning after Gordon's and Dromgoole's meeting. Two men with swords in their hands and coats thrown down on a large gray rock beside them, were preparing to take away what only God can give. The green pines bowed their heads and mourned over the sin of earth's children, and the bare giants among them looked like weird spectres rejoicing over so terrible a deed. Just as the sun appeared, "Ready," was said by Percival, and two swords gleamed in the sunlight, and two men fought as men fight only for love of woman.

Frances Churchill with a maid and the old coachman was driving in her carriage along the winding roads through the woods. Like many maidens of her day, to think was to act with this girl of a century ago, and so she was going to Raleigh and then on back to her far Southern home. She would not stay where her life would be disturbed by the love of her old playmates. "Stop here, Uncle Ezra, I want some water from the spring." And gathering her skirts about her she sprang from the carriage. As she leaned over to get a draught of cool water from the spring at the foot of the hill, she raised her eyes and saw Dromgoole and Gordon high up above her, each with determination and hatred in his face. Her cup dropped from her hand and swiftly moving up the winding path, she reached the men just in time to rush between them before two fatal blows must

have been given. Roderigo and Percival fell, Roderigo against the gray rock, and Percival to the ground. The maid and Uncle Ezra replied to the girl's summons by coming quickly with wet handkerchiefs and flasks of brandy in their hands.

The two men recovered consciousness and after a short time were assisted into the carriage by Uncle Ezra and the maid servant. Back to the village they could not go, for the college laws about duelling were so stringent that Fanny dared not have a physician summoned there. On to a lonely farm house the old Ezra carefully drove the carriage with its burden, and Miss Fanny, Roderigo, and Percival were seen no more in the little college town.

Not very long after their departure, Fanny's uncle and aunt moved to a distant state. Except for some darky tales of the death in a farm house of a handsome "gem-man," an unknown grave somewhere near Piney Prospect, the rock with a deep blood stain, the Dromgoole mystery was dead for many years.

\* \* \* \* \*

In January of the year 1820, a dreamy light-haired youth was among the "Christmas gifts," for so the old college students called the new men who entered in January. The somewhat girlish beauty of Francis D. Gordon, and the fact that he used to stay for hours either at Miss Fanny's Spring or by the Dromgoole Rock, made the students give him the nick-name of "Miss Fanny." Notwithstanding his almost effeminate appearance, since they found him a man in everything else, the sixteen year old lad was in favor among the other boys. Great was their sorrow, therefore, when one day in April he disappeared. All day they searched for him—first of

all at Piney Prospect, and so that night it was only a few of his friends who would go back to his favorite spot.

The moon was high in the heavens as the searching party approached the well known spot by the path at the top of the hill. Standing erect, making motions as if he held a sword in his hand and was parrying the blows of an enemy, they saw young Gordon. At first nothing else was seen, and then as with white drawn face the boy fell to the ground, the tall figure of a man dressed in the fashion of a previous generation moved off toward Miss Fanny's Spring. As he went away a passionate fierce-looking face was turned for one instant toward the dying boy. One of the party ran forward and caught hold of his coat, only to feel a slight breath of frosty air across his hand, and to see a black dissolving shadow in the moonlight. Francis had his hand to his heart and murmured inarticulately, "His sword—here," as his young soul took its flight, but no wound or blood was on his side.

M. C. L.

## A LOST INVENTION.

THE hour was late and so far as I was aware every one in the house except myself had long since retired. I had just put aside my pen and had gone to my window where I was watching the little ridge of snow gradually piling on my window-sill. Just across the street from my study stood Glasgow Building. And from a window in its third story a brilliant light beamed out across the darkness. It was the only lighted window that could be seen from mine at this late hour, and so it attracted my attention long enough to evoke this one question: "What can Jacques be doing all the time in that mysterious room?" But here hangs my tale, for this was the one question everybody had been trying to solve for the last three years. Yet, despite the speculation and conjecture of the knowing ones, the mystery which surrounded the life of Jacques Roulet was as impenetrable as ever, nor had curiosity been in the least allayed.

The superstitiously inclined had long since decided that Jacques was in league with the devil; that he was the propagandist of some black art and should therefore not be allowed to carry on his devilish trickery any longer. The silly ones said not so; that while a student he had been engaged to beautiful Norma Winthrop to whom he was devotedly attached; that when he completed his studies at Leipsic he had returned to find her untrue to him and the affianced of a New York broker; and thereupon he had secluded himself in study in order to drown his trouble. But the prevailing opinion was that Jacques was fast becoming insane. And appearances

would seem to substantiate this conclusion, for now he would seldom notice his most intimate friends when he met them on the street.

Shortly after returning from Leipsic, three years ago, Jacques had rented Room 13, Glasgow Building. He had specified too, in the agreement, that while he was in possession of this room no one else should enter it except by his special permission. For these three years that permission had been tenaciously with-held; consequently no one but himself had darkened its door. During this period he had spent most of his time there, day and night, laboring with unremitting assiduity at something; but no one knew what. So things went on. And week by week it seemed that Jacques was fast approaching the dividing line between reason and madness.

But to return to my story—the question of Jacques was no new one to me, and so in a moment I had dismissed the thought from my mind with as great facility as it had entered.

I had laid aside my work for the night, and, in order to enjoy a few moments of calm, quiet meditation, as was my custom before retiring, had placed myself in an easy chair before the dying embers of my study fire. Soon the rings of smoke from my pipe were fast becoming the silvery mists that ever hang about the borders of dreamland, and time and again I was prevented from entering that delightful country only by some angry flaw of wind as it would dash a gust of snow against my window and then lull into silence, leaving me to my pipe and dreams.

My next disturbance came from a hurried step in the hall, followed by an alarming rap at my door. In

stepped Jacques, pale and trembling and before we had exchanged greetings, he exclaimed: "I've got it at last! I've got it at last!" And before I could say or do anything he had seized me by the arm and was entreating me to go with him to see the wonder. At first I thought the crisis had come and that Jacques had lost all power of reason, but a little further observation convinced me to the contrary. Then I tried to reason with him a little. "Come, Jacques, sit down and warm; you are almost frozen," said I.

"No, I'm not," he replied. "You come on and be witness to one of the greatest inventions of the age. I know people say I'm crazy and you believe it too, but you're all wrong and I'll prove it to you."

"But, Jacques, will not tomorrow do as well? You see it is very late now."

All my pleading, however, was in vain, and on seeing that nothing else would do, I proceeded to follow him.

On entering his room I was not a little surprised to find it literally filled with material and apparatus of all sorts for both physical and chemical experiments. Everything was topsy-turvy. Over in one corner I noticed what appeared to be a large box crossed and recrossed by electric wires running in all directions. The whole room appeared to be a sort of compromise between a physical and a chemical laboratory with sufficient material to stock both.

"Don't be alarmed," said my friend on observing my astonishment; "everything is all safe."

"Why, I am sure of that, Jacques; I was only wondering what in the world you could do with all this material."

"There is the result of my labor," said he, pointing to the mysterious looking box I had before noticed; "the grandest invention of the age! Come, let me show you a thing or two; but don't be alarmed."

"Hold a moment, Jacques," said I, "and let's have an explanation of all this before we begin our experiment. What have you here anyway? I want to know what to expect." In the meantime I had, in a half-cautious way, approached the mysterious box, endeavoring all the while as best I could to conceal my astonishment.

"By the aid of this instrument," he began, "you are enabled to see people ten, twenty, a hundred or a thousand miles away!"

My astonishment at this announcement may be easily imagined. I caught my breath and he continued:

"You may sit in your office and watch what is going on in Congress, you may see the proceedings in the British Parliament, you may see anybody anywhere if you can only get telegraphic connection with the place you wish to communicate with. That is all that is necessary; my improved chemi-electroscope does the rest!"

At this point my anxiety to see the thing tested had supplanted all feeling of surprise or fear. And at my proposal to try it at once Jacques said:

"Come here and look into this."

My curiosity was now becoming too great to be curbed and so I obeyed without a moment's hesitation. At first I saw nothing at all and with a little impatience I announced this to Jacques whereupon he smiled, pressed a little button and added:

"Look now."

I looked, and it was at this point my surprise reached its culmination. Before me was a breathless crowd of spectators in Ford's Theatre in Washington watching Henry Irving play Hamlet! It was the closing scene. The play was just over in which Hamlet and Laertes had wounded each other with the poisoned rapier. As I seemed to enter the crowd Hamlet exclaimed:

"O, I die, Horatio;  
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:  
I cannot live to hear the news from England;  
But I do prophesy th' election lights  
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;  
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,  
Which have solicited—the rest is silence."

Here Hamlet dies and Horatio adds:

"Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, sweet  
Prince;  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

Here Jacques pressed the button again and all was gone.

"Did you see anything," said he.

I don't remember the exact words I used in replying, but the substance of my reply was that I had seen sights enough for one night and that he must tell me all about his invention. This he readily did while I listened with rapt attention to the narrative of his seeming successes and failures which finally resulted in his grand success. Jacques told me too, of how he expected to perfect his machine to do greater wonders still. It all seemed very plain to him but to me much of it was Choctaw. I left him with the understanding that I was not to mention to mortal man what I had learned until he had perfected

and patented his invention. I also willingly agreed to go back the next day and experiment further with him. But alas!

“Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”

The first news I heard on awaking the next morning was that Jacques had become totally insane. This proved to be true and what was worse for civilization was that he had so disorganized his chemi-electroscope that no one was ever able to reconstruct it. And thus was lost one of the greatest inventions of modern times.

N. W. W.

# SCIENCE

## THE PREVENTION OF THE POLLUTION OF STREAMS BY MODERN METHODS OF SEWERAGE TREATMENT.

THE following is an abstract of the lecture upon the above topic by Prof. L. P. Kinnicutt at the A. A. A. S. meeting at Pittsburg, Monday evening, June 30th, 1902. He stated that sewerage can be defined as the water supply of a city after it has been used. It contains about seven pounds more of solids per 1000 gallons than when it was pure water. "The perfect treatment of sewerage, the removal of the micro-organisms as well as the polluting substances, i. e., changing sewage back again into a water supply, is possible, but at the present time not practicable on account of cost." At first the sewage was carried into the ocean or into the nearest river. As the population of a community became dense the sewage of course became very offensive and dangerous to those living lower down on the stream. Sewage farming was next resorted to, the plan being to run the sewage upon cultivated land in the hope that the plant life would decompose the solid matters present and thereby produce food for its own use. Great schemes of this kind have been undertaken but the method is not a success, plants possessing no such powers.

The Chemical Precipitation method follows next in historical order. By this process the sewage is run into tanks and treated with lime and iron sulphate or other

chemicals. A little over one-half of the organic matter is thus precipitated but the liquid will still putrefy.

The modern methods depend upon the action of bacteria and in order of development are as follows: intermittent filtration, contact bed treatment, septic tank treatment, continuous filtration.

By the Intermittent Filtration process the sewage is run upon beds of sand for six hours during each twenty-four. During the six-hour period the anaerobic bacteria, those which live, grow and multiply out of contact with air and light, disintegrate the solid matter, liquefy it and bring it into solution. During the eighteen-hour period when the sewage flows away into underdrains, air enters the sand and aerobic bacteria complete the decomposition of the organic matter, producing harmless gases and mineral substances. By this process from 5,000 to 75,000 gallons of domestic sewage can be purified each day on one acre of sand bed area.

In the Septic Tank method the sewage passes so slowly through a tank that twelve to twenty-four hours are required. The anaerobic bacteria set up a vigorous fermentation which in hot weather gives a boiling appearance to the tank, and the escaping gases can be used for a fuel or for an illuminant. The fermentation removes one-half of the decomposable matter, almost as efficient a treatment as the chemical treatment. The sewage then goes to the sand which is much less extensive than in the intermittent filtration method in consequence of the partial purification. Five times as much sewage can be treated on the same sand area.

The Contact Bed method was introduced by W. J. Dibden as a result of experiments on London sewage.

The sewage, partly purified by the septic tank or by chemical treatment, is run quickly into a "water tight bed, one-fourth to one-half acre in area, three to four feet deep, thoroughly drained, and filled with almost any hard jagged material as burnt clay, coke, cinders, stone, broken to a size that will be rejected by a quarter-inch mesh but that will just pass through a half-inch mesh." The aerobic bacteria accomplish this work in about three hours, after which the bed is emptied. The bed can be used twice only or at most three times in twenty-four hours and it must remain idle one day in seven to keep in good condition. About 500,000 gallons of sewage can be purified on one acre of contact beds per day. An examination of the filling material shows that every piece is coated with a slime which cuts like jelly if dry. It consists largely of aerobic bacteria.

The Continuous Filtration method is the latest attempt to increase the amount of sewage that can be treated on given area, to treat 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 gallons in place of 500,000 gallons per acre per day. The plan is to provide a continuous supply of fresh air to the sewage in order to do away with periods of rest. The idea is a good one but the practical difficulties are very great. The partly purified sewage is thrown in a spray to a height of five to eight feet so that it falls like a rain upon the filter bed which is of open construction. This method is still in the experimental stage.

ALVIN S. WHEELER.

## HENRY FARRAR LINSCOTT.

Henry Farrar Linscott was born in Thomaston, Maine, June 4, 1871, and died at Chapel Hill December 30, 1902.

His health had not been good during the last year or two; but, with bravery and sense of duty that were characteristic of him, he did his work faithfully to the end. Death came suddenly, after an illness of twenty-four hours. It was a short life, but fuller of good and of usefulness than the lives of most of us who reach those three score years and ten. He came to the University in 1896, as instructor in Latin. It was at once seen that in him the University had found the exceptional man. His work was so well done that he was advanced the following year to an associate professorship; and in 1899, when the chair of Latin became vacant, he was chosen to fill it, although he was only twenty-eight years old. His unusual fitness was known to faculty and students, who have thought of him, from his first connection with the University, as a friend of the loveliest character and a scholar and teacher of rarest ability. He quickly adapted himself to new conditions, became one of us, and he, with his young wife, loved the life of Chapel Hill, and was happy here. Everybody loved him. No colleague, no student, no citizen of the village, has ever been heard to say anything but good of him. There is sorrow in the hearts of all.

He was graduated from Bowdoin College, with the degree of A.B. in 1892, and A.M. in 1893. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternities. During the next two years he was a grad-

uate student at the University of Chicago, receiving the degree of Ph.D. in 1895. He then taught for a year in Brown University, filling the place of one of the professors of Latin.

If his life had been spared, he would have made a name as a writer. His public lectures showed scholarly power, and a style marked by exquisite taste. His article on "Pure Scholarship, its Place in Civilization," published in Volume I. of the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, was a real contribution to thought and to literature. He has recently been engaged in the preparation of two text-books, which are unfortunately left incomplete. Readers of the *University Magazine* will remember his poem, in the number for March, 1900, on the death of Samuel May, which contains much that is equally true of himself. Here are some lines from it:

"In confidence of all the happy world,  
But yesterday I looked on strength and zeal,  
And knew the service of a kindly hand.  
Secure, I thought the goodness of the day  
Assured a greater for the future years.  
Today I looked where strength and zeal had been  
And saw them not, for they had swiftly passed,  
And with him passed my dream of permanence."

All can say of him, as he said so beautifully of Samuel May: "To his colleagues he was resourceful of help and pleasure in a common service; to his students, a sympathetic interpreter of the beauty and romance and humanity of life; to all, a friend. In character, generously good and wholesome; in personal relations, constant, thoughtful and gently cautious; in the manhood of mind and heart and soul finished, he came to and en-

vironment that had not been his, knew it, and was known. He brought to its people a message of beauty and worth, effective, as it was uttered in unobtrusive effort."

His body was taken to Thomaston, Maine, where his parents live, to rest by the side of many generations of ancestors.

The good that he did here, the memory of it and of the noble and scholarly man, sympathetic teacher, and dear friend, will not die.

E. A.

## BOOKS

*The Study of Prose Fiction:* Bliss Perry. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The author has drawn most of the material of his book from a series of lectures delivered at Princeton, while he was in the English department at that university. Mr. Perry is qualified also as critic and novelist, for he has served as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and is the author of several well-known novels. It is from this three-fold view-point that he passes to the consideration of his subject. The book has its didactic, critical, and constructive elements, but no attempt at all has been made to treat of the history of the English novel, for this side of the question has been more or less completely covered in the "Development of the English Novel."

The book opens with a general chapter upon the study of fiction. The author then proceeds to compare and contrast fiction with poetry, the drama, and science, a chapter being devoted to each of these topics. The elements of the novel are next considered. In separate chapters character, plot, and setting are treated rather exhaustively. The fiction-writer, realism, romanticism, the question of form, the short story, are topics which Mr. Perry discusses as teacher, analyst and architect. The appendix which follows contains valuable suggestions for the student in this field.

The book may be characterized as a "discussion of the pleasant art of story-writing." The author expresses the hope that this will not weigh too heavily upon the

conscience of the reader. There is no fear of this. At the same time in this book may be found much food for genuine thought and many suggestions for a thorough-going investigation.

CHARLES E. JOHNSON, JR.

*The Fortunes of Oliver Horn:* F. Hopkinson Smith. Scribners. \$1.50.

In our opinion "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn" is one of the best books of the year, one which every Southerner should make it a point to read. It gives a true picture of Southern life in the days "befo' de wah" and a glimpse into the Bohemian artist life in New York City during the same period. Such a book as this with its freshness and cleanliness and its delightful style, is a welcome relief in these days of the problem and the society novel with their dirty plots and wearisome conversation. It is a book that will not be forgotten as soon as read; its popularity will last long after other "popular novels" have disappeared.

CHARLES P. RUSSELL.

*The Ruling Passion:* Van Dyke. Scribners. \$1.50.

"The Ruling Passion," by Henry Van Dyke, ranks easily with the very best of last year's fiction.

It is a collection of short stories dealing with the many-sided and certainly romantic life of the French-Canadians, among whom Mr. Van Dyke likes to spend his vacations. The stories are united in spirit and temper, admirably characterizing the people they describe, from the rude and simple "courier des bois" to the villagers of the little Canadian towns. They are rude in manner but gentle in heart; violent in anger, but tender in love.

One who picks up "The Ruling Passion" without any intention of reading it cannot fail to have his attention attracted by the writer's prayer and the preface, both of which are thoroughly characteristic of their author. It was thus, in fact, that we were trapped into reading the book the first time. The reason of this attraction and in fact the most pleasing thing about the book is, we think, the fact that it does not seem to be a mere attempt to please the somewhat vitiated taste of the fiction-reading public. It seems to have been written because the author felt that he had something to write. It deals, as the preface declares, with the ruling passions in the everyday life of living, breathing human beings. That this is made interesting in the simple but unique style of the author is to his credit. We do not mean to say, however, that "The Ruling Passion" is quite up to the standard set by Mr. Van Dyke in some of his other works.

S. S. ROBINS.

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\* \*

MOST POPULAR BOOKS.

Following are the most popular of December selected and arranged as in the preceding issues:

1. Making of an American. Riis. 8.
2. Up from Slavery. Washington. 8.
3. Empire of Business. Carnegie. 7.
4. Varieties of Religious Experience. James. 7.
5. Democracy and Social Ethics. Addams. 6.
6. Strenuous Life. Roosevelt. 6.
7. All the Russias. Norman. 6.
8. Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. 4.
9. New France and New England. Fiske. 4.
10. Francesca da Rimini. D'Annunzio. 4.

Below are some of the most popular novels arranged at random:

The Virginian. Wister.  
 The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington.  
 The Spenders. Wilson.  
 The Crisis. Churchill.  
 The Vultures. Merriman.  
 The Eternal City. Caine.  
 Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan.  
 The Confessions of a Wife. Adams.  
 Cecilia. Crawford.

\* \*  
 \*

#### LIBRARY NOTES.

During November books were taken out follows:

Fiction,	-	-	-	-	663
Political Economy,	-	-	-	-	61
English,	-	-	-	-	166
History,	-	-	-	-	36
All others,	-	-	-	-	278
					<hr/>
Total,	-	-	-	-	1210
Debates (used in Library),					167
					<hr/>
Grand Total,	-	-	-	-	1377

We are able to get the Library data for December also:

Fiction,	-	-	-	-	292
Political Economy,	-	-	-	-	31
English,	-	-	-	-	77
History,	-	-	-	-	18
All others,	-	-	-	-	94
					<hr/>
Total,	-	-	-	-	512
Debates (used in Library),					0
					<hr/>
Grand Total,	-	-	-	-	512

# University Magazine.

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

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## EDITOR'S PAGE

### I.

With this, our New Year issue, the Magazine makes a change in its chief editor. To the former one we must bow in grateful acknowledgment, if not for the whole of the material of this number, for what is brightest and best. For instance the article by Mr. R. H. Sykes on the Appalachian Park with its accompanying cuts is a work of value and a credit to our Magazine. This and other articles were ready press and for opractically the whole of the material for the number was in sight when we came in charge. Thus though our name sits en-

throned, the power behind is largely that of the preceding editor-in-chief.

For so much we of the Magazine make acknowledgment; the college in general, we think, should have a word of commendation for the change and improvement manifest this year in the Magazine as a whole. Comparisons are unpleasant, so we shall not indulge; but the change and improvement in the cover is illustrative of that within. As one of our respected professors says "change means life." The advent of life in the Magazine is the clue to its present step forward. But don't think our opinion is based on our own judgment alone. The criticism of one whose judgment we all highly respect, Mr. E. K. Graham, is even more expressive: "The Magazine is splendid; all that I could wish it to be."

Since, therefore, the present form of the Magazine and its plan, which was outlined in the first issue, are satisfactory and successful, so far as we can judge, our policy will be essentially to follow that plan and our purpose to keep it instinct with life.

## II.

Athletics has its place in the University. We all know its importance. The past successful football season was one full of interest and enthusiasm. But football for the present is over. We must on and turn our attention, our interest and our enthusiasm from what develops chiefly the physical to what develops in the highest degree the intellectual. Great it is to represent the University on the Athletic field and wear N. C. on your breast; it is greater to represent her on the platform of debate and wear the N. C. on your brow.

Who will be our opponents? That question has been

until recently unsettled; but the mists have cleared away and out of them two debates take definite shape. These two are with Georgia and Johns Hopkins. The series of three debates with Vanderbilt has been concluded and will not be renewed. Princeton and Virginia were mentioned as possible opponents, but at least, this year no hopes in this direction can reach realization,

Our old and worthy foe, Georgia, is then again on the platform wishing to decide the supremacy in the realm of debate by one more contest. Some neutral state must witness this struggle of oratorical giants—for so must be the debate where supremacy hangs trembling in the balance. Johns Hopkins, a newer foe, will be no less hard a proposition. The result of the debate last year was remarkably unpalatable to that institution. Therefore their efforts this year will be most strenuous. The attitude of extreme caution shown is sufficient evidence of this. They impose special conditions under which the debate shall be conducted; they reject our question submitted; at our suggestion they select and submit one to us more to her taste.

Finally that we have two arduous contests is evident; but we have the men to fill the places. Let us support them as we do our athletic heroes.

### III.

The frontispiece you will recognize as the Davie Popular just after an unfeeling blast has so pitifully mutilated this "aged monarch of the grove." This picture is not inappropriate accompanying Mrs. Spencer's "Sixty Yeas Ago." Our purpose however was to have in its place a photograph of Mrs. Spencer herself. This purpose her modesty thwarted. Of one so interestingly

related to the University and Chapel Hill, we must say a word to those who may not be acquainted.

The daughter of Dr. James Phillips, one of the University's early and most revered professors, and sister of Dr. Charles Phillips, like his father professor of mathematics here, she is herself a woman of uncommon talent. A few years ago, she moved to Cambridge to live with her son-in-law, Dr. Charles Lee Love, assistant professor of mathematics in Harvard University, as he was here. Until then she lived in Chapel Hill, and was a woman most thoroughly identified with the town and the University. Mrs. Spencer holds the unique honor of being the first and only woman to receive the degree of LL.D. from this University.

#### IV.

The issue of the University Record just out contains the report of the President. This report is unusually full and elaborate. It is made up entirely of what concerns the student very vitally, and therefore should be to you of marked interest. We advise you not to let it go unread.

## COLLEGE RECORD

- Dec. 6th. Meeting of the Advisory Committee. W. H. Smith, '04, elected Manager of the Football Team for 1903.
- Dec. 7th. Sunday reading by Willoughby Reade, under auspices of Y. M. C. A.
- Dec. 8th. Reading by Willoughby Reade. Second Star Course entertainment.
- Dec. 9th. 144th Meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society.
- Dec. 12th. Examinations begin.
- Dec. 23rd. Examinations end.
- Dec. 24th. Christmas Holidays begin.
- Dec. 30th. Death of Dr. Linscott.

# ALUMNI

## 1. NOTES.

A. W. Mangum ("Dolph"), '97, who has been in the Soil Survey for only six months, has been recently promoted and is now stationed in Southern California.

James A. Gwyn, '96, is with the Edward Thompson Publishing Company, Northport, Long Island.

C. L. Glenn, ex-'99, is now cashier of the Wachovia Loan and Trust Company, at Fries, Va.

G. B. Patterson, '86, was elected a member of Congress from Sixth district of North Carolina.

Lieutenant Oliver H. Dockery, Jr., Law '94, since his return from the Phillipines Islands, has been located at Columbus Barracks, Columbus, Ohio.

Dr. J. H. London, '86-'88, has been appointed Dental Surgeon to the National Soldier's Home at Washington, D. C. He was recently chosen president of the District of Columbia Dental Association.

Dr. Everett A. Lockett, '99, is resident physician of the hospital at Altoona, Pa.

K. B. Thigpen, '01, has resigned his position in the Salem Boys School and will enter the University Law School.

W. S. Prior, '02, is with the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, Birmingham, Alabama.

W. F. Stafford, '02, has left New York and the employ

of the American Tobacco Company. He is now at his home in Burlington, N. C.

Louis Graves, '02, left December 18th, for New York, where he will get a position on one of the New York papers. His mother, Mrs. Julia C. Graves, goes to New York to live.

W. D. ("Bill") McNider, ex-'01, is continuing his Medical studies at the University School in Raleigh. He is assistant in Clinical Pathology.

Whitehead Kluttz, ex-'02, is practising law at home in Salisbury. During the campaign he made several speeches for his father who was elected to Congress from the Eighth District.

F. M. Osborne, '99, who plays quarter-back on Sewanee, was made Captain of the All-Southern by Coach Reynolds.

W. A. Murphy, '01, is in Florida on a turpentine plantation.

R. H. D. Connor, '99, is principal of the Wilmington High School, Wilmington, N. C.

John Carr, '99, J. A. Caldwell, '99, C. M. Byrnes, '02, E. P. Gray, '02, and R. N. Duffy, '02, are in the Medical School at Johns Hopkins University.

J. K. Hall, '01, Eben Alexander, Jr., '01, and Emory Alexander, Jr., ex-'01, are studying medicine at Jefferson College, Philadelphia, Pa.

## II. MARRIAGES.

Fletcher Hamilton Bailey, '97, to Miss Alice Green Wood, Brundidge, Alabama, October 29, 1902.

Julian Shakespeare Carr, Jr., '99, to Miss Margeret Cannon, at Concord, December 18th, 1902. Dr. Mangum, Professor Howell, Dr. Ruffin were in attendance. A. M. Carr, '02, was best man.

Robert Diggs Wimberley Connor, '99, to Miss Sadie Hanes, at Mocksville, N. C., December 24th, 1902.

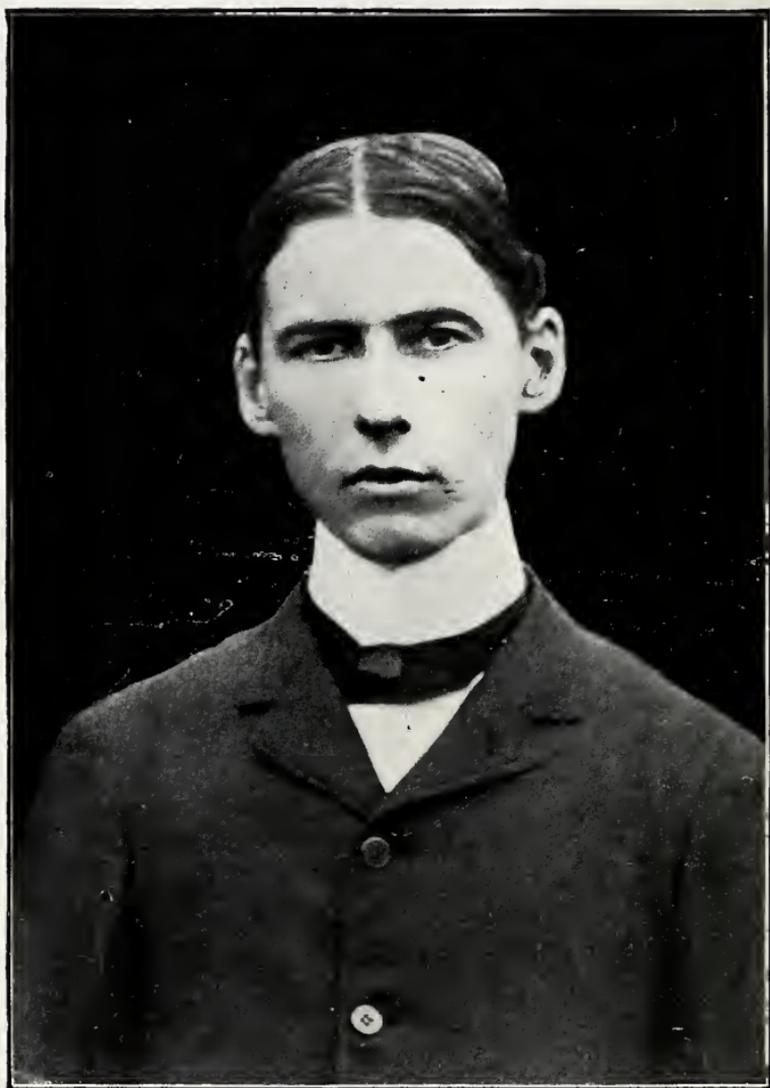
George Gullett Stephens, '97, to Miss Sophie Myers, in Charlotte, December 9th, 1902.

William J. Andrews, '91, will marry Miss Augusta Webb Ford, January 7th, 1903, in Covington, Kentucky.

### III. NECROLOGY.

Joseph John Jackson. A. B. 1838. Born March 22nd, 1817, Died at Pittsboro, N. C., December 7th, 1902. Lawyer, Member of General Assembly, 1842-43, County Attorney of Chatham County for 18 years.





HENRY FARRAR LINSOTT.

# University Magazine.

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Old Series, Vol. 23.

No. 4----FEBRUARY, 1903.

New Series, Vol. 20.

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## PURE SCHOLARSHIP AND THE COLLEGE.

BY HENRY FARRAR LINSOTT.\*

AS often as I think of the conditions of modern life, one fact appears to me with startling clearness. The past twenty years have created in America a new type of civilization, or, more exactly, have added a new element to the composite life already existing. The characteristic of this newly created civilization is the development of industrial and commercial enterprise, and, incident to that development, the increased dignity and importance of that phase of living and thinking. It is clear, that, now as never before, brain-energy and capacity are being applied to industry and the conduct of business. And the world has rightly conceded to commercial enterprise a dignity and an importance commensurate with the training and mental capacity of the men engaged in it.

Illustration of this fact will be clear if we but answer the question "Who were the leaders of thought and action in the civilization one hundred, fifty or even twenty years ago?" Evidently the trend of life was shaped by the preachers, teachers, editors, lawyers and literary men of that day. They were almost the only exponents of mental and social culture. Our colleges then trained men primarily for such lines of activity: all the youth

\*Reprinted from the South Atlantic Quarterly.

of intellectual promise sought in these fields solely the opportunity for applying their unusual mental gifts. Business was looked upon as a good field for physical endurance and a certain uncouth native shrewdness but for brains never: at least in that day an unusual mentality would not have viewed commercial activity as a means of acquiring the highest attainment. Such a man might aim to write a poem but never to build a bridge: his ambition might be to lead his church or the bar of his country but never to be the master mind in the business world. Today, as you know and I know, all this is no longer true. The field for trained intelligence is as wide as the life of man. There is almost no form of activity to which brain power is not attracted by the certainty that merit will be recognized and a generous dignity accorded. Applied science, transportation, manufacturing, finance have been advanced and ennobled: to them much of our best intelligence has been attracted: they are all on a par with literature, the ministry or law with respect to their dignity and the estimation accorded by broad-minded people. And, in this modern American society, the business man is no longer slighted and ignored. He is as much a representative citizen as any class. He is as brainy and broad-souled and sympathetic and often as cultured intellectually and socially. He is asked to hold important offices; he serves on great committees; he can speak and write; he is sought for the duty of welcoming foreign potentates. Surely the business man is a leader in society. The world yields him not wealth alone; it exalts him and calls him great and honored and noble.

We shall accept these conditions and, if you agree

with me, we shall call them good. For in this way civilization has been more nearly completed: its limitations have been widened and trained intelligence has been made a more positive essential of effective and successful living. And surely there is no good reason for a jealous guarding of the sacred portal of the abode of culture. I do not know what culture is; I cannot define it but I have a well settled conviction that the man who builds a bridge may be as much a man of culture as he who writes a poem; that the preacher or lawyer may not claim this fair name and by necessity deny it to him who conducts a great business enterprise.

I shall refer you to a single danger incident to this change in our society, and that is the possibility of the over-development of one element of life to the detriment of others. This tendency has been noticeable in the history of man. Circumstances may favor the growth of one phase of living and thinking while society seems to run mad with enthusiasm for a part of its duty. To that part is turned the intelligence, the energy and endurance of the race. There is a swift and splendid growth and men are glad, and point, in exultation, to what they have done. But, in the moment of pride, the very structure to which they point is becoming top-heavy; it will fall upon and crush its builders. For illustration let me refer you to the history of Greece and Rome. During the first two centuries of the Christian era there was a splendid life in western Europe. It combined the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome in a magnificent civilization, the Greeco-Roman, aesthetic, wealthy, industrious, orderly. But in the moment of its greatest splendor that life was crumb-

ling into ruins. These races had given their enthusiasm and energy and intelligence to many lines of thinking and acting, but they had not given due regard to all lines of thinking and acting. They had developed in literature, art and architecture, in law and government, in commerce and in wealth. But they had neglected the moral law, they had not as a race foreseen the future of the human soul and they had failed to safeguard the division of property and prevent the creation of a contrast between the fortunate few and the oppressed masses. That civilization was overbalanced, developed on the one side, neglected on the other. Men were secure in the pride of their institutions; they were complacent, happy; and then in a flash came the change and the world was turned upside down. The side of highest development which had been uppermost came down with a crash and the manner of life which had been "despised and rejected of men" passed over the ruins of the old into the glory of a new living. In these facts from history we may find a warning; indeed we should also hear a voice prompting us to work that our civilization may not become top-heavy and fall in ruins. For a civilization to be secure and permanent and genuinely fair, must be symmetrical, rounded and perfect like the sphere. It should not be a monstrous shape, like no geometrical figure, with bumps and excrescences at one axis, and depressions at another. For in such monstrosities there can be neither beauty nor strength nor stability, though the mass and splendor of the parts be great.

Wherein then lies the possibility of that undue development which should be avoided? Evidently it lies in

the fact that the trained intelligence of our country may be drafted, in an excessive degree, to industry and commerce and finance, because these fields now offer not only the largest emolument but also abundant honor, glory and fame. The average sensible and industrious young man, if given his choice, will select the course that will bring a good income when the conditions of honor and creditable standing in his community are equal. If asked my candid opinion, I shall say frankly that I think that the young man is right. I do not mean to approve greed and sordidness, the ideal which makes the acquisition of property the only object in life. But I do approve the desire of a good income which shall win comfort and happiness for self and for those dependent. I do approve the desire to read good books, enjoy fair opportunities of travel and wear excellent clothes. It is right for every man to wish to eat good food from a good table in a good house over a good carpet put down by good tacks. And in a modern world the living of that sort of a life costs money. Therein lies our danger. The best incomes are to be secured in applied science, manufacturing, business, transportation and finance. These are the attractive fields for the intelligence of our country. We may talk, if we please, about the beauty of self-denial and the joy of the service of mankind, but as long as the present conditions prevail, the brains of the country will forget all this beauty and joy and will take the good income which will win them comfort. And this is not necessarily selfishness. It is often merely self-defense. No man need follow that course which will clothe him poorly, make him eat bad food and subject his wife and children to discomfort.

Evidently these conditions are a most serious menace to the field of pure scholarship which it is my purpose particularly to defend. The danger to which it is exposed will be better understood from a discussion of the character of the scholar's life and the scholar's work. Pure scholarship is that form of mental activity which has no application in the practice of the arts and sciences, which, then, is concerned solely with the investigation of truth as manifested in nature or in the work of man, literary, artistic, historical, economic or social. The emoluments of this scholarship are small. For wealth is a product of the application of knowledge in art; it is not necessarily a product of the knowledge itself. For in the average instance the scholar has neither the time nor the inclination to search for the application of his discovered principle, he is not usually able to finance and exploit his discovery in such a way as to wring money from the public. And the lack of emolument is especially burdensome by reason of the fact that great discoveries of truth are never made suddenly but are the result of years of preparation and hard work. The reward, if any, usually comes in the last years of life. It does not guarantee happiness and comfort during the many years of study and effort.

Again the scholar must prepare himself for his work by years of hard training, comparable with which the exactions of the strictest military discipline are but child's play. There is no easy way to the mastery of the equipment and method of the scholar. And then there can be no certainty of definite, tangible results. The man who learns how to build a bridge knows that there will be bridges to build and he is reas-

onably sure to find good remuneration. But the scholar must be ready to work ten, twenty, and if need be forty years with no assurance that he will solve the problem in hand. He must be willing to die without accomplishing his purpose and, if he have the true spirit, he will not be envious in the thought that another will take up the work where he left it, use his results and finally reach the solution for which he labored so long.

Finally the scholar cannot expect with certainty any large measure of fame or dignity. A few discoveries have made scholars famous in their lifetime but they are usually based upon the work of earlier scholars who are unknown. Marconi's name is famous and his life is insured for a million dollars but no one thinks longer of the discoverer of the ether waves; his life would not bring ten cents in any market. Yet who is the greater? One man discovered a great principle of physics and is unknown save to a few. The other is a clever manipulator of known principles and is famous and wealthy. And that is a good illustration of the world's treatment of scholars. There is loud acclaim and honor and wealth for him who applies principles and makes things which the world can see and hear and smell and use with pleasure. But for the man who discovers great principles there is often nothing but silence and oblivion save in a select circle of holy souls who are specialists.

