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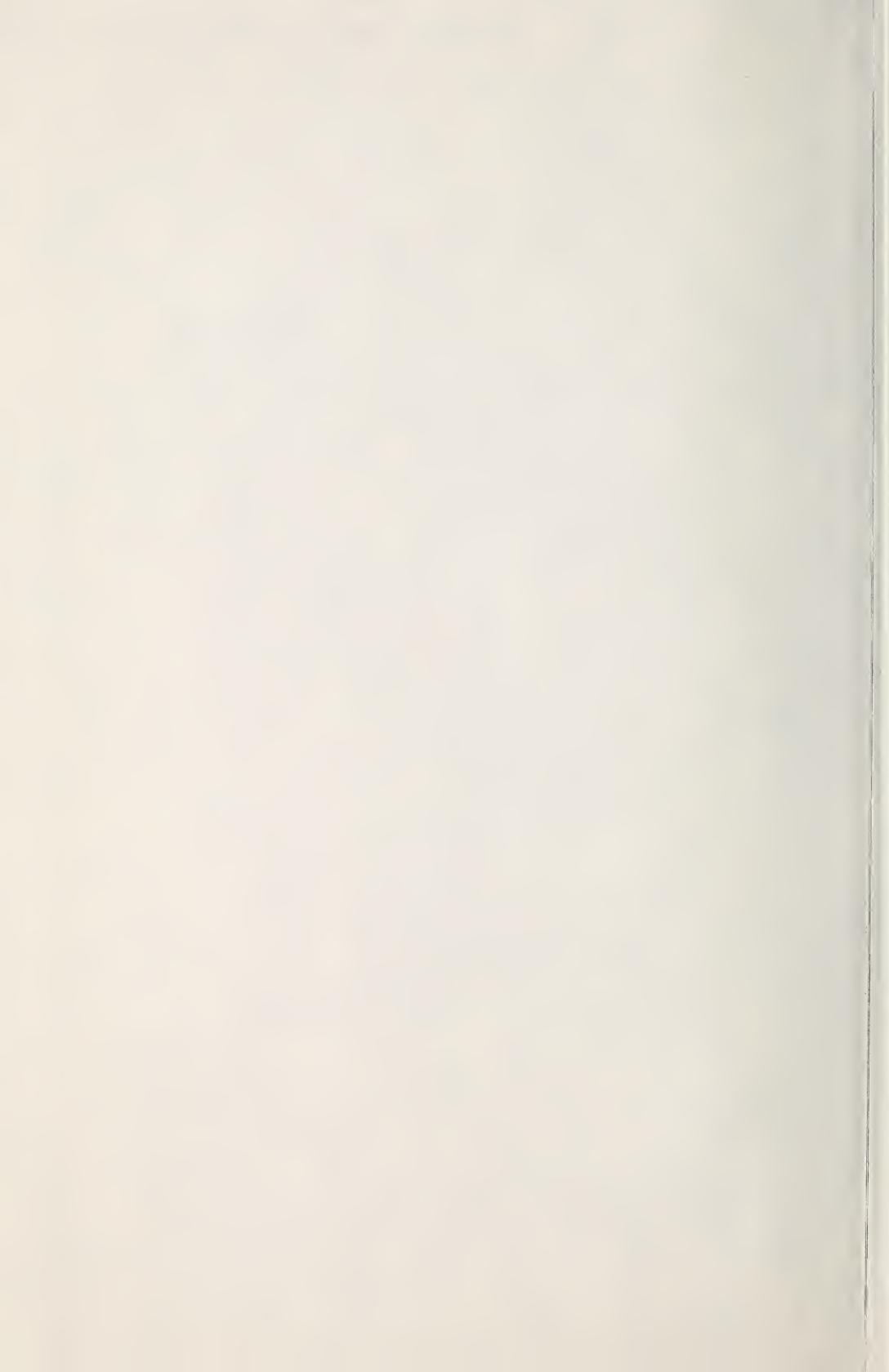


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ENGLISH IN OUR COLLEGES.

I.

The opinion has prevailed in some quarters that English is not taught in many of our American colleges. The charge is made that while other languages, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, French, receive attention, English is neglected. Perhaps many of those who make this charge would find it difficult to explain what they mean by the expression "teaching English."

There seems to be a vague belief that the same kind of attention should be paid to the study of English that any foreign language receives. If this be the meaning of the critic, then manifestly the English appears to him in the curriculum at a disadvantage as compared with any foreign language taught. For whereas in the case of the latter, reading, spelling, pronunciation, the meaning and use of words, are taught; in the former, work in this

direction is supposed to have been, in the main, already done in the nursery, the school-room, and the academy. Indeed, the course at college takes for granted—must do so—that the student is acquainted with many, very many things in the English which form the basis of the study of those very things in the foreign language taught. How a boy at college is to study English there in the same sense in which he studies Latin is inconceivable. That he should study the two *pari passu* is impossible. He must have acquired a pretty fair command of English before being in a condition to begin the study of an unknown tongue.

Another and less vague form in which it is alleged that this neglect manifests itself is, that English Grammar does not hold as conspicuous a place in the college course as that of the foreign languages taught. "You

spend two or three years on the Latin Grammar, and do not mention in your scheme of studies, a single time, English Grammar." This charge is largely based upon a misconception of the office of Grammar. If we conceive of it as a science constructed upon principles more or less arbitrary wherein we are taught authoritatively how language should be formed and construed, then the absence of it from the curriculum would mean something. But if it be viewed as a science or an art which records and classifies the methods of using language which prevail among scholars, then it may safely be left to the judgment of scholars whether it shall be taught formally and as a specific branch, or be left to be absorbed by contact with literary men and by the daily and hourly converse with books which the college course involves. And it ought really to be impossible for a young man to obtain a diploma from a college if he has failed to acquire from these sources a tolerably correct knowledge of Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation, and, generally, of Composition. It may happen, however, that from early associations, or from parental neglect, one has acquired such bad habits of speech that a lifetime will not suffice for their correction. Some men will spell incorrectly and violate the plainest rules of Grammar after years spent in the study of that subject and in the practice of writing. Many of these, by virtue of their innate vigor of intellect, pass through college and achieve great success in life. It is related of a distinguished South Carolina statesman that on one occasion

he stated that, such was the withering effect of the Tariff, "grass grew in the streets of Charleston." I doubt much whether, if he had studied a dozen treatises on Grammar while at Yale (where he graduated), he would have done any better.

It ought to be said, too, that perhaps the best method of learning English Grammar is found in the proper teaching and careful study of a strange tongue. In order to the translation of another language there must be a knowledge of English words and an appreciation of the nicer shades of meaning given out by synonyms. This calls for and produces a constantly enlarging vocabulary. Then, there is necessarily going on in the mind a comparison between what is required in English on the one hand and in the alien language on the other, for the expression of the thought. This fixes on the mind the syntax of the language, "How does the English express this or that thought which I find in Livy?" This requires the construction of an English sentence. And the teacher is at hand to inform you if you are at a loss, or to correct you if you are in error. In doing this he is teaching you English Grammar the most effectually. Indeed, it is in evidence that some of the best English scholars have received their knowledge of English Grammar, in the main, by this indirect method. The writer knows one teacher of distinction in the department of English who had only so much knowledge of the Grammar of the language as one at the age of nine could acquire from Lindley Murray in a six weeks' course

under an "old field" teacher. Immediately on graduation he was installed as head of the department of English in a celebrated High School, and did good work.

If by teaching English is meant giving instruction in the various sciences, Philosophy, Mathematics, Rhetoric, and the like, then obviously the charge of neglecting English is a groundless one. For there is usually as much of these branches taught—and that in text-books written in the English tongue—as can be put into a four years' course of study.

II.

But there is a very important sense in which it is true that English has not been taught to much extent or in the most profitable way in our colleges. This we propose now to notice, after stating, however, that the neglect in the case is due largely to the want of facilities for pursuing the study of English and to the limited knowledge of scholars themselves, resulting from the failure on the part of learned men at some point in the chain of history to transmit to us the material from which this knowledge is to be acquired.

The Norman Conquest, as is well known, introduced into England a race of men speaking a language mainly derived from the Latin. In England they found a people whose speech, called now Anglo-Saxon, was an off-shoot of the great Teutonic family of languages, spoken in large districts of continental Europe. The

Anglo-Saxon possessed a copious vocabulary, and rivalled the Greek and Latin in the fulness of its inflections. As exhibited in the writings of its leading poets and chroniclers, it was surpassed in power of expression only by these two incomparable languages. Now, during the period of Norman supremacy and before the people coalesced into one nationality, for two or three hundred years, both these languages were spoken and used in England. But because the Norman was the language of the conquerors, who had power and wealth, the Anglo-Saxon became the language of the common people. Writers in the mother tongue became fewer and fewer, until the period was reached when there was no living literature in that tongue to conserve and hold it in its purity. Then it began to deteriorate. The loss of its inflections followed, dialects and brogues prevailed, and confusion almost amounting to chaos reigned.

Just then the Norman population, who had hitherto kept aloof from the natives, found themselves, from political causes, forced to make their homes in England, instead of living as they had done partly in Normandy and partly in England. Thus being brought in contact exclusively with the natives, they were under the necessity of holding intercourse with them in all the relations of life. The two languages which had hitherto existed side by side without being affected materially by that circumstance, began to blend. The Anglo-Saxon, or its different dialects, borrowed Norman (Latin) words, the

Norman conforming to the Anglo-Saxon syntax and grammar.

By the time of Chaucer, in the 14th century, this process of gradual coalescence had culminated in what we may venture, with some essential deductions and modifications, to call the English language.

During this whole period there were no writings in the Anglo-Saxon language worthy to be called classic, and the monuments of that language when it existed in its glory were buried away in cloisters and virtually forgotten.

Afterwards grammarians and philologists seem to have been occupied with investigations bearing upon those languages which seemed to have had most direct influence upon mediæval and modern civilization and upon Christianity. Anglo-Saxon seems to have been studied in the English colleges by the curious, by men regarded as possessing odd tastes. Its relation to Modern English and its great service in aiding to acquire a better knowledge of our language seem not at all to have occurred to the most eminent scholars.

Thus it came to pass that the Latin element in our language was emphasized at the expense of the equally important Anglo-Saxon. Boys for centuries were drilled in the Latin Grammar, and familiarized with Latin modes of thought and expression. So much stress was laid upon this study that he could only be reckoned a scholar who spoke and wrote that language. Works first prepared in English were laboriously translated into Latin, as if to prove the author's claim to merit.

All this time English Grammar suffered both in its Syntax and Etymology (using this term in its larger sense) for want of acquaintance with those principles upon which these largely rested—at least so far as these principles were to be sought for in the construction and vocabulary of Anglo-Saxon and early English. Many idioms and “whimsicalities” of speech were to be accepted as unsolved, or indeed insolvable. The translators of the Bible caught it on every hand. What could they have meant by “we do you to wit,” put in the mouth of Paul? How could this Apostle be “let hitherto”? These, and many other expressions, were “nuts to crack,” and produced as much perplexity as “the sun do move” proposition of the immortal Jasper.

Add to this that some of the best literature of our language was as good as lost to whole generations of English-speaking people. Chaucer, Langland, Spenser, and even Shakespeare, were rapidly becoming unreadable. Their antiquated forms and obsolescent expressions must soon have been regarded as gypsy-talk, and “full many a gem of purest ray serene,” after having been laboriously polished by poet and scribe, seemed doomed to find its home in the “dark, unfathomed depths” of that ocean which hides the things that were.

After having faithfully explored the rich mines which Greek and Latin furnished to the student of Philology, and having been startled by the disclosures which the newly discovered Sanscrit made, Grammarians—the Germans taking the lead—turned their

attention to fresh mines opened in "the eight sister languages," the relationship between them having been established by infallible proofs, finding their basis in the revelations made by the Sanscrit. In each one of these eight there were found evidences of a development and synthetic growth which entitled it to take rank with the Latin and even the Greek as a vehicle of thought. The term Gothic, which for a long time conveyed only the idea of the terrible and the savage, under the investigations of scientists into this grand language, was softened into "Teutonic," with sometimes an added "or Gothic." And the timid allusions of Cæsar to German virtue, which had hitherto been read out of his pages, by attention to the more conspicuous accounts of their savage traits and customs, now came to the front, and for a time threatened to throw the latter into the shade which they had themselves ingloriously occupied. Such is the power of a noble language. This Teutonic—daughter of a mother whose progeny covers nine-tenths of Modern Europe—was found to be as grand a monument of human skill and study as Greek itself. It had inherited many of the features of those model synthetic tongues, which have so long been the wonder of the world and a rock of offence to students, and had even retained some features of the mother-tongue (Indo-European) which those languages had lost. It is not in point to carry the comparison into details. Treatises on this subject now abound. These fully attest the correctness of our position.

Now the Anglo-Saxon, the grand-child of this Teutonic language, retained many of the peculiarities of the original tongue—was rich in inflections—maintained the distinction between "strong" and "weak" words—recognized the influence of "umlaut," "ablaut," and other revolutionizing forces so abundantly exemplified in the primitive languages of the Indo-European stock, and possessed a literature the extent and vigor of which are slowly developing under the hands of the race of Philologists who have sprung up within the last fifty years.

III.

If the study of English in our colleges has been neglected, it is mainly in the direction of Etymology.

Scholars affirm that at least one-half of the words of our language are Anglo-Saxon in their origin, and if we count them word for word as used by our best writers, it will be found that the per cent. of such words is above 50—sometimes as high as 70.

For a more satisfactory view of this subject, the reader is referred to March, Whitney, Angus, Lounsbury, and many other writers of that class. And it may be well for him to consult these authorities for the facts which, if clearly set before the mind, would justify an assertion which the writer feels amply warranted in making, viz.: that in order to a proper and satisfactory acquaintance with the meaning and force of English words, it is as necessary to know the Anglo-Saxon as the Latin. We might vary

this by saying that, whatever knowledge of English words may be acquired by the aid of the Latin, there will remain an equal number of words upon whose radical meaning nothing but a knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon will throw light. If, then, we are aided in the mastery of our vocabulary by a knowledge of Latin, for the same reason should a knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon be acquired.

There are two additional reasons why Anglo-Saxon should be taught in our colleges—taught so far at least as to lay well the foundations of an acquaintance to be built up in post-graduate years. All judges of style agree in affirming that the Saxon element in our language has more to do with terseness of expression, and with pathos and tenderness of appeal than the Norman. The latter is mainly the language of the Abstract, the former that of the Concrete. General terms or higher class names are generally Norman, while the names of species and of individuals are Saxon. Now, to be master of the latter must have its effect in imparting the power of vivid and life-like expression. The difference between a parable in the Bible and the rendering of the same in highly classic language, would exhibit the quality in the parable for which I am contending. Now, to have the mind imbued with the Saxon idea, and pervaded by the Saxon spirit, must be an accomplishment not to be valued too highly, if the result indicated follows. Hence Macaulay and other eminent writers advise that he who aims to write or speak with vigor and

directness must read frequently those books—like Bunyan and the English Bible, in which the Saxon largely predominates. Would it not be even better to go to the fountain-head and quaff the waters as they flow pure and clear from the spring itself?

This opens the way for the presentation of another reason for its study.

This language is not without a valuable literature. Suffice it to say that its poetry has furnished materials for bards of no mean note in more modern times, and that in one noted case the conception of the peerless and divine "Cadmon" is thought to have been borrowed by one of England's grandest men and poets. Doubtless the soul of Milton, enchanted by the picture of the artist, could not—after manly efforts to do so—break the spell and soar into original and untrodden fields of thought.

Surely it should concern us to know the beginnings of the race to which we belong, their customs, spirit, thought. If Roman and Greek literature form a part of the curriculum, why should English literature be excluded? Now, for the proper study of this branch, a knowledge of the history of our language is necessary. The successive changes in inflection and in the spelling of words should be known in order to the reading of works written at the various epochs in the history of the language. And the foundation of this knowledge must be laid, it is evident, in an acquaintance with the language in its earliest forms.

One object in this article is to show what direction the demand for Eng-

lish in our colleges should take. On the part of many it is altogether unmeaning, while others demand what is already being done in the most substantial way.

Both of these classes overlook the real needs of the hour, while only a few in any quarter have reached the point of attempting to meet them.

Those institutions of learning which

have recognized the study of the Anglo-Saxon as an important portion of the curriculum, and have made provision for instruction in the history of our language and of its literature are, while not necessarily "forgetting the things which are behind," evidently "reaching forth unto those things which are before."

WM. ROYALL.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Those who quote Marc Antony's saying in his oration over the dead body of Cæsar,—

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones—

as a general rule, too often forget the circumstances under which these words were spoken. Marc Antony, we know, was the very impersonation of the crafty man ; and his craftiness is strikingly brought out by this oration. These words express the sentiment of the wild mob which he was addressing. Excited as they were by the words of Brutus, who had just spoken to them, they saw in Cæsar only a tyrant, and in his death only a blessing for themselves : so Antony, by using these words, gains the good will of the mob in the very start, thus preparing their minds for the sowing of those seeds of "mischief" which afterward bore such an abundant harvest. This saying, then, is not a general truth—or, rather, we should say, ought not to be taken as a general truth. Yet there are not wanting modern biographers who do, in so far

as by their biographies they can, make "the evil that a man does live after him," and "inter the good with his bones." They have an eye only for the filth and the garbage which float on the surface of the stream, whilst the deep-flowing whirling under-current—the inner life of a man—the motive of his actions—his joys and his sorrows—in a word, the soul-life of men—these they never fathom.

Notably is this the case with Froude in his life of Thomas Carlyle. But it really seems that Fraude very often has a way of making out of the subjects of his biographies either saints or semi-devils—of lauding them to the skies, or defaming them, as Carlyle would say, to the nethermost hell. Of Cæsar he has made a saint ; with Carlyle he has gone almost to the other extreme.

The view we get of Carlyle in Froude's life of him is that of a dyspeptic old man kicking over pots and pans, cursing and swearing at every chicken that crowed, and beating the house-maid with the broom. But the

man filling his pockets full of candies for the poor, ragged urchins whom he met in his walks about the streets of London, we do not see. The former picture is that of a man upon whom dyspepsia is doing its full work; the latter that of a man whose heart beats with sympathetic throbs for suffering humanity.

Why is it that biographers do not, as far as possible, make the reverse of Antony's saying true, and inter the evil that a man does with his bones, leaving the good to live after him? Will not the evil live, alas! too long, without feeding it with the foul breath of notoriety? and will not the good have a hard life to live at best? At least we should not have all of the evil and none of the good in a man's life.

May-be it would have been far better for the memory of Carlyle if his life had not been written in this age. It is a question whether any man's life can be fairly dealt with in this age of prejudice and of partizanship, until the waves of public opinion which his life, and, to a much greater degree, his death, set a-rolling, subside. And could Carlyle's spirit come forth and speak to the world, we might hear him saying, as Robert Emmett said to his judges, "Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives, dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character." Speaking from bitter experience, King Henry said, "Un-

easy lies the head that wears a crown," and if some one should say, Reviled the memory of him whom Genius owns, the truth would not suffer much at the saying of it.

But what is the true estimate of Carlyle's character? In view of what has been said, the answer comes, His character is an enigma which another century must solve. Yet we do know something of him. He calls himself a writer of books. Literature was his profession. The study of his works is the only proper means of studying the man. As he wrote, so was he: or better, as he was, so wrote he. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and out of the abundance of an honest author's heart his pen writeth. But although no one doubts the honesty of Carlyle's writing, yet the same difficulty meets us in the study of his works as in the study of his character, seeing that the study of his works is the study of his character. He is a great bundle of contradictions.

Carlyle's main characteristic, perhaps, was earnestness; and a knowledge of this fact enables us better than anything else to get a true solution of his character. This terrible earnestness—excellent thing in itself—was not always backed up by sound judgment; for, whether in the right or in the wrong, whatever he did he did vehemently. He was like an engine rushing down grade with a full head of steam, throttle-valve wide open, and no brakes. If he liked a man, he liked him with all his power of liking. If he disliked a man, he disliked him with all his powers of dis-

liking. For Napoleon he had a supreme contempt. He calls him "the great highwayman of history, his habit being to catch king or kaiser by the throat and swear by the eternal, 'If you don't stand and deliver instantly, I'll blow your brains out!' A profitable trade he did at this sort of thing, until another man—Arthur, Duke of Wellington by name—succeeded in clutching him, and there was the end of him." On the other hand, he came nearer making a saint of Oliver Cromwell than any man that has ever written about him. In Carlyle's eyes, Cromwell does nothing wrong whatever. In his wild, puritanical fanaticism, he sees nothing but all-right earnestness.

But this piece is written mainly to suggest the thought that justice should be done Carlyle. So one word in conclusion as to his domestic relations. Here again Froude has painted the picture in colors of blackest ink. Now, it cannot be denied that Carlyle's domestic life was somewhat unhappy. But why, it may be asked, is only the dark side of it shown to us? why not let us see whatever of brightness there is in it, too? As a picture to be artistic requires a proper relation between light and shade, even so here let us have some light as well as shade. What we have is a scene of darkness only. Let another scene—a scene enacted after his wife, Jane Welch Carlyle's death—shed one ray of light upon this domestic life so blackly portrayed. The place of it is the graveyard of the old Cathedral church, at Jane Welch Carlyle's native Hadding-

ton. 'Tis midnight. All is still save the frolicsome shadows sporting among the graves. The full moon calmly shines on all below, the only watcher o'er the silent abodes of the dead. But who is that coming through the gate? Watch him and see whither he goes. See how he totters! May-be he is but getting familiar with this place where he must soon take his long, last sleep. And now, leaning heavily on his cane he slowly makes his way to a new-made grave and kneels there. The moonbeams, gently toying with his gray locks, turn them into threads of silver. A tear falls upon the marble slab, glistening there like a diamond. He is reading the epitaph which his own pen wrote: "Here, likewise, now rests Jane Welch Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801; only child of the above John Welch, and of Grace Welch, Caplegell, Dumfriesshire, his wife. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy he attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

And as he reads a groan escapes his lips. Do not disturb him. Leave the mourner alone with his dead. *Justitia fiat!* WALTER P. STRADLEY.

THE YELLOW POND-LILY.

O golden globes with your fair green robes
 The waving water weaves,—
 How beautifully dressed is the river's breast
 With thy floating arrow-leaves !

Oh ! richer far than the polished star
 That burns in the highest air,
 Is the glow of the gold that blooms in the fold
 Of thy molten sundrops there.

Ah ! willing slaves, the amorous waves
 All lovingly linger about you,
 But kiss them not yet ; they'll soon you forget
 And frolic along without you.

As I gaze from the bridge at thy green drift ridge
 With thick sprinkled gold upon it,
 I have dreams of a flower I'll give a sweet shower
 Of kisses when I've won it.

In swift unrest thy river's fond breast
 Goes longing from thee to the sea ;—
 O world-tide of strife, as well guard the life
 Of my flower-love for me.

W. F. MARSHALL.

CLIMBING LINVILLE PINNACLE.

The sun was lazily creeping from his hiding-place in the east, and tinging everything in nature with golden hues, when a hand, lightly laid upon my shoulder, suddenly brought my wanderings in the land of Nod to a close. "Up, brethren, up!" ejaculated the good old man of the house ; "for if you would climb the Linville to-day, the sun must not be far in advance of your start."

So, shaking the "slumber drops" from our eyes, and arranging our toilets hurriedly, we hastened to the dining-room, where breakfast already awaited us. We were soon on our way to the Linville Pinnacle, which was eight miles distant. Our company consisted of two ladies, four gentlemen, two buggies, a horse and a mule—and the mule, Mr. Editor, the tallest of the species. Why, it was almost

like climbing a mountain to get on him. But who rode that mule? Echo answers, Who? Mr. Editor, did you ever ride a mule? Well, it's nice; especially if he is a trotter, and occasionally sends you up to the moon, and then suddenly lets you down to earth again. Oh! the delightful exercise!

But before proceeding far we ford the sparkling waters of the Catawba; and, following its banks for nearly a mile, we come across a singular spectacle. The water is literally covered with staves. Fourteen thousand were thrown in six miles above the evening before in order that they might float down to the ford, half a mile from the depot, where they are arranged for shipping. They cost \$45.00 per thousand at the landing, and are shipped to Germany at a cost of about \$45.00 per thousand more.

We travel on slowly after leaving the river, for it is impossible to travel fast in the land of hills. Over hill and vale we continue to go, till suddenly we come to a halt, and are informed that the foot of the mountain has been reached, and that the ascent must begin in earnest. While waiting to rest before attempting the ascent, we learn that we are now in a great whortleberry section. One man and his family during the summer had picked enough from Linville Mountain to dry three thousand pounds, which were worth at the least calculation seven cents per pound—and it was not an extra season for picking berries either. When one gets through school wouldn't one do well to go to Western North Carolina and go into

the whortleberry business? There is more money in it than in practising medicine in this day of physicians. And then it would be so nice and cool to camp out on the mountain side at night, in order to take an early start next morning!

The ascent begins. Up, up, up we go, over shrubs and tremendous rocks, for rugged and steep is the road that leads to Linville Pinnacle. But stop! What grand panoramic view is this that suddenly breaks upon the vision? It is the noted Shortoff Mountain, which certainly has been well named; for it seems as if the intention from the beginning was to make a long range of mountains, but before the work was complete the material gave out, and the mountain looks as if it had been suddenly cut off. Here we pause for a moment to watch the shadows as they chase each other across its rocky breast, and to drink in the beauties of nature, while our souls are filled with wonder and admiration at this piece of God's masonry. But this is not all. Look again, and this time a little more to the left. There the celebrated Table Rock stands in lonely grandeur to tell the traveller the story of God's goodness and wisdom. The guide who points out to you all the places of interest on the Table Rock will tell you while ascending that he is going to carry you to the same spot to which the Devil took the Saviour and showed him the kingdoms of the world and all their glory, and as your eye takes in the view you are made to feel that after all, perhaps, he is not far wrong.

Up here one feels like reciting vol-

umes of poetry, but somehow one forgets all his cherished quotations and stands speechless listening to nature's silent, but eloquent poetry.

The horses begin now to feel the burdens that they have been carrying; for nearly three miles we have been going up hill. But now it comes our turn to pull, for we are in a half mile of the pinnacle, and the way is so rugged and steep that the horses can go no further. So taking basket in hand, and melons (for you know we must have something to eat), we start "sheep fashion" to reach the summit. Twenty minutes to twelve we stand upon the pinnacle, and from among its turreted cliffs that overhang the awful gorge below we look down upon the silvery thread of the leaping Linville River, winding around the base of rock-breasted Shortoff, and then gliding smoothly down its fertile vale to mingle with the Catawba. Here we have a picture of rare and indescribable beauty, painted by the Master Painter's own hand. And as you stand filled with reverence, looking upon the valley below, human habitations dwindle into mere ant-hills, and the wealthy owners of those

lovely valley farms move about their fields like small insects in patches of green. Their horses and cattle grazing in the rich meadows are diminished to the size of ants, and the giants of the forest appear no larger than the spears of grass at your feet. See that bird of prey sailing leisurely along over the fearful gorge you dare not descend, and proudly flapping his wings above yon rocky pinnacle you cannot climb. Compare his easy flight with your own toilsome ascent, and his wide range of vision with your narrow one, and the question will arise with emphasis, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

With feelings like these we slowly descend from the pinnacle, for the hour has arrived when we must start home, if we desire to make it before night, for mountaineers travel little faster down the mountain side than up. They say that the horses can't stand a rapid ascent, nor the buggies a rapid descent.

Thus the first day on Linville closed, and when we arrived at home the fiery chariot of the sun had well nigh disappeared behind the western hills.

W. F. WATSON.

AN OLD STUDENT TO A NEW ONE.*

LOCUST AVENUE, Sept. 5, 1885.

My Dear Nephew:—Just thirty-two years ago I left home for college, and I was very vividly reminded of long

*This letter came into our hands after the rest of the STUDENT had gone to press. Having obtained the permission of the writer, we give it a place in our magazine, hoping that it may be of general interest and value.

EDITORS OF STUDENT.

past scenes as I witnessed your departure last Monday—your trunk strapped behind the carriage, your mother half smiling for joy and half weeping for sorrow, and your father emphasizing his "God bless you, John," by the earnest, loving grasp of his hand. The lapse of years has dimmed the recollection of many of

my youthful experiences, but the memory of my home-leaving and early college days is still so fresh and green that I feel my heart warming toward you with a peculiar glow as you stand on the threshold of your college course.

I need not remind you of the importance of choosing your associates. You will find "many men of many kinds" in college, and it will be strange indeed if there are not some whose companionship will do you more harm than good. May I suggest that you do not allow yourself to form intimacies with young men whom you would not introduce to your sisters? And do not be too fast in forming *any* intimacies. Be courteous to all, but slow in taking any man to your heart.

I used to notice, when I was a student, that early in a session some young men were very obtrusive and loud, and a stranger would have thought that they were the real leaders in college life and society. But you will find, by and by, that the quiet, unobtrusive workers are the men who control public sentiment, and win the widest and largest respect.

Loudness is essentially vulgar. The true gentleman does not lack spirit or turn away from any rational enjoyment, but he is quiet, and refrains from anything which would be disagreeable to others. There never was a "brassy" gentleman. The terms are contradictory. Now, these are not merely the views of your old fogy uncle, but they are recognized as true by refined people all over the world. And, John, I beg you, whether you graduate or not, BE A GENTLEMAN.

I take it for granted that there are some sort of rules or laws in the college to which you have gone. There used to be when I went to college, and ought to be now. Any community without its laws would be in a dismal state of anarchy. Let me urge you to inform yourself very carefully as to what these laws are, and then, if you think that they are unreasonable, or that you cannot keep them, write to your father and I am sure that he will send you somewhere else. You cannot, with honor, make any reservation, when you, without compulsion, put yourself under law.

I have heard thoughtless young men object that doing this deprived them of their liberty. Let me quote to you a few sentences from Blackstone, the greatest writer on English law. I wish every man in the land knew them by heart: "Every man, when he enters into society, gives up a part of his natural liberty as the price of so valuable a purchase, and, in consideration of receiving the advantages of mutual commerce (i. e., association, protection, etc.), obliges himself to conform to those laws which the community has thought proper to establish. And this species of legal obedience and conformity is infinitely more desirable than that wild and savage liberty which is sacrificed to obtain it, for no man, that considers a moment, would wish to retain the absolute and uncontrolled power of doing whatever he pleases: the consequence of which is that every other man would also have the same power; and then there would be no security to individuals in

any of the enjoyments of life." Now, it is with college law as it is on a wider scale with civil law. You do, and ought to, part with your liberty to do what is forbidden. But out of this comes order, peace, amenity, civilization."

My quotation has taken up more of my paper than I had intended to devote to it, and my sheet is full. If I

can get time, I shall write to you again shortly, and give you some suggestions about how to study. Meantime write often and at length. Tell us how you like Wake Forest, the young men, etc.

Your mother's letter, which goes with this, will give you the news about us all.

Your affectionate uncle, *****

OBITUARY.—HENRY B. CONRAD.

In the midst of life cometh death. In returning to College there are many things to remind us of our friend, Henry B. Conrad, who, after a short illness, died of typhoid fever at his home near Lewisville, N. C., July 13, 1885, aged twenty-three years, seven months, and one day. He was graduated at Wake Forest College, June 11, 1885.

Last session he was among us as an Anniversary representative, Business Manager of THE STUDENT, Superintendent of the Reading Room, and an honored member of the Philomathesian Society. These positions all promised a life of great usefulness. It seems strange to our short-sighted vision that any one should be called from life just after having completed such honest and liberal preparation for living. What a joy now to remember that, while he prepared for this life, he did not forget the preparation for the true life which is to come. He said that, whatever might be his life-work, he expected to live for the glory of God. His is the gain; to many is the loss. Therefore be it

Resolved 1. That in the death of our brother Henry B. Conrad, the Wake Forest Alumni Association loses one of its youngest and most promising members, the Philomathesian Society one of its ornaments, and a large circle of friends a congenial companion.

2. That we would be resigned to this mysterious dispensation of Providence, and be persuaded that God is good, and that He doeth all things well.

3. That we sympathize with the inmates of the home far away, which death has rudely entered, and tender them our condolence in their deep affliction.

4. That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Philomathesian Society, and that a copy be sent to the family of our lamented brother, and that THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT be requested to publish the same.

E. F. TATUM,
E. H. MCCULLERS,
C. E. BREWER,

Committee.

Philomathesian Hall, Wake Forest College, N. C., Sept. 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL.

SALUTATORY.

Since the last issue of *THE STUDENT* it has fallen into the hands of untried editors. Started at a period not at all favorable to the success of college magazines, it overcame all opposition, removed every difficulty, demonstrated as groundless the predictions of all the prophets of evil, and, having made a character for itself, begins its fifth volume with bright prospects. Before it has attained to its fourth birthday it has undoubtedly impressed the friends of the College and the reading public generally by its intrinsic merit. The untiring efforts of friends, the energy and talent of its managers, and the co-operation of a generous public have placed *THE STUDENT* on a firm and solid basis, and given it an enviable reputation among the college magazines of our country. It shall be the aim of the present editorial staff to sustain the literary standard already established, to advance the interests of Wake Forest College, to afford to its students, patrons, and friends a medium of communication, and to increase the usefulness of the magazine by enlarging its circulation.

In the attainment of these desirable and necessary results, we ask the aid and co-operation of the friends of education generally, and of Wake Forest in particular.

E. H. MCC.

BUSINESS EDUCATION.

Not one-fourth of the number of students who enter our colleges remain in their class until graduation. The freshman class is always large, but there is a continual falling off from year to year until only about twenty-five per cent. remain.

Various reasons are assigned for this decrease in the class as it advances. Some say that they are unable to pursue their course further for want of means,—a very timid excuse for a young man of energy to render in this day and time. Others are hindered on account of sickness for a short period, and becoming discouraged give up in despair. But the greater part yield to the erroneous idea, now too prevalent, that only a so called "practical" education is necessary for a business man. Their fathers and uncles have been able to live in fair circumstances without a college education, and being satisfied to do equally as well, they plunge into the same old ruts, leaving progress and improvement to other men not more heroic but more brilliant. A more hot-blooded class of boys keep their eyes upon those geniuses who have with a limited education burst upon the world at once, swayed multitudes at their bidding, lived amid the splendors of national glory, and died for national honor to be heaped over their remains. But it is great

presumption for a young man to consider himself a genius.

When the truth is all told, there is a lack of manly independence which causes this falling off from the class, — a cowardly spirit lurking in ignorance and inferiority and assuming a very respectable epithet, the “practical.” This “practical” idea has completely upset the fundamental notion of true education. A mere glance will show that all the professions and all the business departments are swarming with ill equipped men: lawyers unfit for counsel; doctors dangerous to be patronized; half-starved business men dragging out a miserable existence. These are the results of this business education. Truly competent and well educated men are in demand everywhere. A classical education is the most practical after all. It prepares the mind to use materials to be gathered hereafter; gives it patience to endure the burning heat and pelting storms, of life; gives it the power to know, intuitively, how to get light on any subject, and, like a burning glass, bring to a focus all the rays of light and heat which are necessary to consume all obstacles and objections.

O. F. T.

THE STUDENT MEDAL.

A gold medal, offered by the Societies, is presented at each commencement to the student of Wake Forest College who contributes the best essay to the magazine during the session. This medal was first presented at the Anniversary of 1883 to Mr. W. H. Os-

borne, of Asheville, now Editor of *The New Era*, Shelby, N. C. Mr. W. S. Royall, of Mt. Pleasant, S. C., was the second to win it, the presentation being made at the Commencement of 1884. The honor was borne off at last Commencement by Mr. W. C. Allen, of Halifax county, N. C., now principal of the Academy at Pantego, N. C.

The medal is now provided by the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies. It was, however, originally suggested, and the first medal was given, by a friend of THE STUDENT. In his communication to the editors on the subject he had this to say:

“Many who would feel themselves unable to write a critical essay or to handle an abstract subject would give you most readable articles in the simple, easy, and natural style, which is, after all, the best and most desirable of all styles. The young writer who gives a plain and unadorned account of a trip that he has made, or a fishing frolic, or some incident of his own boyhood, is training himself to make a writer to whom the great magazines will some day pay five to ten dollars a page. The young man, on the other hand, who aims too high at first is likely to lose his hatchet altogether.”

It will be observed that this extract is directed against the soaring habit of young writers. As a class they seem to be constantly striving to set down words in the most rhythmical order, rather than to express their thoughts clearly and forcibly. That is as if a would-be carpenter should spend his time in gaudily painting his planes, saw, and hammer, and arranging them now this way, now that on his bench, expecting so to show his skill, rather than in pointing to the house that he had built. This faulty style is, for the most part, chargeable to the choice of abstract subjects, about

which the young writer knows little, and, therefore, has little to say. Having little or nothing to say, he sets himself to the ornamentation of that little or nothing in order that it may pass for something. The judicious reader soon recognizes in this excessive flourish and decoration the sign of emptiness, and reads no more of it. Among a number of subjects for composition the choice should be determined by the amount of knowledge possessed by the writer.

To those, therefore, who engage in the honorable contest for the STUDENT Medal, we commend the line of subjects indicated in the above quotation. We would suggest further that the excellence of the essays in the minds of the judges next May will not be affected by the month in which they were composed: November will answer as well as April. The pressure on our space is so great as the contest draws to a close that we cannot insert all that would otherwise appear.

W. L. P.

COMMITTEE GOVERNMENT.

To one reflecting upon the last presidential campaign it would seem that the mass of the people were ignorant of the distinction between the executive and legislative branches of the government. After the conventions made their several nominations, the newspapers proceeded to discuss, with the greatest zeal, the characters and political creeds of their respective favorites. The whole country was "stumped" by enthusiastic

adherents, each declaring that his choice was the most honorable and intelligent man, and his opponent the greatest villain and numskull in the world, and that unless Blaine or Cleveland, as the case might be, were elected, the country was ruined forever. Each voter seemed to think that the election of his candidate would involve a teetotal change of governmental policy. The Prohibitionist drank many a toast to the time when cold water should be the national beverage. The fair adherents of Mrs. Lockwood feasted upon the hope that the female millennium was nigh at hand, when pantaloons might be worn with impunity and "mother-hubbards" stalk abroad without fear of molestation at the hands of brutal police, and the stars and stripes should be succeeded by the sun-bonnet. Then followed a period of vituperation and eulogizing until November 4th decided the election. The Democrats gave themselves up to ratification meetings, while the Republicans waited in suspense for the crash of the government structure. But to the surprise of many, the old ship moved on in pretty much the same course as before.

The truth is, the President's influence on legislation does not amount to a row of pins. It is true that he has the power of the veto, but this is a negative and not a positive force. He may send his messages to Congress, but these are notoriously disregarded. The Chairmen of the Standing Committees virtually control legislation. Many labor under the hallucination that by electing this or that man to represent them in Con-

gress, their views will be impressed upon national legislation, but the Representative soon learns that it is by no means an easy matter to make his voice heard in the councils of the country. He usually draws up a bill of importance to his constituents. He seizes, as he thinks, a favorable opportunity for presenting it, but finds to his disgust that the Speaker has recognized some older member. He tries again, but this time, is "out of order." After various disappointments his bill is read and referred to one of the committees, a bourn from which few bills ever return.

Since Congress virtually grants to the committees the power of deciding upon all bills, they report only such as they are interested in, and the young member's bill is never heard from. When he returns to his constituents he is met with the remark, "Why, he's no 'count. He didn't even make a speech, much less pass a bill"; and then he takes his rank among disappointed politicians. The man who thinks his interest can be served by the member from his district is wofully mistaken. The Standing Committees control legislation, and the Speaker controls the Standing Committees, for he appoints them and is apt to appoint a majority of men who favor his own policy. It is evident that reform is needed in this direction. Yet on account of the vast amount of business which demands the attention of Congress, the committee system cannot be avoided, as it is the most time saving system known.

R. H. W.

A FRESHMAN'S DREAM.

It was a balmy evening in autumn. The clouds, decked with the hues of the sun's lingering rays, floated softly above the dull earth. The spacious forest's foliage, tinged with brown as a token of the coming winter, filled the mind with the sense of rest and with sober reflections on the autumn of life. The lowing herds, crowding homeward, filled the woods with the cheerful tinkling of bells. All nature seemed full of life—full of music. On this eve at the railroad station of a quiet rural district, might have been seen awaiting the train's arrival a youth of eighteen summers. On his face was that quiet, determined expression which betokens a true heart animated by noble purposes. As he waited a shade of sadness crossed his countenance. He was thinking of those behind, of the mother's kiss, the sister's caress, and the father's parting admonition. And more, perhaps, than all, he thought of that other parting, when those lovely eyes—to him more than heavenly in their beauty—spoke what the lips failed to utter, and inspired him with fresh hopes. But the arrival of the train disturbed this train of reflections, and he started—yes, started to college. As the train sped on, he began to dream. He saw himself, first, a student in classic walls—an object of admiration to professors and associates; the first in every class, the master of Greek roots, Latin rules, and Logarithms. In fact, he imagined himself the ladies' favorite, the pride and pet

of the whole college. Suddenly a change came over the spirit of his dreams; years had rapidly sped by, and he was the proud possessor of a senior's dignity, gazed upon as a perfect compendium of knowledge, admired, petted, and worshipped by all. Soon came the graduation day, and he saw himself, crowned with honors, step forth a knight plumed for a world's triumphs. The whistle had given forth its shrill note and the cars were soon still. From his dreaming he was rudely aroused by shouts of "fresh! fresh!" and as he stepped from the car he was greeted by a perfect whirlwind of hisses and sneers from the rude and mirth-loving sophomores. The faces of all were shrouded in darkness and their remarks were peculiarly alarming to a new student. "A well proportioned fellow," says one. "A fine racer he will be." "Boys, get your pipes ready; smoke will do him good," says another. Numerous other ways of hazing were being discussed as they hurried him off.

Such were the scenes of former days at nearly all institutions of learning. Although this barbarous and dastardly practice has been in vogue for centuries, it is fast yielding to the refined and enlightened spirit of the times. It still asserts itself at some institutions in occasional spirts, which, however, testify that its vitality is on the wane. This is a day of delight to the freshman, and no other age can boast of so many privileges accorded him. Now, instead of a hazing, a cordial and friendly greeting is tendered him.

E. H. MC.

"THE GREAT SOLDIER'S" MONUMENT.

Although Americans are generally slow to testify their honor for their famous men in this way, it is a little surprising that the subscription for the erection of a monument to the memory of General Grant is being increased so slowly. This is due, principally, to the fact that quite a large number of the citizens of the United States were opposed to the selection of Riverside Park as the resting-place for his remains. Considering him as a national hero, they contend that his remains should rest at the national capital, and are not disposed to give much for the erection of a monument in a city with which he was in no way identified. And as the people of New York think it is probable that his remains will be removed from their State, the subscription is languishing there also.

The rich and the poor, the old and young—all having been asked to give what they see fit, many fifty cents, ten and five cents contributions are now being made. The grand total of the monument fund at present is about seventy-two thousand dollars, and the contributions of each day are very small. As it is hardly probable that any general popular or national contribution will be made, New York will, doubtless, contribute very largely to the fund.

No design for the memorial has, as yet, been accepted, though many have been suggested. It is probable that the design of the monument will be purely American, and that American Architects only will be employed to erect it.

J. S.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE SILVER DOLLAR.—The cry comes up from almost all parts of the United States for the repeal of the Bland act. Financiers and business men fear that we are approaching a fearful crisis, in which all classes are bound to suffer more or less. Enough of the silver dollar! seems to be the prevailing sentiment. It is obvious that if the coinage of silver at the present rate of \$2,000,000 worth every month shall continue, we shall gradually drift to a silver basis. In that event there will be a depreciation in silver, and gold will be at a premium. The silver dollar will not now pass for its face value in foreign lands, and gold must be paid instead. In this way our gold is likely to pass out of our country.

The silver dollar is now worth only about eighty-three cents, and unless Bland act is repealed, it will be impossible to maintain our present gold standard. It has already begun to derange our entire financial and industrial system. Harmony, however, exists now between our financial system and that of other great commercial countries, and it is very desirable to maintain this harmony. But it will be impossible unless all shall have the same standard of money. Hence it is thought expedient for all the nations to agree on one standard. A gold basis is preferable, since experience has shown that silver has its true value only as a subsidiary coin. And it is not possible to place gold and silver on an equal financial basis any more

than it is any other articles of unequal value.

The Bland act with all its attending consequences is but another instance where wealth governs legislation. It was by the influence of a few wealthy silver men that the bill was first passed, just to secure a market for their silver. It is true that the production of silver is an important industry in this country; but what are the interests of a few wealthy men in comparison with the disastrous effects of allowing our currency to be debased? It is hoped that the next Congress will take this matter in hand at an early day and that business confidence will be restored.

CHOLERA IN EUROPE—When will this fearful epidemic cease its ravages upon the people of Europe? Year after year hundreds and thousands fall victims to this scourge. All through the summer season of each year the newspapers have to record the destruction it has wrought, yet the cause of its visits has not been removed, nor has a remedy been discovered sufficient to check it. Last year France was the greatest sufferer from its awful work, nor is she free from its ravages this year; but Spain has been the seat of the epidemic this season. Despite all the precautions of quarantine, the fatal malady spreads far and wide; even the sailors in port do not escape its awful grasp. They have suffered this year more than ever before. Will the authorities of these

unfortunate districts never manage to avoid a plague which so embarrasses the business world, when they have so often been reminded by the best physicians that the disease has a manifest preference for the dissipated and unclean? Shall uncleanliness in this enlightened age of the nineteenth century continue to be the source of so much suffering and death? The authorities are greatly responsible for this squalor, owing to their imperfect system of drainage. According to the report of a prominent physician from Marseilles, "if it had been desired to prepare the ground for a new epidemic, it would have been impossible to have adopted a more effective process." Notwithstanding all these facts, it is feared that some of our largest cities in America will, by sheer negligence, allow some parts within their suburbs to degenerate into uncleanliness until they shall attract this real Asiatic cholera. It is remarkably strange why any people will suffer such degradation, much more in regard to Americans. It is believed, however, that the scourge has reached its greatest fatality this season in Europe, and will finally disappear perhaps about November.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—The

great question of Ireland's relations to the British government is again attracting public attention. The speech of Mr. Parnell, recently delivered at Dublin before a conference of the Nationalists has brought forth many denunciations from the press in London. Mr. Parnell declared his determination to achieve legislative independence for Ireland. This pronouncement took the people of England by surprise and caused great excitement throughout the kingdom, for it is a manifest evidence of the powerful influence which Mr. Parnell exerts over the people of Ireland. The London papers seem wilfully indisposed to comprehend the real questions at issue. They claim that Mr. Parnell aims at a complete separation of Ireland from the government of Great Britain. He made no such allusion, however, in his speech, but boldly set forth his intention not to entertain the project of local board or county government, but that legislative independence was Ireland's desire, and this he had determined to secure.

This manifesto shows to the people of England that the Irish have determined to make the new parliament the last in which they will take part.

O. F. T.

EDUCATIONAL.

—One week after the opening there were 135 students at Chapel Hill.

—The Shelby Female College opened last week under most favorable auspices.

—Trinity College opened with 85 students. We wish for Trinity a new and more brilliant career.

—More than 375 candidates applied for admission at Harvard this year. It is believed that the freshman class this year will be the largest on record.

—Oxford Female Seminary opened on the 2nd inst. with seventy pupils and many more are expected soon. The attendance is larger than ever before.

—Of the American women students at the University of Zurich the largest number are registered in the Medical school, and the second largest in the school of Philosophy.

—Prof H. W. Reinhart has disposed of his entire interest in Thomasville Female College to Prof. J. N. Stallings, who has associated with him Prof. J. A. Delke, formerly of Murfreesboro.

—The total number reported present last year at the nine Prussian Universities was 12,937. According to faculties the students were divided as follows: Evangelical theology 2,322; Catholic theology 236; law 2,244; medicine 3,256; philosophy 4,879.

—According to a report recently presented \$24,200,000 have been given by gifts and bequests within the last

fifteen years for the endowment of colleges, not counting sums under \$100,000, nor gifts for buildings, apparatus, libraries, etc. Of this amount \$1,849,000 is credited to Baptists.

—John Ruskin once wrote to a young collegian: "To do as much as you can healthily and happily do each day in a well-determined direction, with a view to far-off results, and with present enjoyment of one's work, is the only proper, the only essentially profitable way."

—The Catholics are earnestly at work. It is said that the gifts to found a Catholic University at Washington, D. C., amount to \$5,000,000. It is expected to raise at least a \$1,000,000 endowment fund. The theological department will be established first, and afterwards schools of law, medicine, etc., will be added.

—The next session of the N. C. Teachers' Assembly will be held at Black Mountain Hotel, where the last was held. Some of the papers stated that the accommodations last summer were all that could be desired, which, however, happened not to be so. It is hoped that great improvements will be made for the next meeting.

—The University of North Carolina has never been so prominently before the people of the State as during the last six months. Long articles pro and con have appeared in many papers, the pro's insisting that the University is at the head of the sys-

tem of education by the State, the con's objecting for the most part to the free tuition now given to county students. The former would find by a little historical study of the statutes touching the University that their position was once true, but happens now not to be true.

—There has been much bitterness associated with the election of the President of Vassar College. The committee to nominate placed before the trustees three times unanimously the name of Dr. Galusha Anderson, of Chicago. But he could not be elected. The opposition to him originated in a secret society feud in college thirty-four years ago. There seems to have been a conspiracy to defeat him. A compromise was effected, and Rev. S. W. Duncan, D. D., of Rochester, N. Y., was elected without dissent. We should expect him to decline. Since the above was written Dr. Duncan has declined.

—The Trustees of the University of North Carolina, at their meeting on the 31st of June last, elected four new professors and two assistant professors. Rev. Dr. Thomas Hume, Jr., Prof. of English Literature, is a native of Virginia, and about forty-five years old. He holds the degree of A. M. from the University of Virginia. He is a Baptist. Prof. Nelson B. Henry, who fills the chair of Pedagogics, is a native of Missouri. He was graduated from the Normal College of that State, and, at the time of his election, was associate editor of *The Missouri School Journal*. He is about forty years of age and a member of the M. E. Church South.

The chair of Modern Languages is given to Prof. Walter D. Toy, of Norfolk, Va., brother of Dr. Crawford H. Toy, of Harvard. He holds the A. M. degree of the University of Va. He has spent the past three years in Germany and Paris. He is a Baptist, about twenty-nine years old. The chair of Agricultural Chemistry and Mining falls to Prof. William B. Phillips, son of Dr. Charles Phillips, of Chapel Hill. In 1877 he was graduated from the University of N. C., and by post-graduate study obtained there in '83 the degree of Ph. D. He will spend the ensuing scholastic year in Europe. He is a Presbyterian. Mr. James L. Love, of Gastonia, N. C., holds the assistant-professorship of Pure Mathematics. After his graduation in the school of Mathematics at Chapel Hill, he continued his studies at Johns Hopkins for one year. He is a Presbyterian. Mr. George F. Atkinson is the assistant professor of Natural History. He holds a diploma from Cornell University. His ecclesiastical connection is not stated.

—Representatives of the denominational colleges of South Carolina met in Greenville, S. C., Aug. 27th, to consult about the free tuition feature in South Carolina College. They adopted a paper declaring that they were not opposed to the existence and maintenance of that institution, but in favor of any appropriate action of the Board of Trustees to make it a university of highest grade. On the other hand, they "Resolved, That we are unalterably opposed to the existing feature of free tuition which pre-

vails in the South Carolina College, because we believe that it is wrong in principle and injurious in policy to use the taxing power of the State to afford collegiate education without charge to those who are able to pay therefor,

by which the College is brought into unfair competition with the other colleges of the State on a basis other than their relative merits of excellence."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—CANON FARRAR was expected to visit America last month and enter upon a lecturing tour.

—MISS CLEVELAND'S book has been translated into French and will shortly be translated into Russian and German.

—T. B. Aldrich, the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, has recently fallen heir to a legacy of \$70,000. Not all editors are unlucky.

—BRYANT AND HIS FRIENDS is a biographical work by Gen. James Wilson, soon to be ready for delivery. It will contain tales and sketches of Bryant, Irving, Paulding, Dana, Cooper, Poe, Taylor, and others, and promises to be very entertaining.

—Very entertaining are the articles now appearing in *The Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "On Horseback," by Charles Dudley Warner, describing his ride through the mountains of this State. While, perhaps, his narrative is somewhat exaggerated and written more with the desire to entertain than to tell strictly the truth, it will be found instructive as well as very pleasant reading.

"Of making many books there is no end."

The above line, which applies more forcibly in our day, than it did in his, was evidently written by "the Preacher" at a time when he had in view the troubles of the literary reviewer. When he attempts to review even a small fraction of the hundreds which are weekly turned out by the press the panting reviewer is forcibly reminded of the next line, "and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

—We cull the following extract from George MacDonald's "*Sir Gibbie*": "Not until he actually stood upon the peak did he know that there was the earthly *hitherto*—the final obstacle of unobstancy, the everywhere which, from excess of perviousness, was to human foot impervious." This little literary gem has caused us many sleepless nights, and the vain endeavor to solve the conundrum and discern the hidden meaning has seriously impaired our health. Any one who will translate this into English will earn our life-long gratitude.

—By the death of Mrs. Hellen Hunt Jackson, Aug. 12, American literature has been bereft of one of its

brightest ornaments, and a large circle of literary friends, to whom her winning manners and sympathetic heart had endeared her, mourn her loss. The slowness with which dormant qualities are sometimes developed is well illustrated in her case. Not until the age of 33, after the death of her first husband and of her children, did she exhibit any signs of that talent which afterwards rendered her famous. Then, after a hard struggle with her grief, she turned to literary work as a solace, and became a powerful writer of both poetry and prose, devoting herself especially to the cause of the Indians. Her sweet and simple verses have comforted and stimulated many fainting hearts.

—MR. LOWE, the Berlin correspondent of the *London Times*, has nearly completed a *Life of Prince Bismarck*.

—Brains should govern this world, not muscle. Woman has the brains, man has the muscle.—From Dr. Hammond's *Lal*.

—Half the perplexities of men are traceable to obscurity of thought hiding and breeding under obscurity of language.—*Duke of Argyll*.

—The fall book trade is likely to be dull. "Comparatively few books of importance are in press, and of these the greater part relate to American history and biography."

—The firm of Ginn, Heath, & Co. has been dissolved. Heath & Co. will continue publication in Boston, while Ginn & Co. will carry on the business at 743 Broadway, New York.

—DR. O. W. HOLMES was seventy-

six years old on the 29th of August last. Tennyson is in his seventy-sixth year. The genial Autocrat is a much younger man than the Laureate.

—*Lectures on Teaching*, by J. A. FITCH, of Cambridge, England, are strongly recommended to teachers for their new and interesting matter and practical usefulness.

—*The Bar Sinister* is a recent novel in which the bar sinister on the arms of the United States is interpreted as representing Mormonism. The author vigorously attacks polygamy and declares that the majority of the women are unwilling polygamists.

—ARCHIBALD FORBES, upon whom has been lately conferred the degree of LL. D., will soon publish a book to be called *Souvenirs of Some Continents*; which will doubtless be very entertaining, as he has been a great traveller and is a man of vast experience.

—MAX O'RELL, the author of *John Bull and his Island*, has now in preparation a book, *Les Chers Voisins*, intended to contrast peculiarities of the English and French peoples in a humorous way, and to destroy existing prejudices between them.

—The first edition of *The Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant* will be ready for delivery in December. This edition (150,000 copies) will be translated into German, French, Italian, and Spanish. Mrs. Grant will receive 75 per cent. of the profits.

—MRS. JACKSON'S death has revived the controversy as to who is the author of the "Saxe Holm" stories,

some saying that her own denial of the authorship puts an end to the matter, and others that there are many things tending to prove Mrs. J. the author.

—In a letter to her publishers a short time before her death Mrs. Jackson (“H. H.”) said of her last book: “I did not write *Romona*. It was written *through* me. My life blood went into it—all I had thought, felt, and suffered for five years on the Indian question. I shall never write another novel.”

—*Physical and Moral Law* by William Arthur has been much complimented by critics, and the opinion expressed that it is better adapted to the want of this day than Butler’s analogy. It is to be hoped that it will take the place of that famous and difficult work, if it is any easier to comprehend, and we suppose the wish will be echoed by hundreds of perplexed students.

—Even England admits that our two great illustrated magazines *The Century* and *Harper’s Monthly*, are in every way superior to anything of the kind in Great Britain. Although both of them are in the main filled with matter distinctively American, they have a larger circulation even in England than any English periodical of approximately the same class.

—The editor of *Harper’s Easy Chair* tells us in the August number that Victor Hugo was not the man whom the funeral orators described, “the man of the age,” “the world poet,” etc.; that it is a vain endeavor to rank

him among the great men or great historic figures of the world; that the word which seems most truly to describe him is *rhetorician*. Quite different is the French estimate.

—Dr. W. C. WILKINSON has been followed in his criticism of Arnold’s *Light of Asia* by Dr. S. H. Kellogg, who has had eleven years of contact with Buddhism and read much of its literature. His conclusion is that the favorable light in which it appears in that poem as compared with Christianity is without foundation; the doctrine and ethics of the two systems cannot be compared except by one who is either ignorant or dishonest.

—*The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*, by Miss Murfree, bears additional testimony to her already acquired reputation as a powerful writer. We were particularly struck by the intimate acquaintance which she displays with the manners and customs of the people of the region in which the scene is laid, and by the acumen with which she penetrates nature and discovers hidden beauty even in its most ordinary garb.

—The first two volumes of McMaster’s *History of the American People*, which is to be completed in five volumes, have appeared. The author is accused of lack of sympathy and insight and his style of mannerism; he is commended for his patient research into hidden matters and for the industry with which he has redeemed from oblivion half-forgotten history. No doubt, his work will prove a valuable addition to American history.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

—NO SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM.—
The Critic, reviewing two recent works put forth as defences of materialism, has this to say: "Though writers like Herbert Spencer and John Fiske have shown the futility and unreasonableness of materialism, it continues to have attractions for men of small philosophical comprehension. Had either of the writers named below gone more deeply into his subject, with the aid of the great philosophical expositors who follow the scientific method of inquiry, he would have written in quite another spirit. If science has arrived at any speculative conclusions which are irrefutably established, it has made the acceptance of materialism quite untenable. The basic element is not matter, whatever else it may be; and none of the philosophical, religious, and moral conclusions to be derived from unadulterated materialism have a scientific justification. Such is the position of science at the present time."

—PROF. W. C. KERR, who died last summer, was perhaps the most prominent citizen of North Carolina engaged in scientific pursuits. He was born in Alamance county in 1827. In 1850 he graduated at Chapel Hill. He afterwards held professorships in Marshall University and in Davidson College. From 1866 to 1882 he was State Geologist, during which time he issued volume one of his *Geology of*

North Carolina and collected material to complete the work, but was unable to publish it on account of the parsimony of the guardians of the public treasury. Before his death he had been engaged on the United States Geological Survey.

—AN INTERESTING PARASITE.—
Many observing persons have noticed during the months of August and September caterpillars eating and crawling about on their favorite plants with their backs covered with small white oval bodies. These bodies are easily mistaken for the eggs of some parasitic insect. They are, however, the cocoons of a species of the small ichneumons. This little fly is parasitic during one period of its existence, but for the remainder leads an independent and respectable life. The female is provided with a keen ovipositor by means of which she penetrates the skin of the caterpillar and inserts her eggs into the internal tissues. The eggs soon hatch and the larvæ wake to life surrounded by the most inviting food. They have only to go at it and grow. On attaining their full size as maggots they bore their way through the skin of their helpless host and straightway spin their white silk cocoons each on the spot where he came out. In these they undergo transformation, and in a few days cut off a round flap at the end of the cocoons and emerge as

perfect insects. In some cases the larvæ feed on the fat only of the caterpillar, leaving the vital organs unimpaired; so that the caterpillar may seem quite well and hearty, even when the cocoons cover his back. He has, however, been so much exhausted that he soon gives up the struggle for life,

not having energy and fat enough to take him through the critical period of transformation into a moth or butterfly. These little flies are a great help to the farmer and gardener in destroying the vegetable-eating caterpillars, or worms, as they are popularly called.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

THE best opening in the history of the College.

THERE were 111 students on the first day of the session (Sept. 1); 120, Sept. 3; 150, Sept. 25. New students, 57.

RICHMOND COLLEGE at its last commencement conferred the degree of D. D. upon President C. E. Taylor.

REV. R. R. SAVAGE, of Hertford, spent several days on the Hill at the beginning of the present month.

MRS. MARY J. POWELL, of Richmond county, lately deceased, left a legacy of \$600 to Wake Forest College.—*Blue Ridge Baptist*.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR with his little son spent the first week of vacation in much needed and delightful rest at Nag's Head.

THE dormitories of the Old Building are all occupied, and there seems to be needed another building for that purpose.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE still retains her respect for the language of Plato and Demosthenes. There are 86 in the Greek classes,

MR. WILEY ROGERS and family have moved from Durham to Wake Forest.

THE young gentlemen applying for degrees next June number 14. We heartily wish them all success.

MR. THE. DUNN is building on the street leading to Forestville, between Dr. Lankford's and the foundry.

WE hear that we are to have regular lectures from various distinguished gentlemen during the session.

TWO large two-story stores were finished soon after Commencement, standing on the lot joining the Hight place. They are for rent.

TUESDAY is obviously a bad day for the opening of a session. It is likely that hereafter our sessions will open on the first Wednesday of September, instead of September 1.

WE see in the Museum new cases and additional specimens. Many of the friends of the College throughout the State can increase the value of the collection with little trouble and no cost to themselves.

PROF. SIMMONS improved the appearance of his residence during vacation, and built a small "observatory" in the corner of his yard.

WORK on the cemetery is still going forward under the superintendence of the energetic President of the Ladies' Aid Society.

PROF. JAMES A. DELKE, of Thomasville Female College, was a student of "Wake Forest Institute" during its first session, 1834.

WE hardly caught sight of Rev. W. B. Wingate, of Yanceyville, when he was here on the 2nd inst. He already has a strong hold upon the people of Caswell.

THE congregations heretofore worshipping in the "little chapel" have grown too large for it. The morning services of September 13th were held in Memorial Hall. That arrangement will be continued, in all probability until the church is able to build a house of worship.

THE old halls of the Literary Societies have been turned into one room for the purpose of the laboratory course in Chemistry. That class is in the charge of Mr. Leroy N. Chappell, who is a graduate of the University of Va. in Chemistry, and it began work September 15.

REV. R. T. VANN is preaching with his wonted sprightliness and spiritual power. The first sermon of the session, on the Christian race and its witnesses—Heb. 12: 1, 2, was most appropriate and stimulating; and the same must be said of his first prayer-meeting lecture on *standing*—Eph. 5: 12—17.

WE were glad to have Rev. C. Durham, of Durham, conduct prayers in the chapel on the 12th of September. He is one of the most vigorous supporters of the College in the State.

BOTH associate editors of *The Biblical Recorder* were here on the first of September, Mr. C. L. Smith bringing one brother to enter College, and Rev. Mr. Farriss two.

MANY years ago a young man came to Wake Forest at the *Commencement*, expecting then to begin his studies. He sought employment for the vacation, and waited for the "commencement" of the session.

MR. EDGAR HIGHT, who had won the confidence of our people as jeweller, sold recently his house to Mr. Marion Purefoy, who has begun there a general merchandise business. Mr. Hight's removal from Wake Forest is regretted.

A SET of the minutes of the Baptist State Convention from the first (1830) to a recent date has been presented to the College Library by Maj. John W. Moore. This gift is no less wise than generous, and Maj. Moore has the thanks of the College and the Baptists of the State.

THE Sunday School Missionary Society on the first Sunday elected the following officers; Pres., J. D. Boushal; V.-P., E. F. Tatum; Sec., W. P. Stradley; Fin. Sec., C. E. Brewer; Cor. Sec., G. C. Thompson; Treas., Mrs. Purefoy. Through the agency of this Society the missionary spirit is fostered and considerable amounts of money are raised annually for missionary work.

THE Hill is well supplied with pretty girls, but we regret to lose so many of them who will soon leave for distant schools.

SOMETHING was said the other day about going to the skating rink. On hearing it, one of the new students wished to know where the *ice pond* was!

IT is interesting to attend the gymnasium and watch the boys perform on the rings, parallel bars, etc. The new students seem to take much delight in this healthful exercise.

WE have noticed the remarkable degree of wit which some of our new students possess. We don't object to it on a small scale.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

ALWAYS strive to give the new students good advice, and in so doing adopt the advice of Josh Billings; "When a man kums to me for advice, I find out the kind of advice he wants, and I giv it to him; this satisfys him that he and I are two smart men."

THE Reading Room is the popular afternoon resort. The new students may be seen there following the example of the experienced seniors. This is commendable, and we are sure they cannot visit a place where they may obtain more wholesome reading.

THE Sunday-school now numbers over one hundred and fifty pupils and under the able management of the new Superintendent, Mr. W. C. Powell, bids fair to be more prosperous than ever, and to exert a strong and wholesome influence among the students.

THE Trustees did a wise thing in prohibiting match games of base-ball on the college grounds, except when played by the students.

PROF. L. W. BAGLEY who conducted an academy here last year has, we we are glad to learn, established a flourishing school at Littleton. We are sorry to lose such an efficient teacher.

THE question, "What is the difference between Calculus and a cow?" was seen on the blackboard in the room of one of our professors the other day. One of the boys gave his opinion thus: "We never ride on a cow, but always on Calculus."

THE influence of Mrs. Purefoy's school is widening. She has many new students. There are several young ladies who will go to Murfreesboro Female Institute, who have heretofore been going to her. We wish them much joy and success.

THE news reaches us that the Juniors have followed the praiseworthy example of the Seniors. Their election of officers is as follows: Pres., E. F. Tatum, Farmington, N. C.; V.-P., W. P. Stradley, Oxford, N. C.; Sec., F. H. Manning, Sunbury, N. C.; Treas., J. B. Carlyle, Lumberton, N. C. They propose to wear class hats.

THE Senior Class of '86, numbering fourteen, has been organized, and the following officers were elected: Pres., Jacob Stewart, Mocksville, N. C.; V.-P., R. H. Whitehead, Salisbury, N. C.; Sec., J. W. Tayloe, Winton, N. C.; Cor. Sec., J. D. Boushall, Camden, N. C.; Treas., C. E. Brewer, Wake Forest, N. C.

IT will be observed that the first issue of THE STUDENT is dated October. We think we have hit upon an improvement over the old plan. Our readers will get, however, the same number of copies as before, the last being issued in July instead of June.

THE rite of matrimony was celebrated between Mrs. T. M. Allen, of Wake Forest, and Dr. W. D. Watson, of Chatham county, at the residence of the former, June 16, 1885. We are glad to see that this event, instead of depriving our community of a valued citizen, added another in the person of Dr. Watson.

THE Faculty have long recognized the need of improvement in the campus, but the means have not been in hand. They have, indeed, done what they could. At a recent meeting, however, they agreed to use a small amount of money in the planting of trees and shrubs, and in such other improvements as the committee to whom the matter was intrusted might deem necessary. Could not the lovers of beautiful grounds help in this?

REV. GEORGE W. SANDERLIN, of Pasquotank county, with two young ladies, his relatives, spent September 12 and 13 on the Hill. The entire party seemed pleased with the visit, and we shall be glad for them to repeat it. Mr. Sanderlin will be remembered as the Alumni orator of last Commencement. When his large crops of rice, corn, etc., are gathered, we expect a contribution to THE STUDENT from him.

STUDENTS and Faculty were alike shocked on the morning of Sept. 22nd when President Taylor announced at prayers the death of Mr. Henry B. Folk, Jr. The article about the sad occurrence contained in *The Republican* and printed elsewhere in this issue of THE STUDENT, was read at the same time. The faltering tones of Dr. Royall's prayer showed the high esteem in which Mr. Folk was universally held at Wake Forest. The sad news comes just before we go to press. It will be remembered that Mr. Folk while here was one of the editors of THE STUDENT.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'52. Judge Benj. J. Lea, of Brownsville, Tenn., recently paid a visit to relatives in Yanceyville, N. C.

—'74. We are sorry to chronicle the death of Mr. W. D. Gullledge, of White's Store, Anson Co., which event occurred on the 25th of last June.

Mr. Gullledge was the leading spirit in his community, an honored and successful teacher, and prominent in all church work.

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, during his vacation preached for the church at Orange, N. J.

—'75. Mr. W. W. Jenkins, formerly postmaster of Charlotte, will build a residence near Wake Forest and give his attention to farming.

—'75. Mr. John E. Ray, late principal teacher in the State Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institute, Raleigh, was not re-elected to that position, which he had so well filled from the year of his graduation. He declined in June the principalship of a similar institution in Little Rock, Ark., and accepted the work of Corresponding Secretary to the Boards of State Missions and Sunday-schools of the Baptist State Convention. He began in July to give his whole time to that work, for which his success when giving to it but the time spared from teaching demonstrates his eminent fitness. We do not think another man could be named who has so much influence with the rank and file of the Baptists of North Carolina as he. He lost his infant daughter, Aug. 27th.

—'77. Rev. E. E. Folk, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., recently declined the call to a pastorate in Pensacola, Fla. He has later resigned at Murfreesboro and goes to the Seminary at Louisville to take a post-graduate course.

—'78. Walter E. Daniel, Esq., of Weldon, is Solicitor for the inferior court of Halifax county. In that position he is highly commended by *The Roanoke News*.

—'80. We are glad to record Rev. B. H. Phillips' improvement in health. He resigned the church at Reidsville last July. He lately lost one of his children.

—'80. Mr. H. Montague has bought an interest in a Winston newspaper.

—'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman, of St. Joseph, Mo., continues to enjoy his work, which is the same as to say, continues to succeed in it; his congregations are large. While he wishes to see the faces of his old North Carolina friends, he thinks his life will be spent in the West. Why can he not write for THE STUDENT an article setting forth the peculiarities of the civilization of the West?

—'81. David L. Ward, Esq., of Wilson, has entered into copartnership with Col. Kenan, who was formerly Attorney-General of this State. We are certain Col. Kenan will not suffer by this copartnership.

—'81. Rev. Ed. M. Poteat, who graduated with distinction at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, last June, accepted in July the call of the Baptist church at Chapel Hill, beginning his work there the fourth Sunday in August.

—'81. Rev. D. W. Herring and Miss Maggie Nutt were married near Mt. Airy on the 26th of Aug. He will leave soon on his sacred mission of carrying the gospel to China, and will be accompanied by his lovely partner. Good wishes for their prosperity, and happiness follow them on their long voyage, and the blessing of Heaven abide with them in their self-sacrificing labors.

—'82. Mr. Chas. A. Smith, once an editor of THE STUDENT, is still teaching at Timmons ville, S. C.

—'82. Mr. E. G. Beckwith has

charge of a flourishing school in Clayton. We learn that he will soon stop teaching and devote his entire time and talent to preaching. He has already been preaching some.

—'83. Mr. Thos. Dixon, Jr., is attending Judge Dick's Law School in Greensboro.

—'83. We are glad to hear only the best reports of Mr. W. H. Osborne, editor of *The New Era*. His paper has not fallen under our eye in some time, but we are sure its high place among our State papers has not been compromised.

—'83. Rev. G. P. Bostick is pastor of churches in Kentucky. He was in North Carolina only a short while during the Seminary vacation. He will return to Louisville in October. We here stipulate that after his graduation there North Carolina is his home.

—'83. Mr. W. R. Walters, of Granville county, attended the late meeting of the Central Association as delegate.

—'83. Mr. W. F. Marshall's school for boys and girls at Fair Bluff, N. C., opened the present session with an increase of 50 per cent. in attendance. He is erecting a new school building.

—'83. Mr. Henry B. Folk's health failed in New Orleans, and he has lately removed to St. Louis, Mo., where he is engaged on the local staff of *The Republican*, the principal Democratic paper of the West. We hope to have an article from him soon.

Little did we expect when writing the above to read in a few days of the death of our esteemed friend. It occurred Wednesday evening, Septem-

ber 16th, in St. Louis. We append the appreciative notice in *The Missouri Republican* of next morning:

AN UNTIMELY DEATH.

A PROMISING YOUNG JOURNALIST CALLED TO HIS FINAL REST.

HENRY B. FOLK, JR., a member of the local staff of *The Republican*, died last evening at 6 o'clock, at the residence of his uncle, F. M. Estes, Esq., 3226 Chestnut street, after a very brief illness. On Sunday afternoon last he was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism in his ankles, and on Monday was unable to walk. Then the pain ascended to his knees, and finally the heart became involved, and death came to his relief. Three physicians, Drs. Mudd, McPheeters, and Moses, Sr., were in attendance upon him yesterday, and everything that medical skill could suggest was done to save the patient's life, but without avail.

The deceased was 22 years of age; was born and reared at Brownsville, Tenn., and was a young man of remarkable promise. He was educated at Wake Forest College, North Carolina, and was there considered a phenomenally bright student. It was upon the brilliant record made by him at this institution that, when he graduated in 1883, he was tendered and accepted the position of principal of St. Phillip's school at New Orleans, the largest public school in the city. Here he also gave evidence of marked ability, and won the esteem and admiration of the school board, as well as of a very large circle of acquaintances. His record was unprecedented for one so young, and he would have

remained there, but he found that the climate was unfavorable to him. After several attacks of malaria and rheumatism he was advised to accept the invitation of his uncle to reside for a time in St. Louis. While in New Orleans he wrote several articles for the *Times-Democrat*, which created a most favorable impression, and the warm compliments he received, both from the editor of that paper and his friends, prompted the desire to adopt journalism as his future occupation. He came to St. Louis, and upon applying to the *Republican* for a position, he was told to write a sample article upon Cahokia. It appeared about two months ago, with illustrations. He was at once promised the first vacancy, and on the 31st of last month he became regularly attached to the paper, being assigned to the civil courts. His work soon gave evidence of rare ability, and he was considered as destined to enjoy a brilliant journalistic career.

A telegram was sent yesterday morning to the father of the deceased, who is expected to arrive here this evening. The remains will probably be taken to Brownsville for interment. Young Folk was a member of the Second Baptist church.

—'84. Mr. W. V. Savage has a large school at Westfield, Surry county, and is giving general satisfaction.

—'84. Mr. H. A. Chappell, who taught school the last session at Rolesville, this county, is in college again, taking the extra studies leading to the degree of A. M.

—'84. Mr. C. L. Smith, Associate

Editor of *The Biblical Recorder*, had a severe spell of fever at his father's in Durham the past summer, but we were glad to see him here at the opening of our session. He brought a younger brother to college.

—'85. Rev. E. Ward has become Associate Principal of Ashpole Institute, Sampson county, of which Mr. S. Ivey is Principal. He was ordained to the full work of the ministry, Aug. 23rd, at Mt. Elam church.

—'85. Mr. E. F. Eddins began his school at Franklinton, Aug. 31st. We wish him all success.

—'85. Rev. J. A. Beam has done much successful preaching in the Piedmont section of the State during the summer. He has decided to go to the Seminary the present session.

—'85. Mr. H. B. Conrad died at his father's residence, near Lewisville, on the 13th of July. Just as he had completed his preparation for the battle of life, it turned out that the preparation was for a higher life, and Divine Providence called him to it. Many sorrowing friends here extend their sympathy to his bereaved parents and relatives.

—'85. Messrs. J. J. and J. W. Hendren opened the Cedar Run Academy, Alexander county, on the 29th of July. They are a good team.

—'85. Rev. A. T. Robertson has preached with acceptance and good effect in Davidson county during the latter part of vacation. His health was not good in the earlier part, and he spent much of that time in the mountains. He expects to attend

the Seminary at Louisville this session. The reputation of Wake Forest will not suffer so long as he represents it.

—'85. Mr. W. C. Allen is in charge of the academy at Pantego, N. C.

—'85. Mr. W. W. Holding has opened school at Harrell's Store, Sampson county, with a large attendance.

—We were glad to meet the past summer Mr. David H. Jenkins, more

familiarly known to his college-mates of '76-'77 as "little Jenkins." He is married and lives on a beautiful spot in Forsyth county, overlooking the fertile valley of the Yadkin.

—At the last meeting of the Alumni Association Prof. Poteat was appointed to perfect the roll of members. For success in this work he is largely dependent upon the aid of the members. He would be glad to learn from any source about the death of any alumnus of Wake Forest.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

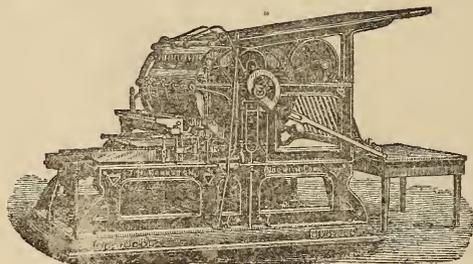
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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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Contributions must be written on one side of paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed to Business Managers.

MAN THE SOCIAL ANIMAL.

Some months since, the writer spent an hour with the Professor of Natural History at Wake Forest College, examining various interesting forms of animal and vegetable life under the powerful lens of an excellent microscope, aided by the Professor's manipulation. Now, when asked by the same gentleman for a literary contribution to THE STUDENT, he finds his thoughts inclined to move under the influence of recollections of that delightful hour, and will jot them down for the pages of THE STUDENT just as they come and go.

Our Professor has pointed out a quivering substance which he declares to be protoplasm, the primary and fundamental form of life. Now that we have made this wonderful discovery, will Science take her eye from the microscope and tell us what Life *is*? We go to her great High Priest, Prof. Huxley, with the ques-

tion, and receive the answer: "From the whole living world, then, it results:—that the morphological unit—the primary and fundamental form of life—is merely an individual mass of protoplasm, in which no further structure is discernible. * * * All the higher forms of life are aggregates of such morphological units or cells, variously modified." Somewhat bewildered and abashed, but not wholly cast down, we venture another enquiry, What is *living*? "Disintegration and waste by oxidation, and its concomitant reintegration by the intussusception of new matter." Thank you, sir; *that's what we thought(?)* The truth is, since the days of Lucretius, the plummet of the Finite has been dropped down the broad, deep Infinite, and found NO BOTTOM.

Life—what is it? Animal life, from whence come its mysterious forces? Human life, that glows on the cheek,

sparkles in the eye, bounds in the blood, and quivers in every sensitive nerve, tell us of it? According to Lavater, "all known material elements enter into the composition of his (man's) body, and all discernible spiritual faculties manifest themselves in the constitution of his soul." This assertion of the scientist affords a certain distinguished living orator a "standing in court" for his poetic panegyric upon man: "Constellations and galaxies transmit their fires to his thought, and magnetic currents from earth and sky flash along the nerve-wires of his wonderful organism. Sun, planets, and all the elemental material of this restless globe are held in solution in his blood as it surges on its mission of life and health." This is grand! but is there not another side to the picture? Let us see.

Dr. Prichard (surely there *must* be something in a name), who has done more than all others to impart to modern Anthropology its scientific consistency, put it in his *Natural History of Man* thus: "The Lord of the earth, who contemplates the eternal order of the Universe and aspires to communion with its invisible Maker, is a being composed of the same materials and framed on the same principles, as the creatures which he has tamed to be the servile instruments of his will, or slays for his daily food." Shakspeare realized it, but, with exquisite politeness, palliated the humiliating thought: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action, how like an

angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals?"

There now! man is an ANIMAL after all! Well, we can submit to this generalization, but not to the specifications in Mr. Darwin's tremendous impeachment of the race. We North Carolinians are a little proud of our antecedents, and cannot permit our beautiful visions and inspiring traditions to be so rudely disturbed:

"Is this a dream?

Then waking would be pain—

Oh, do not wake me;

Let me dream again."

The zoological problem is rendered vastly more difficult when we pass from the physical structure to consider the phenomena of mind. We can scarcely refrain a smile at the embarrassment of the great Huxley, while vigorously protesting against what he calls "an absolute structural line of demarcation between man and the creatures next in the scale," and admitting "an immeasurable and practically infinite divergence," ending in the present "enormous gulf." Prof. Taylor (there *is* something in a name) says, "The opinion is deeply rooted in modern as in ancient thought that only a distinctively human element of the highest import can account for the present severance between man and the highest animal below him." Certainly one of the most remarkable manifestations of this distinctively human element is speech. Not merely emotional tones or interjectional cries, but WORDS, used as "symbols by which to conduct and con-

vey the complex intellectual process in which mental conceptions are suggested, compared, combined, and even analyzed and new ones created." Prof. Max Muller, the most brilliant of philologists, the eloquent eulogist of man, does not hesitate to assert, "That which makes man man, is language." *Homo animal rationale, quia orationale*, says Hobbes.

Never mind how we came into possession of the splendid endowment: the capacity to impart to airy nothings a local habitation and a name; calling spirits from the vasty deep, to warble in symphonious notes, thunder in wrath, or whisper softly "as summer winds a-waving flowers," "when the mystery in man is one with the mystery in God." Never mind how our ancestors struggled with the imperfections of dialect; or how, one by one, the trammels have fallen off, and are still dissolving in the increasing light, until in some bright *future* it shall be perfect,—when the mind may commit its abstractions to an alembic which will refine while it distils; when the heart may pour all its revenues of hoarded treasures into a receptacle capacious enough and fair enough to be their appropriate shrine. Already we have entered the rosy dawn of that dreamed-of day, and language may be formed into a chariot for regal thought. Some, even now, seem to think it argues superior wisdom to sneer at flowing periods and glittering sentences. Not every one owns a chariot, or is fit to drive one. You remember the story of the old sun-god's presumptuous boy;—the young gentleman thought

himself qualified by inheritance to mount the glowing seat and guide the mettled coursers of the sky. Rash boy! In confusion and disgrace he learned that only a great spirit can ride safely in a celestial chariot, and the hand of the master must be upon the reins!

But language is something more than a vehicle—it is the incarnation of thought, and words may come to us weeping or smiling, draped in mourning or waving banners.

It is one of the strongest bonds of society—a tie of community. Thank God for language—it makes us social! How could we endure to exist if deprived of the exquisite pleasure of talking. We have seen some who seemed to be undergoing torture from an enforced temporary suspension of the tongue's delicious activities. Again, we have beheld and marvelled much as a face suddenly wore an almost dazzling radiance, and waxed brighter and brighter as the "unruly member," now under complete control, swifter than ever shuttle glanced along its appointed way, deftly wove a fabric of more wondrous texture and gorgeous pattern than ever came from Eastern loom. In the art conversational, we believe it is conceded (and if not, then it should be,) that ladies, as a rule, excel.

The highest form of speech is that which we call Eloquence. But this article has already transgressed the limits of our purpose, and, it may be, of your patience; so we abruptly postpone further discussion until the next.

HENRY W. BATTLE.

HOW TO STUDY.

LITTLE ROCK, Oct. 8, '85.

In the October number of THE STUDENT, which was kindly sent me, there appeared a letter from an uncle to his nephew "John," who had just entered college. The writer, even if he is an "old fogey," has given some orthodox views of conduct to John. Doubtless age and gray hairs have much to do with the ripe and mellow counsels of the uncle, and his apprehension of waywardness and a felt liberty on the part of the nephew occasioned the very pertinent quotation from Blackstone.

It were to be wished that all our boys had such uncles. I see this one shows his interest in his nephew sufficiently to promise him another letter containing some directions as to how he should study.

But for two reasons I am disposed not to wait for the appearance of that letter. Who knows that the uncle is not a millionaire and too busy looking after his bank stock to command the time to write another letter before the session at Wake Forest has progressed too far to make a letter profitable? Or, perhaps like many another old man, he may have meanwhile a two months' attack of rheumatism or gout. At all events—and that is my second reason—the spirit moves *me* to write something on that subject. Perhaps the kind old gentleman will be pleased to correct any errors into which a beardless youth may fall in the attempt to discuss a question of

such moment. But whatever fortune, good or bad, may await me, I must write. The fire is in my bones, and will bear confinement no longer.

I think I have some claims upon the attention of students. The chief one is that I am just through with my course at college, and the methods which I adopted in order to master it are fresh in my memory; in fact, I have a keen recollection not only of my successes, but also of my failures, and am prepared to give directions both as to how to avoid the latter and also how to win the former. Sometimes I almost feel that I possess some advantage over John's uncle, in that he must surely, after the lapse of so many years, have forgotten how one at college should study, judging from his own observation and experience as a student, and must now depend for knowledge at this point either upon the *a priori* method (you see that I studied Logic), or upon his experience, as an educated man of—say fifty or sixty years of age. But however this may be, I am at white heat of desire both to benefit the students of your noble college, of which I hear so many kind things from friends who reside near you, and—to see my name in—the number of those who are seeking to help on THE STUDENT in its good work.

* * * * *

Since penning the above I have been rummaging among my papers, and found by chance a few fragments of my diary which I see contains here

and there a bit of experience on this point which cannot fail to be of interest to your readers. I insert a few of them:

“1879. Sept. 13th. A busy day. What with Livy, Herodotus, Loomis, and the Greek exercise, I had my hands full. I could not get my head properly on my studies. Jim G. met me on my way to breakfast and challenged me for a game of croquet this afternoon at 5 o'clock. All day long the balls and wickets were dancing before my eyes. At the black-board I drew, instead of an ellipse, a trapezoid, and the Prof. told one of his jokes at my expense. This so upset me that I failed even to play my usual hand at croquet. * * Whew! how many red marks my Greek exercise has. Surely I could not have made all these mistakes. Well, just one more cigar, and I'll turn in and sleep it all off.”

“Sept. 15th. Had a gay time with Sykes and Timmons. I am a dear lover of music and, they say, handle the fiddle well. So we had flute, banjo, and violin. Before I was aware of it, however, we had gone over into study-hours so far that I had to make short work with my Livy. Sykes helped me out very hurriedly. Timmons, however, kept banging away at the banjo and—but I was not called up. The boys all say I am a lucky fellow.”

“Sep. 16th. I can't yet see why the Prof. of Latin should have borne down so heavily on me as he did this morning. He called me up on a passage which I read well. But he said I had missed the meaning of it altogether, and that I certainly could not

have paid due attention to yesterday's lesson, for the same construction had appeared in that and been fully explained by him as well as in the notes. Well, Livy is hard, and no mistake.”

“Sept. 25th. I have been suffering for a week with indigestion. What can be the cause of it? I never eat more than four biscuits for supper, with two or at most three slices of ham. Jenks who sits opposite to me eats that much and carries off a snack of three biscuits for bed-time besides. We have had most delightful fresh pork for dinner almost every day for a week, and I am sometimes tempted to eat quite freely of it—not to excess, however. One might, it seems to me, eat a pound or two of such shooat as we have, with impunity. It is said that Mr. Alex. Stephens lived mostly on eggs. I believe I shall ask my landlady to give me that dish for breakfast. I like them fried, hard and well done. Of them—so harmless are they—one may eat *ad libitum*. * * * Here goes it for a dose of Pain Killer.”

“Sep. 26th. I awoke this morning unrefreshed—had had a terrible dream—thought that seven of the nine Furies were chasing me and the other two were grinning at me—shall try the silly gymnasium to-morrow.

P. S. It must have been hags that chased me last night, as I see that Dwight only provides for three Furies. Now just suppose I should make such a mistake when I stand the examination for the Latin Medal.”

“Oct. 10th. The doctor has been prescribing for my indigestion, and I have improved a little. He made me

give up my favorite dish—fried eggs, and limited me to two slices of stale bread for supper. I am almost starved. But I shall grin and bear it as long as I can. The classes have got somewhat ahead of me on account of my inability to prepare my lessons for the past two weeks. But I think I can catch up. If I do, I know it will be after I have cut Bill Smilie's acquaintance. The fellow is so jolly and friendly that I am fascinated with him. But he does cut into my time wofully. Being a genius he can loaf and yet recite a good lesson. And he has no consideration for such as me who have to study hard to get a little."

"Oct. 15th. Bill Smilie is certainly a good conditioned fellow. For two days I tried to get rid of him. He must have seen the sly efforts I was making to this end. But he did not take the hint, and is a constant visitor to my room. Yesterday I told him plainly how far behind my classes I was, and he instantly offered to help me. This he did to-day. He reads Latin and Greek charmingly, and I did not have to look in the Dictionary for a single word. How much time that saves me. And then he just gives as free a rendering as a pony, and moves on so gracefully and smoothly that it is a treat to listen to him."

"Oct. 18th. Bill Smilie has been reading my lessons over for me for several days, and I think is conferring a great favor on me. The Prof. of Greek complimented me to-day on my beautiful rendering of a difficult passage. But he rather hurt my feelings when it came to parsing. He said that I had given the wrong tense of

three verbs and missed the gender and number of two nouns. I can't see how that affects the case, if I give the true translation of the passage, as he said I did. It is strange that as sensible as both Professors of the Languages are they should insist on such trifling points. What difference can it make whether the verb is in the Active or the Passive Voice, provided I bring out the proper sense of the passage?"