This then is the meaning of pure scholarship. You and I who know the spirit and the purpose can see the scholar's life shining fair and golden bright to our eyes; but all the world cannot; it is for the average of men, obscured by a mist through which he cannot see. And when once man passes through that cloud, he knows

that he cannot look back upon much that is pleasant and good; that he cannot reach the things which other men know as comforts. Shall we wonder that the best and bravest and brainiest of men will not pass along this cloudy way into seclusion and oblivion. Can such a phase of human activity compete on even terms with business for the best intelligence of the land?

If there exists a menace to the future of pure scholarship does it follow that there is danger also for our civilization. It is, I hope, almost axiomatic for this audience that there can be no perfect civilization without a healthy and generous scholarship. No modern society can be symmetrical, sound and permanent without an adequate development of that phase of living and thinking. Necessary, indeed, is a large and enthusiastic band of searchers after truth; as necessary, surely, as the men who make bread better or oil cheaper or transportation more comfortable and safe. If our society is to be the perfect sphere we must have a generous growth, a healthy rounding-out of that side which is the field of the scholar's effort.

Let me illustrate this principle more definitely. I shall take, as my first example, the student of Greek. The literature and institutions of that race are said by some to have little value for the average man. But if we consider the question fairly we shall find that Greek lies close to the very life of our modern day. It is the language in which are written the types of most of the literary forms which we know today. It is the medium of expression of the man who made philosophy and asked the most searching questions of the soul. In its care are the beginnings of modern science and mathematics.

And finally it is the language in which the words and acts of Christ and the teachings of the apostles are preserved. In Greek then are the sources of literature, art, architecture, philosophy, science and finally the Christian religion. This means, boldly and incisively, that no man can go to the bottom of these subjects without a knowledge of the Greek language. It is an essential for the ultimate result in any of these lines of thought. No man can be a true literary critic who does not know Homer and the dramatists; the philosopher must read Plato; the perfected scientist will need to know the work and the terminology of the Greeks; the theologian must read his New Testament in Greek. We may argue of the futility of Greek, of its impractical nature if we will, but we shall, every time, come face to face with the stubborn fact that Greek is a necessity. That principle I shall state clearly and definitely — that a complete society is impossible without a knowledge of the Greek language. I do not mean that every man should know Greek but I do mean that many should know it: I do mean that some must make of it a life work. If that is not done our society must be imperfect.

In no respect, perhaps, is scholarship more inwrought into our life than in literature. There can be no healthy literature without a sound and reasonable literary criticism. And that criticism must depend upon a knowledge of the great models which have been created in past ages. Without that dependence criticism becomes at once individualistic. And the opinion of no individual is to be credited when it is created solely from his own convictions and feelings. The preference of no man, I care not who he is, is equal to the concensus of

competent opinion since the world began. And that concensus of opinion is found nowhere save in the great models of the Greeks, the Romans, the Italians, English, French and German. These are the standards of excellence and by them the opinions of critics must be guided. And there scholarship has its particular application. For the work of scholars alone can keep alive these great models of former races or of past centuries in the lives of existing races. These great books must be studied and illuminated or our literature will be hopelessly weakened and it is the province of scholarship thus to protect our literary standards.

I must not be misunderstood. - Our literature must reflect the spirit of the day. Great books always do that and our own will not fail that duty. But the foundation must be laid in the proven principles of literary art. Then we shall have in our books more that is cheerful and romantic, more of the beauty and sincerity and wholesomeness of life, more of the spirit of the great races wherein lies the clear air and the happy view of the art that is beauty. Homer and the dramatists, Virgil and Horace, Dante and Petrarch, Corneille, Racine, Spenser, Shakespeare and Tennyson, Goethe and Schiller: these are the strong anchors of faith and hope for a sound criticism and a decent public taste. And to these great bulwarks of literary tradition the scholar alone can guide us.

For further illustration of the importance of scholarship in civilization, our thought may turn to the field of science. There comes instantly to me the statement of a prominent editor who said last summer: "Let us have done with higher mathematics and the abstractions of

pure science. The only education is that which teaches a man to make or run something. The day of scholarship has passed." But that man failed to know that the great and useful inventions of the world are the result of pure mathematics and pure science. Look at a great modern bridge. It stands in the beauty of graceful proportions, in perfect stability and safety, not because men have been taught to do and run things but because some humble mathematician chose to pass his time fooling with  $x$ 's and  $y$ 's.

Again the commercial world sought for years a means of applying the principle of the telephone to the submarine cable. But the problem lay in uncertainty until the great mind solved it. A young man in the power of the scholar's equipment sat at his desk, with no tools but pencil and paper, worked out the problem by pure mathematics and told the world how to accomplish its end. But that problem would be still unsolved if all the men in all the world had been taught nothing but practical electricity and had seen and handled nothing from infancy but a submarine cable.

Let me refer you also to the medical profession. Within a decade the life of the average man has been lengthened five years. That splendid work has been done not by physicians in the making of pills and giving of medicine; it is the work of the man of pure science, laboring in the silence of a laboratory.

I mean, then, distinctly to emphasize the fact that in practical life as in literature scholarship is a necessity for progress. Let us support practical education with enthusiasm, but, if we are wise, we shall avoid the extreme which would teach that progress in commerce

and manufacturing is a result solely of manual training. The great advances are not the work of men who have made things. Discoveries are not the product of hands; are not the result of manual manipulations in an effort to find a practical adjustment. They are the product of great minds taught to do the great work. If the training of pure scholars be neglected, industry will begin to revolve about its own centre, will stagnate and be throttled ultimately by a lack of progress.

Commercial activity and wealth are a prime necessity of our life. They will stimulate and support our literature and pure science but they are powerless to create a sound literature and a sound science. Practical skill will not lead civilization; it will follow and encourage. The cure for cancer will not be discovered by the practicing physician but by a pathologist who may never have seen a case of measles. The great advances in electricity and steel will follow the work of the physicist and chemist. Practical life will call out to science what it needs but it must always follow.

It is perhaps not absolutely true but it is measurably true that thought of scholarship, its influence and future cannot be wholly separated from speculation with respect to colleges and universities. These two forces in life are by necessity drawn into the closest of relations; they must rise and fall together for if they separate, scholarship has lost its firm bower of strength and the college has cut away forever from its fondest traditions. As I shall indicate later, the function of the college is larger than the production of theoretical scholars and yet it must cherish them and be invigorated by them. Hence it is measurably true that the two are inseparable.

With reason then we may urge the question, "If the tendency of modern life is a menace to scholarship, is there not also danger to the college and university establishments of this country?" It seems to me clear that the answer, in the latter instance as in the former, should be an emphatic affirmative. The largest remuneration for service is in industry and commerce. Medicine and the law are paid less amply but still in a measure fairly, the literary man, the preacher and teacher are a poor last in the race; in fact, we may say, in the language of the track that they "also ran." It is rank folly to expect that these conditions will attract the best brain power of the country to the professions last named. This hurts the college. And then there rise up many wise prophets of the race who say that the college has no place in the life of men preparing for business or for industry; that the boy with a commercial ambition should leave the grammar school for the office; that the man seeking skill in industry should go only to a technical school and never profane the virgin-purity of his ambition by entering the precincts of a college. It is not my purpose to enter upon a detailed defense of the college nor to attempt a specification of the advantages of an academic training. I care to answer these arguments by no generalizations regarding the worth of a college education but I shall urge a single reason why the colleges should have their place in civilization. That is the simple fact that they tend to widen the view-point of every man who comes under their influence. I like the words of President Hadley of Yale who says that the college gives a man ideals other than the commercial ideals. This is an intensely material country: its civili-

ization has developed most largely along the business and industrial lines. No young man will fail to feel the influence of the commercial ideal. It speaks to him in the hum of factories and the fine residences of their owners; in the public press and the words of many great and honest men including the complacent Philistine. The average boy need not be afraid of failing to grasp the need of making money. This is of course not an argument against the necessity of the commercial ideal. All should have it for the first duty of every man is that of making a living, and winning comfort for self and those dependent. He is indeed unfortunate who lacks this sense and aptitude. But he is equally unfortunate and lame in character who has no ideal but the commercial. And if the work of scholarship and the college be narrowed or annulled, that type will thrive and grow among us. There are those who say that these accessory ideals will come naturally to any boy of intelligence from the friction of daily life, from reading and gratuitous choice of other helpful influences. This has happened in many instances but it cannot happen in all or in a majority of instances. The cases cited are the individual exceptions of life and the conclusion is false because based on the observation of a part only of the examples. I stoutly deny that the average boy will acquire ideals other than commercial by his individual initiative; in the vast majority of cases he will not read; he will not attend lectures; he will not seek means of development along lines not connected with his business. His life and its interests will move along a single channel to a single end.

In this connection I am reminded of an experience

upon the golf-links last summer. While watching the players, I remarked that a certain young man seemed to play extremely well. "Yes," said my companion, "but he plays in wretched form." And it was true that he held his club far from the end, a most serious fault for the golf-player. Yet he had the happy knack of coming out ahead of those who played in form. And that scene has its application in life. The man who plays in poor form but wins is your self-made man; he is Abraham Lincoln or Andrew Carnegie or whom you will. He does not do things in the traditional manner and yet he wins. But that is no reason that all men should follow such examples. If so, then the surest road to the Presidency will be found by being born a second time in a log-cabin and driving a mule on a tow-path. These men who win without form or in a way not traditional are the exceptions who rise through native force. The average man must play his game of life "in form." In golf the judgment of many men in many years has determined that the majority of men will play best if they hold the club by the end. So in life the average man will gain more by playing in form than by following the meteoric course of a brilliant exception. It is wrong to scorn the traditional form of the college because some men have secured broad ideals without going to college.

If then society must have in it ideals other than the commercial, the college or university can supply this need better than any influence in modern life. Breadth and diversity of outlook will not be secured in the business office. That environment will throw around the young solely the commercial ideal. And he will be the exception who is able after business hours adequately to

supply the deficiency. Nor will the technical school supply the need; its teachers cannot and its spirit will not allow the absorption of any idea but that of earning a living. This is commendable but not exclusive. There has been interest for me in following the advertisements of the largest and best technical school in the country. The burden of the refrain has always been the statement that every man in the last graduating class got a chance to make a living. Thus far the newspapers which I read have not been filled with the obituaries of college graduates who have starved to death. The typical college such as Amherst or Williams fits its men for life and finds pride in them after years have passed; the school which I have mentioned boasts first and then shows its men how to earn a living. And the difference is more than one of rhetoric and chronology. It is bred in the bone for the two types of institution are conducted for different ends. For the great school of which I have spoken I have a profound admiration; it is one of the supreme works of modern American life. But its walls would better be in dust a thousand times than that its type of education should be the only and exclusive one.

I return then to my thesis that the college better than any other force can give to men a breadth of view and a leavening of the commercial element which is the prevailing tone in our life today. But for that great work, the college must be thoughtfully organized. We need a better coordination of the different phases of education. A man must be in excellent physical condition or he cannot succeed. I do not mean that he should be a college athlete but he must be a sound, steady, healthy man. Mental and aesthetic culture are a necessity also. The

student must have the keys to the world's great library of books and must know the forces which have shaped life and the glorious heritage of beauty in the work of the hand and mind of man. And finally he should be given at least a partial set of tools with which to make his living in the world. Some practical training at least should be given to each and every student who wants it. The education should not be all health and theory for that may not make a broad useful man. I am not of the class which holds that the college should teach only the theory of the arts and sciences; I believe that there should be application also. The acquisition of technique is education whether a man learn to build a dynamo or criticise a book or painting. I do not believe that the different types of education are wisely separated. There is surely not native incompatibility between the two forms of culture, aesthetic and industrial. Years ago there may have been but that day has passed. At present we know that appreciation of art and skill in selling kerosene can be combined in the same man. But our present methods in education do not promote that combination. We should seek a better and more thorough union of educational forces; then a better rounded type of citizenship will result. A part of the college course should be devoted to general training, but a portion of the time certainly ought to be reserved for at least a beginning in technical or professional work.

At the cost of a digression I have indicated my belief as to the coordination of educational forces in our society. But I mean to give the largest emphasis to the fact that the college must fight not the commercial ideal but the false social tenet that there is no important ideal save

the commercial. Our conclusion then must be similar to that accepted for scholarship. If the present tide of materialism scorns the college, neglects its potentialities and fails to provide attractive remuneration for teachers, the spirit of commercialism will grow untrammelled and unchecked and our civilization will become overbalanced and therefore imperfect. And overbalancing and imperfection means danger.

In our commonwealth then, scholarship and the sound college must have their due honor and their proper place. For other elements in our civilization we need have no fear. We shall have the mind and hand and eye trained to industrial service; we shall have the brain-power necessary for the profitable direction of business enterprise; we shall have wealth and a spirit which shall prompt us to levy taxes, to cut the corners square and keep the brass works shining. And literature and art will follow for their fruition always comes upon the soil that is prepared by wealth and industry. But if we be not careful we shall not have scholarship; we shall not possess the strong college for the neutralizing of our commercial tendencies and if we lack these we shall be unsound and unprogressive in literature, in art and in industry.

Let us not give patronage merely to the things which need the less encouragement because they are near the hands and eyes of men. Let us, by our enactments and appropriations, support the men, who in the study and laboratory, prepare the seeds which shall bear fruit in the visible world, the men who deal with that abstract which is the essential forerunner of the concrete. In our zeal let us not forget that sure progress is impossible

unless we support heartily him who, in seclusion, pores over his Greek and his Shakespeare, who dabbles with his bottles and with acids, who studies in silence the forces of nature and life: who, it may be, spends his time solely with  $x$ 's and  $y$ 's.

Let us, also, save the college from the flood of commercial and industrial enthusiasm. For it stands as the strong bulwark of a broad citizenship; the only force, in fact, which can insure the guidance of our young men to ideals other than commercial.

Wealth will buy the book when it is written. For wealth can see its page: enjoy the reading. And wealth will buy the picture when it is painted for it can be seen upon the walls and it is an element of beauty. And wealth will be the patron of industrial education for it can see in the mind and hands thus trained the possibility of ever larger gain. In these forms of patronage wealth is right for all these things are good. But pure scholarship and the college will not be thus favored unless wealth has the large view. It is easy to see why the book and picture should be bought, and technical education endowed and the good lawyer well paid. But only the large mind will see the need of the scholar and the college in society. The average intelligence does not know that the great book cannot be made without the student in Greek and German and English literature; he does not know that the sayings of Christ are exactly known only to the student of Greek: he forgets that advances in industry cannot be made without the scholar in pure science.

Our state should seek to find the exceptional man in literary criticism, in historical research, in pure

science and mathematics and in teaching breadth of sympathy and diversity of ideals. To find him this State must have the equipment with which to test and train its men. And when the right man is found, we must say to him, Young man you need not go into business or industry for your comfort; we shall give you the large income to search for truth or to guide our youth to breadth of spiritual and mental vision. We shall do that or we shall fail our duty.

## CRITIQUE OF "WESTWARD HO."

### SETTING.

HAD Kingsley sought far and wide for momentous crises around which to throw the the dress of heroic story, he could not have found two of more significance than those which furnish him the setting of his greatest novels, "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho." In the former he makes use of the fierce death grapple between Greek philosophy and Christianity, out of which Christianity came forth gloriously triumphant; in the latter, of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, a defeat which was at once the death blow to Catholic Spain, and the pledge of life and hope to England and her colonies then being planted beyond the seas. The period treated of in "Westward Ho" is worthy to be sung of in epic measure. It was a period characterized by heroic deeds. England, during the seventies and eighties of the sixteenth century, was experiencing for the first time the thrill of her new, rapidly expanding life. Her commerce, formerly overshadowed by that of Holland and of Spain, was beginning to look to the seas. Her national pride, long dormant, was fast awakening to assume its right position. She was ruled by a queen, keenly alive to the possibilities of the times, to whom all subjects were loyal. She was united in spirit. She was prepared for conquest. Of her Shakespeare could boast, with an exultant thrill of triumph, in "King John:"\*

"This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself."

\*Act 5, Sc. 7.

And Campbell, looking back at her from a later century in which her true strength could be measured in exact terms, could sing:\*

“Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep,  
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,  
Her home is on the deep.”

She was entering, with her Raleighs, her Drakes, her Grenvils, upon her great world conquest, and no power could stay her. For an opponent in this terrible conflict, she had none other than Spain, continuously victorious for a hundred years and rich beyond measure with the gold of Incas and Moutezumas. These are the two powers which, for several decades, have been crouching for a final spring. At last it is made. And Spain, haughty, and cruel, and tyrannous so long, goes down—irretrievably down—in defeat. The scenes of this tragedy, out of which a more abundant life was to spring, are laid, to be specific, in Devon, in Ireland, off the coast of England, in the Spanish main, and in New Spain. The final battle-field is the great Atlantic, stretching from the dangerous Orkneys to the rippling bay of Santa Martha. This is the time, these are the events, of which Kingsley treats.

#### PLOT.

Compared with “The Last of the Barons” in reference to breadth of plot, “Westward Ho” is decidedly the less comprehensive. It evidently was not Kingsley’s purpose to weave a beautiful cloth of gold in which the forms of many things were to appear, but rather a strong, much-enduring cable, composed of a few tested

\*Ye Mariners of England.

strands. The plot is limited in scope. The fortunes of Amyas Leigh, the hero, form the central theme of the story. While it is true that the activities of England and Spain and the principles for which those countries stood respectively are accurately set forth, still it is with the adventures of Captain Leigh that Kingsley occupies himself. Thus the plot is unified. Furthermore, the plot is consistent. There are but two circumstances, the truthfulness of which can at all be called in question. Amyas and Frank Leigh found it possible to meet Rose Saltern too easily at La Guayra. Yeo was somewhat slow in discovering his long-lost little maid. But those were days of stirring adventure in which brave knights dared much for fair ladies and in which stalwart Devonshire sailors were not as gifted in detective faculties as is their countryman, Sherlock Holmes, of today. In one respect the convergence of the plot and the suspense of interest may seem to be partially broken. To the reader of the modern novel, stories of vengeance are not so entertaining as stories of love. As a result, when such a reader finds Rose Saltern, the apple of discord among the members of the gallant brotherhood, hopelessly lost to themselves and but partially reclaimed to Frank Leigh, he feels that he has read pages enough. Frank's wish has been partly realized. His persecutors have received their just reward. Why prolong the story further? To see Amyas kill Spaniards indiscriminately, and finally, after he is struck with blindness, tamely surrender his noble heart to a new and alien love, why, that is wholly unromantic. The dénouement is positively stupid. But, in reality, such a reader is altogether mistaken. He fails to note the onward, climactic movement. He fails to

keep up with Amyas. The hero's strides are too long and swift for him: He fails utterly to detect the unifying thread, but of its existence there can be no doubt and it is given here. An intense longing for the life of the sea wrings the strong, already manly heart of Amyas as he stands, a mere youth in years, upon the heights of Lundy, eagery gazing at the gliding sail as they fade, ghost-like and sink into that magic sea which washes eternally the shores of the distant west. Love for the "Rose of Torridge," and a misunderstanding with Master Brimblecombe, send him through the Strait of Magellan on his apprenticeship of toil and obedience. Then vengeance drives him to the ominous overhanging cliffs of La Guayra, and triple vengeance lashes him onward, regardless of tide and storm, to the thundering, spray-clad shutters off Lundy. And then a power, greater than any of these, lays its iron grasp upon him, a power, terrible, yet purifying. It is the beneficent power of suffering, by which, through gloom and brokenness of spirit, he is led to the portal of generous, forgiving love!

#### CHARACTERS.

Kingsley's characters in "Westward Ho" are powerfully drawn. They live. They move. They act according to their opportunities and leave results to care for themselves. It is not necessary to make a detailed, introspective analysis of them. A night's vigil with Mrs. Leigh, as she prays for her sons at sea and meekly resigns herself and them to the Infinite; a hazardous wandering through trackless forests and danger-be-set mountain passes with Amyas; an hour with Yeo at the guns; a glance at Don Guzman, as, at the bottom of the

sea, with the "prawns and crayfish" swimming around his head, he draws the picture of his "fair and true lady" from his bosom and bids his officers drink to her;—these chance views suffice to show the nobility of Kingsley's characters. How boundless it is! and how clearly it is thrown into relief by its total absence in Eustace Leigh and his associates! These characters are natural, too. Against Frank Leigh alone can the charge of affectation be laid, and that without real justification. He is a courtier, and necessarily, a Euphuist. But beneath his courtly exterior he has a heart. He is more than a courtier. He is a man.

#### PURPOSE.

Kingsley had a definite purpose in view when writing "Westward Ho." A bitter anti-Romanist, he wished to oppose a movement of his day, directed by Newman, to lead the Anglican church into the ranks of Catholicism. In order to carry out his purpose most effectively he placed before the public, by means of his novel, a significant object lesson. He exhibited, with rare skill, two characters, one of which he represented as being the natural product of Protestantism, the other, of Romanism—Amyas and Eustace Leigh. Born of the same stock, yet trained under widely different influences, he represents them as growing up to stand for entirely opposite principles. Amyas is dull at his books, he likes the open air, he is big hearted, he honors womanhood, he learns to obey, he rules himself, he speaks the truth, he hates, forgives, loves. He is at every point a man. He is Kingsley's "muscular Christian." On the other hand, Eustace, well equipped mentally and physically,

falls into the care of Jesuits and becomes one himself. Without any appreciation of the truly noble, a veritable tool in the hands of those to whom he sells himself, a traitor to his country and to his blood, he is dismissed with contempt by the author as unworthy of continued mention in the pages of a book in which nothing save manliness is countenanced. Amyas is the product of Protestantism, Eustace, of Romanism. Kingsley holds the two up before a considerate public and asks the burning question: Which will you choose? Thus it is seen why Kingsley chose the closing years of the sixteenth century for the setting of his story. It was the period of a world crisis. Nations still to be born were to rejoice or to be sad at the outcome of the struggle then on. What that outcome would be depended largely upon the character of the men who engaged in the conflict; and their character would inevitably be what their training should make it. What was true of Elizabethan England, Kingsley claimed, would be true of Victorian England. That was the startling, burning truth which he flung blazing before the eyes of his countrymen. That is the truth which "Westward Ho" was to proclaim.

#### STYLE.

Kingsley's fortunate choice of subject, his success in character portrayal, and the momentous import of the lesson which his story teaches, do not account wholly for the strong hold which "Westward Ho" has had upon men. Much of its power must be attributed to the happy style in which it is written. In "Hypatia," and in his other novels, Kingsley seems, at times, unnatural.

He loses himself in his attempt to give expression to what he supposes is philosophical reasoning. He does not know, absolutely, every phase of his subject. But in "Westward Ho," the case is entirely different. He knows himself, as well as his subject. His freshness, his buoyancy, his vigor, effect his style. They make it vital and winning. If analyzed, it will be found to be characterized by naturalness, clearness, vividness.

In just what way Kingsley secures the easy onward movement to be noted in almost all of his sentences, it is difficult to discover. But that his sentences do move naturally, freely, is a fact. In reading "Westward Ho" one never finds himself pent up between two semi-colons, unable to see or move in either direction. One can always glance backward and take his bearing and then move forward in line with the sentence. Numerous short sentences and page after page of natural, spirited conversation, most probably account for this characteristic. Bideford "salts" talk and jest in their own flowing vernacular. Furthermore, they act, and the intensity of their action is reflected in the movement of the sentences in which it is described. They talk while they prime their guns and draw their swords, and what they say under such circumstances cannot be stilted.

Naturalness is a step toward clearness. Accuracy and minuteness of detail and figurative illustration are also essential to perspicuous style. Kingsley is sympathetically accurate. He knows what he describes and feels a keen interest in it. He is scientifically minute, but not coldly so, nor can it be said that he is lacking in that peculiar kind of imagination, which, thrown around scenes and events, makes them warm with life. One

quotation suffices to show his use of accurate, minute detail and pointed illustration:

\*"Her [Mrs. Leigh's] hair was now grown gray; her cheeks were wan; her step was feeble. She seldom went forth from her home, save to the church, and to the neighboring cottages. She never mentioned her sons' names; never allowed a word to pass her lips, which might betoken that she thought of them; but every day when the tide was high, and the red flag on the sand-hills showed that there was water over the bar, she paced the terrace walk, and devoured with greedy eyes the sea beyond, in search of the sail which never came. The stately ships went in and out as of yore; and white sails hung off the bar for many an hour, day after day, month after month, year after year; but an instinct within told her that none of them were the sails she sought. She knew that ship, every line of her, the cut of every cloth; she could have picked it out miles away, among a whole fleet, but it never came, and Mrs. Leigh bowed her head and worshipped, and went to and fro amongst the poor, who looked on her as an awful being, and one whom God had brought very near unto Himself, into that mysterious haven of sorrow which they too knew full well. And alone women and bed-ridden men looked in her steadfast eyes, and loved them, and drank in strength from them; for they knew she had gone down in the fiercest depths of the fiery furnace, and was walking there unhurt by the side of One whose form was as of the Son of God."

Kingsley is also intensely vivid. Long after "Westword Ho" has been read scenes sketched within it remain

\*W. H., Ch. 28.

fixed, rooted, in the reader's mind. They are more than mere scenes. They are veritable pictures which live either in nervous quivering outline, or in intense vividness of color. With a few strokes of the pen he dashes off pictures which live for the same reason that pictures in the "Vision of Sudden Death," in "The Spanish Nun," and in the "Ancient Mariner" live. Quotations from "Westward Ho" will illustrate what is meant by nervous quivering outline and intense vividness of color.

\* "And in fact, they [Raleigh and Amyas] could now hear plainly the 'Ochone, Ochonorie,' of some wild woman; and scrambling over the boulders of the knoll, in another moment came full upon her.

"She was a young girl, sluttish and unkempt, of course, but fair enough; her only covering, as usual, was the ample yellow mantle. There she sat upon a stone, tearing her black dishevelled hair, and every now and then throwing up her head, and bursting into a long, mournful cry. \* \* \*

"On her knees lay the head of a man of middle age, in the long soutane of a Romish priest. One look at the attitude of his limbs told that he was dead.

"The two paused in awe; and Raleigh's spirit, susceptible of all poetical images, felt keenly that strange scene, the bleak and bitter sky, the shapeless bog, the stunted trees, the savage girl alone with the corpse in that utter desolation. \* \* \*

"It was the body of a large and coarse-featured man: but wasted and shrunk as if by famine to a very skeleton. The hands and legs were cramped up, and the

\* W. H., Ch. 11.

trunk bowed together, as if the man had died of cold or hunger."

\* "The bay of Santa Martha is rippling before the land breeze, one sheet of living flame. The mighty forests are sparkling with myriad fire-flies. The lazy mist which lounges round the inner hills shines golden in the sunset rays; and, nineteen thousand feet aloft, the mighty peak of Horqueta cleaves the abyss of air, rose-red against the dark-blue vault of heaven. The rosy cone fades to a dark dull hue; but only for awhile. The stars flash out one by one, and Venus, like another moon, tinges the eastern snows with gold, and sheds across the bay a long yellow line of rippling light. Everywhere is glory and richness. What wonder if the earth in that enchanted land be as rich to her inmost depths as she is upon the surface? The heaven, the hills, the sea, are one sparkling garland of jewels—what wonder if the soil be jeweled also? if every water-course and bank of earth be spangled with emeralds and rubies, with grains of gold and feathered wreaths of native silver?"

An analysis of Kingsley's style should reveal, in addition to these characteristics, another which is to be noted in "Westward Ho," but not elsewhere in the author's writings, and of which, so far as it can be ascertained, no critical mention has heretofore been made. As has already been pointed out, this story is decidedly English. It portrays, with singular accuracy, the England of Elizabeth. It pictures not only the queen and her hardy sailors in their opposition to Spain, but also, Elizabeth and her court in their minute observance of a

\* W. H., Ch. 26.

thousand and one formalities. It reflects, not in an exaggerated, inartistic way, the Euphuistic influences of the time. True to his seamen, Kingsley is equally true to his courtiers, especially so in his representation of their actions in matters pertaining to honor and love. Having a deep reverence for their genuine worth, in spite of their seeming absurdities, he sketched them upon his canvas as Raleighs and Sidneys should have been sketched—sturdy and brave in the practical realities of life, polished and formal to the point of affectation in the refinements of the court. Their praise of the queen and of her attendants was superlative and studied; their trivial sententiousness was refined almost beyond the limit of endurance; their classical references were numerous; their figures were far-fetched and frequently drawn from a fabulous natural history; and their sentences, tricked out in every rhetorical device, were ornate to the last degree. In these respects, however, they were genuine Euphuists, true disciples of Lyly, and are worthy of the defence which Kingsley makes in their behalf in contradistinction to the less noble and more pedantic followers of Gabriel Harvey whom Scott, mistaking for genuine Euphuists, rather poorly typifies in his well-known character, Sir Percie Shafton. In "Westward Ho" Frank Leigh represents, better than any other of Kingsley's characters, the peculiarities of the courtier. It is in his expressions that traces of Euphuism are to be noted. Quotations from his speeches made at the celebration of Amyas Leigh's first return and at the formation of the Brotherhood of the Rose will illustrate this peculiarity of style excellently. With

these words, directed to the Lady of Bath, he makes his first bow to the public:

\*“Since the whole choir of Muses, madam, have migrated to the Court of Whitehall, no wonder if some dews of Parnassus should fertilize at times even our Devon moors.”

And later, he becomes better known to his readers through these ornate sentences which fall upon the astonished ears of the members of the Brotherhood:

†“How, then, shall lovers make him [Cupid] the father of strife? Shall Psyche wed with Cupid to bring forth a cockatrice’s egg? or the soul be filled with love, the likeness of the immortals, to burn with envy and jealousy, division and distrust? True, the rose has its thorn; but it leaves poison and stings to the nettle. Cupid has his arrow, but he hurls no scorpions. Venus is awful when despised, as the daughters of Proteus found, but her handmaids are the Graces, not the Furies. Surely he who loves aright will not only find love lovely, but become himself lovely also.”

“Westward Ho,” as judged by the most important critical standards, is the greatest of Kingsley’s creations. Having its very being in one of the most supreme crises known to men, it is necessarily a story far removed from the commonplace. It is living, vital. Loveliness and nobility of character are stamped upon its every page. Men can learn from it the important lessons of life—the value of energy and character. To them it offers hope and cheer. It is a noble creation. It is worthy of being read.

L. R. WILSON.

\* W. H., Ch. 2.

† W. H., Ch. 8.

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POEMS BY DR. LINSCOTT.

THE Magazine is fortunate in procuring these beautiful poems by the late Dr. Linscott and hitherto unpublished so far as known. They show a side of him not generally known to those not intimately acquainted with him and we take pleasure in giving them here.

FAREWELL TO THE SEA.

Farewell, Farewell to a fisher's life  
Its joy and freedom bringing,  
Farewell at last to the happy strife  
With the waters loudly ringing.

There was a day when the Ocean deep  
Was my rapt and only joy  
And I loved its beauty and restless sweep  
As a happy, thoughtless boy.

I loved it again in its sterner mood  
This ocean angry and bold;  
Though its manner be often harsh and rude  
And the breath of the storm be cold.

With manhood's duty came fonder thought  
For the bounty of the sea  
And the daily toil with its peril fraught  
Was the keenest of joys to me.

But I say farewell to the waters today  
To the waters I love so true  
For my father is lost on the pathless way  
In the depths of the heaving blue.

Then I turn me away with heavy heart  
From the life of the fisher, brave,  
For I cannot live by my chosen art  
And work on my father's grave.

And thee, fond ocean, I gladly forgive  
For I love thee as much as of yore  
And my soul is grieving that I may live  
No longer upon thy shore.

Farewell, Farewell to my cruel love,  
To my love of the fickle sea,  
Devotion shall ever triumph above  
The sorrow you bring to me.

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THE BLIND PEDLAR.

In childhood's days I often saw a blind  
And stricken pedlar, standing by the way,  
Where many thousands passed, with heedless mind,  
Bent only on the purpose of the day.  
In all the throng but few could feel  
The sadness of his faint appeal.

With every day in storm and bitter cold  
His wavering voice was heard till late of night;  
His face, uplifted, in its features told  
How all his soul was groping for the light,  
And struggling darkly to be free  
From grim and crippling poverty.

A sadly stricken, blind and helpless thing,  
Caught in a mighty city's swift turmoil,

Weakness confronting strength and forced to bring  
A broken body to its daily toil,  
And by resistance glorious,  
To live for years victorious.

I walked again along that busy street  
When many years had passed and ruthless time  
Had wrought its changes and rejoiced to meet  
The old blind pedlar, memory sublime,  
Still standing meekly in the place  
Where I had first beheld his face.

His hair was silvered and his form more bent,  
More piteous still the straining, sightless eyes;  
In thinner tones the faltering voice was sent  
Athwart the busy throng with many sighs;  
But faintly calling, struggling still,  
With courage and unbroken will.

The city of my youth had passed away,  
And even strength had changed to greater might;  
The pedlar, blind and poor, alone could stay  
The changing force of time's relentless flight.  
Though weak, a victor in his strife  
Against the power of a city's life.

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SEPARATION.

One time I seem to stand upon the shore,  
And look away across a summer sea,  
Athwart the peaceful scene a noble ship  
Is safely speeding on a distant way  
To bear my loved one on a merry cruise.

Though ragged rocks be all about the course  
I fear not, for the pilot's hand will guide  
The ship through all the dangers of the way.  
The sun is bright, the breezes warm and soft  
And all the world is merry, for it feels  
The inspiration of the radiant day.  
And I alone am sad for I would be  
Beside my loved one on the rolling sea.

A swift transition : cold and sodden fogs  
Flow o'er the scene and cover all the sea.  
The rolling clouds o'erspread the summer sun,  
The southwind's fretful breath is damp and cold.  
I seem to stand beside a sea of mist  
That mocks the efforts of my strong eyes  
And somewhere in it though I know not where  
That ship is speeding on a pathless way  
By hidden rocks where dread disaster lurks.  
Then fear displaces sadness needlessly  
For still the pilot's hand will show the course,  
But fear I must, because I do not see  
The ship that bears my loved one far from me.

Of distance that shall separate the lives  
Of two, what purpose? Why the empty leagues  
Between fond hearts? Brute space! Thou hast  
two forms.

And only two: Thou smilest sweetly now  
And that, thy fairest and most graceful mood,  
Is sadness to the human soul: thy frown  
Brings apprehension, grim and bold, to stalk  
In human hearts; its surly presence frights

The frail and timorous joys to hasty flight:  
An ugly fabric of fantastic fears  
Is reared and o'er it broodeth doubt to tell  
That dread disaster lies beyond the space.

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THE DAY.

A summer morning, bright and fair;  
Keen inspiration in the air;  
Existence burdenless.

The sun of noontide; burning heat;  
Fond longing for a cool retreat;  
Grim labor's dire distress.

The gentle breeze that cools the day,  
And drives the stifling heat away;  
And that is cheerfulness.

# HISTORY

MORE UNIVERSITY DAYS SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

R. B. CREECY.\*

**H**AZING is a college custom as old as the hills. Seventy years ago it was known as the ceremony of "Admission to the Ugly Club." In its origin it was a useful institution. It broke up the *mauvais honte* (so-called) which beset a green student, and made him miserable under the apprehension of doing something or doing the impolite thing. In process of time it developed into the modern "hazing," which has grown into such proportions as to call forth the discipline of the colleges, and has sometimes found its way into our law courts. Please tell us what "hazing" means, and what is its derivation?

The Ugly Club origin of hazing was a social institution of the University of North Carolina seventy years ago. It was presided over by the acknowledged ugliest member of the club, and was intended as a benevolent institution, to be used as an antidote for the disease of nostalgia (home-sickness), which was epidemic with freshmen. It counteracted the malady of longing for home, and introduced the new-comer to a home and familiar circle.

In 1831, we entered the Freshman class of the University, and for several days suffered intolerably from the homing feeling. One day, Lumbus Battle, the only stu-

\* Reprinted from "Grandfather's Tales of North Carolina History."

dent and classmate with whom we had formed an intimate friendship, asked us if we had joined the "Ugly Club". We told him no, and that we had never heard of it. He then persuaded us to join; and told us that he had joined, and that Mr. John Gray Bynum, who was President of the Club, had told him to invite us to join them. We told Lumbus we would join if he would go with us. The night of the meeting came. The session was held in a room in the upper story of the South Building. At the appointed time, Lumbus and I went to the hall. Lumbus gave four raps at the outer door, and suggested that we needn't be scared. The door was opened by the ugliest specimen of a man we had ever seen, and dressed in the most uncouth style. He had on his head something like the old dunce cap of the public schools, except that it had horns to it. His cheeks and eyebrows were blacked with grease and soot. His sleeves were rolled up, and he looked like our ideal of the mythological Vulcan. He looked at us with one eye closed, and invited us in with his best bow. We went in, the President preceding us. Lumbus joined the brethren and put on his cap.

President Bynum then marched around the room, mumbling some cabalistic words, while we stood alone in the middle of the hall feeling very much like a fool.

Bynum came to us after his mummery and, in solemn manner, asked us if we could dance. We told him, "Not much." He said, "How much?" We told him timidly that we had danced some at "cornshuckings," and some little at girls' parties. He then pranced around us with a sort of "limber leg double shuffle," and asked us to join him. He then hummed "Sugar in the Gourd," and kept time to it with his feet. He then asked if we could

sing. We said "Not much." He asked again, "How much?" and we told him we could sing "Up in the Morning Early" and "Three Blind Mice." But he couldn't get us to sing. Like poor McBeth, the song "stuck in our throat."

Bynum then asked us, "Could we wrestle?" We told him, "Yes, some." No sooner was the word out of our throat than he pitched in and grappled us. The old war-horse was now roused in us. We caught him around the middle, and we had it round and round the room, the members of the club shouting, slapping hands and whooping, "Creecy, Creecy!" Some one cried out, "Tie old snake" on him. Old Gray Bynum took the hint, tied the "old snake" lock round our legs, and before we could say "Jack Robinson," we were flat on our back on the floor, and "Old Gray" on top of us. "Gray" had us down but his tongue was out. After a few long breaths, "Gray," still holding us down, said, "What mout be your name?" "Dick," said we. He then asked us our other name. "Creecy," said we. "Well, it's a funny name: you are greasy by name, and I'll make you greasy by favor," and, calling for a pot of grease and soot, he dabbed our cheeks with it. We then got up, and he introduced us to each one of the brethren, and then we were at home and all the sheepishness was gone out of us.

Then Gray took the President's chair, made an address full of his old-time wit and humour, and then pronounced the meeting adjourned. He was our friend ever after, until his graduation, and when that famous controversy arose between the Di. and Phi. Societies, which for awhile threatened conflict, we were a Bynum man.

Lumbus and I slept under the same blanket that night. He was very happy, and during the night he said "Dick, if old Gray hadn't tied 'old snake' on you, you'd have had him down in a few more rounds. You had his tongue out when he threwed you."