"Nov. 20th. I am becoming very tired of Greek. And I can't see that it will do a fellow any good after all. If it was not for the promise I made to Pa to pursue the regular course, I believe I would take up Botany in its place. They say that that has something practical about it.

I missed the recitation of Math. to-day. John Glover invited me to take a partridge hunt with him. We had splendid sport. I am a good shot and bagged seven birds. He invites me to go with him two or three times a week while the season lasts. Of course I will miss an occasional recitation in Math., but I have too good a talent for that study to fear losing my stand in the class."

"Nov. 22nd. Had a splendid bird hunt to-day—became so interested that I lost both Math. and Greek. Well, a fellow must have some recreation; and I find that it improves my appetite and I think my digestion too to exercise in this way.

But how things can conspire against a fellow; just at the time too when he is in the best humor with himself and his condition! First, here is a letter from Pa, in which he states that my

last report shows a falling off in all my studies. Second, Dick Smart tells me that the Prof. of Math. looked rather fierce this morning when he called for me and found me absent. Well, I am too much fatigued to be troubled about it now, and sleep will bring it all right."

"Nov. 29th. Had a high time with the Faculty to-night. They had me up about my frequent absences and I had to promise to do better. I shall write home and ask Pa to request them in consideration of my delicate health to allow me to spend a day or so occasionally hunting. Why should they object if he does not?"

The Prof. of Math. said that I had lost so many links from the chain that I would be obliged to fall through with him. I can't see it in that way myself, and must believe he is an old fogy. Never mind, that letter from Pa will set matters right once more. Meanwhile, I'll saw away on my old fiddle."

"Dec. 3rd. Made a splendid recitation to-day on Latin; and no wonder, for Bill Smilie read the lesson over twice to me. I was not called up on the parsing—that intolerable bore. The Prof. is a good natured man, and quite accommodating—seems to know that that is not my forte. Sometimes I think I must have some genius; for if I get a hint of what a paragraph is about, I can generally make the sentences bring out a plausible meaning. Occasionally I have one sentence to do the work of two, and having exhausted both in one find it a little troublesome to get anything out of the second when its turn comes. But

what of that, if I do no violence to the paragraph as a whole? And yet the Prof. smiles at what he chooses to call the "injustice" done to one of the sentences in "overloading" it. Well, there is no satisfying these Professors. I have given up trying to do that long ago. It is their business to quiz and mortify boys."

"Dec. 6th. Have been very much shocked at seeing a bottle of whiskey in the room of one of my friends. He says he keeps it for sickness. I begged him to empty it on the ground at once, for he is none too strong and may find it impossible to resist the temptation to drink it when not sick. I took occasion at the same time to warn him in reference to certain associates who, I have reason to believe, play cards as well as drink. These are vices which I have always avoided, and Ma made me promise that I would never indulge in them. So far I have been as good as my word. * * * * * I wonder why Pa does not answer my letter about the matter of hunting."

"Dec. 8th. Have about made up my mind to give up the Gymnasium. The exercise is too violent for me, and my hands are becoming hard and rough. It must tend to make one coarse and unrefined."

"Dec. 20th. Whew! what does this mean? A letter from Pa, directing me to get an honorable dismissal from the President and come home at once. He may have failed in business, or—well, I can't account for it."

"Dec. 21st. Had great difficulty in getting an honorable dismissal. The President said that my grade of scholarship had been rapidly declin-

ing for some time, and that he was afraid I had some bad habits, which interfered with my studying. When assured by me that such was not the case, he replied that he had learned from the Professors that I relied almost exclusively upon the help of others, and spent too much of my time in fiddling, hunting, and idling. How they found that out, who knows? Some mean fellow may have 'told tales out of school.'

"The President must have put that into my last monthly report. If so, that accounts for Pa's directing me to come home."

* . * * * *

It will, perhaps, interest the reader to learn that my father welcomed me when I reached home, and made little or no allusion to the cause of my return. Of course I tried to get it from my mother. But she knew no more about it than I did—my father keeping his counsels to himself strictly. He had been a lawyer of large practice, and knew how to keep a secret.

After Christmas, he remarked to me, casually, that he wanted to put me on a course of study under himself—a course which would not tax me much, and leave me a plenty of time for attending to the business of one of his farms.

My text-book for three months was Bingham's Latin Grammar—a book which I thought I knew thoroughly. I had been over it twice. He amused me much by his singular pronunciation, and enjoyed the fun which I had over it as keenly as I did myself. But you may rest assured he found out my ignorance of many a point which

it seemed to me I knew pretty well until I had to recite it on his plan. He was so exacting. Every English sentence in the exercises had to be turned into Latin, and if I failed on the slightest point of gender, number, mood, tense, he made me rewrite. As to the paradigms, case-endings, verb-stems, and the like, he required absolute knowledge. And he was ever reviewing me. Moreover, he allowed only so much time to prepare a lesson—made me report daily the amount of time devoted thereto, and was put out with me if I spent more by a minute than he had allowed. Sometimes it was very hard work for me to fix my mind upon the task, but how was I to help myself? There was his rule, and I had to conform. You may depend upon it, I summoned to my aid all the determination of my soul, and strove with all my might to fix my mind upon it. Sometimes when I was just on the point of succeeding there would rise up before my eyes as plainly as possible the image of a covey of birds, and I would involuntarily direct my eyes towards them. At another time some witty saying of Sykes or Smilie would make me smile as memory brought it back. Meantime the thought that my allotted time was fast passing oppressed me, and often I almost despaired. Oh! who can tell the agony of spirit which I suffered? As I think of it now I shudder.

After completing Bingham, he carried me through Valpy's Greek Grammar (an old book which I had frequently seen in his library hidden away in a remote corner), and made

me parse carefully every word of every sort on the first five pages of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Oh! that was torturing. Sometimes the verbs were like live coals upon quick flesh.

Being rather rusty in Mathematics, he carried me through a short course in Doball's *Arithmetic*. I felt almost insulted when he proposed to take me through *Arithmetic*. But I tell you when I reached *Fractions*, he made me feel cheap. His method, however, seemed not to have any respect for my moods. I have often thought since that he acted like a surgeon who is called in to set a broken leg. The wincing of the poor patient counts for nothing with him. But I know that the whole subject of *Arithmetic*—particularly *Fractions* and *Decimals*—has ever since held an altered and more exalted position in my mind.

On the night of Dec. 21st, 1880, he had a long and free talk with me about going back to college. He wished me to return on the first of January prox. Here I will give you an extract or two from my diary, which was resumed on Jan. 2nd, 1881:

"Jan. 10th, 1881. The Faculty allowed me to take up the course at the point where I left it off a year ago. After a week's experience, I find that I have easily resumed my old place. Indeed, I take deeper interest in my studies than formerly. I read more intelligently. Can it be that the knowledge of the *Grammar* which I acquired last year has put this new face on *Latin* and *Greek*? Who would have supposed that the study of old

Doball could throw so much light upon *Trigonometry*? And yet it does."

"March 12th. Have followed the two simple rules for studying which Pa gave me, and begin to be impressed with their importance. I did not at first think them sufficiently philosophical to be worthy of a place in my diary. But they assume a more rational air every day. Here they are:

'1st. Be a man.' [He explained that to mean that (1) one must not be a child, carried about in the arms of a nurse, (2) nor a brute, yielding to appetite, (3) nor a feather, driven about by the wind, (4) but a rational, accountable, self-determined, more or less grown-up human being, belonging not to another man, but to God and himself.]

'2nd. Attend to one thing at a time.' [Here he expatiated upon the absolute necessity of being able to command and control one's thoughts, and to dismiss from the mind every stray or irrelevant subject. He said that as the mind is always busy, the true effort is that which is directed towards the discarding and shutting out of the impertinent. As soon as that is done, the way being cleared for it, the pertinent falls into its own place. He said that for a long time the effort would be conscious and voluntary. But that the habit once established, it would become involuntary and unconscious.]"

I received my diploma in '83, and am here now studying law.

C. T. Fox.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

When we read, or hear some one speak, of the good old times, we long—oh! how we long for the privilege of exchanging a year of our present life for a single day of the life of our ancestors. We read of days of thanksgiving, feasting, and pleasure; when all the nobility, the gentry, and the peasantry were assembled in one tremendous throng to witness the games and sports which were plentifully provided and well conducted by the crowned heads of Europe. In vast amphitheatres—covered by the blue and spotless dome of heaven, decorated with evergreens, lighted by a lamp whose light is so dazzling that the eagle's eye alone has ever been able to gaze upon it—sat beautiful daughters, stately mothers, and kind fathers. And in the arena were sons and fathers who had come to display their powers before an admiring assembly. Who would fail to admire that powerful form sitting on his fiery steed with his gold spurs buckled on, and his plume waving to and fro in the melodious breezes?

The bugle sounds! With spears presented, two well mounted knights rush together like fiends from the infernal realms. In deadly conflict they strive for the mastery. One blow well directed, one unguarded spot, sends a brave Knight to the earth. Amid the flourish of trumpets, and the shouts of applause the victor rides proudly around the inclosure to receive the congratulations of the assembly. But,

while flowers are being showered upon one, where is the other whom we left lying upon the ground with the blood oozing from his veins? He has been borne home by a few faithful friends. No mournful procession follows his corpse. No tears are shed over his grave, save those of kinsmen. His presence is not missed at the jovial feast which is given in honor of the successful one. All eyes are turned upon the hero of the occasion, and by his splendor and parade the memory of the fallen is obliterated from their minds. Thus, to-day our successful men are lauded to the topmost heaven, while our unsuccessful ones are defamed or forgotten.

It must be admitted that these sports were often fatal, but the natures of those who participated were such that they extremely loved them. They were countenanced by the most intelligent and refined men, matrons, and maids of Europe. Who, with boyish pride, would not glory in the opportunity of showing his valor before an approving lover? Were they not contesting for fame and for the palm which was delivered by the most beautiful?

In those days—the good old days—women were not cooped up in their houses as they are at the present time; they were not the servants then, but the mistresses; they were not so much dependent upon the males for protection as they are now. The rules of polite society were not so despotic

and styles and fashions were ignored unless they were both elegant and comfortable. A gentleman, in order to get acquainted with a lady did not have to go through all the formulas laid down in Wentworth's Algebra or Davis' American Etiquette. Our women are, to a great extent, deprived of the invigorating atmosphere which was made by God for the benefit of his own image. Woman cannot participate in our sports and take part in our enjoyments. She is excluded from every exercise which tends in the least to strengthen her body. Hence, our mothers are not so healthy as our great-grandmothers were, and our fathers, too, have diminished in size and strength.

One of the most prominent traits of our ancestors was hospitality. They were noted not only for their hospitality to equals but also to inferiors. The disabled servant knew his master's table, as the grey-hound knew his kennel, and the filly his rack. The stranger was cordially welcomed to their homes, and was soon made to feel as much at ease as if he were under his own roof—"he was welcome to the best of all." Is such the case now? Are not strangers whom we coldly admit to our homes—only for humanity's sake—made to feel that they are not wanted—unwelcomed? Were you ever travelling on a cold wintry night in a country thinly settled? Were you ever refused shelter from the storm?

There was once a man who lived in the town of Winchester in the State of Oregon. He had a mother who lived just beyond the Cascade Range, near

Lake Klamath. She was a godly mother, and was dearly loved by her son. One evening, on the 6th of Dec., 1883, he received a message. It was from the doctor, and informed him that his mother was very sick and was not expected to live until morning. In large letters at the bottom of the note were these words written in his mother's hand:

"*My Son*, if you never see your *Mother* alive again, meet her in heaven.
Your Dying Mother."

These words pierced his heart like a poisoned arrow, and made his whole frame quiver with anguish. Heedless of the advice and entreaties of his friends not to undertake such a journey on such a dreadful night, he mounted his horse without any extra clothing, although the wind was howling and raging, and the snow was falling thick and fast. On he went, as though his sinews were sinews of iron. Over the valley he sped; up, up the steep, rocky, snow-covered mountain he climbed heedless of the tempestuous wind, the thick-falling snow, and the extreme cold which was all but freezing the blood in his very heart. But the cold of that night was more than mortal man could stand; so he was nearly ready to yield to the influences of the weather when he arrived at the house of a man who lived just on top of the mountain. His voice was so weak that he was barely able to make the master of the house hear him. When this lordly person heard a voice outside he came to the door and asked in a stentorian tone, "What business have you at the house of a gentleman, in the dead hours of

night?" "Sir" said the stranger, "I am nearly frozen,—will you keep me to night?" "No!" was the reply; and the so-called gentleman turned and locked the door. Indignant at the inhumanity of this man the traveller braced himself up, and determined to reach his mother's that night or die in the attempt. Scarcely two miles lay between himself and the barbarian's house before his fingers began to relax their grasp upon the bridle rein; his limbs became numb, his eyes heavy, and he dropped from his horse a dead man. At about the same time, his mother passed from this terrestrial shore to her celestial home. Now, who was the murderer of this man? for murder it certainly was. You know that his death was attributable to the inhospitality of the mountaineer. Such is the case in recent times, but in olden times the death of a man could rarely ever be traced to such inhumanity.

The people of "ye olden time" were, apparently, not so moral as people of modern times; the moral laws which surrounded them were not so rigorous as those by which we are bound. But if we could have entered their private apartments—if we could have entered their closets, and raised the screen which hid their private deeds from the face of the world, we would have seen that the laws of morality were more carefully observed by them than they are by us. The days of thanksgiving were celebrated by balls and feasts, and the tables of the higher class were always laden with the best that could be obtained. Wines and liquors of all descriptions, spices and meats from every

land, and fruits from every climate—were extravagantly furnished. The table was the pride of our forefathers. There enemies were reconciled and made to vow eternal friendship. Around the table friends were gathered from afar, who, by their tales and jokes, made the hall resound with merry laughter. There, too, friendships were often made, which, from a single glance or expression, ripened into something more durable than brass. They did not regard their carousals—as we call them—as immoral; for "it was only to pass away the time and have a little fun."

Now, however, as a general rule, men of the first stamp take their drinks in secret, and, clad with the robe of righteousness, appear before the public as more holy than Job himself. Men are now more deceitful; enemies work their mischief behind the back of their foe, instead of coming out and doing their work publicly. When any of our forefathers had a grudge against any one, they went boldly to his face and then and there demanded satisfaction, instead of sneaking about for some favorable opportunity of sending the ball into his brain or piercing his heart with the dagger.

We have travelled for many years down the long and tortuous river of time. The tide which bears us swiftly on has carried us far below the port at which our fathers landed. We have left the good old days far behind us; we have progressed in government and in civilization; new discoveries have loomed up to adorn the annals of our time; electricity has been conquered

and well nigh all nature humbled before the minds of our learned men; we have acquired all the accomplishments requisite to impress on future ages the intellectual superiority of this period. Yet there are two things lacking, and they are morality and pa-

triotism. While our intellectual nature has been improved, our moral nature has degenerated, and we have failed to improve in that which is most necessary for prosperity in this world and happiness in the world to come.

W. C. CORBETT.

EVERY MAN A HISTORIAN.

“As many men just so many minds.”
As many minds just so many histories.
As many histories just so many historians. As each is the architect of his own fortune, so each is the author of his own history.

And each such history contains just so many volumes as the author has years—each year a volume, each month a chapter, each week a paragraph, each day a line, each minute a word, each second a letter. Not only does every man occupy the author’s chair, but the printer’s desk also; and he stamps his work not upon paper which perishes, but upon an everlasting scroll—the mind of man. He also is piling those volumes back in his own memory, there to remain forever. Often through life he will have occasion to repair to that library and peruse alone the works he has written.

Besides an author, he is a painter. Almost every page has an engraving—a real life-like picture, giving forth in bold expression, stronger than words, the very character of the man—every phase of his inner and outer life. The threatening hand, the stamping foot, the knitted brow, the curled lip, the

lion-like eyes, flashing fire, indicate too plainly the storm of fury that rages within; while, on the contrary, the lightly-tripping foot-step, the gentle motion of the hand, the smooth brow, the smiling face, the beaming eyes, bespeak the peace and loveliness which reign within. And a remarkable thing about these pictures is, that they are often drawn when the artist thinks he is only scrawling at random, making scarcely any impression on his canvas; but behold, in after days when he turns back, inspecting his work, he finds, to his sorrow, that they are real pictures—out of proportion, indeed, yet true. Their first sight makes him blush, he loathes to own them, yet he must. In fact, it is characteristic of these autobiographies that they are scrupulously exact, presenting in detail every side of the man. Now, when one writes another’s history, the good is often brought to view, the bad covered up, or *vice versa*; but not so with the biographies under consideration. Indeed, the author often tries to lean from the line and the plummet, and paint his book in glowing colors, and thus deceive, but in spite

of himself he draws a correct picture.

I need not say that as has been the life of the writer, so is the story he has written; nor that, let him live as he may, he must one day read his own story, be it ever so good or ever so bad. *By it he must be judged.*

Perhaps this truth may be more fully brought out in the following story, which I give as a bit of my experience. Please lend a listening ear:

“When young life’s journey I began,
The glittering prospect charmed my eyes,
I saw along th’ extended plain
Joy after joy successive rise—
But soon I found ’twas all a dream.”

My playmates were many—some were good, some were bad. One was so lazy he bore the name of “Idler,” another so stingy he bore the name of “Miser,” another so blood-thirsty he was called “Murderer,” another such a spendthrift all saluted him as “Prodigal.”

As years passed on we scattered. When I became a man all my playmates were gone—roaming over the world, so I plodded on through life alone. At times I was lonely indeed, but as I grew older solitude was sweet. Years passed swiftly by. My head grew gray, my eyes grew dim, my frame grew feeble.

After wandering up and down the earth for a long time, I at last arrived at the banks of a dark cold river, which is called “the river of death.” The sun was sinking low in the west, taking a sad look upon the earth just as if it never expected to rise again. An awful solemnity seemed to possess the universe of God.

Just then I saw a poor man clothed

in rags sitting near the water’s edge. I recognized him to be my former acquaintance, the “Idler,” though he had changed mightily. His elbows rested on his knees, his forehead rested on his hands. His face was sad. A large book lay in front of him, and its leaves of themselves were turning over one by one. He was staring at them with an astonished gaze, and, though he would try to look away, or cover his eyes with his hands, he could not stir. He could only gaze at the leaves as they turned. I walked cautiously up behind him, and bent over him to see what was in the book. He noticed me not. Most of its pages were blank, but had great black splotches on them. On one page was the picture (drawn by himself) of a farm gone to ruin. Fences rotten, the roof of the house tumbled in, briars and brambles grown up all over the fields, except a little patch around the house. Corn six inches high was growing in this. A sickly woman, clad in rags, was hoeing it. A group of naked children were following her crying for bread. Near by the house was a brook. A log crossed it. On this was seated in the hot sun a lazy wretch angling. When the man saw this he heaved a deep sigh.

The leaves continued to turn. On some I could see grumblings and cursings written in his own writing. Finally, the last leaf fell over. There was the picture of a dead fig tree uprooted. Its dry leaves were heaped upon it, and the tree and leaves were in a blazing flame. Just under it was written in another hand, “*Nothing but leaves! He that provideth not for*

his own house is worse than an infidel." Then, with a shudder, he tumbled into the dark waves and was swept away.

Only a few yards from here I was surprised to see another man old and haggard and miserable. He was leaning on a sack of gold. I recognized in him at once the "Miser" of former days. A similar book lay open before him. Its pages too were black with the tales of cheating and defrauding, written in his own hand. There were pictures of weeping widows and crying orphans, and many poor driven from their homes into the ice and snow, there pinched by cold and hunger to die. As he passed by they asked for bread, but he turned his ear away, and held tight to his money bag. As he looked at these pictures, great drops of perspiration rolled down his temples, and he was convulsed with mental anguish. The last leaf fell over, and there was written: "*Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, ye did it not to me. Depart into hell.*"

He groaned, and was swallowed up by the rolling tide.

So I found the "Murderer" unwillingly reviewing his own horrible history, whose pages were stained with human blood, and whose engravings were ghastly corpses. On the last leaf was written: "*No murderer can enter the kingdom of heaven.*" Uttering vile blasphemies, he too was engulfed by the angry waves.

Going a few paces further, I came upon the "Prodigal." He was like a stranded wreck. Pitiably his condition. With a fainting heart he was

reading his sad tale. As the leaves turned over, I saw nothing but scenes of rioting and debauchery. On the last page was his own skeleton trembling on the brink of the grave. Underneath were these words: "*Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*"

Thus I saw the millions of the wicked—reading what they had written—dying as they had lived; and with great lamentation they often cried: "*It might have been! it might have been!*"

Now I turned from beholding the wicked, and lo, before my face stood an innumerable company of those who had tried to live right, who had emptied themselves of themselves, and lived for the good of others. They were reading their histories too (for it was not yet night), and were joyful. I had time to look at some of the books. The pages were clean, the writing neat. There were many pleasing pictures in them, mostly representing the poor and ignorant, the sick and distressed who had been cared for, and they were shouting for joy, and calling their benefactors "blessed." I noticed some of the pages were blank, but not soiled. I asked why that was? They said those pages had been blotched by sin; but that a friend had died to save them from sin, and by his death had washed the stains of sin from their lives and histories. I turned the last leaf, and on it was stamped in golden letters: "*He that is faithful in the least is faithful in much.*" And I asked, "Where are your names written?" and, looking up to heaven, they said:

“Our names are written there.” Just then the sun sank down and left the world to darkness. But immediately the heavens burst with refulgent light, and behold myriads of shining angels came down and conducted the innumerable host over the River Death. As they receded I stood amazed and gazed after them, and lo! “I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there was

no place found for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, every man according to their works. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death.”

E. E. BLOUNT.

A VACATION RAMBLE.

It had been a long time since I had seen any surveying, and consequently I was glad to hear, one bright July morning, that I was to be one of the party to survey some disputed lines about eight miles away in the country which used to be known as “Shake-rag.” How it received this name is not known, but some say that once two Irish peddlers passed through this section of country, and, as they passed, little children waved handkerchiefs at them, but the Irishmen mistook the handkerchiefs for rags, and called the country “Shakerag.” I am not prepared to say whether this is true or not.

Till within a few years back Shake-rag was noted for its shingles and mean whiskey; for in those days illicit distilleries were plentiful there. But tobacco has wrought a great change in it. For where only a few years ago there was nothing but the almost unbounded forest, are now seen

great fields of tobacco. Fine residences stand where once stood the hut of the backwoodsman, and well-to-do farmers have taken the place of the shingle-maker. It is interesting to hear some old citizen tell of the country as it was years ago, but it is too great a task to attempt to relate half he says.

About eight o'clock we reached a small post office in ——— county. The negro of whom we inquired the way described the road so minutely that it was next to an impossibility for us to miss the way. When we arrived at the appointed place, we found that a small crowd had gathered to see the surveying. In about fifteen minutes after, they decided to begin work; but some one must stay with the horses, and every one was so anxious to see the surveying that not one could be induced to remain on any consideration. So there was no alternative but for me to stay.

In a few minutes they were out of sight, and I was left with no companion but the horses. Naturally, I sought some amusement for myself. At first I thought I would wreak terrible vengeance on my oppressors by eating all the dinner. So I began to make dreadful ravages on it. Ah! revenge was sweet. But I soon tired of this mode of vengeance, for there was more dinner than I could eat in a week. Then I took the newspaper which covered the dinner, and was deeply absorbed in its contents, when I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by the squealing of a pig which a mule was giving a free ride over the bushes. I don't think the pig enjoyed the ride. I had long ago finished my paper when they came. They sent a negro to the spring; when he came back we all washed, and commenced eating dinner. The open air and exercise gave them a good appetite, for they did the dinner full justice. Some were afraid that I was sick, because I ate so little, that being so different from my general habit.

After dinner we all sat down beneath the shade of the trees and had a social chat for an hour. The surveyors and lawyers had some old deeds and were looking over them to find how many degrees north some lines ran, while in others they were endeavoring to locate corners, pointers, lines, and—and—I do not know what, for I did not make any effort to remember half they said.

The farmers were discussing the drought, crops, and the no-fence law. Some were telling the benefits arising

from the law, while others thought that it would ruin everything.

When they were nearly ready to begin again, I suggested that we drive the horses to the lot of one of the neighbors, which was agreed to. We found them ready to start when we came back. I was in high spirits, for I anticipated a grand time. But my joy was soon turned to sorrow, for I found, far different from my anticipations, that there was very little enjoyment in going through bushes, over logs, and wading swamps. In going through one of these little marshes I became entangled in some running vines, and fell down in water and mud which was about two inches deep. You may guess that I was not in an amiable mood when I arose. I felt certain that an open field was better than the woods, but when we came to a large open space, I found the heat so oppressive that I was glad to get back into the shade.

While we were running one of the lines we came to Mud branch. This should have been called Thicket branch, for there is one of the densest thickets on its banks that I have ever seen. If the African jungles are any worse, I am not surprised that elephants and tigers find in them a safe retreat. When we finished this line, we concluded to stop for the day. We were now two miles from the place where we had left the buggies. I was nearly exhausted, for I had been in a brisk walk ever since dinner, but there was no alternative. I had to walk these two miles. So one of the hardy farmers and myself started for the buggies. He had the reputation of

being a fast walker, and I was convinced of the fact before the two miles were finished. When we reached the place where the buggies were left, he very kindly assisted me in harnessing our mule to the buggy. Thanking him for his kindness, we drove off, for we knew that it would be in the night before we reached home.

As we passed on the farmers were taking out their horses, or we met them plodding towards home. Passing through the woods, we could hear the birds calling to their mates, while the shrill voice of the partridge was heard in every old field. As the twilight deepened, we passed houses where the people were eating their suppers under the shade trees in their yards, or, supper dispatched, were leaning contentedly against the trees smoking their pipes.

The shades of night overtook us long before we reached home, and the fresh breezes returned with the evening. One could hardly imagine that such a warm, sultry day could have such a cool, refreshing close. About nine o'clock we reached home, and after partaking of a bounteous supper, I went to my room. And as the moon shed a flood of golden light on my floor, I tumbled in bed, and was soon in the tender embrace of Morpheus, to have pleasant dreams of Shakerag.

Next day I was laid up for repairs. And very much to my chagrin I could not go and see them finish the survey. But I shall always remember with pleasure my visit, and hope that some time in the future I shall see Shakerag again.

KEGELN.

PERSEVERANCE.

How many lives are made a perfect nullity from the lack of a little perseverance! There are many persons who are too timid or too doubtful to trust to themselves in scarcely anything. I shall not ridicule the timidity of any, for of all persons, he is the most obnoxious to me, who *thinks* he knows all, can do all, *is* all, and who has enough brass (to use a common phrase) to build a state-house. But on the other hand, there are some who evince great marks of natural ability, and yet are never settled about anything. Something may strike them

for only a moment, as being to their taste, but as soon as they find that energy is required, all that seemed lovely at once vanishes. They will not put forth the first effort to accomplish anything. Quietly they drift down the beguiling current of negligence, seeing before them the destructive rapids to which they are being carried, and still hope that something will approach to snatch them from the coming destruction, while in their hands are the oars which, if only used, would bring them safety. But this would never do. The oars must

use themselves, for it would be a disgrace for *them* to exert themselves. Fortune, fate, or something else must snatch them back, or they will never return. Alas, how many never do return! When once they begin drifting, they never know when to cease until they arrive at the place from whence no one e'er returns.

Noble minds are often lost under the silly fear that some one will laugh at what they do. Well, what if they do laugh? They can hurt no one by laughing, and it only shows that they are devoid of merit themselves. Who cares for being laughed at by such people? *Stulti est ludificari*. The praise or blame of worthless people is of no value. What is true, noble, and worthy of notice, to them seems vain; and what really is vain forms their ideal. So, what need we care for what they may say or do, or what the world may say or do? It is not this that constitutes real worth. The popular voice can only raise one to seeming greatness; and seeming greatness is naught—the applause of fools. Time soon shows it hollowness.

There are many who sit to-day breathing, as they think, the very soul of greatness, when to-morrow's sun will only laugh at their delusion. Who but a conceited, self-important being could be so deluded? We should not set our standard by the world's, for

“Earth's cup is poisoned:

Her renown most infamous, her praise an idiot's boast.”

But it is what we *are* and what we *do* that should occupy our attention.

Some there are who say they are too poor to become useful. Chance

may give to some better opportunities than to others; but what is the fickle hand of Fate? No one ever arrived at true greatness except by long, unceasing perseverance; and some of the greatest statesmen who have ever lived, were born in obscurity and nursed by the hand of poverty. It is no disgrace to be poor; it is no dishonor to work; but he who will not work, be he rich or poor, is a disgrace to himself and to the world. Man was made to work, and is it anything but just that he should perform that for which he was created? There is nothing that seems to me meaner, lower, baser, than to see a *thing* (I will not call him a man) strut by a person who has to work for his living, turn up his nose and look at him as though he were a dog, while he (strutter) in all his self-esteem and self-importance is not worthy to loose the workman's shoe latches.

There is a good deal of sense in the darkey's exhortation, “cotch hold, hold fast, and nebber leave go.” Whatever we undertake we should attempt to execute with all our might, not dragging along as if we did not care whether we ever finished it or not. Great deeds have been done, and it does not seem unreasonable that still others may be accomplished. Nothing is so immense that it cannot be surmounted. Perhaps it may take a long time, but what of that? The world was not made in a day, nor need *we* expect to attain to anything great in a few minutes. Slowly but surely does labor performed in pursuance of a noble object, bring its reward to the one who performs it. Noble action—

what we admire, prize, and venerate in men—can never be forgotten. It lives after they have long been slumbering in cold dust and marble and their voices have been hushed for aye. Men who work and pour out their life's blood in defence of the right—who have learned that it is not all of life to live and have withstood all the beating storms of temptation and vice—such men cannot die! Dare we who love to walk the green sod of Vernon's sacred shades say its hero sleeps there? Does not the fire of Liberty fill our souls, and do we not stand wrapped in patriotic love? What means that reverential bow, that thrill of the heart of every true Southerner at the mention of Lee and Jackson?

The tower of honorable fame blazes with gems which only brighten with age. Sublime it stands, and he who would place his name thereon, must not take hold of the plowhandle and look back. He must, by unceasing

strokes, ever strive to ride the billows of life's tide, and success is sure. We should remember that for every effect there is a cause, nor is there a cause without its effect. So, we need not expect to *do* anything or *be* anything unless we *move* something and keep it going. Gunpowder and dynamite are very powerful agents when the right forces are brought to bear upon them; but unless such is the case, they are no more efficacious than so much sand. So with us. We may have the natural abilities, but unless they are put in motion so as to make them effective, they are of no avail. Though we have the talents of a Macaulay or the subtle brain of a Newton, we can never become truly great without work, hard work, and that unceasing.

"The deeds of all great men remind us
We *can* make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

CLARENCE LINDLEY.

A RETROSPECT.

Has not our country reached at length that period at which we may make for ourselves a just retrospect? Has not the point come when, dwelling less upon the scattered incidents which mark our progress, eventful and glorious though they may have been, we are impressed with and rejoice in the great results their combined influence has worked out? And how steadily and rapidly has this been done! Scarcely three centuries have passed away in the long revolution of six

thousand years, since this vast and most favored region of the habitable globe was utterly unknown to civilization!

In the Old World, man, starting from the germ of his existence, has risen step by step in the development of moral and intellectual attributes. From savage life small communities have risen and swelled in turn into nations. The successive empires of Sesostris, of Alexander, and of Charlemagne, combined numerous nations

beneath their sway and gave them the advantages of common government, and they have been succeeded in turn by the kingdoms of modern days which have been reared upon their ruins. Arts, letters, and refinement have been borne by the Muses from Egypt to Greece and from Greece to Rome, and thence to Britain. Man had advanced to a high degree of civilization. But such was not the case through the same long lapse of time in the more genial clime and amid the richer resources of North America. Some wandering tribes of Indians not exceeding in their numbers the population of some town in the Old World were, as far as we know, for the lapse of sixty centuries the sole tenants of this vast territory, where millions might have dwelt. Still upon this very land we must watch the glorious march of institutions the possibility of whose existence the mighty monarchs of the Old World scarcely knew, and of whose hastening influence and power they little dreamed.

Out of the wilderness an empire has risen broad as an ocean, solid as a mountain rock, and upon the scarcely rotted roots of the primitive forests proud cities stand, teeming with boundless life, growing like prairie grass in spring time, advancing like the rise of the ocean's tide, spreading the pulsations of their life into the remotest parts of the world. In those cities and on that soil has risen a nation free as mountain air, independent as the soaring eagle, active as nature, and powerful as the giant strength of millions of freemen.

The people of America were not

without difficulties, but they faltered not; and whether the difficulties have arisen at home or abroad they have been as ripples raised by flitting winds, never changing or retarding the course of the mighty current. And they have accomplished something the influence of which upon what man is destined to be is yet infinitely greater; something in which hope not too ardent already foresees unnumbered blessings—blessings which are to spring from a common and wide extended fellowship, such as the world has not known before; the parent of common prosperity and of universal peace.

Even when the times came "that tried men's souls," each citizen soldier approached the battle field, at least believing that the welfare of the whole country was depending upon him, though one proudly waved the "Bonny Blue Flag," while the other shouted, "Rather separate the constellation of the Pleiades or sunder the bands of Orion than give up the Union." And yet when that direful war was ended the Blue and the Gray could shake hands over the peaceful graves of their dead comrades, while they "covered them over with beautiful flowers," and resolve forever to be friends. The yawning abyss which seemed to be an impassable barrier between them is fast closing up, and countrymen north, south, east, and west are becoming more closely knit together.

Is there one who can look back upon the past and trace the successive steps which mark his country's progress and fail to see that the fates of the future are committed to her

children; that it is they who must guard in their purity the principles upon which this great fabric of human happiness has been built; that it is they who must protect it from assaults, they who must open more and more widely its spreading portals, and gather as time rolls on, successive nations beneath its protecting branches? "What are nations but the gathering streams that gush from base beginnings? Let them flow on destined to gather tribute as they go, and still expanding to the sun's broad gleam till glory born of power shall make our rule confessed." Happy is that land whose history of the past is the history of the people, and not mere flattery of kings, and doubly happy the land where the rewards of the past are brightened by present glory, present happiness, and where the noble deeds of the dead, instead of being a mournful monument of vanished greatness which saddens the heart, are a lasting source of national welfare to the age and to posterity.

But in looking back upon the affairs of our government for the last quarter of a century there must come to every Southern heart a bitter recollection of that direful period of odious and corrupting maladministration. Maladministration which, but for the solid political capacity and the traditional common-sense and patriotism of the Southern people, must have reduced the fairest portion of the North American continent to a social, political, and industrial chaos without precedent in the annals of modern civilization. I speak of the dismal epoch of the reconstruction of the South, an epoch

of unconstitutional, congressional despotism. That people from whom the flag of American liberty derived its dearest inspiration; who furnished the orator of the Revolution, the father of the Constitution, and the general to lead victorious armies through the great struggle, who stood by Jackson at New Orleans, and who in their last contest fought for a just cause and displayed the greatest valor and patriotism, were branded with the epithet of rebel and traitor, and deposed from that high national position which they so justly merited. The rights given them by the Constitution were taken away. Dishonest instead of honest men were put into the high places of State. The future of the institutions of their country was in the hands of other people, while they had no power in shaping the coming political events. The flower of the South was lost in war. Their wealth was taken away by marauders and unjust legislation. They have been misrepresented at home and abroad. The historians of the times have been teaching the nations of the earth that they were disreputable rebels.

But, thank Heaven! their civilization could not be corrupted by elements of degradation, and the Southern patriot in his poverty is a nobler specimen of humanity than penurious prince in all his wealth. Time has shown that "truth crushed to earth will rise again." The world is becoming enlightened as to their true position, their thought, their civilization, and their own nationality is returning, their poverty and misrepresentation have reached their utmost, and the tide

is fast turning. The voice of the South is again heard at the ballot-box, and the whole country is now under wise national administration. In the Congress of the Nation the voices of Southern statesmen are heard mingling with the still lingering echoes of Calhoun and Clay. Southern journalists and historians are fast correcting the erroneous and malicious reports of fanatics. This is not a new South, but the old South returning with a new robe on, resuming its former and well merited place in the cares and concerns of its own government.

Truth reveals itself by littles, and as the open door of progress appears, it is our duty, as the youth of the South, to enter and proceed trusting-

ly so far as the light reveals a sure pathway. We have old men for counsel and young men for execution, and he who keeps his gaze constantly on the past, bemoaning the degeneracy of the times, is untrue to the present, unworthy of the future, and false to the spirit of the very ancestry he exalts. As young men, we should view the past for its teachings, seize the present for its opportunities, with a fixed gaze upon the future, and a firm faith that as we do advance, and as the condition of the South grows better, it may not be compared with the direful days of reconstruction, but with the South of *ante-bellum* times, the "good old days of yore."

J. D. B.

"YOU MUST TRUST ME, TOM."

Darling, tell me how I have won
 Such bitter woe ere I've begun
 To sip from Love's enchanted spring
 The hidden sweets which poets sing?
 "Can be but friends? Must cease to write?"
 It can not be! The tender light
 From eyes so blue can never lie—
 Thy heart is true! Then, Love, say why?
 "You must trust me, Tom," she sweetly said,
 And her loving lips, rounded and red,
 Quivered with pain.

"Trust you?" Why, Love, dare I but doubt,
 And life's a wreck—a wreck without
 A ray of hope! Yet what fell fate
 Could rudely thus in cruel hate
 Our joy destroy? "You can not tell?"

Wait with patience?" To wait is hell!
 And doubt one's fate!—I'd rather die
 Than live to wait and pine and sigh.
 "Oh, *do* trust me, Tom," she sweetly said;
 And her loving lips, rounded and red,
 Quivered with pain.

Aye? but, Darling, we must part?
 What balm will soothe my aching heart
 When thoughts, as demons, dog and drive
 Me unto death, and madly rive
 The very throne of hope in twain?
 Will my poor heart beg help in vain?
 "I love you still—will ne'er forget,
 And sure fulfil my promise yet?—
 You *will* trust me, Tom—*dear* Tom?" she said,
 As her loving lips, rounded and red,
 Quivered with pain.

To what sweet pledge can I appeal
 When cruel Doubt, with hand of steel,
 Shall my heart in anguish wring
 Until every bleeding string
 Hath voice apart to tell its woes?
 When ghosts of hope with lone echoes
 Of Love's dead dream and Fancy's shades
 Shall haunt life's stream in vengeful raids?
 "Then trust me, Tom—let the pledge be this"—
 And through trembling lips, in one sweet kiss,
 Leaped heart to heart!

A kindly angel sealed that kiss.
 Aye! akin to Heaven was the bliss
 Of its gentle touch! The pure young soul
 From the throne of her heart came out
 And trembling hung upon the ruby tips
 Of the rounded, sweetly moulded lips.
 Oh, sweetest pledge e'er given to man!
 Thy mem'ry soothes my loneliest hour.
 Though the future's riddle's yet unsolved
 My heart is, Darling, firm resolved,
 To ever trust thee.

TOM DIXON, JR.

EDITORIAL.

AID TO INDIGENT STUDENTS.

Superior natures triumph over the most formidable obstacles; seem, indeed, to make of them "stepping-stones to higher things." Those who have come out of great tribulation shine in white before our eyes, like the multitude which no man could number, mentioned in the Apocalypse. Is it not possible that, when we come to account for the achievement, we emphasize unduly the importance of the obstacles and tribulation, at the expense of the superior nature with which the struggle was begun? "Made perfect through suffering" is generally used in an absolute sense, and interpreted as expressing a universal truth. Is it not, rather, restricted by its context to one of the qualifications of the priesthood? The "struggle for existence," on the other hand, is not always successful: it frequently results in the extinction of species. So the great majority of those whose aspirations to rise suggest their germinal capabilities, sink back into obscurity under the weight of opposing conditions. And so opposing conditions sift out the weaker natures.

The benefit of struggle with difficulties is not denied, but let us be careful not to exaggerate it. That benefit lies in the opportunity for exercise presented to the faculties by difficulties. In so far, difficulties contribute to the development of intel-

lectual and moral muscle, but beyond this point they repress and stifle.

The same is true in the case of poor young men striving to educate themselves. Some of these, among the rarest gifts of Heaven to mankind, no obstacle can daunt, no embarrassment repress. They were born for the heights, and to the heights they mount. But very many others, less highly endowed by nature, might notwithstanding reach the same heights and exert thence the same wide and beneficent influence, if the road thither were made smoother. The gravest impediment is the lack of money to meet the necessary expenses of education. If the student "go awhile and work awhile," his scholarship is apt to be impaired, his course indefinitely prolonged, and he runs the risk of not completing it at last. Except in the case of young men preparing for the ministry, it is obviously not right to make a free gift of college education. It has been deemed wise, therefore, by many philanthropic individuals to provide funds the interest of which may be loaned to worthy applicants, to be returned after the completion of their education. Upon the same principle rests the North Carolina Baptist Student's Aid Association. This organization originated with Mr. James W. Denmark, of the class of '77, while he was still a student. Its system has been universally commended. Life membership in the Association costs only \$10; annual membership, \$1. Rev. R. T. Vann is President, and Mr. W. C. Powell, Treasurer—both of Wake Forest. The need for a large fund is urgent.

W. L. P.

COMMON SCHOOLS FOR NEGROES.

According to the law of the State, a tax of 12 cents in the hundred dollars is laid upon all real estate, the proceeds of which tax, divided equally between the white and colored peoples, is appropriated to the maintenance of common schools. The negro, on account of the lack of taxable property, pays only about one-tenth of this tax, while the white men pay the remaining nine-tenths. Yet the law requires it to be divided equally between the two races, and, as a result, four-fifths of the expenses of negro schools are defrayed by white tax payers. In other words, the whites annually present the blacks with hundreds of dollars. Naturally, they expect some interest from such a large investment.

It is said that the negro is here, and here to stay; that we emancipated and enfranchised him; that it is dangerous for ignorant hands to wield so powerful a weapon as the ballot; that having conferred upon him the privileges of a citizen, we must educate and fit him to discharge the functions we have given him, and that the seed sown now will multiply a hundred fold, and we shall be amply repaid for all expense by the refinement and enlightenment of six millions of grateful negro citizens. This sounds well, but it does seem that some people are a little too enthusiastic over negro education. During the past summer the committee of a certain district reported in favor of building a negro graded school-house at a cost far exceeding that of the white graded

school-house, when they knew that the expense must be met by the hard-earned money of the white men of the district, a large majority of whom had never entered any better than a "X roads" log school-house. Were the negroes grateful? In the same town a negro "professor" having engaged in a street fight, was fined by the mayor. An article written by the "professor" soon appeared in a Northern paper, in which the respectable white citizens of the town were stigmatized as "white trash," and the mayor as a "scoundrel."

It is still a debatable question whether common schools are beneficial. But laying that aside, this tax is to a large extent paid by white men who make their livings by the sweat of their brows, and who can ill afford to have their scanty earnings wasted. Whether they are wasted is a question worthy of consideration. The experiment has been tried and judgment of its success can now be made. If the common school education renders the negro grateful and intelligent, if it makes him a better citizen, a better mechanic, and an industrious laborer, then "go on with the good work." But if "a half-educated man is as dangerous as a half-broken horse," if the common school makes the negro insolent and lazy, if it fails to fit him for his position as a citizen and to know his own interests, the white tax payers will some day rise up and demand that taxes paid by white men be appropriated to the education of white children only, and those paid by negroes to the education of negro children only.

R. H. W.

LYNCHING.

The practice of lynching has grown to be a very common thing. It is really alarming to see what progress this very unwise and dangerous defiance of law is making. Hanging is the most usual way of taking life under the lynch law; but the Vigilants of Early county, Georgia, recently adopted the extremely novel method of drowning instead of hanging.

The frequent cases in South Carolina, increased by the one that lately happened at Edgefield, has aroused the press of that State to the most bitter denunciations of that crime. Following close upon the case at Edgefield, four negroes were taken from the jail at Pittsboro, Chatham county, North Carolina, and consigned to a tree about one mile from town. This boldness brought fiery denunciation upon itself from the press of North Carolina. It is certainly a very serious grievance to lovers of law and liberty to see so many of its citizens so thoughtless as to allow the spirit of revenge to render themselves thus lawless. It is expedient, therefore, to inquire into the cause of such reckless conduct.

What reason can be assigned for this bold and growing disregard for law? The lynchers claim that too many capital criminals have escaped just punishment; that the people have looked in vain to the courts for a strict execution of the laws. Nor is their assertion devoid of some truth. We all know that many murderers for the last few years have made their escape from prison before they were tried;

others have been acquitted on a plea of insanity; and the trials of some have been put off from one court to another, until they brought great cost upon the county, and then perhaps the prisoners were finally acquitted. The number of such cases increases in about the same ratio as the cases of lynching. These facts naturally lead the people to the belief that the courts, lawyers, and other authorities are to blame. But the lynch-law is a severe remedy for such an evil. Such an alternative will prove more fatal than the evil itself. Lynching is a great crime, and ought to receive the severest punishment.

A little closer investigation of the subject will show that the legal profession and the courts are not altogether in the fault. The people in general are responsible, in a great measure, for the evil of which they are so ready to complain. It is too often the case that citizens do not deem it their duty to assist in apprehending and bringing criminals to justice, unless their relatives or friends have been outraged. If their next door neighbor or kinsman has been the victim of vile hands, they feel their responsibility quite too much, and they resort to the great crime of lynching. If the people everywhere were as zealous in lawfully prosecuting men who commit crimes outside their State or county as they sometimes are in murdering those who commit outrages in their own immediate vicinity, they would have no room for complaint. There would be little ground then for saying that the courts' decisions are not the voice of

the community. And the jails, too, would be strong enough to hold their most ingenious inmates. The laws are virtually nothing more than public opinion, and if the laws on our statute-books are not supported by that opinion, they become clumsy burdens. But the communities frequently have little or no opinion until they are tortured by the work of an incendiary or murderer; then they become frantic for the blood of their offenders. It is obvious that those who commit this crime are not a thinking people. Their object may be to defend their community, but they expose their extremely narrow views in not seeing the dangerous tendency of such a practice.

O. F. T.

THE INDIANS.

It is gratifying to know that the Indians whose interests have been disregarded so long by many citizens of the United States, and whose rights have been ignored in a great measure by our government, are beginning to receive more attention from our educationists and philanthropists than heretofore. Is it not true that the history of Indian relations is made up, in great part, of broken treaties, unjust wars, and "cruel spoliations"? And is it surprising that they have not shown themselves more industrious, when they have not been allowed to reap the benefits which naturally result from toil, and the real enjoyment that comes with it?

Since they see that game is fast

disappearing, and that it will soon be insufficient to furnish them a sustenance, even those who only a short time ago "lived upon the chase," are willingly engaging in industrial pursuits, and striving to educate their children. One of the agents a short time ago said that the reason the government had so much trouble with them was because it failed to "keep faith" with them. Covetous frontiersmen, who seem to think that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," and that it is a meritorious act to rob an Indian of his lands, have been permitted to make incursions upon their reservations, and to take from them much of their produce and stock.

Though there are still lands open to settlement in nineteen States and eight Territories, the price of which is said to vary from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre, many men were illegally occupying the lands belonging to the Indians, and there were about 175,000 cattle on the Cheyenne and Arrapahoe reservations, when President Cleveland issued a proclamation that those who were illegally occupying the lands belonging to the Indians should vacate them.

Many say the Indians cannot be civilized, but this is false, and Mr. Schurz says that none say this except those who do not want to civilize them. Why may not others attain in the course of time the degree of civilization which many in the States of New York, Indiana, and Michigan have attained? Different civilized tribes in the Indian Territory and in other places have proved their capacity for advancement. In response to in-

quiries sent out a few years ago to the agents to ascertain to what the illiteracy of the Indians was due, thirty-three said "lack of facilities," five "aversion" and nine "both."

There are now about three hundred thousand Indians in our States and Territories, about one hundred and forty thousand of whom compose the civilized tribes. The government has established on their reservations and in the West 160 day schools, in which they are taught to read and write and to farm, build houses, and do all kinds of work. And besides many of them being in attendance at many other colleges and schools, quite a large number of both sexes are attending the training schools established for them at Carlisle, Penn., Hampton, Va., Laurence, Kansas, and Genoa, Nebraska.

At a conference held recently by friends of the Indians, plans were devised by which those who wished to work for their elevation and civilization can do so more successfully. Those who best understand their situation urge the importance of educating them, making them citizens, and of teaching them the "art of self-support." Instead of killing them in war at a cost of a little less than a million dollars each, let their inalienable rights be secured to them. Let the rights which are secured to the worst criminal that comes to our country from Europe, Asia, and Africa, be accorded our native Indians.

J. S.

THE CONDITIONS OF GENIUS.

Several weeks ago the famous oriental scholar M. Renan delivered, in Lower Brittany, before the Celtic Society, an interesting dissertation on

himself. It assumes that he has repeatedly administered shocks to the easy-going minds of his time, that he has made a great stir in the intellectual world; in short, that he is a genius. Self-conceit over little worth is offensive in the extreme both to the ignoramus and to the philosopher, but we are less intolerant when a great man caresses himself in our presence. At any rate, this privilege has been taken by many of the world's foremost writers from king Solomon and Horace down to Tennyson and Renan.

But we wish to direct attention to the theory on which M. Renan accounts for his genius. "He was the outcome, he declared," and here we quote from *The Spectator*, "of long generations of ignorance and unconsciousness, the heir of peasants and sailors, who had passed their lives in that tranquil calm of which genius is the ultimate flower. He felt very grateful to those peasants and sailors who had hoarded for him those imaginative qualities for which at length he had found a voice." Brilliant intellectual endowments proceed from reservoirs of long unused intelligence. Genius is the sum total of the mental savings of ancestors; it is always preceded by a long slumber. The checking of expenditure is as much the condition of intellectual wealth as of any kind of wealth. A race gives its flower when it emerges from obscurity. These are his ideas.

There will probably be different opinions as to the correctness of the theory. The large proportion of the world's geniuses who have arisen from obscure antecedents would seem at

first sight to attest its truth; but that view is modified by the fact that, because the great majority of mankind are obscure, a large proportion of the geniuses would be likely to arise from that class. Besides, if the theory is correct the world might reasonably have expected a far larger number of geniuses than have been sprinkled so sparingly down the centuries, seeing that from the beginning the mass of mankind have not been given to intellectual expenditure.

If it should be deemed desirable to grow geniuses, M. Renan's theory would dictate a policy of repression; would condemn to mental inactivity for successive generations the mothers and fathers of the future geniuses. Genius for invention, genius for letters, genius for oratory, are shining gifts and inestimable blessings to the race, but they would be dear at that price.

W. L. P.

SELF-RELIANCE.

When Napoleon was asked what France most needed, he replied "Mothers." A similar question may be asked by our people. What is the need of our people? Or have they any need at all? Is it true that they have reached such a degree of perfection that they stand in need of nothing more?

When one carefully peruses the columns of the daily press and ascertains therefrom what is being transacted in different sections of the country, the manners and customs of the general class of people, and from these judges of their true character, one is

impressed with the fact that there is need of self-reliant men—men who labor for themselves, men who can rely upon their own judgments, and can do their own thinking.

How often do those who hold the highest and the most responsible offices in the government depend upon other men to contrive plans by which they may act so as to please the mass of the people. In almost every community there is some one to whom the people look for counsel, and whom they watch with eager eyes so that they may imitate him in all of his work. They seem to have no stability of character and are entirely void of originality.

How frequently has it been the case that many promising youths have been led to ruin by the influence of others, simply because they did not think for themselves.

There is a growing tendency, though this is an age of inquiry, among the people to imbibe, too readily, different doctrines as soon as they are introduced. They have not such a truth-loving spirit as the old philosopher who, when he was told there was no one wiser than he, endeavored in all honesty to find out whether or not that was true. They are often influenced by every little reformer who goes through the land trying to disseminate false doctrines and delude the minds of the people by persuading them that their petty schemes are what the world has been waiting for these many years.

Many honest people yield for lack of self-reliance and independence thought, and when it is too late find themselves in a labyrinth from which there is no possible escape.

J. W. W.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE MORMON WAIL.—The Edmunds law has been falling heavily upon the Mormons. And they in return are uttering the most bitter tirades against it. They say that its aim is directly against religious liberty and for the purpose of persecution. They cannot endure the recent ruling of the courts which allows an indictment to be brought against any person accused for each week or each day lived in cohabitation. They say, "By this means a person may possibly be imprisoned for life and be required to pay an enormous fine, whereas the law only demands six months' imprisonment and \$300 fine."

This is the dying wail of polygamy in the United States. It is a disgraceful blot upon America, and will soon be removed by the better moral sentiment of the people. Prominent polygamists have been duly prosecuted. Some have been discharged on their promising to amend their lives. Others are obdurate and receive the inevitable consequences. All Mormons, however, are not polygamists. It is very gratifying to learn that out of the 200,000 Mormons only about one-fourth are polygamists. The fact is, polygamy has received its death blow; and "recent events attest that Mormonism is fast approaching its doom."

IRE AND FIRE.—The union of Bulgaria and Roumelia is a question that is now agitating the powers of Europe. Milan, the king of Servia, declares that if the Bulgarian union is

recognized he will fight for the extension of his territory. Servia is reputed to be one great camp of soldiers eager for war. Greece, too, is clamoring for a slice of the Sultan's domain, and has pledged herself to fight against the Bulgarian union.

All Bulgaria and Roumelia are active for war: even the women are forming Red Cross societies for the care of wounded soldiers. All their able-bodied men are under arms. Prince Alexander declares that he will lead the van, if war must be.

Turkey is thoroughly aware of her danger and has enlisted soldiers in eastern Koumelia ready to advance. The discovery that the maladministration in the Turkish war office has left the ranks far below their supposed strength, has only given a stimulus to the preparations for war, instead of discouragement.

Such are the ominous signs of war, and war will surely be, unless the powers proffer a more agreeable proposition than they have yet presented. The great powers seem to favor the Bulgarian union under Prince Alexander, he avowing the sovereignty of the Sultan. It is not certain that some of the great powers will not become involved in the quarrel yet before it is settled.

HELL GATE.—This name was given to the entrance of Long Island Sound because its passage was so perilous; it reminded those who named it of the infernal regions. It has long been

desired that Flood Rock should be removed for the sake of an easy passage. This was effected on the 10th of October. Preparations had long been going on: 285,000 pounds of dynamite and rock-a-rock were placed in holes, which perforated nine acres of rock. Gen. Newton's little daughter Mary, who is eleven years old, closed the key which sent the electric current and fired the mine. Instantly 13,286 dynamite cartridges were exploded, and Flood Rock, together with 240,000 pounds of rock packed upon the dynamite, were sent 200 feet high. It was a grand picture, seen by the many thousands who assembled to witness the greatest explosion ever known.

THE CHINESE.—A commission appointed by the Chinese Government will investigate the massacre which lately happened at Rock Springs, Wyoming. They will determine the extent of the murders and other outrages upon the Chinese, and how the offenders have been punished. They will find that many of their subjects have been openly and boldly murdered; that some ruffians fell upon them because they were peacefully working for their support where other men were not pleased to find them. It is to be regretted that the Government did not take more immediate action in punishing the criminals. Troops were sent to quell the riot, but the ring-leaders have not been found out. It has been shown that not one of the murderers was American-born. They were European immigrants of the very worst type—Poles, Hungarians, and Italians. The

same class of ragamuffins are giving trouble elsewhere. Their barbarity ought to be clipped in the bud. They must be taught that the American Government cannot tolerate such inhumanity and butchery. If the Government allows the Chinese to remain among us, it must protect them just as much as it does a genuine American citizen.

SMALL-POX AND SMALL-SENSE.—The small-pox epidemic amongst the French Canadians at Montreal grew so alarming lately that the Health Board of that city resorted to the most rigorous means of protection. The ignorant and superstitious Frenchmen look upon vaccination with the greatest horror and disgust; and when the Health Board attempted to placard all the infected houses and vaccinate the people by force, they found the most stubborn resistance. The revolt terminated in a grand riot. The Health office was attacked and very much injured; the drug-stores which had sold vaccine matter also suffered greatly, and even a newspaper office was attacked because the paper favored vaccination, and only escaped serious damage by the vigorous efforts of the police and employes. The rioters, however, have been quieted, and vaccination has been rapidly going on, but not without much resistance. A physician who recently visited Montreal says that the disease has got such a hold there that it will be an epidemic for years. It seems that the only reason why the French Canadians resist vaccination, is because they are bitterly opposed to English rule, and are anxious to spread the disease among the English. Small-pox is a novel means of warfare, and this policy is certainly the greatest exhibition of small-sense ever displayed in America.

O. F. T.

EDUCATIONAL.

—Judson College has over 75 students.

—Greensboro Female College has 21 in the senior class.

—More than 200 students are attending the Greensboro Graded School.

—Thirteen medals will be delivered at Trinity this session. There were 111 students in attendance Oct 14th.

—A Post-Graduate course of study has been published by the University of North Carolina.

—About fifteen American colleges were without Presidents at the opening of the college year.

—Dr. John A. Broadus favors the elective system in theological seminaries, and, we infer, in colleges too.

—President Cleveland has been elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the Peabody Fund, to succeed General Grant. North Carolina received from that Fund the past year \$5,439.

—Dr. John A. Broadus has been making some valuable hints to teachers and students recently in *The Religious Herald*.

—There are 46 young ministers at William Jewell College, Mo. In a students' club of 86 board cost 22 cts. each per day for the month of September.

—Rev. Dr. J. R. Kendrick was elected President *pro tem.* of Vassar. The arrangement may become permanent.

—A fine library building worth \$120,000 was recently given to the University of Vermont at Burlington by Mr. Frederick Billings.

—The Greenville Female College, S. C., has enrolled 165 students. It is likely that it will enrol a larger number this year than ever before.

—A Convention will be held soon at Lampasas by the Baptists of Texas, to consult on the question of a Baptist University.

—The only known copy of the first edition of the New England Primer, which is about two inches square, and is valued at \$1,200, was left Brown University by Senator Anthony.

—The total number of undergraduates at Cambridge University, in England, is 2,862. Trinity College boasts the largest number in attendance, 613, and St. John's comes next, with 320.

—There were more than a hundred students present at the opening of the Baptist University at Chicago. Dr. G. C. Lorimer has recently been elected President, and the Board of Trustees is being reconstructed.

—Miss Alice B. Jordin of Coldwater, Michigan, graduate of the Academic and Law Departments of the University of Michigan, has entered Yale Law School. She is the first lady ever entered in any department of Yale, outside of the Art School.

—Mr. W. C. Riddick, who graduated last June at Chapel Hill, is teaching at Mt. Airy. It will be remembered that Mr. Riddick came to within one year of graduation at Wake Forest.

—At the last examination of the University at Copenhagen, degrees were conferred on seven females, four attaining the highest title. Two had taken the Philological course, and five the course in Mathematics and Natural Science.

—Candolle, a Geneva scientist, by reasoning from the rapid spread of English-speaking people throughout the world, and their almost universal retention of the mother tongue, has decided that the English tongue will become universal.

—Dr. J. L. M. Curry, agent of the Peabody Education Fund, has been appointed by President Cleveland Minister to Spain. A most admirable appointment, but we shall sadly miss Dr. Curry in our educational assemblies. Dr. Samuel A. Greene, of Boston, succeeds him.

—On the 9th of Sept. the school for Christian Workers at Springfield, Mass., designed to train laymen to be secretaries of Young Men's Christian Associations, Superintendents of Sunday-Schools, and helpers of pastors, opened with encouraging prospects. Students were in attendance from Canada, New England, the Middle, Southern, and Western States.

—We lately heard some strong remarks from Hon. J. C. Scarborough, late Supt. of Public Instruction, on the teaching of English Grammar, and particularly on the diagram craze. He thinks that Grammar is taught too early, and that the diagram, which is only a means for the help of the teacher, is magnified into an end for the pupil.

—We failed to state in our last issue that Rev. L. McKinnon, D. D., former President of the Board of Trustees, was elected the President of Davidson College last summer. On Oct. 9th 104 students were reported enrolled. The campus is being improved, and an effort is making for the endowment of two new chairs.

—The endowment of the University of Upsala, Sweden, consists of the following: 300 farms given by Gustavus Adolphus, \$1,196,000; other lands, \$27,000; buildings, \$60,500; total, \$1,583,500. The annual income is \$95,000. These amounts are equal to four times as much in Sweden as they are with us. The library has 400,000 volumes.

—The beneficiary problem is solved in the following way by the Toronto Baptist College, Canada: On condition that the students work through the long vacation and do a small prescribed amount of preaching in the session, the Seminary ensures them a specified sum of money sufficient to meet their expenses for the session. In many cases the whole of this sum, and in all cases a part of it, is received on the field where the student labors.

—The following is said to be a correct statement of the denominational educational institutions in this country: The Protestant Episcopal church has 12 colleges, with \$8,590,000 endowment; Congregationalists, 28 colleges, with \$9,000,000 endowment; Presbyterian, 41 colleges, with \$7,000,000 endowment; Baptists, 46 colleges, with \$10,300,000 endowment; Methodists, 52 colleges, with \$11,000,000 endowment.

—The following is said to be a correct statement of the number of volumes that some of our college and university libraries have: Harvard, 184,000; Yale, 115,000; Dartmouth, 60,000; Cornell, 53,000; Brown, 52,000; Columbia, 51,000; Williams, 19,000; Princeton, 49,000; Michigan, 41,000; Iowa, 18,000; Oberlin, 16,000; Minnesota, 15,000.

—A beautiful and appropriate memorial in the form of an alcove will be dedicated to the memory of Dr. W. T. Brantly, in Richmond College Library, by his friends. This college has about 125 matriculates. Eight States besides the Old Dominion are represented, viz: Florida, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky by one each; Georgia and North Carolina two; South Carolina and West Virginia by three, and Tennessee by five students.

—Since the facilities of the Univer-

sity of Alabama have been increased, and the colleges with which it has to compete have been endowed and so magnificently equipped, the Baptists of that State see that unless they endow Howard College its doors must, at an early day be closed. And "upon certain conditions" which have not, as yet, been made public, a wealthy Baptist offers to give \$100,000 to the endowment of Howard College.

—Bryn Maur College (Female), Penn., is an institution due to Dr. Joseph W. Taylor of Burlington, New Jersey, who left for its establishment a fortune amounting to \$800,000. The buildings, which are all that can be desired, were erected on the ground selected by Dr. Taylor.

There are in this institution scholarships and fellowships modelled after those of the Johns Hopkins University.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER is writing a book.

"SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE OLD PLANTATIONS," by Uncle Remus, is in press.

WHOSOEVER has in his heart a clear word longing for utterance, ought to do his best to utter it.—*T. Carlyle.*

ON the 3d of October George Brancroft celebrated at Newport his eighty-fifth birthday.

CANON FARRAR delivered the ad-

dress at the re opening exercises of Johns Hopkins University.

PROF. GRANT ALLEN, the popular scientific author, has tried his hand at fiction. His novel is called *Babylon*.

IT was the request of Mrs. Helen Jackson that if any biography of her was to be published it should be written by Mr. H. W. Mabie. It is understood that that gentleman will comply with the request, and we may expect a life of "H. H." written by him.

G. W. CABLE will soon publish in *The Century* a novellette called *Grande Pointe*.

EDWIN ARNOLD has given us another translation from the Sanskrit, called the *Song Celestial*.

THE dissectors of Victor Hugo's character have discovered that he was very superstitious, and always refused to make one of thirteen at a table.

General Gordon tells simply and directly the life of the man, and describes the heroic qualities, gentleness and unselfishness which entitled him to be called "The Christian Hero."

THE first edition, 25,000, of E. P. Roe's new novel, *An Original Belle*, has been published. It is about on a par with his other novels, which is not saying much for it.

THE corner-stone of the monument to Schiller, in Chicago, will be laid November 10th, the anniversary of that poet's birthday. The completed work will be unveiled May 9th, the date of his death.

MR. JOHN MORLEY has severed his connection with *McMillan's Magazine*, in order to devote all his time to Parliamentary business.

MRS. REBECCA DAVIS gives in the November *Atlantic* the opinions of various Southerners relative to the present status of and outlook for the negro.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS has been engaged to write exclusively for *Harper's Magazine* for \$10,000 a year. Accordingly his serial, which is soon to begin in *The Century*, will be his last contribution to that magazine.

The Waters of Hercules, by E. D. Gerard, is a bright exception to the general trashiness of modern fiction.

THE publication of Lord Lytton's poem, *Glenaveril*, is pronounced by one critic "the great literary event of the year."

G. W. CABLE having lined his nest by his paid slanders against the Southern people, is now turning his attention to the advocacy of women's suffrage. George is a sort of nineteenth century Don Quixote, with the exception that he has not half the knightly manliness and honor of the knight of La Mancha.—*Wilmington Star*.

TWO of the latest biographies on *The Life and Times of Wm. Garrison*, by his sons, and *The Life and Times of Samuel Bowles*, in which not only the lives of those two Abolitionists are told, but there is also given a condensed history of the United States down to Hayes' administration.

WITH the October number *The Century* completed its fiftieth year. It has attained almost universal popularity, its circulation during the past year having averaged 200,000 copies per month. Judging from its programme for the next year it will maintain its popularity.

THE fifth volume of Dr. Von Holst's *Constitutional and Political History of the United States* has been translated into English. Von Holst is one of the world's great thinkers, and his judgment and deductions are those of a dispassionate observer, and may be relied upon. This last volume covers the period during which the war between the States was developing.

THE Tammany chief has found a biographer. * *The Life and Times of John Kelly, the Tribune of the People*, is the title of a late book by J. F. McLaughlin. The title page contains several portraits of "the tribune," and also this quotation from Alexander H. Stephens: "I regard John Kelly as the ablest, purest, and truest statesman that I have ever met with from New York." What an exceedingly limited acquaintance with New York statesmen Mr. Stephens must have had!

Tuscan Cities, in *The Century*, is a new and agreeable departure from the style of tourists in Europe, who never seem to see anything save cathedrals, and who bore us with details of architecture which is very tiresome to one who is not an architect. Mr. Howells by no means confines himself to cathedrals, but gives us interesting accounts of the history and manners of the cities, and describes many beautiful scenes.

BALZAC'S heroines have no intellectual nature at all. They are female swine out of Circe's sty; as selfish, as unscrupulous as any daughter of Adam could conveniently be, but soft, and corrupt and cowardly and sensual; so base and low that it would be a compliment to call them devils. I object to being brought into the society of people in a book whom I would shut my eyes rather than see in real life.—*J. A. Froude*.

The Critic for October contains a review of Mr. F. B. Sanborn's *Life and Letters of John Brown, Liberator of Kansas and Martyr of Virginia*. That review is noteworthy because it presents a Northern estimate of John

Brown which harmonizes with the prevailing Southern. We note such expressions as the following: "In his best years John Brown was decidedly below the average of his fellow-citizens in point both of intellect and of moral principle." "He went to Kansas as a broken and discredited adventurer." "His principal exploit in Kansas was the deed of a madman." "To speak of this unhappy lunatic as the 'Liberator of Kansas' is an extraordinary perversion of history." "The crowning folly" at Harper's Ferry, "made him, in the opinion of Mr. Sanborn—and of some persons much wiser than Mr. Sanborn, but not so well informed of the facts—a martyr."

English Worthies is the title of a new series, of which D. Appleton & Co. will be the publishers. The series will consist of short lives of Englishmen of influence and distinction, past and present, military, naval, literary, scientific, legal, ecclesiastical, social, etc. The life of Charles Darwin, by Grant Allen, and of the Duke of Marlborough, by George Saintsbury, will be the initial volumes of the series, and these are now nearly ready for publication.

THE following is a stanza from a poem found on the back of a Confederate note:

Keep it; it tells our history o'er
From the birth of the dream to the last—
Modest and born of the angel Hope,
Like our hope of success, it passed!

A WRITER in *The Contemporary Review*, comparing the biography of Dr. Johnson, by Boswell, with that of Carlyle, by Froude, says: "Boswell's

book is an arch of triumph, through which, as we read, we see his hero passing into eternal fame. Froude's book is a tomb over which the lovers of Carlyle's genius will never cease to shed tender but regretful tears."

HENRY W. SHAW, better known as "Josh Billings," died at Monterey, Cal., Wednesday, October 14th. He lacked five years of reaching his three-score and ten. He was better known throughout the world from his works than any American humorist except Mark Twain. He first worked on a

New York paper at \$100 a week, and his sayings passed unheeded until he began a systematic course of phonetic spelling. His first noteworthy attempt in the humorous line was his "Essa on the Muel," and his last astonishing success was the "Farmer's Almanax," which he started in 1873. From this he cleared \$30,000 in ten years. He died worth \$100,000. He was popular as a lecturer, and once made a Southern tour, lecturing in Raleigh.—*State Chronicle.*

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

—A SENSIBLE INSECT.—Last July the writer observed what at a distance seemed to be two miniature ducks swimming gracefully across a pond some thirty yards wide. They proved to be mud wasps flying just above the water dragging each a floating spider. The pond lay between the nests and the point where the spiders were captured, but, far from being an obstacle, furnished easy communication. One of the wasps on reaching the farther shore, left his spider and flew to an old stump three yards distant as if to impress its direction on his mind, for the spider had to be dragged through tall grass all the way. When about half way he rose out of the grass to make sure of the direction, flying to the stump and returning. He soon began, however, to verge from the

direct route, for the road was exceedingly rough, and seemed likely to pass the stump two feet to the right of it. But on taking wing again, he at once discovered his mistake, and, like all well-regulated minds, immediately set about correcting it. Seizing the spider, he started off at an angle directly for the stump, which was soon reached, the spider being dragged into a cavity to the nest.

—PHOSPHORUS AS BRAIN FOOD.—Salt is a necessary article of food for animals, but in far less degree than is commonly supposed. Each of us eats on an average about ten times as much salt as we actually require. In this respect popular notions are as inexact as in the very similar case of the supply of phosphorus. Because phosphorus is needful for brain action, people

jump forthwith to the absurd conclusion that fish and other foods rich in phosphates ought to be specially good for students preparing for examination, great thinkers, and literary men. Mark Twain, indeed, once advised a poetical aspirant, who sent him a few verses for his critical opinion, that fish was very feeding for the brains: he would recommend a couple of young whales to begin upon. As a matter of fact, there is more phosphorus in our daily bread than would have sufficed Shakspeare to write *Hamlet*, or Newton to discover the law of gravitation. It isn't phosphorus that most of us need, but brains to burn it in. A man might as well light a fire in a carriage, because coal makes an engine go, as hope to mend the pace of his dull pate by eating fish for the sake of the phosphorus.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

—WRIGGLING OUT OF THE SKIN is not altogether hyperbole. Sometimes it actually occurs. It is, however, not attended with the fatal consequences which we might think quite unavoidable. Shedding the skin (epidermis) is really a common thing with animals, including man himself. In some it comes off all in one piece as in snakes and lizards, in two pieces in toads, in the form of slime in fishes, and in small scales in man. In these cases there is no attendant change in the internal structure. A similar casting of the skin takes place in many caterpillars repeatedly during the caterpillar stage; but when the caterpillar is ready to enter upon the strange transformation resulting in the beauty and dignity of a butterfly's life, he casts off his caterpillar skin for the

last time, and with it nearly all resemblance to his former self. One example will serve for illustration. A spiny caterpillar, a little more than an inch long, with metallic somewhat iridescent colors, might have been seen during the last days of September attach himself by a sort of web at the posterior end to the under edge of a plank or leaf, and swing off head down. He soon bends his body with the head up, and in twenty-four hours more or less casts his skin, and is an angular tuberculated brown crysalis, three-fourths of an inch long. This is not an easy job. The skin splits in the back near the head, including that which covers the head, and, inasmuch as his limbs are not available, he has just to wriggle and wriggle until the last bond at the posterior end is broken and the skin falls off. In about ten days the crysalis bursts and a beautiful butterfly appears, the most common on the campus.

—UNCONSCIOUS MENTAL ACTIVITY.—It is well known, at least throughout North Carolina, that Hon. J. C. Scarborough, late State Superintendent of Public Instruction, is of all subjects most interested in education. During his term of office, he made many strong speeches on that subject. On one occasion he had had a chill and was in the midst of the delirium of the succeeding fever. His brother was at his bedside, and to him we owe the knowledge of the incident. Mr. Scarborough, wholly unconscious of his surroundings or actions, made a speech of an hour or more on education. Now and then he would wake to partial consciousness, and ask where

he was. His brother replied, "Never mind. You are all right. Go ahead." The argument was at once resumed. We are informed that the speech was at points thrilling and sublime, and as a whole far surpassed any conscious effort of Mr. Scarborough's life.

The following, from the recently published *Life of Agassiz*, also shows the superiority of unconscious mental work to conscious: "Agassiz had been for two weeks striving to decipher the somewhat obscure impression of a fossil fish on the stone slab in which it was preserved. Weary and perplexed, he put his work aside at last, and tried to dismiss it from his mind. Shortly after he waked one night persuaded that while asleep he had seen his fish with all the missing features perfectly restored. But when he tried to hold and make fast the image, it escaped him. Nevertheless, he went early to the Jardin des Plantes, thinking that on looking anew at the impression he should see something which would put him on the track of his vision. In vain,—the blurred record was as blank as ever. The next night he saw the fish again, but with no more satisfactory result. When

he awoke it disappeared from his memory as before. Hoping that the same experience might be repeated on the third night, he placed a pencil and paper beside his bed before going to sleep. Accordingly, toward morning, the fish reappeared in his dream, confusedly at first, but at last with such distinctness that he had no longer any doubt as to its zoological characters. Still half dreaming, in perfect darkness, he traced these characters on the sheet of paper at the bedside. In the morning he was surprised to see in his nocturnal sketch features which he thought it impossible the fossil itself should reveal. He hastened to the Jardin des Plantes, and, with his drawing as his guide, succeeded in chiselling away the surface of the stone under which portions of the fish proved to be hidden. When wholly exposed, it corresponded with his dream and his drawing, and he succeeded in classifying it with ease. He often spoke of this as a good illustration of the well known fact, that when the body is at rest the tired brain will do the work it refused before."

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—MR. W. J. SHOLAR, one of our students, was awarded at the late Fair a premium, worth thirteen dollars, for drawing the best map of Wake county. The work which he did exhibits great artistic skill, and shows that he has a talent for such work. He intends donating it to the Reading Room.

—REV. R. T. VANN, of Wake Forest, and Miss ELLA R. MCVEIGH, of Loudon co., Va., were married at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. P. B. Shephard, of Virginia, assisted by Rev. R. R. Savage, of N. C., on the 21st of October. May they enjoy a long and happy life is the wish of THE STUDENT.

—SINCE the last issue of THE STUDENT the number of students has been increased to 155.

—A BRAND-NEW game has been lately introduced by the boys. It is known as "bull-pen."

—MR. O. T. SMITH, who entered College Sept. 1, but on account of sickness went home, has returned quite well.

—ANOTHER poet in College! A strange phenomenon for the fall. He must be the *Greenest* thing in town, not to know that poets always turn out in spring.

—THE Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees met in Raleigh, Oct. 7. The Board will hold a meeting during the session of the Baptist State Convention at Reidsville.

—SENIORS, look out! You are sadly in danger of being left. One of your number while attending an association, met an angel, and, we hear, he is in great danger of being wafted to another shore.

—THE improvement of the cemetery is still going on. Nothing would please the boys more than an entertainment, so that they could show their liberality and good will towards the Ladies' Aid Society.

—REV. R. T. VANN has been absent for several weeks, attending the different associations, in behalf of the Board of Education, but he is again at his post here, and now reinforced. His pulpit, while he was absent, was occupied by Dr. Wm. Royall, Dr. C. E. Taylor, and Prof. W. B. Royall.

—A course of lectures has been mapped out for the Yates Theological Society here, the lectures to be made by members of the Faculty and others

—WE were glad to learn of Mr. E. F. Eddins, who was on the Hill a few days ago, that he has quite a prosperous school at Franklinton, N. C. He is one of the Alumni of '85. We wish him much success.

—PROF. C. W. SCARBOROUGH stopped here Sept. 28th, on his way to Murfreesboro Female Institute, and, on leaving the next morning, carried with him a greater portion of our fair ones than was right—according to the opinion of some of the boys.

—THE ROYAL ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.—One of the new students was found sleeping very quietly the other day with a smile playing upon his lips, as if he were in the land of dreams; but the most remarkable feature was, that his head was lying upon a Greek Lexicon. His object we know not, unless he thought that that was the easiest way of obtaining good from it.

—THE Sophomore class met Sept. 28, and organized with the following officers: President, J. W. Lynch; Vice-President, W. C. Dowd; Secretary, W. J. Sholar; Treasurer, D. A. Davis. The class is a large one, containing thirty-four members, and we trust that they will stick together, and with an unbroken rank bear off, three years hence, their well-earned diplomas. They contemplate wearing a class hat.

—WE are glad to welcome to our village again Mr. R. E. Royall and wife. They have been in Savannah since their marriage last January.

—A new industry is arising in Wake Forest. Mr. Wiley Rogers, lately of Durham, is the proprietor of a "hennery" and poultry yard, for which he is making considerable preparation.

—MRS. BRODIE, mother of three of our lady citizens, died at her home in Franklin county, Sept. 27. She was a frequent visitor here, and was greatly esteemed by all who knew her.

—MR. J. W. WATSON has been elected Sen. Editor of THE STUDENT by the Philomathesian Society in the place of Mr. E. H. McCullers, resigned. Mr. Watson's work began with the present issue.

—AT nine o'clock, p. m., Oct. 27th, Mrs. Arpie Jones died suddenly of heart disease, aged seventy-four years. About an hour before she complained of some difficulty in breathing, but no one thought it would result so seriously. The next evening the remains were conveyed to Raleigh for interment. Mrs. Jones was remarkable for her intelligence, good judgment, and piety. For a number of years she had resided here with her daughter, Mrs. Dickson.

A committee of the Faculty is engaged in modifying the old system of walks in the campus. A number of years ago Mr. Englehard, a noted landscape gardener, laid out the campus, but since that time the new buildings have been erected, and the depot located here; these and other changes about the grounds necessitate a modification of the walks.

—LET not our paragraphs about the sophomore, junior, and senior classes be misunderstood. The College system of Schools recognizes no such classes. They are convenient names for those who hope to complete the courses of study three years, two years, and one year hence, respectively.

—THE students are exhibiting greater interest in the Sunday-school than they have ever done before. The attendance has increased to nearly two hundred. It is hoped that the same spirit which has caused so many to go, will actuate others to attend. There are used three hundred quarterlies and papers.

—THEY are gone! Five of the young ladies of the Hill left a short time ago for Murfreesboro' Female Institute. Here are some sad lines composed, after their departure, by a sorely stricken youth:

"The day is bright and joyous and gay,
The birds are singing blithe and free;
But alas! my heart is the opposite way,
'Tis lonely and sad and 'rest of its glee.

And wherefore this sigh, my own true one,
That now my heart doth rack?
I know it is this, that thou, bright sun,
Art gone. O do come back!"

—THE following young gentlemen have been elected Marshals for our next Anniversary: From the Euzelian Society—Messrs. L. R. Pruett, Boiling Springs, N. C.; L. L. Vann, Wake Forest, N. C.; H. E. Copple, Hannersville, N. C. From the Philomathesian Society—Messrs. H. S. Pickett, Durham, N. C.; E. H. Bowling, Lustre, N. C.; D. T. Winston, Brownsville, N. C.

—THE session of '80-'81 the total number of students enrolled was 181, the highest number ever reached by the College. The total enrolment in the fall term of that session was 149. Our next catalogue, however, will show 200 students, if the rate of increase in the spring equal that of the fall over last year's number. But we hardly expect so many. Not counting the professional students at the University, there are here, we understand, about the same number as there.

—ON the evening of the 13th of October, President Taylor delivered in the chapel the introductory lecture of the session on "What to Read and How to Read." The audience was a large one, and was highly entertained and profited. The lecture was for the most part made up of practical suggestions to the young readers present, being enlivened by anecdotal illustration and a warm sympathy which springs out of a wide acquaintance with the best authors in our language. We are aware of the multiplicity of the President's duties, but we cannot avoid setting down here the hope that he may soon find opportunity to give a permanent shape to what must long prove of great value to our students and others. But for the hope that the lecture may appear in THE STUDENT, we should attempt a more detailed report of it.

—WE are obliged to Mr. G. C. Thompson for the following report :

SENIOR-SPEAKING.—On Friday night, 23rd ult., the moon was shining so brightly that everything appeared to be tipped with silver. The air was just cool enough to make the Seniors

walk briskly to the small chapel, where they found a large audience waiting to hear what new ideas another year might have brought forth. At seven o'clock, after a few remarks of welcome by President Taylor, Mr. E. P. Ellington, of Chatham county, N. C., was announced as the first speaker of the occasion; his subject, "Baron Napier." After giving a sketch of his early life, he spoke of his love for mathematics, of his inventions in that branch of science, and of their usefulness to succeeding generations. He represented him as "one of the pillars of the Temple of Fame." His speech was instructive and interesting.

The second speaker was Mr. Jacob Stewart, of Mocksville, N. C. Subject, "Enthusiasm Necessary to Great Achievements." Enthusiasm, said he, is the motive power to action. Without this electric spark, all mankind is a dumb show. It lifts nations out of darkness, builds institutions, and discovers new worlds. With it, *all* things are possible; without it, *nothing*. Mr. Stewart handled his subject like a true and skilful artist.

Mr. T. C. Britton, of Northampton county, was announced as third speaker. Subject, "Lost Power." He went on to show some of the many ways in which power becomes of no avail. A few of his points were: Power is lost when undeveloped, which occurs from want of opportunity, or from want of will power. Power is lost by want of perseverance, and by want of a purpose in life. Power is lost also by its not being used; by misconduct. "*Develop*," said he, "*and save all the power you*

can." His speech was very practical, full of good sense, and well written.

Fourth speaker, Mr. C. E. Brewer, of Wake Forest, N. C. Subject, "R. E. Lee." Eulogy, said he, on this hero is never old, nor ever spoken without waking in every true Southern heart reverential love. Compared Lee to Grant, showing the former's superiority. Speaks of his moral life as an unprecedented example. A man free from vice; great in war, in peace great. In the crash of battle could stoop to drop a tear upon a dying soldier. Very beautifully did he picture his character. His speech was enthusiastic, touching, and appreciated by all.

Fifth speaker of the occasion was Mr. J. L. White, of Winston, N. C. Subject, "Cranks." He opened his speech with a few pleasing and witty remarks, and then went on to speak of some of the cranks of the day—such as the old bachelor, the spider-legged *dude*, and others. Afterwards he spoke of some of the cranks, as so considered by the world in former days, showing that the epithet was wrongly applied. Such men as Lord

Bacon, for instance, Galileo, and others were denominated cranks because they turned from the channel of ignorance to pursue knowledge. Call them cranks, if you will, said he; but theirs it is to live and be remembered throughout time, and reign in eternity. His speech was interesting and well delivered.

The subject of the last speaker, Mr. J. D. Boushall, of Camden co., N. C., was "Retrospection." The reader will find the address in this issue of THE STUDENT. His speech was comprehensive, well written, and no less well delivered.

Taken as a whole, it was said to be the best Senior-speaking we have ever had.

After the addresses the audience had the pleasure of changing the *feast* from the sense of hearing to that of tasting, for the Ladies' Cemetery Association had prepared in the Gymnasium refreshments to suit the occasion. From thence they repaired to the Society Halls to talk of love, etc.

Music by the Italian Band, of Raleigh. G. C. T.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'60. Rev. R. R. Savage was compelled to resign two of his churches on account of bad health, but we are glad to learn that he is steadily improving.

—'71. Rev. H. A. Brown, one of the most prominent preachers in our State, is faithfully discharging his duties as

pastor of the Winston Baptist church where he has been laboring several years.

—'71. Rev. C. Durham has been called to Baltimore.

—'73. J. J. Vann, Esq., familiarly known as "big Jack," is still practicing law in Monroe, N. C., and is very

popular and successful in his profession.

—Dr. J. H. Lane of Marlboro', S. C., did not graduate at this institution, but he is one of the most prominent and successful physicians in his State.

—'75. Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, has declined a call to Orange, N. J., which gives twice the salary of his present charge, and is, in some respects, the best pastorate in U. S.

—'79. We see that Dr. C. A. Rominger is one of the committee to care for the delegates to the Baptist State Convention which convenes at Reidsville.

—'79. Rev. W. L. Wright has accepted a call to Reidsville, and resigned the church at Hillsboro.

—'79. E. F. Aydlett, Esq., is junior member of the law firm of Grandy & Aydlett, Elizabeth City.

—'80. Rev. W. B. Waff is assisting his brother in teaching at Reynoldson, Gates county, N. C., and is also pastor of several churches in the same county.

—'80. Mr. W. H. Ragsdale was married in Greenville, N. C., Sept. 16th.

—'80. Mr. M. A. Jones, a graduate of Wake Forest College in the class of 1880, and, until disabled by disease, a teacher at Apex, Wake county, died September 28th. He married in 1883, Miss Laura Millard, of Goldsboro, well known as a teacher. He was in his 28th year, and greatly beloved and respected by the community in which he lived, who recognized him as a useful citizen as well as successful teacher.
—N. C. Teacher.

—'81. Rev. M. V. McDuffie has returned to his home in Henderson, N. C., from conducting a large revival in Petersburg, Va.

—'82. Mr. J. W. Fleetwood has charge of the Woodland Academy, Northampton county, N. C.

—'82. Rev. D. W. Herring has been assigned to Soo-Chow, China, by the Foreign Mission Board in Richmond, Va.

—'83. Mr. L. L. Jenkins is engaged in the cotton buying business in Gastonia, N. C., with his father.

'83. We were grieved to learn that a mortgage had been foreclosed on the Shelby *New Era* of which Mr. W. H. Osborne, once an editor of THE STUDENT, is an editor. Hope that the matter may be arranged. *The New Era* is a good paper and deserves to succeed.

—'83. Rev. E. S. Alderman, very satisfactorily filled the pulpit of Dr. Pritchard's church in Wilmington during the summer, and is now at the Louisville Seminary, and expects to graduate this year.

—'83. We notice among the successful applicants for licenses to practise law the name of Thos. Dixon. He will hang out his shingle for the present at Shelby, N. C. He is associated with Judge W. P. Bynum. Success to him.

—'83. To the appreciative notices of the late Mr. H. B. Folk, Jr., printed in our last issue, we add the following from the *Brownsville States & Bee*, of Sept. 18th:

“A telegram was received here Wednesday evening by Judge Folk an-

nouncing the sudden death in St. Louis of his son, Henry, of heart disease. The sad intelligence was a shock not only to the family, but to the many friends of the deceased young man, who was greatly beloved in this community where he was born and reared. He was here a month this summer, looking so healthy and cheerful that his death comes to us all with appalling sadness, and to many as a deep personal bereavement. The deceased was a young man of spotless character and great talents and attainments. A few years ago he graduated with high honors at Wake Forest College, N. C., and returned home only to be immediately called to a responsible position in a leading school at New Orleans, La. Here he acquired the reputation as a scholar of rare merit and an educator of great promise. Often he varied his professional duties with brief engagements on the *Times-Democrat*, and his articles attracted wide attention for their depth, fluency of style, and elegance of rhetoric. Being offered a position on the editorial staff of the *St. Louis Republican*, the leading Democratic journal of the West, he entered upon his duties several weeks ago, and it was while in the discharge of his labors on this paper that the Reaper, Death, cut him so suddenly down. Henry was next to the oldest of Judge Folk's promising sons, and had a future before him of great usefulness and honor. We so distinctly recall his handsome personal appearance, his courtly manners, his uniform politeness, and all the graces and gifts that mark the well-bred and scholarly gentlemen.

Above and beyond all these, he added the higher graces and nobler qualities of a true Christian. From his youth up, under the influences of a sweet and happy home and zealous Christian parents, he began early to walk in the paths of virtue and honor, and to the last day of his life he held fast to the principles of right and to the promises of the Christian religion. His death creates a void in a hitherto unbroken home circle, and leaves bleeding and crushed fond parents', brothers', and sisters' hearts. The remains will arrive here to-day from St. Louis and be interred in Oakwood Cemetery."

The subjoined letter was written by the editor in chief of the paper on which Mr. Folk was employed :

OFFICE OF THE MISSOURI REPUBLICAN,
St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 17th, 1885.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Folk, Brownsville, Tenn. :

DEAR SIR AND MADAM: In this hour of your bereavement allow me to tender you a sympathy which is none the less deep or sincere because we are strangers. I knew your son but a short time, and our intercourse was only such as was incident to professional work, yet in that brief period I came to respect him for his earnestness of purpose and uncompromising integrity, to admire him for his remarkable intellectual strength and genius, and to entertain for him no small degree of affection because of his amiable disposition, which was almost childlike. During his brief stay among us he made hosts of friends, and the men with whom he most intimately associated in work manifest as sincere

grief at his untimely death as though they had known him for years.

I saw him last on Saturday evening, 12th, when we walked a short distance together on leaving the office for our homes. He was then feeling some ill effects from a wetting received during a storm of a couple of nights before, but he spoke lightly of it, and expressed the belief that he would be fully recovered in time to resume on Monday morning the work in which his soul seemed to be engrossed. He was very ambitious, as you know, and although the line of work to which he had been assigned was of a "routine" character, he was as much interested in it, and as eager to do it well, as though it were full of excitement and novelty. As we walked he told me how well-pleased he was at the progress he was making, and how apprehensive he was that, through his inexperience, the paper might fail to secure quite all the news that his department could otherwise be made to yield. It was a cheery good-night he bade me when we parted, and as I rode homeward I could not help thinking how well entitled he was to the bright and prosperous future which seemed assured to him. When, on Monday, and again on Tuesday, I heard of his detention at home by what appeared to be not a serious ailment, I only gave the matter enough thought to request Mr. Estes to assure him that his apprehension of being misjudged as a shirk—an apprehension born of his great conscientiousness—was entirely groundless, and we did not want him to come to the office till he was thoroughly recovered.

I little thought that my message was to a man whose work was done forever, and when the news came to me twenty-four hours later that he was dead, it sounded like some horrible jest.

There was something to me inexpressibly sad in the case, for I could not help thinking of the earnestness—the fervor with which he had so recently spoken to me of the success which he had come among strangers to win—and somehow I couldn't help regarding him as only a boy—a confiding, impulsive, big-hearted boy with an abnormal strength of intellect.

I shudder to think of the terrible effect of this blow upon you, who had seen develop in him, day by day, through all the years, those qualities which had so strongly attracted me to him, and who had doubtless kept pace with him in the building of those air castles which are in ruins now.

But in your affliction there must come to you the great consoling thought that if, as you taught him and as he profoundly believed, the golden harvest time is in the Great Hereafter, then rich shall be the sheaves that he will garner—for he sowed the seed of honesty, charity, filial love, and a consistent life. There will be nothing to mar the picture which your memories will bring to you at the mention of his name in the years that are to come, and after all, has not one great blessing been vouchsafed you in this?

Yours, with sincere respect and sympathy,
FRANK R. O'NEIL."

—'84. Rev. D. M. Austin expects soon to have work begun on rebuild-

ing his church at Monroe, N. C., which was destroyed by fire last spring.

—'84. Mr. W. W. Kitchen of the Scotland Neck *Democrat* spent a day with us last month on his return from the State Fair. He has grown wonderfully and can hardly be called "little Will" now.

—'84. Rev. Messrs. W. S. Royall and W. S. Splawn are both at the Louisville Seminary.

—'84. Rev. W. B. Pope preached the opening sermon at the Eastern Association.

—'84. We were pleased to receive a visit from Mr. I. G. Riddick last

month. He was on his way to Bellvue Medical College, and expects to obtain his diploma this year.

—'85. Rev. A. T. Hord is pastor of the churches in Hertford county resigned by Rev. R. R. Savage, and is highly commended by members of his congregations.

—'85. J. R. Hunter is principal of a flourishing school at Apex, N. C.

—'85. Rev. J. B. Harrell is pastor of several churches in Gates and Hertford counties, N. C.

—'85. Rev. J. B. Pruitt is preaching near Wadesboro.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

MANAGERS: { E. P. ELLINGTON, } WAKE FOREST, N. C.
 { J. E. VANN, }

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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No. 3.

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Contributions must be written on one side of paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed to Business Managers.

DIGNITY.

[This is written for the benefit of the young.]

1. It is hard to define the word Dignity. But I think we generally apply it to such conduct and actions as are *worthy* of the high and exalted nature of man.

Man is the highest and noblest of all animals. He possesses Reason, Imagination, Conscience, and like attributes which raise him far above other animals; and it is right he should behave in a way suited to his nature and endowments. Each order of animals has manners and behavior or way of carrying itself that suits its peculiar nature. Snakes *crawl* and fold their bodies up in *coils*. Squirrels, monkeys and the like *climb* trees, squat on limbs and jabber away at one another in a style which becomes *them*. Horses,

cows, dogs—all, do things that would be very unbecoming in a man or even a boy. The human being who should do some things which a dog *may* do would be unworthy to be called a man. The boy who practises "monkey tricks" will be looked upon as a poor specimen of a boy, and not much of a monkey either. For his tricks, however monkeyish, will always lack the flavor of the genuine article. So that he will never have the poor satisfaction of knowing that in ceasing to be a boy he has become a clever monkey.

2. Dignity means more than Decorum, while including it. Decorum has reference to manners and behavior as suitable to given situations and positions. A girl may be said to have

behaved with decorum at a party or at church. Her behavior was such as suited each of those occasions. It was different in each, but the difference was due to the different nature of the occasions. Decorum or "becomingness" may be all that is actually demanded of us on *ordinary* occasions. But there are times when we must have Dignity, that is, when we must behave as if in view of the fact that we are *men*, and have an exalted nature and destiny.

a. When engaged in *business* whatever it may be, we should be dignified. No other animal than man can claim that he has *business* to attend to. And any calling which is honorable and which tends to put us in possession of an honest living requires on the part of those engaged in it *dignity*.

The Governor, the Judge, and the Senator ought to be dignified men. All admit that. But the Farmer, Mechanic, Tradesman are, each, pursuing a *business*, no less than they; and these ought also to be dignified. There is a dignity in honest labor—in every calling which gives us the means of doing our duty to God and to our families. Without business the world would soon come to a stand-still; there would be no progress, no education, no churches. Therefore, every man engaged in an honest business is honorably engaged, and should show in his behavior the dignity which is due to his calling, trade, or profession.

Dignity founded upon the consciousness of being in the right and of being employed in advancing the cause of Truth and Righteousness makes its possessor "hold his head up"

among his fellows, as God intended he should do, when he made him "upright." And this consciousness makes the true man "bold as a lion" and not afraid or ashamed to "stand before princes."

b. When advocating any measure of public interest or holding an influential position in church or State, our bearing and behavior should be specially dignified. What would be allowed as no breach of good conduct in another may become highly unbecoming and undignified in him who represents a public interest. If this is not self-evident, it will appear to be true when we come to consider in what ways true Dignity manifests itself.

3. Dignity shows itself generally in three ways, as follows:

a. In Dress. We do not mean to say that fine and costly clothing always betokens and accompanies Dignity; but that Dress suitable to one's position and circumstances, and not either mean or fantastic, is necessary to true Dignity. If any man who can possibly avoid it dresses meanly, slovenly, or in unclean garments, he lowers himself in the estimation of others. On the other hand, he who wears clothing of the coarsest material, and yet studies cleanness, neatness, and completeness of attire may be dignified.

Some men seem to think that "Dress amounts to nothing." But if a Judge were to go upon the bench with his coat off or with vest and pants badly soiled, he would be laughed at, unless it was known that he could not avoid it in this instance,

and that this was not his habit. Or if a man fancies to appear in public with a "coat of many colors"—say of furniture calico, he is properly regarded as not much more than a zebra, or a leopard. And there are some "cuts" of coat or other garment which excite ridicule universally.

The person whose clothes are so becoming that they are not noticed or remarked upon for any oddity or strangeness about them is in the best condition to be dignified. He will be so regarded if he has the other marks which we will mention.

b. One of these is steady, natural, and easy Movement of the Body. He whose gait and action are irregular or constrained lacks one important point in Dignity. The fussy, restless man who is now walking, then running—sometimes moping and then darting off as if struck with a new idea; the man who is never quiet when seated, but sits bolt upright now, and in a moment afterwards sits upon his back, and throws his feet across the table or your knees; the man who is now bold, looking you right in the face, and then seems to be trying to hide his face from shame or other feeling of that kind—these men can never be dignified.

Nor can one be dignified who seems to be at a loss to know what to do with his hands, feet, and other members when in company. We must have self-respect enough to be above the necessity of seeming to apologize because we have a nose, mouth, hands, or feet. Of course we must not impudently put these into notice, and act as if we were calling attention to them as things worthy to be inspected

by company. But unless we go along naturally here and let these members assert their rights—one of which is the right to be seen—we cannot be dignified. Bashfulness may be pleaded. But that is to be overcome, being not a merit but a defect, less, however, than impudence.

In public speaking the man of true Dignity stands erect and moves on in a quiet and orderly manner, gesticulating but little, until he becomes warmed up by his subject. Then his body sways right and left or backwards and forwards in graceful curves—his arms seem to take the precise direction of his thoughts, and his feet move from their original position only when some thought or feeling too large for the space which he occupies seems to force him to fill a greater space—and it is so natural for him then to move about, and even at times to take up the whole rostrum, that we approve and enjoy it. The man who lacks Dignity may pace up and down the rostrum and shoot out his arms in a wonderful manner, but seldom impresses us with being more than "fiery" or "spirited." Sometimes we may even say he is "affected" and is "putting on airs." The dignified man never struts and roars and bellows; because he would not rob peacock, lion, and cow of what belongs to them. And even when he is telling a funny anecdote "taking off" his opponent, he is sure to behave like a man and not like an ape. The dignified man is rather a poor mimic or buffoon. And we ought to be glad that there are people who set us an example of better behavior than we find in the circus.

Willie Jacks used to think the old clown in the circus the greatest man living. He took a delight in repeating his odd sayings and making faces like him and showing us his monkey tricks. When he had to declaim at school he tried his very best to be as funny as possible. For the first and second times it did pretty well. But after awhile, the boys and the teachers got tired and disgusted with it, and did not laugh, but only hung down their heads in shame. That almost cured him of his fondness for being clownish and funny. But I am sorry to say that after he quit school he found, in a mean quarter of the town, some "roughs" who admired his tricks, and the consequence was that he consorted with them; and now he is as low and coarse as any of them.

c. Another mark of Dignity is found in the Language which one uses. There are two kinds of expressions which the dignified man will avoid.

One is slang words or phrases. Of course the man of true Dignity never curses nor swears, because he is right-minded—has too much respect for the right to do so wicked a thing; and then he has too much courage to do so simply because he is afraid of not being regarded as a "gentleman." There are men who have the singular notion that it is *manly* and even *gentlemanly* to curse and swear. But the man of true Dignity is too brave to care what such men—often they are rich and powerful—think of his conduct.

We are speaking now, however, not of cursing, but of using such words as

are not wrong in themselves, but not found in the dictionary, or are in use *generally* only among people who have not enjoyed good advantages. Many of these words are used by good people and people of good sense; but the man of real Dignity uses them, if at all, only in jest. And even then we feel that they are rather unbecoming and out of place in him.

We will suppose Judge Worthy to meet Parson Cranmer in the road. "How are you Judge?" asks the learned parson. "*Sorter so so*; thank you, parson; and I hope I meet you *right side up*," replies the judge. "Much obliged," rejoins the parson, "I am doing my *level best* to keep *all right*. But my health is *no great crack*, and my business seems to be going rapidly *to the bad*; indeed I may say it has gone to *ramshag*." "Well, parson," says the Judge, "you must *keep a stiff upper-lip*. I hope you will *scuffle through* yet. There is *good grit* in you." "Thank you," replies the parson, "but I am afraid you missed it that time."

Now if this is disgusting as it comes from Judge and Parson, why should it not be equally so when coming from the lips of any one else who knows better?

The other point in the use of Language which the man of true Dignity observes is this. There are people who seem to prefer to use the longest, strangest, and most high-sounding words that they can find. They evidently think it a mark of superior learning and talent. One in listening to them has great difficulty in determining what they mean to say.

Now the truly dignified man has too much respect for the rights of others to mislead or mystify them; and too much self respect to expose himself to ridicule.

There is no little mock Dignity in the world, however. And unfortunately the abundant bad taste and ignorance of audiences encourage and stimulate this vicious quality in speakers.

At Cedar Spring Academy in the year 1836 there was one John T. Bagg. The boys thought him a great orator. He really possessed some strong points as such. He was well formed, handsome, graceful, and—unfortunately—fluent. A great admirer of the beautiful and the grand, he spent much time in culling from the poets and orators striking thoughts and images. These he charmed the boys by reciting on all public occasions. He spent much time too in studying the dictionary, collecting rare words and treasuring them up for further use.

Him the boys unanimously elected to deliver the 4th of July Oration. His subject on the occasion was "The Army of Washington at Valley Forge."

He piled up, as well as we could guess what it was, a mountain of snow on the devoted heads of the "superlatively and transcendently grand cohorts of Liberty," and performed many other equally daring feats with his tongue.

After it was over the boys had frequent disputes about what he did actually say and mean. For instance in the case of the mountain of snow,

as I interpreted it, he spoke of a "monumental pile of niveous aggregations." At one point in his oration he mentioned incidentally certain "fiery flaming tongues which shot up from the subterranean recesses of blaze-capped Vesuvius." The difficulty we had with this passage was largely geographical.

But the passage which brought down the house was the following, in which he pictured the brave warriors as standing unmoved in the presence of "coruscations of forked lightning that gleamed athwart the vaulted sky and projected mortiferous missiles far up into the supernal spaces of broad infinity and far down into the infernal domains of dismal night and ever-brooding darkness." That left upon our minds such an impression of grandeur that we thought it profane to subject it to criticism.

Bagg afterwards actually beat old Judge Slow for Congress. But he delivered only one speech in Washington, in which he immortalized himself by collapsing, as many another of his name has done, under the puncture of the needle—ridicule.

True Dignity eschews grandiloquence and muddiness, as it does coarseness, and clothes itself in the garments of simplicity, good sense, and beauty.

4. It follows from what has been said above that it must tend to impart and enhance this attribute to understand and realize the true and full worth of man.

If stress is laid upon the inferior elements of man's nature; if the body—the material part, and its functions

are chiefly insisted on, then, unworthy notions being entertained of true manhood, what can we expect to find save a lowered standard of conduct, and a "walking" not "worthily of the vocation wherewith we are called"?

The man, on the contrary, who "keeps the end in view"—the design had in man's creation—and the heavenly endowments which are his by virtue of his being "made in the im-

age of God"—the man who reads in Reason, Conscience, Faith, Love, the promise of a higher life than the highest which earth affords, and who, steadily fixing his eye upon the goal, moves right upwards and homewards must be as compared with the former a worthier, nobler, more dignified man:

"That was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr."

WM. ROYALL.

BARON JOHN NAPIER.

He was born in Scotland in the year 1550. He was educated with great care, and after going through the ordinary courses of philosophy at the University of St. Andrew's, he made a tour of France, Italy, and Germany. On his return home his talents and acquirements might have raised him to the highest offices of State, had not his love of science led him to decline all civil employments to pursue original researches. Next to the Holy Scriptures, mathematics were his chief delight. His work entitled *Plain Discovery of the Revelation of St. John* was published in 1593, and gives strong evidence that the author was accustomed to the most patient and diligent investigation. In every pursuit to which he applied himself he quickly showed the most extensive knowledge and profound penetration. This work gave Baron Napier a high reputation at home and abroad, and was translated into several languages.

But his great work was the invention of logarithms. Their application to all

mathematical calculations produced very great advances in the sciences of astronomy, navigation, and physics. His love of astronomy and spherical trigonometry induced him to make many calculations of triangles with sines and tangents. Those calculations involved great labor, and in his effort to shorten the long processes of multiplication and division he invented a set of tables by which multiplication was reduced to addition. As these were written on ivory tablets they were known as "Napier's Bones." During his further efforts in this direction he was led to the invention of logarithms by observing that the exponents of numbers in geometrical progression are always in arithmetical progression.

This invention has been of immense value in practical life. The science of navigation has been apparently perfected by the application of this method of reckoning. Before the system was known and applied to navigation not unfrequently did ships

leaving Great Britain expecting to land at Massachusetts cast anchor off South Carolina. One of the most expert sailors of his day got lost in attempting to go from the West Indies to Europe. But now the mariner can with facility and certainty tell the course he is going, the point where and the time when his vessel will land. No longer is his voyage one of uncertainty and gloomy wandering over the high seas, but with mathematical accuracy he can ascertain his position at any point. The rapid improvement in this science is due mainly to Napier's invention.

While the invention of the steam-engine has been the means of great saving in labor, it is probable, if not certain, that it could not have been made a success without the aid of logarithms. According to the estimation of Lieut. Murray, more than \$10,000,000 are saved annually by the certainty and rapidity with which voyages are made by the application of steam.

Many of the common comforts and conveniences of life are manufactured by machines whose parts never could have been formed without the aid of this invention. The cheerful maid as she sits by the sewing machine mingling her merry voice with its busy hum never thinks that the curve of its arm could not have been determined without the advantages of logarithmic calculations. And still less does she realize that the most perplexing difficulty was involved in the construction of the machine to wind the thread she is using on the spool. This was the most embarrassing feature and, for a

time, the insurmountable barrier to the success of the spinning-jenny.

Another example of the great practical benefit of this invention is the Brooklyn Bridge. A company was organized in May, 1867, and Mr. John A. Reobling was appointed engineer, May 23, 1867. He made his report of surveys, plans, and estimates on the first of the following September. Thus in the short space of three months and eight days the design of the grandest monument of engineering skill the world has ever seen was practically completed. Without the aid of logarithms it would have taken him his lifetime to make the calculations involved in this intricate design. And the machinery with which it was executed is no less dependent on the same source. It is probable that we do not derive much advantage from this great project but there are thousands of people in the cities of New York and Brooklyn that do.

The almost endless network of railways that is spread over the United States and Territories is directly dependent on the aid of logarithms. Without civil engineering we would have no railways, and this science sprung from the invention of Napier. Suppose some enemy of Herculean strength should wreak his vengeance on the happy inhabitants of this Union by removing every mile of railway in its bounds, then we could realize the aid we derive from this invention in this instance.

To make the contrast stronger, look at the furniture and conveniences of the English people about three hundred years ago. Then a common

countryman considered himself well off if he accumulated as much as a straw mattress and a pillow of hops during the first five years of his married life. The furniture of king Alfred was of the most ordinary kind and so much in the way that it was as much a source of annoyance as pleasure. The beds consisted of rude stationary frames attached to the walls. His chairs were confined to the floor.

If the furniture of queen Elizabeth's house was in keeping with its ventilation, we are to infer that it was small and not of princely appearance. The windows were narrow openings in the wall extending almost from floor to ceiling. They resembled the air-holes left in the under-pinning of modern dwellings. It is stated that the queen of Scotland fell into a creek while fleeing from prison and applied to the queen of England, who was her cousin, for a change of clothing, and an old pair of shoes, a gown, and a piece of black ribbon constituted the best out-fit "good queen Bess," could furnish her

unfortunate cousin. The common people in the early days of England substituted for clothing a kind of straw fabric which they twisted round their forms and let remain until worn out.

While we have the unparalleled conveniences and comforts of the present, we are unmindful of the fact that we are largely indebted to Napier's discovery for these luxuries. It is of course not to be supposed that logarithms alone have brought about all these improvements, but they have been one of the prime factors in producing many of the greatest comforts that we enjoy.

Lord Buchan says, "If we consider that Napier's discovery was not, like those of Kepler or of Newton, connected with any analogies or coincidences which might have led to it, but the fruit of unassisted reason and science, we shall be vindicated in placing him in one of the highest niches in the temple of Fame."

E. P. ELLINGTON.

A CYCLONIC EXPERIENCE.

The 14th of May, 1883, was a day long to be remembered by the people of central Illinois, made memorable by the visitation of a terrible cyclone, which for destruction of life and property has no parallel in the history of that State.

It was our commencement day, and all Hillsboro was alive with enthusiasm in honor of the occasion. At night

as I wended my way up town, I noticed back in the west dark and ominous-looking clouds, like maddened monsters striking their heads together, while flashing tongues of lightning, and low muttering thunder foretold an approaching storm.

The exercises were to be held in the Presbyterian church, a large brick structure with a capacity of 1200 peo-

ple. All went well until about 10 o'clock, when a mighty noise, like that of a thousand railroad trains, was heard; the window-blinds flew open, and the great building trembled as if undergoing some mighty convulsion. A panic immediately ensued, women shrieked, children screamed, and men with pale faces and tremulous voices inquired what was the matter. But above the roaring storm without and confusion within was heard the sweet voice of a female singer, as she stood there on the stage unmoved by fear, her harmonious notes contrasting strangely with the noise of roaring elements and cries of frightened people. In a moment all was quiet, but many a heart beat fast and many a cheek turned pale in contemplation of a fearful storm. The exercises were resumed, but suddenly stopped by the arrival of a messenger, pale and exhausted, who shouted: "Cyclone!—the iron bridge is swept away—the express wrecked—and two hundred lives lost!" Such a cry as went up from that assembly I never heard before, and may I never hear again! Many had loved ones on that train, kindred and friends. The vast congregation emptied itself into the street, and hastened to the scene of disaster.

What a night was that! Thunders rolled, lightnings flashed, women were crying, children screaming, men shouting, while the piteous groans of the wounded buried in the debris were heartrending indeed. Freight cars, crossties, trees, and houses were scattered far and wide.

The wreck, though terrible, was not

so bad as had been reported. The engineer saw the bridge was gone in time to signal for brakes, and reverse steam. He stood manfully at his post, and had almost stopped his train when it went over the fatal precipice. But for his self-sacrifice, the whole number of passengers would have been launched into eternity. The captain who cared for the comfort of the passengers was much praised and well rewarded for his services, but no one deigned to look at the dead engineer, who gave his life for that of his passengers, or to send one word of comfort to his grief-stricken widow and fatherless children. Poor man! No granite monument will mark his resting-place, no poet sing of his devotion to duty, no historian record his deed—unknown, unhonored his grave will be; but methinks on that stormy night an unseen hand registered his name with those of heroes, and the day is coming when his self-sacrificing deed will be known and rewarded.

The dead removed, the wounded cared for, I hastened to my room, but not to sleep. I could hear the piteous groans of the victims, and see their mutilated forms before me all night. On the morrow I went into the country, where the storm raged with greater fury. The scene in its wake beggars description. I had often read of cyclones in the far West, but never before was I brought face to face with the work of this demon wind. Nothing was sufficiently formidable to resist its power, nothing too small to escape its fury. No phenomenon could have been more awe-

inspiring than that tremendous tempest. The portentous calm, the lurid sky which preceded the bursting of the storm; the profound obscurity which followed the descending clouds; and the extreme violence of the winds,—uprooting whole forests, overthrowing the most solid edifices, strewing the country with death and devastation,—produced impressions on the minds of those who witnessed it, never to be forgotten.

Along the track of the storm it looked as though it had been raining dead horses, cows, sheep, hogs, pigs, chickens, ducks, birds, snakes, and toads. One old cow enjoyed an aerial ride from Hillsboro to Nokomis, a distance of six miles, in five minutes, beating the fastest train on the road. Another was borne to the top of a huge sycamore and there left to get down the best she could. It was observed that beef was never so *high* before in Illinois. At one place the wind was said to have blown the bottom out of a well, the bark from saplings, and the tail off of a dog. The way this last was done was this: the dog saw the storm and made for his hole, but before his posterior member was safe, the cyclone struck it, and off it went.

The storm originated in Missouri.

Following a northeasterly direction, it crossed the Mississippi, swept over central Illinois, and buried itself in Lake Michigan. It had its moral as well as its physical effects. Many regarded it as a judgment upon the people for their evil-doings. It furnished a topic for conversation, editorials for the newspapers, and themes for the preachers. A camp-meeting could not have produced a greater change in the morals of the people. The dramshops were deserted, the prayer-meetings well attended, while many gave up swearing, and some chewing and smoking. Nor did they in preparing the soul for death neglect the safety of the body. Many dug caves and cellars for refuge. And now when it thunders in Illinois, the people, like so many prairie-dogs, betake themselves to the ground, and there remain until danger is past.

These cyclones are no longer confined to the Western States, but are now of frequent occurrence even in the South. Indeed, no part of the globe is absolutely free from their devastating force. Unless some plan is devised for their detention, I suggest we emigrate to the moon, where I am told the wind never blows.

J. W. LYNCH.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

Each day and each hour has its own duties and pleasures. These duties must be performed now, or be left forever undone; and these pleasures must be enjoyed now, if ever enjoyed at all. In deferring their performance we do not, of course, intend to neglect our duties; we wish only to put them off till a more convenient time. At first this seems plausible; but we forget that the coming hours are as full of duties as those of the present, and that the convenient time means—*never*.

If we postpone the obligations of to-day because they are unpleasant or require patience, supposing they will be more pleasant or require less patience at another time, we are deceived; our duties will not be less numerous, nor shall we have more perseverance; but to the neglected duties of the past will be added those of the present; and if we could not perform them alone when first presented, how can we accomplish twice as much afterwards?

By neglect our plans are frustrated; our pleasures are wrecked; and amid the confusion, even though we may have resolved to take things as they come, we are forced again to put off the demands of the present. Delays not only injure one's reputation for fidelity, but they often frustrate the plans of others, for the effects of the delay do not cease with us; others have laid their plans which perhaps depend for their execution upon some-

thing to be done by us; when we fail they must fail; and the disappointment will continue to extend farther and farther, and to multiply its evil consequences.

See, for instance, the home (if indeed we may call it *home*) of one who has formed the habit of procrastination. Every thing around it has the appearance of being neglected. The fences are declining, and seem to be held in place only by the vines and briars growing in every corner. The crop is struggling with thorns and thistles, and promises but little harvest. The yard is overgrown with weeds and covered with litter, and the house is very dilapidated. Within sits a poor woman—once the joy, the light, and life of her husband—in the offensive atmosphere of dirt and smoke, amid destitution and miseries indescribable, her children crowding around her, pale and hungry, and crying for bread. The husband and father was once surrounded with fair prospects of success and happiness, but by procrastination and continually promising himself that he would make amends to-morrow, he has reached this pitiable condition, and can but sit in sad, silent meditation and sigh, "Too late."

But let us turn away from such sad scenes. As we near the home of one who has learned not to delay, we notice that his fences are erect, the corners clear of briars and bushes, and the highly cultivated crop is waving

in every breeze. How beautiful! Now we have reached the house and the well-kept grounds with gravel walks, fringed with fragrant flowers, and a trellis of vines encircles the portico. The cottage is painted and every thing seems to be in order. Suppose we step in this evening for a few moments. It is the hour for evening worship! The mother and children, neatly dressed, have seated themselves around a table near which sits the father, Bible in hand, reading; after which they sing a song,—how melodious! the infantile voices chiming in with father's and mother's;—and then the prayer. We come away, and how "sweetly solemn" we feel! This man performs his duties as they come, and enjoys the privileges and comforts which God has given.

And then, how many examples of losses occurring on account of delay we may gather from history! In the life of Cæsar, for instance, we have an example of promptness and dispatch excelled, perhaps, by none. In reading his biography we are struck with his wonderful achievements, and still more impressed with his unprecedented alertness. But, alas! the fatal hour came. He delayed and died. When he had attained the acme of his career, and had all Rome, as he supposed, under his power, a conspiracy had been formed for his destruction, and, on the Ides of March, as he was going to the Senate Chamber, Artemidorus is said to have put into his hand a paper containing the discovery of the whole plot: and though desired to read it, Cæsar delayed, and on that day was slain. What might

have been, had he lived longer, and whether it was better for Rome that he parted life when he did, we leave for historians to discuss and biographers to decide. However that may be, it is a fitting example to demonstrate the dangers of procrastination.

We may get another illustration of the consequences of delaying from the story of the American Revolution. When the British landed at New York under the command of Gen. Howe, and had routed all the American forces, except those in the fort, his soldiers, savage in the bloody contest and exhilarated with success, were eager to besiege the garrison at once. The British forces amounted to about 30,000 veterans, while those of the Colonies, fresh from their respective vocations, unskilled, and under inexperienced generals, were only about 9,000. But Gen. Howe thought that the prey was his, that though he might force them to surrender to-day, yet he would wait till to-morrow. To-morrow dawned, accompanied by a dense fog, and active operations were again postponed. On the next day when the information came that the Americans were vacating the fort, the British officers set out and arrived just in time to see the last boat moving away with muffled oars and out of danger.

In Washington we have one who did not delay. At the proper time he left the fort, at the proper time he attacked the enemy, retreating and charging, and doing each in season. The victory was won, and liberty was secured to the Colonies, which at once became the home of freedom—a safe

retreat for the oppressed of every nation; and, though rent with internal strife and dire contentions, yet our Union lasts, and still moves, with giant strides, onward to the goal of un fading renown.

Again, perhaps one of the most momentous instances of dangerous delay may be seen in Divine Revelation. We beheld a magnificent palace, surrounded with a court, and ornamented with all the rich sculpture of Roman grandeur, and decorated within with splendid and elaborate furniture; the windows richly curtained, and the walls adorned with rare gems of art. We see, seated in the audience chamber, the "Roman libertine and the profligate Jewish Princess;" before them stands a prisoner in chains, who has been called in to speak for their entertainment. The prisoner speaks, but instead of their anticipated joy comes a reproof; he does not fear because he is in the presence of his majesty, but he pours forth his eloquence, and the judge quakes. The prisoner is none other than the apostle Paul, "and as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." Felix, unhappy Felix, conscience-stricken, but impenitent sinner, delayed, and the "convenient season" never came. If he had yielded to the influence of the Spirit, he might have been *Felix* indeed!

But why need we multiply illustrations? Not only do they make up a great part of history, but we have only to open our eyes and view them on

every hand. What is the cause of so many failures among business men and manufacturers? Is it not on account of some delay? We believe that seventy-five per cent. of all these failures are traceable to some procrastination. The first delays were little things, it may be, but they grew rapidly, became much more numerous and greatly enlarged, until the person discovered himself involved beyond recovery; and the end came, crushing all of his hopes and blighting his brightest prospects. Some rally, and, having become wiser in the school of experience, set out in life anew, and carefully guarding against their former errors, finally reach the goal of success. Others will not be instructed; but continuing the old habit of putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day, they sink lower and lower, and seem only to be waiting for death, just as if an inactive life were antecedent to a blissful repose. And there are still others who endeavor to obliterate their ignominy and calm their perturbations by throwing themselves into dissipation and yielding to its universal attendants. And thus they go on from bad to worse, down down, until at last, when death comes to separate body and spirit, it finds them below the meanest brute.

This dangerous procrastination seems to be universal, and to be practised in every work, from the greatest to the most trivial. Sometimes, in small affairs, we think it matters little, but if we would give a few moments thought to it, and remember that this "little thing" lives forever, that the habit grows upon us, and if we would

picture to ourselves what results may follow, surely it would restrain us, and stir us up to greater activity. And we might also be equally aroused by imagining what might be, if each one were to act upon the principle that *delays are dangerous*. Every one would be on time, and no one would have any occasion to complain. This busy, tumultuous life would become quiet and peaceful. And if such examples were constantly before the young, it would become a part of their nature to perform well and faithfully every duty and obligation; each task would be more easily completed, and life would be far more agreeable. For

"No age hath been, since nature first began
To work Jove's wonders, but hath left behind
Some deeds of praise for mirrors unto man,
Which, more than threatful laws, have men inclined.
To tread the paths of praise excites the mind:
Mirrors tie thoughts to virtue's due respects;
Examples hasten deeds to good effects."

And yet there are exceptions. In many instances we would clamor loudly for a few moments delay. Suppose a dear friend of ours be charged with murder—one with whom we have associated from youth, a lovable companion, and one possessed of many virtues and lofty genius. He is brought before the court, tried, condemned, and the sentence goes forth, "*hanged by the neck till dead*; and then he is led away to prison, there in a cold,

dark cell to await the hour of execution. It draws near; dark, lowering clouds have shut off the inspiring rays of the sun, and seem ready to let fall an effusion of tears in deep sympathy. The prisoner is brought forth and led upon the scaffold, the rope is put around his neck, he speaks a few words, and casts one sad, longing, lingering farewell look, the black cap is drawn over his face, and the executioner stands ready to plunge the prisoner's soul into eternity! Oh, how anxious! how anxious we are for a few moments delay! For in the meantime numerous petitions have been presented to the Governor, and we have reason to believe that our friend has been pardoned, but the bearer of the message has not arrived. How anxious we are that the stroke shall be staid! Assured of his innocence, all desire him to live.

Notwithstanding such exceptions as this,

"Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labors come to naught.
Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure,
After wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought."

B. D. BARKER.

MY BOYHOOD DREAMS.

After the cares of the morning were over, I, a lad of ten years, taking my little chair, sat down by my mother on the portico. My mind was not so busily absorbed in each stitch taken in my new coat and how I would outshine all my playmates and be sure to win the heart of little Cordelia, but that I could notice the indescribable beauty of that morning. The sun was just bursting through the racks of clouds, weaving a web of saffron light, capping the hilltops with gold, until the shining victor leaped from crag to crag, driving the misty vapors from the mountain's brow. The morning lilies, hanging in rich profusion around us, blushed at his brilliancy and glory, and the birds kept the winds busy with their sweet warblings, and my pet canary's liquid notes added melody to this morning song.

My mother aroused me from my reveries by saying, "Denis, my darling, have you ever thought of striving to make a good man like George Washington—one who never told a lie, who fought successfully our battles for liberty, and who is now called the 'father of his country'? My boy, I want you to be *good* as well as great; 'tis not all gold that sparkles. Every night and morning I pray our Heavenly Father to make you a pure and useful man. And whatever you become or do, for your mother's sake be a man of truth and honor.

'The lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.'

This stanza of poetry was intended for the encouragement of boys, but it is not the purest or the highest sentiment. It refers to striving for a great name, for fame and glory; but I want you, my boy, to have nobler aspirations in life. Make your footprints on the sand, and the first rain will wash them all away; but find a poor lost man and plant within his heart the seed of everlasting hope, and the sorrows of life will only nourish it, in the midst of the pains of death it will bud, and on the shores of the New Jerusalem it will burst into full flower in the likeness of the glorious Son of God. This is true glory. To do this you must be good and develop the talents that you have. Get a thorough education; what your parents can't give you, strive for by individual efforts." Imprinting a kiss upon my lips while great crystal tears dropped from her eyes, she bade me go to play.

I rose from my little chair a different being in mind—great thoughts had possession of me. As I walked about the yard, every object was suggestive. The faithful old guard dog seemed to wish me much success in my new enterprise, and gave frequent yelps to my future greatness; the little calf, instead of galloping off, wished to join company and gave a gentle low in my praise; the huge oaks, with their great branches, beautiful foliage, and inviting shades, reminded me of the power and influence of a truly great man; the winds, instead of moaning through the leaves,

chanted sweetest melody. Passing through the first field of waving grain I came to a streamlet. I sat down upon its green mossy banks to meditate. The clear water flowed in ripples over its pebbly bottom; with my mind's eye I could see it flowing overcanopied with rhododendron and woodbine, while on its banks were fields of rice and cotton; on it flowed, widening, roaring, until it emptied into the great Atlantic; but in its flow, noise, power and magnificence, it was nothing comparable to what I then thought my influence would be, for it would reach the uttermost parts of the earth, and alleviate the sufferings of mankind. Then I turned my eyes toward the heavens and remembered that my mother had said that "they were God's throne." I watched the gilded specks of clouds chasing each other, while the great canopy remained motionless and deep blue. I shall never forget how I was impressed with the perfection of the Creator's works, and thought that surely one to be truly great must be good, and there resolved to endeavor to be good as well as great.

After such meditations (clothed here in the language of my maturer days), I walked homeward with an elastic step; I seemed to be in a different atmosphere; the wind bore the fragrant odor of spices and aloes. I was dauntless and courageous. The old shanghai was no more than a bantam; the great turkey rooster, my sworn enemy, was for the first time forgotten, the old gander with all his savage hissing never made me flinch, for I was on the high road to eminence. Not a

day passed but that I would picture to myself the great river of my influence, and for variety, I would often try various experiments to find out my special talent; I even went so far as to try preaching. I made a very respectable congregation out of the pigs, calves, colt, chickens, geese and turkeys by throwing out about a peck of corn to amuse them till I could get well under way; so selecting the fence for my pulpit, I mounted and began to deliver the freshest thing in mind, namely, the sermon of a good old Primitive Baptist preacher delivered the previous Sunday, which had three leading divisions easily remembered: Firstly, the Methodists; secondly the Prebyterians; thirdly, the Missionary Baptists, and thanking God that he had never been educated. I entered into my subject with great earnestness and a zeal altogether unknown to many of our preachers at the present day. The cackling of the chickens and geese, the gobblings of the turkeys, the grunting of the pigs, the lowing of the calves, and the neighing of the colt gave me additional zeal, until, with sleeves rolled up, the fingers of one hand rubbing against my cheek bone, and waving my handkerchief in my other hand, I far excelled my original and made a wholly inimitable discourse.

I soon found recreation of a different character. With books strapped and a good-bye kiss from mamma, I was started off to the district school. My soul was all aglow as I walked along the path overarched with grass wet with the morning dew. I was going to be a man indeed; this

thought was so precious because my darling mother had suggested it. Seated at my desk of rough pine plank, with the wind, which came through the broken window glass, tossing my hair and pinching my nose and ears, I began to devour arithmetic and grammar, and finally came to the conclusion, (first person) "I do love," for by this time I was completely bewitched by the charming glances of a sweet blue-eyed maiden, and henceforth she was the most prominent figure in all my schemes for fame. I pictured her robed in the richest colored silk, gracing my grand parlor, and at night soothing my aching brain, harassed by the multitudinous labors of the day. During this school I completely devoured *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress*. I followed Crusoe in his struggles and privations, slept with him in his little ingeniously constructed house, ate of his coarse food, climbed trees with him, standing by him saw the waves of the mad ocean roll mountain high, and then split their sides against some huge rock, and at last waved my handkerchief with him as he saw the flag of the ship of deliverance approaching. I, with my childish glee and strength, assisted Pilgrim in carrying his burden, to fight the giant, to pass the lions, and shouted hallelujah with him on beholding the Beautiful City. Yet in all my boyish struggles nothing gave me such energy and perseverance as the encouraging words from my mother every evening.

Just as the grain was becoming golden and the luscious fruits were hanging on the trees and vines, my

oldest brother returned from his first year at college. Nothing could have been more wonderful and entertaining to me than his description of college life. I could see the green campus encircling the buildings, the great trees, the merry boys at their games, the honorable professors dispensing bits of knowledge daily to their various classes, the unflinching president bringing the truants to give an account of their boyish freaks and nightly excursions into a neighbor's orchard or potato patch, and how sad each looked with five demerits to digest along with his breakfast of beef-steak and scrambled eggs. But the Literary Society took my time, for I felt an inward impression that I was intended for a public speaker. My childish heart fairly jumped into my mouth and fluttered around promiscuously while my brother was speaking of the superior advantages it afforded one to become a polished orator. I fell into begging Mamma to send me there and to persuade the good old Baptist preacher to go with me. As to my going she made and sealed her promise with a kiss, but as to persuading the other she had her doubts.

Though we retired at a late hour, it was only after long tossing on my bed that my eyelids closed and I was lost in dreamland. In my dreams I recapitulated the evening's conversation. I roamed over the college grounds, sat in the recitation rooms, took an active part in debates, and mingled my laughter with that of the noisy boys. I plunged still farther into life. As I stepped out from the college walls, an inviting horizon stretched

before me, and on it, flitting here and there, was a beautiful spirit. She drew nearer, and the radiance of her countenance dazzled me, and against the fascination of her speech I was wholly powerless. Her forehead wore a crown of matchless loveliness, and her neck a chain of shining gold, while the lustre surrounding her person awed, and the beauty charmed. Using the atmosphere as her throne, she sat still, pointing with her right hand toward a temple, "with jewels blazed, magnificence great."

"High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent and slippery the way:
The wondrous rock like Parian mable shone,
And seemed to distant sight of solid stone.
* * * * *
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires
streamed,
And lucid amber cast a golden gleam;
With various colored light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appeared the glowing throne."

Gently touching my hand, she bade me follow, having made for herself a chariot of the winds. I followed, doing obeisance to her least wish, falling into mud-holes, jumping branches, rushing through brier thickets, across valleys, over hills, never hesitating at any obstacle, but kept my eyes fixed on my white robed pilot, while her beauty was a light in my pathway. On, on, we sped, never noticing the beggar by the roadside, the wearied plowman in the field, till at last we halted at the foot of the mountain of glory. There my guide and inspiration bade me fight my way to future greatness, and, with a graceful wave of her hand, was gone! Thus deceived and left alone at the moment when help was most needed, I fainted

away from exhaustion, and naturally my bed caught me. On waking I found to my astonishment my head resting sweetly on its old pillow, and then knew that my

"Spirit guide was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament."

For months the days had passed merrily by. The great trees had lost their foliage, and their naked limbs reminded me of a giant's arms and fingers; the mountain lily had faded and the rosemary lost its fragrance; the little streams had become icy, and green herbage had withered. School had closed and I was snug at home playing with kitty and little Fido, who worried Tabby until she would teach him lessons of wisdom with her snowy paw. He would utter a pitiable whine and crouch down at my feet, and look wishfully into my face for sympathy.

'Twas midnight, and the clock on the mantlepiece had just chimed out the hour, when I was hurried from my room to my mother's. The February winds were howling around the house and constantly knocking at the door for admittance. The earth was wrapped in a mantle of snow, the trees had on a garment of the purest white, while the wind moaned and the vacant space was deathly dark. But this was nothing compared to the chilling storm which swept over my soul, when, at that evil hour, I held the hand of my dying mother. Speechless, she turned her deep blue eyes to mine and then to heaven, and was—no more! My hopes and my life seemed to have been cast to atoms,

like an air-castle hurled against a crag; my aspirations melted away before this blast as a honeysuckle withers under October's frost. No one, no thoughts could then comfort me, but I spent my strength, like the winds, in bitter wailings.

"And then I lived—O wherefor did I live?
And with what pangs I prayed to be no more."

The following morning was one of rare beauty. The winds had been calmed; the sun, ever faithful to his duty, had risen, and his rays, sent through the broken windows of cloud, were like golden arrows shot obliquely over hills and valleys, while the icicles clinging to the branches of the trees were "like tremulous diamonds in the delicate sky." For contrast, the white mist which had lain like glaciers on the dimples of the little hills, was scattered and lost in the reflected glory of the western horizon. All was smiles without, but within horrible Death hung like a pall of night, and looked upon me with awful frowns. The grave, sobs, and a broken heart were all that I had left, and I began to sink when my father's strong arms caught me, folded me to his bosom, and called me his only joy. While I sat up, leaning my throbbing head on his protecting arm, all my mother's words rushed upon my mind with double meaning, and I whispered, "She is gone, but yet she lives;—and I too will live!" I exclaimed, rising.

Twelve years have rolled by and carried with them many tears and bitter struggles over the complex problems of life. College days are almost over—only one more year of tear-

ing up Greek roots and measuring the height of the mountains on the moon by John Napier's logarithms. So before stepping upon the last round, I desired to revisit the old homestead and view again the saddest visible memento of my angel mother—her grave.

Twilight was just melting into a lovely moonlight as I reached the play-grounds of the schoolhouse where I first learned to spell "baker" and "shady." The great oaks were still standing, whose boughs, so often in the old days casting restful and cooling shade for the frolicking boys weary of "ball" or "base," were only used by the tomtits and sparrows for hiding their nests and by the winds for singing their lullabies. The house was left desolate, and the moonbeams stealing through the crevices pictured ghostly spectres upon the floor; the screech-owl trilled while the rats and mice danced about the vacant room. The house was hid to the windows by a rank growth of weeds, in which the frogs hopped and the rabbits hid; to complete the picture of desolation, a lonely whooper-will's call sounded from the roof. Passing by this memorable spot while the sweet associations of the past crowded my mind, and kneeling down by a well known mound, I watched the teardrops which had fallen upon the tombstone glisten in the silver moonlight. At last, entering the old home of my boyhood days, I went to my little room and sought to quiet my brain which had been so completely overwhelmed by an ocean of thought.

Morning! the lark was upon the

wing, and all the birds of song were gay when the sound of the breakfast bell stole to my ears through the key-hole in my door. In the same old dining room I had feasted in days gone by upon many a well prepared fowl, but now while my appetite was satiated on smoking, tangible food, my mind was occupied with the intangible—thoughts of other days and other faces. Time had wrought its changes upon my old play-grounds and demolished my tiny play-houses. Walking over the premises I could readily mark out the spots of my childish sports. I sat down for a few moments on the green banks of the spring branch, which murmured softly at my feet, and wound around the little hill, whimpering among reeds, and rushes, and was overhung with a profusion of wild flowers and aromatic shrubs; then I bade my newly made friends adieu.

Before closing the gate upon this hallowed place, I paused to think: Part of my childish dreams had been realized; could I waste the remainder of life in vanity? Standing in the shadow of an angel mother, in the presence of the silver locks of an honorable and affectionate father, while in the East the star of ancient civilization and intelligence, shining with all the accumulated lustre of the ages, had risen and united with the mid-day sun of the wonderful present, and so covered the earth with a golden sheen:—what other inspiration could a manly soul desire?

* * * "Can it be
That these fine impulses, these lofty thoughts
Burning with their own beauty, are but given
To make me the low slave of vanity?"

COMING DAYS CAN ONLY TELL.

DENIS BOZ.

MAN THE SOCIAL ANIMAL.

[Continued from last number.]

We have discovered there is confusion in the domain of advanced thought with respect to the origin of life. Upon the one hand, Hollick says, "Nothing is needed but matter and the forces inherent in it, to account for all the life that is found on the earth, of every kind;" upon the other hand, Hempel asserts, "The material organism connects man with physical nature; of itself it is dead. The spiritual organism, to which the

former serves as a vehicle or instrument for vital manifestations, connects man with the spiritual world, which is the only living world, the grand esse, the world of essential substances, which by their action upon material nature, achieve an unceasing creation, and develop and perpetuate nature's individualities." Haeckel exclaims, "There is no God but force!"—Dr. McCosh replies, "There is no force but God!"

The readers of THE STUDENT cling, of course, with uncompromising tenacity of belief to the sublime Theism of the Bible.

The noblest work of God which under present conditions we may contemplate is Man. "So God created man in his own image." Lord Bacon says, "He who resolves to do every duty is immediately conscious of the presence of the gods,"—

"So close is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man."

We have seen that speech—as defined in the previous article—is "a distinctively human element," and I have asserted that

Eloquence

is its highest form. Sustained eloquence is exceedingly rare. Almost all public speakers are at intervals eloquent. A great thought comes like an inspiration, a noble emotion springs from a sacred fountain suddenly unsealed, and the man is lifted into a region far beyond the reach of his ordinary capacity. But how long will he stay there? do his lungs breathe naturally that rarified element? do his hearers, ceasing to marvel, resign themselves to the orator's magic with a certain *home-like-feeling* even while treading along the loftiest peaks of genius?—"That is eloquence," whispered the good and great Dr. Jeter while a young man was speaking fluently before a Virginia convention; but I venture to suggest that had it been eloquence the venerable Doctor would have made no comment, just then. Scott makes Queen Caroline, in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, say of Jeanie's fine speech "This is eloquence,"—and we at once know that it was no such thing.

A good illustration in point is given by Dr. Mathews in his admirable work on *Oratory and Orators*: "Effie, when she intreats Sharpitlaw to allow her to see her sister, is eloquent; and his answer accordingly betrays perfect unconsciousness that she has been so. 'You shall see your sister,' he began, 'if you tell me'—then, interrupting himself, he added, in a hurried tone, 'no you shall see your sister, whether you tell me or no.'"

In some respects the greatest speech I have ever heard was delivered by Senator Lamar of Mississippi, when under censure for having refused to obey the instruction of the Legislature of his State which had sought to control his vote in the United States Senate. After that matchless vindication—which held the vast multitude, as if spell-bound, for three hours—no one thought of conveying the information to his friend that the argument was able and the speaker transcendently eloquent;—one sentiment, and one alone, found expression in tersest form: "Lamar was *right*." The noblest specimens of eloquence are produced when all the three conditions given by Webster are present,—the *man*, the *subject*, and the *occasion*. I think the sense of danger, of some sort, to a brave heart, is the most favorable incentive to eloquence. The sermon by the Rev. Dr. Ellis before the Southern Baptist Convention at Augusta, was eloquent. The fact that the famous pulpit orator, Dr. Richard Fuller, had preached from the same text under similar circumstances and achieved one of his noblest triumphs, while

enough to paralyze with apprehension an ordinary speaker, was a tremendous advantage—by way of incentive—in the really great orator conscious of his power. In truth, no one is even entitled to be called Eloquent until he has been carried by a mighty incentive, appealing to latent forces of mind, beyond the sphere of every-day capacity, and is feeling the bounding pulse of a new life; a life which may be transient, but which will come into being Minerva-like, erect, mature, and armed at every point. The schools can impart the trick of rhetoric, not the power of eloquence.

Yet training is vastly helpful. With the orator there is something back of all systems which in the supreme moment seizes upon them and gives us the consummate fusion. "If there is any art of which *celare artem* is the basis, it is this." To see one "act a theatrical part," as Walpole charged young Pitt with doing, while discussing a vitally important question, excites disgust or indignation; to be persuaded that a speaker is more concerned for the roll of his *r's* than for the purity or strength of his thought, destroys oratorical effect. Indeed, the great orator, "borne on the tide of words along," is superior to such trammels. The mind has caught an automatic movement, the body has yielded its every part to the dominion of a delicious spell, and the man is more an instrument or vehicle than

an agent. By the automatic movement of the mind I mean that marvellous sublimation which enables a speaker in the transport of oratorical power to acquire a momentum which of itself will run the machinery of the mind more harmoniously and accurately than the most deliberate and labored effort possibly could.

How is this? Well, there is a good deal in high excitement to string up the soul, and there is a good deal more in sympathy. All eloquence is a product of man's social nature. Its source is sympathy. Dr. Lipscomb says truly, "People of special adaptability to our needs draw us magnetically to themselves; but they do not prostrate us at their feet, nor humble us into adulation, nor alienate us from our genuine selves"—they develop what is best in us; and this is equally true of audiences. The speaker catches at once the subtle influence, and will respond in proportion as he is endowed with the fine sensitiveness of the orator.

What a wonderful thing the brain is!—turn to the 286th page of Dalton's *Physiology and Hygiene*, and read: "Beneath the folded coverings of its gray matter there are pillars and vaults and curtains and galleries and passage-ways; * * * and many of these automatic parts have uses which are still unknown to us."

HENRY W. BATTLE.

LOST POWER.

I mean to use the word Power here only in the sense of capacity to produce results. The inestimable value of such power is seen in what it has done and is still doing for the world. Herein is also occasion to deplore its loss.

1. Power is lost by failure to develop it where it might have been developed. If any one doubts that undeveloped power could be considered as lost, there are two things about it which I would bring to his notice: First, it might have been used; and secondly, it was not used. Now surely anything is lost concerning which these two facts are true. Whatever may be said of the losses of power in the outer world by reason of its not being developed, a sad thing certainly is the loss of *human* power. This fails to be developed in several ways, some of which please think of for awhile.

1. It occurs sometimes for want of opportunity on the part of the one who has the germ of power in him. While I believe that every person who is worthy of having all his powers thoroughly developed can develop them to a considerable extent, yet I am not prepared to subscribe to the idea, that, in our day, every person can have the opportunity of cultivating his *mental* powers, especially as far as he is worthy. There is, no doubt, talent lying dormant in hundreds of young men in our State, which, if it had a chance to be cultivated to the best advantage, would

startle the world. Those who are interested and engaged in pushing forward the "The Student's Aid Association" may, I think, justly feel proud of the work and greatly encouraged in it, as it is an institution designed to save *human* power.

2. Others fail to develop their powers for lack of will force. Few, doubtless, fail for want of opportunity, in comparison with those who fail because they will not use the opportunities afforded them. They will not be on the lookout for every opening and even search for openings, and will not make them when it is really possible. The will is in the way. The distaste for work, the desire for ease and the feelings generally, influencing the will, shut out all encouragement to earnest work, and old-fashioned laziness reigns supreme. It is wonderful how the obstacles fly when a person can say "I will," and stand by it.

3. A large amount of power is lost, because those who might wield it don't develop it for want of stability and perseverance. Starting in a new work, taking up a new book, for example, it looks hard to one, and, not seeing how it possibly can be learned, he is inclined very naturally to say "I can't come it." Now this, continued in, closes and bars the door of success to him forever. Go out of a lighted room into a dark one, and it seems at first very dark. If you shut your eyes right fast, it will continue

so. But opening your eyes, the pupil will enlarge, and you will be sure to discern objects more and more distinctly. How many pearls have been lost by not digging a little further! How much power is lost to the world because men have not continued to develop it in themselves a little longer, even though it may have seemed next to impossible!

4. Lastly, it fails to be developed for want of a purpose in life. Men may have the three preceding characteristics, but if a purpose is wanting, they are like men beating the air, striking at everything in general and nothing in particular. The best way to save power is for a person to have a purpose worthy of a man, and powerful enough to make him put forth all his energy for its advancement and to absorb each mite of power as it is developed in him.

II. Power is lost when it is developed and not utilized.

1. Such is the waste of power in the steam-engine. It is said that only about twenty per cent. of the energy of the fuel consumed ever reaches the point where it is to be used. And only sixty-five per cent. of the steam given to the engine, in the best condensers, is really brought into use.

2. Wonderful is the amount of water power in this and other States unused.

3. The extent to which the power of the sun's rays has been lost will,

perhaps, be felt when this power shall be more fully utilized. And the same will be true of the air, if it shall ever be practically navigable.

4. Human power, invaluable as it is, is also lost profusely in this way. Much muscular power is wasted by failing to bring to its aid brain power.

a. Farmers lose much by not thinking more, and adopting the most improved modes of farming and implements. The poor labor-worn harvestman is often seen bending to his scythe, whereas he ought to be driving the improved reaper. Horses are yet seen drawing at the lever where the steam-engine ought to be placed.

b. Eloquence is a power. But that is sometimes destroyed as it is developed. For example, a young man once said that he might get up the best speech he could for his girl, and she would kill it all with one word.

c. Power is lost by the misconduct of the one who possesses it. I have in mind a man now who was once exerting a wonderful power for good as a teacher. But now he lies, like a mighty ship, stranded on the rocky shores of time, because he was overcome and unfitted for the work by yielding to King Alcohol.

The possession of power gives us a sense of joy. By it alone can we be useful. Would one be useful and happy, let him develop and save all the power he can. T. C. BRITTON.

REPORT OF TRUSTEES OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

[Adopted by the Baptist State Convention, November 14, 1885.]

During the Conventional year now closing there has been a gratifying change in the condition of our College.

The new President has shown himself fully equal to the requirements of the important office to which he was elected just a year ago. His administration has been characterized by great wisdom, by unflagging zeal and energy, and by the most delicate tact in handling the difficult and perplexing questions pertaining to his position. The other members of the Faculty have co-operated with him very heartily in all things. It would be hard to find elsewhere a body of men, of rare ability and ripe scholarship, devoting themselves with such harmony and singleness of heart to the great work which has been given them to do.

The patronage shows an increase of twenty-four per cent. during the present session. The whole number of students in actual attendance is 157, the largest number ever present during a fall session. The health and deportment of the young men have been good. They are devoting themselves with great industry and enthusiasm to the prosecution of their studies. Notwithstanding the failure of the crops throughout the eastern portion of the State and the low price of cotton, the indications are that the number of young men now in attendance will be considerably increased during the spring session.

The present endowment, bearing interest, is \$102,999.82. All this money is securely invested. Besides this there are two buildings valued at \$12,000 each. A third building, with library and apparatus, is valued at \$18,000, making \$42,000 in buildings, etc. These buildings are all in good condition and insured in safe companies. Within the last twelve months additions to the amount of \$800, mainly with the view of fitting up a laboratory and equipping the department of analytical chemistry, which is now in successful operation, have been made. There is a floating debt of \$7,100, created before the raising of the present endowment; but this amount is covered by \$11,000 of assets, amply sufficient to pay the debt.

The prospects of our College are in many respects inspiring. The Baptists of the State are now more than ever united and enthusiastic in their devotion to it, as is shown by the endowment which they have given out of their poverty, and by the steady and increasing patronage which they are bestowing upon it. Nor is this devotion unmerited. The alumni, filling positions of honor and usefulness, and achieving success in the walks of business and professional life in our own State and in other States, justify the belief that the institution which they have founded is worthy of their toils, their gifts, their confidence, and their love.

We call attention to one shadow which lies across the path of our College and of other similar institutions in the State: the policy of the State in reference to college education. The State institution at Chapel Hill covers substantially the same ground and, conferring substantially the same degrees, is the rival of the other colleges in the State. Not content with the advantage which accrues from the prestige of a State institution, it has been three times in succession recommended by the Governors of the State that tuition be made free at the State college. There is no indication that this purpose has been abandoned. The Baptists of North Carolina are therefore confronted by the prospect

of this state of things, if the wishes of the authorities are carried out. The Baptists of the State, after having invested a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to carry on the business of college education, meet the State as a rival on the same field.

In this view of the case it becomes our duty to utter our emphatic protest. We are also called on to labor with fresh zeal and energy for our College. It fills a place absolutely essential to the highest measure of prosperity and usefulness of the denomination and of great importance to the work.

J. D. HUFHAM,

C. DURHAM,

G. W. BLOUNT,

Committee.

IDEALS NEVER REALIZED.

Ideal life is vastly different from real life; and the sooner that he who indulges too freely in building air-castles, painting ideal pictures of life, realizes this important truth, the better it will be for him and for the world.

Among the young men filling our colleges it is no unusual thing to hear many of them relate time and again their opinion of life—the different professions and occupations that attract the attention of men—what they think of each, and finally conclude by imparting the very important information to their friends of what they intend to become after completing a course of study at college. Those

who do not express themselves have doubtless had the matter all mapped out in their own minds by imagination's busy pencil, and with bright anticipations are waiting only for the year to come that will unlock the door, and bid them enter upon the active duties of life, and learn what it means to live.

The idea that most young men have of the active, busy world, and the roads therein leading to success, is preconceived, and for the most part erroneous; especially is this the case with the college student. His ideas of life, to say the least, are superficial. The greatest struggle of all, he thinks, consists in surmounting the obstacles

attendant upon a regular college course; and with unfeigned delight he anticipates the coming years, and projects himself into the great future to try, in a figurative sense at least, the grave responsibilities of life. It is this tendency of the student to give himself over to such pleasing infatuations, and to allow them to unduly influence him, and the evil resulting from it, that I desire especially to censure.

Sitting in his room in a dreamy mood, with no opposing element save the howling winds that steal through the key-hole, and the mournful sound of the creaking branches of the trees as they are swayed to and fro by the wind, our hero takes up the pleasant task of ideal painting. Who has not paused a moment amid the busy scenes of college life to peer into the misty future, and paint for himself a bright picture of life glowing in every shade with great success? Its pleasing effects need no comment. All know full well who have tried to excel in this peculiar art; and those who have not must wait and learn from experience. But to our young painter the college course has been completed. No more new ground in Greece to be cleared by him; Greek verbs and Latin constructions have all been met and conquered; logarithms, differentiating and intergrating numbers have had the proper attention paid to them, and as a finished, polished student, diploma in hand, he stands just on the threshold of active life, ready to step out of boyhood and school-days into manhood, and great responsibilities.

His appearance in the business of the world has created quite a sensation. Men of every calling stop amid the press of business to give the newcomer a friendly salutation and assure him that success is just ahead; that thousands of the world's best men have been looking anxiously and longing for his appearance among them. Men of influence meet him on every side, and kindly offer any needed assistance; and our hero, sailing on flowery pinions of ease, greatly enjoys his first experience. If he chooses the law as a profession, success is certain. His talent and quick perception are an earnest of his future greatness and unparalleled success. All the distinguished men of the bar feel at once that in him they have a worthy rival and are justly proud of such an accession to the legal profession. His name as "Attorney-at-law" is all that is necessary to attract great numbers to his office. With cases of the most intricate nature, his whole time is employed in preparing defences of clients. Thus far nothing but success has been experienced, but the ideal is incomplete, the capstone beautifully polished needs yet to be placed upon the ideal to make it "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever." So our hero makes one more step. Love for country, intensified by an ardent ambition for fame, has been gently whispering in his ear that his services as a statesman would be highly profitable to the country; that he is the very man to mould popular sentiment and control the views of the masses.

There will be no trouble about his election; his ability and reputation

have already become proverbial, and his acceptance of the highest office within the gift of the people, would only be rendering them the greatest kindness. How the world ever contrived to manage its affairs before his advent is a problem for which science can furnish no solution satisfactory to his own mind. His voice is heard in the Senate chamber of the Nation. Multitudes are swayed by his eloquence, and wonderfully influenced by his writings. Thus the acme of political glory is reached, and our hero's first painting is complete.

Again he dreams, and this time as before imagination's busy brush paints upon the tablet of the heart his thoughts as they chase each other through the chambers of the mind. This time another course is presented, and medicine is the profession that is chosen; this certainly is the most pleasing and congenial to his feelings of all the professions. Naturally he is gifted as a physician, and the multitude of medical scholars are not slow to discover this, and willingly admit him to the pleasures and disappointments of their profession, and allow him to share their confidence in the greatest degree. Success attends every effort and his reputation is noised abroad through all the land. As a medical adviser, or presiding officer of medical associations, he has no equal. "Room at the top" was the motto with which he started, but long since the top has been reached, and with a kind of contemptuous pride he looks down from his lofty position upon all other men of his profession as mere pigmies. Among great physicians he is the greatest.

Or the ideal may be painted with reference to any other vocation of life, and here as before our hero stands alone, towering far above all other men of similar vocation with himself, both in point of intellect and attainments. Happy delusion this! And base the man who having the power would, by untimely revelations or a simple statement of facts, attempt to blur the beauty of the picture so exquisitely executed!

If this mysterious spell could always remain upon the youth, and these strange delusions never be broken, then heartless indeed would be the man, who wantonly or otherwise would rob the happy dreamer of the joys which these musings bring. But since the contrary is the fact in the case, and circumstances sooner or later, whether words do or not, will reveal the true story of life, these friendly admonitions to return from "Dreamland" and live in the living active present, should be received as messengers of love and disinterested earnestness concerning him who has been dreaming so long.

Many brave hearts and energetic minds have been crushed in the beginning of life for the want of a proper knowledge of the affairs of the world. The one who has been fostering these pleasing infatuations of which mention has been made, and is totally ignorant of the real difficulties of life, is not prepared to protect himself from the chilling blasts of misfortune and adversity. And when dark clouds, hanging like mighty death spells over all his brightest hopes, seem destined to burst in all their fury, and submerge

these happy dreams, naturally enough he is conquered and sinks under the overwhelming powers of fate; whereas, if he had been taught that he who would succeed well in life, must labor arduously and wait through the coming years for results, not becoming discouraged because of reverses, but receiving these even as incentives to greater struggles for success, he might have ultimately surmounted all obstacles in the way of a successful and prosperous journey through life.

O happy dreamer, these very tendencies to paint life in glowing colors, never stopping to observe the shades here and there, like the Sirens' charming music alluring the thoughtless mariner to destructive shores, are wafting your little bark down the stream of time to be stranded at last upon that mysterious shore from whence came those pleasant dreams. For upon entering life's active walks you will find life real and earnest, vastly different from the representation in your ideal painting. Men will not flock around you to win your favor as you had supposed, and your

finances will not be so greatly augmented as you had fondly dreamed they would be while you were enduring at college privations of the severest nature. Thousands of young men active, talented, and well equipped for the struggles of life, are by strenuous efforts gradually rising to eminence and distinction. Long since they have discovered that living meant vastly more than they had ever dreamed of, before entering upon the responsibilities of life, and divesting the mind of all such pleasant, yet unfriendly delusions, they have begun life in earnest.

Practical views, persistent application, must yield as their peaceful fruit the greatest success possible. There are no easy places in life, and he who would win enduring success, and dying leave an ever-blessed memory behind must lay hold in earnest and meet life's demands and exigencies in a noble and manly way.

“Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.”

W. F. WATSON.

EDITORIAL.

WAKE FOREST MEN.

There are two classes of them, viz., those who represent the College and those who do not. The public has a right to consider the graduates of Wake Forest its proper representatives. Since its first class in 1839 there have been of these two hundred and fifty-nine, filling and adorning the various callings of life in North Carolina and other States. And yet the public will doubtless readily admit the possibility of mistake on the part of the College in conferring diplomas upon applicants in some respects unworthy of them. It would, indeed, be quite marvellous if during so long a term of years no such mistake had been made, no graduate in all the list failing to represent fairly the breadth and thoroughness of the culture obtainable here.

On the other hand, unfortunately for the reputation of Wake Forest (and of other colleges as well), the public sometimes fails to make the distinction between the graduate and the student of one or two sessions. The latter is called a Wake Forest man as well as the former. In very many cases he has been faithful and successful as far as he has gone, and is entitled to that credit, often supplementing the interrupted college course by subsequent study, and so winning respect and confidence everywhere as an educated man. In other cases, he

has failed sadly, whether from incapacity or from lack of application. Manifestly it is not fair to regard such a man as a representative of the work of the College, and, to put it mildly, it is of doubtful propriety for such a man seeking employment to call himself a Wake Forest man.

It will be understood that this is no apology. There is no occasion for apology. It is only meant to call the attention of the public to an obvious and an important distinction.

W. L. P.

THE STATE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

In Europe technological schools have long been recognized as necessities, but here in the South their incalculable benefits have been unnoticed. An industrial school in North Carolina would be a novel feature. We have no skilled labor to utilize the abundance of natural wealth so liberally bestowed by Providence upon this favored land. It is hardly too much to say that there are not three native North Carolinians in the State who could build a bridge over the Neuse. As a natural result of the absence of skilled labor, the sharp Yankee is reaping at our very doors the benefits which we could and must obtain. At last the Board of Agriculture, which had hitherto been considered a rather *dubium bonum*, awoke to

a knowledge of the great possibilities for good in an industrial school, and through its exertions an act of the Legislature was obtained empowering the Board to locate in any place which should offer sufficient pecuniary inducement, an industrial school in which should be taught wood-work, mining, metallurgy, etc.

In accordance with this act, the Board advertised for proposals, but up to this time Raleigh is the only town or city which has showed sufficient interest in the matter to comply with the conditions of appropriation, and it is not yet certain that Raleigh will do so, though she seems to be in earnest. At a mass-meeting held under the auspices of the most intelligent citizens of that enterprising city, buildings and lots were donated, and it was the universal sense of the meeting that the school should be established in Raleigh. Since Raleigh is the only place to manifest any vim and interest in the subject, there should be no bickerings about the location, but the whole State should furnish aid and encouragement, as the benefits will not be gained by Raleigh alone, but by the State at large.

There is no one thing which could be accomplished at the same expense and do more towards the material welfare of the State. A well-equipped and thorough technological school would wield a most powerful and lasting influence. It would yearly turn out trained, practical workmen of all kinds who would not "wait for something to turn up," but who, trained to and proud of their work, would become powerful and active agents in

the development which must be in store for such a highly favored country as the Old North State.

R. H. W.

COLLEGE PAPERS.

The value of college papers is manifested by their rapid increase in number, and by the hearty support and recommendation given by those who are most zealous in the cause of higher education. It is highly probable, however, that the purposes for which college papers are designed are not all generally known.

The first distinct object is to furnish an opportunity for students to exercise their powers in journalism, and to encourage them to efforts in this kind of work. When any one is writing an article to be read by the public, he will naturally endeavor to express himself in the most easy and graceful style; and he will examine the best journals and papers of the day, in order that he may get suggestions that will aid him. And if he assumes the management of a paper himself, his capacity for literary work will be developed and enlarged by the very healthful exercise required in that position.

The clumsy style in which a large portion of the matter which floods our papers, is written, proves clearly the necessity of higher attainments in this branch of education. The idea that if any one thoroughly understands anything he can express it, is misleading. Granting this to be true, unless he has had thorough training in the art of writing, he will

be entirely too verbose. Verbosity is now one of the most prevalent failings among writers. There is no lack of written matter. Books and papers are everywhere in abundance; every one of which, perhaps, contains some gems of thought, but they are so completely wrapped up in a multitude of words that it requires an immense amount of reading to find them. *Multum in parvo* is the demand of our times; and since the prevalent style does not satisfy that demand, it is obligatory upon our colleges to provide for the deficit. The college magazines, therefore, have sprung up to supply this demand in education. They are edited and managed by the under-graduates themselves, though under the cognizance and generally with the assistance of an alumnus.

Another object of college papers is to make known the kind of training the colleges give, and to keep constantly before the minds of the people the character of their work in general. The friends of a college may speak too highly in its favor; its enemies may undervalue and misrepresent it, but the productions of the students themselves will tell in unmistakable language its real value. The quality of one's literary productions is an excellent index to his education. The extent of his knowledge, and his ability to use it, the range of the views and aspirations incited by his training, will all be more or less indicated in his writings. The moral tone of the school, too, which is becoming more and more a subject of consideration with men who have children to educate, is sure to find its way into the writings of the students.

The third object is to encourage more people to engage in the work of higher education. There are hundreds and thousands who are not specially interested in the work of education, but are always pleased to hear of advancement in that direction. These people are living peaceably, quietly, and happily in their comfortable and sometimes prosperous homes, and have not felt the necessity of thorough education. They have been too little concerned to learn that their aid in this work is particularly desired. Our college magazines, fresh from the centres of education, and filled with the spirit that is triumphantly battling against ignorance and superstition, are, perhaps, one of the very best means of arousing such people and drawing them into the work. Every issue is a pulsation that vibrates throughout the extent of its circulation, constantly calling the attention of its readers to the college and stimulating them to avail themselves of its advantages. It is remarkable, that wherever a college paper goes, there will be found earnest patrons of that college; and as its circulation increases the patronage increases in the same ratio. It is highly important, therefore, that the friends of our colleges should spread the circulation of their papers as far as possible.

O. F. T.

PHYSICAL CULTURE IN COLLEGES.

The physician tells his patient that if he wishes to convalesce in the shortest time possible, he must be regular in his habits, especially of eat-

ing, sleeping, and exercising. If the observance of these rules is necessary to a speedy recovery of health, is it not also essential to its preservation? Yet many college students forget their physical man in their efforts to receive mental strength, and, by violating the simplest laws of health, leave college physically weaker. They regulate the supply of work by the demand or need for it, and not by the power to produce it, and never take into consideration the necessity of exercise, which is so necessary to the growth and proper development of every member of the body, and without which health and life itself are sacrificed.

The Greeks attached so much importance to physical exercise that no youth's education was complete unless he was a proficient in gymnastics.

They were not ignorant of the truth in the maxim *sana mens in sano corpore*. And we find that their greatest orators, statesmen, poets, and warriors were renowned for their strength. The Germans also pay a great deal of attention to the physical culture of the youth, and the result is they are a healthy, hardy people. They educate a man so as to bring out that life-power that is born in him, and the result of this regard for nature's laws is that the longevity of the people is remarkable. Among the professors of German universities are more than one hundred and fifty who are between seventy and ninety years old, and who are yet hale and energetic.

The statistics of Mr. W. G. Anderson, Instructor in Physical Training in Delphi Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y.,

in which the average height, weight, and lung capacity of those daily drilled in calisthenics and gymnastics in that academy, are compared with those of the boys and girls of the Boston public schools, and the same of England's public schools, prove that physical training is of much importance in the education of the young. The figures show a great advantage on the side of the scholars in the academy in every case.

"By the time the junior year is reached many students are broken down in their health, and many lives are sacrificed," said the president of an American college a few years ago. Soon after, a department of physical education and hygiene was established, and now the average per cent. of sickness in the senior class at that institution is lower than that of any other class, and the average for each student during the year is only 2.65 day's absence for sickness. And in our own institution we see that those who take the proper kind of exercise regularly are very much benefited.

But while we realize the importance of physical exercise, and would urge every one not to neglect the development of his physical man, yet it should not be forgotten that this is not our primary object in going to college.

No one can train himself for a boat race, prepare for a match-game, and study Juvenal at the same time. How seldom do we pick up a Northern paper but that we see "Match-Game of Foot-Ball," "Tennis," etc. Why, at one of the leading colleges in this country it costs annually \$7,000 to keep up the boat club, \$15,000 for the

ball nine, and \$2,000 for a "foot-ball team." And the result of this "boating," playing match-games, etc., at the expense of their studies is that the athletes do not generally attain the first grade of scholarship, and the most of them "gravitate to the lowest grade." Men of worth believe in athletics, but they also believe in brains. And when they want a man to fill some responsible position they do not generally inquire whether he was a good base-ball player, or a distinguished boatman.

Most institutions of learning in this country of much note have a gymnasium. But it is to be regretted that some of them are of but little real advantage, since they have no directors. It need not be expected that students will take the kind of exercise they most need, where there is no teacher. The Greeks must have had instructors in gymnastics, since Socrates, when referring to one who practised gymnastics, speaks of the "teacher of the exercises."

No gymnasium is complete without a teacher of gymnastics to point out the kind of exercise each man needs.

J. S.

COLLEGE MEDALS.

The propriety of giving medals in schools has been questioned by some. Are there no objections to be found against that custom? Is there not some reason for the objections made by the anti-medalists? It has been said that medals do not cause much good to be done, as but very few boys

ever contend for them, and, therefore, they do not accomplish that for which they are intended. That many who do have an ambition and courage enough to make an effort to obtain one, miss it, and after all of their endeavors they lose their health, because they have exerted all their strength and have kept their nerves so constantly under tension in the great excitement of the struggle. Their minds become wholly absorbed in one study, and they lose sight of things possibly of greater importance.

Some objectors say that it might pay, if the course of study was in the right direction and such studies were pursued as would give materials which could be employed when the student has begun his life work.

On the other hand, is there no real, practical good to be derived from offering inducements to young men in order to excite and urge them to perform a greater and nobler work and to do that which they would probably not have done, had there been no such inducement placed before them. It is true that the health of some has been impaired by the strenuous efforts put forth, but in all the vocations of life there have been men who have over-worked themselves and thereby injured their health. A vain delusion this, that just because only a few have manhood and courage enough to contend for the prizes of intellectual superiority, they should not be offered at all. For go wherever you will, you will find that the most important offices of the government, the exalted positions in our colleges and pulpits are occupied by men with singleness

of purpose and stability of character and vigor of intellect, which, doubtless, have been cultivated in them by such stimuli—such inducements. How many men there are who are filling honorable positions to-day, which they might not have occupied had it not been for something which stirred up within them a stronger desire to know that which is real and which will prove itself to be to them an everlasting good—something which changed the whole tenor of their lives.

But then if they do pursue a course of study for which they will have no need in their subsequent career, the time will not be ill spent; for it may prove the only nourishment which the mind needs to strengthen it for its future work. Then, if a medal of small value will stimulate a man to be a *man*, and live in such a way that he will be a blessing to mankind, is it not of incalculable benefit to him?

J. W. W.

CURRENT TOPICS.

HANGED AT LAST.—In 1869, when the Dominion of Canada was formed by bringing nearly all the British provinces into a confederation, the Hudson Bay Company transferred their dominion over the North-west to the Canadian government. And in the arrangements certain land rights of the half-breeds were disregarded. When the government sent William McDougall, as governor, to control the province of Manitoba, a half-breed named Louis David Riel, placed himself at the head of a band of his followers and resisted the entrance of the governor, demanding that a guarantee should be given them that their rights would be protected. The rebellion was soon suppressed by General Wolseley, and Riel fled to the United States in consequence of a reward being offered for his head. A settlement was made in 1870, and Riel was permitted to return to the leadership

of his people. In the settlement representation in the parliament was granted them. A bill of rights was to be passed by the parliament. After 1872 Riel remained with his people, except when he went to the East as representative elect to the Ottawa parliament.

The protection promised to the people applied only to Manitoba; but many thousand new settlers dwelt far up the Suskatchewan river, who demanded the same rights. The promised bill of rights was never passed by the parliament, and the inhabitants suffered much at the hands of the government. Little by little their lands slipped from them. So, some time in last March Riel, the idol of the half-breeds, bound them to him by his eloquence and courage, and again led a revolt. After some reverses General Middleton succeeded in suppressing the rebellion, and on the

15th of May Louis Riel was made his prisoner.

The Dominion scarcely knew what to do with its captive. The French-Canadians and half-breeds were so enthusiastic in behalf of the cause for which Riel fought that to hang him would widen the gulf between the two races in Canada, and render it impossible to ever unite them in feelings of concert. To let him go would raise a storm among those who opposed him. But after much delay and doubt, owing to the great excitement which filled all Canada for the few last months, his doom was fixed, and Louis Riel was hanged at Regina on the 16th of last month.

He said that he had been sent by God to free the half-breeds, and that he would rise on the third day after his death and be allowed to liberate them from oppression. His counsel tried to save him on a plea of insanity, but all in vain. The French-Canadians and half-breeds have run almost wild over the subject, and they are causing much trouble in Canada now. The difficulties between the two races have grown to such immensity by Riel's death that time itself will scarcely obliterate it.

GENERAL McCLELLAN.—One by one the great leaders who met each other on the field of carnage during the late war, have fallen asleep in death. It is remarkable that within twenty years after the war all its great commanders have passed into eternity.

On October 29th General George Brinton McClellan, the noblest of all the Federal Generals, passed away. He was the last of all the commanders

of both armies to meet this common fate. Born at Philadelphia, December 13, 1826, after spending four years at West Point he graduated second in a class of fifty-nine in 1846. He immediately entered active service in the Mexican war. For his gallantry there, he was brevetted as first-lieutenant and captain. He rendered very efficient service as an engineer and a soldier in very important public operations and surveys from that time till the beginning of the late war. Here it was that he displayed his truest and noblest qualities. As an organizer of armies, there was none to excel him; as a leader, there was none more chivalrous and considerate; as a warrior, there was none more humane and Christian-like; as an American citizen, none had a higher sense of obligation.

His idea of conducting the war was too much in accordance with our advanced civilization and Christianity to give him a name highest on the roll of distinction. Many bitter partizans mistook his nobility of character for disloyalty. In the early part of the war, he rose rapidly to the position of commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. He was not unscrupulously ambitious, and therefore did not carry out the military operations as directed by the amateurs at Washington. He was, therefore, checkmated, superseded, and finally forced out of service altogether.

But when future historians shall weigh him in an impartial balance with his contemporaries, those soldierly qualities which enabled him to create the Army of the Potomac from

nothing and face the grandest and best disciplined army ever marshalled on this continent under General Lee, will give him a place where he belongs. He labored five years himself in writing a history of his own campaigns, which he had not yet completed before his departure for Europe, but on his return in 1868, he was met with the shocking news that all his property, with his manuscripts, had just been consumed by fire.

ISLAND CITY BURNED.—Following close on the heels of the recent great strike which is said to have inflicted a loss of \$400,000 on Galveston, Texas, a great fire swept through the city on Nov. 13, destroying about \$8,000,000 worth of property. One thousand families lost their homes, and four thousand sufferers were thrown upon the charity of the world. The place where the dwellings of millionaires stood now presents the grim aspect of a forest of chimneys. At first mayor Fulton announced to the world that Galveston would be able to care for her sufferers, but upon further investigation, he found that thousands of poor people had nothing left but the clothes they had on, and in view of the approaching winter the wants of the suffering compelled him to accept the voluntary aid so generously offered.

The fire did not pass through the business part of the city; but forty blocks of the fairest portion were licked up by the awful flames which were propelled in terrific swirls by a screaming gale that swept over the city at a velocity of sixty miles an hour. The dwellings were construct-

ed from the Texas pine—the very kind of wood that burns with such fury. Doubtless Galveston will rebuild the ruined part of the city from material that will yield less easily to the ravages of fire.

HENDRICKS DEAD.—The cruel hand of death fell suddenly and heavily upon the people of this great country of ours on the 25th of November, when it put an end to the long public career of their very distinguished Vice-President, Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana. He died at his home in Indianapolis. He had been complaining for a few days of being slightly unwell, but he was well enough to attend a reception in company with Mrs. Hendricks on the night before his death. His family physician, Dr. W. C. Thompson, pronounced the cause of his death to be paralysis of the brain.

He was born in Muskingum county, Ohio, on September 7, 1819. In the following year his father moved to Madison, Indiana; and shortly afterwards to Shelby county where the future Vice-President labored on his father's farm in summer and went to school in winter. He spent his last school days at Hanover College where he became more distinguished as a debater than anything else. After leaving college he studied law, and then stationed himself at Shelbyville where he got a good practice. He began his long public career in the legislature of Indiana in 1847. He went to both houses of Congress and was Governor of Indiana. He was a leader in public thought, and maintained an unsullied name throughout a long series of public services.

But he scarcely breathes his last before ambitious aspirants are hotly discussing the question of who shall fill his place. The Senate will have to choose its own presiding office.

O. F. T.

EDUCATIONAL.

—Goldsboro Graded School has 530 pupils.

—There are 130 students attending Denison University, Ohio.

—There are more than 18,000 young women at college in this country.

—There were 14,000 degrees conferred last year by our American colleges.

—The two great lexicographers, Webster and Worcester, were alumni of Yale.

—Professors Hume and Toy are creating enthusiasm in their departments at Chapel Hill.

—Of the ninety students attending Chowan Baptist Female Institute, about seventy are boarders.

—The average age of those who entered college a century ago in this country was 14; now it is 17.

—May those laws of Russia by which women are excluded from a college course soon be repealed.

—We are glad to learn that the Female College at Statesville, N. C., is being made one of the best schools in the State.

—The school board of Plainville, Conn., has decided not to employ a teacher who will not agree to remain single during the school year.

—There are 205 students in attendance at the South Carolina College. And 1,127 pupils are attending the graded schools of Columbia.

—Five thousand students are attending the University in Vienna. This is the largest number since its foundation—five hundred years ago.

—Steps are being taken to secure the removal of the valuable library of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, containing 5,000 volumes, to the Baptist University. Dr. Lorimer has declined the presidency of this latter institution.

—The new building of the Centennial Graded School, of Raleigh, was formerly dedicated and opened on the 30th ult. It is much praised as well appointed and admirably adapted to its uses. Prof. E. P. Moses is the new superintendent.

—Harvard may well congratulate herself on securing Mr. Lowell as Professor of Belles-Lettres. He will conduct a course of study of Cervantes and of Dante. 688 volumes have been presented to the Library of this college by him. This institution has 1,200 students enrolled, and its president receives a salary of \$4,000.

—Among great Americans who have employed their youthful talent in editing college papers are the poets Holmes and Willis, the statesmen Everett and Evarts, the eloquent divine Philips Brooks, and the pleasing author Donald J. Mitchell.—*Ex.* No German university has an "out-standing member of the faculty," as a very distinguished professor terms his college magazine, while there are 190 in the United States.

—Several thousand invitations were extended, and many colleges sent representatives to the inauguration of President Adams, of Cornell University. The formal presentation of the charter and seal was made by Hon. W. D. Sage.

—The friends of Randolph Macon think that there is no doubt but that the one hundred thousand dollars endowment fund will be raised. Two laymen in Maryland have given fifteen hundred dollars each, while the friends of the college in Danville guaranteed fifteen thousand, and those in Lynchburg gave twenty-five thousand.

—The Southern States received the following sums from the Peabody education fund the past year: Alabama, \$5,300; Arkansas, \$8,100; Florida, \$2,375; Georgia, \$4,175; Louisiana, \$1,800; Mississippi, \$2,250; North Carolina, \$5,439; South Carolina, \$5,000; Tennessee, \$11,850; Texas, \$7,150; Virginia, \$6,775; West Virginia, \$2,500.

—We learn from the last issue of the *University Magazine* (N. C.) which has reached us that there are 188 students at Chapel Hill; further that the action of the Faculty in sending off two students for hazing freshmen is warmly approved by the Societies and all the classes; and still further that there is no preparatory department in connection with the University. Is there no student there in a class or classes below those laid down in the catalogue as required for the degrees?

—Senator Stanford, of California, has made a most munificent gift to-

wards the establishment of a great University in that State. To the three large ranches, Palo Alto, Gridley, and Vina, valued at \$5,000,000, given by him, he will add a money donation so as to make the endowment fund of the University, which is to be situated near Menlo Park, about 40 miles from San Francisco, \$20,000,000. This is the largest sum ever given by any man for educational purposes. The management of the enterprise is entrusted to twenty-five men who will act as trustees.

—The appeal of the Freedman's Aid Society to the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which convened in New York a short time ago, for \$250,000 a year for Christian education among both white and colored people in the Southern States, was approved. This society expended \$174,000 last year in the cause of education in the Southern States. It has declared that the people in the South must be educated, and that "\$250,000 a year for Christ is the foundation of the work."

—The expenses of Yale College last fiscal year exceeded the income by \$11,534.09. The academic, scientific, and medical departments show deficits, while the Theological, Law, and Art schools, were little more than self-supporting. President Porter who is said to be one of the "strongest and best equipped" of all the presidents of American colleges and universities, and who has been president of this well-known institution for thirteen years, has handed in his resignation. Prof. E. S. Dana, of Yale, and President Francis A. Walker, of the Boston School of Technology, have been spoken of in connection with the presidency.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—JOHN G. SAXE is patiently awaiting his end in Albany. He lives in strict seclusion from all visitors, and converses with his son and faithful old housekeeper.

—THE real editor of *The North American* for nine years has been Mr. L. S. Metcalf, though Allen Thorndike Rice has had the honor. Since the November issue Mr. Metcalf has retired from the position.

—DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—“I have heard Kingsley and Chas. Lamb described as geniuses, and I have heard them both absolutely denied every sort of literary merit. Carlyle thought Darwin a poor creature, and Comte regarded Hegel himself as an empty windbag.”—*Cornhill Magazine*.

—WALT WHITMAN has a word for slang in *The North American* for November. He says that language is like some vast living body, and “slang brings the first feeders of it, and is afterward the start of fancy, imagination, and humor, breathing into its nostrils the breath of life.” He says that during the war North Carolinians were called Tar Boilers,—a refreshing variation from Tar Heels.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career ;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best ;
'Tis onwards, unswerving,
And that is true rest.

—*John S. Dwight.*

—A WORK of incomparable value to all students of the Old Testament is Dr. C. Geikie's *Hours with the Bible*, now complete in six volumes, published by James Pott & Co., N. Y.

—THACKERAY'S wife was insane. There are letters of his, yet unpublished, which indicate that he wrote under the most adverse circumstances, and never had a chance for the free exercise of his full powers.

—THE first two of the following lines are often quoted ; their point is lost, however, when they are separated from the rest of the poem, which we give in full :

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty ;
I woke and found that life was duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie ?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

The poem was written by Mrs. Ellen Hooper, of Boston, an intimate friend of Emerson and Margaret Fuller.

—OUR library is not the only sufferer from the depredations of bibliomaniacs. At a meeting of the New York Library Club every librarian testified to greater or less loss from this source. It appeared that it is not the poor and needy who steal books, but the rich and “high-toned.” One librarian found 200 of his most valuable books in the study of a rich lawyer. The eccentricities of ladies in this direction were quite remarkable, and as for school girls, in the words of a librarian, “they all steal.” Some ministers even were violent bibliomaniacs.

—*The North American Review* has secured for publication the diary which Grant wrote during his tour around the world.

—*The Critic* for Nov. 28 contained twenty-three double-column pages of literary advertisements,—evidence of a lively holiday trade in books.

—CANON FARRAR says that he derived more good from Browning's poems than from all the sermons he ever read, and that Browning's is, perhaps, "the greatest living intellect."

—THE December number of *The Century* contains a full account of the life of Mrs. H. H. Jackson, together with a frontispiece portrait of her and her "Last Poems," one of which was written only four days before her death.

—DR. HOLMES addressed a rhythmical epistle to Mark Twain on the occasion of the latter's fiftieth birthday, Nov. 30. A sample stanza:

"Before you learned to bite or munch
Still kicking in your cradle,
The Muses mixed a bowl of punch
And Hebe seized the ladle."

—*Harper's Magazine* is making strenuous efforts to excel the other periodicals, and offers a charming literary *menu* for the next year, during which its editorial departments will be under the management of G. W. Curtis, W. D. Howells, and Charles Dudley Warner.

—ONCE again the literary men of England and America are endeavoring to obtain an international copy-right, and many indignant protests are made against the law, or rather, the lack of law, which permits such unceremoni-

ous appropriation of the fruits of other men's talents. It does seem very inconsistent that the American Congress, which has always zealously "protected" everything else American, should so obstinately persist in denying to the poor author the common justice of securing the results of his own labors.

—THE poet Swinburne is preparing a biography of Victor Hugo. He is qualified for his task in one respect on account of his own and his father's intimacy with the great Frenchman. We want to read the book, and for that reason do hope that Mr. Swinburne's style will be a little more simplified than some of his contributions to magazines on the same subject.