#### UNIVERSITY REMINISCENCES.

The University of North Carolina nearly seventy years ago was in many respects unlike the University of today. Probably the discipline was more rigid, and the great law of obedience was more strictly enforced. The students were then boys, and boys need watching. Now, we suspect, they are "young gentlemen," and their own sweet will is more recognized. Then some of the boys wore homespun and home-made square-tail coats, and well-fitting tailor made store clothes were not common. The bon-ton wore Litchford's best, made to order by the fashionable tailor of the little town of Raleigh, and reserved for Commencement occasion. The square-tail-coat boys, who brought their goose quills for pens and their dip-candles from home were the best students. And when a boy had the self-sacrifice and manhood to defy the proud boy's contumely and save an honest penny by taking his frugal meal of molasses and corn-bread cold from a tin plate in his room, that boy cast before him the shadow of a coming man. Poor, dear old Murray! next-door neighbor to us, Old South Building, west end corner. Looking down through the long and darkening vista of the corridors of time we can see him now. Working, working, delving, earnest, never tiring day and night, early and late, living hard and working hard.

Always the same dear old Murray, with his dip-candle at night and his tin plate at meal times. He struggled on with it all, poor and uncomplaining. But when bewildered in a mathematical labyrinth, old Murray was a staff to lean on and find rest. What was his lot in the chances and changes of life we have never known. But there was a man in him then. And it is a comfort to us now, and a proof that we were not wholly bad, that we sometimes brought him from "Miss Nancy's" on the hill the first and second joints of a chicken leg, to cheer his scanty fare. Dear old Murray!

Do our boys remember Dave Barum and George Horton? How unlike in appearance, in tastes, in pursuits; how diverse in distinction; and yet how sharp and bitter and jealous was their rivalry. Both lineal descendents of Ham. One of the guinea, the other of the bacon type. One a sturdy, short, stout, strong-handed and stout-hearted faithful college servant, a great favorite with the boys, always ready to serve them, of few words, but his words were sense, tending day by day the young sprouts of literature, but without one spark of literature within him. This was Dave. The other, George Horton, was a forest-born poet, who learned his letters while turning his plow at the end of the furrow, and framed his verses while driving his team. On Saturday evening he came up to college from the country with his week's poetical work in manuscript which was ordered by the boys on the Saturday before. When he came he was a lion and attracted all the light from Dave. His average budget of lyrics was about a dozen in number. They were mostly in the love line, and addressed to the girl at home. We usually invested a quarter a week, and gen-

erally to the tune of the girl we left behind us. But once we taxed George's genius with a grave text. We gave him for his muse, "Gar nux erketai" (we believe it's Greek), and explained to him with learned emphasis, that it meant in English—"For the night cometh in which no man can work." He was equal to the task. and brought us a learned poem on "industry," in which occurred the oft-repeated couplet:

"For the yoke of industry is wealth,  
And the yoke of industry is health."

# SCIENCE

## THE WASHINGTON MEETING OF THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES. CONVOCATION WEEK.

THE first winter meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science since the Civil War was held December 29th and January 3rd inclusive. The decision to hold this meeting in the winter was the outgrowth of a plan evolved by representatives of the leading American Universities which designated the first week in January as Convocation Week. Washington was selected for this initial effort, and all institutions which had not provided a holiday of sufficient length to cover that period were urged to give the scientific members of their faculties special leave of absence that they might attend.

The meeting was one of the largest in the history of the Association, 989 members were registered. At the first Boston meeting (1880) 997 were present while the registration at the Centennial at Philadelphia reached 1261, which included 303 complimentary registrations of members of the British Association convening that year for the first time in Canada. There were 363 members of the twenty-three other scientific societies which met in affiliation with the American Association, who were not members of the Association. This made a total of 1352 scientific men in attendance; so the Washington meeting, in the point of numbers, was the greatest gathering of American men of science ever held. From the southern states only fifty men and women of science at-

tended. This was exceedingly unfortunate and a matter in which no pride may be taken. One need not look far to see why the South plays such a small part in science. We need not hope to accomplish much, nor have we a right to expect worthy consideration, when there is such evidence of scientific spirit. It must be gratifying to the Old North State, however, to know that of the 50 men from the South, 17 were from this State, 14 of these being from the University.

The American Association numbers now almost four thousand members. The American ideas of combination appear to be influencing in a measure the various scientific organizations in this country. One evidence of this is found in the simultaneous meeting of the numerous societies concerned with every phase of science: astronomy, botany, chemistry, forestry, physiology, anatomy, physics, mechanical engineering, economics, etc.

The number of papers presented was unusually large, many coming from the most eminent men of science in the United States and Canada. Papers from the North Carolina Geological Survey and Departments of Anatomy, Biology, Botany, Geology, and Chemistry were offered by members of the faculty of this University. No announcement of an epoch-making discovery was made.

A number of interesting formal addresses touching specific lines of work, or work of a somewhat popular nature were delivered. Of the former the writer would refer particularly to "The Life History of a Doctrine" by the dual president of the Association and American Chemical Society, Dr. Remsen; "The Psychology of the Labor Question" by Col. Carroll D. Wright, before the Section of Economics; and "The Universe as an Organ-

ism" by Professor Simon Newcomb, president of the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America. Of the lectures given more particularly for the instruction of the public we would call attention to "Volcanoes of the West Indies" by Professor I. C. Russell of the National Geographic Society, in which personal experiences were recounted; "King Solomon's Mines or the Mines of Opher" by Professor John Hays Hammond, of Yale, the noted South African gold expert; and the "Protection and Direct Coloration of Animals" by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, the naturalist.

Visits to manufacturing plants dependent upon the application of science were limited. Heurich's brewery was inspected and the members had an opportunity of observing the production of liquid air on a commercial scale. A steady stream of liquid air almost an inch in diameter is an interesting sight. Professor Foster, whom many here will recall most pleasantly, gave a demonstration of its properties, uses, etc. All of the government laboratories, museums, botanical gardens, libraries, etc., were open for inspection. The National Standards Bureau, where one may say the gravitational alterations produced in the changing of the mind may be determined to the seventh decimal place, was of the utmost interest.

The Trustees of the Corcoran Art Gallery gave a reception one evening in that magnificent structure whose beauty was enhanced by brilliant illumination. While the meeting was essentially one for work, the social side was far from neglected. There were formal dinners, smokers, teas, receptions (one by the President of the United States), and other forms of entertainment in abundance.

At one dinner—that of the Naturalists—a new feature was presented in the discussion of a selected topic by chosen men. This time the subject “How can Endowments be used most effectively for Scientific Research” was discussed by Professors Chamberlain, Welch, Boas, Wheeler (of Yale), MacMillan, and Wünsterberg.

Attention may be directed to two important resolutions considered and adopted by the Council. The first touched the death of the Surgeon, Major Reed, a Southerner, and graduate of the University of Virginia, who sacrificed his life in determining the etiology of yellow-fever. As a result of his investigation, modern sanitation has controlled and can eliminate that dread disease with perfect ease. It is proposed not only to erect a monument to his memory, but to see that Congress makes ample provision for his widow and children. Should that fail the scientific men of America will see that it is done through other agencies.

The second resolution was in the form of a memorial to the President of the United States to appoint on the Panama Canal Commission a man “with expert knowledge, based upon practical familiarity with tropical diseases, experience in the application of these measures, and large authority in their administration.” Reflection upon one of the main causes of non-success of the former efforts to open up this mid-Continent river impresses one with the wisdom of the suggestion.

A number of Fellows were elevated from the membership rank. Dr. Wheeler of this University was one of the four nominated from the Section of Chemistry and elected by the Council.

Three grants were made from the Research Fund;

\$100.00 to the Concilium Bibliographicum; \$50.00 to Dr. Cattell of Columbia for his work on anthropometry; and \$50.00 to Dr. Baskerville of the University of North Carolina for his work on the rare earths.

It was announced that Dr. F. W. Clarke, Chief Chemist to the United States Geological Survey, and expert on the atomic weights, was to receive the Wilde medal and would deliver an address in Manchester, England, Dalton's old home, on the 100th anniversary of his enunciation of the Atomic Theory. This compliment to American chemists was worthily bestowed.

The General Committee took a decided departure, doubtless not comprehended by many without the Association, in selecting as next president Col. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, from the Section of Economics. That Section had not previously been recognized in the selection of a president. The time for recognition was ripe. Is not the science of wealth, its production and distribution, labor in its organizations and disunions, and the other phases of political economy, of vital importance to this gigantic democracy at this very present? Accepting that fact the selection of the man was simple enough. Dr. Wright is not alone an authority on economic theories, but his life has been spent in rich gleanings from practical experience with social problems touching the advancement of the American people for which the Association labors.

The next meeting will be held Convocation Week in St. Louis, Philadelphia being recommended for the following year.

C. B.

## FICTION

### PIATRA ARSA. \*

**P**ROUD was the beautiful Pauna, very proud. It was not in vain that she had such large dark eyes with black brows, which formed an angle, and an aquiline nose. Her mouth was rather large, but beautifully chiselled, and whenever she talked or laughed you saw her two rows of teeth shine. Her black locks lay like a crown upon her brow, and the people in jest called her "The Emperor's Child" when she went by with her broad shoulders and great strides and held her head as if she were carrying something on it. Yet she was not too proud to turn her head when Tannas passed by, or to listen to him when he talked to her at the dance. But when anyone teased her about him, the red shot up into her cheeks, and a sharp answer rebuked the insolent one.

Tannas was greatly envied by the other fellows, especially as their engagement was considered quite sure. Then the country was invaded and Tannas had to go away with the army, down to the Donau. Pauna suppressed her tears in the presence of the people; but whether she had not shed some in secret, no one dared to ask her.

She always knew how to manage to be one of the first who received news in the village from the army; and when they told one another about the first battles, she had to lean on the stone cross at the entrance to the vil-

\*Translated from the German of "Carmen Sylva" (Queen Elizabeth of Roumania).

lage, she became so dizzy, this strong Pauna. She could no longer sleep at night, and often she had to leave her light burning to keep from seeing the frightful images, which showed her Tannas, dying or dead, covered with wounds.

One dark night she was sitting on the edge of her bed, still dressed, and she did not know that someone without was creeping around the house and now peeping in at her little window. She did not know either that she was beautiful, gazing straight before her with wide-open eyes, her hands clasped on her knees. Then someone knocked on the window, and with a suppressed scream she sprang up and turned her head, piercing the darkness with her eyes. It seemed to her that she saw Tannas, and the next moment she heard her name called softly.

“Pauna, please, dear Pauna, won’t you come out to see me? Don’t be afraid, it is I, Tannas!”

Already Pauna had her hand on the door-latch, now she stood outside and immediately felt herself embraced. But she pushed away the arm which had been placed around her, and said:

“Is it really you? Is there not someone trying to make sport of me?”

“Here, feel your little ring and here the coin at my neck; I couldn’t stand it; I had to see whether you were true to me.”

“Then who sent you away from the army?”

“Me? No one!”

“No one? And you are here? Then is there war no longer?”

“Oh, yes, there is still war, but I have come here secretly for love of you, Pauna.”

"For love of me?" Pauna burst out in a harsh, abrupt laugh. "Do you think then that I am glad to have a deserter for a lover? Go from my sight!"

"Why, Pauna! Is that all your love? To death, to destruction, you are sending me!"

"Go, wherever you please, but I tell you this, never shall I be your wife; for, to have to despise my husband, that is something I could not endure."

"You love another!"

"No, Tannas, you only, you I love, and for you I have lain awake at night; but I never dreamed that I had a coward for a lover." Pauna buried her face in her hands and wept.

"I thought you would receive me gladly and hide me in your house."

"Oh, what a shame!" cried the young girl, "what a shame that I promised myself to you! But I tell you, sooner shall the Bucegi burn than I shall be your wife!"

"And I tell you," cried Tannas, "you shall not see me again until I am a cripple or dead!"

At this moment the two young people were standing face to face, with their eyes sparkling so brightly that they shone in the darkness.

Then a red gleam spread up, and as they looked a peak of the Bucegi seemed to glow. Brighter and brighter became the glow until a red flame seemed to emit stars. The two lovers stood as if turned to stone. Then the windows in the neighboring houses rose; the people called to one another that it was a fire in the forest; no, others said, the mountain was burning. The dogs became noisy. The cocks crew.

Then Pauna seized the young man by the shoulders

and, pushing him far from her, she cried: "Away from here, hide your face! Else I shall die of shame!" And she slammed the door and put out her light. With loud-beating heart she looked after Tannas as he sneaked away in the shadow of the houses, saw the mountain gleam and gradually become dark, and gave no answer when they called her to behold the wonder.

From that day on Pauna was unusually pale. No longer did a smile flit about those lips, which formerly had been so easily contracted in scorn; and no quick reply cut short the raillery which was levelled at her. Quietly she did her work, but she was often so tired, that she would sit down on the well-curb and cool her brow with the water. Sometimes she would look at herself dreamily in the well, or glance up shyly at the Bucegi.

At one time people began to say that Tannas had been in the village; this one and that one claimed to have seen him by the gleam of the burning mountain; and some had even heard his voice with Pauna's. When she was asked about it, beads of perspiration shone like pearls on her brow and about her lips, which trembled slightly as she said: "Was not everything quiet and dark in my room when the mountain was burning?" Pauna's mother shook her head, bit her underlip and remarked that all kinds of remarkable omens were occurring in these evil times.

Then the news came that a great, murderous battle had been fought. Pauna, this time, was the last to be informed of it; she went quickly home, tied up a little bundle, took some provisions along with her in a kerchief, and when her mother asked anxiously where she

was going, she only said: "I'll come back soon, Mother, don't be uneasy about me."

In the evening twilight the battle-field lay extended; thousands of dead were strewn around; horses rolled as they lay dying, or limped about with drooped heads. Around great fires the army lay encamped, and no longer listened to the groans which sounded from the battle-field. The tall figure of a woman wandered alone through the rows, after she had searched through the whole camp and inquired about Tannas. Courageously she approached friend and foe, handed many a one a drink, and viewed the dead carefully. Now it became dead night and the moon lighted up the dismal scene. Still the girl kept wandering hither and thither, kneeling down here and there, laying the head of a dying man on her breast, and seeking on the horribly maimed corpse for a ring and on the neck for a coin. Only once did she reel back in dismay, and that was when she saw some women stripping a corpse. She hurried away, but soon returned again to view the dead anxiously.

The whole camp was sunk in slumber, and still Pauna kept moving about on the battle-field in the moon-light; occasionally she called softly, "Dear Tannas!" Frequently a groan answered her, but she sadly shook her head after she had handed the sufferer a drink. Morning began to dawn softly and the moonlight began to grow paler; then she saw something glitter and when she went up to it a dead man lay there half stripped, but in his hand, on which a little ring glistened, he held something, which he wore around his neck, so firmly clasped that the marauders had evidently desisted from opening his fingers. Pauna recognized her ring and with

the scream, "Dear Tannas!" she sank down beside the body, whose face, covered with blood, was hardly to be recognized.

After a few moments Pauna recovered again and began to bathe the beloved face; she saw, through streaming tears, that both eyes and the nose were slashed by a sword-cut, but she also saw that the blood was oozing out afresh. Now she was sure her lover was not dead and she hastened to moisten his lips and bind his wounds with her kerchief.

Then he began to sigh and, when he heard his name called, he stretched out his hand and ran his fingers across Pauna's face quite awhile. "My Pauna!" he said, scarcely loud enough to be heard. "Let me die, I am blind, I am nothing more in this world."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Pauna, "you are my lover and, please God, you shall be my husband in a short while; just be quiet now, be quiet!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Many long weeks had passed since that morning, weeks in which Pauna had stood day and night at Tannas' bedside and nursed him untiringly. Then two wanderers were seen coming along the street into the village: a blind man in a military cloak, with the badge of honor on his breast; and a girl who was carefully leading him and saying, with happy smiles, to the passers-by: "Here is my fiancé! He is a hero! See the signs on his breast!"

"And in his face!" Tannas added, with a sigh.

Never before had there been such a great wedding; from far and near the people flocked in to pity the beautiful Pauna by the side of the blind man. But she smiled upon them all and said:

"I am proud! I have a hero for my husband! And, thank God, I am strong, I can work for us both!"

But the mountain, which they had seen burning, they called "Piatra Arsa" (the burnt stone), for shepherds and chamois-hunters swore that they had found the rocks there burned to coal.

## A SUMMER EPISODE.

BY D. A. B.

ONE afternoon, shortly after reaching home for the summer vacation, I was strolling down the street and was pleasantly surprised to meet Jack Blair, one of my life-long chums. He had been attending the law school at D—— College, and, as he told me, had just gotten home the night before.

We shook hands heartily and after satisfying each other that the year had been as pleasant as could be expected, Jack said "It's good you are here, old man, for there are two young ladies visiting the Battles and I want you to go with me out to see them. I believe I met one of them—Miss Mary Taylor—some years ago, when we were both small, and I guess you have heard Mrs. Battle speak of the other one—Miss Helen Copeland. They are both related to her."

I readily agreed to his proposition as my time was unoccupied and I was in for anything for diversion. So we drove out the next afternoon.

The Battle place is one of those old, aristocratic-looking, before-the-war, country houses. The house—a square two-story building—sits far back from the main thoroughfare, and is reached by means of a well-shaded driveway which winds through a beautiful green lawn.

Jack began talking to Miss Taylor about having met her, which brought up many incidents of interest, and a lively conversation ensued. I was highly pleased with both of my new acquaintances, especially Miss Cope-

land, who was really prepossessing, and, according to my judgment, unusually pretty—indeed it was just the face I had longed to see and often dreamed of since I had first begun to dream the dream of fair women but was beginning to think it only a delusion, a mere creation of my fancy. But at last I had found the incarnation of the angel of my dreams. The moment I saw her I knew I *could* love her—indeed I already loved her and congratulated myself upon the fact that my companion seemed to have taken such a fancy to Miss Taylor.

In portraying the beauty of Miss Copeland, we must not leave a false impression as to the other young lady. Miss Taylor, while not beautiful, had an open frank face and earnest eyes looking out from under a mass of dark hair. From her appearance and manner, I believed we might be the warmest of friends, and imagined her a most charming and profitable companion.

But back to the afternoon of our first visit. The first visit is always the most unsatisfactory. You never know exactly what to say or how to do. Especially, in the present case, did I find myself in a precarious predicament, since I felt that no subject, except one, would be at all interesting to me, and I knew it would never do to introduce *that one* then.

The result was that I was tremendously stupid, which was very evident judging from the expression on Miss Copeland's face. But this was not all. Blunders like troubles, seldom come in single file. Through our general conversation I caught the name of a young gentleman who had attempted to pay Miss Copeland attention, but whom, I found later, she detested. However I did not know that until too late, and forgetting every-

thing except that I had made a miserable failure in my attempt to converse, I immediately began to tease her about this young man.

The great dramatist said; "Love is blind," and it proved true in this case. I was repeating a fib about hoping Mr. Nash (for this was the young man's name) might come down soon, for the hundredth time when Jack proposed that we leave as it was almost night. As I rose and started to the door Jack crossed over and began talking to Miss Copeland.

Perhaps it was imagination on my part but it seemed to me that Miss Copeland's face brightened up when he approached her. At any rate I felt an uncontrollable twang akin to jealousy rise up within me as I glanced at them. However I braced myself up and stammered something to Miss Taylor. Much to my comfort and relief, she was willing to do most of the talking.

As there seemed no end to Miss Copeland's and Jack's tete-a-tete I took the liberty to announce that it was really growing late.

I must confess I felt a good deal more relieved when I heard Jack bidding Miss Copeland adieu.

We rode in silence down the lane and out into the main road, each of us seeming rapt in his own thoughts.

It was indeed a night conducive to contemplation; bright with the pale light of the moon in addition to that meditative quietness which the night only can produce. Not a sound was heard, except the continual jar of the wheels, and now and then the note of a stray bird far off in the adjacent woods.

Presently my companion moved and addressed me somewhat abruptly.

"By Jove, old man, Miss Copeland is a beauty, isn't she?"

"Well, yes," I returned.

"And that isn't all," continued Jack, "I verily believe I'm in love with her in spite of myself."

"Indeed?" I replied with a sardonic expression.

"Yes, old fellow I know I'm a fool, and all that—I can't help it—I wish I could. I'm going to try my hand out here even if I wind up in a miserable failure."

I said nothing, but bit my lips and thought over the afternoon from another standpoint.

"And he too is in love with her," thought I. Well, evidently he doesn't suspect me of the same weakness, and that isn't all, he sha'n't know anything about it.

The sudden stopping of the horse reminded us that we were at my companion's home. Jack drew up the reins and offered to drive me on down the street where I lived, but I told him I really preferred walking and jumped out, said goodnight and started off at a brisk gate.

"Oh," chuckled I to myself with a little bitterness, "I know all of your plans, but you are entirely ignorant of mine.—Wait, and see the end. Time will prove all things."

During the next two weeks our visits to the Battle place were very frequent. It happened that we saw the young ladies almost every day. Somehow Miss Copeland and Jack always made it convenient to be together, and each day brought new proof to me, in spite of all my attempts to believe the contrary, that the friendship was no one-sided affair.

Owing to these circumstances I was thrown with Miss

Taylor, whom I found, as I expected, a most affable companion.

From her I gathered much concerning Miss Copeland.

"I don't think there is any doubt about the fact that his affection is returned," she once said, after I had given my opinion that Jack was "pretty far gone."

"And why do you think that?" I rejoined, shrugging my shoulders and looking away in the distance vacantly.

"Well you know, 'actions speaks louder than words,' we are told," responded my companion, "I hardly know, whether that is true or not, I have my serious doubts about it. But when actions and words are coupled to substantiate a supposition, I can hardly doubt it, and that is the kind of proof I have for making the assertion, that is, if I am not entirely mistaken in the person and I can't conceive of that, for I have known Helen all my life."

This was too much. It was all that I could do to suppress the words which involuntarily bubbled up, and hide my feelings. The best thing that appeared to me was to turn the conversation, so I interrupted her with a forced laugh, saying, "Yes,—I see,———I see,——— Miss Taylor did you say that you liked the 'Right of Way'?" The truth was Miss Taylor had said nothing about the "Right of Way" but in my confusion and haste to change the topic, I had struck upon the first subject, which, by chance, crossed my mind.

The remaining days of their visit confirmed beyond all doubt the truth of Miss Taylor's conclusion. The last hope was driven from me; I turned and faced the inevitable. It was like the dawning of a dark, dreary morning, which one had hoped would be bright and fair,

but when he awakes and looks out upon the darkness and feels the dampness, tries to persuade himself that it is yet night and refuses to be convinced, until he sees the dull traces of the sun behind some dark cloud, and hears the muffled sound of footsteps on the pavements below telling of life and activity.

The last day of the visit came and quickly sped. "The Summer Episode is over," I said, although something within told me I knew it was a lie and Jack Blair's bright face and happy demeanor corroborated the latter statement. Indeed it was untrue in regard to both of us. Jack certainly expected to finish his part of it at a later day, and I, although I declared a thousand times that it must be a thing of the past, *it would not*, but on the contrary, seemed to return with new force, each time I attempted to defeat it.

It will not be surprising that under such circumstances, I hailed with delight the day when I had to return to the University. It would at least give me something to do, and that's such a great help in such a battle as mine.

Jack returned to his College a week ago to complete his study of law, proposing to stand before the Supreme Court at its next term, which would begin its session in a few weeks. I had been back at the University about a month. It was a gloomy evening, having rained all day; I was sitting alone in my room, trying to study one of to-morrow's lessons, but between the approaching darkness and my reminiscent mood, I was making little headway, when suddenly my room-mate ran in, threw a letter on the table beside me and rushed out, slamming the door behind him.

I tore it open and read.

"MY DEAR EDWIN:—Received my license O.K. Shall practice with Col. Strange in W.— who has taken me in as a partner. But this is just half of what I am going to tell you, "The Summer Episode" as you called it is not over yet. For me it has hardly begun as it is a lifetime affair with us, (Helen and me). You understand. I'm the happiest fellow on the globe, so happy that I just couldn't keep it all to myself and of course I had to sit down and tell you about it.

"Goodbye, and good luck,

"Hastily,

"JACK."

I leaned back in my chair, and closed my eyes with a long sigh. "Nor is it over with me," I muttered, dropping my face in my hands.

The last lingering signs of summer are one by one fading, yielding to the invincible chill of advancing winter. The long pent up frost and cold have broken the bonds that bind them and are blighting the whole face of Nature. All is changed. I almost forget, as I look out of my window, that the bare, gnarled, old oaks only two months ago, wore a rich garment of green, and every field was fresh with fragrance. But the summer still lives and lingers in me. In vain I have tried to drive it away. No matter how busy the day, its memories find time to haunt me, and the slumbers of night bring to me the same face, as of old. I know it is no longer a delusion, but to *me*, it must ever be a dream of a dream.

## BOOKS

*The Blue Flower.* Henry Van Dyke. N. Y. Scribner's.  
\$1.50.

Few, if any, of the many holiday books of the past year have a more attractive, artistic finish than has Dr. Van Dyke's latest book, "The Blue Flower." Possibly no work classed under the head of pure fiction and generally read because of its classification without reference to its real subject matter, has been so homiletic in spirit, yet at the same time infinitely pleasing and free from the dryness which usually attaches to sermonizing as is this.

Through a series of nine charming short stories Dr. Van Dyke shows how all men are engaged in what Dr. Hillis, in a recent book, has seen fit to style the "Quest of Happiness." Ambition, with its thousand-and-one devices, is represented as urging all men forward to some coveted prize. Toil, hardship, adversity,—none of these daunt them in their search, nevertheless, however infinite the suffering endured, the quest is realized only in so far as character is formed in its prosecution. To catch a glimpse of the Blue Flower, symbolical of happiness, to gain wealth, influence, or what not,—this is not to die happy; for the genuine pleasures of life have their being in character. This is the sermon which the author quietly, yet persistently preaches.

In "The Blue Flower" Dr. Van Dyke departs from the haunts and scenes which he has made feelingly dear to his readers. He has enlarged his horizon and has

allowed himself greater freedom in the choice of material for his stories than heretofore. He draws, this time, upon the continent and the orient, as well as upon the homeland. In reality, only one of his stories is not in familiar scenes; but in it the French Canadian hunter, the moose, the trout, the canoe, the rifle, the trees, the rivers,—all live again and their life, if anything, is fresher, more soothing to the feelings than ever before.

Here, then, is a new book, new scenes, new personages; but through all that is new Dr. Van Dyke causes to be seen clearly, distinctly, this one thought: seek what you will, achieve what you may, you cannot, by reason of your achievement, gain happiness. Happiness springs from character. Build that.

L. R. WILSON.

*The Valley of Decision.* Mrs. Edith Wharton. N. Y. Scribner's. \$1.50.

This book presents an interesting, serious study of life in Italy just previous to the outburst which we call "The French Revolution." There is no thrilling plot, no blood stirring adventures, yet the author holds the reader's interest throughout the story, and leaves one with the strong impression that "The Slough of Vacillation" would have been a more appropriate title for the book. In drawing the hero Mrs. Wharton has given us a strong picture of a weak man; her women are her noblest characters, with one exception; an unusual peculiarity of a book written by a woman. The *morale* of the story seems to be the undoing of any man who surrenders too far to "petticoat government."

*Henry Worthington, Idealist.* Sherwood. McMillan & Co. \$1.50.

This is the title of a good, strong story. The book stands for the domination of conscience. The reader, and especially the college student, will side from the beginning with Henry Worthington, the young Economics Professor at Winthrop University. In his study of economic problems about him, he finds that he cannot approve the policy of the Faculty in accepting a certain endowment fund earned by questionable means. He makes a protest and his resignation is called for. That is the main part of the novel but a good love affair, with its usual ups and downs, is interwoven with the main story. The book is good and the story is admirably handled. It is well worth reading. The martial hero and simpering heroine of the historical novel are alike forgotten and without regret as we follow the fortunes of this manly professor.

W. P. WOOD.

*The James Sprunt Historical Monograph.* Chapel Hill. University Press. \$1.00.

The James Sprunt Historical Monograph No. 3 is one of the best productions of the University Press.

It is a collection of letters of Nathaniel Macon, John Steele and William Barry Grove, with explanatory notes and sketches of the writers by Dr. Kemp P. Battle. These letters were written at various times from 1792 to 1824 and deal with the public events of that most important period of our government, the first three decades of its existence.

The correspondence of Macon and Steele is particu-

larly interesting. Steele, at the time, had retired from public life, and Macon is a member of Congress. Their letters, as Steele says, give the views of the private citizen in the background and of the active soldier in the front ranks. Both men were strict construction Republicans, and their letters savour strongly of the spirit of their party. This is strikingly shown in letters of Steele, concerning the case of Marbury vs. Madison, in which he takes the ultra-democratic position that the Legislature is the supreme arm of government, and hence cannot have its acts declared unconstitutional by the Judiciary. The letters of Grove, on the other hand, are full of Federalist ideas.

The Monograph is well arranged and very readable. The styles of the writers are good, the notes copious, and the sketches of the writers full and explanatory to their letters. To one interested in the early history of our State and nation the book will prove of great value. Like former numbers, Monograph No. 3 is a very creditable publication of the University.

J. KENYON WILSON.

*Raleigh and the Old Town of Bloomsburg.* North Carolina Booklet Co. Raleigh, N. C.

We learn from this booklet of the formation and naming of Wake County, of the struggles attending and of the final selection of Raleigh as the capital of North Carolina.

Subjects which we might expect to be dry in the extreme Dr. Battle has succeeded in making far from dry, in fact very interesting by giving all through highly

descriptive pictures of wealthy plantation life and of the early uses to which the old brick State House was put, namely, patriotic festivals, religious congregations, political meetings, theatrical performances and the like.

In all then, the reader, in addition to learning some valuable facts concerning the State's capital, gets a distinct notion of the activities of our ancestors.

J. ROBT. COX.

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#### MOST POPULAR FICTION.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan.  
 The Virginian. Wister.  
 The Two Vanrevells. Tarkington.  
 The Vultures. Merriman.  
 Cecilia. Crawford.  
 The Blue Flower. Van Dyke.  
 The Crisis. Churchill.

Most popular books other than Fiction arranged in order of their popularity:

All the Russias. Norman-Locrish.  
 The Making of an American. Riis.  
 Democracy and Social Ethics. Addams.  
 Varieties of Religious Experience. James.  
 Up from Slavery. Washington.  
 Francesca da Rimini. D'Annunzio.  
 The Strenuous Life. Roosevelt.  
 The Empire of Business. Carnegie.

## LIBRARY NOTES.

Books taken out of Library during January:

Fiction, - - - -	973
English, - - - -	156
Political Economy, - -	101
History, - - - -	45
	<hr/>
Total, - - - -	1275
All others, - - - -	256
	<hr/>
Grand Total, - -	1531

# University Magazine.

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Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

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## EDITOR'S PAGE

### I.

For the third time this college year the chief-editorship of the Magazine has changed hands. The present editor-in-chief could very appropriately repeat the first editorial in last month's issue; Mr. Gordon has already arranged for the greater part of this number and to him belongs the credit. Messrs. Bynum and Gordon have raised the Magazine to a high standard; the reviews and exchange departments in other college magazines have spoken very highly of our periodical and the present editor-in-chief recognizes the fact that it is very much

"up-to-him" to keep it up on its present high plane. That he may be enabled to get out a Magazine in every way worthy of the institution is his earnest desire.

## II.

Amid the general chorus of praise for the Magazine we have heard but one dissenting voice and this critic spoke as follows: "The Magazine is as sorry as h—l; why don't you put sump'n' funny in it?"

Now we love "sump'n' funny" as much as any man, if not more, and when the right kind of "sump'n' funny" is handed in we will gladly publish it, but, lest the above sentiments be shared by others, we will try to explain our position. It seems to us that a college magazine should represent the institution's serious thought—not that its matter should be so solemn and weighty as to be wearisome but that what goes in it should be worth preservation; it is true we are not always able to get material of this sort, but we are doing the best we can. The *Tar Heel*—no disparagement being meant to that excellent publication—stands for the every day thoughts and doings of the college—lectures, athletics, local happenings, etc.; but the Magazine should represent thought that is permanent, lasting, enduring and worth preservation. And this ideal we shall endeavor to keep in view.

## III.

Again we wish to call attention to the Library Reading Course prizes. Two prizes of the value of fifteen and ten dollars, respectively, are to be awarded to the two members of the class of 1905 who do best and second best work in a general reading, known as the Library Reading Course. This course was offered last year for the

class of 1904 and the same again this year for 1905. How often we hear someone say, "Yes, I have read that book but I can't recall a thing about it." Now this course is intended to prevent such a thing as this; it will teach one how to read systematically and understandingly and we earnestly advise the class of 1905 to think it over.

## IV.

We give in this issue the late Dr. Linscott's lecture which many will remember was delivered in Gerrard Hall last Fall. It appeared in the October number of the *South Atlantic Quarterly* under the title "Pure Scholarship; Its Place in Civilization," and is reprinted from that publication by the kind permission of its editor, Dr. John Spencer Bassett, of Trinity College, Durham, N. C. This title in this issue has been changed by special request to "Pure Scholarship and the College." We are sure all will be interested in Dr. Linscott's poems printed in this issue by the kind permission of Mrs. Linscott and in the fine cut of him we have as a frontispiece.

## V.

Further evidence that the Magazine is receiving attention and from abroad, too, is shown in the fact that *The Literary Digest*, in a recent issue, devoted over two columns, that is, over a page, to Dr. C. Alphonso Smith's article in our December issue on "Bible Study." The article is quoted from extensively and numerous comments made on different passages.

## VI.

The two short sketches we have this issue, "Old-time

Hazing at the University," and "University Reminiscences" are reprinted from "Grandfather's Tales of North Carolina History," by Col. R. B. Creecy, of Elizabeth City, whose portrait was published in a previous issue. This book deserves more attention than is given it. It has many things in it of special interest to the University man.

## COLLEGE RECORD

- Jan. 2. Registration begins.
- Jan. 5. Lectures begin.
- Jan. 11. Services in Chapel by Rev. J. W. Fry, University preacher for January.
- Jan. 13. 145th Meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society.
- Jan. 14. Faculty lecture by Professor J. W. Gore on "The Sun."
- Jan. 15. J. C. B. Ehringhaus elected Chief Ball Manager.
- Jan. 16. Fresh Election—Pres. E. McDonald; 1st Vice-Pres. P. E. Seagle; 2nd Vice-Pres. Q. S. Mills.
- Jan. 17. A. W. Latta elected Chief Marshall.
- Jan. 21. Star Lecture by Garrett P. Serviss on "How Worlds are Made."
- Jan. 22. Meeting of Shakespeare Club.
- Jan. 25. Services in Chapel by Mr. J. E. McCulloch, Y. M. C. A. Secretary.
- Jan. 26. Services in Chapel by Mr. J. E. McCulloch, Y. M. C. A. Secretary.
- Jan. 28. Star Lecture by Mr. Geo. R. Wendling on "The Man of Galilee."

# ALUMNI

## I. NOTES.

Edward Wood, B. S. '99, M. D., U. of Pa., is now practising medicine in Wilmington.

Fred F. Bahnson, '96, has just completed a large electric plant for the Montgomery Light and Power Co., Montgomery, Ala.

E. V. Patterson, '99, is now chemist in a silk mill at Ilchester, Md.

R. P. Conley, ex-'02, is with the Bell Telephone Co., in Charlotte. He is general inspector.

Alex. S. Howe, <sup>anec</sup> ex-'03, is in the hosiery business at Winston, N. C.

Chas. H. Johnson, '98, has been recently elected Professor of Philosophy in the University of Argentine Republic.

R. H. Bellamy, Med. '00, is now practicing medicine at his home in Wilmington.

R. G. Lassiter, '03, has left college for the Spring term. He has charge of a copper mine at Virgilina, Va.

W. A. Lucas, ex-'02, is now in college taking a course in law.

W. P. Jacocks, '04, is teaching school at White Cross. He will return next year and graduate.

The University is well represented in both houses of the General Assembly. She has twelve members in the Senate and twenty-nine in the House from the number of her alumni.

In the Senate are:—First District, P. W. McMullan, Ph. B. '97, Law '98, Elizabeth City; Second District, S. S. Mann, Law '88-9, Swanquarter; Fifth District, Donnell Gilliam, Acad. '77-8, Law '80-2, Tarboro; Eighth District, T. D. Warren, B. L. '99, Trenton; Fifteenth District, H. L. Godwin, Acad. '95-6, Dunn; Twentieth District, A. J. Burton, Acad. '63-6, Reidsville; Twenty-second District, H. A. London, A. B. '65, Pittsboro; Twenty-fifth District, H. U. Pharr, Law '88-9, Charlotte; Twenty-sixth District, J. S. Henderson, Acad. '62-4, Salisbury; Thirtieth District, R. B. McLaughlin, Law '88-9, Statesville; Thirty-third District, C. R. Hoey, Law '99, Shelby; Thirty-seventh District, C. A. Webb, A. B. '99, Asheville.

In the House of Representatives: Alamance, R. M. Scott, Acad. '77-'82, Melville; Alleghany, R. A. Dough-ton, Law '77-8, Sparta; Anson, J. A. McRae, ex-'03, Acad., White Store; Burke, J. E. Erwin, Acad. '84-6, Morganton; Catawba, W. A. Self, A. B. '86, Hickory, Davidson, Harlee MacCall, Acad. '91-2, '93-5, Lexington; Davie, A. T. Grant, Jr., Law '96-7, Mocksville; Durham, Jones Fuller, Acad. '96-8, Durham; Granville, A. W. Graham, A. B. '68, Oxford; Greene, F. L. Carr, Ph. B. '95, Castoria; Guilford, Westcott Robinson, A. B. '96, High Point; Halifax, W. F. Parker, Acad. '61-2, Enfield; Jackson, C. C. Cowan, Law '93-5, Webster; Jones, A. H. White, Law '94-5, Pollocksville; Lincoln, A. L. Quickel, B. L. '95, Lincolnton; Martin, Harry W. Stubbs, Acad. '75-7, Williamston; Mecklenburg, R. C. Freeman, Law '97-8, Dixie; Montgomery, C. T. Luther, Law '99, Troy; Orange, Speaker S. M. Gattis, Ph. B. '84, Hillsboro; Richmond, A. S. Dockery, Acad. '93-4, Law '95-7, Rock-

ingham; Rockingham, Ira Humphrey, '00-1, Reidsville; Rowan, Walter Murphy, Acad. '89-'90, Law 92-4, Salisbury; Rowan, Burton Craig, A. B. '97, Law '01, Salisbury; Rutherford, W. F. Rucker, Acad. '94-7, Law '99-'00, Rutherfordton; Surry, J. H. Dobson, Acad. '75-7, Dobson; Union, C. U. Simpson, Phar. '99-'01, Monroe; Wayne, H. B. Parker, Jr., Acad. '89-'90, Law '91-2, Goldsboro; Yadkin, Frank Benbow, Law '93-4; Yancey, J. B. Ray, Law '02, Burnsville.