—PHILOSOPHICAL sayings always possess a quaint charm when put into the mouths of uneducated men and women. It is those witty and pathetic touches to the characters of rude mountaineers and the rough romance with which she surrounds them that secures to Craddock much of her popularity. M. G. McClelland has followed Craddock's example with almost equal success in her novel *Oblivion*. Some of her conversations have marked resemblance to Craddock's, and she fully equals Craddock in depicting the tender side of a rough character. For instance, how pathetic is the reply of her hero, who has lost his sweetheart, to a "Job's comforter" who is trying to console him. "I've drapped out'n her life like a dead squir'l out'n the tree he used to play in," and he shows his manliness when he adds, "and I don't want no leaves shuck down on me."

—IF any class of men can lay any pretensions to a knowledge of that labyrinthian structure, the female mind, that class is the medical profession. The true natures of the ladies are revealed if they ever are revealed, when the doctors see them. Two eminent physicians, Drs. Holmes and Hammond, have recently given us the results of their observations of that particular kind of woman known as the "strong-minded" woman, and once more Dr. Hammond comes to the front with a sequel to *Lal* entitled

A Strong-minded Woman. She takes a conspicuous part in the leading issues of the day with great success, and illustrates woman's intellectual capabilities. But in spite of the efforts of "female reformers" and "pantaloonists" the good old-fashioned ideal of woman as a sort of superior being who must be carefully guarded from the rough jostling and elbowing of the world of strife, as the wife, mother, and helpmeet, will long obtain.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

YOUNG AMERICAN COLLECTOR'S ASSOCIATION.—This Association, of which W. T. R. Bell, Jr., of King's Mountain, N. C., is president, was lately organized for the purpose of collecting facts and specimens relating to the study of mineralogy, geology, chemistry, philosophy, numismatics, and antiquities. It asks the support and help of all the bright boys and girls in America. It will publish a journal, a copy of which every member will receive. The first issue will be ready December 1st, and will be sent to any one on application to Porter F. Cope, secretary and treasurer, 718 Spruce St., Philadelphia.

NORTH CAROLINA COALFIELDS.—Dr. H. M. Chance under the employ of the State Board of Agriculture has made a survey of the Deep River and

the Dan River coalfields. The printed report illustrated has lately appeared. He concludes that there are in the Deep River section three million tons, sufficient to sustain a daily output of 500 tons for 20 years. This coal would cost consumers and manufactures \$1,500,000 less than coal from elsewhere, and would be worth to the State \$10,000,000. Of the Dan River district, Dr. Chance says that it is useless to expect to find workable coalbeds there.

HOW A STAR-FISH EATS AN OYSTER.—It might be supposed that the oyster is well protected against all enemies except man by his hard shell; but as a matter of fact, the oystermen are beginning to fear for the hope of their gains on account of the extensive depredations of the "drill" (*euro-*

salpinx cinerea) and of the common star-fish upon their oyster-beds. The mouth of a star-fish is under him, and too small to swallow an oyster a quarter of an inch long. But that is no reason why a big fat oyster will escape. He slowly crawls upon the closed shell of his victim, bends his five arms around it, and then and

there disgorges his own stomach and with it wholly outside envelops the oyster. A fluid secreted by the stomach seems to kill or weaken the oyster and the shell gradually opens, allowing the stomach walls free access to the oyster, which is digested *in situ* according to the hunger of the victor.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—ENGLISH examination Nov. 19th.

—THE College takes but two holidays Christmas. This time they will be Dec. 25th and 28th.

—THE church here began holding short services every evening on the 29th ult., the pastor preaching.

—ATTENTION! Boys, be sure to notice always the advertisements in THE STUDENT, and govern yourselves accordingly.

—THE pulpit of our pastor, Rev. R. T. Vann, was occupied on Nov. 15th, morning and evening, by Rev. J. M. McManaway, of Wilson.

—ANOTHER incentive to action. Some kind friend has offered as a premium to the one who shall stand the best German examination at the end of the year, an Adler's German-English Lexicon. Boys, go to work.

—WE notice in *The Home* that we are given credit for having only 140 students, which is quite a mistake. It gives us pleasure to correct the statement by substituting 157 in the place of 140.

—THE Physical Features of Palestine was the subject of a lecture delivered by Prof. Poteat to the young ministers of the Yates Theological Society, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 8th.

—REV. C. L. POWELL, a former student of Wake Forest, preached for us Nov. 22nd, announcing at the close of the sermon his intention of becoming a missionary to North Africa.

—OUR library, which, by the way, is one of the best in the State, is continually augmenting. The expenditures and contributions which have recently been made by the friends of the College amount to over \$200. The boys are always grateful for such additions.

—MARRIED. At the residence of the bride's father, Dr. Montague, on Nov. 18th, the rite of matrimony was celebrated between Mr. E. E. Hillard, of Scotland Neck, N. C., and Miss Mary Montague, of Wake Forest, Rev. J. D. Hufham officiating. They immediately departed for their home in Scotland Neck.

—COLLEGE exercises were suspended for the observance of Thanksgiving day, Nov. 26. Pastor Vann preached at 11 a. m.

—DR. J. B. POWERS has gone, as he usually does every year, to visit his relatives and friends in Pender county.

—DR. J. C. FOWLER, of Franklin county, has recently been here to secure a residence for his family. We are glad to know that he will soon be in our midst.

—MR. R. H. WHITEHEAD, of Salisbury, a member of the graduating class, is teaching a new Latin class organized Nov. 2d. It is of the grade between the First and the Junior Latin classes.

—ONE of our seniors who attended the Convention came back all aglow with a new idea. He is thinking of pursuing a new course in life. His mind and heart seem to be wholly turned to Law.

—THE boys had a good time at the bazaar held in the Gymnasium Thursday night, Nov. 26. It was arranged for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society. They realized, above all expenses, about fifty dollars.

—REV R. T. BRYAN, who will soon go as a missionary to China, preached for us on Monday night, 23rd ult. He is wholly absorbed in his work, and will no doubt be a blessing to the cause of Christ.

—THE professor who made the remark that our boys are backward among the young ladies evidently missed the mark, for one of these young ladies remarked not long since that a certain student came to see her thirty-one times during the last month.

—SOME of our Faculty for the past year have been doing almost double work. The necessity of additional teaching force was recognized by the Board of Trustees, and accordingly at their late meeting during the sitting of the Convention in Reidsville they elected Rev. Ed. M. Poteat, who is pastor at Chapel Hill, Assistant Professor of Languages, and he has accepted the position. He will begin work with us in January. It will be remembered that he is an A. B. of Wake Forest and full graduate of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

—LECTURES.—Hon. C. M. Cooke, of Louisburg, lectured before our students and citizens on the evening of Nov. 3, his subject being American Politics. The lecture was a skilful and clear discussion of our political history from the formative period and the rise of the Jeffersonian democracy down to the present. Personal equality in the enjoyment of political rights was the one idea which in all this history had overcome sooner or later all opposition. Mr. Cooke desired that, next to being Christian gentlemen, the young men present might be intelligent citizens of our great country, knowing its demands and possibilities, and fitted to bear its burdens and to share its honors.

Rev. J. D. Hufham, D. D., of Scotland Neck, lectured for us on the 10th of Nov.; subject—What North Carolina owes to the Baptists and What the Baptists owe to North Carolina. He said that North Carolina owed to the Baptists—I. Prepa-

ration for the civil and religious liberty which she now enjoys. 2. It was largely due to the early Baptists of the State that she is to-day a Christian State. 3. The State owed much to the Baptists educationally. 4. She had obtained from them since the war the noblest examples of Christian consecration: out of their poverty they had raised not less than \$200,000 for higher education. The Baptists owed it to the State—1. That they should

stand by and proclaim the principles which had so blessed her in the past. 2. That they take a larger share in the government of the State. The lecture, bristling with historic names and incidents, was as inspiring as it was full of information.

Nov. 16th Rev. J. M. McManaway, of Wilson, strongly and vividly presented John the Baptist as an example of high aims and noble character.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'40. Dr. O. F. Baxter is a retired surgeon of the United States Navy, and is living near South Mills, Camden county, N. C.

—'50. Dr. D. R. Wallace, LL. D. of Waco, Texas, recently contributed an able article to *The Independent Pulpit* of that city on "Science not unfriendly to Religion."

—'54. In addition to his work as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Wilmington, N. C., Dr. T. H. Pritchard finds time to lecture occasionally. When will he lecture at his Alma Mater?

—'56. Dr. J. D. Hufham, the beloved pastor of the Baptist church at Scotland Neck, delivered an interesting and instructive lecture to the students of Wake Forest on the 10th ult. See "In and About the College."

—'58. Mr. Benj. F. Hester is one of the most successful farmers in Granville county.

—'69. The University Publishing Company has an active, energetic agent for North Carolina in the person of Hon. J. C. Scarborough.

—'72. Mr. C. H. Martin, who was tutor of Latin awhile at this institution, has lately resigned charge of a flourishing school at Palmersville, N. C.

—'73. A lawyer of practical ability and growing influence is Mr. E. W. Timberlake, of Louisburg.

—'78. Mr. J. C. Caddell is teaching a public school near Wake Forest.

—'80. Besides being principal of Fork Academy, Mr. J. T. Alderman is Superintendent of Public Instruction of Davie county. He has proved himself a proficient educator.

—'81. One of the most prominent and successful merchants in the enterprising town of Greenville, N. C., is Mr. C. J. Hunter.

—'81. Rev. W. T. Jones has removed from Beaufort to Morehead City. What is better, he married on the 4th of Nov. Miss A. H. Hower-ton, of NewBern.

—'81. Rev. Ed. M. Poteat has accepted the assistant-professorship of Languages in Wake Forest College, to which position he was elected by the Board of Trustees Nov. 12. His resignation of his pastorate in Chapel Hill takes effect Dec. 20, and we look for him here in January.

—'82. On the 18th ult. Mr. E. E. Hilliard, principal of Vine Hill Academy, Scotland Neck, was married to Miss Mary Montague, of Wake Forest. We wish for them prosperity and happiness.

—'83. We are glad of the opportunity to correct a mistake made in these columns of last issue touching Mr. W. H. Osborne. It was said that *The New Era*, of which he was editor, had been foreclosed under mortgage. The statement had been seen in the public press. The paper was from the beginning a financial experiment. After some time it became embarrassed, Mr. Osborne having in the

meantime associated another party with himself as editor. They made a voluntary assignment of the paper to the parties who had assumed the responsibilities of the enterprise. Mr. Osborne retired and is now one of the editors of *The Shelby Aurora*, a paper whose financial standing is assured, *The New Era* being still published with his former associate as editor.

—'84. Mr. R. S. Green is principal of a flourishing school in Aullville, Mo.

—'84. Rev. W. B. Pope has removed from Lumberton to Warsaw. He preaches for the church in Warsaw and for two others in the country.

—Dr. D. S. Ramseur did not complete his course here; he is one of the most successful physicians in Cleveland county.

—Although he did not graduate at this institution Mr. S. E. Williams is one of the most prominent lawyers of Lexington, N. C.

—Ex-Judge W. T. Faircloth, of Goldsboro, has declined the invitation deliver the Alumni Address at our next Commencement.

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No. 4.

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A CHRISTMAS-EVE NIGHT.

It was the night of the 24th of December, 188..., a time when we are all wont to forget the past save the small portion which may relate to the present and is bright, and let our minds peer only a short way into the future. Two companions and I, seated before a blazing fire which cast over the room a ruddy glow and gave to one a feeling of secure comfort and hilarity, had been enjoying a friendly conversation. Already had the trusty old piece (faithful monitor of a generation past!) pealed forth the hour of eleven, when one of the number suggested that we should take a midnight stroll—quite a novel idea it may seem to some, but boys are boys, you know. Notwithstanding the strangeness of the proposition, it was unanimously agreed upon, and we proceeded to don our overcoats, fur caps, and rub-

bers. Nor were these useless articles, as will appear ere I shall have finished my narrative.

All day the snow had been wildly driven by the storm king, and the sky dark with cold, lowering clouds, until about night, when Æolus recalled the winds to their accustomed cave, and the snow was so gently, dreamily stealing down that it seemed to be caressing the trees, and with an affectionate touch begging pardon of the hurrying footmen for its former harshness.

Out into the storm we strode, and, to our great surprise, not a cloud could be seen, save now and then some straying fleecy racks. Perhaps what I shall say in trying to give a description of that night, may seem to some like a fancy sketch, and altogether absurd. They would, perchance, upbraid me

for not continuing my picture with the winds still rushing madly by, the snow never ceasing its blinding fall, and the clouds cold, dark, and gloomy, still floating in the elements. And, indeed, were I trying my hand at an imaginative sketch, thus would I make out my picture, for it would seem most natural. But, however much I may be criticised for unnaturalness, my *aim* is to "be true to nature."

High in the heavens swung a moon so silvery bright that it mellowed even the bleak appearance of the paved streets, and peopled the earth with fairy phantoms. It looked not like a winter moon, but like the "moon of love"—the blessed summer moon. So beautiful was every object and every place wrapped in their downy robe, that it was a point of discussion which way we should go, but at last some one proposed that we should visit the resting-place of the departed. Strange suggestion this; nevertheless it was accepted, and off we went. Soon we arrived at our place of destination without much hindrance, save the great clogs of snow sticking to our shoe-heels, which nearly threw us down more than once. We entered the enclosure by a time-worn gate which stood at the lower side. This was an old burying-ground, where slept the "rude forefathers" of other ages. By some means it had been for many years past unattended to, and was then almost covered with vines and bushes. Notwithstanding its being in this uncared-for state, it was no less frequented. Hither came poets, lovers of nature,—and what

fitter place could they find to speak their vows? Here in spring the mocking-birds incessantly fill the air with melodies; here the honeysuckles twine themselves around the time-scarred slabs, lending sweet perfume to the passing zephyrs, and wild flowers deck the graves undecked by man. To one who has never visited such a place by night, and especially a moon-light night, it would be needless for me to try to give anything more than a faint conception of it. And, indeed, to those who have had that good fortune, in vain would I attempt to give a *clear* description, for my power of language would fail amid the sublimity of nature as it appeared then, while the earth was wrapped in its winding-sheet, lighted by the glorious moon, and sung to by the myriad stars which gleamed in the azure sky! There stood the quaint-looking slabs and tombstones—indexes only to the goal of glory—scarred by the tooth of time. As I stood there amid such surroundings and gazed upon the jewel-decked heavens, a sense of sublimity, unlike any I ever experienced, stole over me. I fell into a reverie, while my thoughts, like the winged winds, flew back,—melancholy now, perhaps, as they rested upon those silent slumberers who had yielded, as all must yield, to the all-conquering; but anon changing until, by the law of association, they rested upon an hour I had spent at the same spot on a balmy summer's eve with my—yes, my girl; and I said:

"But you to-night are far away,
Beside a foreign sea;
And on the spot where once we stood,
I stand, but not with thee!"

But I could no longer here follow memory's chain, as the others wished to pay a visit to an old blacksmith shop which stood upon the bank of a neighboring creek. Accordingly, crossing an adjoining field and entering a piece of wood, we came abruptly upon it. On one side and in the rear were lofty hills, stripped of all their grandeur save their immensity and the giant trees which had defied the storms of a century or more; on the other, flowed the creek, murmuring its cold night strains to the silent banks, while in front was an open space stretching down to where an old road used to run. Having described as nearly as I can the situation, let us see something about the house itself. A dilapidated old structure it was, rudely put together at first; the door (if indeed a few pieces of plank nailed together may be called a door) stood ajar, its hinges, which were of wrought iron, rusty with age. All its covering had fallen in except a few old boards clinging to the decaying rafters, on either side full of chink holes through which the moon cast a doubtful radiance, giving it an appearance so grandly gloomy that it made one shudder at sight of it. Notwithstanding, I determined to enter and see what relics I might chance to find. The grime and dust was thick upon its blackened walls, which were graced (?) with cobwebs of former days, now unguarded by their wily watchmen. In one corner stood the veteran forge, covered with dross and pieces of coal. The chimney, for some reason I know not, had been removed, but the old bellows, left upon the ground, was in-

cased in dust and full of holes. There, too, stood the trusty anvil (why didn't they take that?) on which, in former days, the hammer used to ring. In the opposite corner stood an old tool-bench strewn with iron filings, old horse-shoes, and worn-out tools, as we judged by the light which we obtained, while over the whole were scattered pieces of decayed boards and daubing.

Many years had flown by since I had been here, having gone to live with my uncle when a mere boy, and paying only occasional visits to my grandpa's (for this was where I had come to spend my Christmas), which were generally so short that going to the "old shop" was out of the question, as there were many other places and people I wished to see. Not much change, however, had taken place during those years. The same stream, as of other days, murmured by; the same sturdy oaks stretched out their brawny arms, and the same glorious old hills rose above me. I could but say with Surry, "'Tis only we who change"! Then the memory of life's summer came rushing upon me. Methought how oft, when the birds revived their songs, myself with my playmates amid these scenes had chased the "glowing hours" at our childish sports, or listened to the old smith (peace to his slumbers!) at his forge tell his story of the past, and how oft, O fond Memory, I had drunk the pure, sweet water from the old shop spring!

"Still o'er those scenes my memory wakes

And fondly broods with miser care:

Time but the impression stronger makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear."

But now we became aware that it was midnight. The Christmas bells were breaking out upon the night,

“Like charms to lull the dying year,”

and everything seemed to speak peace and good will to man.

The most sublime feelings lose, when told, their sublimity. Indeed, they cannot be told. Words are too mean, language too weak, to picture feelings inspired by time, place, and circumstances which are only meant to be felt. It is as though one were encompassed by the atmosphere from the inner shrine of God's own temple,

and breathing sweet perfume from heaven's bowers. All this I then felt, and I could have lingered there, how long I know not, had nothing been taken into account except my sense of sight and of soul; but we had been rambling in the snow for some time, and our bodies were by no means insensible to cold. So, turning our footsteps homeward, we left the “old shop” in its former silence, unguarded save by the moon and stars, unsung save by the midnight zephyrs and the lonely night-bird, and unhonored save by nature's God.

TINTOMENUS.

ERIN'S WOE.

If anyone will carefully look into the affairs of Ireland at the present day his tenderest sympathy is drawn out for the oppressed. Ireland as she is to-day is one of the most helpless, one of the most degraded countries of the world. Still she might have been, had she maintained her independence, co-equal with her proud mistress, England, and her influence on the world's history might have been equally as great.

The Christian religion was introduced into Ireland in the fifth century, and the Irish were a prosperous and happy race, while England was overrun by the pirates who infested the northern seas, and her inhabitants were mercilessly plundered by her heathen conquerors. Indeed, the religion of Christ had become so wide-

spread in Ireland, that she was justly termed the “Island of the Saints.” But from the time when she permitted the English to gain supremacy her history has been vastly changed. Her prosperity has vanished, her institutions of learning have been neglected, her people are debased, and vice and ignorance reign throughout the land. Notwithstanding the fact that she has so long been bound down beneath the tyrannical heel of a haughty and jealous mistress, still she has furnished some of the sweetest poets, profoundest statesmen and greatest military chieftains that the world has ever delighted to honor. English literature boasts of few better writers than Oliver Goldsmith; while the author of *Gulliver's Travels* has attained a name which will last as long as the

language is spoken. The halls of the English Parliament have never resounded with the voice of a greater orator than Edmund Burke, and Curran, Flood, and Grattan have held national assemblies spell-bound under the sound of their magical eloquence. The name of Robert Emmett, the illustrious Irish patriot will go thundering down the corridors of time and remotest posterity will pay respectful tribute to his memory as the true patriot who offered up his life for his country's weal; while the names of the merciless despots who consigned him to a traitor's grave will ever be branded with infamy.

The heroic deeds of Erin's sons are not confined to her borders alone, but the brightest pages of England's history are adorned with the gallant deeds of Irishmen. Napoleon, whose victorious banner had waved triumphantly above the ramparts of nearly every capital in Europe, could not withstand the genius of Ireland's "Iron Duke"; and the gory plain of Waterloo strewn with the mangled bodies of Bonaparte's host attested the valor of Irish troops. Sir Garnet Wolessy who has led the English host to victory in the land of the Pharaoh's, and who planted the "Cross of Saint George" on the plains of Central Africa, is a native of the Emerald Isle.

Nor are Americans exempt from a debt of gratitude to Irish eloquence and valor. When England with her powerful fleets and well equipped armies threatened to crush out every remaining spark of freedom in the bosoms of the Americans, no one did more in arousing the colonies to re-

sistance than did Patrick Henry, the son of an Irishman. And in that memorable war for independence none were more zealous in the cause of liberty than the Irish population of our country. In the war of 1812, when defeat had attended the Union armies at the North, who was it that again perched victory above the Stars and Stripes on the blazing ramparts of New Orleans but the son of an Irish peasant? And when the terrible din and roar of battle is heard no more in our borders, we hear the Senate Chamber of the Nation resounding with the mighty eloquence of a Calhoun, and one-seventh of the occupants of the Presidential Chair, boast of Irish ancestry.

Let us now look into the present condition of this land which has given to the world so many of its heroes. Where we would expect to see a nation prosperous, happy, and free, and enjoying all the benefits accruing from an enlightened civilization, we see them bound to the earth by the shackles of superstition, and vice and ignorance hold sway supreme. Where the land should be overflowing with her surplus products, we find the gaunt wolf famine carrying off thousands of inhabitants in a single year. Thousands of her most promising young men every year seek their fortunes on the more hospitable shores of America; and in consequence of this heavy drain her population is every year diminishing, and if better laws are not made, a few decades hence will speak of the Irish nation as a thing that was.

But if Ireland succeed in gaining

her independence, there is a future before her which is bright indeed. The thousands of her sons who now inhabit the large cities of our Union will return to their native land, for there is no place on this earth half so dear to the Irishman's heart as the green hills and dales of lovely Erin. Her rivers will hum with the spindles of manufactories, and the fertile fields will resound with the gay songs of her hardy yeomanry.

Nature seems to have reserved her most choice spot in which to place this lovely isle. Not being exposed to the scorching rays of a tropical sun she never experiences the blighting effects to which more torrid climes are subjected; while the frigid winds of the north are tempered into refreshing breezes by the warm vapor of the gulf-stream. Being the most westerly land of Europe and possess-

ing some of the finest harbors in the world, she would soon become the emporium of Europe, were her trade not kept down by jealous England.

But when the day comes when English rule will no longer be acknowledged, and when she is governed by her own patriotic sons, the white sails of her ships will whiten every sea. She will intercept the trade of Europe, and England will quail before her mighty power. Her flag will proudly wave above the heads of a free and happy nation. Her peasantry will be educated, and minds that might otherwise be dormant will blaze forth and give to the world other Burkes, Wellingtons, and Jacksons. Ireland will be one of the brightest stars in the constellation of nations. Erin will truly be "the gem of the ocean."

E. H. BOWLING.

A LEAP OUT OF WINTER INTO SUMMER.

The night is nearly gone. The cocks are crowing, cows lowing, and bugles blowing at the break of a bleak mid-winter morn. A clear, sweet voice distinctly calls my name from the top of the stairs, and bids me come out of the "Land of Nod" and make ready for my departure into another country. Without a moment's hesitation I leap from the cozy bed into an atmosphere of eight degrees below zero, and, hastening into warmer quarters, prepare for the day's journey.

Breakfast is over, and here I am all wrapped in furs, arctics, and overcoat, with barely opening enough beneath the close fitting cap for eyes to peep out. The team is waiting. Reluctantly bidding a score of friends farewell, I draw on heavy mittens over a pair of tighter gloves and take a seat beside the faithful driver in a sleigh behind two gallant grays. The horses show their fine breeding and close attention to the best advantage under glittering harness, and the frosty morn-

ing air makes them stamp the frozen earth and sniff the pure mountain breeze. Off we dash through the beautiful snow, accompanied by the jingling of bells and the cracking of the whip. The merry children rush out as we pass to have a parting word with their fond teacher, and regret to learn that this may be the last time they will ever have the pleasure of snow-balling the old pedagogue.

With mountains to the right, and mountains to the left (behind they disappear with the rising of a new one in front), it seems well nigh impossible to find a way out of all this frozen world. As we climb the snow stacks and glide swiftly over the dells, nothing greets the eye but quivering forests, shivering beasts, fluttering birds, and hurrying men being tossed, driven, blown, and beaten by the strong north-western winds. All nature presents a scene that would do credit to the Canadian regions. Up, up, we go! along the graded mountain road through the spotless snow and over the slippery brooks. At length the summit is reached, and here we halt to rest our horses and look beyond at the kaleidoscopic beauties fresh from the Painter's hands. Like dazzling diamonds do the sleet-covered peaks appear in the brilliant sunshine. Higher and still higher they stretch their heads until they seem to reach the skies in the dim distance. The piercing winds drive us on our way with limbs aching with extreme cold.

It is past noon when we arrive at Wytheville, just in time to warm our almost frozen bodies, before a distant whistle of the coming train reminds

us that to linger means to be left. Amid the rush and racket I reach the cars as the conductor exclaims "All aboard!" On the train I catch a glimpse at no familiar countenance, but am stared at by a crowd of sight-seers going to New Orleans, the usual supply of loose-tongued folks, and a full crop of "spider-legged," hawk-eyed, pigeon-toed, comical looking creatures, commonly called "dudes." Finding a vacant seat beside a window, I take a look once more of grim winter in his glorious garb, and bid adieu to South-western Virginia with her hidden Blue Ridge and many covered valleys. Being weary and comfortably seated, I lay down in the arms of that gigantic motor, STEAM, to while away the time in sweet repose and dream of the pleasures awaiting me "away down south in Dixie."

On we roll! passing farm, hamlet, village, town, and city. At last the iron-horse, has run his race, and we have to board a palace steamer in order to ascend the St. John, a river none the less picturesque on account of its low banks and dense hedges of semi-tropical plants. All is quiet along the water to-night, except an occasional noise made by some large water-bird or an alligator as the brilliant electric lights of the splendid *Chesapeake* frighten them from their places of rest. The musical notes of hungry mosquitoes and the merry hoots of the laughing-owls, cease to be melodious when the excellent Italian string band begins to make sweet music resound over the peaceful waters.

Once more I yield to the powers of

Morpheus, and rest in his embrace till the sudden jostle of the great boat awakes me, and I soon find myself standing on the wharf two hundred miles south of the "City of Live Oaks."

The sun dispels the darkness as he creeps above the roaring billows of the mighty Atlantic—only twenty-five miles eastward—in the silent hours of early morn, and reveals the objects of a different clime. What a vision! Am I not wandering along the meandering paths of dreamland? or have I proved myself to be a modern Rip Van Winkle? Neither is true, for in reality my eyes are wide open and beholding everything before them in utter astonishment and amazement. A change indeed! Just think of it. Only two days ago I was snow-balling the school-children among the Alleghanies, and here I am without the least sign of there ever having been any such thing as snow or ice in these parts. No: I am too fast; what in the world is this but snow? Ah! it is nothing more or less than the natural soil. So, we are to understand, all countries which have not the genuine snow have the next best thing—white sand.

Day before yesterday my very bones ached with cold; to-day my cheeks are fanned by the soft breezes of the "Sunny South," coming either from the gulf or the ocean, and so mild as to render all wrapping uncomfortable. Then peaks and piles of snow obstructed the view, now pines and prairies delight the vision. There naked trees and barren fields were seen, here growing plants, blooming

flowers, and ripening fruit please the sight, smell, and taste. Mocking-birds, robins, jays, humming-birds, black and white birds, besides many other familiar summer birds of various colors, fill the air with their warbling as though it were a May morning in the "Old Dominion." A sweet perfume is wafted on the gentle breezes, and geraniums, roses, lilies, hyacinths, violets, oleanders, cape and yellow jessamine, and many other such beautiful specimens of Nature's art are found growing luxuriantly in the gardens during the month of February,—and, indeed, the year round.

There is no mistake about it, but these are real oranges, lemons, limes, grape-fruit, pine-apples, pomegranates, guavas, bananas, figs, and the like, planted and cultivated by people of no little likeness to a Virginian. Seeing these things will not satisfy my curiosity, but—Thomas-like—I have to touch them with my own hands, and somehow or other they found their way into my mouth. Ever since then, I have never been able to decide how it was possible for a person of such increased dimensions as I was after coming out of that orange grove, to wear the same garments as when it was entered. Just over the fence you see English-peas, strawberries, watermelons, tomatoes, cabbage, snaps, corn, and other vegetables growing, blooming, and ripening.

After all, is not this a Paradise? Some old fogies say it is the Promised Land; while others, equally as authentic, pronounce it to be the very Garden of Eden. I am somewhat inclined to the latter belief, since here

are the same kind of apples Mother Eve gave Father Adam, so say those who pretend to know more about the matter than I do. They look red, round, and ripe, and good enough for anybody; but fortunately for me, I have no more room for such commonplace things as apples at present, or I should more than likely be tempted to follow the example of our ancient progenitor.

It is not long before I have become fully acquainted with the surroundings, and have been brought to a full realization of the fact that this is in truth the land of magnolias, oranges,

and flowers. Beyond a doubt, this is far-famed Florida—the land of Leon, Osceola, “Crackers,” sick “Yankees,” and other folks—where the sunshine and showers reign, and the snow falleth not.

A wonderful *leap*, indeed, this has been, climatically speaking; almost from the Frigid to the Torrid Zone in forty-eight hours,—illustrating the enormous energy of steam, and suggesting what may be expected from the great motor electricity when it shall be brought into like use.

PHIL.

THE GLORIOUS PRESENT.

In the November number of THE STUDENT, my attention was attracted by an article entitled “The Good Old Days,” which, in my opinion, is calculated to make wrong impressions upon whomsoever it may influence, and the sentiment of which is far from being what seems to me to be natural for one who observes at all closely. The writer of that article begins by saying that when we read, or hear any one speak of the good old times, we long for the privilege of exchanging a year of our present life for a single day of the life of our ancestors. I am certain that if he had remembered that we live as much in one day as our ancestors did in weeks he would have hesitated some time before he made such a statement. He would have been like the little boy who declared he

had seen twelve rabbits, but who, when his father doubted his statement, said that he knew he did see six; but being doubted again, he said, “Well, I saw some rabbit tracks.” His father was willing to take this statement, but he looked at his boy reprovingly, and the little fellow at once said, “Well, papa, I know I did see a dog’s track.” I candidly believe that my friend had less ground for what he said than the little boy, for I fear he did not see even dog tracks.

If I go back no further into the good old times than the beginning of this century, I find travelling accommodations so poor that a Congressman had to spend several weeks of his valuable time in going to and from Washington; and, if he had lived in “the glorious West,” he would

probably have gotten there in time to second the motion to adjourn, and present his bill. So I suppose it is fortunate that we had no "West" at that time. If a railroad engine and train of cars had dashed by the Capitol where these noble men were deliberating, many of them would have quit their seats in amazement, while some poor fellow would have moved that the chaplain offer a special prayer that the day of judgment might be postponed. If you had then dared to say that it was possible for a man in New York to converse with one in Chicago, or that a message would go all around the world in a few minutes, you would have been considered a lunatic and a fit subject for an asylum.

He says that our time is specially deficient in morality and patriotism, and just before this he gives us a glowing description of a tournament, a good specimen, to be sure, of the moral character of those of whom he writes; but I think it requires a good deal of enthusiasm for the old times to lead one to tell us of such a thing, and then compare that time with the present. What would we think if now our laws allowed men, clad in coats of mail, and mounted on fiery steeds, to meet upon the open field and engage in a contest of life and death? If such contests were allowed, we should soon settle all our personal difficulties in that way before the eyes of all the fairest in the land, and should be accounted heroes provided our arm was a little stronger and our nerve a little steadier than our antagonists'. The much censured "code of

honor" is far more humane than these old tournaments. Instead of arming two beings, having souls, with a long lance by means of which each can pierce his opponent to the heart, the less refined of this day sometimes attach these lances to the legs of game cocks and allow them to engage in a deadly contest. Yet we consider this a very barbarous practice, and the laws of our land prohibit it. How degraded must have been the morals of a people whose mothers and daughters, the purest and fairest of that age, could delight to see men engage in such barbarous sports? The hearts of our noble mothers and fair sweet-hearts would sicken and turn faint at such inhuman shedding of blood.

Our writer intimates that our mothers and sisters are now cooped up and made our slaves. If these are his sentiments, I am well satisfied that he might as well make up his mind to spend his sojourn here in single blessedness. Surely this is an undesigned insult to the society of this period. He has forgotten that the Countess of Chester paid king Stephen five hundred marks not to compel her to marry in five years, and the Countess of Warwick paid King John five hundred marks to be allowed to make her own choice.

While almost every woman in the land could engage in out-door exercise and thus improve her physical and mental capacity, yet it must be confessed that too few avail themselves of this opportunity, and the result is in many cases a quarrelling wife and a henpecked husband. It would be for the advantage of the nation if our

women would consider this matter seriously and act upon it. The young lady who does nothing but read novels during the day and talk nonsense to dudes at night is certainly not preparing herself for the duties of after life. But with all this, no age can boast of more enlightened and more refined ladies than can "the glorious present."

One among the first things a foreigner notices when he visits our country is the frankness of our dispositions, our sociability, and our hospitality; yet my friend says we are not hospitable. This is the more inappropriate coming from him, because, as I understand, he lives in the mountain section of our State. The hospitality of our people from Dare to Cherokee is all that could be expected from one man to his fellow. If any one thinks that this is an inhospitable age and State, I will convince him that he is mistaken by my own experience.

Two years ago a party of fifteen pleasure-seekers found themselves upon the Blue Ridge in Watauga county, and as evening came on they began to think of a place to spend the night. They finally came to a house situated in a broad meadow of many acres, level almost as a floor, and situated upon the very banks of the Watauga river, so near, indeed, that the gurgling of the crystal waters was the last sound we heard at night and the first at morning. Permission to spend the night at this place was readily granted by the sturdy mountaineer. He gave us the use of his stove in the cooking of supper and

breakfast, gave us some milk, gave us some eggs; his wife and daughters assisted us in the preparation of our meals, gave a place for the entire party to sleep, stables for eight horses, put a shoe on one of the horses, repaired a buggy, and charged us fifteen cents when we got ready to leave.

And our morality, comparatively speaking, is not excelled by our hospitality. While we as students are not always as pure in thought and action as we should be, and while occasionally, in the treatment of fellow-students, we do not exactly obey the golden rule, yet for the most part, even at college, our morals are exceptionally good. I would blush for shame if I thought my mother would witness the plays of Shakespeare as they were presented in his day and long after his time. A glance at the literature of former days is enough to convince you that the morals of the people were in a very bad way. You may say that, if one considers the literature of our day, he will find much of it very objectionable. This is true, but there is one decided difference. The trashy literature of our day, such as the *Police Gazette* and dime novels, is not written for the best classes of our people to read, and, with very few exceptions, is not read by our best people, while the obscene literature of "ye good old days" was written for the most noble of the land, men and women who held the highest rank, and who with unblushing shame read and approved of literary productions that in our day would not be tolerated; and they showed their approbation by raising the authors to

fat-salaried positions, or, as Thackeray says, they were raised to positions where "they lapped in cotton, and had their plate of chicken, and their saucer of cream, and frisked, and barked, and wheezed, and grew fat, and so ended."

But a sure sign of the morals of the time is the fact that, if a man desires to gain eminence in any profession, he must be a man of unspotted moral character. My friend says this age is deficient in morals and patriotism. I think we are all satisfied that our morals are no worse than they have been, nor nearly so bad, and it is a pity for the American people, every young man, middle-aged man, and old man, if we love our country less than have generations gone before. We can hardly believe that our mothers have instilled a less love of liberty and country into our bosoms than the mothers of past generations did, unless we believe that our mothers are inferior, and I for one will never do that. I venture to say that a larger proportion of our best men are willing to devote their time and talents to the

welfare of their country in this age than in any preceding one, and I feel no alarm, whatever, in this direction. On the contrary, I believe that as man's advantages and intellectual capacities are increased, in that proportion will he rise in the scale as the most favored of God's creatures. It is not in accordance with my belief in the general intention of the Creator, that man as an intellectual being deteriorates in morals or any of the nobler qualities. Just in proportion as his intellect is strengthened and enlarged, just in that proportion he sees the wonderful workings of nature, and is thus prepared to make the distance between himself and the lower animals greater and greater. God gave us intellects in order that we may serve him. He would not give us intellects to enable us to serve him, and then ordain that we should become baser creatures in proportion as those intellects should be improved; yet that is what he says who intimates that the present is not a "glorious present," and not too glorious to be compared with the "good old days." W. C. DOWD.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC AND ITS CAUSES.

The history of the natural world is the same that it has ever been. The sun that shines on us to-day is the same that shone on the earliest existence of the human race. Flowers that are scattered around us now, decked the earth thousands of years ago. Stars shine no brighter now than in the first morning when they sang

together in the glory of their late creation. The earth turns as perfectly upon its axis to-day as in the days when it was young. The seasons have come and gone in their regular courses. Nature under all circumstances remains unchanged; nothing new is created, nothing old destroyed.

But in the world of art this has not

been the case. The history of the progress of mankind is filled with changes. It is the continued account of changes that have taken place in ancient and modern times. Accounts of various revolutions, of the foundation and dissolution of empires; accounts of the installation and dethronement of kings, and of the establishment and overthrow of monarchies, aristocracies, republics, and other forms of government. And it is interesting to look back over past records, and there trace out the changes that have taken place among the nations.

Among the many forms of government that have sprung up and blazed with pomp and splendor for a time and then passed away, there is one which is particularly interesting to every student of history. It flourished some two thousand years ago, and was the principal, though not the most pleasing, figure of the ancient world. That ancient nation, by force of arms, by policy, by laws, by its civilization, and by its language, has ruled the world and enjoyed the veneration of nations to the present day. Its history during a considerable period is the history of the world. There is scarcely one modern nation whose history would be complete without the influence of ancient Rome. There is one period of this grand nation which is more interesting than any other. It is the period of the Republic (B. C. 509—29).

The time of the Republic was the most brilliant epoch of Roman history. At first law was observed, justice prevailed, and patriotism was in

every breast. But soon far-spreading corruption of manners, following upon wealth, was visible in the train of refinement. The spirit of the people was changed without any important change in the constitution. Patriotism yielded to selfishness, law succumbed to the ascendancy of individuals, and the Republic fell a prey to the most artful and fortunate robbers.

There were several causes which combined to overthrow the Republic. These combinations worked slowly but surely. There were three, however, which did more than all the others combined, viz: The want of Personal Equality, the want of Education, and Slavery.

I. Wherever the administration of a government is restricted to the favored few, and the majority of the people are allowed no share in the government on account of their birth or poverty, there the government is not a republic, but an aristocracy. Such was the condition of Rome in the early days of the Republic. The right of suffrage was restricted to the Patricians, and for a long time the Plebeians were allowed no part in the administration of justice. While in this condition, cut off from all political rights except a vote in the public assemblies, not allowed to hold any public office, they were compelled to serve in war, and to render whatever service was required of them by the State.

But after a while this aristocracy of birth was broken down, and an aristocracy of wealth took its place and wielded overwhelming influence. The

Patricians were reinforced by the wealthiest of the Plebeians, but the condition of the poorer classes was in no way bettered. Their lot at first was not much better than that of the slaves, and finally it grew worse. But step by step and little by little the Plebeians were finally admitted into equal rights with the Patricians. Still, however, the administration of the government was left principally in the hands of the rich, and the condition of the poor in nowise grew better. While these things thus continued there was not that harmony of feeling and that unity of principles without which a republic cannot exist.

II. Another necessary qualification for the existence of a republic, and one which was signally neglected in Rome, is the education of the people. While the aristocratic classes were educated, the great majority of the people at large were unable to read and write. It is no wonder that the Republic was overthrown, for it was only a natural consequence, the people not being capable of maintaining it, and not knowing their duty as citizens. A republican form of government must rest upon the people and not upon the few, upon the free and unbiassed development of public opinion, and not upon authority. A republic is a government of the people and by the people; and when ignorance is holding sway, and the public at large can be influenced by the demagogue at his will, the people are incapable of ruling themselves, and there will be either anarchy or monarchy. A government, then, of equal rights must rest upon mind, not upon

wealth, not upon brutal force. The sum of moral intelligence should rule. The true object of legislation is public happiness, and this can be secured only by the masses of mankind awaking and educating themselves to the knowledge and care of their own interests. "The world can advance only through the culture of the moral and intellectual powers of the people." Intelligence must be diffused among the masses. The people should be educated to such a degree as to be capable of judging the work of their legislative representatives, and approve them if they tend to the bettering of their condition, or reject them if they tend to their injury. But the Romans were not thus educated. While the people for the most part still elected their law-makers, they were so ignorant that they could not judge the qualities of the laws, so degraded in morals that they cared nothing for the welfare and happiness of each other.

III. The third great cause of the decline of the Roman Republic is that which has cursed every nation in which it has existed—Slavery. In the early days of Rome, in the time of Cincinnatus, it was an honor for a Roman to be a farmer. That noble old Roman following his plow, but ready at any moment to cast it aside, should need arise, and take up arms for the defence of his country, was a model of patriotism. Had matters thus continued, no doubt the destiny of Rome would have been a noble one. But uncontrollable ambition seized upon the spirit of the Romans. They wished, they strove to be conquerors

of the world; and they succeeded in subduing to themselves the greater part of the then known world. But as a result of this the noble Roman yeomanry was destroyed. Instead of the little farms studding and beautifying the country by their pleasant aspect, and nursing an independent and free people, the whole country was owned by large land owners. The slave now cultivated the soil instead of the free yeoman of former days. The effect of the vast conquests of the Roman people was to bring to Italy vast hordes of people whom they had conquered, and whom they sold as slaves. The effect of slavery was to destroy and drive out the free people from their farms, and confer the ownership of the land on a few, and deprive the poor man of employment. While the poor had to hide themselves in miserable dens and hovels, the palaces of the rich towered with solitary grandeur in the landscape. The poor were deprived of the dignity of free-holders, and could not obtain employment, for the wealthy classes preferred to use slaves, whom they could maintain at a mere trifle, rather than employ the freemen. While the Roman eagle was borne triumphantly over the civilized parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and while the Romans themselves were exalted unto the immortal gods, the greater part of the Roman people, though conquerors of the world, were poor, and in a worse condition than their forefathers, whose ambition extended only to the plains around Rome.

The people were divided into three distinct classes—Nobles, Indigent Cit-

izens, and Slaves. The nobles owned the land and its cultivators, and formed a complete aristocracy among themselves. "The vast capacity for the accumulation of wealth, which the laws of society secure to capital in a greater degree than to personal exertion, displays itself nowhere more fully than in a slave-holding State, where the laboring classes are but a portion of the capital of the rich," and nowhere was this more fully displayed than in Rome. The greater part of wealth consisted of land and slaves. The rates of interest were so high, and the difficulty of advancing the borrowed capital so great, that the small land owners found themselves unable to compete with the more opulent, and consequently their land and slaves went into the hands of the rich. The small farms were swallowed up into larger ones, and the land and the slaves were owned by the few.

The second class were the indigent, or more commonly called the free citizens. These still elected the tribunes and consuls in a sort of town meeting. They were poor and degraded, supported at the public expense by virtue of their right of suffrage. They wandered about seeking some lucrative job in return for their votes. For them no public work was opened. They were not free farmers, free-holders, or free laborers. The old commonwealth still possessed some forms of democracy, but free and prosperous labor, the life-giving principle of democracy, was wanting.

The third class were the slaves. These were three or four times as nu-

merous as all the others together, and consisted of people from all parts of the world, whom the Romans had brought to Rome as captives. As was natural, they cared nothing for the happiness of Rome, had no interest in the welfare of the country. They belonged almost exclusively to a few of the wealthy. "They occupied every position of life, from the delicate superintending of the rich man's villa, to the meanest office of menial labor; from the foster-mother of the rich man's child, to the lowest degree of degradation to which a female can be reduced." Their condition was abject. The law afforded them no protection whatever. By increasing the wealth of the aristocratic classes and thus enabling them to live in luxury and ease, and by their gradual extermination of free labor, and of an industrious and self-relying people, they poisoned the Roman State to the marrow.

Such was the condition of Rome when Julius Cæsar came to be the leading man of the people, and its condition was such as to demand monarchy, and monarchy alone could stand. The spirit of democracy had long since been dead. Cæsar has been charged with having destroyed the Roman Republic, but this he never did. The Republic had already perished, and an aristocracy threatening perpetual hatred to the slave and contempt to the people was preparing to take its place. Cæsar saw that a monarchy was the only government that could exist in Rome, and he only followed up the opportunities that were open to him. "Had he possessed the patriotism of Washington, the democracy of Jefferson, and the legislative genius of Madison, he could not have stayed the tide of public events. The very condition of the Roman people demanded monarchy."

W. J. MATTHEWS.

VANITY.

Many, very many of our sins and faults, committed maliciously, or to gratify degraded lusts and selfish desires, are attributed to the weakness of human nature. What an excuse for follies and errors!—one unworthy to receive the slightest degree of acceptance, and still one that to many satisfactorily accounts for the grossest folly.

Mankind try, and have ever tried, to appear to criticising observers as fault-

less. Trace this characteristic to the remote ancients—to the accounts of brutal and hard-fought battles, in times long past, and almost inevitably the unworthy feature of fallen humanity—Vanity—is conspicuous. From the most remote records of history, down through the centuries, vanity is perceptible in its various forms until it reaches us thoroughly developed and as the greatest pest of our age. It is prevalent among al

classes in some form. A lamentable fact is that its style retrogrades and its quantity increases with the ages.

An inseparable part of the make-up of us all it appears to be, probably because it has not been the will of an all-wise Creator to bestow upon his erring subjects perfection in the brain department. The divine acts are unaccountable in many instances; so here we fail to conceive why some poor fallen creatures are left so utterly void of the one thing needful—*sense*—that they should become faithful devotees of vanity, and think that gratification in that respect is the highest mission of man, and the most noble achievement to which he can attain. This, I say, is unaccountable, unless it is designed to constitute a part of the variety of the species man, and fill up “a vacuum, which nature abhors” (Galileo’s theory being true). On the outer edges of the great sand deserts of the old world, on which the foot-sore traveller, overcome by heat and fatigue, yields up his soul to the God that gave it, nature, the great guide, warns the way-farer of his fate, of the toil, of the hardship that await him, by the destitution of vegetation, by the absence of the rains and the dew. He who neglects nothing has been so considerate as to place on the road to a barren mind, where nothing but supreme contempt and disgust for a being in the form of man and the garb of a dude, the sign-board *vanity*.

Generally speaking, there are causes for everything. There are enough exceptions to make it a rule, however. Under the head of exceptions would come vanity. It is found where true

greatness deigns not to tread. Its causes are imaginary, real and numerous though they seem. Golden moments, created for far nobler purposes, to cultivate talents of usefulness, to serve the God that gave us our being, are more than wasted—are disgraced. The Giver of them is insulted—is mocked—by the dictates of vanity, as it calls its hopeless captive from all pursuit of greatness, to cultivate beauty which nature in her wisdom refused to bestow upon him, and which he can never attain.

Fashion is a goddess before whom devotees bow with unrestricted deference, prompted and urged by the desire to gratify vanity. No hardship is too severe, no suffering too trying, no sacrifice too great. Whatever it may require is submitted to without a murmur.

As civilization advances and science explores the mysteries of creation, the adherents of the evolution theory say that it gains in plausibility. Mr. Darwin’s fundamental principle is that of natural selection. Space forbids my entering into a discussion of this scientific question. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Darwin means the better qualities of animals are preserved, while the weaker and less useful become extinct. The disgusting devotee of vanity, not capable of judging acts and features worthy of imitation, but ever attempting with the mimicry of the ape to exhibit what he imagines the admirable trait of some character, gathers with untiring energy food for his vanity, cultivating it assiduously, nursing it so tenderly, developing it

so rapidly, that ere long it fills up completely all space, so that there is no room for love, energy, ambition for the high and noble, or industry in any other direction than the cultivation of vanity. Thus are the follies of vanity bequeathed from fool to fool, until they have at last reached the height for which they struggled, admired and thrice valued by each generation of those who possess them; spurned, hated, despised by all others.

Too degraded to captivate by original charms, too indolent to leave its own low idea of greatness, vanity struggles for admiration and revolts so strongly from the unpleasant comments of men, that did it but just lie in its power, it would step defiantly to the throne of God himself, stretch forth a vile hand and snatch Him from His throne, and then look round triumphantly for praise.

The creation of God is linked together from insignificance—from mere life in its primary state—to man, the image of his Creator. Standing midway between perfection and nothingness, man condescends to turn to the latter, leaving the sublime in the distance, reaches down through creation, and imitates the butterfly as it flies from flower to flower, lights gracefully on an attractive bud and the rays of sunlight fall upon its uplifted wings displaying its gorgeous colors and beauty, but fleeing the touch of an object, for ere a weight has pressed it, its beauty vanishes and crumbles. Vanity follows this example; it shows its gaudy colors, it attracts the ignorant by a false display that must ere

long come forth in its true light, and show itself as unclean. It must lose the dazzling charm, time must show its folly; ignominious failure must cause humble and submissive repentance, only again to be repented of; at last, being allured by falsehoods, it is a hopeless wreck, forsaken, disappointed, and despised. The vain person, after overcoming the difficulties lying between him in the valley below and the glittering object enticing him to the rugged heights above, snatches at last his imagined prize, only to find it crumble in his grasp. He learns too late that "all is not gold that glitters." But he is before long again led by a floating bubble that bursts in his clutch, and he must submit to the disappointments caused by its emptiness, and bow in humble submission to the disappointing will of his deceitful goddess, from whom no remuneration has ever yet been received for services ever so faithfully rendered.

Long years ago before vanity developed to the degree of perfection it has now attained, it took its flight from the plains of usefulness, never stopping to do one deed that might help fallen humanity, but leading its captives blinded and deceived until they were at last made to fling nobler qualities at their feet, and trample them in the dust, without a thought of their value. The possessor of vanity must at last receive his just reward, condemned by all, failure in life, blighted hopes, and at last in his woful situation, without sympathy, he exclaims: "Had I but served my God as I have my vanity, then my reward would have been different, but not less just." ED. J. JUSTICE.

 MAN THE SOCIAL ANIMAL.

(CONCLUDED.)

The reader will please bear in mind that these articles are not intended to form an exhaustive treatise. The writer has neither time nor inclination to attempt anything of that sort, but has found pleasure in devoting some moments, snatched from the exacting cares of daily engagements, to an *ex parte* talk with the readers of THE STUDENT.

Since my brief, and hence but partial, suggestions upon the nature of Eloquence, I have chanced to find in Mr. Ruskin's preface to the second edition of his *Modern Painters* such forcible and beautiful corroboration of the thought I enunciated, that you will kindly pardon its introduction here.

Says Ruskin: "In the reading of a great poem, in the hearing of a noble oration, it is the subject of the writer, and not his skill,—his passion, not his power, on which our minds are fixed. We see as he sees, but we see not him. We become part of him, feel with him, judge, behold with him; but we think *of* him as little as of ourselves. Do we think of Æschylus while we wait on the silence of Cassandra, or of Shakespeare, while we listen to the wailing of Lear. The power of the masters is shown by their self-annihilation. It is commensurate with the degree in which they themselves appear not in their work. The harp of the minstrel is untruly touched, if his own glory is all that it re-

corde. Every great writer may be at once known by his guiding the mind far from himself, to the beauty which is not of his creation, and the knowledge which is past his finding out."

The next phase of our subject to which I desire to refer is manifested in the power of

Memory.

"Besides the registration which belongs to memory, and apart from the recollective power by which the record is reproduced, memory has a capacity for sudden and amazing illumination. This is latent; if it were not, we should be the victims of its overpowering influence. Yet, under exceptional conditions, it does manifest its immense force so that the past returns and becomes an intensified present. No vividness of the senses equals its penetrating effulgence. Experience is transfigured; there is found to be immeasurably more within us than we knew; our little world expands into the size of a universe; and we are startled into another consciousness—another, and yet the same—of what we have been, and of what we are." The past is not lost. No sooner do events bow themselves out of our presence than they take their appointed places in a sacred apartment whose portal unlocks to memory's key. Thither we may fly for asylum from the cares that infest the day, and in the subdued light where tones we cherished and forms we loved come

again, find inspiration for purer thought and incentive to nobler living.

There is another and a more comprehensive means of holding communion with the past:

Books.

Milton, in *Paradise Regained*, condemns the practice of much reading—mere cramming:

"Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere
seek?)

Uncertain and unsettled still remains ;
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself."

That is *mere* reading; I refer to *communion* (the thought is the germ-idea of the word now growing to be so popular, *symposium*, a drinking together, a feast, a banquet): room for independence of thought, and for the play of personal sympathies. Not *slavishness*, but *taste, refinement, nobility*.

By means of books we are introduced into the best *society* of the world's history, and may establish the most intimate terms with the aristocracy of mind,—*Nature's blue blood!* Not only may books bring us into fellowship with the elect spirits of the ages, but so weave the spell of a great author's genius about the heart and mind of the reader as to bring forth in magic realization the events they perpetuate and the scenes they describe. I have gone to the forum and listened to Pericles, to the Parthenon and worshipped with Phidias, to the theatre and heard Sophocles, to the banquet and beheld Aspasia. I have opened Shakespeare and shuddered as the "false, perjured Clarence," rela-

ted his dream: the spirit of Hamlet has entered my bosom, and I have realized all he could have felt when, with burning indignation and fixed resolve, he cried:

"It is not, nor it cannot come to good ;
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue!"

I have heard the tempest howling around the white locks of Lear, and "the envious nightingale" singing in Capulet's garden—but hold, my pen! I had forgotten that I am writing for THE STUDENT, and that Cupid is in bowshot of the Pierian spring.

If books exert such a potent influence over us, should we not be very careful what we read? and what we *neglect* to read? We would think it strange indeed were one to refuse the honor and privilege of personal acquaintance with the great and good who have realized George Eliot's longing after immortality—an immortality of literary fame. What would you not give to be able to say, "I gazed on Dante's face, and saw its sweet melancholy penetrated and illumined with the light of a far-off hope as he breathed his beloved Beatrice's name? I sat at the feet of Milton, and beheld the sightless orbs grow gloriously expressive while the great soul held communion with the invisible world, and from 'Thought's interior sphere' summoned beautiful and sublime intelligences to be the companions of a nature too great for the fellowship of Earth; I felt the grasp of Shakespeare's brawny hand and scanned the spacious brow which fronted that 'hundred-gated brain whence came forth fancies, and images, and characters, trooping like richly caparisoned horsemen from old Egyptian Thebes'!"

Were I a king, methinks I should esteem it a privilege to take off my crown in the presence of Elizabeth Barrett Browning! And yet, if we know them in their books, we know them at their *best*. In a literary point of view, it may be said: *The good that men do lives after them, the evil is often interred with their bones.* Unfortunately the literary temperament seems inimical to the equable development of character. It almost spoiled Cicero, it weakened Erasmus, it loosed Bacon from moral restraint, it brought jangling discord into the lives of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Carlyle, George Eliot, and a host of others for whom the world pleads "the infirmities of genius." Infirmities sometimes serve to attract us to the great, whose greatness would else keep us at an unsocial distance—it is the touch of nature making us akin; but when infirmities take on the semblance of meanness or crime, the spell is rudely broken.

But there is one book which, by the common consent of mankind, bears a name that marks its pre-eminence. Our Bible—Book of Books! Truly does a great Roman Catholic writer say: "Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent tradition of childhood is stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the grief and trials of man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments: and all that has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and patient, and good, speaks to him forever out of his English Bible."

Thomas Jefferson declared: "I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands." The Bible creates and fosters SOCIABILITY. By according to man his true station and dignity, he is made an object worthy of our study, sympathy, and companionship. By revealing the social life of Jesus of Nazareth—"the realized ideal of humanity's chief excellence"—we are taught to emulate those refined and exquisitely sensibilities out of which grew the tenderest sympathies, the broadest philanthropies, and noblest attachments. In his human nature our Divine Lord was pre-eminently social, marvellously considerate, courteous, and refined. We declare it as our firm conviction that one cannot imbue his life with the genuine spirit of the Bible without becoming, in the most exalted sense of the word, *social*.

The final evidence of man's social nature I refer to is the fact that he may

Commune with himself.

Long ago Israel's inspired bard wrote, "Commune with thy own heart." It is to be seriously regretted that the business rush and tumult of the age allow so little space for self-communion. I speak not of a sentimental pensiveness, which too often feeds upon the fair young life like a worm in the bud, nor of morbid dreaming which corrodes the spirit and rusts the sword of manhood; but of a rational, thorough, cheerful interview with one's self upon the great questions of Time and Eternity. What do we mean by the strong expression "self-respect," if it be not founded upon self-commun-

ion? That was a noble answer given by a boy, when assured by the tempter that no one would see him: "Sir, I would see myself!" and there is no stronger appeal to the manhood of a man, or the womanhood of a woman, than "This above all, to thy own self be true!"

Let us recognize and appreciate all that is good and beautiful in man. Let us work upon it as a necessary element in all reform both social and civil. Let us ring out the cry of Carlyle, "Let

men know that they are men!" Then, still infinitely removed from the inspired demand, "Be ye therefore perfect," let us, by faith, become one in spirit with the Deity in human form, who, dwelling on Earth and partaking of our sorrows, imparted to humanity its superlative glory; bowing before "that holy form which rises before the poor pilgrim like a star in the night," let us with love, adoration, and homage exclaim, ECCE HOMO! ECCE DEUS!!

HENRY W. BATTLE.

ENTHUSIASM NECESSARY TO GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS.

Near the close of the eighteenth century, when the political and moral foundations of all Europe were upheaved with violence, when statesmen trembled with fear for the safety of their fabrics, and "ministers of the altar humbled themselves in sack-cloth," an Englishman went as a missionary to India, a country in ignorance and superstition. And, though at first opposed by the Anglo-Indian government, within forty years by teaching, preaching, and translating the Bible into the various dialects of India, he accomplished an amount of work which, in its eternal results, no intellect can compute, no imagination conceive. The labors of this great missionary have "poured the light of life" upon the darkened eyes of more people than have the labors of any other man. And when goodness and usefulness shall constitute the standard by which men are considered great

or small, few of the myriads that have lived will stand in advance of William Carey. But when we consider what this great benefactor achieved, the question arises, Why was it that he accomplished so much? Was it because he was so great a genius? or because the times in which he lived were peculiarly favorable to such an enterprise? Neither; but rather the *sine qua non* of great achievements—*Enthusiasm*.

Enthusiasm may be regarded as the great motive power for human action. See that engine with all its parts properly adjusted, its governing apparatus in gear, standing motionless upon the track; and there it will remain till steam be applied to it. Then it traverses the country with lightning rapidity, connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific. Here is a man, a noble being he is, a giant in intellect, a Solomon in wisdom; but he will accom-

plish nothing unless his soul be fired with the electric spark of enthusiasm. Every gift, of however noble origin, is latent till breathed upon by enthusiasm's exhilarating breath.

Those countries which have possessed the richest soil and greatest natural advantages, and which produced a sufficient variety and quantity of the necessaries of life to enable their citizens to live without much labor, either physical or mental, have generally remained poor, and failed to produce great men—illustrating the saying of Mr. Hobbes, that man is as lazy as circumstances will allow him to be. Scotland's soil is unprolific, her climate bleak and uninviting, yet she has produced some of the greatest men of history. Who has not heard of Wallace, Bruce, Scott, and Stewart? How seldom is it that the sons of the wealthy attain eminent positions! The greatest benefactors of the world, and those who have made the greatest impress upon their own age, have been men descended from the middle classes, and trained in the school of adversity.

Were men not lazy, we would not see so many quacks, pettifoggers, ignorant pedagogues, mischievous demagogues and sorry preachers stalking through our land. What all these need is enthusiasm, deep, soul-stirring enthusiasm to arouse them to the importance of the duties that devolve upon them, and to the necessity of labor.

Since the majority prefer to hinder rather than help him who is engaged in a great enterprise, no one will accomplish anything great without en-

thusiasm. When one surveys, with his mental eye, the mountainous difficulties which lie before him, he is almost ready to give up in despair. But just as reflected light and refracting atmosphere lend beautiful hues to the face of nature, so imagination paints beauty and hope upon the picture, and he imbibes new life and energy. In his latter days there were many things to discourage the famous writer of *Paradise Lost*. He was poor and blind, and for a while was compelled to live in secret. But to say nothing of his other great productions, his tract in defence of the liberty of the press is, as Mr. Shaw says, the sublimest plea that has ever been produced for the great principle of freedom of thought and opinion. Had Columbus not had faith in his convictions and an extraordinary zeal in his enterprise, he would have faltered ere the great new world rose upon the horizon.

A short time ago, when one of the greatest benefactors of the country was endeavoring to induce his own denomination in this State to build an institution for the benefit of poor orphans, numerous objections were raised from various quarters. "It is the wrong time, the wrong way, and the wrong place," insisted many. But as he possessed such an honest zeal in the enterprise, he did not become dismayed at the difficulties, but spoke of it so often and so earnestly that the public were compelled to give attention and to accept his views.

To say that thought is the creator of all improvements, and the distinctive glory of man, is to assert what

all history contradicts, what no one can believe, and what would change this world into the semblance of an iceberg. What has *mere* thought ever done? What pagan god did it ever smite to the dust? Not one! When did it ever ameliorate the condition of mankind?

Erasmus had many brilliant qualities—genius, wit, learning, and taste. He was well qualified to lead the van of the great political and religious reformation that was going on in Europe. And as he was such a power, both Catholics and Protestants desired his assistance; but he had no strong convictions. When the Pope insisted that he should write in favor of Catholicism, at first he refused, but finally he wrote on a subject upon which people in all ages have differed. He lacked that enthusiasm which exalts the character to the firmness and energy necessary to great achievements.

Luther did not possess such brilliant qualities, but he possessed what is far above all talents—enthusiasm. The electric spark of enthusiasm not only fired his own noble soul, but enabled him to inaugurate a movement which swept Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, England, and Scotland into the stream of the reformation, and “gave a new direction to the spiritual history of mankind.” His matchless enthusiasm burned to ashes the logic of the scholar, dissolved the theories of ecclesiastical supremacy, and accomplished what no amount of argument could have accomplished. See him standing out before the world—

one *lone* man with Emperor, Elector, Pope—all against him, exclaiming: “Go to Worms! I will go if there are as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the tops of the houses.”

For several years succeeding the late war the heart of humanity grew cold, the zeal of the age was as uninspiring as the roar of machinery. Men could be bribed, bought and sold like dumb cattle in the political market, because the magnificent enthusiasm and august passions of patriotism and old parties were dead. Public improvements languished, roads were not built, colleges declined, rust and mildew were upon everything, not altogether because the government was oppressive, not because men had no money, no credit, no resources; but because they had no energy, no life, no invincible determination—no enthusiasm.

So cold and dead had men become in all matters that even parties of pleasure became as grim as the Senate of Pilgrim Fathers. But as soon as they saw that, alas! they had remained inactive too long, as soon as the spark of enthusiasm was enkindled in their noble breast, they aroused themselves from their apathy, a new era dawned upon the history of our national politics, and to-day ours is the grandest nation under the sun.

Every step of progress in the history of our race has been achieved and secured by men of deep, soul-stirring enthusiasm, without which nothing great can be achieved.

J. STEWART.

 "PONYING."

This is preeminently the age of education. The eighteenth century, with the contempt which then existed for intellectual improvement, has passed away. Gentlemen, in their various amusements, exhibited lack of refinement and gentility. Women engaged to an alarming extent in gambling, thus setting a bad example for their children. Fops manifested great delight in exposing their ignorance of orthography, as well as of standard literature. But the reform set on foot by Steele and Addison has been carried to such an extent that quite the reverse is true at present. In these days it is generally the case that uneducated people, men and women who have not attended some college for several years, must necessarily take their positions in the background and allow the more cultivated to stand in the front ranks. No longer does wealth or birth constitute the passport into the highest orders of society, but refinement and intellectual improvement which follow hard upon the heels of earnest efforts after knowledge.

This principle has become universally prevalent among all classes. It seems to pervade the very atmosphere and to inflame the most ignorant country lad with an incurable desire to come to college and rest his aching joints on the benches of the recitation room, hard and uncushioned though they be. It is a recognized fact that a man with his diploma in his hand,

whether he got it honestly or not, whether or not he has obtained the diploma and some one else has received the education, has a decided advantage over his associates who have none. This circumstance, after inducing men of different degrees of intellectual power to come to college, has gone further, and induced those who are lacking either in brain or moral culture to resort to the means generally denominated "ponying," in order to get their diplomas.

Now, it may be set down as a universally true statement, that such a course weakens the intellect. The most obvious way in which this occurs is found in the principle that power unutilized is power lost. Man is the noblest work of God's creation, and the mind is the noblest part of man. Within that mind there are powers and resources which are incalculable, but which will continue to dwindle away as years of inactivity and neglect pass by. And when these faculties, which have so kindly been committed to our care, are used only to observe and remember the results of others' investigations, the cultivation does not extend beyond the surface, and the great majority of these resources remain unchanged in their old crude and dormant condition. But when one is thrown on his own resources, when he has to work out the knotty sentences in Sophocles and Livy without the aid of translations, explore all alone the hidden mysteries

of the Greek verb, and master the complications of the subordinate sentences in Latin, then it is that his brain is aroused and active through and through. Then it is that he plows deep, subsoils carefully, fertilizes well, sows plentifully, and in a few years at most will be prepared to reap an abundant harvest.

And not only so, but such a practice tends to diminish one's confidence in his own abilities. Confidence is half the battle, under what circumstances soever it may be found; doubt and irresolution defeat an army before the enemy is in sight. Life is one continual battle against opposition of every kind and adversity of every degree of severity. Seldom is it the case that the forces of nature and the workings of Providence conspire to help us in our endeavors to attain unto success, but most frequently it seems that everything and everybody have deserted us and taken their stand against us. At college is the place to prepare one's self for these struggles. There, in our successes and our defeats, our pleasures and our troubles, our resting moments and our working hours, if we carefully observe them and give scrupulous attention to our experiences in our efforts to profit by them, we may get a good, though perhaps bitter, foretaste of the vicissitudes which await us in the future. The man of maturer years may be seen in the young man at college, his character may be judged by the character which he exhibits there, and the habits which are formed while he is young and active will cling to him till gray hairs announce the advent of de-

crepit old age. So, if a young man regularly calls to his aid a translation whenever he meets an obstinate point, if he habitually depends on something else whenever a hard problem presents itself, instead of exploring his own resources, then in a little while he will have lost all confidence in his own abilities, and will need help for the solution of the simplest question, and this characteristic will accompany him through life.

By "ponying," also, a great deal is lost in the matter of individual, original thinking. It is to be feared that in these latter days it is too much the custom of those who write compositions, essays, and orations, not only to take ideas from other men's writings, but to take their exact words and expressions without due credit. Dependence on translations or friends will have the same direful effect.

These are some of the injurious effects which "ponying" has upon the intellect of the individual. It would be well if the man who engages in it were the only loser. It has always been a cardinal principle that the character of a tree is judged by its fruit. And when a young man gets his diploma, by the "skin of his teeth" it may be, and goes out into the world flourishing it as his only recommendation, he is taken as a specimen of the work his Alma Mater performs, when the truth of the business is that it is not at all her work, but some one else's. Such a one has not only seriously injured himself for life, but he has brought dishonor on the institution of which he is a graduate by deceiving its instructors and obtaining a diploma unworthily.

The general sentiment among students should be so strong against such dealings as these as to render them impossible.

CHAS. E. BREWER.

"Ponying" is generally practised on three occasions, namely, in preparation for daily recitation, on daily recitation, and on examination.

To prepare for daily recitations, those who follow this practice, generally use translations, keys, and such like. It may be said that, if there be no positive regulations forbidding their use, they will be used to a greater or less extent in all institutions. In high schools there are generally such regulations. In most colleges it is otherwise. They are institutions for men and gentlemen, and on this ground freedom from restraint is largely granted to the students; which is too often abused, especially in the way of "ponying." The cause may be attributed to laziness and to that aversion to study which is a marked characteristic of so many students. Some, however, who under ordinary circumstances would not follow the practice, are led to do so by press of work. However that may be, the practice is wrong and injurious; for, aside from the effect of defeating the very end of study—training—and lessening the independence of the student, there is an element of positive dishonesty in it. It is nothing more or less than deception. It is palming off on a professor the rendering of a passage, or the solution of a problem, as the case may be, which is not one's own. May-be by this means the student will

be able to get a better mark; but in the long run he will come out wanting. He will get a reputation for scholarship which he cannot sustain in after life; and, in endeavoring to come up to the standard—which, by the way, is a high one—raised by the world for a college graduate, he will be forced to resort to means similar to the one he used at college. He will either have to rely on others to do his brain work for him, or he will appropriate the brain work of others without giving them credit for it. Then the road to plagiarism, bold and open, is plain. It is sometimes argued that translations may be used without injury and even to advantage. Whiskey may be used without injury and even to advantage, but, alas! how seldom is it the case!

As for "ponying" on daily recitation, little need be said. Every man's conscience tells him that it is wrong; else, why is it that the one who is going to peep into his book, skulks behind the bench? and why is it that the one who has an example worked out on his cuff or on a piece of paper in his pocket, every now and then looks around with a guilty expression on his face to see if the professor is watching him—why? Nothing can be more destructive of the moral sense of a student than the habitual practice of this thing. Continuance in it is but a step towards the crowning shame of college life, namely, "ponying" on examination.

It is generally considered that a boy who will, after having signed a pledge that he has neither given nor received aid on an examination, hand in his

paper with his own name signed to it—a paper, however, which he perhaps has copied from leaves torn from some translation, or from examples concealed in his tablet, thus adding perjury to deception—such an one is unworthy to associate with gentlemen. Not only so, but the influence of several such will in a short time well nigh destroy the moral sentiment of a whole college. Expulsion is too lenient treatment. How a man who does this can hold up his head among his fellow-students and expect to be respected by them is a mystery. Yet some do, and sometimes, strange to say, they talk about it as if it were something to be proud of. What is the reason? The explanation is not easy to find. It will be found only when men explain the secret of all other kinds of wrong-doing. But we may get some clue to the secret in the fact that there is a general sentiment existing among students against one who fails on examination; and knowing this, some who are doubtful about “getting through,” resort to dishonest means. It is false pride. A thousand times better would it be to “fall through” on every examination, and never get a diploma, than to have the consciousness of being through, not by virtue of any merit in one’s self, but by the practice of outright dishonesty. A clear conscience is better than a college diploma.

This practice, just as cheating on recitation, opens up the road to dishonesty in after life. If a student at college will sign his name to work which is not his own, in order to have the name of being able to pass an

examination, why will he not after leaving college sign some other man’s name to a check? one is scarcely worse than the other. To do one is to make it harder to resist doing the other, should a favorable opportunity present itself.

The remedy? With respect to translations, if the use of them be an evil, the very root of the remedy lies in opening the eyes of those who are disposed to use them to the knowledge of the injury they are doing themselves. This will have the effect of keeping some from using them, while upon others it will have little or no effect. Just as men will continue to drink in full view of the inevitable consequence, so some will continue this practice regardless of results. Such must be left to their own way.

For the man who is so far lost to all sense of honor as to sign his name to a pledge that he has received no aid on an examination, when, in reality, he has done scarcely anything else,—for him the air should be made so hot that he could not stand it. He should be frowned down by all honest men. They should not associate with him. If this be done, he will soon find some urgent business calling him away from college; and he will doubtless heed the call. Let him go. A happy riddance.

In conclusion, let the first beginnings of wrong-doing in this direction be shunned.

“Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

It may be presumed that every one who has been connected with a college knows what is meant by the word "ponying." Many of us poor pedestrians trudging along the rough road to knowledge have seen others mounted upon "ponies" "ride" by us. It is also presumed in these remarks that no one doubts that this practice is pernicious, morally and intellectually.

Its bad effects may be seen daily; for all self-respect and self-reliance are lost when a man lowers himself to "ponying," and its shadow rests upon his countenance, unless he is extraordinarily brazen-faced.

There is no use shutting our eyes to the truth; and we must acknowledge that the practice of cheating on examinations is alarmingly on the increase among our students. During a course of four years at college, we have never seen it so prevalent—while it is true that it has always been practised to some extent, yet it was done very secretly, and the one who practised it did not dare to tell of it. But now the vice holds up its head openly and boastfully. It seems almost incredible that anybody could be so lost to all sense of honor and of shame as to cheat on an examination, and then deliberately take an oath that he has received no assistance. But we know that there are some among us who not only do this, but talk about it afterwards. Instead of preparing for examinations, "ponies" are prepared and carried into the examination room. You have toiled day and night until your head is ready to split, and another man looks over your shoulder and copies your work. Although a

majority of the boys would condemn the idea of cheating themselves, yet they are in some measure responsible for the propagation of the vice in that they tolerate it in others. A new student, perhaps, would not at first so debase himself, but after awhile he sees those who practise it mingling socially with those who do not, and even "hail fellows well met" with many. He begins to think that it is not so bad as he supposed, and at last almost unconsciously glides into it.

Wake Forest is not the only sufferer. But let us set the other colleges a good example and break down this vice. There is only one way in which it can be done, and that is the strong sentiment of the students against it. The Faculty may make law after law, but there will always be found some cunning enough to evade them, or mean enough to violate them. It rests entirely with the boys themselves whether there shall be cheating on examinations. The boys at McCabe's school in Petersburg report every man caught cheating. He is brought before a tribunal of his companions, and, if found guilty, is commanded to pack up and leave. But, almost every boy here would recoil from the idea of informing on another student, nor would it meet the approbation of the Faculty. But what we can and ought to do, is to make this climate so unhealthy for the man who "ponies" that he will voluntarily leave. When he finds that he is socially ostracised, loathed by all, and shunned as if he were a leper—for indeed he is affected with a leprosy which will destroy the manly work at college—he will seek

more congenial regions. It may take several years to get up this sentiment, but now is the time to begin. It may be hard to treat a fellow-student as if he were a felon, but it is the only way to purify the college. So long as the vice is blandly tolerated it will go

on increasing. But by carrying out this plan, such a feeling of honor will exist, and cheating be held in such detestation, that either a man will not dare to cheat, or, if he does, will find the atmosphere too warm for him.

R. H. WHITEHEAD.

EDITORIAL.

WHY SO MANY FAIL IN COLLEGE.

Why is it that so many persons fail when trying to lead successful lives? Is it not because they have no just appreciation of life, and their minds are unable to comprehend the value of living a noble life? They seem to act as if they had never spent a moment in serious consideration of the best way to prepare for living. The very principle which is absolutely necessary for laying a foundation upon which they can build their character, is practically lost sight of. They fail to begin right in youth, and having nothing, when old, that will do to rely upon—for they have been “sowing wild oats”—they accomplish nothing. The cause of such failures is that they have no definite purpose and aim in life.

Is it not so with many boys in their college career? They have the wrong idea of college life, not giving due weight to its difficulties and responsibilities. Such persons as these go to school, being destitute of any fixed purpose, and instead of placing themselves in the very front rank and making men of themselves, they soon begin to float with the tide of the indolent ones. Should any one ask them why they act thus, they would quite readily answer that it was not at all their intention to do so. So every thing they do is without a purpose—not intentional.

There are some who have this sin-

gleness of purpose, but they know not how to start. They know not what course to take. They would like to take the highest, but for want of means and time, they deem it best for them to begin some lower course. And so they go to work, determined to get out of it all the good possible. That course would do very well so far as it goes, but often it may prevent their taking another which possibly they ought to take.

When they are near the completion of their mapped-out college work, they begin to think of what they might have accomplished, if they had only raised the eyes of their mind a little higher, and had seen the benefits which are to be derived from taking the highest course. After having labored for some time in a certain direction, they find that they cannot advantageously change, for they have not started in a proper manner; they have left off the very study which was so important for them to carry along with them from the beginning.

How often is it the case that many of our boys decide, at first, to take a low degree, and fail to take Greek, Latin, or Mathematics, and though they might afterwards have a strong desire to pursue a higher course of study, yet they cannot do that, for it requires such a long time to complete any one of these studies. Let those who intend going to college, determine before leaving home to do something while at school; aim for the

highest, and then start right by laying a broad foundation upon which the structure of knowledge can be built, and then they need not have any fears that their mental structure will ever fall, for it will stand unshaken while life exists. J. W. W.

STUDENT'S AID ASSOCIATION.

It now looks as if the broad and inviting field of usefulness spreading before this Association is to be entered upon in earnest. At the Directors' meeting of December 15th the plan upon which its funds are to be loaned was agreed upon. On account of its general interest we copy the resolution in full:

Resolved, that the funds of this Association shall be loaned on real estate or such other security as may be deemed reliable by the investing committee: provided, however, that every donor at the time of making a donation shall have the right to designate the mode of investing his donation.

That the notes taken for the loan of money shall mature not more than five years after date, and shall bear interest at 6 per cent per annum."

The amount raised at the late Convention in the two or three minutes allowed to a collection for this object showed the readiness with which the people will take hold of it. A boy struggling with ignorance and poverty leagued to repress his aspirations and circumscribe his usefulness appeals at once and strongly to every generous heart. And so the Treasurer, Mr. W. C. Powell, gets some money every few days; but, looking at the great and pressing need, it comes very slowly. We take heart

now, however. The Directors have appointed an Agent who will put the work of the Association before the people and push it. Mr. N. B. Broughton, of Raleigh, has accepted that work. He is well known in all parts of the State as a successful business man, a zealous Christian worker, and a warm friend of education.

W. L. P.

A NEW SCHEME OF COLLEGE GOVERNMENT.

A scheme which commits the government of the college largely to the students themselves, has been adopted by some institutions. The one quite recently adopted by Harvard provides that a permanent conference committee be established consisting of five members of the faculty and sixteen students, five from the senior class, four from the junior class, three from the sophomore class, two from the freshman class, and two at large from the college. The president appoints the five members from the faculty, and the chairman of this committee is chairman of the conference committee. The student members are elected by ballot from the body of students. It is the business of the conference committee to discuss subjects proposed either by its faculty members or the student members. And it has the power to discuss the "mutual relations" of faculty and students, and any question in which the under-graduates have an interest. Any resolution passed by a majority vote of the student members of the conference committee will be reported

to the faculty, and the action of the faculty will be made known to the conference. And any complaint on the part of the students presented to the committee, that is not too trivial, will be forwarded to the faculty.

This scheme has proved advantageous to both faculty and students in institutions when it has been judiciously executed, and, doubtless, will in any case when properly carried out. If Geneva College had had such a committee, perhaps the "troubles" between its faculty and junior class which have occasioned so many unfriendly remarks and criticisms could have been settled without any difficulty. This new scheme is attracting attention and will be carefully watched, especially by those who are interested in college government. J. S.

EXAMINATIONS.

The primary object of formal written examinations in our schools is to test one's knowledge of the studies he has gone over. But it may be questioned whether such a test is necessary. A teacher to whom students recite every day, and who as often questions them on the minutiae of the subject under consideration, will doubtless know how much each one knows about his studies without resorting to the much dreaded process of written examinations. And if a professor should not be willing to assume the responsibility of making out the student's standing from his own personal knowledge of his attainments, he could avoid the accusation of par-

tiality by letting the daily mark determine it.

It may be even doubted whether these examinations are correct tests of one's knowledge of a subject. They are generally made at the end of every term of five months on all the ground gone over during that time. Now, from that may be selected at least six examinations involving fourteen questions each; and there would be a marked difference in the grade of each of the same class as represented by the results of his work on each of these examinations, except, perhaps, the very few who may have a perfect knowledge of the whole subject treated. One student is often required to take a lower grade than another who is less thorough than himself simply because he is not able to answer some of the questions that happened to be asked. The professor is not unfrequently surprised at the low grade of some members of his class who possess a fair knowledge of the whole subject.

It is also urged in favor of examinations that they stimulate students to greater efforts in trying to master their text-books, and that, if they are willing to excuse themselves with a mere superficial knowledge of their lessons daily assigned, they will be forced to hard study at the approach of the time for examinations. But the fault of examinations in this respect is that their stimulating influence is not constant. Most men are naturally indolent, and they need some powerful stimulus to awaken their powers and call forth constant exertion. The general acceptance of this truth is

manifested by the universal custom of offering scholarship medals. Many students will not apply themselves to hard study until just before the time for examinations. Then, by a process of cramming they will strain their minds to the utmost that they may be able to pass the line of proficiency.

Now, there is no real discipline of mind in this. The object of taking a course at college is to train the mind to habits of thinking. But a very superficial knowledge of what one encounters and a habit of inaccurate thinking is the most that can be accomplished by such a process. This habit of skimming the surface on daily recitations also occasions such a constant mortification and loss of self-respect that some boys will actually resort to dishonest means before they will suffer the chagrin and humiliation attending failure on examination. Now, if it be true, as has been said, that "one lesson or one book, perfectly and thoroughly understood, would do you more good than ten lessons, or ten books, not half studied," there ought to be a regulation in every school requiring every student to approximate as nearly as possible a perfect mastery of each lesson by making the minimum daily mark very high. The student then could not defer his real work till near the time for examination, but would be forced to thoroughly understand his textbooks as he goes over them. He would of necessity acquire a habit of probing deep into the minutiae of every subject encountered; for his getting a diploma would depend directly upon his daily toils, and not upon occasional

spasmodic efforts. Equipped with such mental discipline as this, the student would not resort to the prevalent practice of cramming for examinations. Indeed, there would be no need of examinations; for the reviews could be made more valuable by putting them under the head of daily recitations, and there would be no temptation to dishonesty on examination.

It is not claimed that written examinations have not served the purpose well for which they were intended, but it is believed that a regulation laying more stress on daily work and making it the basis of graduation will serve the same purpose better. This conclusion has been reached from observing so many inaccurate scholars going out from our institutions, men, too, with minds originally bright. It is thought that this suggestion is practicable.

O. F. T.

A TRIFLE FRIVOLOUS.

M. Taine in his study of Thackeray has a strong piece of contrast between the French temperament and the English temperament. He fancies he sees a score of lively people gathered in a drawing-room or artist's studio in France. They must be amused, that is their character. You may speak to them of human wickedness, but on condition of diverting them. Teach a lesson, and they will yawn. Laugh, it is the rule—in good humor and in very lightness of spirit. This nimble wit glides and flickers on the mere surface of things. Satisfy it by imitating it, and to please gay people be

gay. Be polite, is the second commandment, very like the first. You would wound them by trying to carry conviction by dint of solid arguments. A hinted smile is better than a sound syllogism. On the other hand, across seven leagues of sea our author finds in a great unadorned hall, swept and orderly, five hundred long faces gloomy and subdued. It is clear they are not there to amuse themselves. Their laughter is a convulsion as stiff as their gravity. Let us not skim over our subject, but impress it; let us not dally, but strike. Our hearers came here to be taught; they demand worked-out refutations and complete explanations. If they have paid to come in, it was to hear advice which they might apply.

The passage presents two extremes not unfrequently to be met with in the lighter current literature of the day. Now and then one comes upon a grave and sombre Puritan of a paper, of the *fax-and-figgers* type, above whose even dullness no imp of fun ever peeps. Perhaps quite as often one comes upon a silly sheet in which the imp of fun runs clean away with the *fax and figgers*. The tendency toward the latter type is marked in many of the college papers which fall under our eye, particularly in their editorial departments. Now, all the above, it must be confessed, is a very long preliminary to some very short suggestions which we desired to make to our fun-loving friends of the college press. At the risk of being thought censorious and officious, we here set them down.

1. The uniform French frivolity is

quite as grotesque as the uniform English gravity; both are alike unnatural. The best of men, we are told, relish a joke now and then. Exactly; but it is likely that even the best of men would prove rebellious under an unvarying regimen of soup and catsup. "Professed wits," says Sidney Smith, "though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The character of a *mere* wit it is impossible to consider as very amiable, very respectable, or very safe."

2. A friend recently remarked to the writer that such and such a magazine seemed to be got up primarily for the amusement of the students of the institution with which it was connected. A large part of the jokes presume a knowledge of local circumstances and events which nobody but the students there, and often only a small circle of these, can be expected to possess.

3. Mr. John Ashton tells us that the jest books and ballads of "Merrie England" of the seventeenth century are now little known to the general public because no publisher would be bold enough to reproduce them. Of course the decency of the press is not so outraged in any of our college publications. Sometimes, however, they admit into their columns droll incidents and quips which do no credit to their undoubted respect for the tastes of refined society. And so our last suggestion is, use a little care here, else the spice of fun may grow musty and spoil the whole preserve.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE DAKOTA MOVE.—The inhabitants of southern Dakota have organized a State government of their own, and have voted separation from the rest of the Territory. Their so-called legislature has elected members to the United States Senate, and are now demanding admittance into the Union, claiming that Congress has no right to refuse them. The central and northern portions of the Territory are bitterly opposed to the division which the southern part claims to have rightfully made; but they desire that the whole Territory be admitted as one State.

Now this southern section is much more populous than the rest of the Territory, and it has made greater advancement in material development; and there also seems to be a considerable difference of sentiment between the two sections. But it is a question whether Congress ought to give one section the advantages of State government and leave the rest without them. And since the southern section is Republican, and would increase the power of the Republicans in the Senate, the present Democratic Congress will doubtless be slow to comply with its arrogant demand.

A NEW WONDER.—A French chemist, M. Pasteur, has for the last five years given his attention almost exclusively to experiments upon rabbits and other animals, with the view of discovering a cure for hydrophobia.

He announced to the world in 1884 that he had met with complete success; but it was not until last year that public confidence sanctioned the application of his remedy to human beings. He is now attracting patients threatened with that terrible malady from almost all parts of the globe. The French government has provided him with one of the public hospitals for the accommodation of his patients, whom he treats without charge.

His wonderful cure is effected by a system of inoculation. He keeps the hydrophobia virus in the bodies of rabbits, transmitting it from one to another. He proceeds in his treatment by inserting the vaccine under the skin of the pit of the stomach once or twice a day, first using a weak virus, then a stronger, and so on till the patient actually experiences a mild form of hydrophobia. The process requires about fifteen days, during which time the patient is put to very slight inconvenience on account of the treatment.

He has four boys from America under his treatment now. Edward Ryan, Austin Fitzgerald, William Lane, and Patric Reynolds were bitten by a mad-dog in Newark, N. J., on the 2nd of last month, and the people of that city immediately made up money enough to send them to Paris. Their cases will be watched with peculiar interest, since they were the first Americans sent to test the new discovery. There has been great excite-

ment in Newark ever since these boys happened to their misfortune. Indeed, it is feared that an epidemic of the rabies is raging in the North. Even New York has caught up the excitement, and every precaution is taken to prevent the spread of the supposed malady. Every dog that acts a little strangely is thought to have rabies, and is immediately dispatched. It is possible that there is no ground for this wild excitement, since there is no positive proof that any of the slaughtered brutes were suffering from hydrophobia, not even the one that bit the lads in New Jersey.

HOPE FOR IRELAND!—After many centuries of suffering and constant battling against the cruel treatment which they received at the hands of England, the Irish people are now about to obtain the blessings of home rule, for which they have been contending so long. Their most successful leader, Mr. Parnell, whose political strength is so great that his requests cannot be passed by unnoticed, is still tenaciously demanding that his people be allowed to govern themselves. The bearing of the political parties in England toward the Irish problem has put the English statesmen to their wits' end to know just how to deal with the situation. They fear that if Ireland has a parliament of its own, it will make laws directly opposed to the interests of England in retaliation for her own long sufferings.

The uncertainty which has overshadowed the political situation in England since the recent election, was

removed somewhat a few days ago by the announcement of Mr. Gladstone's programme, which favors Irish home rule with certain limitations. It is now thought that Mr. Parnell will not rely on the Tories, with whom he seemed to have formed an alliance in the election, but will look to the Liberals for that genuine sympathy which will make the coming change of the most advantage to Ireland.

That England will make some concessions to Ireland is beyond all doubt, but what the extent of those concessions will be is the question that is now creating much excitement in London. Certainly nothing less than a parliament to have supreme control over Irish affairs will satisfy Mr. Parnell and his adherents.

CONGRESS IN SESSION.—Soon after Congress met a bill granting a pension of \$5,000 a year to the widow of Gen. Grant passed both houses without discussion. A Republican from Wisconsin was the only one who voted against the bill, and he did so without giving any reasons for his position.

A bill to provide for the presidential succession, in case of necessity, which passed the Senate last session, but was defeated in the House, has again been introduced by Mr. Hoar. It gives the succession to the members of the cabinet in the following order: Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney-General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior, and lastly Post-Master-General. Mr. Randall has prepared a bill making the term of office of the Presidential Elec-

tors four years, so that in case the President is removed by any cause and the Vice-President becomes President, the electors shall elect another Vice-President; and in case of the removal of both President and Vice-President, the electors shall meet and elect others. This bill also provides that the succession mentioned in Mr. Hoar's bill shall be the order of succession till the electors meet.

Wade Hampton's bill making it a misdemeanor for any member of either

house to solicit the appointment of any one to office under the government of the United States, and which proposes to fine such an offender not more than \$3,000 nor less than \$500, brought a smile from the dignified senators assembled. The evil which this bill aims to correct is apparent, and it occasions much unnecessary annoyance and confusion, but the senators think that legislation is not the proper method of repairing the evil.

O. F. T.

EDUCATIONAL.

—The wealthiest college in America is Columbia.

—A chapel costing \$250,000 is in progress of erection at Lehigh.

—Johns Hopkins University is to have a one hundred thousand dollar laboratory.

—There are 130 pupils in attendance at Oak Ridge Institute, Guilford county, N. C.

—The oldest student on record is at the University of Vermont. He is 83 years old and in the class of '86.

—An effort is being made by the Trustees of the North Carolina College at Mount Pleasant, to raise an endowment fund for that institution.

—In memory of his deceased wife, Hon. H. W. Sage has given to Cornell University \$60,000, to endow the professorship of ethics and moral philosophy.

—The Alumnae of Vassar are trying to raise \$20,000 for a new gymnasium. This college has received \$1,000 as a prize fund to promote the study of Shakespeare.

—Davidson College, N. C., has an endowment of about \$100,000, and an efficient, energetic agent is employed to try to raise an additional endowment of \$50,000 for the purpose of endowing two more professorships.

—239 students are in attendance at Brown University, and they are distributed as follows: seniors, 61; juniors, 50; sophomores, 54; freshmen, 74. Eleven are pursuing a select course. The senior class are in trouble about class-day elections, and the affair is to be settled by law.

—Maj. S. M. Finger, our State Superintendent of Public Instruction, after consulting with Attorney-General Da-

vidson, says the board of education of any county can instruct the County Superintendent to refuse a certificate for non-attendance upon a county institute.—*N. C. Teacher.*

—The University of Michigan rejoices this year in an attendance of 1,400 students, 600 of whom are in the Academic Department. The tuition fees of this University have been raised. And the faculty are well pleased with the experiment of co-education, which has worked admirably thus far.

—The American School of Classical Studies at Athens has proved a great success. The school has been given a plot of ground by the Greek government, and efforts are being made to secure \$20,000, \$4,000 of which have already been subscribed, for the erection of a building.

—Dr. Seelye, President of Amherst, presented each member of the senior class, which numbered over 100, with a handsome copy of Bacon's *Essays*, out of the recompense he received for an article written for *The North American Review*.

—The stockholders of Judson College are donating their stock to the Western Baptist Convention. It is thought this will create a greater interest among the people of Western North Carolina in the college. It has always been intended that Judson College should belong to and be controlled by the Baptists of Western North Carolina.

—The Catholic clergy of the United States propose to raise this year \$7,000,000 for their University at

Washington, for the establishment of which Miss Caldwell, of New York City, recently gave \$300,000. It is their intention to make the endowment of this institution equal, at least, to that of any other institution of learning in the United States.

—The Supreme Court of the State has decided that the "Dortch law," passed by the Legislature of 1883, providing that the school tax paid by the whites shall be applied to white schools and that paid by the colored people to colored schools, is unconstitutional.

—Secretary Lamar has officially recommended the establishment in Washington of a "national university," of which the available foundation, he thinks, already exists in the scientific bureaux of the government with their apparatus and appliances.

—Physical training as a part of education originated in Germany in 1785. The present system there requires that at least two hours every week must be devoted to it from the age of six to eighteen in the case of girls, from six to twenty in the case of boys.

—The total indebtedness of Trinity College, N. C., is about \$6,380. The property is worth \$30,000, and its endowment fund amounts to \$5,000. The committee of laymen, Messrs. J. W. Alspaugh, J. S. Carr, and J. A. Gray paid \$3,000 for the expenses of the current year, and the Conference promised to raise for the same purpose \$2,500, but failed by \$1,199. So that, including unpaid tuition fees, the deficit for the current year amounts to \$1,509. The faculty consists of seven professors.

—There are 97 students at the S. B. Theological Seminary, 9 of whom are from North Carolina.

—God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please,—you can never have both.
Emerson.

—REV. A. B. BROWN, D. D., LL. D., Professor of English in Richmond College, died on the 27th of November, 1885.

—The principal professors in Cornell University get \$3,200, others \$3,000. The salaries of all have been recently raised.

—The census of 1880 showed in the United States 64,137 lawyers, 64,698 clergymen, 85,671 physicians, and 277,710 teachers.

—One bit of “monthly gossip” in *Lippincott's Magazine* for January is headed, “Can College Graduates Succeed in Business?”

—Gen. Eaton has resigned his position of Commissioner of Education, and will become president of Marietta College, at Marietta, Ohio.

—Never in the history of the South have so many chairs in the higher institutions of learning been filled by young men.—*C. F. Smith, in Atlantic.*

King's Mountain High School, (N. C.), of which Capt. W. T. R. Bell, (University of Va.) is principal, has 132 students, seven States being represented.

—The Baptists of Shelby have succeeded in raising \$1,367.50 of the \$2,000 on Shelby Female College, and efforts are being made to secure the remainder.

—The Legislature of Virginia has elected Rev. Dr. J. L. Buchanan State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

—We have bodies, it has been said, but we are spirits; and education is, in its highest and truest function, the education of the spirit. Our education will never be perfect unless, like the ancient temples, it is lighted at the top. It is only a religious education, after all, which can give us true happiness and real and permanent success.—*Canon Farrar, at the sessional opening of Johns Hopkins.*

—There is no more painful form of poverty than that which afflicts a very great proportion of our professors. The professor has to live in a genteel manner, and most frequently the college is in an expensive town; and he has a family to support and educate. The consequence is that his life is a prolonged scene of painful effort and positive misery. To endow one professorship sufficiently is better than to set up fifty with a lasting provision of poverty and distress.—*N. Y. Sun.* These remarks were made some months ago with reference to a salary of \$2,500 or \$3,000. *The Sun* ought to come South and study the domestic economy which has enabled the great majority of our professors to live up to this present on salaries ranging from \$800 to \$2,000.

—In *The Atlantic* for Oct., 1884, Mr. Charles Forster Smith wrote about “Southern Schools and Colleges” in such a way as to leave an impression which was not exactly just. The facts he presented are not questioned, but they were largely, as we now recall

them, on one side. He has himself seen that he was "liable to misinterpretation," and accordingly writes in the same magazine for December on the same subject, this time presenting for the most part the evidences of growth and improvement in Southern fitting schools and colleges. Of special interest is the account given of

McCabe's University School in Petersburg, Va. One thing is hard to understand,—why the writer should with such evident care avoid the mention of Baptist institutions, in some of which certainly there has been since the war as marked improvement as in any others.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—MR. F. T. PALGRAVE has been elected to the Oxford Chair of Poetry.

—CANON FARRAR writes in the January *North American* on the Church in America.

—AS a whole, *Genesis* stands at the head of the literature of the world—the very oldest book now in existence.—*Geikie*.

—ROBERT BROWNING distrusts his future biographer, and accordingly has lately destroyed all of his letters to his father and family, which his father had so carefully preserved.

—THERE is a good reason why novels always end with the marriage of the hero and heroine: our interest is always more excited by the struggles than by the results of victory.—*G. H. Lewes*.

—ETYMOLOGY OF 'DUDE.'—Naturally we get from 'duds' (clothes) 'dude'—one whose mind is given to consummate attire. 'Dude' is sometimes written 'puppy'—not without eminent authority.—*The Critic's Free Parliament*.

—TENNYSON'S new volume, called *Tiresias and other Poems*, contains twenty-six pieces, several of which have been printed before; it does not, however, contain "Vastness," which some of the papers led us to expect in it.

—*Personal Memoirs of Gen. U. S. Grant*, vol. 1, is described as a very simple and straightforward story of the life of the "chief actor in the greatest event of modern times." The narrative begins with his boyhood, and, in this volume, closes with the surrender of Vicksburg.

—IT would be a matter of great convenience and value if "writers of books" would invariably date the preface, or in some way indicate when the book was written. The sum of knowledge increases so rapidly these days that the date of a book's composition is sometimes most vital. The publisher's date on the title page may mislead.

—MR. JOHN BURROUGHS has recently in *The Critic* compared Dr. Johnson and Carlyle. His general

conclusion is, that, while through the wonderful Boswell a livelier, more lovable, and more real image of Johnson is likely to go down to succeeding ages than of Carlyle through Mr. Froude, still Johnson lived and moved and thought on a lower plane than Carlyle, and cherished less lofty ideals of life and duty.

—ROUTLEDGE, the London publisher, says that *Robinson Crusoe* is the best selling book that they have. Among the poets Longfellow leads with 6,000 copies sold in eighteen months. Next comes Scott with 3,170, then Shakespeare with 2,700, then Byron with 2,380.

—THE second part of the late Mr. Philip Smith's *Student's Ecclesiastical History* has appeared. It covers the period of the Middle Ages. It is criticised as having been made on the encyclopedic rather than on the perspective plan of history. By the way, Mr. Philip Smith was a brother of the famous Dr. William Smith.

—IT is estimated that there are in the English language some 240,000 words, requiring the issue of about twenty-five parts of Dr. Murray's Dictionary. The second part now out only goes to the word 'Batten.' Some additional conception of the fulness of the work may be got from the following instances: The words 'as' and 'at' are treated in eight columns each, 'arch' in fourteen, 'back' and its compounds in twenty-four, and 'anti' in forty-two. It is hoped that from this time the parts will be issued at the rate of one in every six months,

—*The Examiner* is publishing a series of articles on "The War of Secession" by Rossiter Johnson. It is announced that the series will be completed the last week in 1886, an article appearing every other week.

—*The New Princeton Review* is announced by A. C. Armstrong & Son, N. Y. It will occupy a broader field than its predecessor, and, while keeping its readers abreast of the thought of the time in philosophy, politics, science, religion, art, history, and education, it will probably be somewhat more popular. Special features will be fiction native and foreign—the latter selected—and an editorial department, the "World's Progress and Events." It will be under the editorial management of Wm. M. Sloane, Prof. of History in Princeton College. It will be issued six times a year, beginning with the number for January, 1886. \$3 per year.

—STORMONTH has this to say of the etymology of *yankee*: "A supposed corruption of the French *Anglais*, English, or *English* by the American Indians; compare, however, the Scot. *yankie*, a sharp, clever, forward woman; *yan'king*, active, pushing; connected with Icel. *jäga*, to move about." Dr. George H. Moore in a recent lecture presents a different view. He says: "For one hundred years American philologists have been trying to trace the term to an Indian source. It is not, Indian, however, but Dutch. The Dutch verb *yankee* means to snarl, wrangle, hanker after, and the noun *yankee* is perhaps the most expressive term of contempt in

the whole language. Out of the acrimonious struggle between Connecticut and New Amsterdam came the nick-name which has stuck to the descendants of the Puritans ever since."

—"SOME AMERICAN NOTES" in a recent issue of *McMillan's Magazine* are interesting, if not complimentary. The very candid writer thinks there is no greater mistake than to suppose that the typical American is energetic, restless, and versatile, "for in truth he is the slowest, most lethargic of men." "The climate withers all; the face becomes dry and pinched, the movements slow and languid; the speech

draws." He doesn't like our railways. "All trains in America are slow, like the movements of the people, but in the South they wriggle like wounded snakes along the ill-jointed and uneven tracks." "Nothing that the craft or enterprise of man has reared upon American soil is truly beautiful." He does have a word of praise for the negro, and speaks of the "brave spirit" of John Brown "animating and inspiring the friends of freedom." The article closes with a neat bit of contrast which furnishes the ground for the author's refusal to prophesy what is going to become of us.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

ELISHA MITCHELL SCI. SOCIETY.—The Journal of this society for the year 1884-'85 has lately appeared. The meetings, it will be remembered, are held at the University of North Carolina. The resident vice-president, Prof. Gore, reports that the society's second year has been a successful one. During the year four public lectures have been given under its auspices by Prof. Winston and Prof. Venable, of the University, Dr. Thos. F. Wood, of Wilmington, and Prof. J. H. Gore, of Washington, D. C. There were held six regular monthly meetings for the reading and discussion of papers presented. The officers for the year 1885-'86 are,—Dr. Thos. F. Wood, president; Dr. W. B. Phillips, 1st vice-

president; Prof. J. W. Gore, 2nd vice president; Prof. F. P. Venable, secretary and treasurer. A number of the printed papers are very valuable, of which Dr. Wood's sketch of Dr. M. A. Curtis' botanical work in North Carolina, the late Prof. Kerr's paper on the eocene deposits of the eastern part of the State, and Mr. M. E. Hyams' preliminary list of additions to Curtis' catalogue of the plants of North Carolina, deserve special mention.

ENGLISH ITEMS.—Science suffered a serious loss on the 9th of last November in the death of Dr. William B. Carpenter, F. R. S., of London. He died at his home of injuries received from the upsetting of the spirit

lamp while he was taking a hot air bath to relieve rheumatism. He was one of the most noted physiologists of the day, his work on *Human Physiology* being recognized everywhere as an authority. Beside, he was a successful worker in several branches of biology. He was born in 1813.

Prof. T. H. Huxley has resigned the presidential chair of the Royal Society, and Prof. G. C. Stokes, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in Cambridge, has been unanimously elected as his successor.

Sir J. D. Hooker, for twenty years director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, has retired from that position, influenced, as was Prof. Huxley, by the desire to escape the routine of official duties that he might devote more of his time to purely scientific work. He is engaged on a monograph on the flora of British India. Prof. W. T. Thistleton Dyer, his son-in-law and assistant director, will probably fill the vacancy.

CONTEMPT TURNING TO REVERENCE.—Mr. G. H. Lewes, in his famous *Studies in Animal Life*, relates the following incident which occurred when he was quietly dredging the bottom of a pond one day. He says: "Very unintelligible this would be to the passers-by, who generally cast contemptuous glances at us when they find we are not fishing, but only removing nothings into a glass jar. One day an Irish laborer stopped and asked me if I was fishing for salmon. I quietly answered, 'Yes.' He drew near. I continued turning over the weed, occasionally dropping an invisible thing into the water. At last a

large yellow-bellied triton was dropped in. He begged to see it; and, seeing at the same time how alive the water was with tiny animals, became curious and asked many questions. I went on with my work; his interest and curiosity increased; his questions multiplied; he volunteered assistance, and remained beside me till I prepared to go away, when he said seriously, 'Och! then, and it's a fine thing to be able to name all God's creatures.' Contempt had given place to reverence; and so it would be with others, could they check the first rising of scorn at what they do not understand, and patiently learn what even a roadside pond has of Nature's wonders."

FISH OUT OF WATER.—To say of anybody that he is a fish out of water is the same as to say that he is in a condition not only uncomfortable but also critical. This proverb is founded upon the popular belief that a fish "out of his element" is sooner or later a dead fish. It is one of many examples of generalization before all the facts are in. The truth is, there are several kinds of fish which at times prefer to leave the water and experience no inconvenience therefrom. Few persons who have gone under the falls of Niagara have failed to be struck with the scores of eels that crawl among the rocks out of the water. Indeed, eels not unfrequently, when the ponds in which they live dry up in summer, make a journey across the country to the nearest fresh water, whose direction they seem to know instinctively. Flying fish are out of the water when "on the wing." They are out, however, a very short while. The snake-

head of India and the mud-fish of Africa get on very well without water at times. When the water fails they bury themselves in the mud, which is moist at first, but finally is baked hard in the sun, and so remain in a dormant condition till the rains again fill the pools. Carp hibernate in mud, and it is said that in Holland they may gradually during their hibernation be acclimated to a perfectly dry existence out of the water, requiring only an occasional meal of bread and milk. The doras of Brazil is sometimes out of water several nights in succession while making the journey in search of new waters. Another example of this journeying habit is seen in a tropical American fish called callichthys. Its rather awkward ter-

restrial movements are effected by the aid of two stiff spines placed just behind the head. But of all the "fish out of water" the most famous is the climbing perch of India, for it not only walks out of the water, but actually climbs trees. It is provided with spines near the head and the tail and climbs the tree by a sort of looping movement. It is tamed by Indian jugglers and carried about as a part of their stock. Fishermen of the Ganges, who subsist largely upon these wonderful little creatures, drop them as soon as caught into earthen jars without water, where they remain alive five or six days. Of course, there is in these land-frequenting fishes some special modification of their respiratory apparatus.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—THE President will hereafter teach the classes in the school of Moral Philosophy.

—WE are sorry to part with Mrs. Crudup and family, who have removed to Franklin county.

—PROF. W. L. POTEAT and lady spent their Christmas holidays at his father's in Yanceyville, N. C.

—REV. WALTER B. WINGATE and wife, of Yanceyville, spent a part of the holidays with their relatives here and at Neuse.

—MR. THE. DUNN has recently moved into his new dwelling, which is very pleasantly situated south of the foundry.

—MR. A. C. LIVERMON, a member of the graduating class, will not complete his course on account of the death of his father.

—DR. WM. ROYALL lectured before the Yates Theological Society and others, December 20th, on the 1st chapter of Genesis.

—RECENTLY we have had short calls paid us by some old students of the College, all of whom we are glad to have among us whenever they come.

—REV. MR. VANN will occupy Rev. C. W. Scarborough's house the ensuing year. He and his lady spent the holidays among his relatives in Hertford county.

—PROF. ED. M. POTEAT will be here in time to begin work on the 15th.

—MR. RICHARD L. BREWER is now postmaster at Wake Forest. He took charge January 11th.

—AS the result of Pastor Vann's meeting (Nov. 29—Dec. 13) 13 persons were baptized December 20th, Rev. Prof. W. B. Royall officiating.

—PRESIDENT TAYLOR left on the evening of the 1st inst. to be absent some ten days or more in New York and other Northern cities in the interest of the College.

—AT the close of the concert of December 25th, the Philomathesian Society, through Mr. P. W. Johnson, presented President Taylor with a very handsome gold-headed cane.

—IN Waco University (co-educational), Texas, one of the three literary societies is the Philomathesian and has the motto *Esse quam videri malo*,—the same name and motto as one of ours has.

—THE Sunday-school concert exercises, on the evening of December 25th, were pronounced a success by all. Besides this pleasure, the young people of the Hill had a sociable at the Hotel, December 28th.

—WE are always glad to have friends come among us. Dr. J. C. Fowler, lately of Franklin county, has recently moved to Dr. Lankford's late residence. The latter has occupied the nicely situated dwelling vacated by Mrs. Crudup.

—THE spring term opening on the 15th of January was announced by the President in 1,500 neat circulars, which were distributed with great

care and for the most part to young men, many of whose names were supplied by the students.

—THE following persons have lately made contributions to the College Museum: F. H. Poston, Rev. G. P. Bostick, A. T. Robertson, W. C. Corbett, O. F. Thompson, W. T. Flake, Dr. T. Whitfield, Miss Alice Purefoy, Mrs. W. O. Allen, Mrs. Wiley M. Rogers, P. W. Johnson, and C. L. Smith.

—THE Directors of the N. C. Baptist Student's Aid Association held a meeting in President Taylor's office on the 15th of December. Messrs. John E. Ray, N. B. Broughton, and C. T. Bailey, from Raleigh, were present, beside resident members of the board. The chief business transacted is printed elsewhere.

—EVERY one must happen upon luck some time in his life. Such was the case with one of our boys the other day, for on going to the express office there was a nice large box awaiting him. As it was Christmas, he had no idea but that it was something good to eat. But on opening it—alas! there was the literature (?) which he himself had been penning for several years, with a note besides, informing him that "his sweetheart had —!!!"

—NORTH CAROLINA Baptists are doing well, having six representatives in China, and another one at Wake Forest that will soon come to the front to occupy Soochow. Who is it? He is from the land of the sky. The influence of my Alma Mater will go on down through the ages. May God's richest blessings rest on Wake

Forest College. Her endowment ought to be doubled. I will be one of 200 to do it within five years.—*Dr. M. T. Yates, Shanghai, China.*

—OUR campus has recently been much changed and will ultimately be much beautified by the change; nor has the work ceased yet. Mr. A. B. Forest, of Raleigh, one of the best nurserymen in the State, has been with us superintending the work. The walks have been changed, and, on December 13th and 16th, three hundred trees were set out—one hundred magnolias, one hundred maples, and one hundred evergreens. Our President is a persevering man and only needs the support of the Baptists of North Carolina to show what can be done here.

—WHO would have thought it? Not many nights ago while the moon was flooding the world with silver, and the stars were twinkling in their far off galaxies, a student lay slumbering peacefully in his feathered couch. Suddenly he awoke. "What was that?" he muttered to himself, shivering with fear. "What a dream I have had!" About that time a little mouse ran across the floor; another second, and the affrighted student in "evening dress" was seen bounding for the adjoining room, nor could he be induced to return until next day. "What fools we mortals be!"

—SOME days ago one of our students showed a very remarkable trait

of character—economy. Having only one cent and being anxious to get a letter off on the train to his sweetheart, he set out and walked to the next station, thinking that by doing so he could get his letter off for half price. Strange to say, he did not save much by the operation, for the post-master informed him that he must pay the regular price. "Why," broke in the astounded novice, "it only takes two cents from the College, and I brought it *half* way! you post-office fellows know how to cheat a man—good day, sir!" And away he went with downcast looks, thinking that economy surely was ceasing to be a virtue.

—IT is three of the best students in College who discuss in this issue the subject of cheating on examination and recitation. We doubt not they express the sense of more than seven-eighths of our students. One remark ought probably to be added to what is said respecting dishonesty on recitation. So far as moral quality is concerned, there can be no difference between peeping in the text-book for the forgotten answer and getting it whispered from the nearest neighbor in the class. It ought to be said, in justice to the Faculty, that there is on their part not the slightest connivance in regard to this sin, but we are assured that whenever a case should come to their knowledge it would be summarily dealt with.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'55. Mr. P. W. Johnson, of Wake Forest, is a prominent member of the North Carolina Horticultural Society.

—'57. Rev. A. F. Purefoy has lately succeeded in obtaining an additional patent for his invention of a spring mattress, and is giving his attention to making the repose of mankind pleasant.

—'70. Rev. C. Durham, of Durham, has been called again to Lee St. church, Baltimore, and asked to name his own salary.

—'75. Rev. R. C. Sandling has resigned the pastorate at Mt. Olive and settled at Harrell's Store, Sampson county.

—'75. Mr. John E. Ray, Cor. Sec. of the State Mission and Sunday-school Boards appears in a new role. He is editor of the *N. C. Missionary Worker*, devoted to the interest of the objects of the Baptist State Convention. It is to be issued monthly.

—'75. About Rev. Thomas Carrick, of Greenville, Dr. Hufham recently made the following appreciative remarks: "It is inspiring to see a man standing like Carrick, stronger in his church and in the whole community after nine years than at the beginning. It is not surprising, however, when one remembers his modesty and unselfishness, his Scotch-Irish courage and industry, his careful preparation for the pulpit, and his devotion to all the labors which fall to him. He has done

a noble work for the Lord. Just now he and his faithful helpers are hindered by the debt on the church.

—'77. Rev. E. E. Folk is engaged in post-graduate study at the S. B. Theological Seminary.

—'79. After all, industrious farming is the most profitable calling, and the life of the farmer is the happiest and most independent. Such seems to be the opinion of Mr. G. T. Prichard, who is farming successfully in the vicinity of Wake Forest.

—'79. C. S. Vann, Esq., has summoned up the needed courage at last, and it has triumphed. He and Miss Rowena Pendleton, of Edenton, were married there Dec. 14th, and left immediately for a Northern tour.

—'80. J. N. Holding, Esq., of the firm of Pace & Holding, one of the most promising members of the Raleigh bar, spent Christmas with his relatives and friends on the Hill.

—'81. Rev. M. V. McDuffie is now enjoying, as he deserves to do, the fruit of several years' work and anxiety. The Henderson church is completed and about paid for, costing something over \$5,000. Says the *Henderson Gold Leaf*: Services were held in the new Baptist church for the first time last Sunday morning (December 13). Rev. M. V. McDuffie, the pastor, preached an excellent sermon and was heard by a large congregation. The interior of the church

is quite handsome—in our opinion the prettiest in town. It is a credit to our Baptist brethren and their pastor, who has worked so faithfully in its behalf.

—'80. Rev. B. H. Phillips has entered upon his work as pastor at Rockingham, N. C. He lately declined a call to West Virginia.

—'83. Mr. C. L. Smith, Cor. editor of *The Biblical Recorder*, begins the new year as a student at Johns Hopkins.

—'82. The editor of *The Biblical Recorder* received some weeks ago the following note :

DEAR BRO. :—We are moving off now from San Francisco, at 2 p. m. All well and happy. Yours,
Dec. 9, 1885. D. W. HERRING.

Mr. Herring and wife will be stationed at Shanghai and associated with Wake Forest's other representative in China, Dr. M. T. Yates. That is as it should be.

—'83. Mr. H. P. Markham is express agent at Durham and also Superintendent of Public Instruction for Durham county.

—'83. Mr. T. J. Simmons, son of Prof. W. G. Simmons, after spending the Christmas holidays with his relations here, has returned to Durham, where he is first assistant in the large graded school.

—'83. Mr. L. L. Jenkins recently celebrated his birthday by a large

party. Quite a number of friends from Charlotte and neighboring towns were present at the festive occasion. He is now teaching near Gastonia.

—'83. Mr. W. F. Marshall, of Fair Bluff, has not enjoyed the best health the last month or so. He spent his vacation in Louisburg. He is not insensible to the botanical riches of the section in which he lives.

—'84. Mr. A. M. Redfearn passed Wake Forest Jan. 4th en route for Long Island Medical College, whence he expects to take his diploma this year.

—'84. Mr. W. V. Savage spent a few days with us during the holidays. He is as jovial as ever and is meeting with merited success in his school at Westfield, Surry county.

—'85. The swamps of Sampson county have not dealt kindly with the health of Mr. W. W. Holding, and he returned home to recuperate during the holidays. He has, however, again returned to Harrell's Store.

—'85. Rev. A. T. Hord has resigned the pastorate of his churches in Hertford county, and gone to Rowan, where he will do mission work at Third Creek.

—'85. Messrs. E. Ward and E. F. Eddins visited their Alma Mater Christmas. The former has retired from the Ashpole Institute, and wishes to devote himself to the pastoral work. The latter is still in charge of the academy in Franklinton.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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No. 5.

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Contributions must be written on one side of paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed to Business Managers.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE—ITS BIRTH.*

Previous to 1830, and at that time, there were ministers and lay brethren of renown who took an interest in and did large work for the kingdom of Christ in North Carolina. Among the the ministers were J. Culpeper, W. R. Hinton, A. J. Battle, N. Richardson, Jas. McDaniel, T. D. Armstrong, John Purefoy, Eli Phillips, W. H. Merrit, P. W. Dowd, J. Lowell, Wm. Burch, Wm. Dowd, Job Goodman, Joel Gullett, Wm. P. Biddle, James Dennis, Eli Carroll, Thomas Crocker, John Monroe, John Kerr, Wm. Worrell, W. H. Jordan, Q. H. Trotman, George W. Hufham, George Fennel, William Hooper, G. M. Thompson, D. S. Williams, A. J. Spivey, Josiah Crudup, and many other native Carolinians, aided by three good and true men

from the North, namely: Samuel Wait, John Armstrong, and Thomas Meredith.

These ministers with scores of efficient laymen, whom, if time would permit, I would like to name, laid the foundation upon which our Baptist State Convention and Wake Forest College now stand.

While I cannot with absolute certainty attribute the origin of Wake Forest College to any one of these illustrious names above given, I feel that the better plan is to overleap them all and assert our faith to be, that God the Father and Christ the Son, by the Holy Spirit, overshadowed our denomination, and at the set time Wake Forest College was born into the world. From a small

*An address delivered Feb. 4, 1884, on the occasion of the Semi-centennial of Wake Forest College, and originally printed in *The Biblical Recorder*.

thing fifty years ago, with no buildings, no endowment, with only \$169 in cash and twenty-five students, it has grown in favor with God and man, so that to-day our buildings are valued at \$40,000, our endowment is \$100,000,* and our catalogue shows 165 students. I will now more particularly consider the birth of the College.

Previous to 1830 there were in North Carolina several missionary societies. There was the Chowan Missionary Society in the Chowan section, the Neuse Missionary Society in the Neuse section, the Raleigh Baptist Missionary Society in the middle section, and the North Carolina Baptist Benevolent Society for the State at large. In Greenville, March 26—29, 1830, these were merged into the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina. The brethren who represented the denomination in the formation of the Convention were Elder P. W. Dowd, R. M. Guffie, of Raleigh; Elder W. P. Biddle, of Craven county; Elders S. Wait and John Armstrong, of Newberne; Elder Thomas Meredith, of Edenton; brother C. W. Skinner, of Perquimans; Elder James McDaniel, of Cumberland; brethren H. Austin, P. P. Lawrence and R. S. Long, of Tarboro; Elder Thomas Mason, brethren George Stokes and R. S. Blount, of Greenville.

The first regular meeting of the Convention was held at Rogers' Cross Roads Church in Wake county, in 1831, with fifty one delegates. The second at Rives' Chapel, in Chatham county, with eighty-eight delegates.

In the constitution framed at the organization in Greenville, one of the primary objects of the Convention was to be "the education of young men called of God to the ministry and approved of by the churches to which they respectively belong." The next question seems to have been, "Where shall we educate them?" We had no schools. As a proof of this, I refer to a resolution passed at the first meeting of the Convention at Rogers' Cross Roads after the organization:

"Resolved, that the Convention accept the offer of Elder John Armstrong to educate young men of the ministry, and that the Board of the Convention be authorized to send such young men as they approve to him, or to some school, and to defray their expenses as far as the funds of the Convention will admit."

At the next meeting of the Convention at Rives' Chapel, Rev. A. J. Battle, Secretary of the Board, in his report says: "Two young brethren, William Jones and Patrick Conely, * * have been receiving instruction, the latter for six months and the former for twelve. * * * As the Convention had no school of its own, * * * and as brother George W. Thompson * * * had generously offered to instruct gratuitously * *, it was deemed expedient to comply with his proposition, and to place the brethren under his care"—showing, evidently, that the birds were caught before the cage was procured. All seemed to be at once convinced that a school must be established, and a manual labor school was proposed, by

* Now \$103,000.

whom is not certainly known. Dr. Wm. Hooper, chairman of the committee on education, recommended the purchasing of a farm for the purpose of establishing a manual labor school, upon the reading of which the following was passed:

“Resolved unanimously, that the Convention deem it expedient to purchase a suitable farm, and to adopt other preliminary measures for the establishment of a Baptist literary institution in this State, on the manual labor principle.” William Hooper, J. G. Hall, Gray Huckaby, William R. Hinton, and A. S. Wynn were appointed a committee to procure an act of incorporation in behalf of the institution. The committee, it seems, made no report.

J. G. Hall, William R. Hinton, Jno. Purefoy, A. S. Wynn, and S. J. Jeffreys were a committee to raise, by subscription, \$2,000 to purchase a farm for this purpose, \$1,500 of it having been pledged at the Convention at Rives' Chapel in 1832. Elder John Purefoy was one of the above committee, and a near neighbor of Dr. Calvin Jones, who owned the farm where the College now stands. Dr. Jones held his farm of 615 acres at \$2,500, but for the cause of education he proposed to Elder Purefoy to give the Convention, through the committee, \$500 and sell the farm for \$2,000. Elder Purefoy recommended the farm to the committee, and it was purchased by the Convention for \$2,000.

It seems clear, from what I have already shown, that the North Carolina Baptist State Convention was the

mother of the Wake Forest Institute, now Wake Forest College.

In November, 1833, the Convention met at Dockery's Meeting-house, in Richmond county, where Stephen A. Graham, Joseph B. Outlaw, Alfred Dockery, David Thompson, and Samuel S. Biddle were appointed a committee to procure a charter for the Wake Forest Institute with forty trustees, nine of whom should constitute a quorum to transact business.

Charles McAlister, Peter P. Smith, J. Culpeper, T. Meredith, Samuel Wait, and David Justice were appointed to nominate the forty trustees. They reported as follows: W. P. Biddle, John Armstrong, and Wm. Sanders, of Craven; Isaac Beeson, of Guilford; J. Culpeper, of Montgomery; John McDaniel, Charles McAlister, of Cumberland; Aaron J. Spivey, of Bertie; James Watkins, of Anson; Thomas Boyd, of Mecklenburg; John Portevent, of Brunswick; Thomas Stradley, of Buncombe; Hugh Quin, of Lincoln; Alfred Dockery, of Richmond; Wm. Crenshaw, George W. Thompson, Allen S. Wynn, William Roles, Alfred Burt, John Purefoy, of Wake county; Simon J. Jeffreys, Thomas Crocker, and Allen Bowden, of Franklin; James King and Joseph B. Outlaw, of Person; Henry Austin, of Edgecombe; Turner Carter, of Person; Daniel Boone and David Thompson, of Johnston; Paul Phifer, of Rowan; Alexander Mosley, of Lenoir; George M. Thompson, of Pasquotank; Joseph Halsey, of Tyrrell; Charles W. Skinner, of Perquimans; Wm. Hooper, of Orange; Amos J. Battle, of Nash; Joseph Wiseman,

of Davidson; Stephen Graham, of Duplin; David S. Williams, of Sampson; Thomas Meredith, of Chowan; of whom three, Thomas Stradley, David S. Williams, and George W. Thompson are now living. These brethren were chartered into a Board of Trustees of Wake Forest Institute, and the school went into operation February, 1834, just fifty years ago, with twenty-five students. On September following there were seventy students in the Institute.

Rev. Samuel Wait was the first Principal of the Institute, and held the position honorably for eleven years, and resigned. At the meeting of the Convention at Union Camp Ground, November, 1835, the Convention passed the following resolution:

Resolved, that the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina transfer, and do hereby transfer, all their right and title to the lands of Wake Forest Institute to the trustees of said Wake Forest Institute." This was done and a deed was made to the trustees of Wake Forest Institute.

At the Legislature of 1834 and 1835, a charter was obtained for the Institute; but here the prejudice that had existed long before in the minds of certain men in power in North Carolina by which men were imprisoned and otherwise punished for no other crime than that they were Baptists, showed its cloven foot, by pressing upon this literary infant in such a way, and with such force, as to nearly press the life out of it. I quote from Dr. Samuel Wait: "It was during the session of 1833 and 1834, that we ob-

tained from the Legislature of our State a charter for our school. The majority in the Commons on the final passage of the bill was quite respectable, but in the Senate there was a tie, and Mr. Wm. D. Mosely, to his lasting honor be it said, gave the casting vote in our favor. This charter created a Board of Trustees, composed of such individuals as were desired, with certain provisions for perpetuating themselves, allowed the institution to acquire funds to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, continuing the obligation to pay taxes, the same as on all private property, and to be in force and continue twenty years, and no longer."

Was ever a charter given more meagre or lean than this? Just think of it—a tie in the Senate; only \$50,000 allowed; taxes on all the property to be paid; twenty years' lifetime allowed and no longer; and but for one man, I must say, the *Hon.* Wm. D. Mosely, our new-born child would surely have been crushed to death!

The trustees who became the foster mother of the babe came near destroying its precious life by administering to it an overdose of paregoric. Although composed of the very best persons of our denomination, they were not used to nursing infant institutions. They put

Board at \$5 per month, 10 mos.	\$50.00
Latin and Greek, tuition \$2	
per month, 10 months.....	20.00
English branches \$1.50 per	
month, 10 months.....	15.00
Washing 75c. per mo., 10 mos.	7.50
Total.....	\$92.50

Labor of students, 3 hours a day, 3c. an hour, 250 days at 9 cents, \$22.50, which left only \$70 for expenses of a student a year.

Provisions advanced—pork 9 cents per pound, flour \$11 per barrel. Crops failed, expenses were heavy, and the income not much more than half meeting the expenses, the babe was found to be in comatose state. Strong stimulants and cataplasms had to be employed. Yes, the manual labor system had to be abolished. The horses, mules, cows, farming utensils, etc., etc., had to be sold out at auction. Board and tuition had to be raised to living rates. In 1838 a new charter was obtained, and the school arose up out of its long slumber, to find that its name had been changed from Wake Forest Institute to that of Wake Forest College. From that memorable date of 1838, the sick child began to grow, and now at the end of fifty years, this semi-centennial day in 1884, it has grown to be a man in statue, a man of renown among men, spreading its benign influence upon thousands, and for thousands of miles around.

The child had a promise of a new suit of clothes by the fond mother, and has been looking for it with assured expectations for these years. A little more than half provision had been made for more than a year ago.

In 1883 Prof. C. E. Taylor, with a kind of inspiration, set about the work, resolved that the new suit should be ready by January 1st, 1884. The 31st day of December, 1883, is a day long to be remembered by the good citizens of North Carolina, and the Bap-

tist denomination especially. This suit was to be of the value of \$100,000. The 31st day of December was a busy day; drawing drafts, writing and receiving telegrams, were in order until ten o'clock at night. At that hour there were found to be the whole amount in cash and pledges, but about \$5,000 of these pledges had not been paid in, and could not be counted. At the hour of 10 o'clock p. m., there were gathered in Prof. Taylor's room seven anxious brethren, who could not say that the conditions were fully complied with. These brethren were C. E. Taylor, W. G. Simmons, L. R. Mills, R. T. Vann, W. H. Pace, James S. Purefoy, and W. L. Poteat. In this dilemma, W. H. Pace proposed that we assume the responsibility of the outstanding pledges, and give a mortgage on our land to the trustees of Wake Forest College for the full assurance of said deficit. This suggestion was adopted, and W. H. Pace, W. G. Simmons, C. E. Taylor, and James S. Purefoy united in a mortgage on their real estate to double the amount of the deficit, conditioned to be cancelled upon the full payment of these pledges making up the full \$100,000, or otherwise to remain in full force and effect upon them and their heirs forever. Thus the beautiful \$100,000 suit of clothing, in the way of endowment for the darling child, was absolutely provided.

The next move will be for \$5,000 to improve our chemical and philosophical apparatus. Now, mother Convention, do not be alarmed; you have given your precious College a fine suit, and we know that you will

not deny it tools to work with. Long, long before the Centennial day in 1934 shall come, there shall be another and another and still another \$100,000 suit of endowment clothes provided for this beloved Institution. The Baptist State Convention is justly proud of its offspring. Notwithstanding the babe has grown to be of as much consequence and importance in the estimation of all men as the mother herself, if not more, there is no jealousy, no envy; but as the child is fondled and caressed, you can see her pleasant smile of delight and her heart beats to the inspiring music of her soul. Nor is the child less affectionate or unmindful of the mother. They labor together in all benevolent and holy enterprises for the glory of God and the extending of his kingdom.

They offer together the same pray-

er—"Thy will be done, thy kingdom come." They join in the same anthem and shout together, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." So have they labored together that the Baptists who, at the birth of the College fifty years ago, all told in North Carolina, were only about 30,000, now, on this centennial day, February, 1884, have grown to 226,000; nearly 200,000 increase in fifty years. The union of this mother and child shall not be broken until a church is established in every town and village, in every neighborhood in North Carolina, and a useful minister of the Gospel shall occupy every pulpit. All this and more, by the help of God, through the agency of the Holy Spirit. Amen, and amen.

JAMES S. PUREFOY.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK—(Continued.)

MY TRIP THROUGH SWITZERLAND.

The tourist coming into Switzerland from Southern Germany has to go through a custom-house on the Swiss frontier. The officials at this receipt of custom are fine gentlemen; they can see whether there is anything contraband in a piece of baggage without revolutionizing its contents; in fact, it is sufficient merely to turn the key in the lock, without opening it at all.

The traveller who first makes the

tour of the Rhine, generally strikes Switzerland at Basle, or, as they spell it there, Basel, which serves as a starting place for more interesting parts of Switzerland. The place itself is a busy commercial town, which, like all places in northern and eastern Switzerland, is composed of a German population, and differs very little from the German towns. One finds here a number of public gardens and foun-

tains, which more than any other thing are sure to render a town attractive.

Our first objective point after leaving the station is the Munster, or Cathedral, which we have some difficulty in finding, but a German gentleman has the kindness to walk nearly the whole way with us. These Germans haven't the reputation for politeness which the French possess, but I have found them generally polite and obliging. An American should never complain that the people of any European country are lacking in politeness, for the average foreigner has much better manners than the average individual in our country. A German will give you any information he possibly can, and do so politely, and will go with you to show you a place which you have difficulty in finding, after he has told you all he can. We are accustomed also to think that the German is a self-complacent being who does as he pleases, cares very little what people think of him, and has no code of etiquette at all. On the contrary, the etiquette is of the strictest sort, and the average German is formality itself; not that sort of formality which consists in ignoring, even to the point of rudeness, those who have not been introduced to us, but their formality is strict attention to the conventionalities which a polite society has established in every country. They have a rule which tells them exactly how to bow when introduced, or what it would be polite to say to a person of this or that particular rank in society, or how they should act toward a stranger eating at the same table.

Some of their customs seem strange to us, as ours doubtless do to them. When a gentleman introduces two of his friends, they do not simply give each other a shake with the remark, "I'm glad to know you," but each first takes off his hat, always with the right hand (it would be rude to use the left), replaces it on his head, and *then* they shake hands. Another custom seems more strange when first noticed. I think it was at the station in some Rhenish town that I first remarked this custom, and it was somewhat amusing. Two friends came into the waiting hall, and when the gate was open and the train ready to start, they put their arms about each other's neck (not with the slightest show of emotion, however,) and kissed, first on one cheek and then on the other.

My friend, a German travelling with us, and myself were seated at a table in the garden of a Frankfort restaurant, when my friend began whistling. The German immediately said that gentlemen never whistled in Germany, and he seemed thoroughly ashamed and horrified that any person's attention should be drawn to us in such a way, though not one of the three knew another man in Frankfort.

Sometimes, however, we see things abroad which seem to us much more rude than what we find at home, but this is, perhaps, because we have not become accustomed to that *particular kind* of rudeness, while we look with a degree of allowance on what we constantly see around us. All this means to say that, notwithstanding the fact that we Americans consider the average German rude, he, as well

as other foreigners, is more courteous than Americans generally are, comparing, of course, the great middle class in both cases. We are too apt to take immigrants as specimens of foreigners, and in this way we do the average foreigner injustice.

The German alluded to above finally gets us to the Munster, which the guide-book describes as 'one of the finest Protestant churches in existence.' This, of course, was built by the Catholics and taken away from them after the reformation. The interior has been restored, or rather re-decorated, within the present century, having been desecrated by the iconoclastic zeal of the reformers in the early part of the sixteenth century, when they rushed suddenly from the idolatrous worship of the church to the other extreme, and zealously tried to blot out every vestige of the image worship. For this information let me give credit to Meinherr Karl Baedeker, the maker of the guide-book. I am not well versed in ecclesiastic lore, and am not sure whether I expose stupendous ignorance in revealing my slender knowledge of the life and character of the honorable saint whose name is Vincent; but either this saint, or some other one to whom the wrong name has been given, has the honor of having his death here represented in such a way that one would hardly forget it to his dying day. He is being flayed alive, and when the skin from the whole body has been pulled over the head, the exposed muscles, blood-vessels, and nerves are so frightfully real that one scarcely represses an involuntary groan. In a house near the

back of the Munster lived for several years the celebrated Erasmus of Rotterdam, whose tomb is seen within the church. Behind the church is a terrace called the *Pfalz*, seventy feet immediately above the Rhine. Here one has a pleasing survey of the Black Forest hills away in the distance, and at his feet flow the blue waters of the Rhine, bending in a graceful curve at this point. The Rhine seems as an old acquaintance, for it possessed a peculiar charm for me in the lands of legends, where the spirit of romance dwells along its banks, investing every crag and ruined castle.

Another hour and then the train to Schaffhausen, a little town which serves as a convenient stopping place to visit the beautiful and picturesque falls of the Rhine, a place not often found, I think, by American pleasure-seekers; and yet the moonlight view of this romantic spot is quite sufficient to repay one for leaving the customary tourist route. The train arrives at Schaffhausen about dusk, and having gotten well established at the hotel and taken the customary lunch, two eager tourists are heard inquiring the way to the falls. A German traveller who has shown some little kindness before advises them to wait till the following day, for he himself enjoys the spectacle of the falls by sunlight more than by moonlight. But these two impetuous youths, who think they can see the whole world in a hundred days, easily persuade themselves that, rather than lose a whole day, it would be better to risk any calamity; and they just *know* the moonlight view is the best. A little

man and tall youth are seen later on wending their course through paths not intended for highways, and guiding their footsteps by the roaring of the torrent in the distance, for they have lost the road. Some men are heard talking at a little distance, and the little man and tall youth approach them and enquire the way. There were three of these and the faces of all told tales of blood. They saw that these innocent travellers were lost, and judged that they were men of consequence, whose purses probably contained many thousand pounds; so giving each other a look which indicated murderous intent, they let one speak, who pointed out a certain path with the instruction to leave this for the first hog-path on the left. With thanks the travellers hastened on their course, and with no slouching gait withal, but looking back once—to see these robbers pointing toward them and talking animatedly, about them of course! Undoubtedly they were discussing the division of the money after the deed of blood! When they reached the aforesaid by-path, the robbers, who were just behind them, motioned them to proceed. This path led to a terribly dark and gloomy spot between an old deserted mill and barn, and seemed to lose itself just beyond. The very place for the enactment of a tragedy! We cannot say whether the knees of the little man and tall youth began to tremble at the thought, but when after taking this path they looked back and saw the robbers stop at the head of the path and plan their murderous assault, they began to think that if they should be killed,

those robbers, who would call themselves Lord this and that, might demand that the Bank of England should pay gold for the whole amount of notes they held, which would cause the Bank to fail, produce stagnation in business, and poverty and death would be the inevitable consequence, for which they would be directly accountable. This or some other thought so worked upon their feelings that they dreaded death; yea, they dreaded it in such a measure that one of them was willing to give the United States Treasury for a Colt's revolver, and the other wished he hadn't come. They turned their eyes beseechingly upon the murderers, and though it was quite dark behind the mill, something of the generosity of their souls must have been carried miraculously to the stony hearts of those blood-stained robbers, and they relented and suffered their victims to depart in peace. Yes, these innocent travellers still live to relate their heroic defence of themselves and the English people in this trying hour, for the tall youth was myself, and the little man was my travelling companion.

The falls of the Rhine are not so grand as our own Niagara, but there is not a more magnificent waterfall in Europe. Including the rapids a few hundred yards above, the total descent is a hundred feet, which is little more than half the perpendicular height of Niagara Falls; and considering the falls proper, the height is only fifty to sixty feet, or just about one-third of that of the great American cataract. But the volume of water is great, and this makes the water-

fall by no means insignificant. The rock, unlike Niagara, is not *shelving*, but forms a sort of irregular ledge over which the water is precipitated without clearing it at a single leap. Four large limestone rocks or pillars stand out as giant sentinels above the fall and render the view by moonlight more impressive. There is a small pavilion on the summit of the central and highest rock, the view from which is considered very fine. This is reached by boat from below, but since it is night, this part of the programme has to be omitted. A poet's pen is necessary to describe in all its beauty the effects of moonlight on a scene like this; but this place impresses me as a truly romantic spot, although it is only my friend, the little man, who is sitting by me on that rustic bench, beneath a spreading chestnut immediately below the fall. Our thoughts revert to far-off America, and it may be that at this hour of night each one of us was secretly longing for other company, and gazing in imagination on the face of some fairer companion, for the silence was long and deep.

The two weary pilgrims at last return to their rooms, to dream of loved faces in a distant land. The plan is formed to go to Constance, without any reason at all for so doing, except to explore the remainder of the Rhine. I was amused next morning, but highly grateful withal, to see my friend on the boat gesticulating violently and talking excitedly to detain the boat when the time for starting had arrived, for I was not there when the starting time arrived, and the boat would have left me but for him. The

scenery along the upper portion of the river is charming, though not so noted as the lower Rhine, and having few of those romantic legends. The water is the most perfect blue, surpassing the famous Danube in its depth of color, which I was told is due to the chlorophyl derived from the immense quantity of laurel leaves which it gathers in these upper regions. The boat sails right through the head of the river into the lake of Constance to the quay which is the starting point for all the steamboats on the lake. The place is historically noted for the "Council of Constance," and as the home of John Huss, the Great Reformer; and I think it is also noted for the manufacture of mean beer. We saw the Council Hall, visited the cathedral, and took the train *en route* to Zug, stopping long enough at Zurich to walk through the handsomest part of the town and get a view of the lake and the mountains in the background. Although this is an exceedingly busy manufacturing town, it is still a very beautiful place, and I have heard that it is the intellectual centre of German Switzerland. The beauty of its situation can hardly be surpassed, lying on the banks of the river Limmat, where this stream issues from the lake whose shore forms the eastern boundary of the town, and having the view of mountain scenery which it possesses. A number of the principal mountains in Switzerland are very distinctly visible, standing with their snow-covered summits ten thousand feet or more above the sea. In full view is the Utlberg, only a few miles off, up which is a cog-wheel railway like

the one on Mt. Washington; but this mountain is not so high as the Rigi, nor its view so good, and it is decided to start for the Rigi at once.

Having obtained a good night's rest at Zug, soon after sunrise we take the steamer *Helvetia* for Ruh, the starting point for the Rigi-Kulm. The train runs in connection with the boat, and having booked for the Kulm, and weighed, checked, and paid for transportation of baggage (they think it extravagant, and charge for it accordingly, if a man carries more than ten pounds of luggage up this road), we take seats in one of the cars, which are arranged somewhat differently from other railway carriages in Europe, so that one may view the scenery to better advantage. As is usual, the entrance to each compartment is on the side, though there is no partition between the compartments, but alternate seats are placed back to back, so that occupants of each compartment are secluded from the others. Sides, front, and rear of the car are open so as to furnish no obstruction to the view. The seats are not exactly comfortable at first, since they are so inclined that on an average declivity they will make the proper angle for comfort. The engine is so constructed that the boiler assumes a horizontal direction on an incline of ten degrees or more. The track consists of iron rails, the same distance apart as on other roads, laid on cross-ties which are firmly attached to two longitudinal sleepers, thus forming a sort of ladder for the attachment of the rails, so that there is no danger of slipping. In the centre of the track is laid a *toothed bar* consisting of two

rails laid close together, with steel cross-pieces, or *teeth*, riveted firmly to them about 10 cm. apart. The entire force of the engine is exerted in turning a cog-wheel, which works on this toothed bar, and thus pulls the train up the mountain. The track rises twenty feet in a hundred, so that in some places the bottom of one end of the car is on a level with the top of the other. The first station on this road is Goldau, a little village in a very desolate country, but history relates that more than a hundred feet below lies buried a town by the same name, which, in the first of the century, stood in one of the prettiest and most fertile valleys in Switzerland. In 1806 the whole upper part of a high perpendicular mountain suddenly slid from its place, filling up the whole valley and a part of the Lowerz lake. The path of the slide is visible from many points, especially the Kulm, and looks as if the fatal catastrophe might have been a thing of yesterday. A part of the mountain is covered with spruce and fir, which attain a larger growth than on our mountains; and the peculiarity of the Rigi is unsurpassed rugged rockiness. I noticed that nearly the whole of the mountain is composed of conglomerate, which my young friends of the High School have learned was made from the pebbles on the sea beach, and this fact gives us an idea of how long the mountain was growing before it showed itself at all.

There is nothing more exhilarating than riding in upper air along the edge of precipices, and over yawning abysses, at such an inclination that an

accident would not leave an uncrushed bone. The view along the route is confined to the rugged mountain itself, the valleys and lakes below, and the mountains in the near vicinity; but that is enough to contemplate at once. Now the road passes round the perpendicular mountain side just like a pencil mark on the side of a house. It is said that when the road was building, the workmen had to be let down by ropes from the top of the precipice, and swinging in mid air they drilled the holes for the dynamite, and in this way the road-bed was made.

That which is at once grand, sublime, and awe-inspiring, produces, when seen for the first time, an emotion which it is impossible ever to reproduce. Even though by some conceivable possibility I should ascend to the highest peak of the Himalayas, I fancy the emotion I should experience would hardly equal that which took possession of me just after passing the station Rigi-Staffel not far from the summit of the mountain, for here the grandeur of Switzerland suddenly for the first time unfolds itself. To describe it were impossible! An estimable lady once told me that on her first trip across the mountains in our State she avoided looking out until the summit of the Blue Ridge was reached. Her friends then told her to look, and when the whole glorious panorama burst suddenly upon her, they relate that jumping up and clapping her hands she shouted, "*Hurrah for God!*" It's a pity that she couldn't have saved this exclamation for the scenery at this point.

The following is a translation of a passage from a little German advertising pamphlet guide-book, which they distribute gratuitously at the station at Arth: "The train makes its way up the heights along the eastern declivity of the mountain, between Rigi-Kulm (1,800 metres above the sea) and Rigi-Rothstock (1,663 metres above the sea); and near the station [Rigi-Staffel] is suddenly unveiled, as if by the enchanter's wand, the whole glory of that view which can never be forgotten. In the depth below, to which the fall is almost perpendicular, lies the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons; close beneath is Kussnacht, further on Lucerne, gloomily overshadowed by the stern Pilatus; beyond are wide-extended plains with countless villages, splendid orchards, forests, and meadow lands—a great and glorious garden of the Creator, stretching as far as the cerulean crest of Jura. Lakes and streams sparkle in the brightness of the noonday sun, and the whole of this lovely scene is vaulted over by the clear blue sky in all its boundless infinity."

In less than ten minutes, the scene unfolding its grandeur more and more, we are off the train and hastening to the Belvedere on the highest point of the mountain. Here the scene surpasses in grand gloriousness all preconceived ideas—for three hundred miles around everything is in full view. In the extreme east beyond the Rossberg, the site of the famous landslide, stands the Septis, over which the sun first peeps, then a hundred and twenty miles of serried Alpine peaks with their mantles of eternal snow,

prominent among them being the Glarnisch, the Todi, the Bristenstock, beyond being the valley through which the St. Gotthard passes, and here a small gap appears in the range; then the Finsteraarhorn over 14,000 feet, the Monsch, the Jungfrau, and last of all, in the extreme west, the sombre Pilatus, which boldly stand between the beautiful and the grand. To the north, where one looks perpendicularly down almost a mile, great lakes appear as ponds, and towns and villages as groups of children's blocks, while herds of cattle seem almost microscopic. The guide says it is the Black Forest in Germany that we see in this direction! He may have misled me about the identity of some of the mountains I have mentioned, but I'll trust him there. There is a railing around this part of the summit to prevent people from falling into the lake, a mile below. The feeling of awe may in a few minutes wear away, and interest lag to such an extent as to allow one to ignore the grandeur around him, and become interested in the thousand different sort of trinkets for sale as *souvenirs du Righi*. However, alpine-stocks and canes headed with what purports to be the horn of the mountain chamois are for sale here. For description of sunrise on the Rigi, see Mark Twain.

It would be a very easy thing to get down from the Rigi by jumping off the north side of the mountain, and the railroads must have been afraid of losing patronage by it, for they charge only 3 francs 50 centimes (Switzerland and Italy use the French monetary system) for the descent,

which is commendable, and we decide to patronize the railroad, wishing to get the benefit of the scenery going down also. We take the road on the other side of the mountain to Vitznau, a village on lake Lucerne. This road is something steeper than the other, descending one foot in four nearly the whole way. It is more exciting to be carried on such a steep grade down a mountain than up the same road, and the scenery lacks nothing in the way of ruggedness. It is wonderful to see how near a precipice some of the mountain chalets are built.

From Vitznau to Lucerne by steamer. Lucerne, which is called the tourist's capital, has a number of attractions which it will suffice to name. It lies at the head of one branch of the Vierwaldstatter See, and has a splendid prospect down the lake. The Schweitzerhof Quai, which is the first thing to be seen, is famous everywhere, and the hotel by that name is a synonym for elegance. The town is nearly surrounded by mountains, but on the east is the lake, from which issues the foaming Reuss, crossed by its curious ancient bridges with their unique old paintings. Lucerne *claims* to have the grandest organ in the world. In the northern part of the town is the Glacier Garden, with its large boulders in the pools formed by glacial action; and near at hand is the famous Lion of Lucerne carved out of the solid rock of a low perpendicular cliff. The lion is twenty-eight feet long, and is represented as dying in defence of French sovereignty, sheltering with his paw, even at the

point of death, the Bourbon *fleur-de-lis*. A broken spear is sticking in his shoulder, having pierced his heart. In the rock is an inscription, a part of which is this: "*Helvetiorum filii ac virtuti.*" *Die X Aug., 1792. Hæc sunt nomina eorum qui, ne sacramenti fidem fallerent, fortissime pugnantes ceciderunt.*" The monument is dedicated to the memory of the Swiss Guard who fell in defense of the Tuilleries. There were twenty-six officers whose names are inscribed, and seven hundred and sixty soldiers. The great monument was designed by the famous sculptor Thorwaldsen. It is in a shady, sequestered place, away from the noise and confusion of the street. From above vines creep down in tender sympathy, and the water from a little spring trickles down the rock into a great basin at its foot. There is now a fountain in the centre of this pool, which throws the water in a single jet to an immense height, and many doubtless saunter here merely to watch the motion of the water.

Enough of Lucerne. The lake is next in order. In English we call the whole of this body of water the Lake of Lucerne; they call it the *Vierwaldstatter See*, which signifies the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons. The water is beautifully clear, and I can see the bottom of the lake for some time after starting, though I'm told the water is fifty feet deep. On the left is the Rigi, which is seen to great advantage, and on the right is Pilatus, named for Pontius Pilate who traditionally spent the last years of his life here, at last remorsefully drowning himself in the lake. There

is perhaps no lake in the world possessing grander scenery than this, but Swiss scenery must not be seen only from *below*. Some who see only this much are disappointed, and say that Switzerland isn't far ahead of North Carolina in point of grandeur. Others simply fail to appreciate Switzerland. A Scotchman who had travelled over the world once said in speaking of Switzerland, "What is uglier than a lot of mountains all covered with snow! Now a mountain covered with green grass has some beauty in it."

The lake bends at Brunnen, a pretty place on the mountain side, and the part of it beyond is called the Lake of Uri. Across from Brunnen, quite near the sharp angle of rocks which juts into the lake from the west, stands out from the water to the height of eighty feet the *Schiller Monument*. This is a pyramidal rock which has been dedicated and inscribed to the memory of the noble bard whose grand, beautiful, and pathetic, but yet unfounded, story of Wilhelm Tell has added lustre to the fame of Switzerland. It is my pleasure afterward to attend the opera in Paris at the magnificent new opera-house (which is the finest in the world) when this famous drama is acted, and I sit in all attention through the whole five acts, the hottest evening in August; but it is impossible for me to make myself believe that this Tell before me personates no real and glorious hero, but merely acts his part in the representation of an ancient myth.

A little further on, a German points out a narrow strip of meadow between the lake and the mountains,

called the "Rutli," where in 1307, thirty-three men assembled by night to enter into a solemn league for the purpose of driving their oppressors from the soil. There are three fountains close together, which, popular tradition says, sprang up immediately after the oath, on the spot where the three leaders stood.

Half way between Rutli and the end of the lake is "Tell's Chapel," built over the spot where the national hero is said to have sprung from Gessler's boat after rowing it across the lake in a raging storm. All are famil-

iar with the fate which the tyrant met at the hands of the valiant Tell.

The scenery doesn't become less interesting, for, besides other mountains almost as high, the Uri Rothstock is in full view with its great glacier easily discernible from the boat, but rather the prospect grows more pleasing, even to the end of the lake, which brings us to the little town of Fluelen. From this place we make an early start for Italy the 5th of August, over the *St. Gotthard Road*, one of the greatest wonders of the world.

THOS. J. SIMMONS.

This is a piece written for the "Student" Dec

A TRIP TO MT. MITCHELL.

The Mt. Mitchell hotel, where I once had the pleasure of spending a summer, is situated in the bosom of a lovely valley formed by the Swannanoa river and numerous small creeks. To my eye, this valley with its serpentine river, its creeks winding under interwoven vines and boughs of clustering trees, its green grass waving in the wind, and its girdle of lofty mountains, is the gem of Western Carolina. It is eight miles wide, and extends towards the west as far as the eye can reach till it unites with the valley of the French Broad, and then sweeps away to the foot of the great Smoky Mountains, which lean in the distance like a huge wall against the sky. On the east and south it is hemmed in by the Blue Ridge like a great rampart thrown up by nature to protect the fertile valley below. Looking toward

the north, the vision sweeps over green pastures and undulating hills, over great forests which clothe the foot of the Craggy, and finally, taking in peak after peak, rests upon the rough crags of that noble range which forms an imposing background to the smiling valley. There is something so Arcadian about the spot that one seems in another world. The subtle and all-pervading charm of the soft beauty of mountains and valley makes one forget all cares, and imparts a peaceful indolence which is content to lie down in some shady nook, and gaze and dream away the days.

But there was one restless spirit at the hotel whom no beauty could charm into indolence, and yielding to his persuasion, eleven of us, including three ladies, agreed to make the ascent of Mt. Mitchell. Though there are

only seven miles from the hotel to his foot, this old "monarch of the mountains" is not visible. He is the recluse of the region, and is as modest and retiring as an oriental lady. He screens himself behind the gigantic forms of his less reserved neighbors, and, as an additional precaution, wears three hundred and fifty days out of the year, a veil of clouds which he seldom removes for the admiring gaze of mortals.

The ascent is long and tedious, and the chances are ten to one that the mountain will be wrapped in fog, but if the day is clear, the pilgrim is amply compensated for all trouble by a view unsurpassed on this side of the Mississippi. The day which had been fixed for our expedition, dawned bright and clear, despite the predictions of prophets of evil, but, as is generally the case, the horses were not brought until two hours after the appointed time. When they came, the worst animal in the lot fell to me—my usual fate—and I doubted his ability to carry me up the mountain. Amid much confusion and advice not to kill ourselves (how many lives this wholesome counsel has preserved!) our cavalcade moves off. What an auspicious morning it is for our journey! The dew-drops sparkling amid the petals of the clematis which lines the fences along the road, the azure sky unobscured by a single cloud, the air so rarified that it seems that we can stretch out our hands and touch the distant mountains, all promise that the Black will make an exception in our favor. The delightful air has an exhilarating effect upon the spirits

of all except Bucephalus, my horse, who moves along with dejected demeanor and drooping head. Some demon suggests that a vigorous application of a sappling to his sides may comfort him; and it does seem to cheer him somewhat, for he strikes a trot. But I repent of my effort at consolation before he moves ten feet. Not to mention the demoralizing effect of being lifted at least six inches from the saddle at every step and then brought down with a jar that makes my teeth ache, his legs show an alarming tendency to collapse.

A ride of four miles over hills and through forests brings us to the Swananoa, so worthy of its Indian name, "the beautiful," its banks fringed with rhododendrons and tall ferns which gracefully bend to the breeze and bathe their heads in the cool water. The stream, clear as crystal and cold as ice, ripples swiftly along over its pebbly bed, the micaceous formation of which imparts to it a bright golden color. This restless river twists and turns so in its narrow valley that we cross it six times in the distance of three miles, my horse insisting upon drinking at every ford, and sometimes, deceived by the clear water, stepping into pools up to his neck. All along the river we get exquisite views of the Craggies, which far surpass any range in the State in beauty of outline. They are inexpressibly beautiful this morning with their bold outlines sharply defined against the blue of the sky, and their sharp peaks, clad in velvety shrubs, all aglow in the rays of the morning sun which has only risen high enough

to tip the tops of the mountains. Huge blocks of mica scattered through the green shrubbery glisten in the sunshine like great diamonds set in a bed of emerald. Away to the east, the range descends to the valley in a regular series of steps forming a gigantic staircase—probably the favorite promenade of the old ogre who wore the seven-league boots.

As we advance, the valley grows narrower and deeper. The mountains, towering almost perpendicularly on both sides, seem like great moving walls about to crush us in their mighty embrace, when, suddenly turning, we arrive at Patton's—a tavern for the benefit of tourists. Somewhere in the vicinity Senator Vance has a residence in the fastnesses of the mountains whither he retires to escape mosquitoes and office-seekers. At Patton's we secure our guide John, or, as we dubbed him, "General" Glass, a dark, rawboned, muscular fellow. According to the General, it is ten miles from Patton's to the summit of Mt. Mitchell, but experience has taught me that the average mountaineer has not the faintest conception of distance. It seemed to us fifteen. After a little refreshment, we remount, and under the leadership of General Glass, enter in single-file the trail to Mt. Mitchell. Still following the Swannanoa, we wind along its shady banks till a thicket of rhododendrons hides it. And now we enter a natural avenue of rhododendrons more beautiful and symmetrical than any artificial one I have ever seen. The branches of these evergreens interlacing above our heads, form a perfect arch over the

path for hundreds of yards, their leaves forming so dense a canopy that not a ray of sunshine ever penetrates to the perpetual shade beneath. On emerging from the avenue we again see the Swannanoa tumbling down the mountain side in a series of sparkling cascades, and dashing itself with ineffectual impetuosity against huge masses of rock that impede its downward rush. Here, fretting and grumbling over its rocky bed and deafening us with its loud complaints, it seems a different river from the quiet, gentle stream we saw a mile below.

Leaving the noisy river, a scene of indescribable beauty and solemnity greets us—a vast forest-world, the pathless range of wolves and bears, extending over thousands of acres. Such huge trees I have never dreamed of. Great trunks from three to eight feet in diameter, straight as masts, rear themselves aloft for a hundred feet without an intervening branch, forming mighty columns which support a roof of leaves so thick that only an occasional sunbeam steals through and falls on the mossy floor beneath. This vast cathedral of nature is so majestic, so awe-inspiring that, as we wind through its aisles, the hoofs of our horses falling noislessly upon its carpet of moss, our heads are instinctively bowed, and the loud laugh of a merry equestrian seems profanation.

And now we begin the ascent in earnest. The face of the mountain is almost perpendicular, and to make the ascent easier, the path zigzags backwards and forwards, getting a little higher at each turning. As we look up and see it twisting down the moun-

tain, it looks like a trail which some huge serpent had left when, issuing from his den in the mountains, he descended for prey into the valley below. As we climb up, my horse is left far behind, and on looking up I can see sometimes three distinct columns of my companions on the zigzag over my head, their horses striking fire with their shoes from the rocks over which they scramble and slip. After winding along this tortuous path for several miles, we suddenly emerge upon an open level spot, where was once the summer residence of a Mr. Patton, of Charleston, S. C. Now only a few bricks and boards mark the place where the residence of the old aristocrat stood. This little plateau abruptly terminates in a steep precipice. Some of us riding to the brink, admire the glorious panorama which unrolls itself before our gaze. Far below us lies the lovely valley of the Swannanoa, asleep in the warm sunshine, over which hangs, like a glamour of enchantment, an atmosphere full of the most exquisite tints known to nature or to art. An occasional flash through the tremulous haze which rests upon the wide expanse of the valley, reveals to us where the Swannanoa winds its romantic course. Leaving the river, the valley rises to the foot of great billowy mountains which, gradually receding, rise higher and higher, till their faint outline is lost in the blue of the sky. On every side, great peaks loom up thousands of feet, and stand sentinels over the treasure at their feet. On the left, old Greybeard basks in the sun, and the High Pinnacle pierces

the sky like a gigantic saw-tooth. On the right, two clouds float lazily above the velvety tops of Craggy, while their shadows chase each other over its broad sides. The soft beauty of the distant heights, the tender glory of the sky, flecked by white clouds casting their ever-varying shadows over valley and mountain, and the dream-like haze which rests over all, surround me with a subtle influence which makes me forget where I stand. But a rude summons recalls us to a repast of ham, stale bread, and rancid butter. Nothing but ravenous appetites could endure it, and ours are ravenous.

After dinner the General tells us how Prof. Mitchell, in whose honor the peak is named, lost his life. Though sixty years of age the Professor thought climbing these precipitous mountains a pleasant task; indeed, they were his favorite haunts, and once while crossing the Black alone, he was enveloped by the mist which often covers the mountain with impenetrable darkness, and in trying to find his way down, fell over a precipice and was killed. When he was missed hundreds of men searched for him, but not until nine days after was their search successful. His corpse was first interred at Asheville. Some years afterwards his body was brought up the mountain, followed by a large procession of mountaineers to whom he had endeared himself, and buried on the highest peak of the mountain he had loved so well. The General interrupts reflections upon his story by saying that there are yet seven miles of steep climbing ahead of us.

We leave behind the gigantic forest which covers the base of the mountain, and plunge into the domain of the sombre balsam which gives the Black its name. From this point on to the summit the mountain is covered with these gloomy trees, unrelieved except by an occasional buckeye or wild cherry. They stand on both sides of the path like an army in close array, and hide the world. The gloomy effect of the balsam is intensified by the oppressive silence which broods over the mountain, unbroken even by the twitter of a sparrow. However, the yellow-jackets which infest the path are said to enliven the occasion sometimes, but we are fortunate enough to escape the little pests. The entire mountain is carpeted with luxuriant moss several inches thick, as green as emerald, and more beautiful than the richest Brussels. The eye, oppressed by the funereal balsam, rests with delight upon the soft green moss checkered with golden sunshine, crawling over huge rocks, feeding upon the colossal trunks of fallen trees, and climbing up the standing ones and falling back in all manner of grotesque shapes. Occasionally we ride through beds of wild flowers up to the horses' necks. Surely, I think, this is fairyland. This delicate carpet was never intended to be soiled by human feet. That mossy cushion gemmed with dew-drops and arched over by flowers and vines, must be Titania's throne. I am continually on the watch for a faun asleep on his bed of moss. But the fairies are alarmed by mortal voices, and my watch is unrewarded.

We are now in the worst part of the path, and I pity the panting horses as they struggle and slip over the rocks which block up the path, and mire up to their knees in black, quaggy places, or twist their legs among the balsam roots which thread the path. Descending Clingman's Peak, we see, for the first time, just ahead of us, Mt. Mitchell, lifting up his rocky head all ablaze with the rays of the sun, and reflecting them into our faces like a mirror. The remainder of the path is too steep for the horses; so we turn them loose in a little meadow and climb on foot the almost perpendicular peak. Scrambling over a slippery rock, we stand upon the summit of Mt. Mitchell, 6711 feet above the level of the sea, the highest point of land in the United States east of the Rockies. At last we have reached our El Dorado.

It is often the case that, having passed through great exertions to obtain some desired object, when there remains but a single step to take before securing it, we halt before taking that last step and exult in the knowledge that we have only to stretch forth our hand and it is ours. And so I keep my eyes on the ground, though I know that I have only to raise them, and all the unequalled glories of the scene will burst upon me. The first thing upon which my eyes rest, is Dr. Mitchell's grave—a rude cairn upon which each of us, according to the custom, casts a stone. No marble tombstone marks the resting-place of the old professor; no flowers are placed by loving hands upon his grave, and no green sod

grows above it. But the grand old mountain draped in funereal balsam, ever mourns him; the winds chant their dirges as they fleet by his lonely grave, and the thunders fire their salutes over his home amid the clouds. A sum of money has been left by his daughter for the purpose of erecting a monument over his grave, but it seems to me that this eternal mountain, "at once his monument and his tomb," is a more fitting memorial than any work of man's hands.

As we turn from the grave, a scene bursts upon us which it is impossible for one who has seen it to forget, and equally impossible is it for one who has never seen it to form any conception of its sublime beauty. In every direction the eye is free to roam for miles upon miles, and so many objects of beauty and sublimity are presented to it, that it turns in bewilderment from one to another, and fixes on none. The world is literally at our feet. So extensive is the prospect, that parts of six States are visible. A hundred miles or more to the west, the cyclopean peaks of the Great Smoky, resplendent in a flood of sunshine; to the south, the lofty heights of the Balsam and Unaka ranges clad in lustrous purple; to the east, Greybeard and High Pinnacle, and to the north, the old Grandfather lying supine, and the black hump of the Roan, like majestic pillars support the arched vault of a sky more beautiful than any painter's dream, overcast with every color of the rainbow and a hundred indescribable shades and gradations of color fading almost imperceptibly into each other, and varying

from a dull grey at the zenith to a gorgeous red at the horizon. The sunlight falling aslant upon Craggy makes radiant ladders from the velvety heights to the sky. The mountains in the west, kindled into ineffable glory by the rays of the setting sun, wear a robe of lustrous amber. The semicircle of mountains from the west to the east are clad in a garment of many colors. The bright red in the west changing in vivid alternations of rose and amber into a green of wonderful tenderness, which passes into a dark purple, and finally deepens in the east into black, forming a dark background to the wonderful picture in the west. At our feet, on all sides there is a billowy sea of mountains. Deep yawning gorges of abysmal gloom lie in the shadows of mountains towering thousands of feet, whose summits borrow their tints from the sky. The Black throws his shadow for miles to the east, and I watch it crawling slowly up Table Rock driving the sunshine before it, till only the top of the Rock projects above the shadow, and shines as if tipped with gold. Add the wild grandeur and intense loneliness of the spot, the immensity of the space viewed, and the majesty of these unchangeable and immemorial mountains which have "been since the world began," and the whole makes scenery which it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe.

After the first moment all other feelings give way to unmitigated awe, which subdues all disposition to mirth as we sit and watch the sun setting behind the Great Smoky. As its fiery

disk slowly sinks behind the mountain, the darkness gathering in the valleys below creeps higher and higher up the mountain side till it almost reaches our feet. The sun just peeps over the Great Smoky, crowning the peak on which we stand with an aureole of sunshine, a few beams linger around Dr. Mitchell's grave, and then, as the sun disappears, the shadows from below creep over us. In a moment all the glory has faded out of the sky, and darkness reigns supreme.

There is no twilight on the Black, no interregnum between the reigns of day and night. When the sun approaches the horizon, the shadows gather in the ravines and gorges below and stealthily creep up the mountain as the sun sinks, and the moment he withdraws himself, the "sable goddess" begins her reign. But that reign is destined to be short to-night. Soon the moon appears, and before her pale rays the shadows sullenly betake themselves back to their gorges.

With the night comes the cold wind, and we descend a few yards to the cave where we are to spend the night. The cave is formed by a tremendous rock which shelves over from the side of the mountain at an angle of about forty degrees. We can stand erect in it without striking our heads, and it is spacious enough to accommodate twenty men. Some of us build a roaring fire, others cook supper, and others prepare balsam bushes for our beds. I know that mountain appetites are proverbial, but shame forbids me to tell how much supper we ate. After supper, gathered around the fire, we tell yarns and smoke cigars,

or listen to the General's tales of miraculous escapes from bears. Our shadows are very grotesque as they dance about on the rough walls of the cave like hobgoblins, and the originals, muffled up in overcoats and shawls, look like outlaws. Some one proposes music, and the old familiar songs acquire a new charm in this vast solitude as they echo and re-echo down the gorges of the mountain.

Under the influences of the music and a cigar, I think how romantic this is, camping out like gypsies "careless of mankind" in this vast wilderness of mountains over which the full moon is pouring a flood of light. How infinitely better our cave is than the hotel where babies and cats make the night hideous with their cries. I am perfectly willing to spend the remainder of my life here. And perhaps we will have a thunder-storm, for distant thunder reverberating through the mountains makes me think that Rip Van Winkle's comrades of the Catskills have changed their residence to the Black. How delightful it will be to lie snug and warm in the cave with a big fire roaring in front, while the lightning flashes and the thunder peals around us!

Some of us before retiring, go up to the peak to get a last view. We are well wrapped up, but the cold wind pierces to our very bones, and I lie down behind the grave as a shield. Far below us the mist floats in the ravines, and, gently agitated by the wind, looks like rivers of iridescent hues upon whose waves the moonbeams leap and dance. Great crags overhang these rivers of mist, and

glisten in the moonlight like marble castles. But we have not long to enjoy the scene. The moon overhead plunges hopelessly through a tumult of clouds, and through the balsams "sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm." Away to the south a cloud of awful blackness is rising. Its edges catching the rays of the moon are dazzlingly bright, and as it sails slowly towards us, vivid flashes of forked lightning leap from its black bosom. Little clouds, on their way to join the large one, look like ghosts in the dim light, and brush our faces with their damp shrouds as they glide by.

These ghostly clouds, the grave, and the cold wind make the summit rather unpleasant, and we return to the cave to find our comrades asleep. I wrap myself in a shawl, curl up on the balsam boughs, and am soon in the "Land of Nod." After an hour spent in dreaming of fierce encounters with bears, the last of which terminates in my being hugged by the bear, I awake to find myself in the embrace, not of a bear, but of General Glass. Now, I never did like a bed-fellow, and I certainly do not relish this one. To add to my discomfort, the rain is pouring down in torrents, the fire is out, my legs are wet, and I am almost frozen. Two fat men in the corner of the cave are "sawing gourds" at a terrible rate. Two ladies packed away into the "second story"—a narrow shelf jutting out from the rock—increase the general harmony by quarrelling. For the first time in my life I appreciate the full force of the feminine tongue, and, but for the rain, would act upon Solomon's suggestion, and "dwell upon the

house-top." Camping out does not seem so romantic now. Evidently my slumbers are permanently broken. So I resign my couch to the General, and try to rekindle the fire. Successful in this, I keep watch till dawn, peering out into the dark mysteries of the night, and listening to the howling of the wolves—a most unearthly sound, a combination of the worst notes in a human cry of distress and the baying of a hound.

Early rising is not one of my virtues, and consequently I have never seen a sunrise. And the prospect of seeing one this morning is very poor; for, though the rain has ceased, such dense clouds still envelop the mountain, that we can see only a few steps ahead of us. But when we reach the summit, a faint light in the east gives us hope. A pale light tinges the clouds for a moment, then brightens and fades and glows again, and the heavy clouds dissolve before the piercing rays of the sun, which shines forth in all its majesty, casting a radiance of indescribable tints upon a boundless cloud-ocean below. As the clouds break, the sun plunges through them like a chariot of fire looking preternaturally large at this altitude, alternately obscured and blazing forth. Directly opposite in the west hangs the "sister-world" alternately of a silvery and yellowish-green color as the sun is hidden or shines. The great luminaries seem hardly a stone's throw from us. But soon the clouds rising obscure them, and darkness covers all. The mists rising from the valleys unite and form a dark sea, which, rising higher and higher, soon hides the

world from our eyes. Seen through the dim light the illusion is perfect. All the world except the little spot upon which we stand, is submerged under a black ocean. Waves of clouds tossed by the wind roll toward us, recede, and then roll back again, rising higher each time till finally they touch our feet. The wind rustles mournfully through the straggling balsams on the peak. We seem the last remnant of mankind huddled together in darkness upon the last spot of dry land, shivering with cold, and waiting for the dark grey sea to engulf us. It is more like the end of all days than the dawn of a new one, and I am glad to return to the warm, cheery fire. How miserable we all look with red noses, eyes inflamed by the acrid balsam smoke, dishevelled hair, and chattering teeth! Everybody has a bad cold, and consequently everybody is cross.

The mountain is now completely wrapped in clouds. Probably there will not be another fair day on the Black in a month. So we broil the remainder of our ham on the coals, and then descend to the little meadow where we left the horses. No one expects to find them, but there they are, looming up through the mist like a drove of elephants. Soon they are saddled, and we begin the descent to

the world. The clouds are so dense that it is impossible to see ten steps ahead, and we keep close together; for to get lost in this chaos of thickets and precipices in such darkness, means certain death. After riding several miles through the dripping balsams and drenching clouds, the latter begin to lift, and we catch enchanting glimpses of the world below, the warmth of coloring of pure, fresh valleys bathed in a flood of morning sunshine, contrasting very favorably with the sombre hue of the Black. We reach Patton's without accident, and after many handshakings with the General and farewells to the Black, set out for the hotel.

And now my horse astonishes everybody, and completely vindicates his character. The rough trip up the mountain seems only to have loosened his joints and warmed his blood. He leaves Patton's in a gallop, and I am so powerless through amazement, that I succeed in stopping him only after he has left my companions a mile in the rear. With difficulty I induced him to wait till they overtook us, and then we all galloped home together, dusty and tired, but carrying with us sacred memories of the grand old mountains, and lasting impressions of the power and beneficence of Him who reared them.

CAPUTALBUM.

Whitehead.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

In early times women, being inferior to men in muscular strength, were held in subjection to them. But as civilization advanced, their position passed from a state of real slavery to a milder form of dependence. Undoubtedly there is still a strong prejudice in favor of their subjection. Now this is unjust because, from a standpoint of equity, men have no rights that do not belong to women. The same arguments which show that men have rights apply with equal force to women. Yet, so deeply rooted in men's minds is this prejudice in favor of the subordination of women, that it really gains strength rather than loses it from arguments against it.

What seems to be the chief remedy for this evil, is not to try to convince men that the rights of women are equal to theirs, but the higher and more complete education of women. Place their education on a level with that of men, and the rest will follow.

Two objections are commonly urged against their higher education, namely, that they are mentally inferior to men, and that their true sphere is the home.

As to the former.—There have been women noted for their excellence in science, art, and literature. We have no right to say that a woman cannot be a great philosopher because she has never produced profound philosophical writings. Certainly we may say that a woman can be a Queen Elizabeth or a Maria Theresa. Few

men in the history of the world have surpassed Madame de Stael in general philosophy, Madame Roland in politics, or Mrs. Browning and "George Eliot" in literature. In sculpture and in painting women have occupied a very high position. There have been but few female rulers in proportion to the large number of male rulers, yet a much larger proportion of them have been noted for their intelligence and their excellent governments. It is said that in Hindoostan, in three cases out of four, women are the rulers in those districts which are noted for their vigilant governments and in which order is best preserved and the inhabitants are most prosperous.

It has been but a comparatively short time since women first began to devote their attention to philosophy, art, and science, yet they have achieved wonderful success. In ancient times but few of them attempted to do anything in literature, and these gained distinction in it. Among the ancient Greeks a woman was considered one of their greatest poets.

Those who urge the mental inferiority of women as a bar to their higher education, say that we seldom find anything original in their writings. As a matter of fact, most thoughts that can be reached without the thorough training and discipline of the mind, have been reached already. It has been said that in order to produce new thoughts, one must be thoroughly acquainted with what has been thought

before. Now, with the present limited education of woman, how can we expect our female writers to display the originality of thought to be found in the literary productions of men? How can any one reasonably expect women who make literature their profession to attain to that high standard of thought reached by men, without the higher education and training that men receive? There are no great female historians, because no woman ever received the necessary education. Comparatively few women have ever had their minds disciplined by a thorough course of study. What has been done by women can be done again. And what has been done shows that they are not mentally inferior to men.

The second objection commonly made to the higher education of women is, that their true sphere is at home, and they ought not to take part in politics and questions of public concern. None are agreed as to the true sphere of women. Their position in various countries is very different; and we have no right to say the sphere we assign her in our country is the true one. We are told that among the Indians her sphere is to do all the work, while that august personage, her lord, reclining in ease before his wigwam, and smoking his pipe of peace, teaches his "young hopeful" how to use the bow and arrow and to wield the tomahawk. In countries where slavery exists her sphere is that of a common laborer. In France she has public occupations and participates extensively in the business enterprises of the day. Perhaps it clashes

with our sense of propriety for them to take part in politics and business operations. Yet there are many things, absurd in themselves, of every-day occurrence in other countries, which are practised because to do otherwise would seem the height of impropriety to their inhabitants. In China, in order that a lady be in the fashion, she must have her feet cramped and walk in as unnatural a manner as possible, yet these people have the same excuse for this and similar absurdities that those have who object to changing woman's position among us.

The advantages to be derived from the higher education of women are many. The amount of intellect to be used in advancing the interests of mankind would be doubled. The world would no longer be made worse by refusing to make use of more than one-half of the talent possessed by its inhabitants. Place woman's education on a level with that of men, and a greater stimulus will be given to the intellect of men. Women would then be able to understand business and all other matters, equally with men. In all ages they have exerted a very great influence on the world. Their influence, for the most part, was the means of inducing those hordes of barbarians who came down from the North as conquerors, to accept Christianity. The conversion to Christianity of the natives of England and France is attributable, in great part, to a woman. This influence which they undoubtedly possess would be greatly strengthened and developed by higher education.

It is hoped that ere long those iniquitous laws which in some countries prohibit women from taking college courses may be repealed, and that they shall have all the advantages of a high and thorough course of instruction.

JAMES M. BRINSON.

UP THE PILOT.

When I went home to spend vacation, I found that a visit to the Pilot Mountain was the topic of the day. This mountain was about forty miles distant, in Surry county. Having heard such glowing descriptions of it by those who had visited it, I was only too glad of the opportunity to join the party. Rev. Mr. (not a married man), who knew much of the swamps of eastern, but very little of the mountains of western, North Carolina, was our leader. He succeeded in inducing five young ladies—three of whom were visiting the neighborhood—who had been school-mates at Thomasville Female College, and who seemed fondly attached to one another, to join us. The demand for young men was considerable, and there were no other vacation boys. One young man could not go on account of his uncle's sickness, another could not leave his farm at that season, two did not see how they could leave the store for three days in succession. The evening before we started, however, a merchant kindly consented that his salesman should go—making three gentlemen in the company.

Next morning bright and early the four buggies were ready, and it was fortunate that the ladies knew how to drive, for to make four drivers of three gentlemen is suggestive of a physical impossibility. Whether the condition of those in the fourth buggy was pitiable or enviable is a matter of differ-

ence of opinion; not of so much importance, however, for to "change partners" was the order of the day, and ferrying the river and stopping for dinner furnished sufficient opportunities. The weather seemed to contribute to our happiness, for it was delightfully cool for the 30th of June.

Along in the afternoon we could plainly see the Pilot as it towered heavenward, marking the end of our journey. Sometimes we were going at right angles with, at others directly from, the mountain, so that I could not help fearing that we were not in the right road. I think I can now better appreciate the kindness of Providence in veiling the future.

We had taken it for granted that we could stop near the mountain, at the Gilam House, now owned by Mr. M. D. Boyd. We arrived there about twilight. Travelling for that day had ceased to be a pleasure. For an hour dusters had been in demand, not as dusters, but as substitutes for cloaks. Palm-leaf fans were trodden under foot.

Our leader went into the piazza and talked with one whom we rightly guessed to be the lady of the house. Why can they not come to terms? It is seven miles back to Dalton's hotel. That rough road! It was bad enough to travel in day-time. He grew earnest. Our wish that he might be successful was akin to a prayer. As he came back to the buggies every one was eager to know what she said.

She was not offering accommodations to the public, and besides she had been sick. "One room and one bed for the three gentlemen; one room with two beds for the five ladies." "What say you, girls?" "All right? any way, just so we get to the fire." And they came bounding from those buggies with glad hearts; nor did they wait to be escorted to the house. The boys to unload the buggies and care for the horses, and the girls—to wait? No: when we returned to the house, we found they had not been waiting, but had stationed a table in the centre of a large comfortable room and had arranged the contents of those boxes in excellent picnic style. To the joy of most of the company, the good lady of the house had furnished a bountiful supply of coffee. The hungry travellers could ask no more. One of the company was called on to "ask a blessing," and I hope he will excuse me for saying he made a failure. No wonder; to ask a blessing was out of order. We already had the blessing. If he had been called on to "return thanks," I am sure he could have expressed himself. The variety and bounty of our fare would justify the conclusion that those young ladies had made preparations for mountain trips before. There we were around that table—some in chairs, some on their knees, others standing or walking around. Pour your own coffee—put sugar and cream "to taste." Coffee in one hand, something to eat in the other,—a congenial company and all in a good humor!

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,"

Put me again there "just for to-night."

It would not do to indulge the appetite so at college. It must have been the recounting of the day's events, attended with hearty laughter, that saved us. The young ladies played the piano. At one time we listened, then "all joined in the chorus." In spite of the circumstances, "Home, Sweet Home," came in for its share.

But the mountain was to be climbed early next morning. Fortunately for the gentlemen, the sofa relieved the bed of the "third person," and after it had been arranged it was good enough for a king, for the next thing I knew Rev. Mr. ----- was astir hurriedly talking of day-break. In a little while it was realized that those girls were to be waked. Who should go? The lot fell on me, and on gently tapping at their door, I heard: "All right." "What you get up so soon fo-o-r-r?" etc.