## II. MARRIAGES.

Joel Whitaker, '95-6, Med. '96-7, was married in Ridgeway on January 27th to Miss Lula Hawkins.

Henry Johnston, '90, was married December 31st at Tarboro to Miss Lizzie Nash.

S. F. Austin, '93, Attorney-at-Law, was married on January 14th, 1903, to Miss Ida Reaves Bachelor, of Nashville, N. C.

## III. NECROLOGY.

Batchelor, Joseph Branch, matriculated from Halifax County, A. B. 1845. Resided in Halifax, Warrenton and Raleigh. Assemblyman, Attorney-General, member of French Commission. Born September 5th, 1825, died January 11th, 1903, at Raleigh.

Blount, Samuel Masters, Washington, N. C., student 1886-'89, law student 1890-'91. Lawyer at Washington. Born October 29th, 1865; died December 30th, 1902.

Eason, Robert Ransom, matriculated from Selma, N. C., Ph. B. 1891. Teacher at Elizabeth City, Superintendent of Graded Schools at Eloise, Texas. Born September 19th, 1867; died October 14th, 1902.

Johnson, Francis S., matriculated from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, student 1864-'65. Adjutant C. S. A., lawyer at Little Rock, Arkansas. Born 1847; died September 24th, 1902.

Shaw, Angus Barry, matriculated from Rockingham, N. C., student 1886-'87. Farmer. Born October 11th, 1868; died at Maxton in July, 1902.





WILLIAM RUFUS KING

# University Magazine.

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## WILLIAM RUFUS KING.

BY E. S. W. DAMERON.

IT is to be presumed that every student and every graduate of the University takes pride in reviewing its past history and in recounting the names and studying the lives of those who make up its long roll of honor.

Near the top of this roll stands the name of him whose portrait appears on the opposite page. Wm. Rufus King was born in Sampson County, North Carolina, April 6, 1796, and died in Dallas County, Alabama, April 18, 1853, on the the threshold of his threescore years and ten.

Of his boyhood little need be said; for it was spent very much as was that of other boys of his time and circumstances. Besides, our chief interest is in what he did at the University and in the service of his country, state and nation, after his graduation. Suffice it to say, then, that he prepared himself for college at Grove Academy, Duplin county.

At fifteen years of age he entered the University. Unfortunately, the record of his career here is very incomplete. The ravages of a century have despoiled his Alma Mater of all account of his college life, except a few musty pages among the archives of the Philanthropic Society.

From these few pages one may glean that he stood high in scholarship, debate and executive ability; and that he was exceedingly popular with his fellows. He held almost every office in the gift of his society. In debate he was frequently pitted against no less formidable opponents than John Eaton and Joseph J. Daniel, afterward Associate Justice of the Supreme Court for sixteen years. On one occasion King and Eaton defended opposite sides of the question, "Which has done the greater service for his country, Washington or Franklin?" "Will the purchase of Louisiana eventuate in the happiness of the United States?" "Should the government be committed to the hands of the clergy?" "Was the French Revolution beneficial to the world?" were other questions that met with ardent discussion at the hands of King and his fellow-members.

Certainly this society work was no insignificant factor in the training of Mr. King. There is no doubt that it was in the Philanthropic Society that he acquired that clear, concise, logical style of speaking which evoked so many tributes of praise in the obituary addresses delivered upon the occasion of his death in both houses of the National Congress. It was in this society also that, by thoroughly familiarizing himself with parliamentary usage, he made a good start toward the presidency of the United States Senate.

Soon after his graduation in 1803, Mr. King took up the study of law in the office of Wm. Duffie, at Fayetteville, N. C., and in 1806 entered upon the practice of his profession.

His long and eventful public career dates from the same year. While yet a youth of only twenty, he was

chosen by his native county as one of her representatives in the Legislature of the State. He soon won the confidence and esteem of that body, which attested its high regard for him by appointing him solicitor for the district of Wilmington. In that capacity he served two years, then resigned, and accepted a second time a seat in the State Legislature.

In the following year, 1820, as a War-Democrat and as the youngest member of the House, he was elected to a seat in the popular branch of the National Congress. Here he remained six years.

It will be observed that these years stand out as an epoch in American history. "Free trade and seaman's rights,"—these words strike the key-note of the time. Then our government adopted wise laws and fell back upon the never-failing valor of the American soldiery for their enforcement. Official records connect the name of Wm. R. King with the most important political measures of this memorable period.

In 1816, Wm. Pinkney caused Mr. King to be appointed as his Secretary of Legation to the kingdom of Naples first, and afterward to Russia. Thus the latter was able to add to his store of knowledge, already immense, that fund of useful information that every observant man gains from extensive travel.

Returning to his native land in 1819, Mr. King moved to the nascent State of Alabama. He had an important part in the framing of her constitution, and upon her admission into the Union, he was chosen as one of her first pair of senators.

The Senate became Mr. King's home. Save one short interruption in 1844, he remained there for thirty years.

There his excellent powers could find full scope, and they brought him to the front.

Giant intellects there were then in the Senate. Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Hayne and Buchanan were there. To be sure, many of these were more brilliant debaters than King; more gifted than he in those dazzling attributes which constitute what is called genius; yet no one possessed a larger share of the "boni senatoris prudentia," so highly valued by Cicero. His speeches, drawn from the great store-house of his knowledge, animated by a sincere patriotism and re-enforced by a spotless character, were always clear and sensible, and never failed to elicit the attention of the Senate. His thorough acquaintance with the rules of order, his clear voice, and his commanding yet courteous dignity made him the choice for President of the Senate in the absence of the Vice-President. Hon. Robert Strange, in his eulogy on the life and character of Mr. King, said: "No one was bold enough to differ with Mr. King upon a question of order."

Some have said that the most important event in Mr. King's long public career was the triumph of his diplomacy with reference to the annexation of Texas. Sent by his country in 1844 as Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of France, Mr. King soon got from Louis Philippe a plain avowal of France's intended policy respecting the proposed annexation. Thus assured of non-interference on the part of France in the event of attempted annexation, our government was not long in incorporating the vast territory of Texas into the Union.

In 1848 Mr. King was returned to his old home, the Senate, where still higher honors awaited him. When, upon the death of President Taylor, Mr. Filmore was

promoted to the Presidency, Mr. King was unanimously chosen to be President of the Senate. This step was soon to receive the sanction of the American people. In November, 1852, Franklin Pierce and Wm. Rufus King were declared President and Vice-President of the United States, by the arbitrament of the free ballot.

In the office of Vice-President Mr. King had reached the crowning honor of his life—an honor second to but one in the whole world. But it was his crowning honor only because his life was nearing its sunset. Consumption, that insidious and eternal foe alike to great and small, was devouring another victim.

Mr. King's physicians advised him to go to the West Indies. This he did. By a special act of Congress he was allowed to take the oath of office in Cuba. But the tropical breezes possessed no balm for him, and he began to long for his native land. Thither he was carried; and amid the luxuriant spring-time verdure and bloom of his adopted state, "in the bosom of the people he had loved so well" and served so long and faithfully, he calmly passed away, saying as he passed, "Be silent let me die."

The following are note-worthy appreciations of the character and public life of Mr. King:

House of Representatives, December 8, 1853, Mr. Harris, of Alabama: "His popularity was not the result of those factitious aids which give to demagogues and political tricksters an ephemeral existence, but was the natural consequence and well deserved recompense of his qualities of head and heart."—Senate, December 8, 1853, —Mr. Cass, of Michigan: "He was a sincere Christian; adding another to the long list of eminent men who

have searched the gospel of Jesus and have found it the will and word of God."—Supreme Court, December 9, 1853,—Attorney-General Cushing: "An upright, spotless, high-minded, chivalric American Senator." Chief-Justice Taney: "His public life was marked throughout by its purity, integrity, and disinterested devotion to the public good." President Pierce, in his annual message to Congress: "His loss to the country has been justly regarded as irreparable."

These tributes came voluntarily from the wise and mighty associates too, of Mr. King, and therefore capable of speaking authoritatively.

The University is justly proud of her son's illustrious career. And well may we who now linger in these "classic shades," once beloved by him, turn for inspiration and encouragement to the life and character of Wm. Rufus King.

THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL CAN KNOW.

THE following lines appeared in the Charlotte Journal of July 24, 1850. It is thought that they were written by Philo Henderson, of Mecklenburg County, Class of 1843, U. N. C.

Though earth has many a beautiful spot,  
As a poet or painter can show,  
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,  
To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad sight,  
Is the land that no mortal can know.

There the crystalline stream, bursting forth from the throne,  
Flows on, and forever will flow;  
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,  
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,  
In the land which no mortal can know.

And there on its margin, with leaves ever green,  
With its fruits healing sickness or woe,  
The fair Tree of Life in its glory and pride,  
Is fed by the deep, inexhaustable tide  
Of the land which no mortal can know.

There, too, are the lost, whom we loved on this earth,  
With whose mem'ries our bosoms yet glow,  
Their relics we gave to place of the dead,  
But their glorified spirit before us have fled  
To the land which no mortal can know.

Oh, who but must pine in this dark vale of tears,  
From its clouds and its shadows to go?  
To walk in the light of the glory above,  
And to share in the peace and the joy and the love  
Of that land which no mortal can know.

# LETTERS

## WAS HENRY ESMOND A PRIG?

BY B. F. HUSKE.

THACKERAY once replied to a critic who expressed great admiration for Henry Esmond, that Esmond was a prig.

The motive which prompted Thackeray to give this estimate of Esmond was probably, either a sense of modesty or a belief that Esmond was, in a way at least, a sconeited and punctilious coxcomb. A consideration of the character of Henry Esmond will be a good preparation for us in order to see which was the motive of Thackeray and whether the criticism was just or not.

The childhood of Esmond was darkened and toned by his own melancholy nature and by the view which he held in regard to the "unfortunate circumstances" of his birth. The result of this latter was to foreshadow to the young man a gloomy future and to consign him to a place of degradation and isolation among his associates. His was a nature to love and he devoutly cherished any act of kindness, or of tenderness. His childish heart was blighted by the loneliness of his early life and, thus thrust upon itself, the soul of the boy brooded over his strange lot in life and, in this way, ideals and conceptions not exactly fitted for active, strenuous life took their place in his mind. He tried to tell the truth and he resolved to be faithful to his "dear mistress," these were the inspirations of his boyhood. He looked for-

ward, perhaps with misgivings, to the life of a priest, and yet with this end in view he shaped his course for a while. This was the kind of life that he led in college too, for at Cambridge his most constant companions were his own gloomy thoughts.

In the actual beginning of his manhood, he learned that his birth was legitimate, but he resolved to keep this fact a secret, in order that his "dear mistress" and her children might not be deprived of their inheritances.

This secret knowledge was a help to the young man, for it gave him more independence of spirit, and increased his natural prosperity. Though suffering and trial, in battle and camp, he continued to grow into a strong, self-reliant man. During all this time, amid changing circumstances, he still remained faithful to his mistress, and true to his decision to leave the estates and titles to her children; for her he continued firm in love and self-sacrifice. This beautiful devotion was the great purifying power in his life.

For ten years he loved Beatrice Castlewood, his cousin and the daughter of his mistress. Wildly and constantly he loved her most of this time, until she destroyed his respect for her. Led astray by the allurements of the rank and the charms of the personality of the Pretender, Chevalier St. George, Beatrice forgot to preserve intact the sanctity of her womanly emotions, and Esmond's love was crushed in an instant. The last and most peaceful of Henry Esmond's days were spent in caring for his old mistress, then his wife.

This rather brief survey of the character of Henry Esmond indicates that his whole life was a struggle, high minded and earnest, to realize his purposes. Often

he would almost seem to preach to his friends, but we must realize that he was old in the cares of life, sober in the spirit of conduct, and that he lived not to appear best to others, but to do most for others. In fact, few lives of this type are jovial, few men of this mould that are not puritanical. The time he seems to be most pedantic is where he advises and talks to the young Prince, whose fate is largely in his hands. But here his was a responsible position, for he was the guardian of the prince, the kinsman of Beatrice, the head of the house of Esmond, and it was his duty to be cautious; add to this that he loved Beatrice intensely and cherished her purity, and then remember that he knew the lascivious character of James. We see, therefore, that if he had been careless, he would have been false to himself, and that it was right for him to guard against possible mishap. If he was ever fastidious, it was perhaps when he let his love for Beatrix die because of the kiss of the Prince; but if it were being a prig to require absolute purity of a woman, then it was well for him to be a prig. If he was conceited, his conduct and his manner would show it; but it was natural for him, who knew he was better than the world thought, to take a just pride in that fact. No man, however, if he was entirely vain, could give up his claim to an honorable name for the sake of another, and this is what Henry Esmond did, when, for the sake of his mistress he acknowledged his alleged illegitimacy.

## FICTION

### SANDY'S STROKE OF POLICY.

SANDY told me this story one night while we were seated around a rousing campfire in the heart of the Appalachians, and Dave verified it. On every side of us the boundless Appalachian forest was giving off its thousand and one night noises, and above us the matchless Appalachian sky was glowing and twinkling like no other sky in the world.

Sandy and Dave are two moon-shiners, and I was staying at their cabin through the hunting season. We had gone out on this night to hunt coons, but we had met with ill luck.

In crossing a small creek the dogs scented the trail of a coon, and followed at the top of their lungs. The coon led them a heat of half a mile, then, losing interest in the chase, he took to the creek and went quietly up it, grabbling under the rock for crawfish and periwinkles, while the dogs were making music over the scent floating down a quarter of a mile below.

Dave blew his ram's horn hunting trumpet till he was purple in the face, but the dogs were busy with the coon-scent, and paid not the least attention. So we waited for them to learn their mistake as every dog and every man must learn his mistakes sooner or later—by actual, painful experience.

To facilitate the waiting we built a fire, and lay down and slept, and when we waked a strange thing happened.

The dogs were out of hearing. Dave walked a few steps into the forest and put his ear to the ground to listen for them.

"You won't be apt to git any hearin' from that course," said Sandy in his matter-of-fact way. "You see, Davy," he added with a grin, "it's not likely they've trotted around through Chiny, and are comin' in at the back door."

Dave returned to the fire, looked about him critically, and said with decision:

"If that's not the way we come up then my head's no better'n a gourd."

"Well, that's not th' way we come, an' your head's much wuss 'an a gourd," replied Sandy coolly. And he picked up a brand from the fire and showed Dave our tracks coming from exactly the opposite direction.

Dave was dumbfounded.

"You're a blazin' heap bigger fool 'n I took you to be," continued Sandy. "You needn't think 'cause you rolled over in your sleep that this whole hulkin' globe went tumblin' over wid you. 'Taint th' nature uv th' thing to turn but once a day. "You see," he said turning to me, "when a man goes to sleep wid his mug facin' one way an' wakes up wid it facin' another, he's lost his bearin's on account o' not knowin' he's changed front, an' unless he can find some lan'-marks to hook on to he'll be more or less in th' wind. That's Davy's troubles to a z. He was snoozin' away on his left side, a root or somethin' hurt him an' he lopped over on his right widout ever suspicionin' that he had moved so much as a toe-nail. By consequence when he waked up he was lookin' the world in the small uv th' back instid uv between th' eyes.

"And that minds me uv a ruther peculiar experience that a revenue officer had once, which I happened to be along an' see. But we'd better move on down the creek an' find them silly dogs before they chase that coon scent clean to the Atlantic."

"Tell us about the revenue officer and let the dogs take care of themselves," I urged, well knowing that one of Sandy's stories was worth many coons and coon-dogs.

He raked up an armful of leaves for a seat, leaned his back against a tree and began.

"It wuz three years ago last brandy-making time. Dave wuz home sick—somethin' wrong wid his maw—an' I wuz crowdin' th' still night an' day tryin' to keep up wid orders. They wuz goin' to be a camp-meetin' or 'lection or somethin' that called for liquor, and th' run on me wuz so heavy that I hadn't had a mouthful uv sleep fur two nights. I wuz dog-tired, an' my eyes wouldn't stay open any longer widout proppin'. So I fired up an' lay down by my furnace, meanin' to take an hour's snooze to git shut uv my drowsiness.

"I don't know how long afterwards it wuz, but I dreamed that somebody wuz proddin' me in th' ribs wid a han'-spike. When I opened my eyes the shootin' end uv five Winchesters wuz starin' me out uv countenance, an' a man wuz tellin' me if I valled my life not to put my han' to my hip-pocket.

"I took in the sitchyation at a bat uv my eye, an' showed 'em the white rag; for I could see they wuz no sort uv use fightin' when th' odds wuz five to one.

"They cut holes in my still till it looked like a meal-sifter, an' busted up my mash-tubs, an' played whale in general wid my whole outfit. When they wuz through I said in my best temper, though my blood wuz bilin':

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ I says, ‘they’s a two-gallon keg uv five-year-old in yon brash-pile.’

“I said this not for any love that I bore ’em, but ’cause drunk men is easier to reason wid than sober ones, an’ ’cause I had made up my mind that I wouldn’t go to jail if they wuz a chance for escapin’ it big as a chigger’s heel.

“They hauled th’ keg out an’ tasted it. After fillin’ their flasks, they put th’ remnants in a jug an’ we set out for the road where their horses wuz hitched.

“They bundled me an’ the jug an’ a revenue officer into a two-wheel gig uv a thing, an’ th’ procession started.

“The night wuz cold as blazes an’ ev’ry few minutes the revenue officer would take a good slug from th’ jug. It didn’t seem to have no ’fect on him though. He drove wid a steady hand, an’ his back wuz stiff as starch. Come to think uv it, his tongue did git th’ least bit drunk, but you’d scarcely have noticed it.

“We had gone about sixteen miles, an’ wuz startin’ down a little slant, when our horse stumbled heavy, an’ the revenue officer yelled out, ‘Hi, there in front! my horse is done for. He’s too lame to travel.’

“The gang rode back, an’ the leader says, ‘You’ll have to camp here and rest ’im awhile. You can follow slow when he gits better. Sorry for you, but we’ve got more business before us tonight, an’ can’t be waitin’ along here on a lame horse.’ Wid that they cantered off down the road an’ left us.

“We crawled down, numb wid th’ cold, an’ unhitched. I could see that the revenue officer wuz gittin’ a little wobbly in th’ legs, but th’ liquor wuzn’t beginnin’ to tell on his head yit.

“It’s curious that a common man can drink a whole barrelful uv liquor as mean as sin when he’s cold an’ never feel it in his head till he begins to thaw.

“The revenue officer hitched me to a saplin’ while he hunted dry wood an’ built a fire half as high as the trees. Then he eased the ropes around my arms a bit, an’ we both set down wid our toes in half a foot uv the blaze.

“I soon begun to see by the look uv his eye that he would be as drunk as Davy’s sow before the night wuz a quarter uv a hour older. The liquor that wuz froze up in ’im wuz beginnin’ to melt an’ run out in salt water at the corner uv his eyes. An’ mark you that’s a bad sign uv a sober man.

“He took a cheeroot out uv his pocket an’ hunted all over his face for the hole to put it in widout findin’ it. Then he looked at me, his eyes swimmin’ in water, an’ says between hiccups:

“ ‘Ma mug’s all right, ain’t it?’

“ ‘Yes,’ I says, ‘your mug’s all right, but you need some help wid your smoke. Crawl over here an’ loose these gears an’ I’ll help you.’

“I thought he had reached a point where I could reason wid him, but he wuz too fur gone. He looked at me, smilin’ sweetly all the while, an’ says weak as watered brandy:

“ ‘I don’t need no help. I’m all right. It’s dead easy findin’ one’s mouth. See?’ An’ he chucked th’ end of the cheeroot a half inch deep in his right eye.

“ ‘It’s dam’ quair,’ says he. ‘That’s where my mouth wuz the last time I smoked.’

“ ‘Try lower down, under your nose,’ says I, feelin’ sorry for ’im, for I had traveled that road myself.

“He made another swiipe, an’ plugged his left eye.

“‘Lower still,’ I says, ‘an’ to th’ right.’

“He dropped down under his chin an’ went to fingerin’ his Adam’s apple.

“‘Higher,’ I yelled, ‘an’ straight above.’

“He crawled up his face an’ stuck the cheeroot in his cuss-hole.

“‘Now,’ I says in my sweetest an’ most persuadin’ tone, ‘you want a nice light for your smoke. Crawl over here an’ loose these ropes from around my wrists so I can ‘blige you.’

“‘But d—— uv an inch would he budge his back from the tree he wuz leanin’ aginst. Not that he wouldn’t have been glad to help me, but he wuz afraid to trust hisself widout props.

“‘I’m all right,’ he says. ‘Got a light in ma pocket.’

“He fumbled in his clothes for a match, struck it on his boot-heel, an’ then, holdin’ it about two inches above the end uv the cheeroot, he puffed and sucked like a forty horse-power steam engine.

“‘It’s dev’lish strange,’ says he. ‘That cheeroot’s got two ends over an’ above the one I got in ma mouth, an’ I can’t make neither uv ’em burn.’

“Wid that his head tumbled over on his breast, an’ he doubled up on the ground as limber as a dish rag. In half uv the time it takes to tell it he wuz snorin’ an’ gurglin’ like a stuck hog.

“My heart sunk down to the lowest bottom uv my belly, for I thought my last chance uv escapin’ wuz gone. I tugged at my ropes like a wild man, but they wuz devil’s knots an’ wouldn’t slip a hair-breadth. I cussed an’ raved an’ beat the ground, but little wuz the

good it brought me. The revenue officer slep' like a log through it all. An' I let up, feelin' like a dog that has run a coon into its hole and come away wid only the tip-end uv the tail to console him.

"When I had pulled myself together a bit, I begun to turn over in my mind all the schemes for escapin' from revenue officers that I had ever got wind uv,—but not a blasted one uv 'em would fit this case.

"I wuz beginnin' to despair agin when I happened to think uv a little experience that come to me when I wuz a kid out coon-huntin' on this same old wart uv a hill. It wuz an experience precisely like Dave would 'ave had tonight if I hadn't been along to tell him that the back uv his head wuz turned round where his face ought to be. I didn't have nobody to tell me, an' I walked all night straight away from home, lookin' ev'ry minit to step in at the front door.

"I thought uv what made me do it, an' wondered if th' liquor had left enough seeds in the revenue officer's gourd uv a head to make it work wid him. I concluded that the chance wuz slim, but it wuz my last cartridge an' I decided to shove it home.

"I reached out my legs an' hooked the toe uv my boot over his limber neck an' drug his head around to where his feet had been. Then I waited.

"'Long about midnight when the chickens crow an' most sleepin' things wake to git a taste uv the night, the revenue officer begun to show signs uv unsoundness in his slumberin'. He turned over on his stumick an' his insides commence to growl like an angry 'possum when you're proddin' it. He tried lyin' on his back an' on his sides an' all around him, but it wouldn't work. He waxed more and more restless.

“Finally he raised up on his all-fours wid a noise in him like a young volcano, an’ then—(Sandy executed a series of acts in pantomime which spoke volumes) an’ then he got up sober as a saint, an’ says coal an’ business-like:

“ ‘We must be travelin.’ I got to git somewhere an’ fill up this mighty vacyum in my system ar I’ll be cavin’ in round the stumick!”

“He pulled the gig out into th’ road wid th’ shafts pointin’ toward home. My heart waz under my tongue, but I said never a word. An’ we hitched in an’ started back the way we had come widout his ever once suspicionin’ that he wuz wrong.

“We jogged along widout sayin’ anything, till after a while we come to where th’ road forked.

“ ‘I’m unfamiliar wid this road,’ he says. ‘Which one uv th’ forks would you take?’

“ ‘I’d take th’ left,’ says I.

“ ‘Then I’ll take th’ right’ says he wid a knowin’ chuckle an’ nod uv his head.

“ ‘All right, that’s satisfactory to me,’ says I, tryin’ to speak as if it was not.

“ ‘You must tak into consideration th’ circumstances uv youre guide,’ says he, pokin’ me in th’ ribs an’ laughin.’ When a man’s goin’ to jail it’s not likely he’ll want to take any nigh cuts. A fellow in my place has got to think, you see.’

“ ‘I see,’ I says.

“ ‘But he didn’t know I had thought first.

“ ‘It’s infernal strange,’ says he after a spell uv silence. ‘We keep climbin’ hills when we ought to be goin’ down em.’

“ ‘Here’s a cabin fonenst us,’ says I, ‘s’pose we stop an’ ask about th’ road.’

“ ‘Where?’ says he.

“ ‘Here in the darkness to th’ right,’ I says.

“ ‘He give a little yell, but his throat wuz clogged up wid th’ cold an’ th’ night air till you couldn’t ’ave heard him to th’ horse’s head.

“ ‘Make some noise,’ he says to me, ‘an’ wake em up.’

“ ‘Th’ hole in my gullet aint big as a knittin’-needle,’ I croaked hoarse as a bass fiddle.

“ ‘Then git out an’ pound th’ door down. An’ don’t try none uv your bloomin’ frills nor capers wid me neither,’ says he, untyin’ th’ rope that held me to th’ seat.

“ ‘Small chance for frills an’ capers wid these ribbins tied round my wrists an’ ankles,’ says I as I went hobbin’ down to th’ cabin-door.

“ ‘Wid my ear to th’ latch-hole, I could hear Dave inside sawin’ boards wid his nose. I give a kick that made th’ door bounce on its hinges, an’ Dave yelled out:

“ ‘Who’s that?’

“ ‘I’m th’ gov’ner uv th’ state, wid my carriage an’ driver out here in th’ road,’ I says. ‘An’ if you know what’s good for your noggin you’ll tumble out o’ there in about three jiffys an’ op’n this door.’

“ ‘Th’ latch clicked an’ I stepped inside.

“ ‘Now,’ says I in a high an’ consequential tone so th’ revenue officer could hear, ‘help me to divest myself uv my official robes, an’ then you can go out an’ settle wid my driver.’

“ ‘Dave got out his knife, an’ in half a shak he had cut my harness off. That same minit I heerd the revenue officer turnin’ his horse, an’ I went outside.

“Say, old man,’ says I, ‘you’ve done me a good turn to-night in bringin’ me home. Now wont you come in an’ have somethin’ to fill up that mighty vacyum in your system?’

“ ‘No, much obliged,’ says he, polite enough. ‘I’ve got a good ways to travel an’ must be movin.’—You’ve done me fair an’ square,’ he added after a short pause, ‘an’ I don’t bear no malice, but I’d give my head an’ my chance uv heaven to know what made me take th’ back track.’

“ ‘Nobody would ever trade wid you on them terms,’ I says.

“An’ he cut his horse wid his black-snake whip, an’ went trottin’ off down th’ mountain—But what’s that?”

Sandy’s quick ear had caught the faint opening of the dogs in some distant hollow. We set out at a sharp pace in the direction of the sound. The little kitty-owls dabbed screaming at our heads, and laughed insanelly when they made us duck.

I fought the limbs out of my face and resolved, if ever I entered the revenue service, to give Dave and Sandy’s establishment a wide berth.

## IN EXTREMIS.

BY D. S.

THE last year I was at College my room-mate was Henry Armistead. We had found each other congenial, though he was totally different from myself, devoting much time to his studies, and little to dances and other social functions. His one recreation was chess. He had won some fame in amateur circles by reason of games he had played with representatives from Yale and Columbia. In chess, too, we differed, since I could play about as well as a jaybird.

One Sunday evening soon after the Christmas holidays we were sitting idle before the fire when he said:

“Jimmie, I’ll tell you how you may have some fun, since you like women. I have a letter of introduction to a Miss Breese, who is over in Boston spending the winter with her uncle. You couldn’t pay me to go over there, so you take it and call under my name. She may give you the mischief if she finds out, but I guess you can keep her from catching on.”

I said it sounded like a rather risky thing to do, and I didn’t relish the idea of coming out of the front door aided by her uncle’s toe. But at last, as a result of his persuasions and my own desire for some excitement after an unusually dull week, I agreed to take the letter. While I was dressing he gave me instructions for answering questions about mutual friends of Miss Breese and himself.

An hour later I was in a cosy parlor with Miss Frances Breese. As she was rather pretty and attractive, the time passed pleasantly enough. Once or twice I was in

a tight place when she catechised me too closely about some of her friends who lived at Armistead's home, but I managed to squeeze out without giving myself away. Altogether the evening was very enjoyable and I returned to my room well pleased.

Soon after this Miss Breese left Boston and I proceeded to forget both her and my impersonation of Armistead.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next summer, on the twentieth of August, I boarded a homeward bound steamer at Liverpool. I had not intended to leave England until the first of September, but a sudden desire for home made me rush to Liverpool to catch this boat. I ran on board just before she left her moorings.

On the afternoon of the third day out I was standing by the rail gazing at the sea when I heard someone behind me say:

"How do you do, Mr. Armistead?"

At the mention of my friend's name I turned around involuntarily. I saw with surprise that a woman was addressing me. Then suddenly I recognized her face and remembered my visit to her in Boston.

"How are you, Miss Brèese?" I said, "I'm glad to see you again."

"This is Mr. Armistead, father," she said, presenting me to a handsome old gentleman with white hair. Then she added:

"You know he's the one, father, who won the big chess tournament last April. Father's a great chess lover, too, Mr. Armistead."

"Glad to know you, glad to know you, Mr. Armistead," said the old gentleman, shaking my hand cordially.

"We'll have to try a game — if you won't beat me too badly."

"H'm, yes, I'm—I'm rather out of practice now," I said, somewhat disconcerted by the mention of chess, for I barely knew the moves.

"So much the more chance for me," he answered pleasantly. "We must certainly have a game. Can you play tomorrow morning? Or will the afternoon suit better?"

"Any time," I said, confused and stammering, not having the temerity to own the truth and preferring to postpone the humiliation as long as possible.

"All right, suppose we say tomorrow afternoon," he said, not noticing my hesitation. "Good day, Mr. Armistead."

With this he and his daughter strolled on down the deck, leaving me casting curses at the foaming waves.

"What a fool not to tell him right away," I groaned. "How can I get out of this scrape now?"

The only two ways I could see to escape gracefully were jumping overboard or feigning seasickness till the end of the voyage. Neither of these expedients appealed to me, so I concluded I would have to brave the wrath of Miss Breese and her father by telling them the truth.

"I won't do it until tomorrow afternoon anyhow," I thought.

The next morning at the breakfast table I found a note lying at my place. Opening it I read with constantly increasing dismay:

The passengers have chosen you to answer the challenge to a game of chess sent by wireless telegraphy last night from the west-bound liner *Seabird*. The hour set for the game is 3:30 this afternoon.

COL. ALBERT BREESE,  
WILLIAM FLEMING,  
Committee for the Passengers.

I fell back limp in my chair. The waiter rushed up and asked me if I needed water. Propriety forbids me to tell what epithets I heaped upon myself and my folly. I sat there a minute, utterly miserable, for like everybody else I hate to be made a fool of, and I didn't see any escape from that fate now.

Suddenly an idea came to me. Calling a waiter I slipped fifty cents into his hand and gave him some instructions. Half an hour later I went on deck in a little more peaceful frame of mind, but still anxious.

I sought out Colonel Breese and thanked him for having chosen me to answer the challenge, for I knew that he alone was the cause of it. We decided to postpone our game until the next day since the match came off that afternoon. I expressed myself as delighted at the prospect of sitting down to a chessboard once more.

"Colonel," I said, "our talking about this game has so set my heart upon it that if anything should happen to prevent it I don't believe I could stand the sight of a chessboard for a month. We would have to cancel our game, Colonel."

"Well," he said, laughing, "we'll hope no such unfortunate accident will take place. I think there's little chance of the telegraphic contrivances getting out of fix."

After this I kept the conversation as far as possible away from chess. All the morning the two liners were sending messages to each other, arranging the preliminaries of the game. A board was put in the large saloon, and chairs for the spectators were placed all around. The moves were to be sent down to the saloon by the messengers, who would then carry my replies back up to the operator.

I was careful not to appear until it was almost half past three. When I entered the saloon, all the chairs except my own were occupied. Colonel Breese was sitting by the table, eagerly scanning the board on which the pieces were placed. My appearance at the door was greeted with applause by all present. I took my seat and fixed my gaze on the pieces, as if I were impatient to start.

Just as I had taken my seat the telegraph operator appeared at the door of the saloon. His face and voice were full of regret as he said:

"I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen, but my coherer has been accidently broken and I cannot get a word from the other operator."

For a few moments everybody looked at him too surprised to utter a sound.

"What!" I cried, jumping from my chair angrily. Gritting my teeth, I brought my clinched fist down on the chessboard and sent the pieces flying all over the floor. By a great effort, however, I gained control of myself. I asked the passengers to pardon me for my outburst and walked silently out of the room, as if this were the bitterest disappointment I had ever had to suffer. During the rest of the voyage I did not hear a word of chess.

Six hours after landing I walked out of a New York bank in company with another young man. This man was the wireless telegraph operator. I put into his hands ten crisp five-dollar bills.

"This makes up your seventy-five," I said. "Good day."

## THE WAIT OF APHRODITE.

“WAIT a minute, Joe,” the Sophomore called to the negro who was holding the horses, and he bounded up the steps to his room. “I’ve forgotten Venus’s surname,” he continued to himself, “and that was the darndest best passage in my little spiel. What in Hades has Shake done with my mythological dictionary? Oh, yes, here it is—‘Venus (Aphrodite)— the goddess of beauty, etc., etc.’ Why, of course, it’s Aphrodite!” This Sophomore had failed in both Fresh Latin and Fresh Greek the year before, yet with Sophomoric intuition he felt, in the words of our venerable sage, that Greek and Roman Mythology was his “strong point.” “I must get that off to perfection,” he continued, as he drove towards the hotel. “My fate depends on it. That fellow Smith is playing a darned fast game and he’s a Senior too— that counts for a whole darned sight. If she’ll only say ‘Yes’ I’ll know she loves me or she wouldn’t wait two whole years. But this drive must settle it. With the last ‘red’ gone for this turn-out and my watch in soak at Heintz’s, to boot—well, I’d better get it over with pretty darned quick,” he muttered, as he pulled up in front of the hotel.

The Co-ed was waiting for him, standing on the porch, a maze of silks, satins, ribbons, perfumes, and powders. She stepped down, the Sophomore gracefully deposited her in the buggy, quickly deposited himself by her side, and they were off.

The first part of the drive was taken up with what

confirmed batchelors, old married people, and deep-thinking, philosophically-inclined people call "commonplaces." No one else would call them that. For what would life be without them—"commonplaces" or "uncommonplaces," whichever they may be? And even a Co-ed and a Sophomore will occasionally descend from their lofty perches to these "commonplaces," and really enjoy them. But perhaps it would be safe to say that the Sophomore's spirits were not as exuberant as they might have been on another occasion; for he had a weight on his mind, a weight which few men feel more than ten or twelve times in their lives, for after this number of times it comes to be second nature with them to make avowals of this kind. But it was a new experience to the Sophomore and he was rather nerv—no, he was not nervous, he was just trying to steady himself for the crisis.

They were three miles from town and still the Sophomore had not summoned the necessary courage. The Co-ed had chattered away about the lovely May afternoon, the beauties of nature, had quoted Wordsworth and Bryant. (Her "strong point" was English; she revelled in Tennyson and Browning). The Sophomore had talked little.

There was a lull in the conversation. The Sophomore was only dangling the reins; his thoughts seemed to be elsewhere. The Co-ed did not understand it and asked:

"What is the matter, Mr. Osborne? You don't seem to be drinking in the beauty of this perfectly lovely drive."

"Oh, pardon me, if I am uninteresting. But I was

thinking. And pardon me too, Miss Hannon, if I unburden my mind to you. I can bear this suspense no longer."

The Co-ed gave the customary start, but the Sophomore did not see it, so she sank back again—all expectancy. He launched forth with Sophomoric cheek, and neither courage nor memory, often so treacherous to us in such moments, failed him in his extremity. The tremolo stop, which he pulled out, only heightened the effect.

"Oh, my darling, Great Jove himself only knows how I love you. Cupid, the far-darter, pierced my heart the moment I first gazed upon your face, fairer than Venus Aphrodite's. You were crossing the campus one fine day. I beheld you. I called all the Olympian gods to witness that life without you would be a worthless existence. But the gods denied me the privilege of meeting you. Then came the October German. I met you. I vowed to Clotho that if I only got one dance with you, she might cut short the thread of my life. Soon that one dance came. I was transported to Olympus, to the palace of Zeus, and there among the assembled gods and goddesses, I danced with you, my Venus Aphrodite. And you smiled up at me—your heavenly smile. Then I besought Lachesis to lengthen out my term of life just a little. She granted my prayer, and—here we are. But I, who ought to be the happiest of mortals here on earth, am the most miserable, because I fear that you, O, divine among women, do love another and I shall within a few short weeks be consigned to oblivion. Oh, answer me, my life, my love, my goddess fair, may I hope ever to win your love?"

Now, conflicting emotions shook the Co-ed's bosom. Just as a man's whole past life comes up before him when he is drowning, so the whole field of this Co-ed's prospects came up before her in the short moment during which the Sophomore was relieving himself of his little spiel. Smith, the Senior, was put on the witness-stand of her mental tribunal, examined, cross-examined, his verdict rendered and his sentence pronounced. He was too mathematical, too scientific; she could never endure to see him sitting opposite her at the little breakfast table, absorbed in some mathematical problem or discussing some scientific question. Harcourt, the Junior, was too philosophical, he took too serious a view of life; with him she would be an old woman at thirty. They were both too far removed from her sphere of life. They had no poetry in them, none of the beauty of life. And likewise the young instructor in English and a score of others were weighed in the balance and found wanting. But this Mr. Osborne, though he was a Sophomore, yes, he was a man after her own heart—now that she analyzed her feelings. Those mythological allusions were simply heavenly. (Mythology was her "weak point"). Some day he would rival Tennyson and Browning. He was a poet, a true poet; he had the poetical instinct. And she could love such a man as that with all her heart; did love him, in fact.

All this flashed through the Co-ed's mind in an instant; and when the Sophomore had run down, her Tennyson did not forsake her, even in this trying moment.

“Behold, thy doom is mine.

Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!”

“Oh, my queen, my own!” and the Sophomore drop-

ped his rein-oars in the bottom of his buggy-boat and they two drifted on o'er the placid macadam lake, blissfully happy in each other's—presence.

For a few short moments there was heaven on earth. Then a torturing thought disturbed the Sophomore's peace of mind.

“How can I ever wait two whole years to possess you, my queen, my Venus!”

“Why need we wait, love?” came a soft voice from his shoulder. And as Browning came to her aid, the voice continued, musingly:

“What if we still ride on, we two,  
With life forever old yet new,  
Changed not in kind but in degree,  
The instant made eternity.—  
And heaven just prove that I and thee  
Ride, ride together, forever ride?”