Breakfast over, Mr. Boyd, knowing what was before us, kindly consented to go with us to the top of the mountain. The distance was one and a half miles, and to be walked. We moved off rather slowly and confusedly. How could three gentlemen accompany five ladies? The fact that Mr. Boyd took our leader for his consort rather aggravated the puzzling question. I was ready to take any one, or try to take all. One must have seen my dilemma. Any way, she asked me to let her help me carry the dinner basket. We soon fell in with another lady. Perhaps I would better not speak for the whole company, but I speak for the trio in saying that climbing that mountain was a pleasure.

Our horizon was widening. One after another objects in the distance came into view. At an advantageous place, Mr. Boyd asked our leader to look. He took off his hat and said: "Praise the Lord!" and the rest of us felt as he did.

An ascent of ⁴four hundred feet brought us to the foot of the pinnacle where we—sat down to rest? No, no. We were on the north side of the pinnacle, and that north wind made one think of overcoats in July. Especially did the gentleman who wore a duster that day in place of his coat, want to keep moving. Mr. Boyd led us to the place whence we were to climb the pinnacle—a towering mass of rock three hundred feet high. I looked up. Go up that place? That first ladder, with one weak-looking round in it, might be passed. To fall twelve feet might not be fatal. But look up yonder at that second ladder as it appears to be suspended between height and depth—one side resting in a niche and fastened some way at the top. It was weather-beaten, and the topmost round was out. As I pictured the ladder-giving way under my weight as I was about to make that last long step, I could scarcely resist the inclination to grasp a neighboring bush. Had I been alone, I should have gone away, having been only in sight of the summit. One young lady said she did not have the least idea of climbing the pinnacle; another reported that her last parental advice was not to climb the pinnacle. When I saw Mr. Boyd pass the first, and carelessly throw his weight of one hundred and eighty

pounds on the second ladder, my confidence was restored. The boys up first, followed by the braver young ladies; then the doubting ones took courage, and soon both ladders were beneath us.

The next obstacle was a large rock about five and a half feet high, the passing of which was something like mounting a horse without the aid of stirrups. There was hardly standing room for us all in front of this rock, and to fall backwards would have been fatal. "Take your time, but do not look back." I can't tell how it was, but after a deal of pulling, pushing, and scrambling the obstacle was passed.

The remainder of the pathway to the top was comparatively easy, and in a short time we stand on the topmost point of the pinnacle of Pilot Mountain. This mountain seems to be a wandering peak from the Blue Ridge, which lay northward about twenty-five miles. Away in the distance we could see South Carolina's representative, King's Mountain. Here and there was a neighboring town or village. We could look down on Yadkin River making its way to the ocean. Farms looked like truck patches. East of us lay Sawratown mountain. "How far to that mountain?" "All of you guess." While the others were guessing distances from one to five miles, I had time to count the farms lying between. When called on, I guessed seven and a half miles. "Now give the correct distance." "Twelve miles."

There was an imprint on one of the topmost rocks that looked very much

like a track in the snow after it had taken one day's sunshine. We were informed that it was said that Noah made that track when he stepped out of the ark.

Choice little rocks were picked up and presented with "Keep this, and remember." Flowers and ferns were gathered and "pinned on." Whortleberries were found in profusion.

After a while came the proposition that we go down, and in a little while we were at that rock again. To mount it was bad enough; to dismount it was worse. The ladies would peep over and say: "I can't." "Yes, but you must;" and the way the smallest gentleman in our company cautiously let them down by the armful was wonderful. Carefully we passed down those ladders, and found ourselves at the foot of the pinnacle again, a happy, thankful band.

Next in order was to go round the base of the pinnacle. At some points the side of the pinnacle was smooth and perpendicular, as if art's finger

had touched it; other places, where the front was zigzag, or where rocks were piled upon each other and so overhung the path that one was almost afraid to pass under them, spoke in unmistakable language: "Nature fashioned us." As noon was approaching, we went down to the spring on the mountain side to take dinner. It was enough to eat, drink, and think.

Surely the people of North Carolina do not appreciate this wonderfully unique gift, which the Fashioner of the world has given us. I had often heard it spoken of, but the half had not been told me. If you have visited no mountains, go to the Pilot. If you have visited mountains largely and are looking for prettier and grander scenes, go to the Pilot.

Dinner over, onward and downward we go to Mr. Boyd's house, where we are entertained for the evening as friends rather than as strangers.

HELP FREE.

MUSIC.

Some one has truly said that music has existed

"Ever since the morning stars together sang,
And shouted forth their joyous hymns of praise
To Him who hung them in the realms of space,
And bade them shine: ever since the anthem rung
So loud on fair creation's morn, and rolled
From sphere to sphere, and all the host of God
Joined in the swelling harmony."

In every age and in every clime, music has been made the emblem of

whatever is most holy and enchanting and whether the tales that are told us of its ancient influence be truth or fiction, they equally prove the general perception of its power over the feelings and affections of humanity. It seems to be the most natural language of the happy, the spontaneous solace of the sad. With every idea of things beautiful, pure, and delightful, music

has been associated; but we never mix it with the images of things base, vicious, and disgraceful.

No savage ever pictured to himself a future heaven but he placed music among the first of its delights: and, in those bright prospects of eternal bliss so often opened to us in the Holy Book, music is always made a part, real or emblematical, of our promised joys.

The first use of music upon earth, perhaps, was to sound forth praises to the Creator; and, certainly it is the only one of our talents, of the continuance and purpose of which hereafter any mention has been made.

The children of Israel cultivated music in the earliest periods of their existence as a people, and we have abundant evidence in the Bible of the high estimation in which music was held among the Hebrews at a later period of their history. The whole of David's power over the disorder of Saul may be attributed to his skilful performance upon the harp. So great was the esteem and love, for music among the people when David ascended the throne, that he appointed four thousand Levites to praise the Lord with instruments, and the number of those that were cunning in song was two hundred and eighty-eight.

We are indebted to music for many of the purest and most refined pleasures we enjoy. It may inspire with feelings of devotion, raise the thoughts above the trifles and tumults of this lower world, soothe our cares, and make us forget our sorrows. It is one of those ministers which God sends to those who are to be heirs of salvation.

It enters into the tender imaginations of childhood and casts down upon the chambers of its thought a holy radiance that will never quite depart.

It goes with the Christian singing to him all the way; and with the familiar experiences of daily life how oft is music associated. One song hath opened the morning in many families, and children with sweet voices have charmed the evening in many places with the harmony of another, and the sentiments of these songs so soon committed to memory and associated with some pleasing tune, will in all probability go with them through life, and be remembered long after other things have been forgotten. There are many airs to which it is difficult to listen without recalling some period or event to which their expressions seem applicable. Sometimes when the strain is plaintive, it takes us back to the times when the captive Israelites sat by the river of Babylon, and wept when they remembered Zion, and hung their harps upon the willows; and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile mingling with sad regret for the ties he leaves at home.

"Sweet music's power! one chord doth make us wild,

But change the strain we weep as little child;
Touch yet another, men charge the battery gun,
And by those martial strains, a victory's won."

There is no sound of simple nature that is not musical. The wind that ripples over the cheek in wanton play hath music in its soft whisperings; sometimes it is low and sad, as if the clouds were wet with bitter tears; anon it gathers strength, and howls

through the distant trees, or moans its hollow murmurs through the branches o'er our heads, or, as if it heard the voice of hope speak calming, cheering words, its notes grow rife with joy. The little painted songsters—what would the country be without them!—swell their throats with joyful song, and gladden the ear with their sweet notes. The waters, rippling over the pebbles, sound out their murmurings low and sweet, that fall upon the heart with soothing power, calming the tumult within. I have read somewhere of a custom in the highlands of Scotland, which is exceedingly beautiful. It is believed that to the ear of the dying, which just before death always becomes exquisitely acute, the perfect harmony of the voices of nature is so

ravishing as to make him forget his suffering and die gently, like one in a pleasant dream; and so when the last moment approaches, they take him from within and bear him out under the open sky that he may hear the familiar rushing of the stream. I can believe that it is not superstition. I do not think we know how much music there is in the many voices of nature.

“Music is a tie that winds with soft and sweet control

Its silken fibres round the yielding soul,
 Binds man to man, soothes passion's wildest strife,
 And, through the mazy labyrinths of life,
 Supplies a faithful clue to lead the lone
 And weary wanderer to his Father's throne.”

“RALOHS.”

Rolar

EDITORIAL.

THE LECTURE-ROOM.

The English language, as every other, down to its smallest details of structure is a living organism, not the fabrication of a long line of lexicographers and grammarians. Its present state is the result of inherent growth, rather than of the tinkering of critics. There can be little use, therefore, in dictating to this life-principle the forms it should take on or the deformities it should shake off. Nevertheless, it is hard to avoid putting one's finger on this and that term or phrase, and saying: Here is an anomaly.

Possibly the new methods of education are not yet far enough removed from the old to justify the intimation,—but let us see if there is any reason that the survival of the term 'recitation-room' should be set down among these anomalies of the critic. The chief business of the typical teacher of the old method seems to have been to suppress youthful vitality and hold the text-book. He held the text-book in order diligently to compare the 'recitation' of the pupil with the language of the author. The pupil was required to 'recite,' that is, to rehearse or repeat the lesson from memory. The room in which this exercise was conducted was, properly, a 'recitation-room.' Now, however, the notion is getting abroad that the function of the teacher is not to hear a lesson, but to teach a lesson, with or without the aid of the

text-book. In other words, he is to impart instruction. This he will do by discourse or explanation, which may be formal or informal. Now the word in general and approved use that precisely describes this exercise is 'lecture.' So then, if we could get the ear of the wilful genius of our language, we should suggest the substitution of 'lecture-room' for 'recitation-room.' The fact that this substitution has already been made in some of our institutions sensibly relieves the otherwise hypercritical aspect of the suggestion.

THE HEART.

"There are some that wish to know only that they may know, which is base curiosity; and some wish to know only to be known, which is base vanity; and some wish to know only that they may sell their knowledge, which is covetousness. But there are some who wish to know that they may be edified, and some that they may edify, and that is heavenly prudence. In other words, the object of education is neither for amusement, nor fame, nor profit; but it is that one may learn to know and see God here and glorify him in Heaven hereafter."

These were the words of Canon Farrar in his lecture to the students at Johns Hopkins University. Is there a semblance of truth in them? Most men will admit that there is much truth in them, and would be indig-

nant if charged with unbelief in what they convey. But the absolute necessity of religious education has not that firm hold upon the minds of college boys, nor indeed the community in general, as to command sufficient effort in spiritual education. The evil influence of its neglect is becoming more and more prominent every day, and is exciting the best men of this country with great anxiety for its purity and safety, so that an organized opposition is fast developing. This opposition is boldly demanding of the government the aid of legislation in battling against one form of this formidable evil.

The great prohibition movement which is stirring the people in every section of this great nation, from the Great Lakes to Mexico, proclaims the presence of a great evil which must, for the sake of humanity and good government, be suppressed. The necessity of such a move ought to fill every American with deep regret and chagrin. But instead of that, some of the brightest intellects, some of the noblest blood, some of the most highly educated men of our country, are wasting away under the influence of intoxicating liquors. Now, how is it that men who know how great evils attend habitual drinking, will let it ruin them. Evidently there is some fault in their education. They have acquired great strength of intellect, while their spiritual education has been neglected, and their development has been one-sided. The mind is strong and active; the spirit is weak and tame. Such a one-sided education will not be sufficient for a man in all

the trials of life. Then it may be said that any system of education that does not affect the heart cannot be a true system. This is one of the first things a student ought to learn. It is imprudent in education to make oneself one-sided. Still college students will labor tenaciously for their intellectual improvement and consider it a dishonor to fall short in that duty, but will entirely neglect their spiritual growth. Indeed, there is a prevalent notion that college boys are licensed to do more wicked things than other people, when really it is the very time in life, above all others, that the greatest care should be taken not to form habits which will stain one's future life. A young man who would be a benefactor of mankind (and most young men would) must educate his heart as well as his mind.

The noblest quality of a man is true Christian heroism. If every student in America, on entering college, could have that great truth fixed in his mind as firmly as he has the necessity of intellectual culture, there would be no need of legislation against a practice which brings no profit, but most fearful losses, to the one who indulges in it.

O. F. T.

THE COLLEGE LOAFER.

It is perfectly natural for him to enter a room without knocking at the door. It makes no difference with him whether or not his friends are desirous of seeing him. How often is it the case that he meets with scorn or silent contempt from his friends, and yet amid all of that he is found linger-

ing in the room as happy as if he had received a hearty welcome within, and as if without there was nothing claiming his attention. The most wonderful and peculiar trait about him is that he is entirely impervious to any hint which may be hurled at him.

Should a stranger happen to meet him he would, no doubt, think him one of the leading students, and so he is—in his profession. Hear him talk about how easy it is for him to translate Latin and Greek, and you will think that he is going to be the valedictorian in his class. When his class graduates, where is the promising young man? What has become of him? In the first part of his journey through college he did very well while he had free access to the “college pony” and had some one to show him how to ride. It was then the height of his ambition to have the above mentioned animal and ride all the way through, but, alas! by not exercising the mind to that extent which is required for strengthening and developing it, it soon became attenuated and

he found out that it was deleterious both to his physical and mental health for him to remain longer at school.

Now he has left, and in what condition is he to be found? He still towers, in his own opinion, above his fellow-beings with the *insignia* of a college student. He thinks because he has passed through the college, that all others should yield to him, honor him, and respect his opinions. When he left school he determined to do something, and so he does something. What is it? Though once towering to a great height in the estimation of others, in a short time he has fallen into utter insignificance, thereby bringing upon the college shame and disgrace, because the people look upon him as a fair representative of the work done there. Such a person is not a true representative of the honest work which is done at any college. He is only the dross which has been removed from the pure metal. Though no college hardly ever exists without several, yet it should not tolerate one.

J. W. W.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE OPPOSITION WANES.—Nearly every measure that has affected English politics lately has been another step toward home rule for Ireland. Dispite the many extravagant predictions of the political prophets with reference to the great evils which they say will inevitably attend any important concessions to Ireland, the Irish

cause is rapidly approaching its desired goal. What the strength of each political party is, has been a question of much perplexity and uncertainty to the governing classes in England. But a test was recently applied, when Mr. Jesse Collings moved his amendment to the reply to the Queen's speech expressing regrets that the

speech from the throne made no allusion to the sufferers from the depression in agriculture and trade, and urged the subject of allotments of land for their relief, the Liberals and Nationalists voted together for the amendment and it was adopted by a vote of 329 to 250. This action, not altogether unexpected, was the overthrow of the Tory party and brought Mr. Gladstone again to the front. The Nationalists have thus reinstated the leader of the Liberal party for whom they would not dare to vote in the last general elections.

The Queen, too, who is so bitter against the Irish demands and who had expressed her determination not to send for Mr. Gladstone in case Lord Salisbury's cabinet was defeated, was compelled to do so, and he is now considering a new cabinet.

THE PRESIDENT'S PREROGATIVES.—The Senate called on the President to give it some information concerning the condition of their office just before certain officers were removed by him. This the President positively refused to give, on the ground that the Senate had no right to make such demands. Both Democrats and Republicans support the President in his position and claim that the inquiry was made with the view to convict the President of partizan conduct contrary to his pledges. Whether the Senate has any right to take any part in removals was decided long ago. This same question arose in the first Congress, and the decision then given made it the prerogative of the President to remove officers independently of the Senate.

The reason for this decision was clearly stated by Mr. Madison, one of the principal authors of the constitution, when he said, "I think it best to give the Senate as little agency as possible in executive matters and make the President as responsible as possible in them." And upon the supposition that the Senate had such power, he said "officers would make parties then to support them against the President and by degrees the executive powers would slide into one branch of the legislature."

THE EASTERN TROUBLE.—The eastern trouble is hard to settle. In reviewing what has been done in the way of war and peace conferences and beholding the dissatisfaction that still exists, one will naturally conclude that matters look very much like there might be a breaking out of war between Austria and Russia this spring. It is hardly supposable that the little powers like Serbia and Greece would be so eager for war against the protest of all the great powers if they did not receive encouragement from other quarters. After Milan, King of Serbia, had made his mad rush upon the Bulgarian frontier and was forced to make a disgraceful retreat by the gallant repulse of Prince Alexander, he would not have continued the war as he did, relying solely on his own strength; nor would Greece be making such immense preparations for war now. It is true that both Serbia and Greece have a right to complain and demand a compliance with the treaty of Berlin, but they are not so silly as to attempt to force their claims against the powers of Europe. It has already been reported that an alliance has been nearly completed between the Austrians and Serbia, Greece and Austria-Hungary, and that the little powers are making rapid preparations for war with the determination to have more territory.

O. F. T.

EDUCATIONAL.

—There is an article on "Manual Training" in the February *Harper's*.

—Kinston College has an enrolment of 102.

—At Racine College examinations are to be given without previous notice.

—Education is the cultivation of a legitimate familiarity betwixt the mind and things.—*Bacon*.

—*The North Carolina Teacher* has opened a "Teachers' Album," and desires the photographs of all the teachers in the State.

—The establishment of the State Industrial School was virtually indefinitely postponed by the State Board of Agriculture.

—Rev. S. H. Thompson, formerly connected with the Southern Normal in Lexington, is in charge of the Classical Institute at High Point.

—On the 23rd of January J. DeB. Hooper, Professor of Greek in the University of North Carolina, died at Chapel Hill. His remains were interred in Raleigh.

—At Yale tardiness at a recitation beyond five minutes and all egresses count as absences; as does also presence at a recitation while wishing to be excused from answering.

—Elocution is thus defined by Mr. Henry N. Hudson, the Shakespearean scholar: "The art of pronouncing nothing in such a way as to make it pass for something grand."

—President Porter's resignation of the presidency of Yale is to take effect next June. He will retain, however, his position as Clark Professor of Moral Philosophy.

—The per cent. of a maximum mark required at Harvard to pass one in each course or line of study is 50. At the North Carolina University it is 70; at Wake Forest, 75.

—The propositions to change the name of Yale College to Yale University meets with strong opposition. The Yale alumni cling tenaciously to the old "time-honored" name.

—Globe Academy, in Caldwell county, is reported in a prosperous condition. Mr. J. F. Spainhour, who won universal esteem and respect as a student at Wake Forest, is principal, assisted by Rev. R. L. Patton and Mrs. Spainhour.

—A State Teachers' Reading Circle is announced for North Carolina. The course of reading for the present half-year is prescribed by Dr. R. H. Lewis, of Kinston, President of the Teachers' Assembly. The plan of organization is detailed in the January *N. C. Teacher*.

—The oldest colleges in the United States stand thus in respect to date: Harvard College, Massachusetts, 1638; William and Mary, Virginia, 1693; Yale, Connecticut, 1701; Princeton (Nassau Hall), New Jersey, 1738; Columbia, New York, 1754; Dartmouth, New Hampshire, 1770; Hampden Sidney, Virginia, 1775.—*Ex.*

—Next August the University of Heidelberg will celebrate the 500th anniversary of its existence.

—There are 534 pupils at the Wesleyan school at Carlisle, Pa., representing thirty-six Indian tribes.

—On the 9th inst. Presidents Eliot and McCosh will debate the question of "Religion in Colleges" at the Nineteenth Century Club, New York.

—More than \$2,000,000 has lately been left to Harvard. After 1887 a student may graduate from this institution without a knowledge of Latin or Greek.

—We were sorry to learn that Anson Institute, Wadesboro, N. C., was destroyed by fire on the 9th ult. The loss is estimated at about \$4,000, partially covered by insurance.

—America had nine colleges prior to the year 1776. Now there are 333, with a total attendance of 32,000 students. Ohio alone has more colleges than all Europe.

—We have as yet no report of the opening of the spring term at Chapel Hill; it is likely, however, the University is feeling the effect of the prevailing financial depression. Since the above was in type we have heard that not more than six new students have entered. Is there not some mistake?

—The police at Ann Arbor, Mich., had a fight with about 200 students on Monday evening. The Mayor was loudly hooted when he called upon the rioters to disperse. A few arrests were made.—*Ex.*

—Mr. Yan Phon Lee, a Chinese student of Yale, '87 has invented a chart, 36 by 20 inches, which shows completely the history of English

literature from 1350 to 1820. The chart has been approved by the professors of Yale and Brown.—*Ex.*

—A bequest of \$30,000 was made to Syracuse University by the will of the late Mrs. Sophronia Morehouse, of Liverpool, N. Y. Of this sum \$5,000 is for the special use of indigent students.

—The catalogue of Oberlin College contains the names of 1,314 students. Forty-eight different States, Territories, and Foreign Countries are represented. This college admits both sexes, and is bound, while it exists, to open every recitation with either singing or prayer.

—Why is it that our boys, who learn Latin and Greek and French and often German, are found in the end to know neither Latin nor Greek nor French nor German? It is because they try to learn them all at the same time. No grown man, using his own common-sense, would try to learn three languages at once. And yet in education this irrational system prevails universally. What is true of languages is true in a degree of other subjects of study.—*Prof. J. R. Seeley.*

—During the fifteen years that Dr. Noah Porter has been President of Yale College the number of students has increased from 755 to 1,076, the instructors from 71 to 114, the library from 90,000 to 173,000 volumes, and the funds of the college from \$1,227,305 to \$2,155,705; eight buildings have been erected for different departments, with an observatory, the requirements for admission have been increased, and the course of study amplified.—*Ex.*

—Many teachers of primary schools seem to feel very much as two teachers in Germany expressed themselves to Prof. J. R. Seeley: "It is all very well to speak of play; but the truth is, our children have no time to play." And so the child is engaged on his lessons almost the livelong day. It is the smallest number who by long study after the school age reach anything like scholarship. May not this be in part the result of exhaustion and repulsion engendered by the teacher's excessive requirements in the earlier stages of the process?

—Here are a few items as to what some men have done for the cause of education. Johns Hopkins gave \$3,140,000 for education; Asa Packer gave Lehigh University \$3,000,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt gave Vanderbilt University \$1,000,000; Stepheu Girard gave what amounts to \$8,000,000 to Girard College; John C. Green gave \$1,500,000 to Princeton College; Ezra Cornell gave \$1,000,000 to Cornell

University; Isaac Rich gave \$1,700,000 to Boston University; Amasa Stone gave \$600,000 to Adelbert College; W. W. Corcoran gave \$170,000 to Columbia University; Benjamin Bussy gave \$500,000 to Harvard University; Samuel Williston, Wm. J. Walker, and Samuel A. Hitchcock gave between \$100,000 and \$200,000 to Amherst College; Whitmer Phoenix gave \$640,000 to Columbia College; J. B. Trevor gave \$179,000 to Rochester Theological Seminary; Matthew Vassar gave \$800,000 to Vassar College; Gardner Colby gave \$170,000 to Colby University, and to Newton Theological Seminary \$100,000; J. B. Colgate gave \$300,000 to Madison University; George I. Seney gave \$450,000 to Wesleyan University; the Crozier family gave \$300,000 to Crozier Theological Seminary; Dr. C. C. Beatty gave \$100,000 to Washington and Jefferson College, and Governor Stanford \$20,000,000 to Leland Stanford University.—*Ex.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—A NEW edition of Prof. George P. Fisher's *Faith and Rationalism* has been recently issued by the Scribners.

—HOW indignant must all the married folks feel as they read this title of a new book, *How to be Happy Though Married!*

—WHAT a charming bow was that with which Mr. W. D. Howells introduced himself at "the Study" door in the January *Harper's*.

—A posthumous story of frontier life in Colorado by Helen Jackson ("H. H.") is called *Zeph*.

—JOSHUA B. LIPPINCOTT, "the Napoleon of the book-trade," head of the publishing house of J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, died in that city, Jan. 5, 1886. He was a native of New Jersey, born about 1815. Dickens and Thackeray were among his friends.

—*Oceana; or, England and Her Colonies*, by James Anthony Froude, is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—HARPER & BROTHERS have just issued a new edition of Mr. Cross' *Life of George Eliot*, containing an appendix with new and important information.

—THE first volume of a new literary enterprise, "Cassell's National Library," bears date of Jan. 30th. It is a series of weekly volumes of nearly 200 pages, 16 mo. Subscription per year \$5, per volume 10 cents.

—A special edition of Westcott and Hort's *Greek New Testament* in one volume, giving the material of the second volume in condensed form, has been issued by Harper & Bros. in their excellent "Student's Series."

—VICTOR HUGO was so frail when an infant that the doctor said he could not live, and so ugly that his brother called him "the little monster." Well, the little monster got strong enough to write verses at the age of twelve.

—REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D., chiefly known as a Shakespearean editor and commentator, died January 16th in Cambridge, Mass., at the age of seventy-two. His principal work is *Shakespeare: His Life, Art, and Characters*.

—THE *Spectator*, London, is authority for the following statement: "A great writer, while adding not a single idea and hardly a word of his own, might sometimes make of an unreadable book a contribution to literature, merely by removing what had better be left out."

—*A Short History of Napoleon the First*, by Prof. J. R. Seeley, author of *Ecce Homo*, must be a valuable and brilliant book. Prof. Seeley's specialty in the University of Cambridge is history.

—DID you not notice how many of the short stories of the January magazines gave prominence to the dialect of the negro or of the uneducated whites of the South. The truth is, it adds no little attraction, when well managed as in the hands of Mr. Harris or Mr. Page or Miss Murfree.

—*Songs and Ballads of the Old Plantations*, by "Uncle Renus," is announced by Ticknor & Co. By the way, it is said that Mr. Harris, who is unsurpassed in the representation of the genuine negro brogue, is of African birth—that is, he was born on the Dark Continent, the son of an American missionary.

—SPEAKING of Miss Murfree's *Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*, *The Athenæum* remarks: "Such phrases as 'subacutely amazed' and 'a rayonnant circle' have an air of affectation which goes badly with the vigorous freshness of a story which would be as good as one of Mr. Bret Harte's if it were not quite so long."

—THE February issue of *The Southern Bivouac* (B. F. Avery & Sons, Louisville, Ky.,) contains among other things "William H. Seward on Reconstruction" by Charles Gayarre, "Robert Lee" by Paul Hamilton Hayne, "My Recollections of R. E. Lee" by Alexander H. Stephens, "City Building in the South" by W. W. Harney.

—DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is the subject of a gossipy article in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, repinted in *The Critic* of Jan. 23rd, by Rev. H. R. Haweis, of London, lately on a visit to this country. He is described as “a small spare man of some seventy-six years, with a genial, mobile face, lips seldom at rest, kind eyes; quick and penetrating. He talks as he writes, and is just what he seems to be.”

—HERE is a bit out of Mr. W. D. Howell’s recent volume of *Poems*:

“In youth there comes a west-wind
Blowing our bloom away,—
A chilly breath of autumn
Out of the lips of May.

We bear the ripe fruit after,—
Ah, me! for the thought of pain!—
We know the sweetness and beauty
And the heart-bloom never again.”

—MR. HAWEIS, mentioned elsewhere in this “gossip,” gives the following interesting account of Emerson’s method of composition, which

account he got from an intimate friend of Emerson’s: “He knew nothing thoroughly, was not at all logical, never defined his views, read nothing systematically, and often for long intervals read little; but he would go out into the woods and fields. ‘I place myself in right and happy relations with nature,’ he would say, ‘and let thought come to me; when an idea strikes me I put it down in my note-book, and fortunate am I if in one morning or day I get a real living thought of my own. When I wish to write upon any subject I consult my thought-book, and select from it those thoughts which seem capable of being welded appropriately together. I work at the expression of them till I have reached what seems to me the best form, and so I leave them’.” Mr. Haweis considers the Concord philosopher, though thus fragmentary, one of the greatest initial forces of the century, and “the true and timely counterpoise to the hungry, money-getting materialism of America.”

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

THE MOON’S ATMOSPHERE.—If any kind of atmosphere were spread over the surface of the moon, it would reflect the sun’s light so strongly as to dim its features. No such effect, however, is perceptible, for terrestrial objects, no matter how near they may be, do not exhibit greater sharpness

of outline than the inequalities of the moon. Furthermore, an atmosphere on the moon would have two effects on a star passing behind its disk: there would be a loss of brilliance as it entered that atmosphere on one side until it disappeared and also on the opposite side until it passed be-

yond the limit of the atmosphere; secondly, the star would disappear too late and reappear at the opposite limb too early, making the duration of the occultation too short,—the result of the refraction of its light by the supposed atmosphere. But it is said that the nicest observations have failed to show either of these effects, and so it is concluded that the moon has no appreciable atmosphere. In the light of these statements a letter of Mr. James Freeman Clarke written to *Science* at the suggestion of Prof. Langley, is interesting. Mr. Clarke says that on the occasion of the occultation of the planet Jupiter by the moon, the planet, instead of passing behind the moon at the moment of contact, appeared to be projected upon the moon's edge until nearly or quite one-half of the planet's disk was visible on the moon's surface. Then suddenly the whole planet disappeared behind the moon. This phenomenon, evidently due to refraction, indicates a lunar atmosphere. It has been twice observed by Mr. Clarke.

BEAUTIFUL ALGÆ.—The term 'algæ' means sea-weeds, but is used to designate not only sea-weeds proper but also certain fresh-water plants found floating in ponds, ditch-water, and clear streams. Many of them, such as the minute desmids and diatoms, were considered animals by the earlier microscopists. Indeed, one who looks at them gliding independently about in the drop of water under the microscope, is apt to be surprised when told that they are plants. Of their vegetable character, however, there no longer exists any doubt

among experienced observers. These plants bear no flowers, and as a group produce spores instead of seeds; hence they are sometimes called cryptogamous plants. They are all alike further in having no roots and in absorbing their nutriment through their entire surface from the water, which is their home. They have no such complicated tissue as is observed in the higher plants, but are only an aggregation of simple cells on the arrangement of which their structural differences depend. Some, indeed, consist of but one cell. There can be nothing more exquisite than the sculpturing of the walls of these unicellular algæ, and when this is combined with their bright or gold-green coloring, they become objects worthy of a place among the most beautiful in nature. They are often found entangled in the green scum floating on the surface of ponds. This green scum, not a little repulsive in appearance when seen in mass, is in reality another example of the beautiful fresh-water algæ. The microscope shows it to be composed of slender threads made of cells put end to end. The beauty and variety of these threads consist mainly in the arrangement of the vivid green coloring matter. Sometimes it lies in the midst of the clear substance of each cell in striking star shapes placed in pairs, sometimes in straight bands on the inner walls of the cells, and sometimes in spiral bands. And these filaments are as clean as they are delicate. Certainly it is not always true that distance lends enchantment to the view. With the marine algæ most frequenters of the sea beach in summer are familiar—that is, with their general appearance. The collection of mementoes of the sea is not complete if it lacks pressed specimens of the graceful and delicate sea-weeds.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—ANNIVERSARY Feb. 12th. Let everybody come!

—IT has lately been ascertained that there is a poet among the senior class.

—PROF. E. M. POTEAT occupied Mr. Vann's pulpit Sunday evening, Jan. 24.

—WE expect to present in our next issue a symposium on "Senior-speaking."

—ONE of our new students is cultivating his musical talent. He practises daily on the piano.

—A new post-office in Franklin county is named "Royall" for Prof. William Royall, D. D.

—PRESIDENT TAYLOR teaches the Senior Latin class in addition to the Moral Philosophy course.

—THE Anniversary tickets were out the first week in January and are considered very handsome.

—REV. MR. VANN left the Hill on the 1st inst. for Reidsville, where he will aid Pastor Wright in a meeting of some days.

—TWO students are now here under the patronage of the Student's Aid Association. Another has made application, but there are not enough funds to meet his needs.

—OUR college is fast attaining popularity among the married people of our State. Another married gentleman has arrived with his family and registered as a student.

—IT will be observed that this issue of THE STUDENT is a mountain issue. The reader finds the Switzerland of the New World side by side with the Switzerland of the Old.

—ON the afternoon of Jan. 24th Rev. Mr. Vann delivered a lecture before the Yates Theological Society on "Some Things Ministers should Avoid." It was no less instructive than bright.

—SEVERAL of our students and citizens visited Raleigh on the evening of Jan. 26th, and had the pleasure of listening to the excellent entertainment given by the Kellogg Concert Company.

—BRIGHT prospect for a new reading room. A few Sundays since, a new matriculate invited a member of the junior class to his room and amused him with a perusal of some of his old letters.

—THERE are 27 young ministers under the patronage of the Education Board for the present term. The Board is seriously embarrassed by the falling off in the contributions of the churches to the cause of ministerial education.

—PROF. ED. M. POTEAT on the 18th of January—the first recitation day of the Spring term—took charge of the First, Junior, and Intermediate classes in Latin, and of the First class in Greek in part. He uses the room formerly known as President Taylor's in Memorial Building.

—A FRESH comer seems to have introduced a mode of procedure quite different from that advised by most books on etiquette. His method, says he, is to elicit an affirmative answer, and then make love. Take care, young ladies, Anniversary is near at hand.

—OUR symposium on "Ponying" evoked many remarks and elicited some new facts. It has been alleged that one young man was so intently engaged in "ponying" from one of his companions that he even copied his friend's pledge and *name*. What next?

—WE have present 169 students, of whom 22 are new ones. There were 157 here in the fall, so that the catalogue number, if no more come, will be 179, lacking but two of reaching the highest number for the entire year in the history of the College. This must gratify the friends of Wake Forest when they consider the prevailing financial depression.

—SOME of the seniors evidently feel their importance. Not long since when a particular seat at prayers was assigned to each student, one of them declined to take his with the rest, but exhibited a preference for one apart from the crowd. This he kept until our President invited him to take a seat higher up. "Blessed is he that humbleth himself."

—AN Early affair! One of our students seems to be a hydropathic convert. On one of the coldest Sundays of this month (Jan.) he took an iced-water bath in a frozen mill-pond. To counteract in part the iciness of the

bath, or probably on account of the suddenness of the thing, he failed to divest himself of his garments. On his return to the college he glittered in his ice-bespangled costume and for awhile superseded our "dude" as the centre of attraction.

—THE following is the programme of the Anniversary exercises, Feb. 12th: Public Debate, at 2 p. m., on the question, "Ought governments to furnish free education by taxation to all classes of their citizens?" Affirmative, Messrs. J. D. Boushall and J. B. Carlyle; negative, Messrs. J. Stewart and W. P. Stradley. At 7 p. m. the Society representatives Messrs. J. L. White and C. E. Brewer will deliver their orations. The Societies have chartered a special train for the occasion. The Goldsboro band will furnish the music.

—HERE is a stanza from a new version of "Margery Daw":

I'm in love, but I've never told her,
 Never told the maiden I love;
 I lie in the long green grass and behold her,
 As she swings all day in the boughs above.
 I'm a student with toil o'erladen,
 And a student ever should books prefer;
 But she's such a darling, dainty maiden
 My thoughts go swinging away with her.
 —F. E. Weatherly, in *Temple Bar*.

—THE other day, the following occurred between Prof. and students' class in History:

Prof. "Mr. D. who was the first king of the Jews?"

Mr. D. "Solomon,—no, no, hold on! Cyrus."

Prof. "No, sir."

Mr. D. "I don't know much about the Bible along here."

Prof. "Yes, sir; your very great misfortune."

In the meanwhile the Professor sees Mr. B. laughing.

Prof. "Next. Mr. B., which were the two principal cities of Phœnicia?"

Mr. B. "Sire and Tydon."

Prof. "What did you say, sir?"

Mr. B. "Sire and Tydon, sir."

—DR. J. B. POWERS' office is now used as the post-office. That fact has occasioned no little uneasiness, as the following conversation shows:

First lady, anxiously. "Good morning, Mrs. I hope you are not sick much?"

Second lady, just from the post-office. "No, thank you. But what makes you think I'm sick?"

First lady. "I just now saw you come out of the doctor's office."

Second lady. "Oh! I went there to get my mail. That is the post-office now."

First lady. "Indeed? Well, I'm glad to hear it. It has seemed to me in the last few days that surely everybody in the community was sick. Almost any time I looked out, there was somebody going to see the doctor. And the students—why, at some hours of the day it looked as if the whole college was sick; they just poured in there in crowds. Yes, I understand now. They were only going for the mail."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'72. On the 30th of December last Mr. James S. Mitchell, sheriff of Hertford county, married Miss Hattie V. Owen, of Winton.

—'74. Rev. F. R. Underwood goes from a Maryland pastorate to one in Powhatan county, Va.

—'75. Rev. A. C. Dixon, finding his editorial duties too heavy in connection with his pastoral work, has stopped the publication of *The Gospel Worker*.

—'77. Rev. C. W. Scarborough is still a member of the faculty of Murfreesboro Female Institute.

—'82. Mr. E. E. Hilliard has been recently writing a series of articles in *The Scotland Neck Democrat* on education.

—'83. Rev. Calvin G. Jones "has settle down" in Martinsville, Va. His regular appointments are in that town, Stuart, and Cascade.

—'83. Mr. W. F. Marshall, principal of the academy at Fair Bluff, showed himself on the Hill, Feb. 3rd, as he was on his way from his father's in Franklin county to his work again. We were glad to see him, but, alas! how changed he is in his full suit of beard. Graver in aspect he is indeed,

but his mind and spirits are quite as bright as ever they were. His health has been improved by his rest.

—'84. Mr. W. V. Savage, lately in charge of a school at Westfield, N. C., has been elected to a position in the Centennial Graded School, Raleigh. He presides over the sixth grade.

—'85. Rev. E. Ward has gone to Newton, Miss., to teach.

—'85. Mr. E. F. Eddins, principal of the academy at Franklinton, has lately been appointed superintendent of the Sunday-school there.

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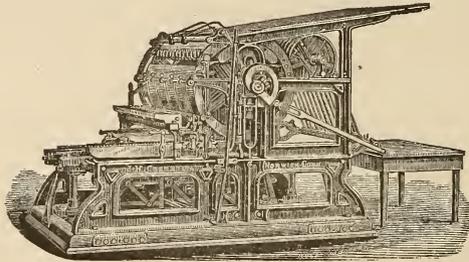
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ORATORY—THE OLD *versus* THE NEW.*

The genius of man has tamed the forces of nature, but this is not comparable to that power which charms, melts to tears, and moves to noble action man himself, the master-piece of creation. Manly eloquence is the mightiest engine among men. Cannon boom, swords gleam, kings turn pale, thrones topple at the orator's command. Orators have been rescuers from slavery, protectors of freedom, saviors of society, and the beacon lights of the world, able to conquer the mind and to fill the soul with lofty ideals and holy aspirations. This magic power of oratory is seen in all the great events of history.

There is one noble and patriotic nation whose prowess in arms has never lifted their yoke. All the mercy-

that they have ever received has been wrung from their imperious mistress by the force of the fiery eloquence of their great men. Behold the rising day-star of Ireland! Those triumphant shouts of a down-trodden people over the glory of Home Rule, are only the results of the manly eloquence of O'Connell which fifty years ago made the British Parliament tremble.

One nation is attracting the gaze of all people by its real glory and surpassing splendor—that nation is America. Once it was the home of the oppressed brave, now it is the home of the free. Our great orators conceived the plan, laid the foundation stone, directed the rearing of this stupendous structure, and then dedicated it to Liberty. With unflinching nerve

*Oration on the occasion of Anniversary, Feb. 12, 1886.

the patriotic band marches to the seaport, pronounces a curse upon English tea, and consigns it to the waves. The plow is left to rust in the furrow, the miller ceases his grinding, the wife is kissing the husband good-bye, the mother is slipping the little Bible into her son's knapsack, the blacksmith is beating pitchforks into bayonets, bell-clappers are moulding into bullets,—there is one united move toward that higher destiny for which man was created. Hear the sound of the first volley fired at Lexington, and its last echo at Yorktown! It is only the resonance of that eloquent sentiment uttered in old St. John's Church in Richmond, "Give me liberty, or give me death."

The same influence has been the means of preserving the peace and integrity of this great Republic. The greatest intellects of the land were arrayed against each other; the States were being urged toward the very vortex of ruin. Only *one* great man was equal to the crisis. As his calm voice rang out, a flaming brand leaped from the altar of Liberty and set on fire the material of strife—a flame followed that played around the summit of the Rocky Mountains, flashed along the Mississippi, pictured itself upon the Northern lakes, establishing peace and happiness, until "the broad breast of his own country beamed bright and beautiful as the brow of night." "Compromise, Compromise," is sounded from East to West, from North to South, and the breezes bear the glad refrain, "Long live Henry Clay, the savior of his country!"

Is it not a fact worthy of notice that

such oratory and its natural accompaniments have declined? Where is the soul-stirring music of Mozart,—music that gives to every object of nature a lyric tongue while melody echoes melody? Has not the spirit of the great sculptors and painters been buried in our hurried march? What hand like that of Raphael, the apostle of sweetness and beauty, now touches the canvas? Who like Michael Angelo now breaks the marble with his own hand and thence elicits the ideal first projected on his own soul? Surely the pens of the great literati have rusted? And along with the deterioration of these arts rubbish enough has accumulated to bury oratory.

We do not mean by using the terms Old and New, that the lovers of the ancient lore shall be invited to the beautiful scenery of Attica and Italy, nor do we intend to disturb the ashes of their great orators, though greater never lived; but we wish to show the superiority of the *dead* orators over those now *living*.

All must, we think, grant the palm to the old orators. In the words of Emerson:

"Ever their phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
At stump and forum they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty and words of good."

Men, year after year, have been startling the world by grand movements, mighty conceptions, immortal discoveries. Irresistible and material might, frigid dignity, and sovereign grandeur now sway the world, but all this magnificence has not the potency and charm which made illustrious the

sublime spirits who glorified the plains and summits of Attica, the Parliament of England, the Tribune of France, and the old Senate of America. It is a lamentable fact that the present renowned for so many excellencies, has neglected oratory—a natural product of free institutions. Speakers we have in superabundance; not a public gathering is held but that the newspapers for the next week are filled with the “excellent speeches” of the orators of the day. If the orator is a man who can toot his own horn, if oratory be composed of ice, wind, and gas, then oratory is not wanting. But to the cultivated and refined taste all such prating comes as near oratory as the ardent competitors do to the heavens by climbing the soaped pole. When the prime qualities of oratory are considered, it can be boldly asserted that the living orators of the world can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Reason and Imagination are the two great poles of the human intellect, and their coalition is necessary to any degree of completeness in eloquence. Without the perpetual guidance of reason all speaking becomes pompous declamation. The logic must be fiery and convincing, striking down like an avalanche every obstacle, yet sublime in its simplicity. Without imagination every discourse has an inert solidity which is repulsive to our finer sensibilities. True, the eye is a much more wonderful instrument than the telescope, yet without the telescope the wonders and matchless beauties of the heavens would be wrapped in mystery. No puerile fancy is meant, no flood of verbiage simply to create

sound and rhythm; but an elementary fire, triumphing in its own permeating and purifying flame; “a truth-seeing and a beauty-seeing power;” a power that creates perfect sublimity and leads the mind to a great feast of which nature is the provision in its diversity, and there give it not “unsubstantial food in gilded dishes, but angels’ food and nectar of the gods.” The Old had reached excellency in the happy combination of these essential qualities. To day we are goaded almost to desperation by logic, but never entranced and awed by beauty and sublimity. If a man endeavors to appeal to the noble feelings by painting exalted sentiments in burning and beauteous language, he is called a swell-head and one surcharged with pomposity.

After our noble fellow-countryman, John W. Daniel, the Demosthenes of America, had delivered his eloquent eulogies upon Lee and Washington, he was called a pompous and bombastic speaker by Northern newspapers, because he made us feel that the two immortal heroes were again alive and acting. Whenever a germ of oratory is discovered the magi of to-day call for common-sense, common-sense! Is it displayed in collecting all the Greek and Latin roots, all the French and German phrases, to use in explaining to a noble old-fashioned dame how to make good biscuits and hatch chickens and ducks! Common-sense! Is it shown in the use of such words that give to the honest searchers after truth the “blind staggers”? Here comes a noted lecturer on Evolution; hear him speak: “Evolution may be

appropriately defined by saying that it is an integration of matter and a concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." Who is enlightened? Who is convinced? Who is impelled to action? Our forefathers, whose voices still ring and whose spirits still hover within the Senate Hall, near the forum, and over every battle-field, could stoop to childlike simplicity, and not with king Saul's armor, but with the shining pebble, could wear in everlasting triumph the crown of victory.

The next point of distinction to be made is the difference in the *naturalness* and *earnestness* of delivery. All great orators have been students of nature, and there have learned that "nothing is beautiful but what is natural." They have been worshippers at the shrine of humanity and there have learned that persuasive speech is "like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth or the bursting forth of volcanic fires with spontaneous, original, native force." The mocking-bird alone can perfectly imitate all others, and this it does by its own sweet natural voice. So all orators have been powerful as they have been grand in conception, great in knowledge, and natural in address. Linked to this was the still greater element of persuasive speech—earnestness.

All great questions have been raised and settled by men in dead earnest—men who espoused the cause of some invaluable principle, and heeded not

the powers that be; men who called a lie *a lie*, proved it to be a lie, and denounced it as a lie. This earnestness in speech does not signify the art of bellowing or ranting; it is not necessary to doff your coat, roll up your sleeves, foam at the mouth, swell up like a puffed toad, and explode into airy nothingness. But true earnestness was manifested by the old orators when the mighty deep of their emotions was thrown open by some great truth. The great orator, established in the almightiness of his purpose, absorbed in its everlasting interest, impelled by its urgent demands, stands by the altar of his convictions, while his noble passions rise up as incense, moving him, not like the foaming cataract, but like the ocean in its resistless flow; and from the stamp of grandeur upon his brow, the tremor upon his lips, the audience will *feel* the great soul lighted by the divinity which has for the moment descended upon him. Master of his thoughts, master of his heart, his soul alive with enthusiasm, he breathes life into the trees, the grass, the bones in the churchyard; indeed, "under his magic touch nothing is dead, not even death itself." Charles Dickens, the greatest of all novelists, literally lived in his work, turning his creations into breathing realities with whom he wept and with whom he rejoiced. What could be sublimer than the scene when the intellectual giant of Massachusetts rises to defend the Constitution which has fled to him for refuge and lies palpitating on his heart? He stands in the dignity of his heroic character; moral courage

is emblazoned upon his forehead. *He feels and makes others feel.* Chained by the power of his burning utterances, the great throng sits breathless; men lean forward to catch the faintest word; heart beats in sympathy with heart; tears fall unbidden as the earnest orator pleads for his country's peace; and when he concludes in the sublimest strains of eloquence, that immense crowd raise one prolonged shout: "Webster, the Defender of the Constitution." Such is true oratory.

Upon whom has the mantle of Webster fallen? Where is his equal to be found? I do not wish to be considered a croaker, but is it not a truth that this more than all others is an artificial and a superficial age. It is said that next to the Bible the looking-glass has become the most important means of civilization. Certainly therein we have learned to admire handsome figures, lovely faces, sweet looks, and rosy cheeks. We have become absolute slaves to stiff formality and sickly sentimentality. Mind has leaped from its throne—the heart; thought stands out in insipid coldness and barrenness like the snow-capped peaks of the Andes. Our high culture has substituted for powerful oratory the detestable habit of "speech-reading." Men dealing with hope, love, beauty, sublimity, all that can move the mind and heart, *read* long essays as dry as bleached bones, and there is nothing to break the monotony save the hearty snoring of the faithful old deacons in the "amen corner." Our Senate which once rang with the bitter sarcasm of Randolph, the elo-

quence of Prentiss and Otis, is now a scene of bribing and doleful "*speech-reading*," enough to make the spirits of the great men fold their wings in shame and the honorable senators themselves to die of intellectual dyspepsia. It is humiliating to remember the gathering in the Capitol after the death of Mr. Garfield. Amid the solemn scene of the great North and South clasping hands over his grave; when the cries of envy and hatred were hushed in the lamentations of mutual grief; with the life of a great and good man looming up, fraught with the greatest interest, the orator, selected to praise his virtues, to embalm them in memory, to rear a monument of golden thoughts, to comfort a sorrow-stricken nation—he James G. Blaine, collected a few dry facts and read them to the tune of Old Hundred. Such speaking is a disgrace to American oratory—once the most excellent of earth. Such a habit is an insult to our own ability to read correctly. Such a practice has torn from oratory its two noblest attributes—naturalness and earnestness. Blot out the sun, and what have you left but cold earth and dense darkness? Tear from oratory its life—delivery, and you have a grinning skeleton whose very presence chills the blood in the veins.

As an apology for this decline in oratory, it is alleged that the natural evolution of society has developed new laws, new institutions, created a new people with different desires, and therefore the spirit of the age does not call forth eloquent oratory.

It is true that the orator has not

such unbounded influence. The power of individuals is weakened by a more perfect system of laws. Society has become somewhat crystallized. There are not so many great upheavals; the subterranean fires of discontent do not roar so loudly; the war clouds do not hang over us so angrily; the earthquake and the whirlwind of conquest are stilled. Such historical evolutions have made us a scientific people. Artistic namby-pambyism is ignored, and mind is absorbed in searching out the hidden things of creation. We are contending with the almighty powers that bind worlds together, that hold out planets in space, that fill the bowels of the earth with molten lava, that cover the heavens with glory. This has become an age of "the practical" and "the useful." I glory in the thought. But ought we to become *too* practical to be touched by the "inspirations of exalted regions, where the turf is covered with a rude beauty, rocks and wildernesses are piled up in bold and inimitable shapes of savage grandeur, tinged with the hues of untold centuries, and over which awe-inspiring storms have swept with thunder in their train"? So should we become too great to admire that spirit of oratory which has nourished all heroism, moral excellence, and the ennobling literature of the world? Is it not true that our high culture is not intelligible to the understanding of the simple, and that our highest culture is not expressive of the best in us? We have reached an ill-conceived idea of "the practical" and "the useful," if we make the soul a recluse from that which would give us pure

pleasure and mental health. One remedy for this is oratory. I claim that the power to move a people by noble and eloquent speech is the climax of human achievement; and I claim that this age above all others is eminently fitted to develop the most eloquent oratory.

Have the hearts of men been torn out? Have the springs of action been changed? Is there no longer room for persuasion? Why should our hearts and imaginations become torpid and frozen, and our best parts be sacrificed to the regulation of society? Men can yet laugh and shed tears, and the more perfect we are, the more intense must be our feelings, though restrained by cultivated minds. The general diffusion of knowledge and the power of the press form no reasons for the disuse or decay of oratory. These have only broken the isolation of mankind and made men think for themselves. These intercept the orator's ambitions and personal schemes, but still leave unlimited scope for him to show what eloquence *can do* for a question. Truth yet needs illumination, duty needs impulse, conscience needs quickening, while memory, affections, hope, and fear are still open to the orator. What a variety of elevated, pleasing, and ennobling illustrations advanced science affords! What a treasure of priceless gems the great poets have bequeathed us, thereby adding to the chords which eloquence can touch in the human heart! History has studded the annals of time with examples. Furthermore, the day is past, forever past, when the tongue can be restrained by absolute des-

potism. No more are prison cells and lonely islands the haunts of patriots, imprisoned and ostracised for expressing their opinions. No, thank God! there is universal freedom of speech. Emperors and queens listen to parliaments and presidents heed senates. The unparalleled advantages given by our republican institutions are enough to cause the pent-up fire in a great soul to burst into an unquenchable flame. Here we speak and vote as we please. Our representatives make laws for the grandest people under heaven; these care for our dearest interests; upon them depend our glory, honor, and dignity. Are not these, with a proud sense of our rational greatness, greater incentives than the booming of cannon and the waving of flags? The objector asks: "With these advantages where is your soul-stirring oratory?" Two things are yet wanting, namely, *profound study* and a *revival of moral courage and genuine faith*. Then the orator is fully supplied. An orator is born, not made. Though born, he is not fully matured like the fabled virgin who leaped forth from the head of Jupiter, full grown and full armed. Vigorous discipline is required to reach the latent talents and to bring them out in powerful activity. There is no oratory in mannerism, but a man must become a hero in his own individuality; he above all others must be a *specialist*. Not specialism in its common acceptance, which is filling the land with swell-heads, logger-heads, public bores; not specialism which is making the ghosts of our civilization with *one idea* and dwarfed souls; but specialism which

selects *one* profession and focalizes the lights from all other sources upon that one. The orator must be a man of the highest culture, able to make the dead past a living present, the dim future a clear vision. His knowledge must discard parallels of latitude and be extended until its circumference has become the waters that surround the earth. Then, with thought untrammelled and unconfined, he is fitted to turn up the substratum of human character, and to walk, talk, eat, laugh, and cry with our common humanity. Call it art if you wish; "it is art idealized, yet practical; art sublimated, yet real; art brought down to ordinary appreciation; art living, moving, melting the heart, and thrilling the soul."

But the orator's greatest need to break the seal of our hearts is a revival of moral courage and genuine faith, which are rarely exemplified in the highest order. Public opinion has tied the tongues of public men, and they are driven by it as the ocean's wave before a tempest. Time and talent are spent in prosecuting personal aims. Never will such men be heeded. But who can measure the influence of those who would rather die than sell their honor and deceive by falsehood and intrigue; who with clean hands wrap about them the magisterial cloak of Calhoun, who are clothed with the fiery tongue of Preston, and, who standing by the gateway of truth, proclaim to their countrymen, "We would rather be right than president?" Oh, I can see them rising in their power; every obstacle yields; multitudes flock to their as-

sistance and shout in one voice their praises. Up, up they go, until they stand where envy's arrows cannot go and the voice of malice is not heard; there they shine, the crown of America's glory, with the pet tools of demagogues cowering at their feet like belabored hounds.

Such men will yet be seen; excellent oratory is not forever dead, it is only sleeping; the tongue is clogged by the fat of the land. I believe that there are as great talents to-day slumbering in ease and opulence as the world has ever known. These will be awaked in newness of power, and again fringe the regions of darkness with a border of light, and cause the sun of a greater progress and a more wide-spread freedom to arch the sky with the bow of promise; oratory has a *future*.

The christian idea has been only roughly applied to the distribution of political power. All free nations are in sympathy with those who are struggling for heaven-descended human rights. All monarchs are trembling at the thought of this prevailing sentiment; they are seeking to redress wrongs and to curry favor with their lowest subjects. Yet I would ring out a warning to every tyrant. The crust of the ruins of centuries and of the graves of empires is cracking; underneath is the glorious idea of universal freedom; the moral force of republican governments is peeping through in the majesty of its strength; voices from the graves of Kosciusko and Robert Emmett are crying out for vengeance. I hail the day of universal emancipation! It found

death at Waterloo, a grave a St. Helena; but its resurrection and glorification are sure. It is to be accomplished, not by the scream of the French eagle, not by the roll of drum and "the bridal dawn of thunder peals," but by the awakening of the mute eloquence of this age, by the oratory of noble living patriots whose voices shall shake the tyrants' thrones along the Neckar and the Rhine, the Elbe and the Danube. Voices from Ireland, from Poland, from Italy, from France, from England, from America, from Japan, from the coasts of Siberia, from the Valley of the Nile, from the isles of the sea, united in intelligent manly oratory, shall sing the funeral dirge over the last vestige of tyranny, and on its ruin shall erect the Goddess of Liberty who with power extending from north to south, from east to west, shall begin a reign in which all nations can securely rest. This is no utopian dream, but the thought and the fact are now being wedded.

Too, I believe that oratory has a work to do for our own country. This beautiful Southland is not what it once was. Many bitter tears have been shed over the grave of her glory, over the insults to her dignity. True, the North has been very kind to us in these last years. The great wound is gradually healing; encouraged by such kindly tokens, the South has been building up and developing upon soil stained by brothers' blood, the most beautiful land, the grandest manhood, and the sweetest womanhood that the world has ever seen. By heroic endeavor, patriotic sacrifice, and a sweet

spirit of submission, the greatest battle-field of all history is blooming into the most glorious civilization of the ages. Still the scar of the old wound remains. Our dignity and honor have not been fully regained, and never will be, until it is done by the power of our orators at Washington. Oh, happy thought! the star is now regaining its former lustre; yes, it is now being replaced in its old orbit, and, lifting it, I see the hands of Lamar, Daniel, Ransom, and Vance! I grant that the development of our material resources will add much to the regaining of our old standing, yet despite such efforts the North still has its Boutelle who is willing to blur our fair name, and no riches at home can repel such dastardly insinuations, but it requires a patriotic Wise at Washington with succinct and manly eloquence to defeat the slanderer and to exculpate his own noble countrymen. Whenever our representatives shall

have breathed upon them the spirit of our great ancestors, then, and not till then, will we be what we were in the golden days of Virginia's glory and South Carolina's honor. At the head of this heroic band will be an orator, for true oratory includes all that is noble in heart and great in mind, and the greatest orators have been, and ever will be, the greatest statesmen. Then with a land covered by the dust and bright deeds of the down-trodden brave, with the most exalted inspirations surrounding us, and with dauntless leaders, we shall once again grasp the helm of power.

“For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night looms the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead, with the grass over-
grown,
May yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne;
And each single wreck in the war-path of Might
Shall yet be a rock in the Temple of Right.”

J. L. WHITE.

COMPARATIVE AUTHENTICITY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

That man will exert his whole nature to investigate a half-hidden truth, and that he will misapply and lightly esteem facts that are firmly established, is such a well-known principle of human nature, that it is worthy of being dignified as one of the world's maxims. Only whisper to the world the intimation that there are faint traces of the existence of an undiscovered system, of a truth yet unknown

to wisdom, and you but cast forth a firebrand that will stir and thrill the entire mass of thought, and diffuse itself like an epidemic to the remotest confines of intelligence. Men will be found in every quarter of the globe ready to enlist their all, even life itself, in the investigation of this new theory, and taking no account of time or talent in their earnest and mighty endeavors, they relax their toil only

to proclaim to a waiting world the truth or falsity of the idea that has unceasingly led them.

But under different circumstances a phase of human nature almost the opposite of this is revealed. It is equally well known that men will neglect, and even heartlessly maltreat the same truth which when only half known they rushed after with the eagerness of desperation. No one will deny that men do not hesitate to color, distort, and misconstrue the truth in order to justify their own conduct to the world, and to present their own opinions and principles in the most attractive light to an applauding populace; and it is not a rare thing to see this characteristic so far developed in men as the sacrificing of their sense of right to pander to popular opinion.

If we observe men in the performance of the sacred duty of transmitting to posterity the scenes and acts of the great drama of human life, and the circuitous and checkered road along which our race has at last assumed its present condition, we shall see, even here, both of these propensities of men's nature portrayed. It is impossible to conceive of a more genuine picture of searchers for truth than is presented by those who have opened to us the rich mines of ancient history. Take a view of the broad area that constitutes their field of labor, and you have before you an expanse seemingly as barren of material for connected history as the sand plains of Sahara are of the luscious fruit of the vine. In the absence of the knowledge of writing among the

earliest inhabitants of the globe, it seems but a wild fancy to have hoped to obtain from the scant and well-nigh unintelligible vestiges they had left, an insight into any of the elements that go to make up a people's history.

But let us follow our searchers in the prosecution of their work. No object passes them without undergoing the closest scrutiny. Near the roadside, on the summit of some unfrequented hill, stands an old misshapen column, fast succumbing to the ravages of change, and whose time of interest to all others has long since passed, but from the hieroglyphics scrawled upon its faces, they obtain a glimpse of some custom that prevailed among the ancient dwellers there. By an accidental stroke of the foot, perhaps, a coin thrown aside by careless hands is unearthed, from whose images and inscriptions a dynasty of kings is made known, whose reign has long ago passed out of the memory of the living. By a study of dilapidated monuments and demolished buildings, and by a comparison of the many traditions that cluster around them, they are given an indication as to the character and spirit of the people who once lived here, and the degree of civilization to which they had attained. From such sources, seemingly so slender, these searchers for truth compile a volume of testimony and so obtain a connected chain of facts constituting a complete record of that dark period,—the infancy of the human race,—whose correctness is confirmed by its harmony with the results of other in-

vestigations contemporaneous, perhaps, but made in different fields.

Can such virtues be claimed as the characteristics of the histories of our own times? Is it not a fact well known to every reader of history, that there is no important period of modern times whose records are not made to appear in entirely different lights by different authors? Is there a single character who has figured largely in the events of these later times whom some historian has not made a target for his arrows of bitter malediction, while another has exhausted the vocabulary in extolling him as a hero, and as "the benefactor of his race"? Histories, too, these are, whose sacred province it ought to be to transmit to posterity simple, unvarnished records of the times which they cover. Why is it that the publication of a history,

so-called, of any important event of the day, is but the precursor of another whose whole intent seems to be to deny and disprove every statement made by the first? It is because somebody is wrong! It is on account of the fact that men, even in the vocation of history-writing, will misconstrue and distort facts for the advancement of their peculiar whims and purposes. It seems to me, then, that the question suggested by our subject is pertinent, that is, is ancient history, written with such meagre aid, less authentic than that compiled in the mid-day light of modern times?

May we not also justly fear that those whose task it will be to write the history of the present age will be as embarrassed as were the authors who have given to us the records of the olden time? F. H. M.

SENIOR SPEAKING.

I give my voice, with emphasis, for senior speaking, and for the following reasons:

First, the student is furnished with some first-class practice in writing and speaking. He needs this practice; he will never become a good writer or speaker without much practice in these arts. But few persons love to write naturally; on the contrary, with most people, especially in the beginning, writing is so laborious that a constraining motive of considerable force is necessary to induce them to enter upon this work, and then it is

dispatched with that indifferent haste which usually attends an irksome job.

The requirements of college in English composition which meet the professor's eye are limited—far too limited, it seems to me, and it not unfrequently happens that the student enters upon his senior year with but small proficiency in the art of writing good English. He ought to know the rules of grammar and to be able to construct his sentences correctly and with force and beauty; his knowledge of logic and rhetoric should enable him to state his propositions with

clearness and to develop his arguments in scientific order and with precision and power; but it often occurs that his manuscript displays a marvellous lack of acquaintance with these essentials of good writing. In all probability he is unaware of his deficiency in these respects, and if there be any spirit in him and his professors are faithful to their trust, the exercise he will have in the creation of five or six orations during his last year at college will go far towards forming a good style.

Better opportunities are afforded the average student for becoming a good speaker than writer, but here also he needs some strong incentive to make him exert his powers for his own improvement. As a senior he is required to speak his own composition; but the fact that this speech is to be delivered before a large audience, and that in the exhibition of this occasion he will be brought into immediate competition as to the excellency of his performance both in manner and matter with his classmates, will stimulate him to do his best. He will write that speech with more care and deliver it with more of the *ore rotundo* of the orator than any he has made in his life.

I would by no means under-value the discipline acquired in the societies—the benefit accruing to the student who engages with earnestness and enthusiasm in the conflicts of debate there can scarcely be over-estimated. There are other exercises also in writing and speaking which are profitable, but these are too often

performed in a perfunctory manner, and thus fail of the useful end they were meant to subserve.

Judging from my own experience, I do not believe that the same amount of time and labor can be so wisely and profitably employed by the class as that which is devoted to the preparation and delivery of senior speeches.

I would also suggest as a consideration of much weight, the fact that these periodical occasions of so much interest are a source of great improvement to the under-graduates and the citizens of the Hill in affording them intellectual entertainment and social enjoyment, of which last college students generally have little enough.

T. H. PRITCHARD.

The value of senior speakings and debates in the societies cannot be too highly appreciated. They give men a decided advantage in after life in their contact with the world. I would gladly do anything in my power to increase the efficiency of the speakings and societies.

J. B. BREWER.

In compliance with your request that I should give an opinion of senior speakings, I must say that you confine me to a subject which has but one side.

If there can be aught of objection raised against them, it shrinks into a pigmy when contrasted with the great good and multifarious advantages which arise from them. Senior speakings—ever a blessing, never a curse—are as welcome to the student as the

sight of an oasis on the wastes of Sahara. In college life there is little pleasure, much trudging, plodding, striving, envying,—toiling on over the hills to the glorious and long anticipated commencement. These occasions are indeed green spots in a student's life—cheering events to tell that the distance is diminishing; they serve to encourage the faint, to awaken deeper interest in all.

There are also certain social advantages clustering around these old-time senior speakings; for both sexes and all circles have access to and attend them. The old folks, who have long paid attention to the practical affairs of life, come careworn, rusty, but ripe in experience and common-sense, to listen and learn—how to pronounce words according to the latest styles and thus keep up with the times. The bright-eyed damsels also come with all their accomplishments and polish and circulate among the rustic, uncouth lads, and in a few hours knock off more rust than the combined efforts of the faculty for months. Hence you see senior speakings are both educators and civilizers.

To the senior class they afford a peculiar interest and offer special advantages. Compared with other training they subject the participants to an exercise at once healthful and profitable, and in importance paramount. No schools in the colleges are so vital to the growth and vigor of the mind as that which calls upon it to create and give to the public its own production, and that through the lips of its creator. Here all alike put forth the strongest effort to accomplish the

task in the most elegant and finished manner, and this effort constitutes a better gymnasium for the mental than you have for the physical man.

True, to some students senior speaking is a kind of tall mountain in the way which they can neither bore through nor crawl over, and a few turn aside and take the back track; but others find it a joyful eminence upon which they can mount and proclaim to the world truths both new and old. In fine, some such occasion is necessary in order that the ambition of youth and the deep, silent strata of patriotism unstirred may awake from their long sleep and fulminate over the land. You know that it is then we first dream that we shall be governors, senators, presidents, etc.; then for the first time we are high enough for our vision to stretch over a broad country and catch sight of the high places we may fill; then hope grows stronger and our bosoms swell with patriotic zeal. It is good for a boy to get here, and "it's funny to feel that way."

J. B. POWERS.

I give my estimate of the value of senior speakings at the college with pleasure, because I am a firm believer in the benefits that have been and may be gained by that exercise.

When I was a student at the college there were many of us, especially among the senior classes, who thought that senior speakings were to be despised. This sentiment was pretty generally voiced after those senior speakings at which very few strangers were present, and I noticed that the

complaint was always loudest when the ladies present were fewest. I suppose this was because it was thought that the audience composed largely of the faculty and students did not appreciate as it should the "pyrotechnics" of the class. At any rate, the complaint was loudest when the attendance was small. The seniors, evidently thought then that there were those outside of the college who ought to be benefited by their speaking. Those on the outside, however, seemed to have but one opinion on that point, and that was, that those on the inside were the needy ones. However that was or may be, my opinion is, that the outside attendance has very little, if anything, to do with the success of a senior speaking. There is no better audience for a senior to speak to than the faculty and students, because it is almost entirely critical. They will faithfully tell a young man what he is and what he ought to be. That is what every young man needs when he is trying to learn to speak.

My class—the class of 1879—was composed of 12 members; most of them are now active preachers or lawyers, needing as speakers all the training they got at school and more besides. I do not believe you will find any of them in favor of decreasing the duties of students in regard to public speaking, but rather of increasing them, and that too in the most rigid and pointed way. The lessons taught us by those who have become masters of assemblies is, that the best way to become speakers is to speak in the face of difficulties. Demosthenes

and Disraeli overcome their difficulties by determined diligence in spite of laughter and jeers; and it is said that Andrew Johnson who was known as an avalanche in debate in the Senate learned his first lessons about public speaking with only stumps and trees as auditors. Illustrations upon this point are numerous.

Senior speaking, it seems to me, ought to be continued. I am decidedly in favor of a continuance, if no one is allowed to be present but the faculty and students.

W. N. JONES.

I have for a long while noticed that almost every one complains of a want of sufficient time, and in endeavoring to find the cause of this complaint I have concluded it to be the inability to think and work with readiness and precision, so as to make each thought and act tell as the strokes of a skilful artist.

Hora ruit was the motto of Gratius, and by this motto he lived and acted; yet when dying he so forcibly realized his non-improvement of time that he said, "I have wasted my life in incessant toil, and have done nothing." The great majority of men are unfortunately nothing more than blunderbusses, endeavoring to do what comes before them with confusion of thought, followed by crudely executed plans, instead of accomplishing with readiness and ease well conceived plans.

I conclude, therefore, that whatever tends to prepare the mind for more active and serviceable thought, and to enable it to shape ideas with readiness and execute them with precision,

is of incalculable value; and believing, yea, knowing, that the preparation of speeches to be delivered publicly, subject to the criticisms of hearers, tends toward this invaluable attainment, I heartily indorse the good

old custom of having senior speaking regularly and without fail.

Senior speaking should by no means be discontinued.

J. N. HOLDING.

MEXICO.

The palaces and domes of the old Mexico are no more. Her huge cities and wonderful edifices of olden times are now numbered with the things of the past. Although her golden age and ancient civilization have about relapsed into oblivion, yet we are sometimes reminded of them by the songs of poets. That civilization is one which is the wonder of the world. How an unknown people found their way to an unknown land and established thereon a secluded civilization, while so many hostile nations beset every path just a little North, is indeed astounding. Their cities, though erected of perishable material, presented an imposing appearance, because ornaments of gold and silver, which were collected generally from hills and dales, adorned their buildings. The natives were far from being unpatriotic, for truly their heritage was worthy of their affections. Nothing less than death could ever sever them from the soil of their birth. Their quietness was left undisturbed for many revolving years, and perhaps centuries.

During this whole time, they continued to enjoy the smiles of a tropi-

cal sun in a land which seemed to be greatly favored by the blessings of heaven. So we may not wonder that their yet magnificent civilization was an object of adoration to them.

But, alas! alas! when the Atlantic was no longer an untouched world of waters, Spain opened her eyes and beheld Mexico, opulent and sublime. Soon the Spanish king himself, instigated by a so-called holy motive, deemed it fitting that this fertile soil and peaceful people should be ministered unto by Cortez. Therefore, in an alleged holy conquest, Cortez, rallying forth from Vera Crus, subdued Mexico. The horribleness of that conquest words cannot tell; but the bleaching bones of Mexico's heroes and the wasted remains of her civilization, fully respond. During the whole time in which Cortez spread desolation, the natives endured every sorrow with unparalleled fortitude. They stood unmoved, and died by no means less magnanimous than the world's noblest braves.

But finally their much loved homes were destroyed, their cities seized, the brilliancy of their country changed to gloominess, and Roman Catholicism

completely inaugurated. Better, a thousand times better, that the natives had never heard of the Virgin Mary on the crucifix! These things prove to us that there is manhood in Mexican blood, and that the natives are not as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; but that they are worthy to be the objects of our philanthropy.

Furthermore, are the physical features of Mexico enticing to us? Does its geographical position render it accessible or not? There is no doubt that the climate is very delightful. Although the rays of a tropical sun are shed forth upon it, yet they are cooled by the breezes from the billows of the two great oceans, which lave its eastern and western shores. Perhaps there is no country on the globe that furnishes a greater variety of climate than does Mexico. At Vera Cruz that climate is found in which the orange, lemon, fig and olive flourish, but should we proceed toward its elevated table land soon we would find ourselves in the midst of fields of waving grain, products of as fertile a soil as ever the sun shone upon. Here we are reminded of our own beautiful and ever glorious Carolina, because here we can behold with delight the same species of grain which thrive so well with us. And, casting our eyes round about us, we would no longer doubt that this, too, is the land of cocanut, banannas, palms, jalap and vanilla. But the chief production and article of export in Mexico is cotton—the king of all productions.

Her productions are perpetual. Let us stand at the foot of one of her famous volcanoes—Popocatapetl—in

mid-winter time, and we shall be charmed by the music of summer birds, and captivated by the rose and lily, which flourish so densely all around; but if we should stand near its summit even in mid-summer, we would behold about us the hardy vegetation of northern climes, and feel the piercing atmosphere of a bleak December.

But the scenery of Mexico, how sublime! how enchanting! Standing upon her table land again, there may be observed all the climates and productions of the world embraced in the scope of a single glance; and standing on one of the hills bordering the Valley of Mexico and looking down upon its lakes when the sun is reflected in its crystal waters, we would not be surprised that poets love to sing of this picturesque vale. Byron's lines in the opening of *The Bride of Abydos* are gorgeous enough:

“ Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever
shine;
Where the bright wings of zephyr, oppress'd with
perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gull in their bloom,
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute.”

Now, shall we turn to behold the dark side of Mexico after having our eyes dazzled by the appearance of its favorable feature? Do we see magnificent steeples towering heavenward from sanctuaries? and do we hear the chime of the church bell in every direction hallowing the dawn of a Sabbath morn? Do we gaze upon vast trains of bright-eyed boys and girls approaching the house of God as the last tone of the bell dies away? These

things are not uncommon with us. Objects are now presented to us which remind us of the *dark days* of the 14th century. Has idolatry in Mexico ceased to have an existence? With no small melancholy I must say that images, like dolls, tricked out in tawdry finery, are the objects which the people adore and to whom they attribute more miraculous powers than were ever ascribed to the gods of their heathen ancestors. Humboldt says: "The people have changed their ceremonies, but not their religious dogmas."

Shall this worthy people and beautiful country be doomed to idolatry and Roman Catholicism? Ever since the conquest of Cortez the Roman church has held full sway, and time after time the Mexicans have heaved and groaned under its tyrannical hand. By the sword the Pope extended his power hither, and by the sword he has maintained it. Nor was Roman oppression in the least mitigated in Mexico, but the horrors of the Inquisition in their most direful forms were imposed upon the Mexicans. Human immolation spread terror from Yucatan to the Rio Grande. The best families of Mexico often furnished a victim to draw his expiring breath on the funeral pile. And no man ever dared to raise a voice against those memorable and so-called holy occasions. And now although the hand of the whitewasher has been skilful and busy, yet the prisons and places of execution still stand as memorials of those heart-rending scenes. But I am glad to say that the Inquisition has gone down never more to rise again;

so let the world cry out: "*Peace to its ashes!*" Nevertheless an oppression, if not so severe as the Inquisition, yet equally aggravating, hangs threateningly over Mexico. Although the connection between church and State has been dissolved, yet, in truth, the church still retains sovereign control. And you will not doubt this when I say that one-half of the entire property of Mexico belongs to the clergy, and one-half of the property of the city of Mexico is in the hands of the Archbishop. Now, since the money of a people has become their king and the millionaires the administrators of government, the Mexican clergy and particularly the Archbishop and bishops, as they possess the larger part of the property, and, moreover, are said to hold the keys to the gates of heaven, must necessarily wield the sceptre of absolute power. Nor does their wealth terminate here, but annually the Archbishop receives the handsome sum of \$130,000, and his subordinates amounts similar in proportion to their rank.

There are in Mexico 146 convents of monks, 59 convents of nuns, and 8 colleges for propagating the faith. The convents of monks are inhabited by 1,139 persons, and there are 1,541 nuns in convents. There are 238 persons in colleges for propagating the faith; and all these annually absorb from the Mexicans the sum of \$20,000,000. Is it not true that the convents are the national banks of Mexico?

It is a fact, moreover, easily observable through the history of Romanism that the Romish church is strong

in proportion to the ignorance of the people. It is therefore to be expected that the church encourages ignorance among its privates instead of endeavoring to raise them from a lower plain to a higher in the all-refining field of knowledge. It has been thus with the Mexicans. The memorable days of the dark ages have been perpetuated with them. Day by day they toil as did the poor serfs of by-gone days, and no ray of light ever gleams from the temple of knowledge into their homes. While we stand in the midst of light, our sister republic is wrapped in darkness. When can we hope for a better state of affairs? When shall it be that the fetters of idolatry and Roman Catholicism shall be broken and the light of the 19th

century triumphantly overspread this fair land? The unknown future can only tell how long this sad condition will continue. We have negotiated with Mexico concerning national differences. We have beaten her armies and overrun her soil. We have placed the proud American eagle on the very domes of her metropolis. Now methinks I hear her lamentations as a helpless suppliant coming on every breeze that gently stirs from our southern borders. Shall we heed her cries, or shall we remain silent in the midst of such obligations, like so many marble statues? Let us hold up to them the source from whence cometh all light, liberty, and peace.

D. A. D.

M O T H E R.

The mother's face is the one that fills the home with sunshine. She is the one who ever speaks gentle and loving words. Many of us have been separated from our mothers but a short while, and it seems almost like a lifetime. We have often heard it said that a child's best friend is his mother. Doubtless the truth of this saying is unheeded by many of us. Like the wind it passes by. But when death comes along and beckons her to follow him, we then recognize the fact that we have lost our best friend—one whom we should love and cherish above all others.

It will always be sweet to remember the words of my mother on a parting long ago. Will I ever forget the days of my childhood, when at night she had me kneel by her bedside to pray, and then clasped me to her heart with more than common tenderness, and prayed God's blessings on me, and kissed my cheek, and gazed in my eyes until tears would blind her own, and she seemed to think she could not say "good-night" softly enough?

Should I have one thought in which her sweet form is not entwined? It seems to me there is not a sacrifice on earth that should not be absolutely sweet for me to make for her.

Well, many of us perhaps look on it as babyish to think of things of this kind, because we are large enough to do without mother now; and besides, should she die, our father would marry again and bring us another, who would be as kind as mother is, and love us equally as well. In this you are mistaken. She may be kind and really love us for father's sake; but she will not and cannot love us with the same tenderness and devotion as our own mother, for we are bound to to a mother's heart by a thousand bonds. Many children are ungrateful and do things that forfeit the respect of everybody else. This, however, does not break a single link or start a single tie, but seems rather to bind the mother more strongly to the unworthy ingrates. Should you do anything reproachful, she does not condemn you, but bedews you with tears, and tells you of the importance of taking truth for your creed and God for your guide. Wherever you may roam, wherever you may abide, she ever has a tender spot for you in her heart. Then would you dare allow yourself to give way to passion and speak to your mother harshly, or decline to do anything that she asks you to do, or fail to reverence her when absent by respect for her teaching and approval?

I shall ever love my mother,
 Whatever my lot may be;
 I can find no other
 Who'll be so kind to me.

Her tresses which once were golden
 Are streaked with silver now,
 And the artist Time has graven
 Deep wrinkles on her brow.

Her countenance bears traces
 Of suffering and care

Yet to me her wrinkled face is
 The fairest of the fair;

So gentle and forgiving,
 As pleased as the heavens above.
 Oh! life is not worth living,
 Without a mother's love.

I was once asked in Sunday-school by my teacher, if I had taken Christ as my Savior. I did not reply, but looked up in the good teacher's face, and it seemed to change into my dear mother's face, and looked as hers did just before she died, when she asked me the same question, and explained to me the importance of accepting him as my Savior. I did not understand it then, as I was not old enough; but when the Sunday-school teacher asked me the same question I had grown older and could understand that my mother years before was trying to teach me to live and fit me to die. She was trying to impress me with the fact that my Bible ought be my companion; that the glorious Son of God condescended to live and die on earth as he did in order that he might be able to offer me a free pardon and full salvation, and that he was then standing before me, holding in one of his wounded hands my pardon, written with his own blood, signed in the courts of Heaven, sealed by the signet of the King of kings, and asked me to accept it, by him to be cleansed from sin and restored to God, to holiness and Heaven; and that if I did not accept the pardon, purchased at so dear a cost, I must endure the penalty which infinite justice demanded. That lesson and she who taught it I can never forget.

R. REDFEARN.

PERPETUAL CALENDAR.

EXPLANATION.—The figures in the upper block indicate the centuries of the Christian Era; those above the double line to be used for Old Style, those below the double line for New Style.

The figures in the two side blocks indicate the years of each century.

The figures below the names of the month indicate the days of the month.

The letters in the

4	3	2	1	0		
11	10	9	8	7	6	5
18	17	16	15	14	13	12
15		14		13		12
19		18		17		16
23		22		21		20
27		26		25		24

centre block indicate the days of the week. Some one of the horizontal lines in this block, taken in connection with the days of the month below, will constitute the almanac for any given

0	6	17	23	28	34	45	M	T	W	T ^h	F	S ^a	S	51	56	62	73	79	84	90	
1	7	12	18	29	35	46	T	W	T ^h	F	S ^a	S	M	57	63	68	74	85	91	96	
2	13	19	24	30	41	47	W	T ^h	F	S ^a	S	M	T	52	58	69	75	80	86	97	
3	8	14	25	31	36	42	T ^h	F	S ^a	S	M	T	W	53	59	64	70	81	87	92	98
	9	15	20	26	37	43	48	F	S ^a	S	M	T	W	T ^h	54	65	71	76	82	93	99
4	10	21	27	32	38	49	S ^a	S	M	T	W	T ^h	F	55	60	66	77	83	88	94	
5	11	16	22	33	39	44	50	S	M	T	W	T ^h	F	S ^a	61	67	72	78	89	95	

month. It is only necessary to know which of these lines to take. To determine the line for any month, the method is as follows:

Look at the top for the century; then to the right or the left for the odd year, and in a line with that, directly under the century, note the day

Jan.	Jan L	Sept.	Feb.	Feb L	May	
Oct.	April	Dec.	June	Aug.	Nov.	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

of the week. Find the name of the month, and follow up in the same column till you reach the same day of the week. The horizontal line which you have thus reached is the one which, applied to the days of the month below, constitutes the almanac for that month.

N. B.—Jan. L and Feb. L indicate January and February of Leap Year and must be used to find the almanac for those months in any Leap Year.

EDITORIAL.

A LECTURE by a noted scientist of England is prefaced by some remarks on the distinction between an address and a lecture. The main object of the former seems to be entertainment. The speaker in that case is indeed allowed to advise here and there and to put yonder a word of instruction, provided, however, that in so doing he keep in sight of his chief business, the entertainment of the audience. We are not sure that this description of an address is supported by the authorities, neither are we careful to ascertain, for in this as in most other matters of definition and use the people are supreme, and the authorities only record their decisions. To the people, then, an address is good according as it has entertained them, it is bad according as it has failed to do so. The lecture, on the other hand, is instructive or it is nothing. It has of course an added excellence if the instruction it is meant to impart is imparted so as to entertain.

TURNING one day through an old tome in the library—*Origination of Mankind*, by Sir Matthew Hale—we came upon the following statement in his remarks “to the Reader”: “I was a better Grecian in the 16th than in the 66th Year of my Life; and my application to another Study and Profession rendered my skill in that Language of little use to me, and so I wore it out by degrees.” If we might presume to criti-

cise so learned a jurist and so great a man, we should deny an evident inference from these words. The inference is, that, inasmuch as Sir Matthew chose not to be a teacher of the classics or an exegete, but chose rather a profession in which he had no need for his knowledge of the Greek vocabulary, forms, and syntax, therefore he derived no advantage from the study of that language. Greek, or any other language, may be studied with one or both of two objects in view,—the mental discipline involved in the process of acquiring it, and the ability to come at and enjoy the literary treasures that are locked in it. Sir Matthew’s profession excluded the latter. What we maintain is, that much of his mental power and clearness must be placed to the credit of the study of that language. This advantage would have gone with him through life even if he had succeeded in “wearing out his skill” in Greek the day after he left off the study of it. Surely nobody would say that the boy’s exercise in the gymnasium was of no value because he did not lug with him wherever he went the horizontal bar and the dumb-bell.

THE POET Rogers used to say that when a new book came out he read an old one. There is wisdom in this paradox. Books are now produced by the thousands a year. It is probably true that not one-half of them are

of any permanent value, and as to a classic among them, it is a remarkable year that produces one. Oh, the reviewers not unfrequently say that such and such a book is a classic, but they cannot use the word in the same sense as when they say that Dante, or Shakespeare, or Scott, or Gibbon is a classic. The truth is, genius is like money: it doesn't grow on trees. It may spring up more frequently in the coming years than in those gone by. Take say two hundred of the world's classics appearing at long intervals through the centuries from Job to the present. How many years will be required to add two hundred others worthy of a place beside them? Certainly more than fifty, very probably more than one hundred. As a rule, therefore, one is not apt to lose by turning from the new book to the old. Of course, old books in lines of work such as the exact sciences are apt to be rendered useless by change of theories and the growth of knowledge. With this practice of Rogers agrees the advice of a man of wide culture, Dr. John A. Broadus, who says that young men ought to read old books, and old men new books.

HOW A FLY WALKS ON THE CEILING.

"Papa, will you explain to us the means by which flies are able to ascend a pane of glass, and walk with ease along the ceiling of the room?" This request is the origin of an illustrated lecture by the good paterfamilias. It is found in one of the popular "readers" put into the hands of children. "Papa" leads the way

into the library, where the solar microscope has been arranged to show the structure of the fly's foot and leg, and where the air-pump will illustrate the principle of natural philosophy involved. "You will observe," says he, "that the leg is hollow, for there is a line of light running up the middle of it. At the foot you can distinctly observe a kind of flap, to which are attached two points, one in front and the other behind. By moving these the fly can extend or contract the flap just as he pleases. When Mr. Fly wishes * * * to move with dignity without the trouble of raising himself in the air, he stretches out these points, tightens the flap, draws the air from under it, and moves along the polished surface of the glass." "How delightful! How beautiful! How ingenious!" they all exclaimed at once."

Ingenious, indeed, but the account happens not to be a true one. Each foot has two "flaps," or rather pads, over which two curved claws project. From the under surface of these pads and perpendicular to that surface a great number of fine short hairs extend. It is clear that such a surface would interfere fatally with suction. Furthermore, it seems that in the above account the hollow leg has some part to perform in the operation—probably as a receptacle for the air drawn from under the pads! It hardly needs to be said that the skeleton of insects is on the outside, not the inside. The muscles which work the lower part of the leg are attached at their upper ends to the inner wall of the skeleton of the thigh. Each joint

of the leg may be conceived of as a hollow tube—the skeleton—with the muscles inside.

The true explanation of the fly's walking on the ceiling is connected with the little hairs on the under surface of the pads. The tip of each one is supplied with a sticky substance which for the moment glues it directly to the ceiling or glass pane, the tenacity with which each is held being of course slight, but when all are combined quite sufficient to hold the foot firmly. The foot may nevertheless be removed with ease by breaking the hold of a few of the hairs at a time.

W. L. P.

IS IT GENIUS?

When Hogarth was told that he had genius, as he undoubtedly had, for he was the greatest artist of his day, he replied: "Tell me not of genius; if I have been able to accomplish anything in my profession, it is by silent labor and persevering industry." There can be no doubt that this is the true secret of success.

Failures, nine times out of ten, are due not to a lack of ability in the individual, but to a lack of moral courage to meet difficulties like a man of mettle, and attack opposition in the way. By failing to do this, not only is there acquired the habit of yielding to opposition, thus causing one to lose confidence in his ability to surmount it, but really he becomes less able to surmount it. Often our industry is subdued, and our energies damped, by the seeming impossibility of our

task. But we should remember that the very habit of concentrating the attention, like an experienced movement in strategy, brings all the powers of the mind to bear on the subject, until it has yielded to our pursuit.

That there are natural grades in human intellect and different minds with superior powers, is not to be denied. But genius drawn away by every idle charm will not reach the summit as soon as patient perseverance. "The mill-boy of the slashes of Hanover," who was the political cynosure of so many eyes, and who wrote his name on his age and generation, is an illustration of the truth of the principle that no adventitious aids of birth, no gilded circumstances of fortune, are necessary to successful pursuits. See with what assiduity the politician who tries to mount the giddy ladder of ambition courts the popular smile, and how boundless his aspirations, for when he attains one point it only affords him a foothold in mounting to that eminence

"Where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

Energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! is said to be the great difference between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant. In all pursuits of life those who accomplish most are those who fix their eyes on some worthy point and advance to that point with sleepless energy and indomitable perseverance. The *shibboleth* by which men pass over the waters of danger and difficulty is perseverance. J. S.

THE RACES.

Dr. Crawford's lecture on the races, delivered in our chapel last month, gave us many brand-new ideas about the different races and what the missionary work ought to be among them. He, having been reared in Kentucky, came in contact with the negro race until he grew up into manhood; then he gave himself up to the missionary work in the great Chinese empire, where he has been laboring for thirty-five years. His experience, therefore, has been such as would enable him to know the principal characteristics of the three great races of the world, the Caucasian, the Mongolian, and the Negro. During these many years of personal contact with them, he has made the races a special study, and in his lecture he pointed out in the clearest and most impressive manner what he conceived to be most needed, just now, in order that the missionary work might be most effectually carried on. He returned to this country and has been lecturing in the various States with the view of a reformation in mission work.

Whether the races did or did not all spring from Adam, he said was not a Bible question. "Read your Bibles and see." But he did not believe in the theory of evolution. He said he did not believe that the antediluvians lived to be hundreds of years old, but that the mention made in the Old Testament, had reference to the familistic and not in individualistic ages. Ask a Chinaman his age and he will perhaps tell you he is five hundred years old, when he is really only about forty. His idea is that each individual con-

stitutes only a part of a man, which term to him means a family lineage from its beginning through the generations till it ceases to exist; and eternal life to him is, that a family shall exist through generation after generation forever. Now, since the customs, habits, and usages of the Chinese are the same now as they were thousands of years ago, it is highly probable that the Hebrews in the time of Moses had this familistic notion of age, and Methusalah instead of being himself 969 years old when he died was only 187, but the family of Methusalah existed 969 years. Dr. Crawford has published a book on this subject, *The Patriarchal Dynasties*. It will be observed that in this opinion he attributes to a family of the Caucasian race one of the characteristics of the Mongolian.

He showed that the races differ in instincts, aspirations, likes, and dislikes. What would be palatable to us would be very distasteful to a Mongolian; what would be beautiful to us would be horrible to him; what would be pleasant in sound to us would grate upon his ear. In fact, the very nature of each race makes it impossible for them to become alike. And to illustrate this point Dr. Crawford compared the Caucasian race to an iron ball which is difficult to impress, but when an impression is made it remains until some other equal force is applied; and this explains why there have been so many revolutions among the Caucasians. He represented the Mongolian by a rubber ball which, when a force which has impressed it is removed, immediately assumes its original shape, and this explains why

the Chinese have remained the same during so many ages. The negro race is like a wax ball which is easily impressed and retains the last impression made, and this gave him the name of "imitative creature."

The missionary work, he thinks, has been carried on in accordance with what *we* think a man ought to do and be, but what a Mongolian from his very nature cannot conceive to be proper. He says that what we need to christainize the Chinese is more men to live among them. They have no hall nor orators, and it is money lost in trying to make them appreciate public speaking. Christian men coming in contact with the pagans will make them Christians, but not our ideal men; for those natural race qualities will prevent anyone of a certain race from becoming an ideal man in the eyes of another race; yet each may become true Christians, for the great Head of the church is God of all.

O. F. T.

THE SYMPOSIUM.

This number of THE STUDENT contains some interesting observations upon senior speakings from gentlemen in different professions, whose position and reputation entitle their remarks to weight. Far be it from us to criticise anything they have written. But it will be seen that they have dealt almost entirely with generalities. They seem to regard senior speaking as a privilege accorded to young men who in after-life will be required to speak, which is probably the correct view to take. Doubtless

the practice is beneficial to such young men, not only familiarizing them to some extent with the embarrassments which attend addressing public audiences, but also enabling them to obtain some proficiency in the art of speaking. This is cheerfully granted in the case of those who have practised speaking previously to their senior year, and who expect to follow professions which require a knowledge of speaking; and it is chiefly to these that the remarks of the gentlemen seem to refer. But young men of this kind do not compose a graduating class, and it is the purpose of this article to discuss some of the practical workings of senior speakings.

At this institution members of the graduating class deliver addresses on four stated occasions, but by allowed substitution of theses for addresses it may result that each member deliver only two a year. No doubt this law was established under the conviction that every graduate should know how to speak, and that senior speakings furnish the means of gaining that desideratum. The first clause, viz: that every graduate should know how to speak, admits of serious doubt. Probably it was true in ante-bellum days, when almost all of the limited number of vocations open to Southern boys demanded some knowledge and ability in speaking. Then politics were chiefly the arena upon which the best talent of the South was engaged, and which absorbed the attention of all. Oratory was almost the sole vehicle to fame. But in this New South, this business age of ours, numerous avenues to wealth and distinc-

tion have been opened, which do not require oratorical power as an essential element for a prosperous journey. In every graduating class there will be found young men who intend entering these new avenues. These feel that the hours spent in preparing senior speeches might be more profitably spent upon something bearing upon their intended pursuits. They think that it is putting tools into their hands which they never intend to use, and that too, tools which demand much time and labor before one can become expert in handling them. They believe that it is the same thing as if a man intending to practise law were to discard Blackstone and Coke, and spend a year at the carpenter's bench, expecting by that means to obtain his license. Such men have never given their attention to speaking, and speak only with great reluctance; and their efforts often fail to reflect credit upon either themselves or the institution.

But granting for the moment that every man should know how to speak, is it true that this custom teaches him how to speak? It does not seem possible that two speeches of the most pronounced "cut-and-dried" type will convert a man who has never studied or practised the art into an orator. Furthermore, in every graduating class there are some men of whom it is hardly too much to say that they cannot speak—men who have no taste for speaking, who have never studied it, and who are deficient in the requisites for speaking on account of constitutional disadvantages which a hundred senior speeches cannot overcome (much less two). Probably there are

some who could write a good treatise upon some subject, but are utterly incapable of delivering a speech in even a tolerably nice manner. It is a trying ordeal which these men must undergo when they are compelled to render themselves ridiculous before an audience which is as much disgusted with their performances as they themselves are. Most men are averse to doing anything in public which they cannot do well. What then is the result of compelling men who labor under the disadvantages mentioned, to speak? Some unwilling to appear obstinate will undergo the humiliation, while others will resort to "ponying." We have two literary societies considered by competent judges equal to any in the South. In the halls of these societies abundant opportunities are presented to those who wish to cultivate the art of speaking, and their performances are keenly criticised. Wake Forest is often complimented upon good speeches delivered by seniors on commencement occasions. But these good speeches are made by those who love and have studied the art, and whose contemplated vocations demand a knowledge of it. They are the results, not of the preceding senior speeches each man has delivered, but of natural talent, and years of steady application to the study of the art, and use of the advantages for cultivating it offered by the societies. Senior speaking, then, resolves itself not into a school where one is trained to speak, but into a test of his natural ability, or of what he has learned in his society.

In the graduating class there

will be found a certain number, whom we will call A, who have never studied the art of speaking and have no desire to do so, because they will have no need of it in the future, another number B, who cannot speak, and another C, who like to speak, and who possess some proficiency in speaking. Is it right to compel A and B to suffer intense mortification in order that C may have an opportunity to display their elo-

quence? It seems to be a feasible plan to excuse A and B from delivering speeches on condition of their presenting theses in lieu of speeches, and to permit C to represent the class once or twice a year—say at Christmas and commencement. In this way A and B would feel that justice had been done them, and C would not be debarred from the privilege of addressing a public audience.

R. H. W.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A MILLION DOLLARS BURNED.—At 2 o'clock on Sunday the 21st ult., the steamer *Bladen* loaded with cotton, caught on fire just as it was nearing one of the wharfs in the southeastern part of the city of Wilmington, N. C.; from it other steamers near were lit, then the wharfs and sheds conducted the flames into yards containing oil, tar, rosin, and spirits of turpentine. These furnished fuel for a mighty conflagration which was driven into the nearest buildings by a strong wind sweeping over the city at about fifteen miles an hour, so dense and suffocating were the great clouds of smoke that enveloped everything in advance of the fire that the firemen's determined and manly efforts were thwarted. The mad flames, as if to consume the whole city, sent up sparks and burning brands and hurled them far out among the doomed buildings around. So threatening was the progress of the fire that Mayor

Hall applied to the fire companies at Goldsboro, N. C., and Florence, S. C., who gave prompt and efficient assistance. But no power was sufficient to quench the fire until it had laid a million dollars worth of property in ruins.

Two or three steamers, offices and warehouses, large business buildings and fine dwellings, churches, and lines of tenement houses; in fact, a very large portion of the business part of the city was lost in the fire. Large numbers of poor people were deprived of every comfort of life. But immediately measures were taken for their relief. The excellent editor of *The Star* said in his editorial on Monday after the fire, "The violation of the Sabbath caused the whole destruction."

A GROUP OF DEATHS.—Beginning with General Grant, grim death has been tearing from this nation's embrace in rapid succession many of its noblest sons. After General Grant the noble McClellan was called away;

then the talented Hendricks and the stern but great Gen. Robert Toombs. A few short months passed and the nation again drapes itself in mourning over the death of another great man. General Winfield Scott Hancock died at Governor's Island on the 9th of Feb. from the effects of a malignant carbuncle. He was an ideal soldier and noted for his perfect gallantry and lofty patriotism. History will place him among the few who lived in an atmosphere above the clash and clamour of political intrigue. He was born on the 14th of Feb., 1824, in Montgomery county, Pa. He graduated at West Point in 1844, no. 18 in a class of twenty-nine. He served with increasing honors in the Mexican war and in the Florida campaign against the Seminole Indians. His wife was Miss Almira Russel of St. Louis. They were married in 1849. Twelve years later he was called on to serve in the late war where he made for himself a name which afterwards in 1880, made him a candidate for the Presidency against Garfield. But before he was buried at Morristown, Pa., another death knell rings out over the nation.

Governor Horatio Seymour died in Utica, N. Y., at the house of his sister, Mrs. Roscoe Conkling. He had not been quite well for some time, but his friends did not anticipate his death. He was born in Onondaga county, N. Y., May 31st, 1810. He was educated at Geneva college and became a lawyer. He was a legislator in his State several times, being speaker in 1845. He was made Governor of New York in 1852, and being a pure democrat,

he opposed the policy of the government in making war on the South. In 1868 he was unwillingly made a candidate for President by the National Democratic Convention. After his defeat he retired to private life and took no part in public affairs only as a counsellor of his party. In his death the United States sustains a loss it can ill afford. Not one stain bedims his character. Urbane, generous, and true, he lived for his people and blessed them with a long and useful career.

A MESSAGE.—The Senate has refused to confirm the nominations of men to certain offices from which officers have been removed by the President, unless he will transmit to it certain papers relating to such removals. Frequent demands of this kind have been made of the different heads of the executive department, mostly by committees of the Senate, but finally by the Senate itself.

On March 1st the President sent a message to the Senate giving an explicit statement of his position in regard to removals, claiming that it is his lawful and exclusive privilege to make removals and expressing his determination to obey precedent and the constitution in preserving that privilege. The message also states that all official papers and documents have been and ever will be furnished when desired; but that those which are purely unofficial and addressed to him privately and used by him for his own convenience, though they touch upon the conduct of certain officials before their removal, are considered beyond the concern of the Senate and will not be transmitted to it. The dispute grows fiercer every day and both the President and the Senate seem to be inflexible in their respective positions. The press generally favors the President in his course.

O. F. T.

EDUCATIONAL.

—More than 200 pupils are in attendance at the Salisbury Graded School.

—Two hundred chartered institutions in this country educate the sexes together.

—A student of Harvard carries a \$15,000 insurance on the furniture of his room.

—The University of Pennsylvania has received a bequest of \$60,000 for the investigation of spiritualism.

—In the United States and Europe there are 800,000 deaf mutes in 37 institutions for their education.

—Leyden, Holland, is the richest college in the world, its real estate alone being worth \$4,000,000.

—Germany has 23,500 university students; Scotland has 6,500; England has 5,000; New England, 4,000.

—Eighty students were recently suspended at Oxford, England, for locking some college officers in a room.

—If they do not attend to their gymnasium duties, the students of Amherst cannot receive a diploma at graduation.

—Rudolph Albrecht's, of Vienna, is at present the largest university in Europe, having 285 professors and 5,221 students.

—It is reported that the Alumni of Yale are raising \$100,000 fund for the purpose of building her the finest gymnasium in the world.

—Dr. John Bascom has resigned the presidency of Wisconsin University.

—Dartmouth has received a \$4,000 scholarship on condition that no student shall secure benefit from it who uses tobacco.

—President Battle, of the University of North Carolina, will deliver the address at the University of South Carolina June 23rd.

—Professor Turner, the distinguished anatomist of Edinburg, receives a salary of \$20,000 per year. This is the most remunerative professorship in the world.

—Harvard is the largest college in this country; Oberlin comes second, and Columbia third; Michigan is fourth, and Yale fifth.

—Egypt has a college that was nine hundred years old when Oxford was founded, and in which ten thousand students are now being educated, who will some day go forth as missionaries to spread the Moslem faith.—*Ex.*

—The University of Texas, at Austin, is the largest endowed institution in the South. The endowment consists of over \$600,000 in interest-paying bonds, and 2,030,000 acres of land, which is held by the State at a minimum price of \$2 per acre. The salary of each of its professors is over \$4,000 a year.—*Ex.*

—Rev. C. A. Jenkins has accepted a position in the faculty of Oxford Female Seminary.

—There are 315 students at the University of Virginia. The new chapel is considered beautiful, and is nearly finished.

—Mr. Fab. Busbee, of Raleigh, has accepted the invitation to make the literary address next commencement at Furman University, S. C.

—Zenophanes (born 569 or 620 B. C.) warns men not to think too highly of success in athletic contests, which he deems it wrong to prefer to intellectual culture.

—The University of Pennsylvania has students from nineteen foreign countries. There are representatives from twenty-nine of the United States, and the whole number of the undergraduates is 1,028. The members of the various faculties number 115.

—During the last fifteen months \$33,356 have been expended on the thirty-one colored schools of the South, by the trustees of the John F.

Slater Fund. Rev. Dr. Jas. P. Boyce, Chairman of the Faculty of the S. B. T. Seminary, Louisville, Ky., is one of the trustees.

—In the 20 colleges under Presbyterian control there are 1881 students, of whom 1,147 are members of Christian churches. In connection with this statement the N. Y. *Examiner* remarks: "The proportion of Christian students in the colleges controlled by evangelical denominations is rarely less than one-half. It is only in State universities and at Harvard that the mass of students are not Christians."

—It is said that the Russian Government will establish at St. Petersburg a Polyglot college in which will be taught all the modern languages of any importance, and the tongues of all nationalities, about seventy, under the Czar's sceptre, in order to prepare trustworthy and thorough interpreters for the consular, diplomatic, and military service, the civil officers and missionaries who have to deal with the different nations found in Russia, and mercantile agents.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—It is said that ten English books are sold here for every American book sold in England.

—*Three Years of Arctic Service*, by Lieut. A. W. Greeley, U. S. A., is pronounced a remarkable book. It is in two 8vo. volumes, published by the Scribners.

—AMONG the valuable new books announced *Popular Government*, by Sir Henry Maine, F. R. S., deserves a place.

—MR. R. L. STEVENSON'S last novel is *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. It is founded upon the idea of double personality.

—VITAL Orthodoxy at Home and Abroad is the subject of Mr. Joseph Cook's series of Monday Lectures now running in Boston.

—THE 27th of February, Longfellow's birthday, was celebrated by the publication of his biography written by the poet's brother, Samuel Longfellow.

—PROF. AUSTIN PHELPS, of the Andover Theological Seminary, has added another volume of essays to those already published. It is called *My Study and Other Essays*.

—FRANK STOCKTON will make a new departure. His novel, *The Late Mrs. Null*, instead of appearing as a serial as is the custom, will first be given to the public in book form.

—APPLETON & CO., announce for sale *For Maimie's Sake; A Story of Love and Dynamite*, by Grant Allen. The most prominent feature of the book seems to be the heroine's extraordinary love of kissing.

—IT WAS Chas. Dickens, we believe, who used to read his novels with such tremendous effect to public audiences. Geo. W. Cable followed his example recently, reading his new novel *Grande Pointe*, and meeting with great success.

—H. H. JOHNSTON, F. R. G. S., author of the superb volume on *The Congo*, has published *The Kilima-Njaro Expedition*, a book which is described as a graphic account of scientific exploration in Equatorial Africa.

—MR. JOHN ASHTON has again delighted the reading world. His book is called *The Dawn of the XIXth Cen-*

tury in England. Previous volumes of his are *Wit, Humor, and Satire of the 17th Century*, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, *English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I.*, and *Old Times*.

—*The Forum*, another new magazine, has appeared. The first number contains articles by well known writers, among them: James Parton, E. P. Whipple, E. E. Hale, John Fiske, R. Heber Newton, Howard Crosby, and others.

—A PART of the new material added to the revised edition of Cross' *Life of George Eliot* is a letter in which the novelist gives the correct pronunciation of Romola. The 'o' of the second syllable is short, and consequently the accent occurs on the first syllable.

—AUTOGRAPH albums seem to have had their day. A sort of substitute for them is now to be seen in many London drawing-rooms; poems and prose in the autograph of their authors, mounted and framed, are interspersed with the pictures on the wall.

—MR. HOLT, the publisher, says that out of every five publications one is a failure, three barely pay the cost of publication, while the fifth, besides paying its cost, defrays the general expenses of the business belonging to the five books, and yields a profit to the publisher and author.

—BOOK-PLATES "are the engraved or printed labels, of any form or design, which, pasted in the inside of the front covers of books, have served to denote their ownership for upwards of three centuries and a half." A series

of illustrated articles on "some American Book-plates" is begun in the February *Book Buyer*. Josiah Quincy's, DeWitt Clinton's, and George Washington's, among others, are represented in this issue. The last named bears the motto "Exitus acta probat."

—*The Hayward Correspondence* is one of the most interesting books lately announced.

—THE next volume in the "English men of Letters" series will be a biography of Keats by Sydney Colvin.

—SOME gentleman once wrote a book to prove that Napoleon Bonaparte never existed. And now Mr. W. H. Burr proves that it is impossible for Shakespeare to have written the plays which ignorant people ascribe to him, simply because he *couldn't write*.

—CHARLES GODFREY LELAND is described as "a wanderer upon the face of the earth," now in England, now among the Gypsies, and again among the pines of New Brunswick, picking up from the Gypsies and Algonquins the legends which he weaves into his charming stories.

—A NEW VIEW OF WOMAN'S CREATION.—"Men folks ennyhow air freakish, an' fractious, an' sot in thar way, an' gin to curious carvotin. It never s'prised me none as arter the Lord made man he turned in an' made woman, the first job being sech a failure." (Craddock.)

—THE editor of the *London Truth* is responsible for the following: "In fact, my view of books is this: they are admirable palliatives of sickness and the best playthings for old age. But so long as a man is able to get about, the less he reads the better."

—A TRANSLATION of *Faust* will open the series of a "World's Library" which the Messrs. Routledge will publish. This series will sell for only ten cents per volume, and will contain biography, travels, history and fiction. The day when we could complain of high prices of books is past. The low rates at which good literature sells are simply astonishing.

—MR. HOWELL'S in his Study predicts, not a dearth, but a superfluity of poets, and sighs for some "Scotch reviewers" to word off the avalanche with merciless criticism. But doesn't his realism carry him too far when he gives us some reasons why we ought not to grieve if there never were another poet?

—ALL honor is due to those noble men and women who leave all the comforts of civilization in order to carry the "glad tidings" to the heathen. *The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat* tells in a simple and modest manner the almost miraculous achievements of the two who more than any others have advanced civilization as well as religion among the Africans.

—PROF. J. K. HOSMER'S *Story of the Jews* is commended by the critics as a book which has long been needed, giving in 21 chapters a brief, vivid, and comprehensive history of the chosen people from their rise to our own times. He should be indeed a gifted writer who tells the beautiful and sorrowful story of the Jews, and Prof. Hosmer is said to have done all that could be desired.

—MANY of us who have been consoling ourselves for writing bad hands with the reflection that it is character-

istic of literary men to write bad hands, will be pained to read the following: "An idea has gained currency that it is 'literary' to write a bad hand. I wish to deny this point-blank. It may have been so in old times when it was 'literary' to wear long hair and soiled linen; but the ablest literary men of this generation turn out manuscripts that it is a delight to read. Every letter is perfect, every *i* is dotted, every *t* crossed."

—MR. STANLEY carried a choice library with him in his travels in Africa, but was compelled to abandon them during his march till finally he had only the Bible left. "Many of these books," says he, "are still in Africa along the line of march, and will be kept as fetiches until some African antiquarian will pick some of them up a century hence, and wonder how on earth *Jane Eyre* printed in 1870 came to be in Iturn, or Thackeray's *Esmond*. Dickens and Scott came to be preserved among the lubari of Gambaragara."

—WHO can read Sidney Lanier's touching letters to Mr. Hayne without a feeling of regret that a man of such a sensitive disposition and poetic soul should have been compelled to drudge for the booksellers until he wasted away with consumption, and the songs, which continually sang in

his heart, were left unsung? He attributes his disease to "the bitterness of having to spend my time in making academic lectures and boy's books—pot-boilers all—when a thousand songs are singing in my heart, that will certainly kill me, if I do not utter them soon."

—THE dainty Oscar Wilde gives it as his opinion that "argumentative books and all books that try to prove anything" should never be read!

—PRINCIPAL John Tullock, author of the recently published work *Movements of Religious Thought in Britain During the Nineteenth Century*, is dead. He sympathized with F. W. Robertson and Dean Stanley in their religious views.

—THE house in Cheyne-row, Chelsea, in which Carlyle lived so long and from which he thundered denunciations of quackery of every sort, has passed into the hands of a quack-doctor.

—JOHN B. GOUGH died in Philadelphia on Feb. 18th. He was born in Sandgate, Kent, Eng., in 1817. He came to America in 1829. As a temperance lecturer he was, for forty years, without a peer in this country. Several years ago he published *Lights and Shadows*. His other works are *Autobiography* and *Platform Echoes*.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

BIRD DESTRUCTION.—It is inevitable that many of the larger animals that thronged the wilds of America at the time of its discovery, should, in the progress of its reclamation to civilized uses, be wholly exterminated. This result has nearly been reached in the case of the bison. But the friends of American birds are awaking to the fact that, unless some present tendencies are checked, the same result awaits in the near future many of our song and shore birds. Leaving aside the natural checks upon the increase of bird life, such as the predatory birds, squirrels, mice, storms, cold, and the exigences of migration, the great agent in this destruction is man—materially aided by the small boy. Many birds are killed out of “love for sport,” which by interpretation generally is “out of the desire to kill something.” Others are killed in what the sportsman disdainfully calls “pot-hunting,” i. e. for food; others still for natural history specimens, for objects of curiosity, home or personal decoration. Most of the States and Territories protect by law game-birds and others considered useful, their nests and eggs. The chief enemies of the other species are the milliner and egg-collector. One dealer in bird skins for millinery purposes during a three months’ trip to the coast of South Carolina in the spring prepared 11,018 bird skins. The same dealer, according to his own statement, han-

dles on an average 30,000 annually, of which the greater part are used as ornaments for ladies’ hats. A small village on Long Island supplied the New York dealers with 70,000 during a period of four months. A New York woman not long ago swept Cobb’s Island, on the coast of Virginia, of a number of species in filling a contract with a Paris firm to deliver during one summer 40,000 bird skins at forty cents apiece. Thousands of eggs of wild birds, particularly those that nest on the sea coast, are collected and exposed for sale in the market. Thousands of others are annually destroyed by the scientific egg-collector and the small boy. It is not surprising that this wholesale persecution is robbing our woods and shores of their most attractive ornaments.

THE POND SNAIL.—At any time in the year one may find on the muddy bottom of a pond where the water is shallow a common species of pond snail. It is about as large as the end of the little finger. The shell has a large aperture, and three whirls of the spire may be recognized. This humble but interesting creature lives in the water but breathes the free air. In order to get the needed air it is sometimes observed in the aquarium to “turn loose” and rise swiftly to the surface by its own buoyancy; or it crawls leisurely up the sides of the aquarium till it reaches the surface. Arrived there you will see a small di-

lated sack under the right margin of the shell open, and perhaps hear its sharp click as the contained air meets that outside. It remains open long enough for fresh air to penetrate into the sack by diffusion, when it closes, and the shell's position is changed, and the grazing is resumed. The food placed in the aquarium consists of small plants which grow for the most part submerged in water. The snail crawls on a leaf of the plant, opens its lips so that the surface of its ribbon-like tongue rests against it, and by contracting certain muscles rasps up fine particles of the leaf. The tongue is armed with several rows of fine notched teeth and is a beautiful

object when separated and looked at under the microscope. A specimen prepared by the writer is about one-eighth of an inch long and half as wide. The two sexes are united in each individual. Eggs were laid in the aquarium during the winter, and there is evidence that as early as February they were laid in the snail's natural habitat. The eggs number about fifty and are all enclosed in firm jelly, the egg mass, or nidamentum, being about an inch long. The development of the egg may be watched with ease under the microscope. In our next issue a general sketch of the growth of the egg into the snail may be given.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—ANNIVERSARY exercises came off February 12th.

—OUR campus looks as if it had already felt the touch of spring.

—OUR Literary Societies have lately purchased handsome new banners.

—OUR pulpit was occupied February 28th by Dr. William Royall in the morning and by Prof. W. B. Royall at night.

—REV. R. T. VANN spent a few days over two weeks ending the middle of February at Reidsville in a protracted meeting in which there were many conversions.

—THE entire College and community heartily sympathize with Mr. Herbert Williams, who lately was summoned home on account of his mother's death by burning.

—A wealthy Northern Baptist, who has before given liberally to the endowment of the College, added last month \$10,000 more to that object. The endowment now stands at about \$113,000.

—DR. WM. E. HATCHER, of Richmond, Va., will deliver the literary address at our next commencement, and Mr. H. R. Scott, of Reidsville, N. C., will deliver the address before the Alumni.

—REV. J. W. LYNCH was ordained at the last union meeting of the Central Association, which took place at Youngsville, N. C., on the fifth Sunday in January. Sermon by Rev. J. S. Purefoy, charge delivered by Prof. W. B. Royall, and prayer by Rev. J. L. White.

—IN the absence of Rev. Mr. Vann, Prof. E. M. Poteat preached Sunday, 7th ult., at 11 a. m., and Rev. J. S. Purefoy lectured on the life of Dr. Yates, at 7.30 p. m.

—DR. T. P. CRAWFORD, the China missionary, preached February 14th, and lectured on Monday and Tuesday afternoons following, and again Wednesday evening. His visit was greatly enjoyed.

—PROF. W. H. SAUNDERS, lately of Washington and Lee University, has recently been teaching a class here in Elocution. The Professor is pleasing in manners, and is liked very much by the students as a teacher, and not less so when he puts aside that title. His class is composed of fifty-two members.

—THE world surely is progressing—in morals especially, or at least it seems so here, for several days ago a Bible was taken from the Library by a student who had never been known to peruse such literature before. Whether done through mistake or not we cannot tell.

—DR. CRAWFORD told us that the Caucasian race was like steel—hard to bend or be indented. This may hold good in some instances, but just let a pretty girl with rosy cheeks and a sweet smile get hold of one of the iron race, and he bends, he is *indented*, he succumbs.

—MR. COUNCIL S. WOOTEN, of La-Grange, N. C., a graduate of the College in 1861, lectured here on the evening of March 2nd, on the Nature and Theory of the Government of the United States. It was a strong lec-

ture, one of its main features being the complete establishment of the proposition that this government is federal—a compact of sovereign States. The lecture was read.

—ON the night of the last Anniversary a student was introduced to one of our most stylish young ladies. After the introduction, his first words, with a long drawn yawn, were: "I feel like I could take a nap." Of course the young lady allowed him to withdraw in search of his desired boon.

—THE following is an extract from a Sophomore's composition—an imitator of Josh Billings: "I'm dedly 'pose," said he "ter this buziness of krossin theze big water korses in theze ships anywa, for oftimes tha spring a leek rite in the briny see, and a feller has nuthin ter drink but salt water, and nuthin ter ride on but sharks and whales, and there aint wun bit of konfydenze to be put in these wile animules—they just as sune run awa and brake your nek as any wa in de worle. an if ever I git to Kongress I inten ter intraduce a bill prohibitin any ship ter kross theze big seeze, and purpose ter run a suspenshun brige akross insted, so that kommon folks kan go to the Chineze empyre and the United States of Ameriky."

—SERVA MENTEM, SERVA INTEGRITATEM. One of our new (and of course inexperienced) students had the good luck of accompanying a young lady to the Anniversary exercises at night: but during the night he was separated from her, and alas! for human weakness, could not find

her anywhere, nor did he remember her name or face. With downcast looks, like Japhet in search of his father, he paced the halls, accosting everyone he met with the question, "Have you seen the girl I came out with?" In vain his search! At 3 o'clock, wearied and almost broken hearted, he retired to his uneasy couch. His girl hasn't been heard of since.

—ANNIVERSARY. Friday, Feb. 12, was the day allotted for the Anniversary exercises of our Literary Societies, which have been in existence fifty-one years. "The day was cold and dark and dreary;" not so very cold either, but any deficiency in that respect was fully made up by the darkness and dreariness. There was no change in the weather throughout the entire day, which was calculated to some extent to bring our spirits into unison with its gloominess. However, we did not observe much despondency or dejectedness.

Two o'clock, p. m., was the time set for the public debate; at which time the debaters approached the rostrum and the house was called to order by the President, Mr. E. H. McCullers, of Clayton. The minutes of the last Anniversary having been read and approved, the Secretary, Mr. John W. Tayloe, of Hertford county, then read the query: Ought governments to furnish free education by taxation to all classes of their citizens? Mr. J. D. Boushall, of Camden county, and Mr. J. B. Carlyle, of Robeson county, maintained the affirmative; the negative being supported by Mr. Jacob Stewart, of Davie county, and Mr. W. P. Stradley, of Oxford. Mr. Boushall began by saying that it is the sacred

duty of every government to take effectual means for the protection of the life, the property, and the happiness of the people, and, since ignorance is dangerous to life and property, the education of the people must be a part of their government, and any form of government, any kind of protection, must be maintained by taxation. As a nation approaches universal education it becomes more prosperous and happy. But universal education cannot be accomplished except through the government by taxation. Education, in its relation to the welfare of the nation, cannot be compared with the necessaries of physical life. Enlarged intelligence imparts a clearer view of rights and enhances the power to defend them, but every right reserved to the State or individual must perish in the universal decline of popular intelligence. That which has attained approval among all the advanced powers of earth and among great statesmen of various races of men must have some solid foundation in reason and must commend itself to the enlightened judgment of men. In a free government like this, ignorance among the people is dangerous to every department of the government. Our destiny as a republic and our place in the march of civilization depend upon the maintenance of free education.

Mr. Stewart said that the negative would not deny the advantages accruing from an education, but that they did deny it to be the duty of governments to furnish free education to all classes of their citizens. It is as much the duty of governments to

furnish food and clothing gratis, as it is to furnish free education. By having seen from their childhood all kinds of functions undertaken by the government officials, people are taught to believe in "the sovereign power of political machinery."

The argument that the State University should furnish free tuition in order that the poor young men may receive an education is false, as tuition is only a small part of one's college expenses.

An insuperable difficulty in the way of State institutions is that in a country where a number of denominations exist, with equal rights, religion cannot be taught, nor can theological science, history, morals, metaphysics, or modern science. We want institutions that will develop all the powers and faculties of man; physical, intellectual, and moral. Free universities drive out of the field those denominational colleges and institutions, in which alone the moral and religious nature of man can be developed. Any education which fails to cultivate these moral and religious principles fails to make men better citizens. An education, to prevent the commission of crime, must eradicate those dispositions from which all violation of right proceed, and the education which the State gives does not accomplish this. If the heart is not right, the intellect will not direct one's conduct aright. As the free schools cannot educate the heart they cannot produce good citizens. The free school system is historically and confessedly a failure.

Mr. Carlyle, who aided in the affirmative, asserted that it is one of the

primary objects of government to promote the happiness and secure the rights and liberties of the citizens. Education, he says, secures this end. A large proportion of the crime and pauperism in the world is directly due to ignorance. Only by inspiring the multitude with high conceptions of right can the world be advanced and needed changes made in human society. And this knowledge never has been given and never can be given except by public education. Free education is not an untried experiment. Nearly all the nations of the world have tried free schools successfully.

Education must be free; otherwise, it could never reach the poor. Denominational and individual institutions cannot reach and educate the poor. Free education should be by taxation. A hundred other things are provided for in this way. Then there can be no injustice in taxation. Herbert Spencer admits that the revenues of nations cannot be better applied than in training the young. The dangers of an ignorant citizenship are fearful, in a republic especially, threatening to thwart the ends of government, and even endanger its existence. And as all forms of government are verging towards the republican, the danger should be met and remedied by furnishing free education to all citizens, thus fitting them to be citizens.

Mr. Stradley, the second speaker in the negative, began by saying that, since the law of all organisms is, "A function to each organ and each organ to its own function," the government defeats its own end in be-

stowing free education upon its citizens. Government is the agent of the people, and its function is to administer justice; but it renders itself unable to perform this, its proper function, by taxing the well-to-do to educate the thriftless. Illustrated in the South by the case of the negro. The whites pay four-fifths of all the expenses of his education. To the great African problem there can be but two solutions: the negro will either overpower the whites by superior numbers—he increases far more rapidly than the whites—or the races will amalgamate; which latter solution is hastened by the policy of the government in keeping up false relations between the races—pulling down the superior by taxation in order to lift up the inferior so as to bring both upon the same plane. These solutions involve the destruction of Southern civilization and the debasing of the Caucasian race. The argument used by the supporters of free schools is that the blacks and the masses in general are citizens, and that the State, in order to administer justice, must educate them. There are two false assumptions in this argument. The first is that the State can give that education which will fit its citizens for the duties of citizenship, which it cannot do from the fact that it cannot determine what education, or how much of it, is necessary to make a good citizen. Nor can the State teach religion, which is the only foundation of morality. The second assumption is that ignorance is the mother of vice. This is not true; for if so, it would be unnatural to find virtue where

there is ignorance; whereas, some of the best men in the world are ignorant men, while some of the greatest villains are intelligent. Hence the free schools have lamentably failed.

The question was discussed in an interesting manner, and was decided in the negative by a vote of 151 to 55. We regret to have to notice some personal allusions made by some of the gentlemen in their second speeches. These were very much out of place, and showed great lack of good taste.

The crowd of visitors was considerably increased by the arrival at 5:45 p. m. of the excursion train from Raleigh, which had been chartered by the two Societies.

At 7 o'clock p. m. the audience again assembled in the Wingate Memorial Hall to hear the orations of the two young men who were to represent their respective Societies.

Mr. L. R. Pruett, the chief marshal of the Euzelian Society, first introduced Mr. J. L. White, of Shelby, the Euzelian orator, whose subject was, "Oratory—the Old *versus* the New." After Mr. White's oration the band gave a selection, and Mr. H. S. Pickett, of Durham, the chief marshal of the Philomathesian Society, then introduced Mr. Chas. E. Brewer, of Wake Forest, who had been elected to represent the Philomathesian Society. His subject: "England and her colonies." The orations will be given in full in some future issue of THE STUDENT. After the orations, Mr. Pruett thanked the audience for their presence and their kind attention, and invited them to a social gathering in the Literary Hall. As usual, there were some few

"wall-flowers" among the young men, but by far the greater number seemed to be enjoying the occasion themselves and trying to make it pleasant for the young ladies. All seemed to be having a good time. The faces of the young ladies were wreathed in smiles, while joy could be seen in every countenance, and love-light beamed from

many eyes. Verily, Cupid was present and reckless.

We would like to give the names of the young ladies who favored us with their presence but we cannot remember all and our impartiality would not allow us to omit any.

T. E. C.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'61. C. S. Wooten, Esq., delivered an interesting and instructive lecture at his Alma Mater on the 2nd inst. Subject, "The Nature and Theory of Government."

—'68. Mr. S. E. Overby is very acceptably discharging his duties as Superintendent of Public Instruction of Camden county.

—'71. Rev. C. Durham has declined the call to Baltimore.

—'72. Mr. C. H. Martin has determined to devote himself to the preaching of the Gospel.

—'75. H. R. Scott, Esq., of Reidsville, who has made quite a reputation as a good lawyer and fine speaker, will deliver the Alumni Address at our next commencement.

—'79. C. S. Vann, Esq., is now practicing law in Edenton, and has associated himself with Mr. Pruden.

—'80. One of the most successful merchants and thrifty farmers in Camden county is Mr. W. G. Ferèbee.

—'83. Among the full graduates at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary next June will be Messrs. E. S. Alderman and G. P. Bostick.

—'84. Mr. W. W. Kitchen, formerly editor of the Scotland Neck *Democrat*, has gone to Dallas, Texas:

—'84. Mr. C. L. Smith, now at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, is devoting himself to History, Political Science, and the history of Philosophy. He expects to take in addition the minor course in French and German. He thinks that he will succeed there, "thanks to the good foundation he got at Wake Forest," and finds that he gets on in class work about as well as students from the most noted Northern and Eastern colleges. We should be pleased to have Mr. Smith write us an article on Johns Hopkins University.

—'85. Mr. A. T. Robertson is leading the senior Greek class at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

—Rev. C. E. Gower is preaching for three churches in Davie county.

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Contributions must be written on one side of paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed to Business Managers.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.*

Once more the onward march of time brings before us this festive day. Our Anniversary has come; we bid it a hearty welcome. It is our privilege, my comrades, to celebrate the fifty-first birth-day of the two literary societies of this grand old college, and with glad emotions do our bosoms swell as the teeming events of the past crowd upon our memories. Well may the hearts of young and old shout for joy when the grand picture of the great results and of the noble young men who have received their training here confronts us; and I cannot be accused of saying too much when I tell you that the two societies whose anniversary we now celebrate bear a leading part in the accomplishment of it all. This assemblage and celebra-

tion are not an idle pageant. We have met to pay tribute to a real power, to honor a potential factor in the up-building of the character of the institution, and in the uplifting of the educational interest of our country. Will you, then, allow me to turn your minds for a moment to retrospection?

In the early days there stood to the rear of the Old Building a large wooden building, which, with many additions and improvements, is now occupied by the much esteemed president of our college. This building had been erected for temporary use. The first floor was used as a dining hall, the second served as a chapel. In this chapel our societies were organized. Two young men, James C. Dockery and Hiram K. Person, were selected

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comfortable house surrounded by four acres of land, satisfied with home and country?

How is it in the matter of education? Has the condition of England been improved by substituting a simply theoretical education of its youth for a more useful, practical one? In former days, young men chose their own professions, worked for their livelihood, drew from their own resources, grew up into full-sized manhood, physical and mental, and became an honor to themselves and worthy citizens of their country. And although other countries should be shaken by foreign wars or rent by civil feuds, though the world should be startled with the announcement of new worlds found wherein were numberless fortunes waiting for persons to take them, what cared they, so long as their own dear native land remained unshaken, and their cottage homes still nestled amid fields of living green!

But now a great change has come over the educational interests of England. Those to whom is entrusted the education of the boys, fill their heads with "book-knowledge" exclusively, aiming only to make them walking encyclopædias, and incite in their inexperienced brains aspirations after positions and records to which they must know they can never all of them attain. It is needless to state that such training disqualifies them for business, and turns adrift upon the public hosts of men of active minds without profitable employment, who are ripe for mischief—prepared to broach or accept the wildest theories and most dangerous dogmas,

whether of science, politics, or religion.

Now go a little further and see the result of such tendencies. It is a fact which needs no demonstration, that the continuance of any people's love for their country is dependent upon the kind of interest they have in that country. The skilled workmen, the moneyed men, the owners of ships, have property which is easily transferred from one country to another. Though patriotism may be nominally general in any country, yet the individuals of these classes will always seek their own interests by investing in the manner and in the place whence will accrue to them the greatest remuneration. Let a war come, when a country needs skilful hands to use the muskets, and the superabundant stores of its wealthy citizens to defray the expenses of the war, ships also to defend its coasts, and you may see the skilled workmen boarding with terrific haste a vessel bound for some distant land, a panic in the exchange will follow, and the wealthy men will be depositing by cable their money in foreign markets, and the ships will weigh anchor and sail majestically away to bear their burdens to other seas, and in the interest of another country.

The history of antiquity and the experience of nations now extinct, furnish incontrovertible proofs of the assertion that a man's love for his country is strongest when he owns a part of that country's land. In France there are 5,000,000 land owners, while in England there are only 30,000, and the populations are about the same. Now see the result to England of having so few men to own all the land.

The middle classes, the strength of any country, have been crushed out, obliterated, driven to other lands to seek a subsistence. What constitutes the English population to-day? There are the rich land owners, whose sons have grown up in shocking effeminacy, and the controllers of the government, who constitute the head; there are also the ragged, starving, street-strollers, who constitute the most subservient members; while the middle classes, who constitute the backbone of this giant, have been forced by circumstances to withdraw and cast their lot with other nations. Are not these direful results? And what is the remedy? The answer to this question brings me to the second part of this discourse.

The means by which, for the most part, England has extended her civilization has been colonization. In this way Americas have sprung up to be the rivals of their powerful ancestor, Australias and New Zealands have been reclaimed from cannibalism, and Indias have been induced to swing wide the massive doors of their well-filled storehouses to relieve the wants of suffering humanity. So rapid, indeed, has been England's progress in establishing colonies, that it is now said in terms of triumph by her historians that the sun never sets on her dominions. Now it must be evident to every thinking mind that it is an advantage to any country to possess strongholds in every quarter of the globe, so that whatever the danger, from what source soever it comes, it may with a minimum expenditure of force and money maintain its dignity

and defend its subjects from all encroachments. But, sad to say, those to whom is entrusted England's welfare, and who should endeavor by every means possible to increase her power and influence, have become indifferent to their trust and have so long neglected to give the required attention to her colonies, that already dissolution is being discussed.

But what are some of the pleas which have been urged in defence of such a course? With eloquent fervor which seems to proceed from a glowing patriotism, but which amounts to nothing more than a mocking sentimentalism, they speak of her immense traffic throughout the world, and her unrivalled commerce. Surely a country which is mistress of the seas, and so far outstrips her rivals in the amount and cheapness of her manufactures, has no immediate need for colonies, which are an additional expense to the honest tax-payers. They seem to forget that trade fluctuates just as the relation between supply and demand changes, and that these disorders, which chill the blood in the manufacturer's veins and bring starvation to the homes of the poor laborers, are by no means of infrequent occurrence. What then becomes of the foundation upon which this colossal nation rests? They will find, alas, too late! that it is one that crumbles at the least pressure of over-supply. During these times of stagnation in business, the laborers have to live on their scanty savings, wherever they have any. When these are exhausted, to avoid the heart-rending cries of hungry wives and children for bread,

great empire of India. See what mighty changes have been and are being wrought in its condition. Heathen devotees willingly dash to pieces their idols. Riches in unheard-of profusion flow from this huge storehouse of nature. New and greater capabilities are continually being discovered, and order out of chaos is being restored. Who can tell what will be the result of England's operations in Africa? Who will venture to predict that the Egyptian darkness of Africa may not be turned into the brilliant light of modern civilization, and that country take its stand among the foremost nations of earth? The settlements along the Congo and their commerce present a striking similarity to the first settlements in America, and the conjecture is justifiable that at some time there will arise in Africa a commonwealth rivalling the United States in wealth and magnificence. Here are, too, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and others, all children of the same foster-mother, exhibiting the same enterprising spirit.

And so, there is hardly a nationality in existence upon which the gentle dews of England's civilization have not settled with their invigorating, health-giving influences, keeping them alive through long droughts of mental and moral inactivity. At one time Romanism held universal sway in Christendom. The Pope, taking advantage of the grave ignorance of the masses, in order to do them still further wrong, kept them ignorant and sold them beds in hell under the delusive name of *pardons*. But when, with his Invincible Armada, he at-

tempted to crush the growth of Protestantism in England, he was overwhelmingly defeated by the British fleet, and on that day, as if angels themselves were the heralds of good news to all men, a cry that shook the earth and made thrones tremble went throughout Christendom that Roman Catholicism was defeated and the Bible was open to all. And when the French and the English were fighting for the supremacy in America, when Catholicism and Protestantism were bitterly contesting this continent, the men of England with their gallant leader proclaimed from the Heights of Abraham English ascendancy, and sealed forever with their blood the fate of Roman Catholicism on this continent. These were two important engagements in which England took part, and from the flashes of her artillery on these occasions have emanated sparks which have illumined well nigh every portion of the earth's surface. Carlyle, in summing up the extended area of England's influence, has well expressed it in these words: "Nature alone knows thee; thy epic, unsung in words, is written in huge characters on the face of this planet,—sea-moles, cotton-trades, railways, fleets and cities, Indian empires, Americas, New Hollands, legible throughout the solar system."

Better things even than these may be said of it. In the language and literature of the world, the voice of England, singing loud and clear, is heard distinctly above all others. Prose, poetry, science, philosophy, theology, all stand graced with the

writings and the fame of authors whose preeminence is universally conceded, whose genius and fertility are a constant mystery to men. Better yet, wherever the roar of the British lion has been heard, wherever English civilization has gained a foothold, there also the hum of anthems in praise of our glorious Redeemer has been heard.

Standing thus in the distance, and viewing the halo of glories which cluster around the British crown, and seeing the wreaths of laurels continue to multiply and chaplet after chaplet added, we turn with subdued spirits to look upon other lands to seek brighter prospects, to find fairer fame. But if we had visited the New Orleans exposition, and stood on the outside of that great engine, which produced such wonderful results, without going in to examine its structure or workings, we might justly have admired the whole, but could not have told how it worked or how long it could last. To understand a machine, you must see inside of it. So come with me and examine a few of the inner workings of England's machinery.

I have already given a brief outline of the work England has done in civilizing the world. But has she within her own borders made as marked progress as without? Is her internal condition better to-day than in times past? In the language of another, "mountains, old as creation, I have permitted to be bored through; bituminous fuel-stores, the wreck of forests that were green a million years ago,—I have opened them from my secret rock-chambers and they are

yours, ye English. Your huge fleets, steamships do sail the sea; huge Indias do obey you; from huge *New* Englands and Antipodal Australias come profit and traffic to this old England of mine.' So answers Nature. The practical labor of England is not a chimerical triviality; it is a fact acknowledged by all the worlds. * * * But coldly see the all-conquering sons of toil sit enchanted by the million in their Poor Law Bastille, mumbling to themselves some vague janglement of supply and demand, cash payment, free trade, competition."

There is perhaps as much wealth in England as in any other country on the globe, and yet it is so unequally divided that it is a curse rather than a blessing to her inhabitants. The relentless landlord, steeped in debauchery and revelling in luxury is sunk too deep in his horded millions to notice the poor, honest laborer, whom he too often defrauds and pitilessly turns outdoors to take as his only covering the broad canopy of heaven and to pillow his head on the unsympathizing earth. What a contrast to see here the palace of the millionaire from whose windows peep the sunny faces of cheerful children whose happy voices render the air musical, while on a neighboring hill is situated an asylum at the iron bars of whose windows may be seen the faces of raving maniacs and giggling idiots, rendered thus, in part, by undue hardships and poverty. Time was when this was not the case. Ah! who can tell how often this mass of suffering humanity recurs to other days, when each tenant sat by his cozy fire in his

to represent the societies, and chose alternately from the young men until all the names were taken. Dr. Wait gave the Euzelians their name, and Prof. Armstrong the Philomathesians theirs. Having only one hall, they met on alternate Saturday nights. Under these embarrassing circumstances, it is not strange that intense interest was manifested by both societies in the completion of the first building, which contained new halls intended for their use. This done, each society naturally desired the east, or front room, and the difficulty had to be decided by lot.

On a beautiful evening, just as the sun was approaching the western horizon, the two societies formed in procession and paraded to and fro under the shadow of these venerable oaks, attended with music, which, although home-made, was all-inspiring to the young hearts that heard it. After some ceremony, the two bands approaching the house of the president, a representative from each stepped upon the porch where they were met by a young girl, who, taking off an outside wrapper from a package, handed to each a sealed envelop. In one "East room" was written, in the other "West room." They marched off in different directions, and soon a shout was heard from one band, succeeded immediately by one from the other.

The beautiful design of our banner* has an interesting history. A letter from a lady signing her name Philomelia, was thrown under the door of a Philomathesian, suggesting this de-

sign and enclosing a handsome sum to carry it into execution. Very naturally, with one accord the young men decided that "Philomelia" must be young and beautiful; but history is not clear on this point. At all events, she was sacredly enshrined in their affections, and embodied in their minds all that was lovely and desirable.

It gives me pleasure to state that the first Wake Forest student and also the first to be initiated into the Philomathesian Society is still living, and is one of our most esteemed citizens—Major John M. Crenshaw. It is to him that I am indebted for much of my information as to the early history of the two societies.

Would that my story could be all of pleasure and none of sadness. But, in the midst of your gayeties and fond anticipations, I must say a word and pause to allow you to drop a tear of respect and regret. H. B. Conrad, M. A. Jones, H. B. Folk, are dead—died since last we met. Sad, very sad am I to say it, but here are three promising young men, well equipped for life's battles, who leave only their memories with us now. Nothing can be said of them but eulogy, and eulogy would fail to enhance the respect and esteem which all who knew them had for them.

Custom renders it necessary that I should discuss some kind of subject for your entertainment. I have chosen "England and her Colonies" as one not unfitting for the occasion and consistent with the enterprising spirit of the day.

*The Philomathesian.

The very name of England suggests enterprise, thrift, progress. Though it is a mere speck upon the globe when contrasted with other great empires and kingdoms, yet for influence upon the thoughts, manners, and civilization of the world, for energy, pluck, power, she is foremost in the list of nations. And the cause is not far to seek. There was a cause, prolific and potential, whose roots sank deep into a fertile soil. But revert to the early history of the commonwealth, and you will see that the population sprang from three sturdy, ferocious, lion-like tribes, all alike invincible and never to be stamped out in the race for progress. And their confluence gave birth to a new blood which lost nothing of its old Danish vigor, Saxon fervor, or Norman valor, but their fusion increased the speed and swelled the stream of English prosperity.

The embryo kingdom did not depend alone for success upon the valor and intrinsic worth of its population. But the sea-girt isle is washed on every shore by the waters of an ever kind and faithful protectorate. No wall of ancient Jericho is needed, for nature's lavish hand has supplied one far more durable, and this offers an effectual barrier against every invading foe. Not only did geographical situation afford protection to the young civilization which was springing up and sparkling like a beautiful fountain in a desert place, but the self-same power saw old England peer through the iron ages and become the "proud mistress of the sea." Thus, in brief, we have a hint as to the cause why it en-

joyed a career of almost uninterrupted prosperity for centuries, and at last blossomed forth for its ripest fruitage.

Have not the beneficent influences of this identical civilization become almost universal in scope? Where is the land on all the globe which does not enjoy the benefits of its discoveries, its commerce, or protection. The great spirit which stirred and swayed the people overflowed and could not be contained within the narrow limits of its own territory. In the long ago, young nations shot forth from the mother country like scintillations from a whirling fiery planet, and still the process goes on. One bright summer morn three centuries ago and more, Raleigh visited the sun-lit shores of our own Carolina. To him the country seemed beautiful and attractive as the realms of fairy-land, for the earth was all carpeted with green, and the yellow jasmines, with their delicious odor, surrounded by clusters of purple and other flowers, waved a massive bouquet of beauty in the strong light of the sun, and the wild inhabitants seemed to "live in a perpetual paradise." Along the coasts and wilds of this unexplored country, the seeds of small settlements were sown, which, after many struggles and greater perils, grew up to be fair daughters of British toil. Here we have great America, stocked with English customs, thrilled with English thought, graced with English culture, endless in resources, the rival of all countries, yet the child of English enterprise.

And behold, again, the same majestic spirit infusing its zeal into the

they are in constant attendance on the bar-room. When it is asked what shall be done with the laborers on these occasions, it is answered: "Keep them at home; we shall want them when trade revives. There may be no work for them at present. Their wives and little ones may be starving with cold and hunger; but still keep them,—all will yet be well." So answers the rich manufacturer; but experience answers, "Send them to the poor house."

Lord Chatham once said in the house of Lords, "I fear it is too much the temper of this country to be insensible of the approach of danger until it comes with accumulated terror upon us." If those fears were reasonable in that day, they are much more reasonable at present. Never, in the annals of British history, has England been called upon to pass through a more decisive crisis than that which now hangs over her. Though the wars and rumors of war, which so recently darkened her political firmament, have passed away, yet the goddess of peace and liberty shines with dimmed lustre upon her soil to-day. Ere long the clouds will begin to thicken with ever-increasing blackness, and unless England shall have some other dependence beside her 30,000 land owners, she must inevitably be overtaken by the impending storm and her name become a by-word among the nations.

An anti-federalist says, "In the future, power will depend absolutely on population plus material resources." And, again, the same writer says, "By her occupation of Egypt, England is

involved more than ever in the European system. Her troops must stay there and probably in the Soudan also. * * * And in Asia England is absolutely responsible for the government of 200,000,000 of people, while her rulers and agents are called on to watch with increasing vigilance the resistless strides of the eastern slavonic power." The writer uses this to establish his hypothesis that the colonies are a burden to England and therefore should be sloughed off as soon as possible. Take his first statement. The truth of it is evident at first sight. But, does England possess both population and resources? Resources in abundance she has to furnish the munitions of war, but whence will she secure the men necessary for a protracted war unless she plant colonies and rear them? Though she may have bullets and rifles sufficient to supply half a dozen worlds, they do not amount to anything unless there are men to use them. In his second statement, he seems to have forgotten that England's honor is at stake, and now that these colonies are on her hands she cannot throw them down at will except at a fatal sacrifice of justice and honor. And since, as he says, Russia will continue to make strides toward British possessions in Asia, and India will, in all probability, be the battle-field for the opposing armies, who can doubt that it would be of incalculable advantage to England to have in India a population of thrifty and well educated emigrants from the mother country?

It is the boast of all Englishmen that their country takes the lead in

manufactures, and that ships bearing her flag carry by far the greater portion of the world's commerce. It is with exultation that they speak of defying competition and of putting their wares in foreign markets in spite of exorbitant protective tariffs. But, greatly to the detriment of England's commercial supremacy, other countries have learned the art of economical manufacturing; the talent, resources, and natural advantages of other countries have been fostered, utilized, and improved, until to maintain the shadow, if not the substance, of her former supremacy, she has been compelled to resort to disastrous adulterations. These adulterations have been discovered, and as a consequence Sheffield and other leading manufacturing establishments are beginning to lose their prestige, and it would seem that trade, which some desire should be the foundation of England's national existence, is declining. Now, I submit that the cultivation of the colonies would be an effective remedy to this ever increasing evil, by furnishing a large market for her articles of commerce, thereby reducing the amount of her over-supply. The statement of these facts opens the way for my next proposition, that England ought to encourage emigration to her colonies, by giving emigrants the means of transportation and subsistence for the first year in their new home.

Human nature leads one to seek the field of labor from which he can derive the greatest amount of remuneration. America, a land in which the same language is spoken, in which good associations and influences may

be found, and, above all, in which skilled labor is in demand, has become the great centre of attraction for a majority of these emigrants. Of the 167,000 working men who have left England in a single year, 133,000 have come to this country. And what has become of their patriotism? They feel that they have been cast aside as worthless, treated with silent neglect, and, since they have been left to guard their own interests, they will do so even if it should involve the bitterest hatred to their native land. And, again, the population of England is over-crowded. The farm laborers have so multiplied that, after payment of rent, they can scarcely find subsistence, the cities and manufacturing towns are filled to overflowing, and distress among the poor is prevalent. Although this is the case, yet there is added an increase of over 300,000 souls annually.

Away across the ocean lie lands whose sadly whispering forests robe themselves in green and pride themselves in beauty as yet unseen, and birds of beautiful plumage nestle there warbling songs of marvellous sweetness on the untenanted air. In England is confusion, misery, starvation. The forests chant a mournful requiem, and the songs of the birds which flit restlessly among their protecting branches have a melancholy tone. Thousands of starving souls are standing on tip-toe on the shores gazing with fixed and longing eyes to those lands beyond, where work, pleasure, *life*, may be found. And will England continue to turn a deaf ear these cries of distress? Can this

country, that has been such a benefactor to mankind, which has raised other countries from darkness into light, and converted tribes into nations, still be insensible to the cries of her own helpless children? Can she afford to miss the golden opportunity of uniting her surplus population with her unoccupied territory? Can she have the heart to turn a deaf ear to the earnest appeals of her honest sons of toil for aid to reach some one of her distant dependencies?

The evils of which I speak are certainly working out results which, however, may be long delayed. But the

danger is none the less on that account. Silent influences, working slowly and imperceptibly, may put off but cannot prevent the consternation and ruin which, like some mighty avalanche, will at last overwhelm all within its reach. England, if she will exterminate the germs which are beginning to invade her vitals, may avert the fatal disease, and secure herself a long life of supremacy and authority; but neglect she to apply the remedy now, and her doom is sealed forever.

CHAS. E. BREWER.

TOM BROWN.

His father was a man of limited resources and could give him only a free-school education; but by diligent study he acquired sufficient learning to obtain a teacher's certificate, and taught a common school. Of course he could speak in public, write essays, and poetry(?). Why, once he really felt slighted and was indignant, because he had not been called on to speak while attending a public occasion where speeches were in order. Ah! how I wish he could have been a senior.

Just at this point in his history imagination comes to his aid and paints a panorama of bright scenes. He beholds the ideal eminence to which an educated man may attain, and thinks that a few years in school would place

him far on the road to fame. Collecting all his available funds he determines to go to college; and on the eve of his departure, many of his youthful acquaintances assemble at the old homestead, and after having passed the evening in mirth, they bid him good-bye with evident regrets that he is to leave their social circle. The morning dawned clear and beautiful; and the frozen dew glistened in the morning light. The sad farewells were said, and soon our hero was on his way to school. And being left thus alone with his own vain imaginings, the scene becomes more brilliant. He expects at least a score of the students to meet him at the depot, and after a warm welcome to conduct him to some stately room as an hon-

ored guest. Alas for air-castles! How soon and how utterly they are demolished!

The train moves rapidly, and after a short time the brakeman cries out "R—." Brown steps off, but instead of twenty boys to welcome and conduct him to the college grounds, he finds it necessary to inquire for directions and to tread the solitary way alone, carrying his valise like an Irish peddler.

He easily obtained board and lodging, and after some delay procured the necessary books and began his work. How surprising to him that his entrance in school created no excitement! Nay, he did not hear a single solicitation to join either of the literary societies. How strange! Why now, when a young man comes to college, several of the students are at the depot to meet him—even the ministerial students wait on him, he has a friend at each side, some one looks after his baggage, another prepares his supper, all are kind and courteous; and these attentions and courtesies last just about three weeks, after which the new students must fall back on their own resources.

This reception, or rather lack of reception, was, in Brown's opinion, anything else than rational. To his ears, solicitous as he was for some notice, even the odious term *New-ish* would have been pleasant, but he heard it not. Stung by this apparent neglect, he was compelled to remodel his air-castle. It was now evident that neither his good looks nor any dignified attitudes which he might assume could distinguish him among his fel-

lows, and he decided that he would show them his superior knowledge when he should enter the class-room,—he had led his classes at home and would do so here. How his sense of independence was shocked, when he heard some of the juniors and seniors talking of their "ponies!" The idea that he would ever stoop to such, was disgusting to him. And yet our hero found that in spite of all he could do, some of his class-mates excelled him; and ere long he admitted that "a poor ride is better than a grand walk." Hence he was willing to visit the scenes pictured by Virgil and the battle-fields described by Xenophon "riding."

Text-books, however, soon became monotonous, especially since he could not lead in any of his classes, and he readily turned his attention in another direction. It was with great interest that he would listen to the older students relating the pleasures which they had already realized, and their anticipated joys at the approaching Anniversary. The appointed day came at last. And notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large crowd assembled, and the debaters acquitted themselves well. Our hero's aspirations after fame were revived, and he saw Tom Brown a few years hence, standing upon the rostrum swaying with his irresistible eloquence, the charmed audience to and fro, hither and thither, like the yielding branches of the weeping-willow in the raging storm. But ere this vision was completed the crowd was dispersing, and Brown followed. Just outside the door friend D. taps him upon the

shoulder. "Say, Brown, have you an engagement for to-night?"

"No, I have not," said Brown.

"Well, then," responded Mr. D., "let me make one for you with Miss H."

Brown. "Miss who?"

D. "Miss H., she's a real nice lady." [They are always "real nice."] No 'stick' there; she can talk all the time."

Mr. D. makes the engagement; and just as soon as Brown can finish his tea, he retires to his room to arrange his toilet. The bell tolls; he hurries out in trepidation, calls Mr. D., and walks off with him to meet Miss H.

Now Brown was a modest youth, and though he had associated with the ladies a great deal in his own community, to meet an entire stranger, one who perhaps was a graduate, caused his heart to beat rapidly. He had been busy forming some outline of Miss H's. appearancé, and had painted her upon his visionary canvas as a dashing brunette (he was partial to brunettes) of low stature, well-rounded features, black eyes, dark waving hair, and of graceful carriage. But further comment upon this picture was here interrupted by the approach of Miss H. herself. The introduction is given, and Mr. D. disappears chuckling at the expression of disappointment resting on Brown's face. She was not a brunette, but tall and slender; of sallow complexion dotted with freckles, squinting grey eyes, red hair, and a halting step. Some comments upon the weather, and Tom proposes to start. He is anxious to get out; for although the

ground is covered with snow and the wind is whistling sharply through the ice-decked branches of the trees, his face is burning, and the perspiration stands out on his forehead like beads. Miss H. is very loquacious; but just as Brown begins to recover from his first disappointment she commits the grave error of asking him if he is not a senior. Nothing disreputable in being a senior, of course, but he was cut to think he must tell her "no, I'm a 'prep.'" They heard the orations, or seemed to hear, but he was thinking of what he might say when they should leave the chapel, and whether any one would come to his relief in the literary halls. The speaking over, thither they repaired, discoursing about the orations, the cold wind, the beauty of the halls, and the advantages of the library. Now they are seated, targets for observation and remark. No one seems to be acquainted with Miss H.; at least the young men do not seek engagements with her as they do with some of the other ladies; so there they sit in excruciating silence. For notwithstanding Miss H's. talkativeness in the beginning, her ball of information is soon unwound, and she has nothing more to say. Brown supposes that she is silent because he is only a "prep." Just a few steps distant a crowd of students have assembled, and are casting furtive glances at the silent couple. He can hear some of their remarks: "What red hair she has," said one. "I know his mustache will be singed," said another. "Hurrah for Brown!" whispered a third. For once he shuddered at his own conspicuousness, and

began to meditate upon a means of escape, vowing to all the gods, infernal and supernal, to offend them no more, if they would only grant deliverance now. He endured it as long as he could, then suddenly starting up, asked her to excuse him, and left the hall. He was forever ashamed of his conduct, and yet he thought that Miss H. could not be otherwise than grateful that he left her.

Brown has now learned that the common idea of school life is false; that instead of being a place of ease and pleasure, it means self-denial and work. He is satisfied with college-life, and meekly yields the laurels of literary fame to those who are willing to endure the toils necessary to attain them. For he finds that

The road to fame is thickly set
With many toils and deep regret ;
And only those the crown can gain,
Who'll bear the toil and share the pain.

The session closes and Brown boards the cars for home, a wiser, if not a better, young man. The thought of meeting the loved ones at home stimulates him; the disappointments and failures of his college career are soon forgotten; he dreams of home, parents, brothers, and sisters; and he imagines himself at church, where he sees all of his former acquaintances, as they crowd around him. But ere long he arrives at the station, his brother meets him, and at home he does receive a real welcome. What mother ever forgets her boy? But on the next day (Sunday) at church, alas! what another sore disappointment he realizes! The lady who had vowed everlasting fidelity to him, and had

suffered this vow to be sealed with a kiss, seemed quite indifferent to him. And, after all, such seals are of little import.

But this is a busy season, and people have something else to do than to listen to his narrations of what happened to him at college; so he finds himself very lonely. His thoughts go back to R—, and he reviews his stay there. Miss H. and his Anniversary adventure stand before his mind more prominently than anything else. In his loneliness he casts about for some sort of amusement; he must find something to divert his thoughts; and he resolves to try angling. When he arrives at the pond, he discovers his first mistake—he had forgotten to get bait, but happily he saw a gentleman some distance up the pond, and forthwith set out to borrow. Bait secured and hooks arranged, he fishes earnestly, but in vain. The fish get the bait, but he fails to get the fish. While at school he had learned to put on a good deal of style. As his legs were not large enough to fill up his pantaloons, he ordered the pantaloons cut to fit his legs; his shoes were of the latest pattern; he wore the cravat of the season; and his hat was "all the go." Thus attired sitting upon the bank a fearful stillness creeps over him. The sun is near the meridian; across the pond far up the hill the shimmering is visible; the cows have gathered under the shady trees with only the flies to disturb their meditations; and the sheep have crouched by the fence to shield themselves from the sun and the gnats. The pond seems to be deserted. No sound is heard save the oc-

casional tinkling of a bell, or the splash of some restless fish. Near the centre of the pond stands an old dead tree, around which has grown a dense cluster of willows. Surely the fish cannot be indifferent to such a cool retreat. So he procures a bateau, collects his tackle, and starts for this place. But Brown was a novice at rowing, and would not have ventured so much, if any one had been looking on; but thinking himself to be alone, and wishing to experiment with the oar a little, for Miss E., his lady love, had invited him to take a boat-ride with her, he pushed off and steered as best he could for this shady nook. The water being still he made good progress and soon reached the spot, and when near the old tree, he thought he would pull up to it and stay his boat; he reaches out for it, but is not near enough to touch it; he leans forward, and just as he lays hold of it, he kicks the boat from under him, loses his hold upon the tree, and down he goes into the water. What a dilemma he is in! His boat is drifting away in one direction, and his new hat in another, while he can barely keep his head above water. He makes the best use he can of what little art he has in swimming, and after much fatigue he overtakes his boat and clambers into it. He then rows through the burning sunshine bareheaded after his hat, and, having obtained it, pulls for the shore. Here he fastens the bateau, and having gathered together his fishing tackle, sets out for home. His face and hands are blistered, and his clothes are ruined; and wearied, wet, and hungry, and thoroughly satisfied

with angling, he reaches home just after dinner.

For the next few weeks Brown amused himself as much as possible by reading and sleeping. He had accepted an invitation to visit Miss E., and as the appointed day drew near he became more anxious to see his affianced. That was not a day of telephones, telegraph lines, and railroads, at least in his section, so he was compelled to travel by stage. The hour arrives, the driver sounds his bugle, Brown enters the coach, which he finds empty, and muses for a while in silence. But his spirits are buoyant, and he finds the silence oppressive, so he asks for the privilege of occupying a seat on the box with the sturdy old driver, preferring a droll companion to none. The coachman was quite an old man and amused Brown very much with recitals of his youthful adventures and hairbreadth escapes from Indians and wild beasts. But the sun shone very hot, and ere it had reached the meridian, Brown returned to the coach, longing for the end of his journey. He ate his lunch, and would have enjoyed his usual siesta but for the unmerciful jolting of the vehicle. He has grown very impatient, and cannot for the life of him conceive how the driver can stay in such a cheerful mood. Finally he reaches his destination, the coach stops, and he alights. The house where Mr. E. lived was situated upon an elevation about two hundred yards from the road. A broad avenue led up to it through an extensive grove of oak, maple, and hickory, then clothed in their deepest foliage. The avenue had been graded

and gravelled, and the flinty pebbles glistened brightly in the evening sunshine; it was also hedged with rose-bushes, many of which were in full bloom. Passing up the vista we find a profusion of evergreens and flowers. In front of the portico is a grass plat, heart-shaped, dotted here and there with geraniums and tulips. Starting at the little front gate two walks lead off serpentinely among the rich shrubbery to summer-houses, one on each side. The walks around the plat unite again and pass under an arch covered with eglantine, jasmine and honey-suckle.

As Brown approaches the house his heart swells and rises up into his throat, but the aromatic zephyrs calm his perturbed spirit, and he enters the parlor with sufficient self-complacency. Miss E. comes in and greets him warmly; and the evening is passed very pleasantly. Of course no one who has never experienced it can conceive of the joys of an engaged couple under circumstances so favorable, and, therefore, I shall desist from further remarks upon the pleasure of that evening.

On the following day, after having breakfasted, Miss E. proposed that they take a morning ride. Two fine horses, well caparisoned, were brought out, and with Brown's assistance Miss E. sprang lightly into the saddle, he mounted his restless steed, and they cantered off with gay and cheerful spirits. Not over mountains, around the peaks, and through the glens, with stumbling steeds and broken girths and romantic scenes; but over the meadows and through the cornfields.

Here is quiet beauty. The sun had arisen in all his splendor, and the blue canopy of heaven was unmarred by a single cloud. Brown is in exuberant spirits this morning. Nature seems to be at her best. And as they proceed through the meadows they hear from the adjoining fields the rythmical rustle of the scythe cutting down the yellow grain.

The meadows are soon left behind, and they are now passing through a dense forest. The road is level, and the sunshine is almost wholly excluded by the abundant foliage of elms and oaks, which have interlaced their branches overhead in a long Gothic-like arch. Very soon, however, they leave the main road, and turning to the right pass on in single file a short distance where they alight, and walk down to "Lover's Retreat,"—a name indicating the loveliness of the place. Tradition also holds that the place is enchanted. On the left bank of a little brook, whose waters, after leaping from bowlder to bowlder, plunge into an eddying pool, and then are lost in the thick undergrowth, and around which birds of various hues have gathered, and, flitting about, pour forth their sweetest strains, and where on the ground may be seen the dancing specks of light and shade as the sunlight pierces through the overhanging foliage, is an arcade of solid granite, covered and hanging with moss.

Having seated themselves upon this wild, rustic moss-cushioned seat,—the mechanism of nature,—Miss E. relates some of the strange stories about this noted place. One of which is as follows: The only daughter of a rich

aristocratic land-owner had fallen passionately in love with a young man who had been employed by her father as an overseer, and having disclosed her passion to the youth, found it fully reciprocated. When her father discovered the mutual attachment he in great rage drove the youth from his premises, threatening him with death if ever seen there again, and locked up his daughter in darkness with only bread and water that she might do penance. But she resorted to stratagem, and feigning forgetfulness of her lover and promising to see him no more, she was liberated and permitted to take her usual horse-back exercise, followed and watched, however, on all occasions by a faithful slave; and in her wild ramblings she discovered this charming spot. In the meantime her lover also had been roving in the forest, lamenting his lot, and, trying to think of some plan to procure the idol of his heart, had often lingered here and listened to the siren breezes that his soul might be comforted. The slave being left always at a short distance from this retreat to guard the horses, the lovers one day happened to meet at this very spot, and renewed their vows of constancy. Afterwards they met here daily. But ere long the slave, having grown suspicious, one day followed the lady, and found the lovers seated under this arch. The youth was so enraged that he rushed upon him, and a deadly struggle ensued, in which they rolled over the precipice and fell into the deep abyss. The youth was killed by the fall, and the slave was bruised and speechless. The lady with glaring eyes and a

frantic shriek sprang to the brink of the precipice, and when she saw his upturned face, pallid in death, she leaped madly from the ledge down upon her lover's corpse, gasped, and died. When the slave revived and was able to return and report the disaster, her father ordered that their bodies should be burned where they had died; and it is said that at times that mournful shriek may yet be heard, and that the light of the pyre may yet be seen.

Returning to their steeds they resume their seats in the saddle, and set out for home. Not, however, by the same road, but through the dark fields of corn. The sun has become quite hot, and the corn which looked so fresh this morning while dripping with dew, has begun to wilt under his burning rays. As they come again to the harvest fields, they observe that the weary reapers have halted to cool and sharpen their blades. Where in the early morning there was a waving sea of yellow grain the field is bare, the golden heads have been bound into sheaves, and here and there stacked together.

They have now reached home, and during all this time and amid all the bright scenes which they have witnessed, love-inspiring though they were, Brown had not been able to approach the subject which concerned him most. So he begins to upbraid himself, as soon as he is left alone, for having wasted such golden opportunities. As we have said already, he was tired of school, and intended to urge Miss E. to name an early day, but entranced by her beauty and accomplish-

ments and the fascination of the scenery, the morning had passed as an elysian dream.

Miss E. was a city belle, who had come to the country to spend the summer, and was perfectly aware of her queenly bearing and beauty. She had been admired always, and was confident of her power. She was a coquette, and was opposed to all monopolies. She divided her attention among a score of suitors, leading the diffident with smiles and checking the presumptuous with frowns. Her soft, black eyes and clear brunette complexion told of a nature cold and wary; and yet, so nearly perfect was she in the art of making herself agreeable, and so evasive, that, as Pope says,

“Elusive of the bridal day, she gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.”

And when Brown earnestly pressed his suit that evening, it was no task for her to evade a definite answer, and he was even made to feel that it was the most proper thing for him to wait until he had returned home.

The next evening had been set apart for their boat ride; but early in the morning the atmosphere was languid, and by noon the heat became oppressive. Toward evening one after another the black angry clouds loomed up beyond the hills; the lightning here and there flashed vividly, and the distant thunder kept up an awe-inspir-

ing roar. And still the clouds gathered more thickly; and against the dark background thus formed the lightning played its wildest freaks, and the forked bolts blazed earthward. The rain descended in torrents, and the storm continued far into the night.

Instead of a boat ride, then, Brown was kept indoors all the afternoon and evening. And early next morning, with a sad heart, he bade Miss E. good-bye, and joined company once more with the jolly old stage-driver. But this time many sweet memories filled his mind and heart, and though other travellers were in the coach, Brown was not much inclined to conversation. He arrived at home, and waited with inexpressible anxiety for a letter from Miss E.; for she had promised to give a final response to his urgent solicitations, which he supposed, poor fellow, would be to name the day for the celebration of their nuptials. The letter came. And oh! what woe it brought to Brown. Instead of naming the day, it contained the following words: “All between us, except friendship, must forever end.” To Miss E. the writing of this was only the consciousness that it would add one more to her list of victims; but to him it meant banishment, for very soon he set out for the wilds of the West. And there we must leave him.

B. R. INKLEY.

ALASKA.

[An Essay read before the Wake Forest Missionary Society, Feb. 7, 1886.]

During the spring of 1867, the United States Senate was the scene of a stormy debate over the ratification of the treaty with Russia for the purchase of Alaska. Upon that occasion Hon. Chas. Sumner delivered one of his finest and most eloquent orations. As he unfolded the resources of that vast land, distant and unknown, even learned men listened with eager interest. As he spoke of its grand possibilities, every heart was thrilled, and the determined opposition of many was overcome. And so on the 18th of October, 1867, Russian America, or Alaska, was formerly turned over to the United States, upon the payment of \$7,200,000.

The interest that had been awakened at the time of the heated debate in the Senate soon died away, and the American people almost lost sight of their new possession, or only occasionally spoke of it as "Secretary Seward's folly." This was not unexpected to that great statesman, nor did it shake his confidence in the value of that country; for, when he had retired to private life, he was one day asked, "Mr. Seward, what do you consider the most important act of your official life?" He unhesitatingly replied, "The purchase of Alaska." The old statesman was right. It was his crowning glory to have added a new empire to his country's domain; for it is, as its name signifies, an empire of itself,

Alaska being a corruption of the native word which means, "a great country or continent."

And indeed it is a great country, covering over 580,000 square miles, an area equal to the original thirteen States with the great north-west territory added,—or, in other words, as large as all the United States east of the Mississippi river and north of Alabama, Georgia, and North Carolina. According to a celebrated geographer, the island of Attu in Alaska is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of that city; or San Francisco is the great middle city between the extreme east and west of the United States, and it has been computed that the shore line up and down the bays and around the islands measures 25,000 miles, which, if extended in a straight line, would belt the globe.

Now, how many of us know anything at all about this wondrous land of ours,—this part of our own Republic. Would you imagine that it is the finest grazing country in the world, that cattle thrive better there than in our boasted Oregon,—that our well known blue-grass grows near Fort Wrangell, Alaska, six feet in height, and some even as high as seven? What would you suppose to be the climate of this north-land? Is it cold or hot? Every one of you would answer, cold of course, because it is 25° farther north than we are. And so

you will be surprised, perhaps, to learn that the climate of lower Alaska, where the largest cities are, is the same as that of Kentucky. At Sitka, the the chief city, the thermometer runs up as high as 100 in summer, and falls just about to 0 in the coldest weather.

To the traveller, this country is as interesting and pleasant as Switzerland or own "Land of the sky," for in summer the fields and woods are decked in carpets of green, and painted with as many-colored flowers as our own Sunny South. Vegetation is almost as rank as in the torrid zone. Mile after mile of level prairie stretches out as if to meet the horizon, reminding one of old ocean's billows, as the grass, reaching to a man's waist, falls and rises like the waves stirred by the breezes. Vast forests of timber cover the interior of the country, and these will no doubt, as Mr. Seward predicted, be the great lumber yards from whence the world will be supplied with timber; for it is only a question of a few years when the forests of Maine, Michigan, and Wisconsin will be denuded of their best timber. Then the county will appreciate those thousands of square miles of timber that densely cover the south-eastern section of Alaska.

Winter in southern Alaska is pleasant, as has been said, but the northern region is the land of ice and snow. Some one has beautifully said, "Nature has here graven her image in such colossal characters that man seems to move amid an ocean frozen rigid by the lapse of time,—frozen into those things we call mountains, rivers, prairies, and forests; rivers whose single

lengths roll through twice two thousand miles of shore line,—mountains rent by rivers, ice-topped, glacier-scarred, impassable. In summer, a land of sound,—a land echoing with the voices of birds, the ripple of running water, the mournful music of the waving branch. In winter, a land of silence, its great rivers glimmering in the moonlight, wrapped in their shrouds of ice, its still forests weird and spectral against the aurora-lighted sky." It is the region of the highest mountain peaks in the United States, some of them rising from the water's edge rear their crowned summits in the skies. Here, too, is seen the frequent track of the avalanche cutting a broad road from mountain top to waters' edge, and beautiful cascades born of glaciers or the overflow of high lakes pouring over mountain peaks, or "gliding like a silver ribbon down their rugged sides." Here are found the largest volcanoes in the upper Rocky range. There is a native tradition concerning one of the most noted of these, now extinct however, that is quite amusing. They say that the first Indian pair lived peaceably together for a long time; but on an unlucky day a family jar occurred, something quite unusual we are led to infer, and the husband and wife grew very angry with each other. For this the man was changed to a wolf, and the woman to a raven. The transformed woman flew down into the open crater of this volcano, lit on a stump, and is now holding the earth on her wings. When there is thunder and lightning around the summit, it is only the wolf giving vent to his rage while he is try-

ing to pull the raven off the stump. It would be a great calamity if she were to lose her grip; for then the world would be upset and all who live upon it would perish. So whenever it thunders the natives pound on the floor of their huts to encourage the raven to hold on to the stump.

But what of these natives that inhabit this mystical land,—their customs, their habits, and above all their religious views and tendencies.

As nearly as can be approximated, there is a native population in Alaska of 34,019, made up of several distinct races; from the little Eskimo of the north to the well formed six-foot Indian of the south, and they differ as much in their intellects and habits as they do in their stature.

The Indians live in villages of from three hundred to six hundred and eight hundred inhabitants. They are governed by chiefs who sit in council together. Their houses are built with only one room, and from twenty-five to forty feet square, without a window, the only openings being a small door for entrance, and a hole in the roof for the escape of the smoke. The door is three or four feet above the ground level, and opens inside upon a broad platform which extends around the four sides. The platform contains their rolls of blankets, bedding, and other stores. In the centre the ground is left bare, and here the fire is made, the smoke ascending through the hole in the roof. As in all barbarous lands the heaviest burdens and greatest degradation fall upon women, so in sections of Alaska they are treated as

dogs. From early childhood they are accustomed to every kind of drudgery and oppression. Many Indian mothers, to save their daughters from their own wretched lives, take them into the woods and stuff grass into their mouths and leave them to die. The worthy husband and lord makes his wife do all the work while he looks lazily on, enjoying the luxury of a pipe. The women are inferior in looks to the men,—the result of their harsh treatment, no doubt. All through that vast land wretched woman is systematically oppressed and made prematurely old in bearing man's burdens as well as her own. Said a great chief, "Women are made to labor. One of them can haul as much as two men." The husband's power over them is unlimited. He can torture or put them to death at will.

Sometimes upon the death of the husband one or more of his wives (for they are polygamists) are put to death so that he may have some one to wait on him in the next world. And yet girls of that country adorn themselves so as to attract the notice of the marriageable young men, so anxious are they to get married. When they (the girls) have reached that age when their parents desire them to marry, the lower lip is pierced and a silver pin inserted, the flat head of the pin being in the mouth and the pin projecting through the lip over the chin. Many of them, men as well as women, wear a silver ring in the nose as well as in the ears. The latter barbarous custom has extended all over the United States; and possibly the other would be adopted but for the conse-

quent interference with kissing, a custom not practised in Alaska.

Their courting and marriage customs are quite novel and perhaps will be interesting to some. We are told that when a man desires a wife, he simply sends a message to that effect to the parents of the girl whom he desires. If he receives a favorable answer, he sends as many presents as he can procure. On the appointed day, he goes to the father's house and sits down on the door-step, with his back to the house. The relatives who have assembled then sing a marriage song, at the close of which furs and calico are laid across the floor, and the girl is escorted over them and takes her seat for the first time by the side of the man. Dancing, singing, and eating are kept up by the guests until they are tired. In these festivities, the couple take no part. They then fast for two days; and, after a slight repast, fast two days longer. Four weeks afterward they are recognised as man and wife. Perhaps if there were more fasting upon similar occasions among our own people, there would be fewer divorces and more happy couples.

After marriage the silver pin is removed from the woman's lip and a larger plug placed in its place, and, as she grows older, larger ones are inserted; so that an old woman may have one of these ornaments two inches in diameter. The only reason that I can conceive for their having such customs is to keep the married woman from talking too much. As she grows older, her volubility is supposed to increase; hence the increase

in the size of the ornament in her lip.

These people have a religion of their own, as all races have, even though they be ever so unintelligent and savage. Theirs is a feeble polytheism, we are told; and they believe in a great variety of spirits both good and evil. None of them are regarded as supreme, however, nor have the majority any idea of a deity, a state of future reward or punishment, or any system of morality whatever.

"Thick black clouds portentous of evil hang threateningly over the savage Alaskan during his whole life. Genii murmur in the flowing river; in the rustling branches of trees are heard the breathings of the gods; goblins dance in the vapory twilight, and demons howl in the darkness. All these spirits are evil to man, so that they must be propitiated by gifts and prayers and sacrifices; and the religious worship of some of the tribes includes practices which are frightful in their atrocity."

Cremation is the popular manner of disposing of the dead, though some tribes raise the dead body in the air on poles and let it remain there. When a husband dies his wife, or wives, must cast themselves on the funeral pile and there remain till their hair is burned from their heads, if they are then able to rise they stand by the fire and keep their hands in the flame till the body of their husband is consumed. Their rites and ceremonies of religion are too many and elaborate to relate here.

And now we come to the most important part of our work as a nation and as Christians. What has been

done for Alaska in the way of civilizing and christianizing the native population? We must remember that Alaska is not a burden on our hands; for it costs our government nothing; but, on the other hand, two small islands off its coast are rented to a Fur Company for \$55,000 a year and a royalty on the furs taken of \$262,500 each year, so that up to date our government has about recovered what was paid for that country. Now, what is the government doing for this part of our domain? Not one thing worthy of note. It was a sad thing, in some respects, for the natives when Russia relinquished Alaska to us; for Russia did take some interest in the people, while the United States does not. On the 30th of June, 1793, the Empress Catharine of Russia issued an imperial order that missionaries should be sent to her American colonies. In accordance with this order, eleven monks sailed from Russia to Alaska, and in 1869 the Greek church claimed 12,140 members. The Russian Fur Company contributed toward the support of this mission \$6,600 annually; from other sources enough was contributed to make \$10,000. The first school was established in 1792 and taught the Russian language, arithmetic, and religion. In 1839 a girl's school was established for orphans. In 1841, an ecclesiastical school was opened at Sitka, teaching the rites of the Greek church. In 1860 a colonial school was opened. But when in 1867 this vast territory was turned over to the United States, the schools were suspended and the ministers of the churches returned to Russia, thus

leaving the field open for the American churches to enter in and possess the land for Christ. And in response to that call it was expected that the churches of the United States, with their pure religion and greater consecration, would send in more efficient agencies than Russia had done. But ten years rolled around and the churches did nothing. Ten years passed and hundreds of immortal souls, who had never so much as heard that there was a Savior, were hurried to judgment from a Christian land. Ten years came and faded into the cycles of the past, and thousands were left to grow up in ignorance and superstition, and form habits that will keep them away from the Gospel, if it should be offered to them. It is true that from 1869 to 1877 several efforts were made by both Methodists and Presbyterians to have a missionary sent to Alaska, but without any success.

By the efforts of Hon. Vincent Colyer, Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners, Congress appropriated \$50,000 for educational purposes; but no one was found who would administer the fund, and consequently it was not used. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," so we are told, and it has not been better exemplified than in Alaska; for after the failure of all efforts on the part of Christians to send a missionary to that country, it was left to a party of nine Indians to start the Christian movement in that benighted land. The Indians went in the spring of 1867 from British America, where they had been

taught the Gospel by English missionaries, to Fort Wrangell to obtain work. Unlike many who leave home for strange places, they carried their religion with them, and they met together for worship as was their custom when at home. And thus, through these nine uneducated Indians, missions were commenced in the Territory. These men determined to build a church and, with the assistance of the whites they did so, and an Indian did the preaching.

On the 10th of August, 1877, Mrs. McFarland, a noble woman, landed in Alaska to begin Presbyterian missions. To follow this Christian lady and the others who have since joined her in her nine years of labor, would be too long a story for recital now, interesting as it is. Suffice it to say that the work has prospered far beyond all expectations, though hampered greatly by lack of funds and assistance.

There are now in Alaska four or five Presbyterian churches, some ten or twelve Russian-Greek churches, besides four or five schools for girls and boys. The people who have come under the influence of religion have been wonderfully changed; where once they lived in huts and wore the dress that nature gave them, now they live in nice frame houses, provided with the simpler furnishings of civilization; and on Sabbath and festal occasions the men dress in broadcloth suits and calfskin boots, the women in

calico and silk dresses modelled after the fashion plates received from San Francisco. They wear no bangs as yet, though they may get them later on.

In one little town of 266 inhabitants, \$7,000 were raised to build a church. Can we equal or surpass that? They learn our language quickly, and long for teachers; and the christianizing of them is, with God's blessing, simply a matter of men and money. They are like fields white for the harvest. They have become convinced that the Lord is the true God, and many are beginning in the simplicity of ignorance, yet with earnestness and faith to pray for light, and wisdom, and strength. Many an Indian has buried his old heart in the ground, and left there his old ways. From many a wigwam, where but a short while ago charms were revered and demons invoked, now ascend with un-failing regularity the songs and petitions of awakened men. Childish lips have learned to lisp "Our Father which art in heaven," and adults to sing "What a friend we have in Jesus." Cannibalism and cruel savagery have given place to the preaching of Christ, a Savior suited to the Indian's deepest need. Souls have been saved and Christian churches formed. How they long for teachers and missionaries. They say, "How long before a missionary comes? How long?"

W. J. SHOLAR.

EZEKIEL'S ROCK.

Friend, you have heard of Ezekiel's rock, have you not? I am almost sure you have. Why, Ezekiel!—everybody knows his story; how his sweetheart killed him. "Neyer heard it"? Look here, that is strange. Although I don't remember ever to have seen the facts recorded in history, I thought every one almost had heard of this incident, and the curious circumstances attaching to it. Well, then, here's a good place for me to do the world a little favor by inserting a part of history heretofore left unheeded. True, 'tis not very long, and yet it might be made long without much difficulty by simply introducing a little fiction. As I am going to turn historian, though, it is out of my sphere to supply what I cannot substantiate, for some one else who knows more about this story than I do might prove my statement false, and then I would be in a pickle.

To make a short story short, then, Ezekiel was a very unfortunate man—in fact, one of the most unfortunate of those whom fate loves to "play at dice" with, for he is said to have been poor, and in his poverty proud; but above all the strokes of adversity, the most miserable and fatal was, that he *fell in love!* Just think of it! and in your thoughts pity him (though now beyond the reach of pity) and all others of like nature—at least, all who happen to like ends. But I must go on with my story, and relate what I would might be left untold. One

evening he prevailed upon his sweetheart to take a walk with him. After gathering flowers along the river banks for some time, they came to a large rock which juts out into the river and is said to be a hundred feet high. Here he determined to risk his fate, and told again, as he often had done before, his love, pleading for a return of the same, but all in vain. Finding his efforts futile, his love unreciprocated, and himself rejected, he unfolded to her his last proposition, which was, that, unless she would promise to be his bride, hers would be a watery grave. Why will women force men to such rash determinations? Is it because they *cannot* love them that thus they spurn and scatter to the wind the most sacred of human feelings? Why is it that they, who have so much influence over man, are not able in such cases to rule themselves? I, of course, will not try to answer these momentous questions, but proceed with facts. Having laid before her his resolve and her alternative (which, no doubt, he considered a fair one), he turned his back a moment for some purpose, when the affrighted girl springing forward pushed him from the rock, thus unexpectedly to try the great future.

Here ends the story of Ezekiel and his unfortunate love; no history (as it seems) hands down his name, either as a great philanthropist, or murderer, and there is nought to remind us that such a man ever lived, save what is

found in legend. His sweetheart, too, is dropped right here—her praises alike with her curses left unsung by poets.

Living within 15 miles of this rock and having always heard the strange story connected with it, it was my desire from childhood to pay it a visit, but I never had that pleasure until some few years ago, when a party of us made up what is styled by Mrs. Fisher as “the dullest of all social amusements”—a picnic. Our number, including the chaperon, amounted to nine. It was about the last of May, when winter had wholly yielded to the gentle touch of spring—May, the month for lovers' love and the praise of poets; the month of flowers and song, when Nature's great heart seems to open and bid her children seek their *alma mater's* home of beauty, and list alone to her enchanting lays.