But before the quotation was half through, the Sophomore's mind had begun to perform frantic gyrations. “Ye gods, what have I done! Not a darned red! The governor sworn not to give me a cent if I get tangled up before I grabuate! Tell her we must wait? If I back now, all my hopes are dashed! But I can't give her up—I can't live without her—yet—we can't do this! Love in a cottage? Bah! Ye gods and ye devils! What in Hades shall I do?”

Yet the Co-ed, nestling on his breast, interpreted these heavings as the unspoken language of a passion too deep for utterance.

Realizing this, the Sophomore was only plunged deeper in the Slough of Despond. But he felt that he must stop this—it must be done—but how? He must smooth

it over and not lose her! How—by the great Thunderer—how?

“My darling,” he blurted out, “oughtn’t we—can we—hadn’t we better wait till—”

Here he stopped. The Co-ed had torn herself violently from his arms and was sitting perfectly erect, with fire flashing from her eyes and icicles hanging from the edges of her voice, as she answered:

“Why, certainly, we shall wait—*forever!* We shall return to college now,” she commanded.

Return to college! The eternal Furies! The Sophomore was only clinging to the side of the buggy now. Before his mind’s eye was flitting a vision of a little vine-clad cottage in a shady grove. A young man is coming slowly up the walk, weary from a hard day’s labor. Now, a fair face appears in the doorway, he steps upon the porch, the fair face is upturned to his, and his weariness is dispelled like a mist.

But suddenly the vision vanished and he was called back to earth by the sharp question: “Will you return to college, sir?”

He was thoroughly awake now. She was gradually slipping from his grasp. He could not lose her now. With a quick movement he sought to draw her to him again, as he pleaded: “Not this way! You can’t treat me like this!”

With one arm she parried his thrust and seized the reins. The Sophomore leaned back in the buggy, his face the picture of despair. What mattered it to him how the world waggled, now that she was lost to him.

But in seizing the reins so excitedly, the Co-ed crossed them. When she gave a violent pull—to the left as

she thought—the horses surged to the right and into a deep ditch. The Sophomore had no time to grasp the reins for the buggy was already going. He threw one strong arm around his “goddess” and, as the buggy stood in the air, he made a desperate leap for the bank of the ditch. He fell just on the edge, had presence of mind to shove her out of harm’s way, saw something descending on him and felt it strike him, then all was dark.

When he again opened his eyes, a fair face was bending over him, a wisp of golden hair touching his face, and a pair of lustrous blue eyes, with just the faintest trace of a tear in each, smiling down upon him. He started to speak but a soft “Sh! You’re hurt!” sealed his lips. Yet he was content for, with poetry gone from her lips, the language of the eyes, stronger than any poetry, said: “Yes, I will wait for you—*forever*, if need be!”

## OLD LETTERS.

HOLLAND SMITH.

### I.

To night I shed poor tears  
And read these letters o'er,  
Across the long lost years  
My memory strays once more.

### II.

For me she had no mind.  
Her charms for others were,  
But love could only find  
Place in my heart for her.

### III.

Worn letters of one wed!  
You sadden these poor eyes.  
Long years have come and fled,  
But memory still survives.

# GENERAL INTEREST

## THE HUGUENOTS AND SOME OF THEIR FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

THOMAS HUME.

THERE are always reformers before the reformation. Wyclif and his translation of the Bible into the vernacular with their appeal to personal experience excited those political and social aspirations which ever accompany a profound religious movement, and his influence touched at length John Huss and the Moravians until in turn it was communicated to Luther. Hemont of La Rochelle says, "The trumpet which Luther blew in Germany in 1517 waked all the spirits up in France." But the Huguenots of that fair land were also in the line of succession from those thousands of young men who found the incitement to progress in the University reunions under Abelard. The Albigenses of Languedoc and the Catharists of the South of France show the tendency to an early reaction from the Papacy. Many a courtier of Francis the First sympathized with the large spirit of the Renaissance and with religious reform. The violent worldly side of the revolt was seen in the fierce satire of Rabelais and in the literary license of Margaret of Valois. Meaux and Bearn became new centres of social life under the religious independence of Jeanne d'Albret, the mother of Henry of Navarre. The ground swell bore to the front two bold men, Briconnet, a bishop and Le Fevre, a Picardy professor and minister, the

leaders of the new Huguenot party. The temporary union in 1528 of the young prophet, John Calvin, with the struggling band, organized them into permanent form. Le Fevre and Favel supplied them with a French version of the Bible and pedlars whose name gives us the now honored word, *colporteur*, sent the seed "broad-cast" amongst laces and gloves, as Simon Ypres and Wyclif's men had done in England. Le Clerc and de Berguin were burnt at the stake for the crime of reading the heretical Book and their example nerved Palissy the Potter of Saintonge to read and to believe, and Palissy's autobiography "writ in star-fire and immortal tears" is a great romance of reality that reveals the characteristic features of a crisis in the history of France and of the world. Decorator, painter on glass, geologist, chemist, sanitary engineer, a French Ben Franklin without the worldliness of the American philosopher, he would have been a notable character, if he had not "through long days of sorrow and nights devoid of ease" by supreme genius and science re-discovered della Robbia's lost secret of enamelling and restored a form of pottery which is a beauty and a joy forever. He is a typical Huguenot in his union of practical power, artistic skill and religious fervor. In John Calvin's cave he studied his Bible with Philbert Hamelin, the converted priest, and acquired that Scriptural style so like Bunyan's terse and vivid diction. He would not yield his convictions when the King's counselors insisted on owning his soul and his art and when the Bastille could not break his spirit they must needs accept the martyr and confessor as "maker of figulines and decorator to his majesty." He is worthy to stand, by his energy and individuality,

his endurance and uprightness, by the side of that breed of great men, the scholarly Scaliger, the surgeon Paré, the editor of the Greek Testament, Stephens, his illustrious fellow-believers. A movement headed by such men spread rapidly and counted in its ranks artisan and laborer as well as those "who were of Caesar's household" like the aristocratic Prince of Condé and the renowned Admiral Coligny. The dissensions of the nobility distracted society and the boy-King Charles the Ninth led by his ambitious mother, Catherine de Medici, could not revive his finances. Impartial patriots like d'Hopital, stood for kindness to the valuable tax payers, the Huguenot heretics. Their rising man, Theodore Beza, was a scholar, but no leader and though the conference at Vassy led to the statute of 1662, granting liberty of worship, it was a dead letter. The Duke of Guise and his party shot hundreds to death in their barn—churches and the aged Montmorency burnt their temples with his own hands. At Tours the river Loire was covered with the corpses of the slain. Provence, the old home of chivalry and poetry, was desolated. But the Prince of Condé rallied the Huguenots and Coligny stood by his side. No wonder that they broke the images of the Saints in the ancient churches at Lyons and Rouen in retaliation for the destruction of the living images of God, France's best men and women. Condé gave up his noble life, but Coligny threatened Paris and extorted peace and the treaty of St. Germain's in 1570, which restored freedom of worship, admission to the Universities and civil rights to the Huguenots. Four towns were pledged as inviolable "cities of refuge" for their people, of which La Rochelle was one. The dowager queen Catherine could

not well endure such a peace. But her wily soul saw that compromise was best and she contrived the marriage of her daughter Margaret with Henry of Navarre, son of the great spirit, Jeanne d' Albret. We know the story of that disastrous wedding-day of August 18th, 1572, so soon followed by the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, when the King and Guise inspired and completed the murder of the noble Coligny and 80,000 victims of religious persecution fell in the streets of Paris and Lyons and other great centres. Even then began the exodus of skilled artisans and laborers to England.

The nobles and gentry of the Huguenots made a stand for a time under the younger Condé and Henry of Navarre and the wars of the League raged over the land. With the assassination of the young Henry the Third, Henry of Navarre rose to the throne, abjuring his mother's faith that he might win a crown and veiling his self-indulgent nature under the profession of interest in the peace of his realm. But he secured the edict of Nantes in 1598, the renewed pledge of the often violated freedom of conscience to dissenters. Henry soon fell before the assassin Ravallac and the proud Cardinal Richelieu opened fire on the city of refuge, La Rochelle, after a fearful siege riding in triumph over heaps of dead into the desolated city. The survivors fought to maintain their loyalty to the conquering government, to cultivate their vineyards, to make fine silks at Lyons and velvets and brocade at Tours and build anew their export trade in these goods, in the linen of Normandy and the sail cloth of Brittany. Their paper for book making was the best in the European market.

Their industry covered three hundred and ten days in

the year as against the two hundred and sixty of their Catholic neighbors and they secured the favor of the great financial minister, Colbert; but the conscience of Louis the Fourteenth (now on the throne) needed the salve which the persecution of heretics could supply and the era of forcible "conversion" of the Huguenots began. Dragonading had its fell swoop. Eighty thousand "converts" were made in Bordeaux and Montauban. The climax of cruelty was reached when the King's mistress, Madame de Maintenon, gained the revocation of the edict of Nantes, October 22nd, 1685, and churches, schools, private property were swept away unrelentingly and the life of the heretic was counted as naught. What remained but exile for those who could escape the edge of the sword?

De Chenevix, the ancestor of Archbishop Trench of Dublin, was overtaken and slain and thrown into the public sewer. Jurien and Bayle, the eminent jurists of Sedan and the eloquent preacher, Claude, fled to the Netherlands. They were the fore-runners of a host of refugees. Jean Marteilhe of Beyrac, the seventy year old Baron of Caumont, and Hubert, father of the three great naturalists, whose journal remains redolent of faith and sanctity, barely escaped the galleys. The Norman Count de Marance with a large household reached England, all emaciated with hunger. The Baron of Castelfranc had three sons and three daughters sold into oriental slavery and marvelously restored after a trial of years. Two young Raboteau ladies were exported to England in casks and afterwards married there. The number of emigrants went up to three hundred thousand and many thousands perished in prisons or on the scaffold.

Let us merely suggest how English life was impressed by this remarkable infusion of new blood. The Le Jeunes crossed the channel and translated their name into Young. Le Fevre became Smith. Bouchier was transformed into Butcher, Le Croix into Cross, Condé, name of power and grandeur into Cundy and Beaufoi into Boffy. Sidney Smith derived his wit from his grandmother, Marie Olier, whose lovely costume and spirit, he says, gleamed ever before him. The whirligig of time brought some strange revenges. For Cardinal Newman, the head of Romish culture in England and Dr. Pusey, Oriental scholar and early patron saint of Ritualism at Oxford, were of Huguenot blood and so was James Martineau, the philosophic Unitarian preacher. Queen Victoria and the Prussian emperor were both descended from a Poitou family. Garrick the actor, Lord Palmertson, Romilly, Paget, Majendie, Layard the Nineveh traveller, Maturin, whose "Melmoth" is a notable Gothic romance, were of French families transferred to English soil. We have noted the movement to Holland. Her strength and commercial wealth were thereby greatly enlarged. "The flower of the little army which William of Orange landed at Torbay and aided the success of the restoration of 1688 were Huguenots trained under Marshal Turenne and the Prince of Condé and Schomberg" and sifted through Dutch associations and they were met in England by many of their faith who had preceded them. Grafting Dutch solidity and French grace and vivacity on English stock they made a rare combination of virtues.

It is impossible to say how many weavers, linen workers, glass blowers, jewellers, professors, preachers,

noblemen, found their way to the great asylum of the persecuted, Holland; or how many of these afterward poured their art and life into Ireland. Many breasted the Atlantic, but before they accepted the invitation to America the LeBlancs had already become Dutch Dewitts or they might have become White here. The Dubois become Vander Bosch and did not change to Wood. The LeGrands were DeGroots. By such Dutch transformation of French names they have been known in the New Netherlands and outside of New York. These were diverted from Virginia and settled in Staten Island as early as 1622. The pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church in Albany from 1652 to 1693 found it necessary to supply French services for his Walloons.

The Disosways and Guions occupy the same farms as their pious French ancestors. The latter were related to the devout mystic, Madam Guyon, the friend of Fénelon. One line came to Eastern North Carolina and are well known. Hasbroucks and Bersiers and Duboises still live in Ulster County, N. Y., where for generations it was necessary to print the county record in French and Dutch and English. Some amongst the fifty thousand who escaped before the full effect of the Revocation of the Edict, bought six thousand acres in Westchester, N. Y., and called it New Rochelle. The majority went over to the English Episcopal Church, but many adhered to Presbyterianism as nearer to the life of a people first championed by Calvin. At New Rochelle were the ancestors of John Jay, president of the old Congress and joint author of the "Federalist". Here is the line of Henry Baird and Chauncey Depew. Faneuil Hall in Boston was the gift of a Huguenot, whose portrait adorns

its walls. Maryland has a streak of this French Protestantism, but Virginia and South Carolina claim a large infusion of this blood. At Old Manikin in King William County, Va., were three hundred families with Claude Phillipe de Richbourg as their pastor who afterwards led some of them through North Carolina to a South Carolina home, meeting a stream of good men and women who had come direct from the French-Holland settlement in 1686. Matzig, the merchant of Charleston, and Prioleau, the pastor there, descendant of Prioli, Doge of Venice, were amongst them. Manigault, Ravenel, Trezevant, Laurens, Legaré, Huger, Dubois (Dubose), Dupres, of such nobility and chivalry who shall fitly speak? Until a few years ago the old Huguenot Church in Charleston retained the Calvinistic liturgy of their forefathers.

The Fontaines and the Maurys passed from France through England and Ireland to their Virginia home. The De la Fontaines were of high rank, reaching back to Francis I. and the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Some of them consecrated their gifts to the Christian ministry. Thrown on their own resources in Ireland they opened the woolen manufactories in Cork under James Fontaine whom they could give no support as their preacher but whose agile mind and little savings added also a fishery on the coast where stood his ruined castle of a home. This accomplished scholar had need often to defend himself and his exiled wife by force of arms against piratical invaders. Dying in 1721 he left sons and daughters who migrated to Virginia. Mary Anne Fontaine married Rev. James Maury, another Huguenot, and at old Fredericksburg was born their grandson, Matthew Fontaine

Maury, once director of the U. S. Naval Observatory, author of the "Physical Geography of the Sea," Projector of the Signal Service and of the Ocean Lane Routes, the Confederate officer whom a series of peculiar fortunes deprived of the honors and emoluments which he deserved along with other great discoverers and benefactors of his kind. These Fontaines and Maurys fertilized the James River lands. Peter Fontaine was a Chaplain on the Virginia and North Carolina boundary commission of 1728. Their connections numbered 2000 twenty years ago. The Rev. Wm. Fontaine and his sons, Patrick Henry and William Winston Fontaine, connected with the great orator, were for a season in North Carolina. Closely allied to the Maury branch was the Rev. Lachlan C. Vass, once of New Bern. Col. Edmund Fontaine, a president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and Col. William Fontaine, professor in the University of Virginia, have worthily borne the high name.

One cannot take time to recount the scores of Huguenot names embalmed in the genealogies of the Virginia Historical Society; Barrand, of Norfolk, Boisseau, of Petersburg, Flournoy, of Danville, Lacy (Horace and Drury) and Benjamin (of North Carolina), Moncure, one of the old Supreme Court of Virginia, Murdaugh, Archer, Ashby, Ambler and the related Jaquelin, Bernard, Bondurant, Bouldin, Chastain-Cocke, Pleasants, who supplied a Governor (James), Dandridge, Dupuy, Duval, famous as Washington Irving's Ralph Ringwood (with them are connected Carrington, Carter and Slaughter), Guerrant, Madison, Mallet, Marye, Valentine (the sculptor), Venable (related to the Chastain, Dupuy, Michaux

stock and allied to the Southalls who are connected with the Chastains).

It is interesting to note that in that part of King William County which passed afterwards into Henrico were Mallets whose names are found amongst their North Carolina kinsmen whom we know in Chapel Hill, Fayetteville and New York; that John Pasteur settled among the creeks at Mannikin, King William; that William Pasteur in 1762 was partner of Dr. Gilmer at Williamsburg and then surgeon in the Revolutionary Army; that Rev. James Pasteur was of the parish of Norfolk in 1754, that these Pasteurs were in New Bern, N. C., after a while and intermarried with Blanchards, who are the notable kinspeople of our honored neighbors, the Misses Cole and Mrs. Dr. Taylor's family. In Mrs. Spencer's interesting sketch of the accomplished scholar, the late Professor J. DeBerniere Hooper, of the University of North Carolina, his line is traced to Col. John DeBerniere, of the British Army, whose grandfather, Jean Antoine de Berniere, a Huguenot of noble birth, had fled from French persecution and settled in Ireland. The military son married Miss Jones and came to North Carolina. They are related thus to the late Dr. Johnstone Jones, of Charlotte, and to Mrs. Governor Rencher. One DeBerniere, the daughter Charlotte, remained in North Carolina, marrying Mr. Archibald Maclaine Hooper, of Wilmington. Their first son, George, married the sister of Dr. Mallett, of Chapel Hill, Huguenot to Hnguenot; the second son was DeBerniere Hooper, the late professor of Greek and French, father of Mrs. James Wills, Mrs. (Judge) Spier Whiakar, Mrs. Ralph Graves and Mr. Henry DeBerniere Hooper; the third son was the humor-

ist, Johnson Hooper. Col. Hinsdale, of Raleigh, and Mrs. (Judge) James MacRae are Huguenot Henesdals.

But our record must abruptly close. The Republic has been adorned by the virtues and graces of this bright, facile, yet earnest race. They vary the strain of our blood and impart vitality to all the streams with which they have mingled. They preserve for us the romance of religion and chivalry as well as the inventive genius of the artist, the fine work of the skilled artisan, and the spirit of liberty.

## GOODNIGHT.

N. W. W.

The peaceful hour of twilight comes  
    To lull the cares of day;  
The stars come out in heaven's field  
    To light the angels' way;  
The winds are low, and quiet reigns;  
    The flocks have homeward fled;  
The pulse of labor now is still,  
    And all the world seems dead!  
Goodnight,  
    Fair world,  
        Goodnight,  
            Goodnight!

A little head at mother's knee  
    Is bowed in childish prayer,  
So young, so pure, so innocent,  
    So free from guile and care.  
The prayer is said; the goodnight kiss  
    To his mama is given—  
To bed he goes—the tie that binds  
    Dear mother, home, and heaven!  
“Goodnight,  
    My child,  
        Rest well,  
            Goodnight!”

Borne on the night-wind soft, I hear  
    In pleasing fancy free,  
My true love's voice angelic sigh:  
    “Goodnight, my love, to thee!”

Enraptured then, tho' sighing sad  
To think she's far away,  
I whisper back in accents low  
What oft she's heard me say:  
"Goodnight,  
Sweet soul,  
Rest well,  
Goodnight!"

# POLITICAL SCIENCE

## THE UNITED STATES AND THE TARIFF.\*

BY R. S. STEWART.

MY colleague has shown you that Tariff was not originally designed for protection; that it did not become protective through the influence of economists but of crafty politicians; that economically it has proven a simple failure in the United States and that it is extravagant. It shall be my purpose to show you the direful influence of such a system on the public life of our nation and upon the wage earner and consumer as a part of society and that the tendency is away from protection and towards a world-wide market.

Legislation has always been designed for the welfare of a majority of the people who were influenced by it. It is natural, hence we find it so among the most primitive people. This simple and natural principle dominated the customs of our forefathers three centuries before they found homes on this side of the Atlantic and it was but a careless and ruthless violation of this democratic idea which forced us from England. When the King sought to tax excessively for the benefit of the Crown, we threw off his power and said: "We believe in a Government of the people, by the people and for the people." This idea underlies all free Governments and when legislation ceases to embrace the welfare of a majority of our people then it becomes objectionable and should be abolished. Our institutions are freest, citizen-

\*This speech won the Bingham Medal at Commencement, 1902. The query was "Resolved, That the United States should abolish all tariff, except for revenue only."

ship is highest, and legislation should be so objected as to coincide with these ideas. Taxation should fall with equal weight on all alike, a man's tax should be determined by his property. Let us see if protection is opposed to this democratic principle of Government.

Probably List has given the best analysis of the theory of Protection which is as follows: First, from savagry to civilization there are three steps to which society must conform: the pastoral, the agricultural and industrial. Second, that this evolution is natural and that free trade seriously checks the progress from the agricultural to the industrial. Third, from these two premises he concluded that legislation should prevent free trade for a while, while the nation is going from the agricultural to the industrial stage. Nations have not brought about this prevention by prohibiting imports but by a system of Protection. This is the theory of Protection pure and simple.

Two important ideas underlie this reasoning. First, it is not a permanent measure but a temporary one. Second, it relates to only one step of industrial development. Preceding the introduction of this Protective system there must have been splendid agricultural yields, else the demand for establishment of home manufacturing could not have been created should the foreign market have been cut off. This theory asserts that Protection is the *price* paid by the nation for its education in art and skill of manufacturing. It is an investment which is to pay dividends as soon as the home manufacturers reach a flourishing condition. From this free trade must precede and follow protection. It is a *temporary* and not a permanent measure which would defeat the evolution for

which it was designed to assist. The protection is to educate the nation in manufacturing and the cost of the education is justified only by the ultimate good which it brings to society, then it should be relieved of all incumbrances. For instance, no tax should be placed on raw materials, which would defeat the end of Protection.

In theory the real advantages of protection came after the industries have been established and free trade re-established in practice when industries once feel the aid of protection, it most makes an epoch in our financial history to abolish Protection. In theory Protection should be highest at first and gradually decline as the industries become more firmly established; in practice Protection at first is moderate and grows with each succeeding year. To day the industry, the greatest combination in the world, receives higher protection than ever before. Tell us a single industry on which protection has been abolished. In theory the burdens of protection are borne by the agricultural class; in practice it leads to the illogical end of an "all round Protective Policy." And in our country every necessity of life has a protection on it from the cradle in which man has rocked to the coffin in which he is buried. In theory protection guarantees the consumer a steady market, this being true society should show a steady development; in practice the chief characteristic of such a system is instability of industrial conditions, shown by our own country.

The general nature of the tariff is to lay a duty on imports which permits the home manufacturer to sell his article, at a remunerative price, in competition with the foreign article. It is a tax on the whole of society for the benefit of a few, greedy, unappreciative capitalists.

Protection against other countries means a preventive of trade. Trade is not invasion on one hand and aggression on the other. It must be mutual. It is as natural for man to trade as for the blood to circulate through the the body. Tariff for protection is a war measure and tariff for revenue only is a peace measure. Blockading is the same thing as protection except it prevents a friend. It is a selfish policy which is unjust and un-American—because it prohibits free intercourse—it prohibits trade. Trade is that which gives value to a commodity; trade is that which makes life happy. And just as that merchant who offers articles for least money will be the leader of his town, in a like manner that nation which offers best goods, and freest facilities will be the worlds commercial leader. Emerson says, "We wail at trade, and the philosophers and lovers of man have much home of it; but the historian of the world will see that trade was the principle of liberty which destroyed feudalism and planted America; which makes and keeps peace." And the very fact that protection seeks to destroy this high and noble purpose is sufficient evidence to abolish it.

But Protection comes nearer home to us with its evil influence. Mr. Webster immediately changed his views on protection when he saw his state must be a manufacturing centre and when Mr. Calhoun saw that the majority of the people of his state must earn their bread in the field he changed his views on the subject. And to-day sectional legislation is as much as ever before. Mr. McKinley saw that a high protection on wool would make him extremely popular with his Ohio friends, and he voted for a high protection on steel, on cotton goods

and other things to obtain in return the votes of Representatives from these districts and the McKinley Bill became a law. In like manner the Dingley Tariff Act was passed. In theory protection claims to benefit the people of the nation at large; in practice it benefits a few individuals of one section. Instead of building up the whole nation it drains the money from one section and puts it in another. In this mad, wild rush for protection in different sections, the idea of national progress and patriotism is forgotten, those of one section set against another, lines worse than the Mason and Dixon are drawn, legislation ceases to enhance the nation as a nation and hence becomes tyrannical and despotic. That sentiment of legislation is highest which would see the whole nation prosper under its just and uniform practice. This splendid University was not founded for the people of Orange County; nor for the people of Alamance County, nor of any one section; but the founders in their wisdom made it broad, liberal and patriotic in its purpose which is a noble purpose to serve the people of this great Commonwealth. This applied to national legislation would eliminate sectional animosity and make us one, strong, unified people.

Again if any body of men should be pure in character and purpose I am sure that body should be Congress, for it represents the people, and formulates the laws by which we must abide. I say this great body of lawmakers and statesmen should stand in a high atmosphere above suspicion. But when we meet facts we must give them consideration. The opposition may say the day of the lobbyist is past but it is not. One of our greatest economists says, "If I had favored protection when I

went to Washington and saw the secret conversations and lobby legislation, I would have at once opposed it." Joseph Wharton, about the sole producer of nickel in the United States testified before the Tariff Commission of 1892, "I know what that statute means which raises the duty on nickel from 15 to 30 per cent ad valorem, for I wrote it myself." In a like manner the copper miners of Michigan dictated their statutes over the veto of President Johnson. I would not lay a false charge at the door of Congress and I have faith in the ultimate remedy for this evil, but the facts prove the case. More money is spent in each campaign than in the preceding one. Who pays this enormous sum to corrupt our public life? It is trusts and monopolies that train children of protection and in turn by raising prices they squeeze the same amount of money out of the poor man, the consumer. In 1850, 80 per cent of all the property in the United States was reached by taxation, in 1860, 75 per cent of it, in 1870, 49 per cent of it and in 1880, 61¼ per cent of all the property escaped taxation. Can it be said this legislation is not against the masses and in favor of the few.

It is claimed by friends of protection that it increases wages. I would like to ask my opponents why the German laborer whose nation has the highest protection in the world, gets much less than the English laborer whose country has practically free trade. The fact of the matter is that productivity is the only measure of wages. There are some things legislation cannot do. It cannot regulate wages nor the price of anything. The law of supply and demand must do that. The man who does the most work and does it best will always receive most

for it. An American shoe-maker makes 6 pairs per day, an Englishman 4, the American gets \$1.25 for his work and the Englishman 90 cents. This and not protection explains the high wages of the American laborer. But they tell that our present prosperity is due to protection; we deny it. Why is it that 1840 to 1860 is known as a "Golden Age" in our industrial history? When those industries which it was prophesied would perish because of *free trade* prospered as never before in our history. When American commerce and American shipping made greater advancement than at any period of equal length in our history. When not only manufacturing but wages also, increased enormously. It was a time when strikes were unknown and labor unions unnecessary.

It seems to us that the most vital effect comes to the consumer, and with the laboring man this means about nine-tenths of all his wages. A just tax should be higher on the luxuries than on the necessaries of life; for the wealthy are more able to pay than the poor. In this system of protection we find the contrary to be true. On coarser woolens and cottons the protection is nearly twice as high as on the finer goods. With sugar it is the same way. President Cleveland said, "This tax, protection, must come from the consumer." Grant said, "These duties not only come from home producers but act as a protection to foreign manufacturers in our own and foreign markets." Protection not only forces the consumer to pay the protection, but it creates and fosters trusts and monopolies which in turn crush out competition and force high and unnatural prices on that which the consumer is bound to have. The other side may say that protection aids the consumer in that it gives him

steady employment, which is not true, and a home market, we say there is something very seriously wrong with that system of taxation which grants protection to such a gigantic combination as the billion dollar steel trust, then in turn this trust sells steel rails in England for \$17.00 a ton and charges our own citizens \$28.00 for the same article.

We claim, sirs, that there is something materially wrong with that system of legislation which permits a single corporation to lay away net of all expenses \$80,000,000 annually. And who reaps this great bounty unjustly collected from society? A congested class of capitalists—not more than 60,000 in the United States. Tell us if this is not class legislation. It is opposed to the many and in favor of the few. And such a principle is fundamentally wrong, for it is not right to lay an extra, unnecessary burden of taxation on those who feed and clothe the nation. It is written in the law of Moses that “thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out thy corn.” The strength of the American nation does not lie in any commercial class; but it rests in the manhood of that great mass of common countrymen, who supply the nation’s needs in time of peace and protect it from the enemy in time of war.

For this class we ask protection. From it we ask you to remove unnecessary taxation. Because protection has been fostered as a parasite upon the consumer, and its hold has grown so strong that it can truthfully say “whoever else escapes my grasp the poor I have with me always.” Wealth is no shame and poverty no crime, but that law is wrong which makes the wealthy wealthier and the poor<sup>er</sup> poorer.

Let us grant for argument's sake that there was a time when protection was necessary and see if such conditions exist today. Time brings every thing to maturity and when the period of maturity is reached youth must abandon the rules attained at an earlier period and adopt those necessary to carry on a larger work which always presents itself to maturity. The child needs the watch care of a loving mother and the protection of a devoted father during its youthful days; but when manhood's days are reached these things are no longer needed and are withdrawn. The United States has reached a position when changed conditions must be recognized. He cannot stand still and she must not go backwards. Her territory has grown from a narrow strip along the Atlantic to the Pacific and the islands of the sea. We are no longer an infant people nor a second-class nation. The United States controls seven per cent. of the entire land area of the world and five per cent. of its inhabitants. We produce twenty-one per cent. of all the wheat, seventy-five per cent. of all the cotton and seventy-six per cent. of all the corn of the world. Of all the agricultural products we produce twenty-three per cent., of mining products 39 per cent., and of manufacturing products thirty-four per cent. In 1897 our foreign trade reached the billion-dollar mark. Last year it passed the billion and one-half mark. We manufacture twice as much as we can possibly consume and for the surplus we must have a market. This situation no longer demands a protective tariff. England has free trade. Already a triple alliance has been formed on the continent to take retaliatory measures against the United States. In this situation and in this progressive age it

seems to us that the only wise course for our government is to abolish all tariffs except for revenue.

We frankly admit that this reform would cripple some individuals for a short time, but the good to society would more than compensate for this loss. Reforms always carry with them a calamity howl. The invention of the cotton gin threw a great number of hands out of employment, the reaper has caused thousands of scythe blades to rust, the South fought a war to retain her slaves; but who would say now that the invention of the cotton gin has been a curse to the laboring man, that the reaper has been a stumbling block in the extension of our grain-fields or that the emancipation proclamation has retarded the wheels of progress and civilization on the American continent? Some men may feel it keenly, the calamity howl may follow it and material industries may perish but the abolition of all tariffs except for revenue will benefit society to such an extent that our present prosperity will be but the beginning of a wide and more varied prosperity which will give America her natural place, the world's commercial leader.

Instead of this unjust, undemocratic, un-American law we advocate one that is just, one that would make the duties heavier on the luxuries than on the necessities of life; one that would collect only sufficient revenue to run the general government; one that would place the burdens of a just taxation upon all the people but would be so adjusted that the man who controls and banks will be forced contribute equally, according to his respective abilities, for the protection of life and property—the purpose of all legitimate taxation.

## SKETCHES

### THE BOOT-BLACK.

Upon turning the corner I saw seated near his box on the edge of the sidewalk, a boot-black. He was eating an apple with evident delight and seemed utterly regardless of further patronage. As he sat there, with his smiling face scanning every passerby, he looked a perfect picture of contentment.

A man came up and asked for a shine. Rising very slowly from his box and placing his half-eaten apple beside him, the boot-black very reluctantly began to comply with the request. To him it was pleasure now, and business "any old time."

H. B. GUDGER.

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### TOO BIG FOR THE FOOL-KILLER.

The Fool-killer hearing music in Commons Hall one hot June morning went and looked in at the window. At one end of the Hall sat a band of musicians. Their faces were red and distorted from their strenuous efforts. The room was filled with an unequal mixture of dust and air. Rushing and turning frantically about the room were men and women firmly clasped in each other's arms. Great drops of sweat sprang from their foreheads and trickled downward. Now and then the music would stop, and then all would feed the fires of thirst from a great tank of icewater.

A man came and leaned heavily out of a window near the Fool-killer.

"Can you tell me," asked the Fool-killer, "what department of the University this is?"

"This," answered the tired-looking man, "is commencement."

"And what are all those people doing?"

"Dancing."

"They seem to be working hard," remarked the Fool-killer. "Are the wages good?"

"Wages!" repeated the man, "wages! Why they do this for pleasure."

The Fool-killer seemed dazed. He fingered his club nervously and looked again at the weird scene.

"This job," said the Fool-killer sadly, "is too big for me," and shouldering his club he started for the Carr Building.

J. P. STEDMAN.

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#### THE FARMER AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

In the western part of the State court week is a very important time. The inhabitants from all parts of the county come to the seat of that county during this week. Men with picture galleries, phonographs, magic lanterns, and other such foolishness gather around the Court House square to entertain the crowd.

One day during last court week, as I was standing on the Court House steps looking at the crowd, an old farmer drove up with a load of corn, and stopped in front of a phonograph stand.

"What air them fellows doin' over there with them sprouts in their ears?" he asked of a man who was passing.

"Those are talking machines," answered the man, "and they are listening to them."

The farmer was a little incredulous, but he finally left his mules and went up to the stand. The operator placed the tubes in his ears, he dropped his nickle into the slot, and the phonograph began to play a band piece.

"Whoa there!" shouted the farmer dashing toward his team, "them mules of mine won't stand no brass band!"

B. E. WASHBURN.

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ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

I was on board a New York Central train bound for Buffalo. In the seat across the aisle from me sat a well dressed young man. The seat just in front of him was occupied by a young lady dressed stylishly in a gray travelling suit. She seemed to be tired and wornout from her long journey. Removing her hat, she leaned her head on the seat, and was soon asleep. While sitting thus her purse slipped through the seat and dropped at the feet of the young man, who immediately seeing it, covered it with his foot. He glanced uneasily around the car once or twice, then reached down, and picking up the purse, placed it in his pocket. Taking up a paper, he tried to read unconcernedly, but his face began to redden and he twisted nervously in his seat. He glanced furtively over the top of his paper every now and then to see if his action had attracted attention. Suddenly the whistle of the train blew loudly. The young lady awoke with a start. Noticing immediately the absence of her purse, she began to search for it, quietly at first, then not finding it, quickly, feverishly, a look of an-

guish all the while deepening on her face. The train slowed down to a stop at the young lady's station, and instantly realizing her helplessness she clasped her hands the very picture of despair. Bending towards the floor as if to pick up something, the young man slipped the purse from his pocket, and extending it to the young lady, said:

"Did you lose this?"

J. P. STEDMAN.

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#### A CELEBRATED COCK FIGHT.

Benito's cock, Black Devil, had killed every cock that he had ever fought. So this beautiful bird was known all over Havana as champion of Cuba. Benito had offered five to one that his bird could beat anything that wore feathers. No one had taken the bet.

One day, however, after the smaller or more unimportant cock fights had taken place, Benito, as he had done many times before, stepped into the "pit" and repeated his challenge, that his cock would whip anything that wore feathers. At first there was no one to accept the challenge. Benito doubled the odds. Then an American sailor accepted the challenge, and put one hundred dollars at odds of one to ten on the result. Until the bet was made, and the money placed in the hands of one of his friends, the sailor kept his bird in a bag. He then produced his bird. To the utter amazement of the audience the bird was not a cock, but a young golden eagle, a pet on the American man-of-war anchored in the harbor. Benito objected to the bird, but he was reminded that the challenge was to anything that wore feathers.

The birds were placed in the "pit." The cock rushed

at the eagle; the eagle stepped aside. Again the cock rushed at what he thought an easy victim; again the eagle dodged. The eagle did not seem to understand what it was all about. His only danger lay in that the cock might kill him before his blood was aroused. A third time Black Devil came. This time he spurred the eagle in the wing. The eagle's blood was up. Again Black Devil came, but this time the eagle understood what it was all about. This time the eagle was prepared. He quietly caught the cock around the neck with one of those awful talons, and pulled his head off. Then he ate the cock.

## BOOKS

*Love with Honour.* By Charles Marriott. John Lane, New York. \$1.50.

This is a romance in the interest of the return to nature, the protest of the individual against the overwrought life of the senses and the soul. It questions: Must society, to be endurable, be cured of its artificial distinctions? Will it not be easier to degenerate morally when one conforms to conventions than when one lives in the open and simply follows instinct?

An English rector's son breaks the line of his social order and as an educated "tramp" seeks to answer such questions.

Shall this inconsistent hero, who gives up his calling because it is neither one thing nor the other, being half a trade and half an art, and becomes an observer of things in general, instruct well-regulated people, retired army men, guardians of entailed estates, elder sons of high families, and announce a higher law than the old English tradition and ethics?

His seeing eye, with its sincere gaze into the face of things, tutors his skilled hand so that the once abused profession, now resumed, is converted into a fine art. His irregularity nowhere deviates from virtue. Upon such a sentimental enthusiast chanches the heroine, a creamy white girl, with tawny lights in her hair and eyes, in a maze betwixt her dreams and her social duty. We are brought into fine wonder and suspense whether she is to be the unconscious victim of an evil heredity and a false environment, or make a splendid triumph by

reason of rare intuitions that never deflect from the essential truth and right.

How these two children of nature met and loved and renounced for a time and then counted the world well lost for love, is told in a story that has a style and a charm all its own. Descriptions of rural England are fresh and good. Types of characters are well drawn. Is not such a glorification of true nature much wiser and more inspiring than naturalism with its merciless analysis?

THOMAS HUME.

*From the Baltimore Sun.*

*A Speckled Bird.* Augusta Evans Wilson. G. W. Dillingham, N. Y. \$1.50.

After a silence of several years, Mrs. Wilson has again come forth and given us "A Speckled Bird." It is a return to the old-fashioned novel with its prig of a hero and the usual proud, wilful heroine. We follow the hero and heroine through various vicissitudes, occasionally switching off to other characters till we begin to wonder we if haven't fastened on the wrong personages for hero and heroine. The two we started off with, however, come together again, make up and live happily ever after.

The book is well written on the whole and those who like Love of the real hot, passionate kind will enjoy it. Some of the characters are well drawn, too, and the interest sustained throughout. It will make a first-rate book for a hammock in the shade on a warm summer day.

MOST POPULAR FICTION OF THE MONTH.

The Pit. Norris. Doubleday, Page and Co. \$1.50.

Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. Small, Maynard and Co. \$1.50.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegán. Century Co. \$1.00.

Glengary School Days. Connor. Revell Co. \$1.50.

The Spenders. Wilson. Lothrop. \$1.50.

The Virginian. Wister. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Hearts Courageous. Rives. Bowen, Merrill Co. \$1.50.

#### LIBRARY NOTES.

Books taken out of Library during February:

Fiction, - - - - -	849
Political Economy, - - -	152
English, - - - - -	153
History, - - - - -	64
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Total, - - - - -	1218
Debates, - - - - -	113
All others, - - - - -	297
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Grand Total, - - -	1268

# University Magazine.

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WILLIAM JONES GORDON,  
Literary Editor.

### PHILANTHROPIC.

NATHAN WILSON WALKER,  
Literary Editor.

ROBERT WITHINGTON HERRING,  
College Editor.

WILLIAM DUNN, JR.,  
Alumni Editor.

HARRY PELHAM STEVENS, Philanthropic, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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## EDITOR'S PAGE

We notice with surprise that many of our exchanges have their editorial pages filled up with discussions on such subjects as "The Income Tax," "President Roosevelt's Policy in the South," "The Venezuelan Affair," "The Naval Appropriation Bill," and so on. Now such editorials seem to us to have no place whatever in a college magazine and it is hard for us to imagine what the editor is thinking of when he puts them in his columns. A college magazine is of the college, for the college and by the college; its readers are college students and its matter should deal as nearly as possible with their pro-

ductions, life and affairs. The secular papers and magazines furnish ample information concerning the above mentioned topics and if certain of our exchanges knew how incongruous such things appear among their pages, they would certainly cut them out. Subjects for editorials are often scarce, it is true, but then we can always fall back on "Cramming for Examinations," "High Marks Are Not Everything" and the like. Anyhow, let us not start the custom of writing learned disquisitions on such weighty matters as "The Tariff," etc. Just think what the chief-editor of one of our "Female Cemetery" exchanges would do with a subject like that!



In W. D. Howells' book, "Literary Friends and Acquaintances,"—which by the way, is a most delightful book—we came across this passage: "In Haverhill I was much interested by the sight of a young man, coming gayly down the steps of the hotel where I lodged, in peg-top trousers so much more peg-top than my own that I seemed to be wearing mere spring bottoms in comparison; and in a day when every one who respected himself had a neck-tie as narrow as he could get, this youth had one no wider than a shoe-string and red at that." So here in 1903 we have a reversion to what was doubtless the fashion among college men some years before the war—peg-top trousers and narrow neck-ties and red ones, too. This is quite interesting to think about. We wonder if they also had the wide-brimmed hats, the lurid socks and extension-soled shoes that we know to-day. The stock-collar, too, that was so fashionable in the early part of the century is fast coming back again and

assuming the same variegated hues that mark the sock, so that doubtless ere long the two can be use interchangeably. Long hair, too, that was so much affected by our great grandfathers, has been in vogue for some time. Portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Hawthorne and others living about the end of the eighteenth century and the first part of the last, show us their long, curling, powdered hair. What will the next step be? Will the next style carry further back and put us in powdered hair, knee-buckles and laced coats? A prominent writer tells us how formerly the youth who had invested in a pair of new trousers was careful to go immediately and press out the creases formed by the pressure of the other stock and now the man that appears without a prominent crease running down the front of his trousers can scarce make a claim to gentility.

So we find that fashion repeats itself just as history. Let us wait and see what the next style will be.



Our representatives in the John Hopkins debate have been chosen and it now remains for the college to get behind them. When we are victorious, there are always those who are ready to whoop themselves hoarse and explain that it was just what they expected, and yet these same men, if defeat comes, are ready to say that it was just what they expected—our men are sorry, anyhow. There is too much of that kind of spirit here and we must learn a new way of thinking. We need to have more faith in ourselves and more faith in those who represent us, whether on athletic or debating teams. No, this is

not another appeal for college spirit; there is danger at present of talking that thing to death. College spirit is not to be procured by mere talk and we think that it is here, anyway: possibly in a diluted form, but it's here. College spirit is a growth and those who have it must show it.

Our Johns Hopkins debaters are a strong team and a winning team; we must place our confidence in them and let them know that we believe in them. It is only in this way that the kind of spirit will grow up that—whatever happens—will enable us to say with a conviction that it is the truth: "They did the best they could."



We have decided to revive the Exchange Department once more; several of our exchanges have called for it and some of our readers have suggested it, so that we thought it well to include it in our contents again. We like to see our periodical reviewed in our exchanges and we wish to do the same for them. Though this department in some publications is often worthless, because the exchange editor does not do his duty, this year there is a noticeable improvement along this line in most college magazines and their criticisms and suggestions are often valuable and helpful. An exchange department can be made a good thing and in our opinion, it should be in every college magazine.

## EXCHANGES

"Foot-ball and Hearts," in *Pine and Thistle*, is a good little story which will interest U. N. C. boys especially. Read it. *Pine and Thistle* is improving wonderfully. We wish it every measure of success.

Another exchange which is far above the average college magazine is *The Mercerian*. We should like to review it for this issue, but shall have to refrain from doing so. The editors are to be congratulated; *The Mercerian* is a credit to the institution it represents.

*The William and Mary College Monthly* for February contains some good reading matter. The poems, "My Valentine," "The Origin of Music" and "A Lament" are very good. "A Plea for Liberal Education," by Mr. Wilson is a strong argument for broad and liberal training to the mind. He pleads for an education which embraces classical and scientific study, which produces "a sound mind in a sound body." The contribution is a credit to the magazine. "The Classical and Romantic Schools of English Poetry" is of more than ordinary interest. "In the Land of Dreams" begins with a theft scene and drifts into a poor story. It ends happily for all concerned. But alas, it is all a dreadful dream. "Hero Worship" is worth reading. The editorial, athletic and book review departments are all well written. The issue is a credit to the college.

*The Trinity Archive* for January contains some good solid reading matter, and its share of the sickening

worn-out love stories that are going the rounds of the college and university magazines. "The Passing of the Negro from Politics" is a surface statement of the past and present conditions of the negro. Its redeeming feature is that it is not a love story. In "Baritone or Tenor" and "A Raid by the Ku Klux" the parties concerned marry and live happily forever afterwards. The article on Ernest Seton-Thompson is a credit to its writer. It shows that Mr. Peele is interested in the man and in what the man wrote about. When we had read Mr. Lockhart's review of Page's "Rebuilding of the Old Commonwealths," we felt like we had learned something. It is a liberal, honest and educational treatment of the subject. No student of politics or law will fail to become interested in "The Origin and Development of English Parties.

The editors of *The Clemson College Chronicle* deserve much credit for the earnest efforts they seem to be putting forth. The best article in the February issue is "Letters from an Old Graduate to His Son Henry." This is full of sound, practical advice, which at times reminds one of Poor Richard's philosophy. There are scores of Henries in all our colleges who would do well to follow the old "grad's" advice. "Are Our Southern Women to Vote?" is also a good article. The writer seems to have struck the key-note when he said: "Give a woman youth and beauty and she asks not—needs not—political power. You may attend any woman suffrage convention, and you will find more wrinkles than roses." "Lines," by R. E. M., is a fairly good piece of verse clearly executed, though it is slightly marred by one or

two metrical defects. Of the three pieces of fiction "An Old Sailor's Story" is the best in plot. We would kindly suggest that the author pay a little more attention to his phraseology. "In the Blue Ridge" and "Only an Error" are both in the realm of mediocrity.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* of January, although not up to its usual standard of excellence, contains several valuable and interesting contributions. The first article that attracted our attention was "The Wind Jammer of Today," being no other than a simple and natural portrayal of the modern "jack tar." The entire sketch was instructive and interesting. "A Memory of the Past," by A. T. Blanks, is rather pathetic, but lacking in originality. Its plot has been worn out. H. O. W., in his "Reflections," speaks the mind of every college student who has ever stopped to think about the real significance, if there is any significance, of examination. Sometimes when our liver is out of order the whole thing looks like a farce. Whether or not H. O. W.'s liver was out of order, the article bears the testimony of speculative inquiry and investigation. "Jake" reads more like a bundle of statistics than a story. The article on Wordsworth's poetry comes more nearly getting at exactly what Wordsworth stands for in the world of poetry than anything we have seen from the pen of a college student. Mr. Miller goes at the subject organically and that is the way to treat any great subject.

The February number of *The State Normal Magazine* was given up to the publication of the bi-ennial report of the Board of Directors and to extracts from the Governor's message and from the State Board of Examiners.

We are a little surprised to find a college magazine devoted to such a purpose and we are sorry at not having the pleasure of reviewing it. It is generally an excellent exchange. The February number was not so attractive as usual and we will confess we did not read it.

Another exchange which we are always glad to get is *The Wake Forest Student*. The editorial board has undergone a complete change since the last issue, and its exchange department, we must confess, is in better hands. The best piece of fiction in the February issue is "Greater Love Hath No Man." It is a pleasing little story well told. The style is good, interest runs high and is well-sustained. But isn't the psychological play of feeling quite unnatural? We think so; especially on the part of Evelyn. "A Tale of the Klondike" is a simple story simply told. It seems to us to be devoid of literary merit. In the storiette department we find two articles, "How Miss Mary Drove the Robbers Off" and "The Tenderfoot's Ride." The former is a pleasing little story, characterized by a fidelity to the negro dialect which few writers possess. The latter is of no special merit though it is not bad. The essay on "Seneca and the *De Tranquillitate Animi*" is the best article, perhaps, in the magazine. It is marred, however, by a choppy style which detracts much from its merit. The author of "Early Life of Pestalozzi" should pay more attention to the grouping of ideas and to logical sequence. "The Passing of the Old Black Auntie" is well written. The style is indeed so pleasing that one wishes the author had not made the article so short. The only piece of verse is "Moonlight on the Hills," a sweet little poem characterized by an easy rhythmical flow. The editorial

on "A Higher College Standard" is of more than local interest and one that deserves favorable comment.

One of the best exchanges which we have received since our last issue is *The University of Virginia Magazine*. Candor forces us to admit that this esteemed contemporary deserves more favorable criticism than it is wont to receive from its sister publication, *College Topics*. This magazine is well edited and nearly always contains a goodly number of clever stories. The best piece of fiction in the March number is "At the Grand Central." The story is well conceived and admirably told in an easy graceful style. It is far above the ordinary stories usually found in college magazines. "The Forbidden Love" is not so pleasing a story as the former, though it is not bad. The author seems to attribute to the heroine a fidelity which, under such circumstances, is surely not characteristic of those of the feminine persuasion. His style is clear and pleasing. "A Pen Park Romance," the author assures us, is based on fact. It is a good story though the style lacks grace. The author has cleverly worked in the facts of William Wirt's life and made an interesting story. "La Angelita" is well told, though after reading it one feels a sense of disappointment. The author skilfully arouses one's interest in the beginning, and the environment he creates certainly leads one to expect a more striking *denouement*. "The Little Spy," from the French of Daudet, is not at all pleasing, though the translator is not responsible for that. He has done his part well. "A Defence of Sir William Berkeley" is a well written essay which gives us a bit of history quite opposed to the popular historical and traditional account of Berkeley's life. The author's

style is clear and easy; his argument, strong and forceful. He sums up his estimate of Berkeley as follows: "As has been shown, the first thirty years of his incumbency were years of uniformly wise administration, coupled with almost unexampled prosperity to Virginia. His conduct during the Protectorate was marked by honored dignity together with unswerving loyalty to his king and country. He had labored incessantly to foster manufactures and agriculture, to encourage industries, and to build up towns and villages. To him, more than to any one person, perhaps, was due our Virginia's pre-eminence among the colonies." The only other essay is "Will Kipling's Fame Increase with Years?" The writer seems to prove to his own satisfaction that it will not. Some of the defects which mar the art of Kipling, the author justly maintains are: his "cynical manner of dealing with human weaknesses, and his fondness for lingering on loathsome details;" the introduction of characters and episodes which leave disagreeable effects; he chooses too many of his characters from the lowest classes of society; and two other characteristics, more objectionable still, are insincerity and a lack of sympathy. This is a well written and thoughtful criticism, but the predictive element seems a little premature. Of the poems, the only one above mediocrity is "In a Palace Garden Fair." The conception is beautiful; the lyrical harmony excellent. We think it only a fair criticism to say the verse of this magazine is, as a rule, neither Tennysonian nor bad.

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: The State Normal Magazine, Trinity Archive, The University of Texas Record, The Hendrix College Mir-

ror, Student Life, The Limestone Star, The University of Tennessee Magazine, The Review and Bulletin of Louisiana University, Converse Concept, The Erskinian, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, Queen's University Journal, University of Utah Chronicle, Winthrop College Journal, Haverfordian, Clemson College Chronicle, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, Minnesota Magazine, The Wake Forest Student, The Intercollegian, The Cadet, The Observer, University of Virginia Magazine, The Columbia Literary Monthly, The Chisel, The Criterion, The Palmetto, Williams Literary Monthly, The Carolinian, William Jewell Student, The Mercerian, Pine and Thistle, Red and White, The Delineator, The Leonorian, The Wellesley Magazine, State Sentinel, Message of Hope, Gold and Blue, College Message.

## COLLEGE RECORD

- Feb. 2. Meeting of Historical Society.
- Feb. 5. Faculty lecture by Dr. J. E. Duerden on "Tropical Natural Vegetation."
- Feb. 8. Services in Chapel by Dr. T. D. Bratton, University preacher for February.
- Feb. 10. One hundred and forty-sixth meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society.
- Feb. 12. Star lecture by Dr. John B. DeMotte, on "Python Eggs and the American Boy."
- Feb. 14. F. L. Foust resigns as President of the Senior Class and R. S. Stewart is elected to succeed him.
- Feb. 18. Star lecture by Alton Packard, the cartoonist, on "Some Types of Uncle Sam's Folks."
- Feb. 21. Lecture by Mr. Walter H. Page on "Literature as a Trade."
- Feb. 23. Washington's Birthday exercises. Speeches by Dr. C. Alphonso Smith and Mr. Z. V. Judd.
- Feb. 27. Star lecture by Mr. Geo. W. Cable.

# ALUMNI

## I. NOTES.

J. W. Turrentine, Ph.B. 1901, S. M. 1902, is now an Instructor of Biology at Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

Fred H. Lemly, '02, who has been working in Washington since last summer, has been appointed Assistant Paymaster in the United States Navy.

M. Makeley, Jr., '01, who was at Columbia last fall, is now studying Electrical Engineering at Cornell.

E. P. Carr, '96, who has been studying and teaching at Harvard for several years, has been recently appointed to the U. S. Soil Survey. He won the "Worth" prize in Philosophy when in college.

John Sprunt Hill, '89, Law, '92, has been reelected to give the Alumni address here at Commencement. He has decided to stop practicing law in New York City and will soon move to Durham.

J. W. Greening, '00, is teaching school at Belle, Texas.

Miss Susan Moses, ex-'01, is now studying at Cornell. She recently took a very prominent part in an amateur performance given by the students for which she received high commendation.

R. B. Albertson, A. B. '81, Law '82-'83, has been appointed Superior Court Judge in King county, Washing-

ton. Mr. Albertson passed the N. C. Supreme Court examination and moved to Seattle in July, 1883. Since that time he has held many responsible positions, such as Corporation Counsel, Legislator, and Speaker of the House of Representatives. His father, J. W. Albertson, was for many years Superior Court Judge in North Carolina and was district attorney under President Hayes.

A. B. Hill, '85, and Lorenzo J. Bell, '98, are both in the graded schools at Rockingham, N. C., Mr. Hill being superintendent.

At the February term of the Supreme Court of North Carolina the following twenty-four men who, having been studying law in the University Law School, passed with credit to themselves and to the University. This number included all of the members of the Senior Law Class that stood the examination: J. L. Barham, J. S. Cook, A. B. 1901, Eugene G. Davis, James B. Gibson, Robert L. Godwin, B. S. 1902, Francis A. Gudger, A. B. '97, James A. Lockhart, A. B. 1900, Nathan Lunsford, Henry M. London, A. B. '99, Sylvester B. McLean, ex-'03, Jude Palmer, ex-'03, Jonathan Peele, D. L. Raymer, H. M. Robins, A. B. 1902, M. S. Smathers, ex-'03, John Y. Smith, Dorman S. Thompson, Ph. B. 1901, Frank M. Wooten, Thos. G. McMichael, J. B. Ray, Laurice Phelan, John F. Glenn, A. P. Spell, 1899-1900. J. L. Woodall.

## II. MARRIAGES.

At Waverly, Va., Mr. Junius E. West, '82-84, to Miss Olive Beal, of Suffolk, Va.

## III. NECROLOGY.

In Raleigh, J. Ludlow Skinner, 88-'89, book-keeper. Born September 7, 1870. Died February 21, 1903.

Miss Elva May Abernethy, 1900-01, of Chapel Hill, Teacher. Died February 21, 1903.

In Wilmington on March 5, 1903, Dr. Jos. C. Shepherd, Class of 1859.

At Satters, Captain Cicero Whitfield, '60, died, February 26, 1903, in his 66th year.

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G. G. T.

*"It was a preacher."*—PAGE 408.

# University Magazine.

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Old Series, Vol. 23.

NO. ....MAY, 1903.

New Series, Vol. 20.

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## THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

THE first number of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE was published in March, 1844. Up to that year the University had no literary periodical but as the college grew and its influence increased, the need for a monthly was felt so much that the Senior Class, that is, '44, took upon itself the work of getting out a magazine. This was due almost entirely to the efforts of a young man well-known in Chapel Hill at the time and universally declared to be the brightest, wittiest and most popular fellow in his class. This was Edmund DeBerry Covington, of Richmond County, and it is largely to him that the MAGAZINE owes its birth. A prospectus was gotten out and soon after appeared the wished-for monthly, with its cover inscribed as follows: "THE NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, By a Committee of the Senior Class. Published by Thomas Loring at the Press of *The Independent*, Raleigh, N. C., 1844." Loring was induced to take on himself the risk of getting out the magazine and was to have any profits that accrued, the editors being quite content with the honor derived from being on the editorial staff—and it was an honor in those days.

The editorial board consisted of six members. Five of them are known, the sixth being the subject of some

doubt. They were: Robert H. Cowan, of Wilmington; Edmund DeBerry, Covington, of Richmond County; Samuel F. Phillips, of Chapel Hill; James S. Johnston, of Halifax County; and L. C. Edwards, of Person County. The first three were from the Dialectic Society, and the last two from the Philanthropic, the unknown editor also being a Phi man.

They were uncertain whether to laugh or cry over the first number. Loring, the publisher, was of the opinion that they had not sent enough copy down, and so he proceeded to fill out with miscellaneous stuff that the editors did not think looked at all well in a literary magazine and were accordingly much mortified.

This first number is a true and very interesting reflector of the life and manners of the time. It was a time when "fine writing" was considered the proper thing and writers loved strong adjectives and words of Latin origin, and the bigger, the better. The "Address to Patrons" on the first page reflects truly the spirit of the age. It reads thus:

"Kind Reader: The first number of the NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is before you. If the announcement of this fact excites no surprise in you, we assure you, that but a few weeks since, the anticipation of this announcement would have filled us with absolute amazement. The idea of being so soon erected into oracles of Literature to a community of such refined Tastes and varied attainments is positively overwhelming.

"The Prospectus gave notice that the Senior Class had conceived the bold design of offering the creations of their Genius to the Public. The courteous Public lent

a willing ear to their modest overtures. And now, after all the vacillations of labor—all the alternations of Hope and Fear—from the fiery ordeal of anxious preparation, the MAGAZINE is introduced to you, with all the uneasy gawkeries of a blushing debutante." And so on in the same vein and style for nearly a page and a half.

In the next article, entitled "American Poetry," the writer laments the lack of great poets and poetry in America, and accounts for this lack by "the utilitarian spirit and the practical tendencies of the people"—precisely the same thing we are deploring today. This production is followed by an effort entitled "Miscellaneous Writings, by Thomas B. Macauley." In this we read of the great power and influence miscellaneous writings have had in molding thought and opinion in different ages. Special attention is given to the work of Macauley along this line. Next comes a dissertation on "The Abuse of the Press," in which a note of warning is sounded in regard to the too great freedom of the press.

"Stray Leaves of History," in the first volume of the MAGAZINE, is exceedingly interesting. No. I. contains a letter from Samuel Ashe at Cape Fear to Willie Jones, Chairman of the Committee of Safety, Halifax. It tells of the departure of the British vessels of war which had been hanging around the neighborhood and of the great rejoicing of the people thereat. Next we have a discussion on "The Military Academy at West Point" the system of appointing cadets in which the system of the time—the Secretary of War making the appointments—is criticised and declared wrong, the writer proposing to remedy the existing plan by giving the appointing power to a board of trustees, perhaps to the Governor and his

council. Following this we find an essay entitled "Rural Economy" in which the delights and advantages of living "in rure" are extolled and the insufficient amount of intellectual labor bestowed upon agriculture deplored.

There are two pieces of verse; one entitled "What is Life?", a thoughtful poem too long to quote here; and another headed: "Lines Addressed to an Aged Poplar, Standing in the College Grove"—the Davie Poplar, of course. It is written in Scotch dialect and the sentiment is good. The last verse reads as follows:

A douce auld Tree, ye lang hae stood;  
 But Time, wha recksna ill nor good,  
 Wi' blastin tooth has sapp'd y'our blaid  
 An' left his mark  
 I'd fain uphaud ye an I could  
 Auld Patriarch;

Then comes the "Publisher's Department." Here, doubtless, Mr. Loring began to make his additions which so filled the editors with mortification. We have here the doings of "Congress," recording a little tiff between Senators Benton, of Missouri, and Archer, of Virginia; "Foreign Articles" giving the news from England, Ireland, France, Spain and Germany; a paragraph on "The Mormon Case," telling of the indictment of two "latter-day Saints" in England for "killing one Sarah Cartwright" by drowning her during the baptism ceremony—the water was a foot and a half deep; an account of the "Presentation to her Majesty of the Ojibbeway Indians"; a newspaper item with the heading "Death from Lobelia." A certain doctor was called in to see a sick two-year old child and he prescribed the following; "A syrup of sarsaparilla, yellow dock, burdock,

mandrakè and bitter root, and also a balsam composed of equal parts of tincture of skunk's cabbage, blood root and lobelia, mixed with honey and balsam of fir. On application of the father, he also gave him another syrup, being the extract of buttermilk bark, to destroy the worms, which he said troubled the child, and in conclusion prepared a tincture of lobelia." The coroner when called in shortly after, gave in a verdict that the child died of "dropsy of the chest, hastened by the lobelia administered by his mother!" Another item was on the theft in New York city of some clothing by a negro. Then came "A Short Romance" in a single paragraph of twenty lines. The issue ended with an account of a dance on a British Frigate at Bombay, at which the American ambassador to China was present. These were the contents of the first number of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. Truly it covered a vast expanse of territory—from serious essays to news items—but, on the whole, the editors were doubtless proud of it and considered it the equal of any literary publication in the country, North or South. From this small but earnest beginning we have our MAGAZINE to-day, fifty-nine years of age.

AN ANSWER TO OMAR.

M. C. L.

Though, Thou thyself, art Heaven and Hell, my Soul,  
The joys of Heaven were more divine,  
The pangs of Hell, less cruel Hell-like,  
Did another soul  
In the same joys and woes take part with Thee.

To stand upon the Mount of Isolation,  
And know no other soul to understand,  
To feel that all our joys and sorrows both  
To others are like mists across the sky.  
The Sun of their own Cares doth dry them up  
And lo! They know not they were ever there.  
This, O my Soul, were utter desolation!

# SCIENCE

## THE ELECTRO-CHEMICAL INDUSTRY.

J. E. MILLS.

THE electro-chemical industry twenty years ago can scarcely be said to have existed. Ten years ago it found no place in the United States census. Yet in 1900 in the United States alone this industry had a total product valued at \$100,000,000. That year the total production of the world reached over \$150,000,000, utilizing more than 425,000 horse power.

As a science, possibly the earliest mention, only a description of a simple experiment, the decomposition of zinc oxide by an electric spark, was in 1772. The discovery of the voltaic pile by Volta—the decomposition of water by means of the electric current, the work of Nicholas and Carlisle,—and the brilliant isolation by Davy of sodium and potassium, secured for the chemical effect of an electric current mention and discussion in chemical text books. For the last twenty years the literature and knowledge of the subject has been growing and never has the old saying that “knowledge is power” been more true. Three journals in Germany, two in France, one in England, and one in America, are now devoted distinctly to electro-chemical discussions. A large share of physical chemistry is given to its study. Special text books and treatises on this subject are rapidly appearing. Hundreds of patents yearly are issued covering various applications of this branch of science to the world’s industry.

The application of electricity to the production of chemical change is based upon two entirely separate and distinct uses of the current. The first use is for heating purposes simply. No furnace using fuel can now or can ever produce a temperature higher than  $2000^{\circ}$  C., no matter what improvements of construction be made in the future. If we have a furnace at  $2000^{\circ}$  C. and into that furnace suddenly introduce a piece of wood, the wood would not burn. It would have no tendency whatever to burn. The wood would be decomposed into its elements carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and these elements would not again unite. This process would *absorb heat* and the furnace would actually grow colder. At  $2000^{\circ}$  C. all of the chemical reactions upon which we depend for an increase of temperature have ceased. Hence for very high temperatures an electric furnace is a necessity. The passage of an electric current through a resistance heats the conductor. If we prevent the escape of this liberated heat the furnace grows hotter and hotter, without any limit save one, and that is the ability of the material of which the furnace is made to withstand the heat. By this means a temperature of  $3500^{\circ}$  C., upwards of  $6300^{\circ}$  F. has been reached. At this temperature copper, gold, iron and even platinum are gases. So also is sand, alumina, and carbon. The best firebrick, magnesia, lime, and zirconia, melt and run like wax.

Strange and hitherto unknown reactions take place with the formation of carbides, nitrides, borides, and salicides,—for the most part intensely hard crystalline bodies which absorb heat when they are formed.

If a lamp were thrust into such a furnace the oil would decompose, but would not burn in the usual sense of that

term. The silicon contained in the glass would unite with the carbon of oil. We would have produced carborundum. The first carborundum manufactured was in 1891. It sold at the rate of \$560 per pound. Ten years later in 1901, 3,838,000 pounds were produced. It sold for ten cents per pound.

Two other products manufactured on the large scale are calcium carbide, used in the production of acetylene gas, and graphite, used for various electrical purposes. On a smaller scale many compounds are produced. Among these carbon boride is of interest, because it will cut a diamond. Even the diamond itself has been produced, though not commercially, nor are the diamonds clear.

The second application of the electric current to chemical industry in present importance and in future promise far transcends the use just mentioned—the mere heating effect.

If we consider any chemical reaction, for example,  $\text{Al}_2 + \text{O}_3 = \text{Al}_2\text{O}_3$ , heat is evolved, 392,600 calories being given out in the above reaction. This means that the aluminum and oxygen will hold together with a grip which will require the expenditure of that same amount of energy, 392,600 calories, to pull them apart. If the chemist could separate the aluminum from the oxygen with the expenditure of just that theoretical amount of energy and if he could effect a similar change for all other reactions as desired, the chemist would have reached his goal. *Ne plus ultra.*

Theoretically it would take a one horse power engine just one hour to separate the aluminum contained in 169 grams of aluminum oxide from the oxygen and obtain

the 89.7 grams of aluminum contained therein. What force holds the aluminum to the oxygen with such an enormous attraction? Chemical affinity. And what is chemical affinity? Ever since Volta in 1801 caused an electric current by means of a chemical reaction, and Davy, brilliantly, in 1807, isolated for the first time sodium and potassium, overcoming their chemical attractions and pulling them apart from their combination by means of the electric current, there has been a persistent effort to connect the electric current with chemical affinity. The theories of Davy, Berzelius, Grothus, Clausins, have arisen, been criticized, changed, disproved, only to return again persistently. In some form the theories will come to stay, for under the influence of a suitable electric current a chemical compound can be produced from its constituents or separated into its constituents with the expenditure, already in many cases, of an amount of energy not vastly greater than that theoretically required.

We should recognize the revolution which the understanding of this force and its application will bring. Heretofore when a given chemical reaction was desired in a measure the chemist sought blindly—first with one reagent then another, through long days of labor—to effect the change. Now the days of labor are not ended, but light is beginning to break and one day's labor will accomplish more than one day of labor has ever realized before. The ascending progress of the electro-chemical industry in the last ten years is chiefly significant as heralding a larger progress in the future.

## HER DAUGHTER.

M. C. L.

In the dim light I sit thinking  
Of the days of long ago,  
The days when we loved each other  
And life was all aglow  
With hope and faith and roseate hue  
Of love o'er all, for I loved you.

For to-night when I saw the violets  
And the girl with the winsome grace  
It seemed in the days of long ago  
When I looked on your own dear face.  
And somehow I thought she did understand  
For she dropped the violets into my hand.

Those sweet, shy eyes, with long fringed lids,  
The dimpled chin, and the hair of gold,  
Bring to my mind another face—  
A dear loved one, in the days of old.  
So some way, I hope that yet for me  
There may still be some of the used-to-be.

So if your own dear little girl  
Gives me something in life for which to live  
I'll forget those days of long ago  
When both were too proud to say forgive,  
Or remembering them, I'll try to win  
A second girl with a dimpled chin.

## FICTION

### THE ROMANCE OF THE REVEREND HEZEKIAH.

FORSAKEN and forlorn appeared the tall figure that issued forth one morning from the little yellow parsonage in the village of Dunkley. It was a preacher; that was evident from the mild, benignant face, the guileless, absent-minded eyes, and the large half-soles which appeared on the bosom of his baggy trousers as his frayed linen duster waved in the wind. On his soft, black felt hat, set side-foremost on his head appeared a few thin wisps of hair, the scarceness of which caused his congregation to smile audibly when he arose one morning and preached from the text: "Even the hairs of his head are numbered." His legs had a parenthetical bend to them and his gait was halting and slow.

The heart of the Rev. Hezekiah lay heavy within him. In the little house behind him were five motherless little tots, the youngest of whom set up a mournful wail as he left the house.

Truly the Rev. Hezekiah was in a sad plight. Long since his faithful helpmeet had passed to the great beyond where the wicked and children and cooks cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. He was now in charge of several country churches and was generally obliged to rely on the kindness of his neighbors to care for his children during his absences. And so it was wearily that he plodded down the dusty street on the way to get his morning's mail, nodding and smiling

vaguely to passers-by as they wished him a cheery good-morning. It is true, he seldom got any mail but he always went for it as a matter of habit.

This time, however, as his familiar visage appeared at the window, the post-master nodded smilingly and handed him a small, square envelope addressed in a queer, angular, though evidently feminine hand.

He backed into a secluded corner, studying the handwriting intently and wondering as to the writer and the contents. Finally deciding that the best way to find out was to look inside, he opened the envelope with a trembling hand and drew out some neatly folded, faintly perfumed pages which read as follows:

Rev. Hezekiah Ezekiel Winkle,  
Dunkley,  
Garrett Co.,

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Honored Sir:

I am fearful lest this proceeding appear to you unmaidenly and rather forward, but I assure you, kind sir, that I am under the direction and guidance of a Higher Power and hence do not hesitate.

In the beginning and as an introduction I wish to say that I am a maiden lady, possessed of abundant means and of a comely person, not so young as to be frivolous but of just the proper years for one of your years and dignity. I have heard of the condition you and yours have been placed in by the sad and untimely demise of your loving helpmeet, and having become convinced of what is my duty in this matter, I herewith sincerely offer you my heart and hand, to be a sharer of your joys and a divider of your sorrows and a mother to the helpless

little lambs who are, I am sure, in sore need of one to look after their physical as well as spiritual welfare. My means are so ample that your thoughts need no longer concern themselves with the things of this life and your old age can thus be spent in peace and comfort with a loving consort by your side ever ready to cheer and sustain and to train your offspring up in the way they should go.

Hoping for an early and favorable reply, I beg to remain, dear sir,

Devotedly yours,  
Prudence Jane Palmer.

In the absence of a handkerchief, the good man wiped the tears of gratitude from his eyes with the tail of his linen duster while he sent a silent prayer of thanksgiving up to Him who had thus delivered him in this time of sore distress and freed him from all further want and care. He carefully replaced the letter, put it away in the inmost pocket of his coat and went out with a hymn of joy and praise in his heart, astonishing members of his congregation by passing by them without speaking and singing "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow" softly to himself.

On his arrival at the parsonage, after restraining two of his irrepressible offspring from pouring molasses in his carpet slippers and pulling another out of the horse-trough, he locked himself in and sat down to compose a letter to the fair and distant maiden who had thus come to his relief. It was full of gratitude and fervency and adoration, and the maiden's reply was on the same order.

An animated correspondence ensued and soon ended in the minister's declaring himself about to depart for a

visit to his betrothed and the maiden replied that her heart was in a flutter of excitement and eager anticipation.

The Rev. Hezekiah lost no time in packing his favorite black grip, in which he carefully placed some stiff-bosomed shirts which he had preserved for state occasions, some high collars known as "chokers" and on top of all, his well worn old Bible, a faithful ally in time of need. The train he boarded was crowded and he was compelled to share his seat with a fiery-nosed "gent," evidently a politician, who soon went to sleep and loudly breathed out a strong odor of whiskey straight into the face of the disgusted Rev. Hezekiah. The stranger had a grip which the minister noticed was exactly like his own and while wondering at their similarity he also dozed off into a peaceful slumber, through which flitted visions of rich old maids, some tall, angular and forbidding, others "fair, fat and forty," who glanced at him with smiles of seductive sweetness.

The discordant voice of the porter calling out "Palmerston! All out for Palmerston!" broke in on his peaceful slumbers, and snatching off one of the grips on the rack, he fell out of the car and into the arms of a huge, burly negro who thrust him into a dark carriage with the statement that he had been sent to meet him, and then started off with him, leaving the confused idea in the mind of the half-awake Rev. Winkle that the Evil One had got him after all.

It seemed to him that he had been asleep only a few seconds and yet it was now pitch dark. Lamp sand lighted windows flashed by in a jerky procession. The carriage rumbled and jolted on till it came to a sudden stop before

a large brilliantly lighted house. The carriage door opened and he was assisted out by a very dignified and impressive looking "cullud gemman" who escorted him into the house and up a well carpeted stairs to a large, richly furnished room which the old negro said was to be the Rev. Hezekiah's own, adding that he would be given time "to spruce hisse'f up," before meeting "Mis' Prudence."

A glance in the mirror showed him his wilted collar, soiled cuffs and general dusty appearance and he hastily turned to his grip for a change of linen. He opened the lock with difficulty and gave a gasp of horror as the contents met his eye—a pair of lavender colored trousers, a pack of greasy playing cards, a 38 caliber revolver and a bottle labelled "Hayner's Pure 7-Year Old Rye Whiskey."

The Rev. Hezekiah gazed at these articles in astonishment and dismay till he happened to think of his seat-mate on the train and he sat down on the edge of the bed with a groan as he thought of what that evil-faced man's remarks would be when he opened *his* bag.

Now here was a predicament; his collar which stood so straight and white at the beginning of his journey was now limp and lifeless; his faithful grip was no telling where and everything might depend on his personal appearance.

Just then there was a knock at the door and the impressive-looking old butler appeared, gave a startled glance at the whiskey-bottle and other contents of the open grip on the table, and then gravely announced that he had come for the purpose of conducting the Rev. Winkle down stairs where the madam was waiting for him. The minister gave one despairing glance at him-

self in the mirror and then followed his guide down to the richly furnished drawing-room where he dropped into a chair to await the coming of his promised one.

Hardly had he taken his seat, when he heard firm footsteps approaching and he sprang to his feet as a figure darkened the door-way.

Jeeroosaylum-the-Golden! What was this? A large fat woman with cork-screw ringlets, a short pug nose, a lorgnette and a luxurious mustache, stood before him. She surveyed the dismayed being before her curiously while he gazed at her as if fascinated and stood first on one foot, then on the other.

"Air you the Reverend Hezekiah E. Winkle?" she asked.

The gentleman mentioned cleared his dry throat and stammered out something to the effect that he went by that name.

She evidently did not understand and suddenly thrust the end of a speaking trumpet in his face which so startled the Rev. Hezekiah that he stumbled over a footstool just behind him and came near wrecking a table covered with bric-a-bac standing near-by.

He was stuttering out an abject apology when she again held out the speaking trumpet with a loud nasal "Hey!" This confused the poor man more than ever and without knowing what he intended to say, he brayed down the trumpet that the weather was "very warm."

Miss Palmer took down her trumpet and gazed at the perspiring preacher before her in complete mystification, while he, unfortunate man, thought agonizingly of his wilted collar and soiled cuffs.

A sudden determination seized upon the Rev. Hezekiah

and, nerving himself for a great effort, he lay hold of the speaking trumpet and declared into it that he perceived that he had made an unfortunate mistake and that he had no business there; he begged her to let him take his departure at once, he must go home immediately; he hoped that she would excuse this exceedingly unfortunate mistake, forget it when he was gone and for the love of Heaven, let him go home!

His promised one now began to understand. She looked at him kindly and said that she knew that he must take her home, that she knew that was his business there but he must not ask her to forget her old home when she was gone tho' she realized that his love for her approached the love of Heaven!

She cast down her eyes shyly and it was now the turn of the Rev. Winkle to stare at her in unspeakable astonishment. He seized her trumpet with both hands, sank upon his knees and implored her desperately to release him from his obligation and to let him get out of there as soon as possible.

Ah! Now she began to understand thoroughly. He was assuring her of his love and protesting his undying devotion. She raised him to his feet, took hold of him by the lapels of his coat and assuring him that she never doubted his constancy and affection, sank with a little sigh of rest and contentment upon the bosom of the appalled Rev. Hezekiah.

\* \* \* \*

Great was the astonishment of the good man's neighbors one day to see unmistakable signs of woman's work upon his children; but not half so great as the astonishment of one of his country congregations one Sabbath

morning to see a pair of prancing horses pull up to the church-door a shining coach from which stepped a white-haired figure dressed in a suit of broadcloth, a high silk hat and a pair of patent leather shoes. He glanced about deprecatingly and tried to smile bravely.

It was the Reverend Hezekiah.

## THE WRONG MAN.

“**T**ALKIN’ about fixes,” said one of the commercial travellers gathered in the lobby of a southern hotel, “did I ever tell you about one I got in once out in Ohio?”

“No, tell us about it,” promptly said one of the group; for whenever “Old Man” Jake Grubbs asked, “Did I ever tell you about it?” everybody settled down in his seat to hear a good story.

“Well, it was just this way,” began Grubbs; “long about fifteen years ago I was on the road out in Ohio sellin’ “Perfecto” cigars when I got in the worst fix I’ve ever been in since the day I was born, an’ I hope I’ll never have to be in another one like it.”

Here he paused to whet the curiosity of his attentive audience and to make somebody urge him on. For this he did not have to wait but a very few seconds.

“Well, I was on my way to Freetown, Ohio, one day about five-thirty in the afternoon. I didn’t know a soul there, had never been there before, an’ was wonderin’ what I was goin’ to do in the way of business. Pretty soon the train stopped an’ the conductor yelled ‘Freetown’ an’ I got my things together to get off. Before I’d got my foot off the train a man with a little yellow mustache came runnin’ up an’ caught hold of my arm.

“‘So glad to see you,’ he said, ‘we were afraid you would not get here after all. Come right on an’ I’ll show you where to stay until tonight.’

“‘Well,’ I thought, ‘this is the warmest welcome I ever got; wonder what he means by sayin’ he’ll show me where to stay until tonight.’

"Anyhow, he kept jabbering away about something I didn't know anything about and once when I suggested that maybe he thought I was somebody else he was talkin' so fast that he didn't hear a word I said.

"He walked me right up the street, punchin' my elbow every now an' then when he wanted me to turn a corner, an' talkin' a whole lot o' nonsense about 'comp'niments an' pianos an' the Lord knows what else. I began to think he was crazy, but as long as he seemed to be bent on givin' me a night's lodgin' an' didn't seem to be very dangerous I thought I'd just stay with him an' see what he was goin' to do with me.

"Well, we'd walked about a half a mile, an' I don't think I'd said two words the whole time, when we came to a hotel. The little man pushed me by the elbow an' turned me into the door an' we walked up to the desk where the book was.

"He got a key from the clerk, sayin' that he'd already arranged about my room before he went down to the station. He grabbed hold of me again an' guided me toward the stairs. When we had gone up two floors I followed him into a room lookin' over the street—a heap better room than I'd got if I'd been arrangin' things myself.

"'I'll go down an' see about your baggage,' he said, an' with that he took my check out of my hand an' flew out of the room an' hurried off so fast he didn't hear me tryin' to ask him who he was an' who he thought I was.

"'If you are set on treatin' me so fine,' I said to myself, 'I guess I can stand it all right.'

"I sat on the edge of the bed an' tried to figure out what made this man who never saw me before take so

much trouble about me an' my baggage an' my room. But I couldn't understand, an' so at last I just made up my mind that as long as he didn't try to get me off into any dark alleys I'd stay with him.

"Pretty soon he came hurryin' back an' said my trunk would be up in one minute. Then he said:

" 'I must hurry down town an' see about Miss Cornelia So-an'-So's voice an' carry her a lemon to make it clear.' So off he went again, tellin' me he'd be by for me at quarter past eight.

" 'Of all the fools that ever I saw you are the durned-est,' I said when he was out of hearin', 'but I'm a durn liar if I don't stay with you till I know the reason why.'

"Then I went down to eat supper an' all the time I was eatin' I was thinkin' about what that man intended to do with me at quarter past eight. But the more I thought about it the less I could make out of it. Anyhow he had me so curious by this time that I wouldn't have missed meeting him for anything. I wished afterward that I had gone out to see all the cigar dealers as I had intended to do.

"Well, after supper I walked out in the lobby of the hotel to take a smoke an' think about that little fool with the yellow mustache some more. While I was sittin' there I happened to see a newspaper lyin' on a chair near me. I picked it up an' began lookin' through sort o' absent-minded. When I came to the back page I read that at eight thirty that night there would be a musical entertainment at a church festival or some affair like that. I don't know very much about music but I like to hear good singin' an' I hoped that as long as that little man was treatin' me so nice he would take me to this musical affair.

"I thought that I'd better rig up as nice as possible, since I didn't know where he might be takin' me. So I went up to my room and put on the best suit of clothes I had, which was a plain black suit that looked pretty well, I thought. By this time it must have been about eight o'clock and I sat down to wait to see if the little man was comin' back or was just foolin' me.

"Pretty soon I heard a tap at my door and before I could say 'come in' he walked in all diked up in a dress suit with his little gold studs shinin' like diamonds. He looked at me in a sort of surprised way and asked me if I wasn't ready. When I told him I was he seemed to be a little more surprised still and that made me feel uneasy. But he managed to cover up his surprise in less than a minute and told me he supposed it was about time to go.

"While we were walkin' along the street he asked me if I didn't want a lemon. I said I didn't believe I did, wonderin' what sort of a place this was where they asked a man to have a lemon in place of askin' him to have a drink. Before long he turned me into a door and walked me into a large room where there seemed to be some sort of a reception goin' on. Men and women were sittin' all around in groups and you could hardly hear your ears for the chatter. Up at one end of the room there was a piano and near it an open space where nobody was sittin'.

"'I believe he has brought me to the singin' after all,' I said to myself.

"I noticed that there were a good many men besides me that didn't have on dress suits, so I didn't feel so bad as when I had first seen the little man come to my room with one on. He carried me around and presented me to

several men and women. It struck me as rather strange that he always took it for granted that they knew who I was; he would carry me right up in front of some lady and simply say, "Mrs. So-and-so," without ever calling my name at all. But they all seemed to think that was the proper way, for they smiled at me every time just as if they knew exactly who I was. I thought to myself that this was a curious town sure, where they offered a man a lemon just after supper and introduced him to people without ever tellin' his name.

"Pretty soon the little man that brought me left me sittin' down by a woman with a great long white silk dress on, and he walked up to the side of the piano. After he had raised the lid he stepped out into the clear space an' cleared his throat so as to attract attention.

" 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'the entertainment will begin with a piano recital by Mrs. Montague.'

"Then I saw a woman get up from a chair not far from my own and march up to the piano. She played about five minutes and then after a short intermission my friend, who seemed to have everything in charge, got up and announced a song by another woman. This went on for about half an hour an' I was beginnin' to enjoy myself fine. The woman next to me would ask me every two minutes if I didn't think somebody had a good voice or didn't somebody else have an excellent touch. I said I thought they did, though, I said, I wasn't much of an expert when it came to music. She seemed to think that I meant her to laugh when I said that, for she broke out into a sort of a roar. I smiled to keep her company, though I'll have to confess that I didn't see the joke. Afterwards I understood why she laughed.

“Well, just as I was about to say, this performance had been goin’ on about a half an hour when little Yellow Mustache stood up and said:

“ ‘We esteem ourselves most fortunate in having with us tonight Mr. Griscom, whose wonderful baritone has made him famous in a dozen states. He will now give us the unusual pleasure of hearing one of his favorite songs, “Down in the Angry Deep.” ’ ”

“All seemed to sit up a little straighter and to prick up their ears, an’ I stretched my neck to see this fine singer step forward. But I didn’t see him and when I looked around I’m an everlastin’ durn fool if everybody in that room wasn’t lookin’ right straight at me. Then I looked for my friend Yellow Mustache and durn my skin if he wasn’t standin’ up by the piano lookin’ right straight at me with a sort of expectin’ look in his eyes like he thought I ought to get up and walk toward him. This kept up for about a half a minute, an’ I was fidgetin’ around an’ gettin’ kind o’ mad because everybody had their eyes stuck on me so. Then my friend walked toward me an’ touchin’ me on the shoulder said:

“ ‘This is your number.’ ”

“ ‘What are you talkin’ about?’ I said to him.

“ ‘ “Down in the Angry Deep,” you know. That’s what you wrote us would be the first number.’ ”

“Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather. I looked around an’ everybody was starin’ at me like kids at a circus parade, and little Yellow Mustache was standin’ up lookin’ at me like he thought I was gone plum crazy. Of course I saw what had happened then but ’t was too late.

“‘I never sang but one tune in my life,’ I said, ‘and that was Yankee Doodle.’

“Well, I never did see a man shrivel up so since the day I was born. It made me feel a little less like a fool myself to see how bad he felt.

“‘What’s your name?’ he sort o’ stammered out.

“When I told him I thought he’d faint, an’ I didn’t feel much more comfortable myself. An’ still everybody kept lookin at us as if they wanted to know what in the devil was the matter. I suppose Yellow Mustache saw how little good it would do to go into explanations right there, so he kind o’ gathered himself together and went back to the piano and said that Mr. Griscom would wait till the next number and that now Miss So-and-so would sing a solo.

“After she had got started good an’ people was beginnin’ to take their eyes off me, he came and motioned me to come into a side room. When we got in there he fell down into a big chair just as limp as a rag. I commenced to hunt for my hat. He asked me why I hadn’t told him who I was in time to keep him from makin’ an ass of himself. I told him that the next time he met anybody at the train he’d better give him time to open his mouth once in a while. I called him something lots worse than a durn fool an’ picked up my hat an’ got out as quick as I could. When I looked back he was still sittin’ there lookin’ like he’d lost his money, health, friends an’ everything else.

“I was so disgusted that I didn’t even stay in town long enough to see the cigar dealers. I made up my mind right then that next time I was goin’ to put in a

word if I had to stuff the other man's mouth with my fist. But there's just one thing that always consoles me when I think about that night," said Grubbs with a chuckle, "an' that is to think what my friend with the yellow mustache felt like and looked like when he announced the next number."

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## I.

Many the moments ..  
 Idled away;  
 Precious the time lost  
 Day after day.

## II.

Hurrying, worrying—  
 What is the use?  
 Should we the moments  
 Turn to abuse?

## III.

Each is a jewel—  
 Unpolished 'tis true—  
 That's to be done  
 By me and by you.

## DREAMINGS.

HOLLAND SMITH.

### I.

They tell me from a dreaming sleep  
I often in my waking weep.  
Aye, often in a troubled sleep  
Methinks I see the angels weep,  
And in a mortal sympathy  
Awake with sigh and tearful eye.

### II.

The angels in the heaven above  
Do often weep for those they love.  
Oh! tell me not that none doth weep  
Away across death's gloomy deep.  
For them to weep it is to love,  
And angels mourn in heaven above.

## A PSYCHOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION.

CARROLL BENTLEY was spoken of by his classmates as "the best all-round man in our class" and by his professors as "a strong man." He had overheard some of these remarks concerning himself and others like them had been repeated to him but he did not feel elated or flattered; he simply took them as a matter of course and they made him neither conceited nor self-conscious.

Bentley's hobby was Psychology. He had made 1's on all his courses in philosophy and it was currently reported that the Professor of Philosophy had said that Bentley's "psych." thesis was the finest production of a student mind that he had ever seen. Bentley had steeped and soaked himself in psychological literature till he lived in a world apart and wandered about in a perpetual dream. He sometimes forgot to speak to his most intimate friends when they met on the campus and it was said he often sat in his room for hours with his elbows on the table and his hands in his hair, staring unseeingly into space. He had gotten to be a morbid self-analyzer. Why did he like one fellow and dislike another? Why did he dream about people and things he had never seen or heard of for years? And what were dreams, anyhow? What made people laugh and what made them cry? What did they get angry for at times and what made them glad? What made him jump when startled and what made him like a certain kind of food?

Such questions as these were continually occurring to Bentley and he was forever experimenting on himself and also on his room-mate, much to that gentleman's discomfort and exasperation. The said gentleman even

went so far as to wax exceeding angry at times and irately call his beloved room-mate to account and demand the whys and wherefores of such conduct. But Bentley would only regard his flushed countenance curiously and begin to ask questions as to what were the mental processes by which he had arrived at his present agitated conditions; and these little scenes would invariably end in the same way: the angry gentleman would betake himself off in unutterable disgust and slam the door behind him with a loud bang.

And so Bentley went calmly on with his psychological investigations, analyzing his own feelings, thoughts and emotions and those of everybody else until his acquaintances began to point him out and explain that that was what made them fall on psych.—they were afraid to study the stuff too hard, they might get to be a fool over it like Bentley and so they just fell on it. They tried to “guy it out” of Bentley but he did not seem to understand their witticisms and jeers as such, but only as psychological material, and so they gave it up as a bad job and Bentley pursued his experimental investigations unmolested.

As often as he heard people speaking of having certain feelings and emotions under certain conditions, he immediately went and tried them upon himself. He then analyzed his mental processes till he was certain that he knew nearly all the causes and workings of most of the human emotions.

Finally late one night as he sat deep in thought, his room-mate burst into the room, threw himself on a couch and broke out in a wild, incoherent tale of his having just returned from a town where he had met “a lovely,

blond girl, with the bluest eyes imaginable," in fact, she was altogether adorable, etc., etc., and the unhappy lover finally ended with the despairing appeal—"She is an angel, I'm hopelessly in *love* with her, I haven't a cent in the world and what on earth am I to do about it?"

But Bentley sat with eyes that saw not and ears that heard not; he was once more lost in speculation. Here was a new subject for psychological investigation. Love?—what is Love? His mind had run dead up against the question; there could be no more rest for him till he had solved the problem. Till far into the night he sat thinking, thinking, thinking, while his luckless roommate slumbered loudly and muttered at intervals as he dreamed of his new adored one. Bentley had heard of this malady before but it had not occurred to him to analyze the thing. Certain it was, his bed-fellow had it and it must be looked into.

Now Bentley was well-born and well-bred and he had necessarily come in contact with a great many different kinds of women but none of them had left any impression on him. Because he was big and tall and fine-looking, many women, out of pique, had tried their fascinations on him but he remained indifferent to them all. Those he knew were entirely too frivolous for serious consideration; they had no thought above flirtations, balls, society, etc., and most of them bored him. He had almost ceased to attend the many social functions to which he was invited and he gradually acquired the name amongst women of "Bentley the Impregnable."

He retired that night with the feeling that this thing called Love was a mysterious affair and he decided that it needed careful looking-into. He went to sleep with the question on his lips "What is Love?"

The next day he looked up the standard works on Psychology, many of which had rendered him valuable assistance before, and examined them carefully. He found that they had whole pages, even chapters, on the subject "Love" but they were simply a chaotic collection of big words and meaningless phrases and they merely served to leave him more confused than ever. He threw the books down in disgust and decided he would take a walk to brisken up his thoughts on the subject of "Love."

He was crossing a road below the college campus still thinking about this mysterious subject when he heard his name called in a clear, feminine voice and he glanced up to behold a vision in a smart little trap pull up her horse in front of him and order him to stop. It was Patricia Thurston. He knew her rather well and—she, well,—she knew him better than most people, even better than he knew himself, and hence her tone was sharp as she said:

"Well, Mr. Carroll Bentley, you've kept out of my way a long time and you haven't been to see me in an age but I've got you at last."

After a pause, in which she regarded him severely, she continued:

"Helen Carter is down at my house."

"Indeed," said Bentley.

"Yes, I say 'indeed,'" replied Miss Thurston, "you needn't have that blank look on your face because you know full well that I've told you about her before. And you're to come down and meet her tonight. There won't be many there and you can have a good look at each other. Oh, say now, come, won't you?"

Her tone had changed suddenly to one of entreaty and

almost before he knew it, Bentley had said, "Yes, I'll come," and immediately longed to kick himself for it as Patricia clucked to her horse and drove on with a triumphant smile on her face. She probably had a right to feel triumphant. It was seldom now that anyone got Carroll Bentley out and she shook the reins gleefully as she thought out loud: "And maybe Helen won't fix him! And he thinks he can't fall in love just the same as anybody else! The conceited old thing!"

Yes, thought Bentley to himself, he certainly had heard of Miss Carter before. Patricia had told him about her every time he had seen her during the past year. Patricia always did enjoy teasing him—a man didn't have time to think about psychology when *she* was about. Now doubtless Miss Carter was one of these red-headed, freckled-faced girls, with large hands and feet,—just the sort of girl a pretty woman like Patricia likes to have about; her lack of beauty would inspire no jealousy and would be a good set-off to other people's good looks. Yes, and she would probably be afraid of him, too, as so many of her kind had been before and he groaned and called himself names as he thought of his wasting half a night trying to entertain a timid young girl with a pug nose and freckles.

But he had gone and given his promise like a fool and there was no help for it.

The time came and Patricia met him at the door with a mischievous look on her face that Bentley did not see. Through an open door to which she led him came the sound of a clear ringing laugh which suddenly stopped as Bentley entered.

In the center of a laughing group which had all its

eyes fixed admiringly upon her, stood a small, dainty little figure in white; with merry, laughing brown eyes, a rose-leaf complexion with a deeper color on the cheeks, cherry lips and pearly teeth. All these details he took in at a glance. Patricia led him up:

"Helen, this is Mr. Bentley, of whom you've heard me speak."

"Carroll, this is Miss Carter, you've heard me mention her."

For one instant they looked deep into each other's eyes and Bentley—Bentley, the Impregnable—was lost.

She came forward out of the group. "Is this really Mr. Bentley? Oh, I've heard so much of you! Patricia has told me about you *so* often! Really, I feel like I've known you for ages!"

Unconsciously they were drawing away from the chattering group started off into conversation again by the advent of Patricia. Unheeded by the rest of the party they passed through the open door and almost before they were aware of it, they were walking side by side up and down the broad veranda while Helen talked on and on, glancing up occasionally into his admiring eyes and it seemed to Bentley as if he were moving through a vast empty void and there was no sound in it but the music of her soft, melodious voice. The moon, gliding from cloud to cloud, sifted itself through the vines into splotches of black and white; the night wind sighed gently through the tree-tops and lifted the little curls on the girl's pure, white brow; the sound of young male voices, joining in the chorus of a college song, came faintly in on the breeze and Bentley drew his breath sharply and felt that it was good to be there.

On and on they talked and walked while delicious dreams and fancies ran riot through Bentley's brain and well nigh intoxicated him. Swiftly the moments flew; the cuckoo-clock in the hall-way whistled its warning again and again but Bentley heeded not; he had forgotten everything else in the world but the small, graceful figure beside him.

Suddenly she gave a sharp, little cry and pressing her handkerchief to her eye, exclaimed: "Oh! Something just flew in my eye! Do let us go in here and get it out! It burns dreadfully! Quick!"

In an instant he lifted her through a low window into an empty room and a bright light, he quickly rolled a handkerchief into a point and, as she held her eye-lids apart, he removed the offending insect in a trice. For a moment, they kept their same position; her warm, sweet breath was in his nostrils, her moist red lips were very near his own, her laughing eyes held a daring sparkle in their deep brown depths, and almost before he was aware of making any motion, he had leaned gently over and pressed his lips to hers. For an instant they gazed at each other electrified, then, horrified and appalled at what he had done, he turned, burst through the window draperies and disappeared into the outer darkness.

He had found out what Love is.

## A "STIFF HOUSE" STORY.

SEATED around the large fire-place in a city club was a group of eight or ten men. It was nearing midnight, but so raw and windy was it without that all the men seemed loath to leave this warmth and go through the bitter weather to their own homes. The fire was blazing so brightly that by common consent all the gas lights had been turned out.

After the topics of current interest had been discussed and left threadbare, the men began to tell yarns, many of them about college days long ago. One of the oldest of the group, with his eyes fixed on the blazing coals as if he saw there the characters and places he was telling of, said in a reminiscent tone:

"Of all the disappointments that have come to me none is more vivid to me now than one 'way back in my college days. It was, like most all troubles, a financial disappointment, and the sum, so small that many of you spend that much for trifles every day, was to me then as much as the thousands are now.

"On a night just about like this, with the wind blowing the snow in forty different directions, a dozen or so of us students were lounging around in one of the rooms in the large dormitory. A boy who was standing by the window, trying to peer through the darkness, asked in a general way that included everybody in the room:

"What 'd you charge to go down to the stiff house and see old Bones tonight?"

"The medical department of the college was not very well equipped and the dead bodies, for dissecting pur-

poses, were kept 'way off in a dark corner of the campus, about a quarter of a mile from the other buildings, in a little frame structure that went under the inelegant name of 'the stiff house.' The stories about this place were many and various. None of the students would confess that he was superstitious, but all the same that stiff house was generally safe from night visitations.

"Well, when this boy had asked what anybody would charge to go down there, he added that he wouldn't do it for a hundred dollars and that he'd bet two to one nobody in the room would be bold enough to visit the place.

"Now I had been spending about two or three times as much as my small allowance permitted and was in a deep hole as a result. I had been brooding several days over my defunct condition and trying vainly to devise some way to get out of debt. So low were my spirits on this account that I could not put my mind on anything else, but I caught the words 'two to one,' and thinking only of how I needed money and nothing of the dark door of the dreaded stiff house, I jumped up and said:

" 'I'll take you up on that for all the tin I have.' "

"He thought I was bluffing and pulled out a roll of bills that he'd just gotten from home that day to pay his expenses with. Then before I knew it I had pulled out the money left from what I had received that day and was counting it out. He was rather scared then, but he couldn't back out before the crowd. He had thirty-five dollars, and I counted out seventeen and a half of my twenty, and we both handed our money to one of the others in the room.

" 'But how are we going to tell whether he's been there or not?' asked someone in the room.

“‘Just let him bring a bone back with him,’ was the prompt suggestion of another.

“And so it was agreed. It was then twenty minutes past eleven. Somebody wrote out an agreement hurriedly, saying that if I showed up before twelve o'clock with a human bone I won the money, if not the other man won. Both of us signed it and I started toward the door.

The nearer I got to the stiff house the more nervous and frightened I became. I had often visited it in the daytime and knew just where to find the table with the half dissected body stretched out on it. When I got within about twenty-five yards I could see the door open and I remembered the creepy feeling I had the last time I had seen the body, with a cloth thrown over it and its teeth grinning. My knees began to shake and before I knew what I was doing I had turned around and was going the other way. I felt so creepy that for about a minute I forgot entirely the thirty-five dollars and, in fact, everything else except getting out of sight of that door.

“When I had gone back a little way, though, the thought of the pile of silver came back with redoubled force. The wind sounded like a hundred dead men calling from their graves and the falling snow didn't go far to relieve matters. But I clinched my fist and gritted my teeth and started in a run for the dreaded house. How I managed to get in there I don't know, but somehow I did. I rushed to the table and picked up a little round white bone. I remember now how I wondered if my feet would carry me and my speed didn't let up until I was within range of the lights thrown from the many

windows of the dormitory. I feared lest my hesitation before entering the stiff house had made me too late, and when I ran into the room I threw down the bone and looked at the clock. I almost fainted with joy to see that it was still five minutes before twelve.

"Then I heard a peal of laughter from everybody in the room. I looked around at them all to see what was the cause of merriment. My eyes fell on the bone that I had thrown on the floor in the middle of the room.

"The 'bone' was nothing but a little white pencil that some medical student had dropped on the dissecting table."

## THE TWITCH.

[Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant.]

THE guests entered leisurely the large dining-hall of the hotel and seated themselves at their places. The waiters began serving very slowly in order to allow the late-comers to arrive, so that the dishes might not have to be brought back; the old bathers, the regular boarders, with whom the season was drawing to a close, looked with interest at the door every time it was opened with the desire of seeing new faces appear.

This is the great amusement of watering places. We wait for dinner to inspect the arrivals of the day, to guess who they are, what they do, what they think. A desire lurks in our minds—the desire of pleasant meetings, of agreeable acquaintances. In this life of elbowing, neighbors, strangers assume an extreme importance. Curiosity is awake, sympathy alive, and sociability at work.

We form antipathies which last a week and friendships which last a month, we look upon people with different eyes from the peculiar point of view from which one regards acquaintances made at watering places. We discover in men suddenly in an hour's conversation, during the evening, after dinner, under the trees of the park where the healing spring bubbles up, a superior intellect and surprising merit; and a month later, we have completely forgotten these new friends, so charming for the first few days.

There also are formed serious and lasting bonds, more quickly than anywhere else. We see each other every day, we learn to know each other very quickly; and in the affection which begins is mixed something of the

sweetness and confidence of old friendships. We keep later the fond memory of those first hours of friendship, of those first conversations by which the disclosure of the heart is made; of those first looks which ask and answer questions and secret thoughts of which the mouth does not yet speak; of that loving feeling of opening your heart to some one who seems also to open his heart to you.

And the sadness of a watering place and the monotony of days all alike render more complete from hour to hour the disclosure of affection.

On this evening, then, as every evening, we were waiting for the entrance of strange faces. Only two came, but very strange they were, a man and a woman, father and daughter. They reminded me immediately of characters from Edgar Poe; and, furthermore, there was about them a charm, an unhappy charm. I pictured them to myself as victims of fatality. The man was very tall and slim, somewhat round-shouldered, with hair very white, too white for his face which was still young; and there was about his person something grave, that austere bearing which Protestants have. The daughter, aged perhaps twenty-four or twenty-five years, was small, very slim also, very pale and with the air of one worn-out, overwhelmed. We meet thus people who seem too weak for the cares and necessities of life, too weak to move, too weak to do the things which we do everyday. This child, as she seemed, was rather pretty with the transparent beauty of an apparition. She ate with extreme slowness as if she were almost incapable of moving her arms.

It was she, surely, who came to take the water. They

happened to be in front of me, on the other side of the table; and I noticed at once that the father had a peculiar nervous twitch. Every time he wished to get something his hand made a rapid twist, a sort of uncontrollable zigzag, before it succeeded in reaching what it sought. In a few moments this movement wearied me so that I turned my head away in order not to see him.

I noticed also that the young lady, while at table, kept a glove on her left hand.

After dinner I went to take a stroll in the park of the hot water sanitarium. That happened to be in a little station of Auvergne, Chateau-Guyon, hidden in a gorge at the foot of a high mountain, that mountain from which flow so many bubbling springs, sprung from the deep fireside of ancient volcanoes. . . . .

It was very warm that afternoon. I was going back and forth in the shady path, on the bluff which overlooks the park, listening to the casino orchestra playing its first airs.

I perceived the father and the daughter coming towards me, walking slowly. I spoke to them as one does to his hotel acquaintances at watering places, and the gentleman, stopping at once, asked me:

“Could you, sir, show us a short, easy, pretty walk; and pardon my asking?”

I offered to lead them to the valley where the little river runs, a deep valley, a narrow gorge between two great rocky and wooded slopes.

They accepted.

And we spoke naturally of the virtue of the water.

“Oh,” said he, “my daughter has a strange malady, the seat of which we do not know. She suffers with

incomprehensible nervous attacks. Sometimes we think her stricken with a disease of the heart, sometimes of the liver and sometimes of the marrow of the spine. Today we attribute it to the stomach, which is the great boiler and regulator of the body, this Protean disease which assumes a thousand different forms and affects one in a thousand ways. That is why we are here. I rather think that it is her nerves. In any case, it is very sad."

The recollection of the violent twitch of his hand came to me immediately, and I asked him:

"But is not that from heredity? Have not you yourself rather weak nerves?"

"I?....No....I have always had very steady nerves." Then suddenly, after a silence, he added:

"Oh, you allude to the twitching of my hand every time I try to take hold of anything? That comes from a terrible agitation which I have had. Imagine this child having been buried alive!"

I found nothing to say except an "Oh!" of surprise and emotion.

He continued: "Here is the occurrence. It is simple. Juliette had been having for some time serious attacks of her heart. We suspected a disease of that organ, and we were ready for anything. One day we brought her back cold, inanimate, dead. She had just fallen in the garden. The doctor confirmed the death. I watched by her side a day and two nights. I myself put her into the coffin, which I accompanied to the cemetery, where it was placed in the family vault. It was in the middle of the country in Lorraine. I wished her to be buried with her jewels, bracelets, necklaces, rings—all the presents which she had from me—and with her first ball dress.

You should imagine what was the state of my heart and soul on returning home. I had only her, my wife having died a long time ago. Alone, half-mad, exhausted, I re-entered my room and fell into my arm chair, only half conscious, without strength now to move, I was no more than a grieving, throbbing machine, like a man flayed alive. My heart seemed like an open wound.

My old valet, Prosper, who had helped to place Juliette in her coffin and prepare her for this last sleep, entered noiselessly and asked:

‘Does monsieur wish anything?’

I made a sign ‘no’ with my head without answering. He continued:

‘Monsieur is wrong. Monsieur will be sick. Does monsieur wish me to put him to bed then?’

I said:—‘No, leave me alone.’

And he retired.

How many hours passed I do not know. Oh! what a night! What a night! It got cold; my fire had gone out in the high chimney place; and the wind, a winter, icy wind, a great wind full of frost, shook the windows with a noise regular and sinister.

How many hours passed? I was there sleepless, collapsed, eyes open, legs out-stretched, body limp, dead, and mind numbed with despair. Suddenly the great front-door bell rang.

I received such a shock that my seat cracked beneath me. The deep, heavy sound vibrated in the empty chateau as in a vault. I turned to see what time it was. It was two o’clock. Who could come at this hour? Sharply the bell rang again twice. Surely the servants dare not get up, I took a candle and went down. I came near, asking;

'Who's there?'

Then I became ashamed of this weakness, and I slowly drew back the bolts. I opened the door abruptly and perceived in the shadow a form dressed in white something like a ghost.

I recoiled, paralyzed with anguish, stammering:

'Who . . . who . . . who are you?'

'It is I, father.' A voice replied:

It was my daughter.

Surely, I believed myself insane, and I moved back before this phantom, which was entering, making with my hand, as if to drive it away, this gesture you saw me make just now—this gesture which has never left me.

The apparition continued:

"Do not be afraid, papa, I was not dead. Some one trying to steal my rings from me, cut my finger. The blood began to flow and that revived me.

And I perceived, in fact, that it was covered with blood.

I fell on my knees, choking, sobbing, giving the death rattle.

Then when I had regained my senses somewhat, so distracted still that I hardly comprehended the terrible good fortune which was happening to me, I made her go up to my room and sit down in my arm-chair; then I rang for Prosper with hurried strokes, in order that he might make up the fire, prepare something to eat and go get aid.

The man entered, looked at my daughter, opened his mouth in a convulsion of fright and horror, then fell stone dead on his back.

Is was he who had opened the vault, who had muti-

lated, then left my child: for he was not able to conceal the traces of the robbery. He had not even taken care to put the coffin into its case; certain, besides, of not being suspected by me, of whom he had the full confidence. You see, sir, that we are very unfortunate people."

He was silent.

Night had come enveloping the little sad, solitary valley and a sort of mysterious fear took hold of me at feeling myself near these strange beings, this dead woman returned to life, and this father with the frightful gestures.

I found nothing to say; I murmured:

"What a horrible thing!"

Then after a minute, I added:

"Suppose we go back, it seems to be getting cold."

And we returned to the hotel.

# GENERAL INTEREST

SEARGENT SMITH PRENTISS.

E. A. DANIEL.

THE brightest chapter in American History is yet to be written; and that chapter will be dedicated to Southern Oratory; and on those pages will stand the name of Seargent Smith Prentiss along side of those of Hayne, Clay, and Calhoun.

Mr. Prentiss was born in Portland, Maine, and educated at Bowdoin college; but sought his fortune among the people of Vicksburg, Mississippi. New England was the home of his birth and his mother's home; but the South was his adopted home and the arena of his greatest scenes and greatest successes. He was of Puritan parentage; but he lived, acted, and died among the Cavaliers. He was more than Puritan or Cavalier in that he was an American citizen, who knew no North, no South, no East, no West; but claimed the brotherhood of all.

He was the idol, and the Demosthenes of Mississippi. He tickled the ear, and filled the imagination of New England. He awakened and astonished the West. He turned the eyes of legislative bodies toward him, spell-bound juries, revolutionized the political status of Mississippi, and became at once numbered among the foremost orators of his day. His eloquence was almost equally effective in the courts, in the senate, and before the masses.

Oratory has been defined as that form of public speaking which appeals powerfully to the emotions of the

hearer. It is merely the art of adaptation, and the orator is he who can strongly appeal to the emotions of the multitudes. This being the function of the orator, there are three requisites of a great orator: he must be cool and self-possessed, think so as to make others think, and feel so as to make others feel. In running over the roll of the great orators of the world, we find these characteristics in all, it matters not how far they may have differed in attaining them. As Warren Hastings listened to his impeachment by the eloquent tongue of Burke, he was almost persuaded to believe that he was the most guilty of the guilty, so strongly did Burke appeal to the emotions of the accused. It was self-possession, thinking so as to make others think, and feeling so as to make others feel that enabled O'Connell to hold two hundred thousand Irishmen spell bound at Tarra as he poured fourth his eloquence; and to say to three million Irishmen, "Follow me. Put your feet in my foot prints," and they obeyed. When Patrick Henry cried out, "Give me liberty or give me death," it so strongly appealed to the emotions of men that it has echoed and reechoed down through the generations since. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun possessed these qualities.

If these be the characteristics of an orator, then most unquestionably was Prentiss one of the highest type. Under all circumstances, he was ever cool, collected, and master of himself. This characteristic was noticeable even in his childhood, nor did it relax as the years rolled on; but rather strengthened. In his political addresses, he was never baffled by questions from his opponents. It is said that while canvassing the state of Mississippi in 1837, as a candidate for Congress, an old man of the

opposing party approached him, during a speech, holding up a large flag on which was printed, "Hurrah for Jackson." Mr. Prentiss never hesitated for a moment, but merely said: "In short, Fellow Citizens, you have before you the whole of their argument—'Hurrah for Jackson!'" The effect was electrical, and the poor man slunk away, trailing his banner after him.

Mr. Prentiss was ever equal to any occasion. It seemed that he was ever ready to speak. He was thoroughly saturated with information on every subject; and whenever called on for a speech, he arose and the deepest thoughts clothed with the sublimest words rolled from his lips without any exertion, like those from Nestor of old.

Mr. Prentiss was, perhaps, one of the most emotional speakers of his day. He felt what he said; he knew it was true; his whole heart was in his words. He was ready to put name, honor, life itself in what he said. These are the reasons that make him stand out as the great orator of his day. He had a clear and cool head; a vivid imagination; an easy flow of pictorial language, with which he executed the most vivid portraiture, an exuberant fancy of diction, sparkling wit and humorous repartee. He ransacked history and literature for apt illustrations. These are the means by which he aroused the emotions of his hearers, and held the multitudes speechless on his lips. Mr. Prentiss will not go down in history as a great philosophical speaker, but rather as an illustrative speaker, who drew his material directly from nature's heart, and appealed mightily to the hearts of men. He said that having found that mankind, from petit jury to the highest deliberative assembly, are more

influenced by illustration than by argument, he had cultivated his imagination in aid of his understanding. We can even now feel every pulse of his heart and the throbbing heart beats of the multitudes that hung upon his lips, as he stood in the Congressional Hall at Washington before a body of unparalleled statesmanship, such as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Preston and J. Q. Adams, and pleaded the cause of Mississippi's right of representation in the most heartfelt and soul-electrifying language. When he concluded that speech in such words as follow: "When you decide that Mississippi cannot choose her own representation, at that self-same moment blot from the spangled banner of this Union the bright star that glitters to the name of Mississippi, but leave the stripe behind, as a fit emblem of her degradation." Mr. Webster remarked to a friend, "Nobody could equal it."

He had about him an indefinable magnetism. He felt his strength and never failed to make others feel it. Wendell Phillips, who was somewhat of an orator and stylist himself, said: "I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, who wielded a power few men ever had." He had an infinite grace, that magnetism that melts all hearts into one. While listening to him once, Mr. Everett asked Mr. Webster if he had ever heard anything like it. Mr. Webster replied, "Never except from Mr. Prentiss himself." "His manner of speech," as Lord Bacon said of the king, "was indeed prince-like, flowing as from a fountain and yet streaming and branching itself into nature's order, full of facility and felicity, imitating none and inimitable by any."

We can hardly think of Mr. Prentiss without being profoundly impressed with his ability as a criminal lawyer whose eloquence juries found as irresistible as the billows of the sea when navies are stranded. When Mr. Prentiss first began to practice law, he went into partnership with an older lawyer at Natchez, Mr. Huston. Mr. Huston was prosecutor in a murder case in which he had very little evidence against the accused, and no hopes whatever of convicting him, so he told Prentiss that he would let him talk in the case, merely for practice, as there was no hopes of convicting the accused. Young Prentiss took the stand. All eyes were riveted upon him. What could this young inexperienced lawyer do in a case so complicated? He had been speaking only a few minutes when every body came to realize his power, and silence reigned. He began to put forth his savage invective upon the accused; vividly portrayed the fiendish act of assassination; transferred the prisoner in his imagination once more to the scene of his crime, which no eye witnessed save that of his own and God's; then he pictured him before the eternal bar of God with all eternity out to receive a damned soul. The scene was more than human being could stand. The accused man arose, and cried out, "Hold up, Prentiss. I had rather endure the pangs of hell than the pangs of conscience. I killed that man." From that day Prentiss' ability as a lawyer was never questioned. He was at once numbered among the criminal lawyers of America.

Mr. Prentiss had not the scholarly attainments of Burke; he wanted the many-sidedness of O'Connell; he lacked the noble and majestic style of Webster; he lacked

the deep philosophy of Calhoun. But as an impassioned orator, whose style abounds in humor and pathos, full of metaphor and simile, overflowing with apt quotations, especially from Scott and Byron, he was the equal of either. Paul could cause king Agrippa to say, "Thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian"; Burke could almost persuade Warren Hastings that he was a guilty man; but Prentiss, without any evidence, made a murderer, whose life was put in the balance and being weighed, to cry out, "I am the guilty man. I had rather endure the pangs of hell than the pangs of conscience." What power of oratory! What unparalleled power he wielded! Immortal genius was he, who has played with the fancies of the masses and stung the conscience of the accused for the last time. He has gone but is not forgotten, for his oratorical genius has made for him a lasting monument in the memory of his country.

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#### THE SOUTHERN GIRL.

All ye muses, bards and poets  
Sing her praises o'er and o'er:  
But to *see* her is to *love* her—  
But to *know* her, to *adore*!

TO——

I once had aspirations high: to rise  
And soar above the vast unnumbered throng  
Of meaner poets, and to sing a song  
That should exalt my fame unto the skies;  
A laurel-wreath upon my brow, the prize,  
My rank, among the singers of earth's song—  
"No mean ambition," say you? Yet 'tis long;  
'Twas 'ere the light of love came to these eyes.  
I still have aspirations high; but now  
The world may greet with loud applause—'tis one!  
For eyes of blue the verse is writ, O, thou  
Inspirer of the trifle I have done!  
Above the rank, the fame, the wreath on brow,  
Thy smile of sweet approval be—if won.

W. C. R.

## MORE HUGUENOT DATA.

THOMAS HUME.

AS I have secured some information from old records I have asked the privilege of making more definite mention of an interesting Huguenot connection.

Jean Blanchard, the ancestor of the Coles on the maternal side, came to this country with many other exiles from Rochelle, France, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. His name first occurs in the annals of Elizabeth, N. J., in 1700, as *gallicus*, a Frenchman. He is a merchant in 1703. In 1711 he becomes justice of the peace. In 1720 he has a large household and is a selectman. In 1739 he is one of the incorporators of the new "freetown" or borough. His son, John, is one of the Revolutionary patriots honored by the Philadelphia Congress and one of the board of trustees of the Presbyterian Church. New Jersey gave several members of the family important commissions and they rendered service on land and sea. Jean's grandson, Andrew, married Mehitable Arnett, whose brother, Isaac Arnett, was the ancestor of the Kollock and Nash families of North Carolina, renowned in the profession of law and of teaching. Three of Andrew Blanchard's daughters lived in North Carolina. Jane married Mr. James Corny, of New Bern. Sarah married Mr. Edward Pasteur, of New Bern. Elizabeth was wedded, at her brother-in-law, Mr. Pasteur's, Halifax, N. C., home, to Mr. Isaac Cole, of Scotch Plains, N. J., in 1793, son of an influential Scotch family, noted for their ability and many virtues. The late Dr. Abraham Coles, of New Jersey,

physician, literary man, author of translations of Latin hymns of the Middle Ages, was the near relation of Isaac Cole. Dr. Henry Van Dyke is of the same connection. Isaac Cole and Elizabeth Blanchard lived in North Carolina and had two sons, James and William, the latter dying in childhood. James married Mary C. Snead, of New Bern, dying there in 1864. They had nine children. Among them Mary Catharine in honored age lives in Chapel Hill. Sarah Anne married Dr. Alexander Taylor, of Bern, (Dr. Hannis Taylor is a cousin), and after his death removed to Chapel Hill, where the charm of her character attracted a host of friends until her lamented death, August 24th, 1900. Two sons survive her, Dr. Isaac Taylor, the head of the Broadoaks Sanitarium, Morganton, N. C., and Mr. James Cole Taylor, of Chapel Hill. Hariotte Gillespie was the fourth daughter, whose Christian virtues and generous hospitality adorn her lovely home in Chapel Hill. Lavinia Ellis, the sixth daughter, married Frederick Cox Roberts, of New Bern, where they have reared an interesting family. Mr. Hugh Laing Cole, a son, received his preparatory education in North Carolina, and graduated at Princeton. This accomplished gentleman was a distinguished lawyer in New York City, married twice, but left no issue, dying there, November 5th, 1898.

# LETTERS

## IN MEMORIAM AND LA SAISIAZ CONTRASTED.

W. P. WOOD.

TENNYSON was not a man of the people. He kept himself in a state of splendid privacy; he avoided commonplace life and in bearing, dress, and manner he was singular and picturesque. Browning had a frank interest in the doings of those around him; he mixed with the people and studied their actions and motives. There was not the air of a recluse about him. This characteristic difference between the two poets seems to influence, to a large degree, their life and work.

The outline of *In Memoriam* briefly stated is this: Arthur Hallam, a college chum of Tennyson's, died suddenly while on the Continent. The poem is written in memory of Hallam. The idea of personal grief and despondency gives way to vicarious sorrow and finally a song of triumph ends the elegy. The keynote of the poem is the immortality of love. The epilogue finds the poet singing a song of praise of his brother-in-law. The personal note of sorrow gives way to the idea of the universality of sorrow. *La Saisiaz* is addressed to a friend of old date who has also died suddenly. The first few pages tell the story of her death and then Browning propounds the question:

“Does the soul survive the body? Is there God's self, no or yes!”

He makes two assumptions—the existence of God and the soul, and proceeds to show that life is unsatisfactory if there is nothing hereafter. Assuming a future life, earthly failure may mean heavenly gain. He states in the poem: (1) Life is a probation, (2) Moral certitude would defeat its own aim. He ends with a hope that is an assurance.

In contrasting the two poems we note first that Tennyson is decidedly insular. England is to him a kind of Heaven. The “blind hysterics of the Celt” do not impress him. England and her problems are nearest and dearest to him. Tennyson’s *Second Locksley Hall* illustrates this point best.

In a general review of the work of Browning, the most noticeable thing is his wide treatment of subjects. No people, no nations, are beyond his treatment. His characters are drawn from every race and clime. Tennyson’s characters were all English and, to a very great extent, from the higher classes. Cut-throats, heretics, Jews, Popes, Cardinals,—none were neglected by Browning. Not even the half-human Caliban is beneath his notice. Italy, France, Spain, Arabia, all, and more besides, contribute to his pen. As to scenery, imagery, and general treatment, *In Memoriam* is a British poem. *La Saisiaz* is the account of an occurrence in Italy.

Again, *In Memoriam* touches on the immortality of the soul, but Tennyson’s reason tells him that he can know nothing and that he had no proof of immortality. Cold reason gives way to feeling and we have the immortality of love. It is faith against proof, heart against reason, inward evidence against the senses. His heart directed him and said “I have felt” and he bade defiance to scepticism and reason. It is Tennyson who can say

“Strong Son of God, immortal Love  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove,”

and live a purer, higher life because he has faith.

La Saisiaz is the poetry of the philosopher. Reason however does not play the chief note in the poem. Browning is optimistic. He believes in the human race. His reason demanded his belief in immortality. “But,” says Browning, “Moral certitude will defeat its own aim and I find that reason need not settle the idea of immortality for me.” His assumption of the existence of God and the soul leads him to forge the connecting link between the two and the result is the immortality of the soul. He says that life is a probation, that life is not the half of the whole but is a preparation for the hereafter. His is a robust fortitude. No poet strikes such a hopeful, resonant note as Browning. Tennyson has faith, Browning knows. The main force in Browning is intellect.

In *Memoriam* treats every shadow of despair when death is first met; grief then softens, and we hear songs of praise at the end because the sorrows have been purified and the sympathies widened. Mr. Brooke says “It is the story of the voyage of the soul. First the hurricane of sorrow came; then the fierceness of the storm grew less and less, but left the sea tormented and the ship of the soul tossing from wave to wave, from question to question. At last there was calm and the soul rested; and then a clear wind arose in sunny skies and the ship flew forward, all the sails set to victory, into a harbor of peace.” In *Memoriam*, we see, is not the expression of

one mood. There are four distinct periods and the thought of the poem moves from one to the other of these periods. At the beginning there is a personal grief, but this grief widens and Tennyson can truly say, "It is rather the cry of the whole human race than mine." Personal suffering becomes vicarious suffering.

La Saisiaz is a distinct incident. It is an argument and has no growth. There is no progress in the poem other than the natural evolution of thought. The poem is a statement of belief already confirmed by experience. The poet was nearing the end of his life. He had always been optimistic and "fought face forward." He had felt all the emotions and statements made in La Saisiaz. He had always believed in God and the immortality of the soul. He had a strong and abiding faith in God and a supreme faith in the possibilities of God's creatures. His experience had led him to believe what he puts in Pippa's mouth.

"God's in his Heaven.  
All's right with the world."

Tennyson is the poet of art. He adorns and polishes his verse until we have a rhythmical beat from beginning to end. Note how correct and rhythmical this verse is,

"Who break's his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star;"

Taine calls such verses "grateful bouquets," but the polishing of the times does not mar the thought; it enhances the beauty of the poem. The style is graceful, melodious and tender. Tennyson showed great art in

his metrical arrangement. No matter what the metrical arrangement was, one could feel assured that there would be no abruptness.

Browning is essentially the poet of energy. Tennyson was not the poet of energy. One could hardly expect Tennyson to write Browning or Browning to write Tennyson. The personality of a poet determines his style. Browning's style is stamped with his individuality. There is more strength and virility than beauty in his poems. We find in *La Saisiaz* the same chaotic sentence structure—the breaking into the regular thought with a dash, a statement, another dash and then the same flow so speedily checked—as in his other poems. His poetry has not the rhythm of Tennyson's and we would hardly have it so. It is Browning speaking to us through the poem and it would be unnatural indeed for him to curb his speech for the sake of meter. Browning also shows more daring and originality in riming one word with another than Tennyson. "Youth and Art" illustrates this statement.

Tennyson showed in *In Memoriam* that he often doubted, feared, and hoped. He was often depressed and pessimistic. He experiences calm despair and wild unrest:

"I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope thro' darkness up to God,  
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope."

There is a note of despondency and hope in these lines

which expresses Tennyson's character to some extent. He had not the calm assurance of Browning. There is no doubt expressed in the last cantos of the poem. The sun has come out from behind the clouds and everything is bright and radiant. Sorrow is forgotten and hope grows larger.

La Saisiaz reflects Browning's belief to a great degree. I have said it is a statement of belief already confirmed by experience. No poet, assuredly not Tennyson, strikes a more hopeful, resonant note than Browning. There is not the slightest degree of hesitancy in his belief. With his strong spiritual nature, he infused into his poetry a strong and abiding trust, a trust never-dying and firmly convinced of the ultimate triumph of good over evil. Prospice is a defiance of death, a challenge to battle. Browning was

"One who never turned his back but marched breast  
forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would  
triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep  
to wake."

His optimism was not even staggered by the apparent failure of the victims in the morgue. He knows,

"That what began best, can't end worst,  
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

Both men were great poets but radically different in their natures. Both alike were English, but how different they were I have attempted to show.

## SKETCHES

### A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

While I was waiting in a railway station some months ago, a well-dressed commercial traveller stepped in, and going up to a stranger, asked him if he intended *going* off on that train which was then about to start. The stranger replied that he did.

"Have you got any baggage?" then asked the drummer.

"No."

"Well, my friend, you can do me a favor without its costing you anything. You see, I've got two rousing big trunks here, and the railroad men always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one of them checked on your ticket, and we'll euchre the company. See?"

"I see; but I haven't got any ticket," replied the stranger.

"But I thought you said you were going off on this train?"

"I did say so. I am the conductor."

"Oh!" He paid for his extra baggage as usual.

JAS. E. WRENN.

### ONLY A DREAM.

The other night I smoked a black cigar and consequently I had a bad dream. It seemed to me that I descended to the realms of Pluto. I had not been there long before I met his Satanic Majesty. That worthy

offered to show me the sights of Hades, and I gladly consented. We first visited the furnaces and there I saw many devils burning men and women who had been unjust in this world. We next went into a room which resembled a dining room. Noticing many hooks upon the wall, I ventured to ask what they were used for.

“On those,” said the devil pointing to the hooks, “we dry Freshmen who are too green to burn.”

I awoke just as my guide offered to show me what they did with Sophomores.

T. J. HENDERSON.

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#### MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN LOVE.

When I was about sixteen years old, I imagined that I was very deeply in love with a pretty young girl who lived one mile from my father's home. One Sunday evening I made up my mind that, before the sun rose again, she should know how dearly I loved her. I started for her home. I soon came in sight of the house where, to me, lived the dearest girl in all the world. At the sight of her father, who was sitting on the piazza, my knees seemed to give way, and I came near falling. I managed, however to get to the house, and Mr. Smith—he was her father—conducted me to a nice parlor, where I found Miss Daisy seated near a window. I took a seat on the opposite side of the room. My heart rose in my throat. It seemed as if I was about to choke. I knew that I ought to talk; but I could think of nothing to say. All my speeches of love had vanished. At last I said:

“M——Mi——Miss Daisy I guess I h—ha—had just as well t—t—o—o to tell you, I l—l—l—o—o—o love you. W—wi—w—i——!” Before I had finished, she said:

"You had better go home and stay with your mother until you learn to talk."

I did as she advised. When I got home I found that I loved my mother better than any girl living.

M. B. SELF.

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CHARLES FLUTTER'S ANSWER.

Aunt Dinah's quilting party was over. In those days parties did not last all night. The moon was just rising when Charles Flutter helped Nell Thornton into his new buggy. Now Charles had been going with Nell for some months, but thought of her only as a friend. He was wealthy, young, and handsome, but very backward. Nell thought this bashfulness was all that kept him from proposing and decided on this night to bring him out. Everything was suitable for her task. They were alone, the katy-dids were singing in almost every tree, the air was filled with the sweet perfume of the honey-suckle, and the moon was smiling on the whole.

Nell brought the subject up by asking Charlie if he did not think that Frank Smith was going to marry Cora Jones. Charlie, without any change in his manner or voice, answered: "Yes, I think he loves her very much."

"But nobody loves me," said Nellie in her pouting, persuasive way. She had thrown out her most tempting bait, and she thought her object was accomplished, for Charlie, giving the horse a smart cut with his whip, blurted out: "I know someone who loves you."

Nellie drew closer, took the reins from his hands, and bending over till her curls almost touched his averted cheeks, whispered: "Who?"

Charlie turned slowly around and said with all his characteristic earnestness, "Why, God loves you."

They reached home in silence.

W. A. MACAULAY.

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HAL JONES WORRIES HIS FATHER.

One morning Deacon Jones met 'Squire Higgins at a country store in Western North Carolina.

"'Squire," said the deacon, "I hear that your son, Sam, is gone to the University."

"Yaas," answered the 'squire, "an' I've got high hopes in Sam. He's might'y inter'sted in books."

The deacon sighed and said: "Waal, if I'd a known that he was a gwine down there, I'd a'vised you to not let him go. You know my son Hal took a notion that he wanted to go to the Univarsity to get his ejudication. I'm sorry I ever let him go. For he aint much good to work any more; he's got on them city airs; an' he talks so proper that me an' his mah don't know what he says. An' since he's come back this third time he's wus in them respects than ever.

"But, 'Squire that aint the wust of it. I do b'lieve the boy is gwine crazy. He says he studied ph'losophy down there. An' I jus' wish you could hear him talk sometimes. Waal, he talks more down-right foolishness than I ever hearn befo'. That fool boy tries to reason out everything that's mysterious. He actu'ly said there aint nothin'. He says that we jus' imagine that there's somethin'. I told Hal that if I was gwine to look at things that way, I'd as lief b'lieve that there aint no such a thing as this world and its troubles. An' all these things that 'pear to be aint nothin' but a night-mare I'm

a havin' while asleep in Heaven. When I wake up everything will come right. Hal said, how was I gwine to prove its all a night-mare. I said I wasn't goin' to prove nothin'. Says I, all this thing 'o tryin' to reason out everything that's mysterious is meddlin' into the Almighty's work. I told him I tried to 'tend to my business an' let the Almighty 'tend to his. An' says I, you might as well do that too. But that didn't seem to impress Hal much. He jus' keeps on arg'in' about everything that's foolish. I'm afeard that we'll have to send him to the 'sylum yet."

CHAS. J. HENDLEY.

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#### HADES' CRITICISM.

"Ha!" said Napoleon, glancing over the Sunday edition of the *New York Journal*, "this last cartoon of Alphonse and Leon, my dear Charles, reminds me of an incident at Moliere's last reception."

Charles the Twelfth frowned and threw away his cigar. He had not been invited to the rout. "I understood that this reception was a literary affair," he said in reply. "I wouldn't think you would have gone."

"Oh, well, you know," replied the Emperor, "I figure to a considerable extent in literature, being more of an inspiration perhaps, than I am inspired. Indeed, it makes me tired to think how many books have been written about me."

"I grant you are responsible for a large item of the world's affliction in the matter of literature, yet I remember there was one darned French— I beg your pardon. You are aware, I suppose, that I am the subject of a biography by Monsieur Voltaire—"

"In which," broke in Napoleon, "he has freed his country from all stigma as to the manner, or rather, cause of your death, to the complete satisfaction of, I might say, the world."

"However, I have an inkling of the manner of my taking off," retorted the King, "being an eye-witness of the event."

"But this has nothing to do with the incident the funny paper recalled to me," resumed Napoleon. "The last recruit, it appears to the literary circle, is an American student who went crazy translating Hugo and butted his brains out. He came in when I was there. He also had the "Hernani" under his arm. He immediately inquired of Hugo what he meant by certain lines in the poem. 'My dear sir,' began Hugo; 'I deprecate the impudence of venturing an opinion as to what I meant by those lines in the presence of such critics as M. Voltaire, here, and M. Boileau. I beg of you to seek from them your information.'

"'My dear Hugo,' said Boileau, 'you doubtless remember that "Hernani" was written after my time and, I might say, without my approval. I beg to be excused from an opinion, seeing that I haven't read it.'"

"'Will our friend Voltaire, then, oblige us with his judgment?' asked Hugo."

"'My dear Hugo,' replied Voltaire, 'with all my heart. As far as I can find out you didn't mean anything at all by them.'"

"And what did the young Yankee man say," asked the King.

"Only that he wished he hadn't butted out his brains," replied the Emperor, reflectively; "which proves that

Yankees don't catch on to our jokes all at once."

T. B. HIGDON.

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#### A BOY'S TROUBLES AT A SPELLING MATCH.

One warm April afternoon, the teacher of the little country school arose and announced that if the students wished he would hold a spelling match. Of course all were delighted.

The two most advanced pupils he selected as leaders. According to the established rules the leaders took "time about" at choosing. When the whole school had been chosen on one side, or the other, the teacher had them to line up. He arranged them in the shape of a big "V", he sitting in the middle at the big end of the letter, the best spellers on the opposing sides at his right and left, and the "don't cares" at the bottom where the sides of the "V" join.

Then the spelling began. At first the ranks thinned very rapidly, but some of the more advanced pupils, who had been through the "blue-back", took a brace, so to speak, and for awhile held their own. Even these, in time, were forced to succumb to the "jaw-breakers" which the master threw out.

At last there remained only two to oppose each other—a boy and a girl. It was known in school that Herbert had been "sparkin'" Agnes, and as her last colleague missed the boy realized his and her prominent positions. His face became red, and when the teacher passed the word over to him he could scarcely speak. But he spelled it, and the teacher returned to Agnes.

Her word was "darling". Not appreciating the situation, she was cool and collected and spelled it without

hesitation. But the mention of the word had a disastrous effect on Herbert. His face became redder, and when some of the pupils giggled he felt like going through the floor.

The teacher now came back to our hero. It was a simple word, "honey", but Herbert was flustered. He started out bravely, however, and spelled it "h-u-n-i-e". The teacher announced that he had spelled it wrong, and gave him his second trial.

But just then his little brother, who had been obliged to sit down on his first word, jumped up over in the corner and yelled:

"I kin spell that. That's what I heerd Herbert call Agnes when she slipped off'n the foot-log, comin' over the branch t'smornin', and he asked her if she was hurted."

Herbert didn't spell the word, but he saw "Little Buddie" after school,—which bears out the statement that revenge is sweet.

ISHAM KING.

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AN EPISODE.

The harvest moon had changed the river-mist into a silvery veil, hanging low over the sleeping fields. Overlooking the hazy lowlands stood a great, white house, its rose-gardens filling the air with incense.

A girl in white came out of the house and stood by one of the great porch pillars, twisting her handkerchief nervously. She turned suddenly and faced the man who had come out after her.

"Well?"

He hesitated, then broke out passionately:

"Lillie, I've loved you, adored you, ever since we first met, since our first dance three years ago. Can you give me any hope now? Have my attentions gone for mere friendship?"

"Yes—you have always seemed like an elder brother to me."

"You never understood how it was? I've lived on, hoping for so much more than that."

She was silent and seemed lost in her own thoughts. He made an impatient movement.

"I thought I cared for you once, and I might have, but—but I was mistaken."

"So there is no hope? This is the end?"

She did not answer, but stood, twisting her handkerchief; and the scent of her hair was sweeter than the roses. An insane desire to seize her and crush her to his breast almost overcame him. Then his hopes, dying, left him cold and miserable.

"O, why should I make you unhappy? Believe me, I would not have had this happen for the world. I thought you were my true friend, never dreaming you cared for me—like that."

He smiled bitterly and tried to answer, but could not. Then, with an effort:

"Good-bye," he said.

Silently she held out her hand, and he bent over it a moment. She made no sign; it was the end. So, through the slow-creeping river mist, pale and ghostly in the cold moon-light, he rode away, to "travel the road of vain regret beyond which somewhere lies despair."

G. G. THOMAS.

## BOOKS

*Gabriel Tolliver.* Joel Chandler Harris.

To all lovers of Joel Chandler Harris's stories the announcement of "Gabriel Tolliver" was welcome; but on reading the story one is disappointed. Is this the work of the man whose direct, simple ways of storytelling charmed us in tales of "Brer Fox" and "Brer Rabbit," whose sure hand traced for us Uncle Remus and Aunt Minervy Ann? The action drags, and the characters are not impressive.

None of the characters in "Gabriel Tolliver" stand out with the distinctness of some of those in his earlier books. "Mr. William H. Sanders," Francis Bethune and Major Tomlin Perdue are old acquaintances from other stories. In Silas Tomlin, Mr. Harris introduced a character which promised well, but Mr. Harris, himself, seemed to be uncertain just what to make of Silas. For over two hundred pages Silas is pictured as a miser without a redeeming feature, but on page 212, Mr. Harris writes: "Miserly Silas was with his money, but his love for his son was boundless. . . . Silas loved money, not for its own sake, but for the sake of his son."

Now, some one may say that human nature is inconsistent, and that, therefore, Mr. Harris is drawing his characters true to nature. Human nature may be inconsistent, but the characters in this book are made,—Mr. Harris intimates as much, himself. Let me quote: "In the present state of literary criticism, one must be very careful not to permit women and children to display their

sensitive and tender natures. Only the other day a very good book was damned because one of the female characters had wept three hundred and ninety-three times during the course of the story. . . ." "Nevertheless, man wept a little . . ."

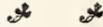
Such exposure of the mechanism is irritating, as is, also, on page 353, the labored explanation of the dropping of one thread of the story to take up another. Nobody can watch all three rings of a circus at the same time, and nobody expects to; nobody can follow several lines of thought at once, and no excuse is necessary for dropping one in order to follow another.

"Gabriel Tolliver" is, however, a pleasant story. Though laid in Georgia during the period of war and of reconstruction, it concerns itself little with either. War intrudes only as a murmur, and reconstruction serves only to let Gabriel out of a hole into which his habit of night-wandering had put him. The story winds and babbles along a more or less sunny way, and ends as the old stories used to end, "They married and lived happily ever after."

*Castle Cranecrow.* George Barr McCutcheon. H. S. Stone. \$1.50.

Given an energetic young American, a pretty daughter of an ambitious mother; a dark Italian prince with a past, and an old castle of mediaeval times; and the author of "Graustark" holds almost spell-bound the interest of a reader through a book of considerable size. It is a book in which, to use a current phrase, "there is something doing." When it is laid down the reader takes a deep breath and the world wags on. Where is Castle

Craneycrow? Oh, it's somewhere in Ruritania, a rival of the ancient Zenda Castle. McCutcheon says that it is Germany, but McCutcheon is mistaken, that's all. The story might be shorter, but would that it were longer.



## LIBRARY NOTES.

Most popular books of the month:

The Pit. Norris.

The Virginian. Wister.

Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son. Lorimer.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan.

The Leopard's Spots. Dixon.

The Spenders. Wilson.

Glengarry School Days. Connor.

Books taken out of Library for March:

Fiction,	- - -	729
Political Economy,	- - -	152
English,	- - -	160
History,	- - -	62
Debates,	- - -	187
All others,	- - -	326
		1616
Total,	- - -	1616

# University Magazine.

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Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

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## EDITOR'S PAGE

Gentle spring is here once more and we are all beginning to suffer from that malady, some of the symptoms of which are described by patent medicine advertisements as "extreme lassitude and disinclination to work." The trees on the campus are once more becoming "classic shades" and the voice of the base-ball rooter is heard in the land. Already coming examinations cast their shadows before; in fact, we might amend the poet's saying to read thus: "In the spring a college man's fancy wearily turns to thoughts of examinations."

Speaking of examinations reminds us of an editorial in one of our exchanges some time ago which we think struck a true note; it rang true, anyhow. We quote from it as follows: "There is something pathetic—almost tragical—in this continual struggle, this everlasting competition for *marks*. . . . We firmly believe that half of the men in college today think more of the marks they get than of any other single college affair. And out of this company, typical of the spirit it embodies, product of its selfish, ruinous system do we find that curious, inexplicable type which is called the 'poler.'" That word is not known here, but we have the "boner" instead. In addition, we have another type we have never seen mentioned anywhere else—the "spotter." He is so well known that it is hardly necessary to describe him. He is just the opposite of the "boner." Instead of getting up the whole thing and cramming it down as the "boner" does, he selects a few likely "spots" to put him through and it is an actual fact that often some of our examinations are simply contests in which the professor seeks to avoid "spots" and the student to find them. Now evidently there is "something rotten in the State of Denmark" and the whole trouble lies in the present system of marking; we really ought not to have the "poler" or "spotter" in our midst, and the only way to get rid of them is to revise the system of grading. The editorial of which we have been talking says: "Of course it is no more than right to let a man know about where he stands in his class; whether or not he can afford to do certain outside work, etc. But it is not necessary to indicate in the report more than the division to which the student belongs. For instance, let the class

each semester be divided according to ability into half a dozen grades; it would not be necessary until graduation to publish more than the grade to which he belongs." However, it is not our purpose to solve the problem or make suggestions. We leave the problem for wiser, abler and more experienced minds to grapple with. We simply wish to call attention to the present condition of things and the need for a change.



In two recent popular novels whose scenes are laid in Indiana and Chicago respectively, several of the prominent characters in each come from North Carolina. This makes us think of that old saying: "North Carolina is a good place to be born in." Yes, it is a pretty good place to be born in and spend one's infancy; a place where there are good people, good water and good air. But the time is coming and coming soon, too, when North Carolina will also be a good place to live in. The State has always been conservative even in its growth; but now her towns are growing wonderfully fast; her store of resources is slowly but surely being opened up, and her people are gradually beginning to realize the State's great natural advantages. The water power scattered about all over the State is unlimited, the timber in the western part of the State and elsewhere, if judiciously cut, will last for many, many years; our mineral resources are almost entirely undeveloped; the fisheries on our coast do an immense amount of business; and our farmers are just learning to diversify their crops and they find that fruits and vegetables of all kinds give an enormous yield, which finds a ready market in the North. The word is now: "Young man, go South," and North

Carolina, being among the northernmost of the Southern states, is right in line to receive this influx of new blood. The "Old North State" is not as pushing and showy as some of her sister states, but she will get there in due time.



Our thanks are due to the writer in our friend and contemporary, the *Tar Heel*, for his able review of our March number. He begins by saying, "Perhaps the editors and contributors, if no one else, will be interested in the impression which a rather hasty perusal of the March number of the Magazine leaves upon a friendly eye."

Yes, we were interested at once; our attention was gained and our curiosity aroused in the very beginning; we settled ourselves back in the editorial chair and said to ourselves, "Now we are going to learn something." But much to our disappointment, after finishing the review we found that the writer failed to give any "impression" at all, but merely took up a few of the contributions and commented upon them in a manner evidently intended to be satirical. He did not mention the excellent cut of William Rufus King which we had as a frontispiece. He ignored the interesting article, "Was Henry Esmond a Prig?" Of the three pieces of verse only one was mentioned; he might at least have stated what was wrong with the other two. He paid no attention to the department "Books" and failed to state whether it was of any value or not. He did not mention the arrangement and make up of the issue as a whole and gave us no idea as to whether there was room for improvement; he says, "We are glad to see *such per-*

*sistent efforts* on the part of the editors to improve the MAGAZINE" but fails to say whether they have actually improved it.

On the whole we think the reviewer did the writers of the contributions just mentioned an injustice in failing to mention their work, and the editors an injustice in failing to give any word either of criticism or commendation.



We think there is great need for reform in the present method of electing editors of the MAGAZINE, and as the Societies choose their representatives on the board for the coming year sometime in the near future, we wish to make a suggestion or two. Too often editors of our different publications are elected on other considerations than those of merit, and this should not be. To do the work as it should be done means lots of hard work and only the best should be chosen. We suggest that hereafter editors of the MAGAZINE be chosen only from the ranks of those who have previously made contributions of recognized merit to this publication. This will considerably lighten the labor of the editor-in-chief in procuring copy, and besides will make the election of members of the editorial board a matter of merit, as it should be.

We request the Societies to think over this suggestion and see whether it can be adopted.



With this, our May Day issue, the present editorial board steps out of office, this being the last of the series of six issues regularly gotten out during the college year.

Our associates, with one exception, have done their work faithfully and well, and we wish to thank them for the assistance they have given whenever called upon. We also wish to thank the members of the faculty who have so kindly aided us, with pen as well as suggestions. It is greatly to be regretted that the student body fails to support the MAGAZINE as it should, and thus make it necessary to call upon members of the faculty.

It is rather difficult to step into another's shoes in the middle of the term and carry on the work with no previous plans or preparation, and if the present editor-in-chief has failed in anything, we pray that the circumstances be taken into consideration and some allowance made.

We herewith present our May issue to our readers with the hope that it may be enjoyed by all. We have aimed to make it entertaining as well as instructive and hence have enlarged our fiction department considerably. We also present a goodly array of verse which we think is of more than ordinary merit.

## EXCHANGES

The Easter number of the *University of Virginia Magazine* is the kind of thing a college ought to get out. The cover and printing are most artistic and really pleasant to the eye. The contributions inside, however, are not especially remarkable, some of the stories being rather ordinary and the poetry indifferent. The exchange department is well gotten up.

We are glad to welcome to our exchange table the initial number of *The Collegian*, a neat little magazine published by the Literary Societies of Louisburg Female College. The editors are to be congratulated upon the excellence of their first number. We believe candor will allow us to say that every article in the March number is well written and interesting. But *The Collegian* is to be criticized in two respects: first, it is lacking in fiction; and second, it contains too little student thought. We extend friendly greetings to this esteemed contemporary and wish it a long and successful career.

The *Chisel*, published by the Woman's College, Richmond, Virginia, for April, is certainly one of the very best college publications we have seen. It is far above the average college magazine. To say something about all the reading matter would be impossible in this short review. Every department is well gotten up and contains much that is very good reading matter. "Queen Victoria and her Reign" is well written and will be of much interest to every student of history. "Love Versus

Ambition—Which?" is a very good love story and its redeeming feature is that it leaves out the *sickening scenes* and ends well. The poetry is also good. No one can examine this publication without concluding that the *Chisel* is very good and extremely well gotten up.

The March number of *The William and Mary College Monthly* opens with the poem "Dawn" which is not very good, neither is it very bad but is certainly indifferent. "Memories" is written on the Ik Marvel style and is good. "Amor Mortalium" is the best poem in the Magazine and "Two Crises" is very good as a specimen of anti-climax. "Some Things and a Few Others" is very good for a cursory glance at questions that have been or are about to be settled, and we heartily agree with the writer on his stand taken in regard to the name of "Professor." The word has come to mean little or nothing and will remain so as long as a "tonorial artist" claims the same title as the most learned Ph.D. We would suggest to the editor of the Book Review Department that a short and pithy review of, say, two books would be better than a longer criticism of one. We also note the absence of fiction in this number, the only thing approximating it being a serial translation from the French entitled "The Last Rose."

We are pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges since our last issue: Queen's University Journal, Student Life, Tennessee University Magazine, The Criterion, Gold and Blue, Hampden Sidney Magazine, The Hendrix College Mirror, Red and White, The College Message, The Wake Forest Student, The Haverfordian, The Converse Concept, Niagara Index, Minne-

sota Magazine, The Cadet, The Furman Echo, The Erskinian, Pine and Thistle, The Carolinian, The Howard Collegian, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Trinity Archive, The Limestone Star, Williams Literary Monthly, The Mercerian, The Intercollegian, The Collegian, The Delineator, The Davidson College Magazine, The Roanoke Collegian, The William and Mary College Monthly, The Chisel, The University of Virginia Magazine, The Palmetto, The Wofford College Journal, The Vanderbilt Observer, and the State Normal Magazine.

## COLLEGE RECORD

- March 1. Address in Chapel by Mr. E. G. Wilson.
- March 2. Entertainment by Musical Club.
- March 10. 147th meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society.
- March 12. Regular meeting of Shakespeare Club.
- March 14. First game of baseball with Bingham. Score, 6-0.
- March 18. Game of baseball with Oak Ridge. Score, 12-3.
- March 19. Faculty lecture by Dr. J. D. Bruner, subject, "The Literary Attractions of the Bible."
- March 22. Rev. E. R. Leyburn, University preacher for March, preaches in Chapel.
- March 23. Baseball game with Lafayette, at Chapel Hill. Score, 3-2.
- March 24. Baseball game with Lafayette at Chapel Hill. Score, 3-5.
- March 24. Meeting of Historical Society, interesting paper by Dr. Raper.
- March 26. Faculty lecture by Dr. R. H. Lewis, subject, "Air."
- March 27. Game of baseball with Brown University at Chapel Hill. Score, 1-4.
- March 28. Baseball game with Brown University at Greensboro. Score, 12-7.
- April 2. Faculty lecture by Dr. Chas. Baskerville, on "One of Life's Problems."
- April 3. Baseball game with Gettysburg at Chapel Hill. Score, 7-5.

- April 9. Game of baseball with Cornell at Raleigh. Score, 4-3.
- April 10. Baseball game with South Carolina College at Columbia. Score, 9-9.
- April 11. Baseball game with Wofford College, game is played at Spartanburg. Score, 2-0.
- April 13. Easter holiday.
- April 16. Portrait of Dr. Jno. Manning is presented to the University by Hon. H. A. Foushee and received by Hon. H. A. London.
- April 18. Baseball game with South Carolina College at Durham. Score, 4-3.
- April 20. Meeting of the Historical Society, the following papers were read: Mr. R. W. Herring on the "Proprietary Judiciary." Dr. C. L. Raper made an excellent elaboration of Mr. Herring's paper. Mr. R. O. Everett on "Andrew Johnson." Dr. Battle closed the meeting by reading an interesting account of "A Daring Attack."

# ALUMNI

## I. NOTES.

Whitehead Kluttz, Law '02, who has been practicing law with his father in Salisbury has moved out to Oklahoma.

F. L. Foust, ex-'03, captain of the "Varsity" football team last fall will coach the team of William and Mary College next year.

D. Z. Cauble, ex-'03, has gone to Birmingham, Alabama, to take a position as a chemist with the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company.

F. M. Osborne, '99, has been recently appointed assistant coach of the football team at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., for next fall.

Among the winners of prizes made at West Point to the successful cadet athletes who participated in the athletic events of 1902 season under the Army Officers' Athletic Association tournament were two University boys: Ernest Graves, '00, and Henry Winston, ex-'02, both being awarded badge "A" as distinguished in baseball.

At the examination of the State Board of Pharmacy the following twelve young men from the University Department of Pharmacy passed with credit to themselves and to the Department of Pharmacy:

G. W. Stribling, J. B. LeGwin, T. E. Austin, C. Byrd, Willie Hood, D. A. Bullock, C. T. Webb, T. R. Pember-

ton, W. H. Snuggs, W. C. Bateman, Hollowell, and R. S. Gorham.

## II. MARRIAGES.

To be married April 29th, 1903, at Los Angeles, Cal., Mr. F. H. Westefeldt, ex-'04, to Miss Stella Sanford.

Mr. Walter Murphy, '89-'90, Law '92-'94, a member of the Salisbury bar and also a member of the recent Legislature, was married in Boston, March 17, to Miss Maud Horney.

## III. NECROLOGY.

Capt. William R. Kenan, of Wilmington, died at the John Hopkins Hospital April 14. Capt. Kenan left the University when the war broke out and joined the 43rd North Carolina Regiment and won distinction during the war.

## CLIPPINGS

### THE CO-ED CHEMICALLY DESCRIBED.

Co-ed,—Specific gravity little or nothing. A slight pinkish substance found in and around all classes in English. Very volatile. At ordinary temperatures gives off a perpetual flow of conversation, but when heated to a high temperature becomes explosive and dangerous. Enters into combination very readily. Precipitated by exams. Its uses in the arts are varied, and the demand exceeds the supply. —*Vanderbilt Observer.*

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Mr. D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, N. C., has recently published figures to show that at thirty-five years old the earning capacity of a man with common school education and special training for his work is twelve and a half times greater than that of an illiterate untrained man; that the earning capacity of a man with high school education and training is twenty-five times greater than that of the illiterate and untrained man; that the earning capacity of a man with college education and training is thirty-seven and a half times greater than that of the illiterate and untrained man, and that the earning capacity of a man with university education and training is fifty times greater than that of the illiterate and untrained man. So that the value to the commonwealth of the man with university education and proper training for his business is fifty times greater than the value of the illiterate and untrained man.

—*Education Notes.*

He met her in the meadow, as the sun was sinking low;  
 They walked along together in the twilight's after-glow;  
 She waited, while gallantly he lowered all the bars;  
 Her soft eyes bent upon him as radiant as the stars,  
 She neither smiled nor thanked him, because she knew  
     not how,  
 For he was only a farmer's lad and she a Jersey cow.

—*Exchange.*

Whoever reads this verse  
                                     Will swear!  
 So, conscientious one,  
                                     Beware!  
 And if, perchance, you read  
                                     Too far  
 You'll find out what a fool  
                                     You are.  
 Still reading! still must you  
                                     Persist,  
 Though I have warned you of  
                                     Your risk?  
 Too late! you've thrown away  
                                     Your time.  
 Now hear the purpose of  
                                     My rhyme:  
 Since in your *brain* it finds  
                                     A place,  
 "'Twas written just to fill  
                                     Up *space*."

—*The University of Utah Chronicle.*

## YE OLD TIME CAROLINA COURTSHIP.

In Carolina, years ago,  
A courtship, so they say,  
Was conducted by the lover  
In quite a novel way.

If after long and serious thought,  
He found he loved a maid;  
He sent a pine knot to his love.  
"I pine for you," it said.

If his affection she returned,  
Straight back to him was sent  
The pine branch, and its message  
This time for him was meant.

But if she did not love him,  
And never would him wed,  
She sent to him a pine knot.  
"I pine not for you," it said.

Some say he meekly met the fate  
Thus meted out by her;  
But others say it cannot be—  
That these do greatly err.

For when did ever lover live—  
Or is he in this world—  
Who'd take, with aught like meekness,  
Such answer from a girl?

—*The Collegian.*

## *Resolutions of Sympathy.*

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Whereas, Almighty God in his infinite wisdom and foresight has seen fit to remove so soon from our midst our beloved companion and classmate, Pinckney B. Groome; be it

*Resolved:* first, that while bowing with unquestioning submission to the divine will and while our hearts are saddened, we are grateful that the memory of him will be with us.

Second, that in his death the Class of 1902 loses one of its most gifted members and we as individuals a valued friend.

Third, that we recognize the fact that in him we have had a rare exemplification of young manhood, integrity, honor, and devotion to duty, and we deeply deplore his death.

Fourth, that a copy of these resolutions be tendered to the family of the deceased with the tenderest sympathy of each and every member of the class and that copies be furnished the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, *The Tar Heel* and the *Greensboro Record* and *Telegram*.

H. B. Short, Jr.,  
H. M. Robins,  
R. A. Lichtenthaeler,  
Committee.

## ERRATA.

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In the article headed "The United States and the Tariff," the following corrections should be made:

On page 363, third line from bottom of page, for "embrace" read "enhance."

Page 364, first line, for "objected" read "adjusted."

At top of page 365, for "The protection" read "If protection;" middle of page, for "Today the industry" read "Today the steel industry."

Page 366, first line, for "preventive" read "prevention;" in sixth sentence read, "Blockading is the same thing as protection, except that protection prevents a friend from trading." For sentence middle of page read, "We rail at trade and the philosophers and lovers of man have much harm of it." In fourth line from bottom of page, for "much" read "rank."

Page 368, middle of page, for "monopolies that train children" read "monopolies, the twin children."

Page 370, sixth line from bottom of page, "fostered" read "fastened."

Page 371, twelfth line, for "He" read "She."

Page 372, end of article, read "that the man who controls his banks and the man who follows his plow will be forced to contribute equally, according to his respective ability, for the protection of life and property—the dual purpose of all legitimate taxation."