The morning set for our trip, we were all up before day; some arranging baskets, others getting the horses in readiness, all with one end in view—pleasure. Did you ever go on a picnic? If you never did, let me caution you a little: always begin to get ready two weeks before the appointed time, for it takes almost a thousand and one *little* things to get in readiness, and then if you don't mind, something will be left. That has always been my experience, and so it was this morning. At last, though, after busying ourselves for a considerable time with these little nothings, we drove out of the yard just as the first streaks of the rising sun were gilding the purple east; each one wearing a

countenance which bespoke a heart buoyed up with anticipation of a happy journey, or rather of happy hours after the journey. I might spend some time in describing the beautiful country through which we passed, spotted with green meadows and fields of ripening grain. I might stop to point out some of the shady spots watered by laughing streamlets on whose emerald banks Horace would have delighted to stretch himself, and sing of his Lalage—all this and more I might mention; but, for lack of space, will refrain from giving the minor points, and hasten onward to the more important ones.

About ten o'clock we began entering a great forest, the country becoming more and more hilly every hundred yards; so much so, indeed, that I began thinking we would be compelled to dispense with our wagons, but I soon found that this was unnecessary for all at once a cry of “the Rock! the Rock!” was raised with almost as much enthusiasm, I imagine, as the men of Columbus shouted “*Land!*” I stretched my eyes as wide open as I could possibly get them with safety to my optic nerves, but no “Rock” appeared. Having alighted, I with my partner followed the crowd which proceeded up a steep hill at a miraculous rate considering the roughness of the road over which we had travelled and the magical art that wagon seemed to possess of jostling one's sensibilities out of him. Suddenly all came to a halt, which I could not understand, for all looked as if they were determined not to go another step farther, but were content to stay a

day or such a matter in their present situation. In a few minutes, however, everything was made clear, for on joining our companions, the river, as if by magic, all in a moment came in view, flowing grandly by about a hundred feet below, and we were not more than ten feet from its brink on the very rock from whence the unlucky lover had been dashed. It cannot be stated for a certainty, though, that this is the very rock, for there are many precipices of a like nature up and down the river in this region, some of which are higher than this one, yet it is quite likely this is the place. Had you not known you were on a rock you never would have recognised it, for it was covered some feet thick in soil, which in addition was carpeted with rich velvety moss, forming as a whole, indeed, a very romantic spot. We remained for some time here in social conversation and admiration, until the novelty began to wane somewhat, then began searching for change of scenery and amusement, each one as suited best his temperament. Some, for instance, preferred the occupation of plucking and arranging into bouquets the various flowers which were abundant everywhere; others not so romantic in their ideas, whiled away the golden moments shooting terrapins and bull-frogs, which were quite numerous in the river. I did not strictly belong to either of these classes, but having a good deal of the romantic spirit about me, I could very easily dispense with the frog chase, choosing instead to observe the various forms which nature assumes in this secluded little world of beauty.

Now, as I have before intimated, this is by no means a table-land, especially on the eastern side of the river, where it was our good fortune to be. Great jagged hills loom up almost perpendicularly, which look like infant mountains, such a wild and grand appearance do they display compared with the country around. Being of a nervous turn of mind, I could not be satisfied long at any place, and so with my companion, another boy, and his companion, I mounted and descended hill after hill, stopping as we gained the summit of each to admire the beauty unfolded on every side, but anon being enticed onward by the bright flowers and murmur of some streamlet purling over its rocky bed through the valley below. After repeating this several times, that other boy and his companion declared they were broken down, and could not keep their breathing apparatus in order long enough to climb the hill just before us, which was, indeed, considerably taller than any we had come to. On inquiring of the immediate sharer of my part of the amusement how she felt on the subject, her reply was as I wished, but hardly anticipated, that she was not at all tired, and should like "ever so much" to climb the next hill. So leaving our fellow-travellers happily seated in the shade of a great spreading oak, we began our ascent, which was found to be not so tedious after all, for like athletes for the prize we pressed on towards the summit, and having gained this point, like those who really know how to appreciate rest, allowed ourselves to be easy under the protection of the thickly

matted boughs and vines which formed a kind of arch as if to shield from the sun the tender beauties which lay beneath them. But even here I could not be content, seeing just a few yards further on what appeared to be a tunnel in a solid ledge. Desirous of investigating the matter farther than appearances went, we approached it, finding as we did so that our visual organs had not been deceived, but that it was indeed a tunnel hardly high enough for a person to stand up in without being scalped, one end of which opened landward, while the other terminated at the very brink of the river. I, boy-like, wishing to "show off," having gone through it, tried to wind around its base and gain the apex, but just as I was pulling myself up, the bush to which I was holding suddenly broke, and had it not been for the timely aid of my fair companion, I, like my unlucky predecessor, would have found a watery grave. After this little incident, my imaginative powers began to grow somewhat more tame, and I began to get back a little of my common-sense.

I don't mean to say by using the term "common-sense," that I became insensible to my surroundings; on the other hand, I would convey the idea that I had just begun to be appreciative. This was a place, indeed, where the lover of Nature might "hold communion with her visible forms;" where the poet might tune his harp, the painter learn of beauty. Everywhere innumerable wild flowers were blooming, the air redolent with their sweet perfumes, while the forest songsters were filling the world with melo-

dies. Adown the hillside large sharp rocks could be seen sticking out in Nature's artistic disorder, as if thrown from the bowels of the earth by the fury of some *Ætna*, over which the honeysuckles and ivy clambered for support. Looking across the river, the country could be seen for miles stretching away to the north in its broken appearance, relieved by green pastures and fields of cotton and corn, while to our rear lay a great sylvan world in its glory, its rich foliage gently swayed by the creeping zephyrs.

While thus we lingered amid such scenes moments were flying, and judging from an "inner consciousness," I thought it about dinner time. Now, there is a great deal more truth than poetry in these lines from Lucile:

"We may live without love; what is love but repining?

But show me the man that can live without dining."

And realizing the full force of this thought, we bid these things of sight adieu for a while to search for something more substantial. It seemed that we never would get back to the place where we left our companions, and after we did reach the spot, they could be found no where. "Halloo!" I shouted not less than fifty times, I'm sure, before I could call forth a faint response to my alarms. At length out of breath, tired, and almost dying of hunger we found them, only to be told that a dog or something else had devoured our dinner! "But," they added, "you can live off of love." Now, there are some things a fellow can stand, but to be thus cut out of

his dinner when he is all but perishing, with his anticipations at their zenith, and in addition to the calamity (for it is a calamity), to be laughed at and put off with the sarcastic irony of the expression, "Live off of love"—this I say is almost unbearable; it raises one's latent passions, makes his blood boil, his fist involuntarily clench, his teeth chatter, and his hair stand on end. That is the way it affected me. My companion, on the other hand, as girls generally do, arrived at the right conclusion in a second, viz., that it was all a joke. So every one seeing that I was the only "sold" person, pointed his finger at me. I, of course, felt ashamed of myself somewhat, but still I could not refrain from wanting to thrash some one, and I had a mind not to eat anything "for spite." However, I could not exactly get the consent of my digestive organs to this mode of procedure, and after moralizing awhile I joined the crowd, where they had retreated to evade my fury and prepare dinner, just as the last viand had been placed on a table of moss and violets. Amid a thick cluster of oaks and elms at a short distance bubbled a crystal spring, which flowed off in a stream so silently that its purling seemed like a zephyr's note. I don't think all the glories of Switzerland could have had more charm for me then, than did this spot of fairy-like cast.

Unlike my treatment of it that day, I will touch lightly on the dinner, only remarking that I ate enough (or nearly so); then refreshing myself with a draught from the cool spring, allowed myself to stretch beside the

softly-tuned stream to be rocked for awhile by the musical waves of dreamland's ocean. Awhile, did I say? It must have been a good long while, for on awaking, the sunset tints were fading into purple and gold, the birds had hushed their strains, and all nature seemed to be going to peaceful rest. At first I could not quite realize my whereabouts, especially as I was alone. Seeing a blanket thrown over me, however, and at a little distance a hut, I came to my right mind, for I remembered that it was our intention to spend the night; what puzzled me, though, was that I was left alone.

Hastly arising, I went to the baskets, obtained a lunch, and set off in search of my deserters in the direction of the Rock. Whether it was caused by some dream, or was a child of fancy, I know not, but a presentiment seemed to possess me of some impending fatality. Besides, I was alone in a dark wood, going to a place where there had been a murder committed. As I entered a thick cluster of trees, the stillness was so oppressive that I involuntarily held my breath, and tried to catch some sound of human voices, but all was still as death. Once I had a notion of turning back, so strongly did the idea urge itself upon me that all was not going to be right; yet I braced myself up, plunged into the woods, and soon reached the river without either being killed or wounded. Working my way through the bushes which grew along the banks, I came to the very edge of the rock, and pulling off my hat sat me down on the silent cliff.

Twilight's soft tints were giving

place to the moon's pale beauty, and a few stars, like far-off sentinels, were gleaming out. But wait a short while. Ah! how beautiful. The moon's dewy rays had dimmed the faint glory of departing day, and over the river which swept majestically by at my feet, she hung serene, flinging on every hilltop her mellow light, falling on the emerald arch of the forest trees with a touch far lighter than the "breeze that brushed the orient dew," and filling the world with light of unspeakable softness; while the bending heavens were hung with brilliant lamps, which gleamed in their far-off galaxies as from the camps of angels. The breezes which floated from their forest home, laden with aromatic sweetness, silently stole their way over the moonlit hills, and all was hushed along the stilly banks, save the croaking of the restless frog. But hush! There came borne on the stillness of night, strains of distant music, which was so sweet that even the zephyrs seemed to stop and listen. Closer and closer it came until the dip of oars could be faintly heard, and soon the outlines of boats were distinctly visible. As the foremost one approached within a hundred yards, on one end of it, I descried a young girl sitting, whom the fairies might have mistaken for Titania herself, so lovely was she, with her tresses let loose to the breeze, a guitar resting on her lap, and the moonshine falling full upon her "fair young face;" while on the other end sat a girl and boy, who, forgetful of his oars, was holding instead the lily hand. Why was it? In a moment a keen pang—they call it jealousy—shot

across my breast, which turned the music a moment ago so sweet, to harsh discord; drained the moon of all her beauty, drank all freshness from the breeze, stole the violet's perfume, plucked all poetry from nature, and made the place itself a very wilderness; for I recognized that it was *my* girl whose hand he was holding, and he was my *rival*. The circumstances I knew nothing of, but whatever they might be, this was "proof as strong as holy writ" that she was smiling favorably upon him—*him* whom then in my rage I could have almost annihilated. Ah! then I fully understood in a second why I was left alone sleeping. The rascal! 'Twas his doing, to get the girl away from me, take a moonlight ride down the river, and steal my pearl! Too proud to let myself be discovered, too proud to allow him or her to see how my soul was racked with mad, blinding passion, too proud then in all my weakness to ask the succor of a world, had it been my privilege to do so, I retreated into the bushes that they might pass me unobserved. After they had passed, I came from my place of cover, and for a moment thoughts of Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be," impressed themselves on my mind so strongly that I was almost persuaded "to take arms against my sea of troubles," and plunge myself into eternity. The idea occurred to me how sweet it would be just to sleep forever beneath the shadow of that stately old rock, and to be sung to by the grand old river.

Finding that I had rather hold on a little while longer, though, I turned short around and retraced my steps to

the camping ground. Again I went to the cool spring, drank deep of its crystal bounty, and lay me down by the unimpassioned streamlet to learn of it, and tutor my countenance to meet my companions boldly, yea, with a smile, as if nothing had happened.

And this, I thought, is what I had a presentiment of, is it? Ah! better, a thousand times better, that I had met some actual misfortune than thus to be racked in soul, and unfit for life or death. But perhaps I am mistaken after all, and that was not my girl, or if it was, may-be that there was some cause for his holding her hand, for which he was excusable. Suppose, too, that it was not my rival, but the girl's brother (for he was in the party); or suppose it was neither. As such thoughts coursed through my fevered brain, I began to get back to my former self, for hope was again coming to life, which a few moments lay crushed. But I could not remain in doubt, I would know the truth, and if it turned out as I first thought, brace my nerves up to bear the shock, and no longer play the fool.

So for the second time I directed my steps toward the rock; this time heedless of every thing save knowing the truth. Just as I reached my former seat, I heard beneath the ring of merry laughter, and on going a few steps down the river I saw the party sitting in their boats, which were moored, and all enjoying the moonlight, and preparing to sing their good-night song to the "Queen of Night."

Reader, my locks are not yet silvered with age, my experience not half ripe, nor my knowledge of the world mature at all; yet I have one piece of advice to give you, which I have acted on ever since that night. It is this: Judge not by appearances, nor too hastily at any time. Would you believe it? Could I then believe it? That was my girl who was playing the guitar, and that other boy was holding his own girl's hand! I was ashamed to meet my friends, but I could not stay back longer, and so I suddenly burst upon them, who shouted as I did so, "Why, Rip Van Winkle, where do you hail from?"

Reader, I will not tire you longer. Suffice it to say that the moonlight ride, at my request, was repeated; this time the fairy queen with a partner who was willing to drift adown the river forever with her. I will not carry you farther into the minutiae, but simply say that, after the ride, we betook us to our tent, and locked us in the arms of slumber and of dreams. Our trip home was very enjoyable, for we were at liberty to revel in memory's "sadly-pleasing" train. Those days, though, now are gone, and sleep alone in the eternal past; nor can I look back to them without feelings of gratitude to the Hand that guided me on that night. Memory wreathes her richest garlands around their hallowed sheen, and to have lived without them, would be ne'er to have lived at all.

GEORGE CLARENCE.

 MODERN PATRIOTISM.

It is frequently insisted that we are less patriotic than the people of ancient times. Often do we hear the deeds of the old Greeks and Romans lauded to the skies, their patriotism described as something marvellous; and it seems that we poor mortals who are so unfortunate as to live in this unpatriotic age will never cease to hear of "glorious Marathon," "unparalleled Thermopylæ." Now I grant at once that the battle of Marathon influenced to an incalculable extent the general progress of the world's history and that the contest at Thermopylæ was an important, a very important engagement; but as to the patriotism manifested in these battles, I do contend that much more has been displayed in battles of modern date.

Why does Marathon stand so high in the estimation of the lover of ancient times? Ten thousand Greeks, aided by about six hundred more from Plataea, met and defeated an army of undisciplined barbarians, ten times their number. How often in engagements of modern times has victory been gained under much greater disadvantages! Did not Charles XII. of Sweden, that brilliant meteor which so astounded all Europe and set at naught the skill and experience of its ablest generals, accomplish as much before Narva, when with eight thousand gallant Swedes he utterly overthrew a disciplined Russian army of fifty thousand men, as did Miltiades and the ten thousand Greeks at Mara-

thon? At Thermopylæ three hundred Spartans attempted to withstand the immense army of Xerxes. At first this does seem really heroic, an example of unparalleled patriotism. But let us go a little further. Among the Spartans there was a law which prohibited the Spartan soldier from leaving on any account the post assigned him; he must either conquer or die. Now, who would not rather die gloriously on the field of battle than suffer an ignominious death for having left one's post. Thus it was not patriotism simply that stimulated Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans.

In recent times patriotism has reached its acme. In modern Greece do we see it developed to as great an extent as in the ages of antiquity? Only a few years ago the Greek nation was in a state of bondage. Greece, the land of poets, philosophers, and statesmen, was being taught by the servile, mindless, enervate Ottoman, the relation of the slave to the master. Every conceivable wrong was heaped on this downtrodden people, and if ever there is a time when men could reasonably despair and give up all as lost, surely that time had come to the Greeks. But did they despair? Did they expel from their hearts the love they bore their native land and servilely bow to the Turkish yoke? No; but from year to year did they strive to repel the invader from their bounda-

ries; bravely did they fight for the liberty of the land they loved so well, nobly did they strive to save it from desecration by foreign foes. Never losing hope, they persevered from year to year till victory perched upon the banner they had followed for so many years with varying success. Never was more patriotism manifested than by these Modern Greeks in the contests which they waged for the preservation of their rights and the liberty of Greece. Who has not heard of Marco Bozarris, the hero patriot of Modern Greece? Who has not read with admiration of the illustrious deeds of this self-sacrificing man? How often at dead of night in the forest glades of his native land did he adjure his followers in the name of all they held dear and sacred to stand up for Greece in its time of need! His was the voice that upheld the hopes of his bleeding countrymen in time of gloom and disaster. His fate it was to die on the field in one of those hard fought battles in which Greece's cause won. And his dying words were, "To die for the liberty of my country is a pleasure and not a pain."

"Bozarris, with the storied brave,
Greece, nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee, there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

Again, in reading of the contest between the Christians and Moors in Spain, though our sympathies are with the followers of the cross, can we avoid recognizing the patriotism displayed by the Moors? How they

loved beautiful Granada! How completely was the love of its fertile plains and valleys ingrafted in their hearts! They fought from town to town, now meeting the Christian hosts in the open plains, now descending from their mountain heights, like eagles from their lofty eyries upon the prey beneath, carrying death and dismay into the Christian camps. Yet it was all in vain. What could patriotism avail against such forces as they had to contend with? No longer do the marble halls of the magnificent Alhambra echo the tread of the Moorish cavalier. All is changed. Yet the patriotism of these people will remain one of the marvels of history.

Never did a people show more of this quality than the Poles in the Polish war of Independence. Three empires were arrayed against their devoted country. But they made almost superhuman efforts to place their government on a substantial basis. Then they rose against the foreign invader. Every means human sagacity could suggest was employed against their foes. Again and again did the sons of Poland take their stand against the birds of prey swooping down for the partition of their native land. In vain were their efforts to war off the rapacious and sudden attacks of they greedy monsters, to whose eyes they were an inviting prey; and Poland fell, as some think, to rise no more. Yet that revolution gave to history some of its most illustrious names. It discovered men whose patriotism has never been surpassed. What man ever lived more patriotic than Kosciusko? So great a lover of liberty

was he, that when he had fought with the courage of a lion to uphold the fortunes of his country and had witnessed its dying struggles, he retired to America to aid our sires in their war for independence.

To the modern history of Hungary let us go. There too we find the love of country next to that of God. The inhabitants of this country have had their war for independence. They can point to deeds of heroism, of self-sacrificing patriotism. They can tell you how they revolted from the tyrannical yoke of the house of Hapsburg, the natural oppressors of man. Unlike unhappy Poland, Hungary's cause was successful; and to-day the inhabitants of Hungary are free and independent. They have their Washington in the person of Kossuth.

Italy, so long under a tyrannical yoke, is now a limited monarchy; but without Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, and those who sacrificed their lives, their property, their all, what would Italy be to-day? Her modern history has been one of heroic struggles for liberty, and no name will occupy a brighter or more prominent place in history than that of Garibaldi.

We, the inhabitants of this free country, a land not to be excelled in the glory of its past or the prospects for its future, have soul-inspiring recollections. We have events to celebrate that the wildest reach of poetic vision never saw nor the searching eye of the prophetic philosophy of ancient day ever looked for. We as Americans, as descendants of those skilful, liberty-loving architects who reared for us, amid the horrors and desola-

tion of war, this vast and mighty temple of freedom, this republic of republics, have to celebrate the most valiant experiment pictured on the panorama of the past—to establish the banner of freedom securely over a nation downtrodden by the iron heel of tyranny; an experiment crowned with a most glorious consummation. It would be a needless and presumptuous task, were I to attempt to spread before you the scenes of bloody suffering and arduous toil that followed the declaration of independence; these each one can picture to his own mind, if he follows back the associations of our national gala-day to their birth. Proud as I am of our country's glory and of the incomparable influence she wields among the nations of the earth, I am proud to know that cherished memories of those undaunted spirits whose trusty swords won for them the brightest records on the scroll of fame, will ever be bound in an indissoluble union with her fortunes. I admire the superstition that led the ancient heathen to deify those who had shed the brightest lustre upon their times and conferred the highest benefits upon their fellows; and, while respecting the false teachings of a blind superstition, the names of '76 will ever be cherished in my heart. They need no marble pile, for each martyred patriot has to-day, and ever will have,

“As long as there is a human being on earth,
A freeman, the record of his worth.”

In vain their bones unburied lie, all earth becomes their monument. What period of ancient history ever produced such men as Washington, to whom so much honor and reverence

are due; Ashby, the exponent of true patriotism, the man whose eyes flashed fire when the wrongs of his country were mentioned, who in the heat of battle, when the air resounded with the cannon's deafening roar and the din of clashing steel, could be seen on his noble white steed ever charging his country's enemies; Jackson, whose death a nation mourned, whose love of country has never been surpassed, whose character fanatical writers dare not attack with their slanderous pens; Albert S. Johnson, who fought to his dying day in behalf of oppressed mankind; Lee, the grand old cavalier of the South, the man whose character was the very essence of nobility, truth, virtue, and patriotism, the man whose every action, every word, betokened love of country, how he could best advance the interests of the land he loved so well. His name will be

handed down to posterity hand in hand with that of Washington and the other great fathers of liberty; future generations will bow at the shrine of his glory. Ages will pass, and history will drop some of its illustrious names, but the name of Lee, the "Old Roman," will never, can never be excluded from among the brilliant characters that forever will adorn its glittering pages.

No, we are not less patriotic than the people of ancient times: history, experience, all, declare in favor of modern patriotism. The graves of the thousands slain at Gettysburg and of those who fought, bled, and died on a hundred different battlefields—who baptized the Southern cause in their blood, all bear me up in the statement that modern patriotism is not inferior to ancient patriotism.

J. M. BRINSON.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

For forty years Cromwell remained in comparative obscurity, leading the life of a simple English farmer. The old home and fire side, with the loving wife and merry children, were dear to his heart. The farm and all its surroundings recalled the days of youth, when he sported upon the green, and sat a-stride his father's knee and listened with delight to the recital of deeds of heroic valor accomplished by the knights of James I. The political questions were not of sufficient

importance to induce him to abandon the pleasures of home to seek recreation in public disputes. He had no love for fame, and therefore left these contentions to those with whose nature they more conformed.

But he was not permitted to lead an obscure life long. Day by day he saw the rights of the people encroached upon; month by month he saw them deprived of their liberty; year by year he saw the people gradually losing power, and it all being concen-

trated into the hands of the King. He could stand it no longer. The Great Spirit beckoned him onward, the people of his native town demanded his efforts, the "Angel of Liberty" pointed him to the golden crown which awaited him who should nobly vindicate his country's cause, and, if necessary, to freely sacrifice his life in order to rescue his country from the yawning gulf of despotism to which she was being driven by the swift current of corruption. He was at last in Parliament, and he was not there from choice; but his patriotism would not allow him to remain quiet, while questions of such vital importance were being discussed. He was the defender of liberty, and as such he found himself the chief object for the darts and arrows of the enemy. Yet amid all this strife and dissension he stood boldly up and defended the people's cause. His colleagues were dropping off by the score, tempted by the gold of Charles, or bribed by his offers of favor. But this gold had no charms for him.

What man in all England would have risked his neck in upholding a hopeless cause? It indicates no patriotism for a man to join a party flushed with victory, or when its triumph seems certain; but it does indicate patriotism for a man to link himself to a party when destruction is almost certain. This was the case of Parliament when Cromwell came to the rescue. But with Cromwell as leader, new life was infused into the discouraged troops; victory seemed to desert the King and take sides with Parliament. He organized the

Ironsides, before whom no mortal power could stand because they were God-fearing men.

Charles was a wicked and treacherous king, and did not rule with the aim of benefiting his people. We can plainly see this when he ruled for ten or twelve years without once calling Parliament together although it was the law to call a meeting every year. He wanted no opposition to his will, and therefore dared not call a Parliament for fear it would not approve of his course. His course was fast undermining the Kingdom and estranging the people from him, and by his unlawful acts England was plunged into a revolution. Men were executed who failed to comply with his will, and persecution for religious views was renewed with vigor. The Protestant religion was before his reign fast gaining ground, and men had begun to realize the duplicity of the Pope. But Charles undertook to suppress free thought and reinstate Popery, knowing that freedom of thought and speech would be detrimental to the absolute and tyrannical power which he wished to wield over the people. And the people only needed some one to take the lead: this Parliament soon took. His crazy throne tottered and fell beneath the blows which it received from the axe of liberty, wielded by the powerful arm of Cromwell, and in its stead was founded that eternal principle of liberty against which the succeeding despots of England have in vain hurled their thunderbolts.

When the head of Charles I. rolled in the dust, the corrupt seeds sown by him in Ireland, bloomed and pro-

duced the terrible massacre which made the hearts of all the Christian world weep for sorrow. The Pope corrupted the morals of the Irish and excited them to exterminate all Protestants. Fifty thousand were sent to their final account by a fanatical mob, urged on by religious motives. The fertile valleys of Ireland were crimsoned with the blood of innocence. The land was lit up by the burning houses of Protestants, and the bodies of the unfortunate victims were flung amid the flames of their own dwellings. Justice was overawed, and law was administered at the point of the bayonet or dagger. Ireland was indeed in a wretched state when Cromwell landed on her shores. But in a few weeks things took a new aspect. Law again obtained its superiority, and justice was meted out with an impartial hand. It is true that life was sacrificed, but order could only be restored by severe measures. It is not an easy task to quell a mob excited by religious frenzy, and so he had to make an example of all who fell into his hands, in order to send terror to the hearts of the others. His plans succeeded well, and the precedents established at Drogheda and Wexford were the means of putting an end to the scenes of murder and butchery which were filling the land with sorrow.

If Cromwell was a usurper, it was necessary for him to hold the reins of government to prevent them from being seized by others. England was divided into three parties, the Royalists, Independents, and Presbyterians, and each one of these parties was hostile to the other; so it would have

been fatal to the interest of England for any one of them to arrive at power. When the head of Charles I. lay bleeding in the dust, was not it a warning to all who inclined to despotism and assumption of unlawful power? When by this act the people said, "We will no longer obey this man," who was to be the man whom they would obey? There was no man in England who had the qualities requisite to govern in such a degree as Cromwell. Then, conscious of his power, ought he to have remained idle, and let these men form plans for the destruction of that liberty for which he had been fighting? Ought he to have remained silent, and have seen the nation sink in the billows of a revolution over which she had just ridden so triumphantly, when one lift from his mighty arm would place her where these billows would roll harmlessly by?

In such an emergency as this there was no time to parley; the welfare of a whole nation depended upon his actions. The expectation of the people was realized when Cromwell snatched the nation from the abyss of ruin. Yet it cost money and blood, but these things are of no consideration when compared with liberty and equality.

When all external enemies had been vanquished, Parliament turned its attention to internal matters. As is always the case where rulers are divided into parties, they could not agree. Each party strove for the ascendancy, and none were interested in the consolidation of the State. It is a universal law, that when the directors of a government have not unity of thought, unity of action, and unity of purpose,

they cannot rule advantageously. If there ever is a time in the history of a country when unity in the government is necessary, it is when the destructive billows of a revolution have subsided. Then the constitution is weak, and, in fact, every thing is weak. Unless prompt measures are taken to invigorate it, it will topple over by the least hostile wind.

It was at this time that Cromwell dissolved Parliament. The nation stretched out her arms and implored her former preserver to defend her again. The people looked to Cromwell as the only man in England, who was able to extricate the nation from her position of peril. He was the man whom the revolution had made prominent, and he possessed the confidence and love of all true Englishmen. So the army petitioned Cromwell to take charge of the government. You say, "Cromwell was backed by the army." I admit that. But the army was composed of the best men in England, men who had fought, suffered, and bled for liberty. Who more had a right to choose a ruler than they? Men who did not belong to the army were not worthy of recognition. It shows that Cromwell was a patriot, when the army with whom he had fought were willing to trust their liberty to him.

Was Oliver Cromwell a Christian? This question is the one upon which the friends and foes of Cromwell have searched, for information from every quarter. It seems that his enemies

are determined to present him to future ages as a tyrant and usurper. The testimony furnished from his every-day life is not credited by them as coming voluntarily from his heart. They seem to think that this was feigned, and was only produced by strict watchfulness. But a man can not at all times deport himself so as to appear a Christian unless the grace of God is in his heart; as is the tree so is the fruit. When we see a pure stream, we naturally conclude that its source is pure. Judging therefore from the outward manifestations, we are bound to conclude that his acts sprung from a pure heart. What would have induced him to appear a Christian, if he was not? If you answer renown, he knew that the men of the world often receive more honor than a man of God, and that the name of a Christian ruler is generally more ridiculed than the name of a godless man. Men are honored in this world with little thought of their inward life, if they accomplish something promotive of men's interests whether spiritual or temporal. If you answer policy, he surely would have betrayed himself in some of his strides to power. But it was none of these things that actuated him; it was purely from a Christian motive; his heart was overflowing with the grace of God. Would it not have been criminal, then, to restrain this godly stream which was destined to supply the water of life to thousands of others?

* * *

EDITORIAL.

OUR EDUCATIONAL NOTES rarely fail to record large gifts of liberal-minded rich men for the purposes of education. At least in some sections of the country money is accumulating rapidly. Whether it shall prove a blessing or no depends on how it is regarded. If it is regarded as the prime object of our toil, rather than as a means to secure other and worthy objects, we would better remain poor. For rich in purse and poor in soul is the worst form of poverty. George Eliot's poor weaver Silas Marner, miser and misanthrope, is a strong picture of what a man comes to when, ceasing to love the purpose for which he has been gathering money, he falls to loving the money itself. It is, therefore, a favorable sign of the times when the wealthy make large and frequent gifts to deserving objects. It is an indication not only of high moral character among the prosperous, but also of sound wisdom. The great author of the *Analogy*, though in the latter part of his life he controlled large estates, once said, "I should feel ashamed of myself if I could leave ten thousand pounds behind me." He died leaving little over nine thousand, which amount was not one-half of his annual income.

THE LATE CONVENTION in Chapel Hill of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the State, while it re-

vealed the comparative weakness of the organization within our borders, yet served to emphasize its importance. In that meeting Mr. L. D. Wishard, College Secretary of the International Committee, was the leading spirit, and naturally the work of the organization in colleges was prominent in the discussions. The intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. movement originated in June, 1877. Since that time more than ten thousand students in about two hundred colleges of the United States and Canada have enlisted in it. When, however, it is remembered that there are, according to Mr. Wishard, 150,000 young men in the one thousand colleges of all kinds in this country, less than one-half of whom are Christians, it will be seen that hardly more than a beginning has been effected. But the movement is not confined to this country; it has already reached Ceylon. The College Secretary has put before him no lower aim than the union of the students in the universities of Europe and in the missionary colleges of Africa and the Orient with the students of America "in one world-wide movement, whose purpose shall be *Christ for the students of the world, and the students of the world for Christ.*" The College Y. M. C. A. seeks to organize and distribute the Christian force in the colleges so that every man will do definite work to lead a definite person to Christ.

ELECTIONEERING.

Truth, it is said, in order that it may be palatable, must be nicely seasoned. The pill must be hidden in jelly before it can be swallowed without giving offence. But doubtless there are times when the unmitigated truth is most wholesome. Hence we feel no hesitation in saying that electioneering as it is now practised is a disgrace to our Societies. No higher honor can be conferred upon a student than the election to a position of dignity and trust at the hands of his fellows. But what is an honor? It is the expression of esteem due to *worth*. He may feel a pardonable pride who, without any unworthy effort on his part, has been selected from all his fellows on account of his eminent fitness for the position. His merit has been recognized, the office has sought him, not he the office, and his self-respect is uncompromised. Under such circumstances his election is indeed an honor. But by what stretch of imagination can he conceive of that office as an honor, which has been gained by dint of personal solicitation, trading votes, petty tricks, fabrications, and attempts to prejudice his fellow-students against his opponent? An honor gained by such infamous means has lost every quality of an honor. When we remove the two ideas of esteem and worth, we have taken away every thing that entitles the position to be called an honor.

Most of us will acknowledge that any system which throws open the door to corrupt practices, especially during the formative period of our

characters, ought to be abolished. That electioneering is such a system cannot be doubted by anybody who will consider for a moment its workings. "O! but," it is said, "the country wants leaders, and here is where they must be trained." Certainly we want leaders, in the true sense of the word, men who condemn base means of self-advancement, and who by their integrity and ability are qualified to guide the nation in an important crisis. But electioneering does not produce such men. On the contrary, it is making annual additions to that curse of our land, demagogues. On account of demagogism in Societies, the honors degenerate into spoils; "brass," not merit, becomes all-important; and he who descends to the low wire-working of ward politicians, carries off the honors.

Such a system cannot fail to be ruinous to the highest aims of the Societies. The demagogue is ever too anxious to serve his Society for that Society's good. Those who have too much self-respect to descend to low means, will stand aloof from the squabble, and, being excluded from the honors, will lose their interest in their Societies. Consequently the latter will be represented by the worse element, their dignity will be lowered, and their effectiveness weakened. The stirring debates will be things of the past, friendly rivalry will disappear, and that brotherly love so essential to a society's welfare will be destroyed. For what incentive to debating can exist when wire-working wins the day, or how can one love those who have systematically slandered him? The

elections, instead of being the occasions upon which the Societies select men most competent to represent them, will degenerate into personal squabbles for honors which will have ceased to be honors, from which the defeated candidate and his friends will retire with hatred in their hearts. Factions will be formed, and the Societies will be looked upon merely as machines for the distribution of so-called honors. This has been the fate of every society in which the electioneering has been allowed to reach its legitimate end. It is true that we have not reached this stage, but we shall, eventually, unless electioneering is prevented.

The question resolves itself into this: is it better that the Societies should be rent asunder by factions and become training schools for demagogues, or that brotherly love should continue and the Societies, by educating the best qualities of head and heart, fit their members for true leadership? There can be but one answer.

Let us, then, as we love our Societies and hope to see them prosper, eradicate this poisonous vine before it spreads too far. Let the office seek the man, and let fitness for the position be the sole criterion. This is no Utopian state of affairs. A man's work in the halls and recitation rooms will show his worth, and the majority of students, if not prejudiced by other parties, have manhood enough to appreciate it, and will fix upon one of the men, if not the man, most worthy of the position. Then there will be no more strife and hatred, but "the good old days" which the Alumni

paint in such glowing colors, will come back to us, and when we leave we shall carry with us many pleasant memories of the hours spent in the Society halls.

R. H. W.

HELP!

The proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention," is as wise as it is true. Necessity, though, in some instances is the mother of baneful inventions, one of which we have especially in mind now, viz., the invention of night suppers. This, we every one will admit, is one of the most injurious practices that the college boy engages in, for he never thinks of eating until late at night, just before retiring; and the habit of going to bed with a full stomach is known to be detrimental both to physical and mental activity. The student given to this habit awakes generally with headache, drowsiness, and an indisposition to eat breakfast, in consequence of which he must buy him a lunch between meals. Of course the average person is here referred to; some men can stand anything.

If the student finds that it is detrimental to his health, why does he not stop it? This is a fair question, and worthy of consideration; but remember there is another side to it. We have breakfast at 7 a. m., dinner at 2 p. m., and supper at 6 p. m., making the time from breakfast to dinner seven hours, that from dinner to supper four hours, and that from supper to

breakfast thirteen hours. Now, our parents tell us and the laws of hygiene command us, not to eat night suppers; yet our appetites gnaw upon us and say *eat*; and who is there that will not try to get rid of the intense pain of hunger pulling away at him? Just think of it—a person eating dinner at 2 o'clock (and that generally a large one) cannot eat supper at 6 with any enjoyment whatever; but he must force down something, in which operation there is not a bit of fun. Then follows the evil of night suppers, the hurtful result of being forced to eat irregular meals. We say *forced*, for it is a kind of compulsion. The boys

must eat when they can get the food, or not at all; and the boarding houses must give it to them at the regular time. What must we do, then? Can there be no help found on this most vital point?

We add a possible solution of the difficulty raised above. The hours for breakfast and dinner are set by the Faculty, but we understand that they would heartily approve of later supper, if the boarding houses could find it convenient to serve it later. We commend the subject to the consideration of our indispensable friends of the dining room.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.—This order was founded in Philadelphia in 1869 by Uriah S. Stevens. It has been increasing in membership since that time at the marvellous rate of about 150,000 every year; and now extends to almost every hamlet in the United States and Canada. Out of the 60,000,000 inhabitants of these two countries, about 3,000,000 belong to this order. Any person in good standing in his trade and is over eighteen years of age may be admitted as a member, regardless of sex, creed, or color,—manufacturers as well as tradesmen, employers as well as employees.

Nothing but the sternest necessity could bind such a large number of men together. And to be convinced

that it is a necessity one only need to get a glimpse at the condition of thousands of unprotected laborers who have been reduced to poverty and misery by the rapidly increasing power of capital most austerely wielded. The Knights of Labor organization, therefore, is simply the voice of millions declaring their unwillingness to submit any longer to the merciless sway of monopolies. It wants to settle all grievances by arbitration—by a sober consideration of the claims of both parties—which cannot be otherwise agreeably settled, and to strike only as a last resort.

The recent numerous strikes in various parts of the United States are not in keeping with the true purpose of this order. The secret circu,

lar issued by the general master workman, Mr. T. V. Powderly, to the Knights of Labor, and which has been recently made public, shows that the order is opposed to strikes. It is true that many of the Knights of Labor have been connected with the recent strikes, and that many rash things have been done by them, but these have not been acting in accordance with the order, and their conduct called forth this secret circular from Mr. Powderly which warns the local assemblies against strikes and boycotts, and urges them to aid him in maintaining the power the order now has, by closely adhering to its principles.

THE AID BILL.—The Blair education bill has passed the Senate, but the consideration of it in the House was postponed for a month. It proposes to appropriate within eight years, from the Treasury of the United States, \$79,000,000 for public education in the States and Territories. The distribution is to be made in proportion to the illiteracy in each State or Territory, to be determined by the number of persons over ten years of age unable to write. And in those States which have separate schools for the negroes and whites, an amendment to the bill requires a subdivision in proportion to the illiteracy of those between the ages of ten and twenty-one inclusive.

The only fear the supporters of this bill have is that the States for whose benefit it is chiefly intended will give just so much less of their own money to education if the bill becomes a law.

Many of our best men oppose the bill on the ground that it is a dangerous effort, under the mask of patriotic and philanthropic design, in the direction of augmenting the powers of the Federal Government to the depreciation of the reserved rights of the States. They claim that the amendment which has reference to the subdivision between the negroes and the whites is purely an undisputed function of the States. Those who oppose the bill, therefore, have become greatly alarmed at the possibility of passing a law that would thus weaken the power of the State legislature. It does not require the sagacity of a statesman to see that there is a growing tendency towards moulding the individuality of the different States into a solid national legislature. The question as to the expediency of such a move as the Blair bill proposes can only be decided by determining whether it is best for the States to maintain their original individual influence or to transfer all important matters to the national government.

O. F. T.

EDUCATIONAL.

—The Winston Graded School has enrolled 403 pupils.

—No more commencement orations at Brown.

—At Columbia studies in the senior year are all elective.

—While Harvard paid \$28,000 in taxes last year, Yale is exempted from taxation.

—Wellesley has received a bequest of \$100,000 for building a college of Fine Arts.

—It is said that Mexico supports 10,000 public schools with facilities equal to any of our colleges.

—The University of Chicago was sold under a mortgage of two hundred and seventy thousand dollars.

—Four cadets were recently dismissed from Annapolis Naval School for hazing.

—The use of tobacco is to be absolutely prohibited in all the public schools in France.

—Eight hundred pupils are attending the Raleigh Centennial Graded School.

—Virginia, Cornell, and Michigan Universities have made chapel attendance voluntary.

—Lehigh is to have a chapel which will cost \$530,000. The President of this institution receives \$12,000 per year.

—Rev. J. C. Price has received \$5,000 from Senator Stanford, of California, for the use of Wesleyan College (colored), at Salisbury, N. C.

—The commencement address at the University of Kansas is to be delivered by Secretary Bayard. Yale, Harvard, and Dartmouth have conferred upon him the degree of LL. D.

—Attendance upon prayers is voluntary at the University of North Carolina; but inasmuch as special mention is made at commencement of those who have attended, the majority of the students attend.

—The forthcoming catalogue of Oxford Female Seminary (N. C.) will show that 137 students have been enrolled since August 26, '85, which is the largest number ever before enrolled, and the present, or spring term, 1886, is the most prosperous of the school's history.—*Prof. F. P. Hobgood.*

—Dr. John A. Broadus recently secured in New York City and its neighborhood the sum of \$60,000 for the new buildings of the S. B. Theological Seminary at Louisville. About the same time \$27,000 were raised in the latter city to cancel the debt on the lot purchased for the erection of buildings.

—The following is the Board of Visitors appointed by Gov. Scales, ex-officio President of the Board of Trustees of the University, to examine into the condition of that institution and report at the commencement in June. Dr. T. H. Pritchard, of Wilmington, chairman; Maj. Jno. W. Graham, of Hillsboro; Col. Walter L. Steele, of Richmond; Hon. J. C. Scar-

borough, of Johnston; Hon. T. W. Mason, of Northampton, Hon. J. M. Mullen, of Halifax, and Hon. Lee S. Overman, of Rowan.

—At Johns Hopkins University the students have established a deliberative assembly, resembling very much the English House of Commons. Twice a year a speaker is elected who

performs all the duties of the speaker in the English House of Commons, and besides appoints the prime minister. The prime minister must always belong to the majority of the House, and he appoints a foreign and a home secretary, who assist him in deliberation and debate.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE lectures delivered last year at Cornell University by Mr. Eugene Schuyler are to be published under the title of *American Diplomacy*.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, the apostle of Socialism in England, is writing a poem called *The Pilgrims of Hope*, which will soon be published.

OUTLINES OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY, by Prof. Geo. P. Fisher, of Yale, belongs at the head of similar works, that is, if Presidents McCosh, Seelye, Porter, and Adams are to be relied on.

RELIGION IN A COLLEGE: WHAT PLACE IT SHOULD HAVE, is the title of Pres. McCosh's reply to the paper read by Pres. Eliot before the 19th Century Club.

UNDER the title of *Letters to Dead Authors*, Mr. Andrew Lang gives us some charming criticisms upon Thackeray, Dickens, Poe, Burns, and other great writers.

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, established in 1836 by William Evarts and four of his classmates, is the oldest monthly in America, excepting two missionary magazines.

A new volume of poems by Whittier is published. It is entitled *St. Gregory's Guest and other Poems*.

UNCLE DANIEL'S STORY is the title of General Logan's novel. "It is a story of the war, bitter and partizan, and is said to be a book 'filled with envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.'"

TO do anything fast—that is to say at a greater rate than at which it can be done well—is a folly; but of all follies reading fast is the least excusable. You miss the points of a book by doing so, and misunderstand the rest.—*John Ruskin*.

OF all the plagues that afflict mortality, the venom of a bad book to weak people, and the charms of a foolish one to simple people, are without question the deadliest.—*John Ruskin*.

AMONG the ways in which Shakespeare's name has been spelt are *Chacsper, Shaksper, Shaxper, Schackspear, Shakesper, Shagspeer*. The preponderance of evidence points to 'Shakespeare' as the correct spelling.

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY, who has spent twenty-two years as an author and lecturer in London, and as a traveller through England's colonies, has recently returned to the United States to live, and has accepted an invitation to lecture in New York City. He has promised four lectures for the current month.

AN interesting discussion has grown out of a list of the best hundred books of the world prepared by Sir John Lubbock for *The Pall Mall Gazette*. Nine correspondents suggested lists of some length. These lists contain some three hundred works not mentioned by Sir John, and yet there is not a single book which occurs in every list, or even in half of them, and only about six which appear in more than one of the nine.

WE are greatly pleased with the character and the aims of *The Citizen*, a new monthly published under the auspices of the American Institute of Civics in the interests of good citizenship and good government. The issue for March, which is the second, is before us, and shows clearly that the best thought of the nation may be depended upon for the support of the Institute and of its organ.

THE LONDON WORLD tells an amusing little anecdote illustrative of Victor Hugo's egotism. During the siege of Paris, when he had given up all hope, Hugo signified his willingness to sacrifice himself for the public good by declaring: "If the siege continues much longer I will go forth on to the ramparts: I will allow myself to be killed by a Russian bullet. The Russians will have slain Victor Hugo, and then the war will be at end."

JUDGING MR. RUSKIN by the reasons which he gives in support of his exceptions to Sir John Lubbock's list of the hundred best books, one would think he was envious of Carlyle's reputation as the most cynical writer of the century. This is his reason for scratching Grote's *History of Greece* from the list: "There is probably no commercial establishment, between Charing Cross and the Bank, whose head clerk could not write a better one, if he had the vanity to waste his time on it."

IF any of us have been disappointed in Logic and Philosophy, they may find some consolation in the following remarks: "The general feeling about these studies is that they are exceedingly nebulous, and some one has punctured the absurdities of metaphysicians of the Concord School type with these sword-points of verse:

" Across the moorlands of the Not
We chase the gruesome When,
And hunt the Itness of the What
Through forests of the Then,
Into the inner consciousness
We track the crafty Where:
We spear the Ergo through, and beard
The Ego in his lair.

With lassoes of the brain we catch
The Isness of the Was
And in the copses of the Whence
We hear the Think-bees buzz.
We climb the slippery Which-bark tree
To watch the Thusness roll,
And pause betimes in gnostic rhymes
To woo the Over-Soul."

THE antagonism between Science and Religion seems to be gradually decreasing. Within a few years eminent scientists have declared that such antagonism is unnecessary. Herbert Spencer has considerably modified his views, and now Mr. John Fiske, a pronounced evolutionist, says: "The infinite and eternal power that is manifested in every pulsation of the universe, is none other than the living God."

SCIENCE NOTES.

AN EGG GROWS INTO A SNAIL.—The egg-jelly contains some fifty eggs, each one enclosed in a transparent capsule. If a portion of the mass is removed and put on a glass slide, several eggs may be included in it; and as this may be done at all stages of growth from the time the eggs are deposited, it is easy to watch their gradual development into the perfect snail. The egg proper is at first a sphere about $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch in diameter. In a few hours a slight groove will appear around it, which soon deepens so as to make two spheres of the original one. The same process is repeated in the case of each of these new spheres or cells, resulting in the formation of four. These four divide into eight, the eight into sixteen, and so on, the cells getting smaller as they multiply and taking positions so as to form the walls of a hollow sphere. The next stage in the process may be illustrated by the depression made by

pressing the finger against a hollow rubber ball. A double-walled cup is thus formed. The egg is now about $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch in diameter and reaches this stage in three or four days. The cells continue to multiply, now for the most part in the space between the two walls referred to. The external opening of the depression becomes the mouth, and opposite it a gland is observed which secretes the shell. The internal organs are formed by the multiplication of the cells, these taking their proper positions. In four or five days more the heart may be seen to pulsate fitfully, the knobs which become the future "horns" arise, and delicate purple spots, which are the young eyes, show themselves. In some eighteen to twenty days the snail is ready to enter upon the untried realities of the external world, provided with shell, eyes, foot, feelers, rasping tongue—in short, a perfect snail.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

THE rain-fall here March 31st was 1.80 inches.

BOYS, notice our new advertisements, and when you go to town trade with our patrons.

THE next Senior Speaking will take place on Friday night, the 23rd inst. Ladies, lend us your presence and smiles, for it is the last one, for this term.

ON the 21st of March Prof. E. M. Poteat preached for pastor Vann in the morning, and President Taylor in the evening.

MR. PEACOCK, of Georgia, a student here twenty-nine years ago, visited the College recently, and was much pleased with the improvements he observed on all hands.

STUDENT in class, first hour. "Mr. — is sick, Professor." Another student to a classmate—"I slept with him last night and I didn't find out about it."

PROF. W. L. POTEAT delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture in the College chapel Tuesday night, the 9th ult. His subject was the Reign of Law. Every one seemed to enjoy it.

PROF. W. H. SAUNDERS' series of elocution lessons closed March 13th, at which time members of his class gave an entertainment for the purpose of raising funds for the improvement of the campus.

MR. L. D. WISHARD, College Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., made an address in the College chapel March 15th. Many of the students manifested interest in the organization, but no association has yet been formed.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR has ordered of Dingee & Conard, of West Grove, Penn., one thousand shrubs, vines, etc., for the campus. The order includes five hundred roses. A portion of the order has been received and set out. Ten bushels of grass seed have been sown.

BOYS are so easy to be taken in if you will just give them a little "taffy." One of our students by this means conducted a correspondence with an unknown gent, pretending to be a girl, and bulldozed him out of a nice plush frame, took in one of his fellow-students, and is keeping up a blazing flirtation as a Baltimore lady with a boy from his own town. Ye inexperienced girls, notice this, and be wise.

THE Reading Room has been recently enriched by *The New Princeton*, *The Forum*, *The Overland Monthly*, *The Edinburg Review*, *The British Quarterly*, *The Nineteenth Century*, *The Contemporary*, *Chambers' Journal*, *The Nation* and *The Charleston News and Courier*.

ON Monday morning, 29th ult., at 7 a. m., Mrs. Willis Holding, after a protracted illness of many months, laid her down in death. The funeral services, conducted by Prof. W. B. Royall, took place on Tuesday following at 3 p. m. Her loss is greatly mourned by all who knew her, and we feel that a link is missing. She was a consistent member of the Baptist church, and in her last hours failed not to trust her all to Him who ruleth the heavens and earth and all that in them is.

THE following gentlemen were recently elected as marshals for our next commencement: from the Eu. Society, Messrs. S. Gregory, E. J. Justice, and R. Redfearn; from the Phi., Messrs. D. O. McCullers, J. M. Brinson, and J. J. Lane. The following were also elected from the Phi. to write for the essay medal: Messrs. C. E. Brewer, J. W. Watson, E. H. McCullers, B. D. Barker, J. Stewart, and E. P. Ellington.

FABLE—not from Æsop. A pet cat who had for some time been worrying her mistress' canary, one day put her paws between the wires of the cage, and desired to make friends, declaring that she was well disposed toward the canary. Said the bird, "Actions speak louder than words." Moral. Beware of hypocrites.

THE Baptists of the State never have nor, we predict, ever will have cause to regret having given to their college. Those who have recently opened their hearts and purses towards the improvement of the campus, will feel a peculiar pride on visiting us next commencement; to take a stroll through the green inclosure, seat themselves beneath the spreading oaks on a comfortable rustic, or pluck a fresh nose-gay, if they choose, from the plats of bright blooming flowers, which greet them on their way.

THURSDAY night, 18th ult., the people of the Hill and surrounding community had the pleasure of hearing a beautiful, eloquent, and enjoyable lecture from the Ex-President of our College, Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard. His subject was *The Literary Attractions of the Bible*. In beginning he stated that it was an old lecture, written twenty-seven years ago. There are some things that decrease in interest with age, some that become wholly obscure, and some that stand on a par value; but this we think must have been like old wine—*better* with age.

“Some men were born for great things
Some men were born for small,
Some men—it is not recorded
Why they were born at all.”

THIS verse, though cutting, has a good deal of truth in it. Everywhere we find persons to whom the last lines will apply. So here; for some nights ago a heartless wretch was so devoid of employment or amusement, that he could find nothing to his taste but to cut two of the nice young trees recently set out in the enclosure of the college buildings. Some things done by students can be overlooked as being the effervescence of youth; but such an act as this should be looked down on as mean by every one who esteems himself a gentleman. This is not the only time an injury has been done on the campus trees, and in our opinion the actors would be bade adieu to without the loss of a single tear.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

By Alumni Editor.

—'54. We are always glad to have the opportunity of attending a lecture, and especially when the lecturer is an alumnus of this institution. We were favored on the 18th ult. with an able and instructive lecture by Dr. T. H. Pritchard, of Wilmington. His subject, “*The Literary Attraction of the Bible.*”

—'60. In addition to his professional duties C. S. Wooten, Esq., of

LaGrange, finds time to lecture occasionally. A short time ago he lectured at LaGrange on “*The Sixteenth Century.*”

—'68. Rev. W. R. Gwaltney the beloved pastor of the Baptist church at Greensboro is making strenuous efforts to raise the money to build a new church in that place. He says that they are ready to commence building.

—'82. Mr. H. G. Holding, who has recently been quite ill, is recovering.

—'82. Mr. Charles A. Smith, of Timmons ville, S. C., who has a prosperous school there, recently suffered the loss of some property by fire.

—'82. Rev. D. W. Herring arrived safe at Shanghai, China, on the 24th of January, and is now studying the Chinese language under Dr. M. T. Yates.

—'83. Mr. Thos. Dixon, jr., of Shelby, N. C., and Miss Pink Bussey, daughter of Dr. N. J. Bussey, of Montgomery, Alabama, were married at the Adams street Baptist church, in the latter city, last week. Mr. Dixon is a member of the House from Cleveland.—*News and Observer*.

—'84. Mr. I. G. Riddick has recently graduated with distinction from Bellevue, and is now a full fledged "M. D."

—'85. We are sorry to learn that Mr. W. W. Holding on account of ill health was forced to give up his school at Harrell's Store, Sampson county. He is now at his father's and we are glad to say is convalescent.

—'85. Rev. J. B. Harrell has recently taken charge of some churches at Mt. Olive and vicinity.

—'85. Mr. W. C. Allen has 94 pupils enrolled in his academy at Pantego, N. C. He has three assistants, and the building and school furniture are as good as any in the eastern part of the State.

—Mr. Collier Cobb has accepted the Superintendency of the Wilson Graded School.

—Among the successful applicants for degrees from Bellevue was Dr. A. J. Buffaloe, who was formerly a student here. He already has the air of an old, settled practitioner.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

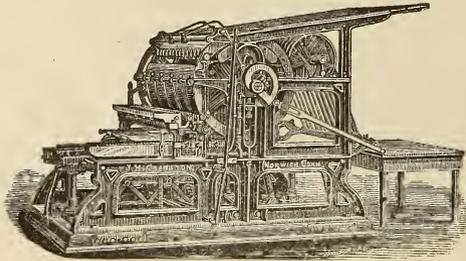
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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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FOXES.

You have doubtless heard the story of the Spartan youth who stole the fox, and, when hard pressed, concealed it under his coat and allowed his very vitals to be torn out rather than show the fox and be detected. So is America doing to-day. There are foxes hid in the bosom of the body politic which are gnawing away at its very vitals; and all the while the nation seems calmly indifferent towards the forces which are operating to undermine its very foundation. To be sure, some of them are small; but just as the continual dashing of old ocean's waves against dikes of man's making eventually disintegrates them, or just as a continual dropping wears the stone away, so these forces of evil by virtue of their number and insidious action,

will, if unchecked, at last undermine the very bulwarks of the nation.

A nation's greatest enemies come not from beyond her own borders. There is an old saying that a man's greatest enemy is himself. A French writer in speaking of Christianity said that one of its ends was to defend man against himself. "To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man," said that great man who, above all other men before or after him, saw deepest into human character, and who in this saying, as in all his others, "held the mirror up to nature." As with individuals, so with nations; for, after all, nations are but aggregations of individuals, and the character of a nation is determined by the character of the in

dividuals who compose it. Moreover, we may conceive a nation to be a unit in the world's great collection of nations. Hence it may be said of a nation as of an individual, that, if true to itself, it cannot be untrue to other nations.

The voices of nations that once were but now are not, unite in proclaiming to us that a nation is its own worst enemy. Over the grave of each one of them may be written, this is the grave of a suicide. And if America fall, it will not be under the fell stroke of a foreign enemy's sword, but her own neglect will do the work. Foxes hid in her bosom will eat—are now eating—out her vitals. What are these foxes? Three of the biggest are *Centralization, the Negro Problem, and Irreverence.*

This cunning fox, centralization, works in a number of ways: sometimes mysteriously; sometimes under the guise of benefaction and philanthropy; sometimes openly.

One of the greatest dangers that threatens this country to-day is the centralization of wealth in the hands of a few men. It is not meant to be said that a man ought not to be rich. All men everywhere have the right to acquire as much property as they possibly can, provided only the acquisition of it be honest. Wealth is an evil only when it is used as a lever to take advantage of others in the acquisition of other wealth, or to oppress the poor. And many millionaires are putting their vast sums to just such uses as these. A Jay Gould controls a vituperative journal; garbles the returns in a presidential elec-

tion, and posts false ones in their stead; monopolizes vast lines of railroads and telegraphs, and bribes venal legislators—for some legislators are venal, to their shame be it said. We have every reason to believe that legislation is largely controlled by moneyed corporations; and if the number of millionaires of Jay Gould's character and power continue to increase, and if the venality of legislators increase in a corresponding ratio, democracy will ere long be a thing of the past.

Aristocracy of birth is not the only aristocracy by any means. There is an aristocracy of wealth whose power is to be dreaded far more than that. The masses hate the titled class whose power they have felt, but they do not hate the money of the rich. The cause of liberty in England has far less to fear from a titled nobility, its greatest enemy, than the same cause in America has to fear from the monopolies of moneyed corporations. Not long ago a member of the English House of Commons offered a resolution somewhat to this effect: "Resolved the existence of an hereditary House of Lords is inconsistent with the principles of a representative government." That resolution was killed by less than fifty majority. What is the significance of that vote? It meant that England's worn out aristocracy is on its last legs and the knees of those legs are shaking; that a class whose only title to nobility lies in that strange spell, a name, must soon go down before the vigorous onsets of England's sturdy yeomanry. That vote sounded the

death knell to departed glory. But America's wealth-aristocracy is just girding up its loins as a strong man to run a race; and the effort of Jay Gould to defeat Cleveland by trickery is but an earnest of greater efforts to come. When "the power behind the throne" sits on money bags, the Goddess of Liberty spreads her wings and takes her flight to more congenial climes. And just so soon as wealth gains control of legislation, as there is reason to fear it is doing now, that liberty for which our fathers fought and which was bought at the price of patriots' blood, will live in the memory of mankind only as a dream of the unreturning past. Let the country beware!

But there is also danger of a centralized government at Washington. The late war strengthened federal power. States' Rights received a deadly blow then, and the finishing blow is about to be given by—what? Would you believe it, should it be said that the very foundation principle of democratic government is menaced by a monster which appears in the guise of philanthropy? 'Tis too true; and that monster is the Blair Educational Bill, the "great Grab Bill," which, under the plea of educating the masses, sinks its greedy hand far down into the nation's treasury and draws forth seventy million dollars put there for other uses. The South becomes a beggar, because she is illiterate. Shades of Lee and Jackson, rise from your graves and rebuke this shame! The Southland for which you fought goes crouching like a belabored hound at the steps of the

capitol, holding out a mendicant's hand and begging alms!

The only plea that can possibly be made for this bill is the words "general welfare" found in the Constitution; and yet, aside from its immediate supporters, there cannot be found a single man in the whole country, competent to judge, who will say that this clause refers in the remotest degree to education. If the general government can appropriate taxes for education on the ground of "general welfare," it can appropriate them to any other use on the same ground. Republicans are laughing in their sleeves at the stand which so-called democrats are taking on this question.

If this bill pass, Congress will have the power to decide whether or not there shall be separate schools for the two races; for in the bill the power is expressly reserved to Congress, to appeal, alter, or amend any of its provisions. The same power which foisted upon the South the Civil Rights Bill, may again compel (?) the white people of the South to send their children to the same schools with negro children.

This leads us to notice briefly the second danger which threatens the country, namely the solution of the African Problem. This is the blackest cloud that overshadows the nation today. It is big with calamities for the Caucasian race in the South; and what will injure the South will injure the nation, for the South is a part and parcel of the nation. Injure any part of the body and the whole suffers. The solution of this question is fraught

with peculiar danger because men seem perfectly oblivious to the danger it involves; or, if they be conscious of it, still go on dreaming, dreaming; hoping that the future will solve the problem. And solve it the future will, and the solution of it will startle them like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky.

The attitude of the white man toward the negro, an attitude which the strong hand of government forces upon him, is in direct opposition to the laws of nature. God created the negro inferior to the white man. The government steps in and compels us to say virtually that God didn't know what he was doing; declaring that in the eyes of the law the negro is equal to the white man. The law is its own refutation. Its very existence is proof positive of the negro's inferiority. If he were equal, men would never have dreamt of making a law to render him so. A law to make black white would be about to the same effect. What God has done man cannot undo.

Men have written and written, moralized and moralized about this subject; and yet no one has ever yet shown how the races are going to be made to live together in peace, and remain entirely separate and distinct. It cannot be. Go ask History if there is one single, isolated example of an inferior and a superior race living together under the same laws and enjoying the same privileges, and she answers, "None;" and an echo from out the tomb of buried nations re-answers, "None." The races will either amalgamate, or one will gain

the ascendancy and the other must submit, and the indications are strong that the negro will gain the ascendancy, so that the whites will have to submit or die resisting. Either amalgamation or negro ascendancy, taken separately are hideous enough to contemplate—but, *horribile dictu!* both are threatening us at the same time. That amalgamation exists to an alarming extent, is too evident to need comment. The other is perhaps not so evident, but nevertheless true; for while the native white population in the South doubles every thirty years, the population of the blacks doubles every *twenty* years. What will happen when they do outnumber the whites can be readily imagined. Nothing but God's omnipotent hand can save this nation from the consequences of the "irrepressible conflict."

The last danger to be noticed is Irreverence. By irreverence is meant all want of regard for proper authority, all want of veneration for things sacred. Illustrations of this abound. One form which it assumes will readily suggest itself as disregard for law. The secret of this disregard lies in the mal-administration of the law itself. Justice can hardly be had. Murderers go free and petty thieves are convicted. Not long ago a court of justice in one of the Southern States acquitted six murderers and sent an old woman to the penitentiary for two years, who, under the influence of hunger, stole a quart of butter-milk and a loaf of bread. Who wonders that Judge Lynch's docket is always crowded.

Then there is disregard for the Sab-

bath. The number of non-churchgoers is increasing. We may attribute this to the influx of immigrants; but, however that may be, the fact remains the same. The young men who are to shape the destinies of the nation spend their Sabbaths gambling and pleasure seeking. The Sabbath is fast coming to be no longer a day of rest, but a day of pleasure and business. In many of our largest cities business is transacted on the Sabbath just as on other days.

But perhaps the most dangerous form of irreverence is looseness in the family relation. This is seen in the alarming increase of divorces, which cannot but be detrimental to the welfare of the nation. The family is the keystone of the social arch; remove it, and the whole fabric falls. The influence of the home, whether for good or for evil, is the strongest among men. If the mothers of America are true and patriotic, the sons of America, like the sons of old Sparta, will be true and brave; but if the mothers become corrupt, the sons will be degenerate. Says Napoleon: "The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world." Talmage says: "The safety of the state is built on the safety of the home. Why can't France come to

be a blessed Republic? Why will an inflammatory placard on the stone wall in the Republic throw all Paris into consternation? Because France has not enough Christian homes yet. The Christian hearthstone is the corner-stone of a republic. Confounded be all those babels of iniquity which would overpower and overshadow the home. The same storm that upsets the boat in which the family sail, will sink the frigate of the Constitution. Penitentiaries and jails and armies and navies are not our best national defence. The door of our home is the best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our houses are the grandest magazines of national power and strength. No home, no Republic!" A greater than Napoleon, a greater than Talmage has said: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." It is a sad fact that the homes of America seem to be losing their grip upon the youth. Oh! the nation needs to be permeated through and through with the principles of Christianity. Unless Christianity take hold of the lever of the engine of our government, destruction is sure.

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

EDUCATION.

Man is a being of such intellectual and moral constitution that, as essential to the proper development of his character, he needs to be educated; and to do this properly is to make the most of him of which his nature is susceptible. Education may be regarded as consisting in whatever exerts an influence upon the formation of character. Hence, throughout life, we are in a course of education. It begins with the earliest dawn of reason. Innumerable agencies around us are performing for us this office; or, more properly, helping us to perform it for ourselves. Material objects soon, through the senses, address the mind and awaken it into activity, and the moral influence prevailing all around us cannot fail to impress their hues upon the tender leaves of the unfolding mind. In infancy we are trained for childhood. In childhood we are trained for boyhood. In boyhood we are training for the successive stages of manhood, and throughout our whole life, in the school of Providence, we are training for other duties and employments in higher spheres of being.

It has occurred to me that in procuring an education our best and most devoted teacher is the mother. Our mothers are the first and, it will be considered no disparagement to others when I add, our most successful teachers. Who loves as a mother? Whose patience endures as the patience of a mother? Whose sympathy is so pure,

whose smile of approbation so sweet, as that of a mother? Whose rewards for successful diligence are so dear as those conferred by a mother's hand, and sweetened with a mother's love? With what tender assiduity does the mother ply her task of instruction! As the eagle spreads her wings and hovers over her new-born progeny, so does the mother bend with cherished hopes and sweet anticipations over the interesting little pupil by her side, as from the lips of maternal tenderness he learns the first rudiments of knowledge. And as the little stammerer stumbles along over the uneven surface of "b-a" and "a-b" his first tardy accents of beginning knowledge are sweeter to the ears of maternal love than the silver tones of Plato's tongue.

While we discourse of education, and enforce the claims of American citizens and indeed of mankind, to its blessings, we feel with increasing conviction the dignity of the subject. How rich, how various, how extensive are its blessings! How elevated its influences! How pure its pleasures! How noble its enjoyments! It is the key which unlocks to man's contemplation the riches of his own mind. It unites him with all times, all persons, and all places. It enables him to penetrate into distant scenes, to explore hidden depths, and to gather the fruits of knowledge from the wide field of creation. It unlocks for us the treasures of all antiquity, and lays

at our feet the mental opulence of the world. It brings us into connection with the illustrious dead. It conducts us into the presence of the blind old bard of Greece, to listen as he sings in lofty strains his immortal song. We mingle under its guidance with the assemblies of Athens, to listen with them to the burning eloquence of Demosthenes. We enter into the benignant presence of Socrates and Plato, engage in their conversation and listen to their discourse of divine philosophy. Thus does education pluck treasures from the greedy tomb, populate with life and intelligence the mansions of death, and disclose riches and beauty in the caverns of deformity and corruption.

Education arms man with a power, and invests him with a dominion which astonish his own mind, and even bewilder his imagination. He rises on its wings into distant worlds; visits different spheres, and travels with the revolving planets along their mysterious tracks. All nature acknowledges his regal authority and becomes tributary to his service. He counts the stars, he weighs the earth, he measures the sun. Extending his con-

quest beyond the material world, he subjects to his dominion the empyreal mind. That, too, discloses to him its secrets, and reveals the laws of its mysterious operations.

How great then are the advantages of education! It enriches the poor with the rarest possessions. It elevates the degraded to the noblest dignities, and adorns the object of deformity with a celestial beauty. It is a stream, creating verdure and beauty along our path; a mine, enriching us continually with its treasure; a spring, refreshing us with its crystal waters; a companion to cheer us, a star to guide us; a tower of defence, a sanctuary of repose. It will be an ornament when beauty shall fade; a treasure when fortune shall fail; a friend when less faithful friends shall desert. Happy he who is in possession of such a treasure! Of other portions we may be deprived; but he who has claimed this benefit to himself, whatever else he may lose,—though he may die in obscurity, in poverty, or reproach,—he will die in possession, at least, of the undying treasures of the mind.

B. F. HASSELL, JR.

NO ROYAL ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

It has been said that the intellect is the lever by which reformations have been made and by which the world has been moved. That which gives to this lever power and durability is *knowledge*. The proposition that there is no royal road to this knowledge we

hope to establish by instituting an inquiry into what the term knowledge, as used here, means; and then pointing out some of the difficulties which its acquisition in that sense involves.

What then is knowledge? It differs very much from the mere percep-

tion which any one may have of a certain object. That which one learns by simply seeing an object, is not true knowledge. How often do men deceive themselves when they think that by beholding a book and its contents they can fully comprehend the author's meaning, and are then competent to offer an impartial criticism upon it. Indeed, they then know comparatively nothing about it. Knowledge is that which we learn by taking a comprehensive view of the whole class of objects. Our cognizance of them should be so clear that whenever we behold them we can distinguish them from all others. The naturalist should be so well acquainted with the great circumference which divides the animal from the vegetable kingdom that he will experience no trouble in classifying each object. To have a more distinct knowledge of them, he must separate the whole class into its parts, and then be able to describe the main features and characteristics of each part to distinguish them, and to tell the existing relations between them. Not only must he be competent to do that, but he must have the power of separating each part into its several parts, and then telling the characteristics of each one of them.

Nor yet is his knowledge perfect. He must compare that one class with other classes of objects so that he can determine the relations they sustain to each other, and the influence which is brought to bear by the one upon the other. That a man may be able to do this his knowledge should not be fragmentary, such as is gathered about

in different spots by reading here and there, trying to find something more attractive and useful. He stores away jewels of truth which, he thinks, will be of inestimable value whenever he shall need them. But when he does need them, in what condition does he find himself? He is well represented by one of England's poets as

" A bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,"

which is of no value to him because he cannot utilize it.

Still one must know something more than the simple outlines of his subject. Suppose an artist should wish to paint a life-like portrait of a person, would he be satisfied by drawing the outlines? He would wish to represent expression also, and by giving individuality to the person, produce a portrait which might be distinguished from all others, and be compared with others in style and beauty. The one who is required to show these relations cannot be a man of one idea. How many men are there who think that their profession is the only worthy one, and that it is the boundary of all knowledge. One must not confine himself to a single study, but must explore other fields of thought, and bring to light from every quarter the unsullied truth therein lying.

We are not discussing wisdom ; this differs from knowledge in this respect : that wisdom is knowledge modified by reason. Knowledge is the instrument, whereas wisdom is the proper use of it.

Now we are prepared to enumerate some of the difficulties which the man in search of knowledge must be pre-

pared to encounter. The first one is met when he attempts to make a start. For there must be generated in the soul intense desire to know the unknown, to pursue the real, and find out the hidden laws of the universe. Then as soon as one has this desire, however strongly cherished, he is prone to ask questions. He desires to know whether or not the way is such as to cause the hearts of those who have already gone before to swell with ecstatic joy; and when they lie down to rest in the forest, whether they are free from fear and guarded through the silent midnight watches by the dryads; and when they stop to drink from fountains

"Whence pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace

And waste their music on the savage race,"

do they find there a virgin to sing to them the song of the angels? There must be a will, a fixed determination to continue—to go onward—a will strong enough to make them forget all worldly ease and pleasure and determine at every hazard to gain true knowledge, and to win by overcoming all difficulties.

The first which must be overcome by many is poverty. All along this way are seen the footprints of toilers in want and even in rags, who are troubled by the inability to keep the work of mind and body going on at the same time. It is a deplorable fact, too, that many must overcome the obstructing influences which are exerted upon them by their parents. Many boys would strive to become intellectually great, if only the right influences were thrown around them

at home. But, alas, how many homes are deprived of the encouragements and soul-cheering words which give energy and perseverance to youth. How often is it the case that the father tries to prevent his son from acquiring knowledge. Many more boys would lead unsuccessful lives, and the talents given them by God would remain forever concealed by the dark mantle of ignorance, if it were not for mothers. It has been said, and truly too, that but few men have ever attained to exalted excellence as patriots and philanthropists, who have not acknowledged their indebtedness to maternal influence. Ah! there are homes—so called—where no such kind and gentle influences are felt; where everything which has a tendency to suppress noble desire and to restrain laudable ambition, exists.

Then, the seeker after knowledge must have a spirit to withstand all opposition from without. Take the case of those who are envious. Some people actually seem to fear that they will be outstripped in the race. They prefer that the aspiring youth should engage in some money-making business or the like, because they themselves, having no genius for grappling with seeming impossibilities, fear being excelled by him who has the genius. They endeavor to persuade the young man that he, too, will fail, if he continue in the pursuit of knowledge. Though such persons may have the means for aiding those who are striving to become something and to do something, yet they lend no helping hand to encourage those who are almost in despair. These are

usually sordid themselves and excel in heaping up gold and silver, indulgence in which occupation feeds their avarice, quenches the spring of generous impulse in their own souls, and blinds them to the needs of others.

There is another class. These cannot appreciate the value of an education. They have no knowledge of the hardships and privations which must be endured by the seekers after knowledge. They know nothing of the trials and difficulties which are so often met. If they did, they would gladly aid those who come within their reach.

Nor are these all. Some of the occasions of greatest opposition are the sudden and unexpected interruptions produced by society and one's associates. How frequently does it hap-

pen that when a young man's nerves are at their highest tension and he is exerting all his power to make a successful day's journey, something quite unexpectedly interrupts him, his nerves are weakened, and his mind for a considerable time is totally withdrawn from the goal which lies just before him.

Go to the pedestal of the colossal statue of Fame; call from its heights those who have come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south; call them down for a moment and ask them whether or not the road thither is a royal one. They will tell you that, though it is no royal road, yet those who have travelled it are supremely royal.

J. W. WATSON.

IS IMPROVED MACHINERY AN ADVANTAGE?

That ours is a grand country cannot be denied. Viewed from every standpoint from which we estimate human greatness, it challenges the admiration even of those most indifferent to progress and advancement in civilization and enlightenment. Though so young compared with the other great nations of the earth, she has yet won and holds a place among the first. Less than four hundred years ago her magnificent plains and fertile valleys were hunting grounds for savages; now myriads of cities, some of them rivalling those of European splendor, have sprung up. Then, her waters

were only skimmed by the light canoe of the Indian; now, floating palaces and boats of every kind ply upon her rivers. A little more than a hundred years ago she was subject to a nation, which, by its unjust use of power, caused her to assert her latent energies, and she herself became a nation.

While our country has made rapid strides in arts, science, literature, etc., yet in nothing has she gained so great a reputation as in inventive genius, in so improving machinery as to save an almost incalculable amount of labor. As we gaze upon these machines, requiring so much thought and inge-

nulty, we are more than ever impressed with man's wonderful power, for knowledge utilized is power.

As we remember that the cotton-gin, the sewing-machine, the steam-boat, the telegraph, the telephone, and numerous other works of genius were invented in our own country, we grow proud of her. Now let national pride answer the question, "Is improved machinery an advantage?" It will answer, unhesitatingly, in the affirmative. But, if advantage means the greatest good to the greatest number of men (as it should mean in our republican country), then there is much doubt as to whether "improved machinery is an advantage."

It enriches *some*, but impoverishes *more*. If you would get a true answer to this question, go to the laboring men whom improved machinery has thrown out of employment. Go, for instance, to the scytheman, who, before the invention of the reaper, was enabled by industry and the skilful use of the scythe, to earn fair wages and support his family comfortably. Think you he will say improved machinery is an advantage to the poor? Go to the poor sewing women, who, from early morn often to the midnight hour, sew to earn a bare subsistence; ask them if improved machinery is an advantage to them. Go to the errand boys, who, before the invention of the telephone, earned a support by carrying messages to and from their employers. As they now roam the streets half-fed and half-clad, ask them if the

telephone is an advantage. If their street companionship has not totally corrupted them, if they have enough of the true boyhood remaining, they will say, "It may be to Bell and others, but not to us." Go to the poor-houses of cities and counties, and ask why the number of paupers has so rapidly increased in the last few years, and the answer will be, "Improved machinery." Visit the State prisons, and inquire what has lately filled them to such an alarming extent. Let the convicts answer for themselves and the reply in many cases will be, "Improved machinery to us meant idleness, idleness meant suffering, and suffering drove us to drink, and drink to crime."

Viewed morally, improved machinery is not an advantage. Are we a better people because we live faster and can accomplish more labor in a life-time than formerly? Labor, to be a real advantage, must be directed to good ends. It must glorify God, and be beneficial not only to ourselves, but to those about us. The command is, "Love God and your neighbor as yourself." Who are our neighbors? Are they not the poor around us who need our help, many of whom improved machinery has impoverished?

Then, if more persons are injured than are benefited by "improved machinery," and if it makes us no better morally and religiously, improved machinery is *not* an advantage.

C. A. R. MICHAEL.

 IN TENEBRIS.

[Little Robert, the three year old son of Prof. W. B. Royall, had been accustomed to a lighted lamp in the nursery at night. On a recent night, however, he waked and found the room dark. His parents were aroused by his calling to his brother and saying, "Is you dead? *I'm* dead." A lady friend on the Hill, hearing of the incident, wrote the following lines.—ED.]

The night lamp burns dimly, and Robbie's blue eyes
 Unclosing behold in vague, dreamy surprise
 The lights and the shadows that waver and fall
 In strange, mocking shapes on the nursery wall.

The light burns more dimly. Where *is* he? Where's Will?
 Ah, Will slumbers near him—that's comforting—still.
 What *are* those strange shapes? While he gazes in doubt,
 The phantoms have vanished! The light has gone out!

What knows *he* of darkness? For three happy years,
 Dispelling his sorrows and soothing his fears,
 Love has lighted the way for his dear little feet,
 Till this moment of darkness, of darkness complete.

O, strange, gloomy darkness, the shadow of Death!
 One moment in silence, with faint, hurried breath,
 The child blindly faced it, then tremblingly said,
 "O Will! I can't see! *Is you dead? I'm dead!*"

 "PREHISTORIC."

<p>The distant past is as uncertain and shadowy as the remote future. We can hardly be said to possess certainty about even the present. It is going too far to say that we are sure of much else than what is matter of consciousness or demonstration. I know that I am, that my finger pains, that I am sorry, or that I am seeing. But how seldom do we really and fully cognize the</p>	<p>object—the true object which is concerned in awakening the given consciousness. Can any one say with absolute assurance that the man whom he is now looking at, and whom he has been seeing more or less close at hand all day and calling his brother, is really his brother? He may resemble him at a hundred points, and yet fail to be like him in some essential but</p>
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unnoted respect. From the nature of things here, as often elsewhere, the best we can do is to be governed by the probabilities in the case.

Add to this that, in consequence of the different condition or attitude of mind with which an object or a fact is viewed, we form different judgments of that object or fact, and you see how cautious one should be in saying that he knows it to be so or so even in regard to matters of to-day.

Two men who have viewed the same occurrence in which a human agent is concerned, will differ not only in those points which may be matters of inference, such as, how or with what purpose the thing was done, but also in regard to what did actually occur. Just here you find the field from which lawyers reap such rich harvests. The witnesses, however honest, differ in the accounts they give of the same transaction, so that the jury manipulated by skilful advocates are utterly dazed and lost in bewilderment.

The subjective element gives a coloring to our perceptions and knowledges which makes one man's apprehension or estimate of a thing or of a subject very different from that of another. Party-spirit deifies the demon, and makes a demon of the true patriot. Sectarianism blinds to the excellencies and the defects alike of those whom it judges. Prejudice magnifies the truth hidden away in a bushel of error, while it rejects the bushel of truth if a few grains of error are found mixed up with it.

It may be laid down as a rule that no man is to be trusted as a guide who is wedded to any unproved theory.

His anxiety to establish the correctness of his theory predisposes him to accept as substantial supports facts or supposed facts which the impartial investigator must set aside. If a geologist holds that a given stratum was so many millions of years in forming, he can find facts which seem to confirm his theory, and by well constructed and apparently honestly believed arguments he may put it out of your power to reject his conclusion. But how often has not the patient waiting on nature for a few decades demonstrated by the rate at which like formations are progressing that he is wide of the mark by a few millions of years.

We are not discountenancing any of the legitimate methods of science. None but the merest plodder can fail to form theories, but he is the philosopher who holds them all only tentatively, waiting to have them verified by further facts and proofs. See how slow Newton was in announcing or accepting as true his own celebrated theory. One must deem Revelation unnecessary on quite other grounds than that unaided reason is competent to arrive at truth in regard to man's needs and man's destiny. Reason is barely able to cope with the difficulties of the present life or present hour, and that too when her serenity is undisturbed by the seldom absent clouds of passion and prepossession. How gigantic her task when called upon to settle truth and falsehood in matters past or future. And how senseless or presumptuous her claim to infallibility where the data are few and plausible hypotheses abundant! Prognostica-

tion is a vastly more hazardous thing in moral questions than we may suppose. Take the possible future of a nation or of a principle. Rash men may by analogies to the past venture to predict so and so of a given nation or of the form of its government. But if there is one truth which history teaches more certainly than another, it is that the unexpected is what happens; and that for the all-sufficient reason that where human will supervenes, and man with his power to choose and determine upon courses of action for and of himself comes on the stage, the wildest guessing as to what will take place under given circumstances is strictly in order. Not that we undervalue law or hold that the human will is not in the main subject to law. But, pray, which law or set of laws will it certainly follow, the law of right or the law of expediency? Which will be to it then and there the predominating principle, and furnish the "strongest motive," reason or desire? And who can foresee with anything approaching certainty how the man or the nation is going to act? So stubborn and inexplicable a thing is human choice, that he must be omniscient who will do more than guess what alternative it will take in any given case. To go no farther than two years back for a case in point; who would have supposed in '84 that the so called Democratic party, which was squeezing its way into power, and finding a tardy recognition at last by a pitiful majority of one thousand two hundred votes, could so soon and so causelessly have split up into factions over the tariff, the offices, civil service,

and other questions? If ever a body had reason for being coherent and prudent surely that party had. How can we account for the actual phenomena? Only by the unaccountableness of the action of the human will. This is an element which baffles the calculations of the shrewdest prophet, and sets the law of human conduct—whatever there is left of it—at open defiance.

And yet men dare to present us with their theories of the "Prehistoric"—theories, too, some of them, which shake the very foundations on which the best hopes of the best men are resting and have rested.

Who of us know with satisfactory assurance the history of the nations past?—the history which men have assumed to write, we mean. What two writers are themselves perfectly agreed about the leading facts of history? not merely about the meaning and bearing of these facts, but about what *are* the facts? Will the time ever come when the youth of the North shall have the facts and all the facts respecting the war between the States presented to them just as they took place and took shape? Not as long as only versions of them are taught which are given by Northern men. And the same is equally true of the youth of the South. And is not all history of a piece with that? The only entirely trustworthy history ever written is that in which the pen was guided by the all-seeing eye.

Before men prate about the Prehistoric would it not be well for them to do a little work upon the Historic, improving its impartiality, exploring into its facts and buttressing its weak

places up by added props. Let them settle the ten thousand questions which are raised about the precise facts in cases where the omission of one point changes their political or moral complexion entirely.

"Prehistoric," indeed! Are you sure you are out of the woods of the *historic*, that you should be trying your hand so boldly upon that which is so far off? And these "Prehistoric" gentlemen are the ones for the most part who object to putting prepositions before "Nature." The *supernatural* or *preternatural* is their especial horror.

Well, the prehistoric fish having been found, where does he now stand? Has he not become historic? Have we not as much of his history as we have of that of any fish found within the past times of written history? In what sense is he then prehistoric? The museum in which he is discovered is one not made with hands it is true; but is it any the less secure and true to its trust of preserving and transmitting essentially intact his mortal remains? Indeed, is not the advantage rather on the side of the rock chamber in which he sleeps? Now, whether historic or prehistoric, is he other than fish after all? Is he not veritably and unmistakably fish, even if you call him "prehistoric"? And if the fact that the fish found in prehistoric times is none the less a fish, what reason is there for holding that what you call "the prehistoric man" is any other than man? Or is there something magical or talismanic in the name, so that because you call him "the prehistoric man" he is not es-

entially a man, but something presenting characteristics varying upon a sliding scale, the lowest point of which is monkey and the highest man?

The argument against the prehistoric man is stronger, however, than that against the fish; because it is not yet certain that the former has been found. Indeed, it is tolerably certain that all the pretended specimens of that genus existed within the period of written history; and the profounder researches of science in these cases have revealed the fact that whether historic or prehistoric, these specimens are essentially human.

In order to endow this facile word with power to call up and to mean what it would like to mean,—semi-simian men,—one purpose of the present writing is to show what kind of fossils the rocks holding the prehistoric man should present us with—rocks which must be found after a while because they are there. For does not the theory demand that they be there in order to its verification? We are not so much intent upon finding the "missing link"—to be candid—as we are upon showing what it ought to be, if found, in order to make out a good case for "our friends, the enemy"—of Creation.

To begin then; the prehistoric man must be a decided improvement upon the most advanced type of the ape tribe in some essential points. Let us enumerate some of these. We are not disposed to be exacting in reference to the caudal appendage. And yet is it too much to ask that he—the prehistoric man—have this member considerably cur-

tailed, so that he may be somewhat better able to sit up as the fully developed specimen does? Capacity to sit seems to me one of the special and highest endowments of man. In what attitude can he and does he accomplish the most remarkable feats of thinking—of profound thinking? Most certainly when sitting. For when did a man ever think out a book or a chain of argumentation lying or walking? Stray, chance ideas do sometimes luckily come to one when in the horizontal position, as in the case of the author of "Kubla Khan." And men of dull, sluggish minds find it necessary sometimes to walk in order to stir thought. But this end gained, they generally resume the sitting posture and let thought stirred flow on.

Deliberative bodies are known to have existed from the earliest periods. The rudest savages have their powwows and councils, in which perhaps the most striking feature is the universal sitting. The practice of thinking while on one's feet is comparatively modern—a new departure. Ancient speakers usually sat, and if any stood it was the auditor. Who holds the seat of honor? The lord and master. And some of the greatest victories—great, oftentimes chiefly on account of the little effort put forth in achieving them—are due to the extraordinary power possessed of "sitting it out." The sensible man carries his point sometimes by just sitting down quietly and waiting in that attitude for his vehement or blustering antagonist to empty his quiver.

But of what avail would the privi-

lege of sitting be if attended with the inconvenience and ever felt superfluity of an appendage whose wanton yet inevitable obtrusiveness prevents not only agreeable and dignified sitting, but even sitting at all in any just sense of that word?

So that we might be excused, it seems to me if we demanded of the prehistoric man that he be becoming a man a *posteriori*; or at all events, that he show a "progressive approach" towards manhood by not "going to the lengths" that characterized the race in its earlier stages. One point we do insist on, however, viz.: that whatever curtailment may have taken place be due obviously not to "docking," thus issuing in stumpiness, but to the operation of the silent forces of nature favoring equable development and opposing marked or abrupt changes and pauses—at least in the terminal parts of the object developing. Or to present us with any entirely tailless specimen of the simian tribe, who is yet ape or monkey decidedly in every other respect, and whose habits and capacities are not above the rest of the tribe will not answer. We demand an animal who is becoming in all points equally and *pari passu* a man. We will even allow him some appendage if he is approaching the standard at all points alike. So your anthropoid ape being no more a man in any other respect than if he had a suffix of five yards, is entirely out of the line of progression as he now stands. We could hardly accept, for this reason, your supposed missing link, if he was not going on equally at all points on the up grade.

His having no tail, and being only a slight advance in other respects upon the ape, would stamp him a fraud. Nature does not develop in that way.

The second requisite which must be fulfilled in the fossil man as he emerges from simian conditions and puts on human attributes is that he be provided with better apparatus for standing and walking. Man's high estate consists largely in erectness of form and the ability to maintain it. With him it is not a mere possibility—an achievement attended with difficulty and pains-taking, but a normal and easy posture. He takes to it as a bird to flying or a fish to swimming. And it does really seem like a moderate demand that there be somewhat more of a foot in the primitive man than the best specimen of ape possesses. Indeed, it can only be by courtesy that the latter can be said to have a foot at all. Look at that bunch of claw-toes growing out of the meagre nucleus of a diminutive pad, and say whether if you were to pick it up in the road you would not take it for a broken and clumsily constructed paw rather than a foot. The truth is that whatever may be the ambition of the cleverest ape he is doomed to go on all-fours for the most part. His social standing must be determined, too, by his ability to do physical standing, and for this he must have more foot and less claw.

Again, see how the ape's thigh bone is joined to the trunk. The ball strikes its socket at the extreme outer edge of the trunk and the legs are thus not in a position to support the weight of the body, being inserted

somewhat obliquely instead of occupying a position directly under it.

We demand a change of base here in our prehistoric man. What! Call that thing a man which does not stand and walk erect, except under compulsion, and so awkwardly at best that it excites mirth in the beholder! But how can the poor animal be expected to do otherwise when its legs are not inserted into the body in the manner and the only manner which admits of its being safe to venture one's whole weight upon them? It seems to be obvious that he should rest upon such supports as are competent to meet any of the extraordinary demands that even Falstaffian proportions might make upon them. To reduce the argument from the perpendicular to the horizontal (two new Figures which Logicians have had to adopt since the days of Darwin), and thereby apply to it the "reduction ad absurdum," let us ask if we can estimate the amount of force which would be found necessary to drive Falstaff to walk on his all-fours, and to do it with apparent satisfaction to himself, and with grace and naturalness to the eye of the observer.

To show how reasonable we are, we demand only that our prehistoric, primitive man meet us half-way at this point and find it equally easy and safe to stand and walk erect as prone. There should be readjustments of bone to bone and muscle to bone such as the changed conditions absolutely require. Would it not be well for him, or his friends, to see to it, too, that a calf be developing? And here, too, we intend to be reasonable and not

require absolutely a Falstaffian yearling, but a calf veritable, if only a nursling. For even your "lean and hungry Cassins" lacks not that feature. In a word, let the underpinning of our hero be approaching that of a man by all means.

Others may put the case more strongly and demand greater things of him, such as larger brain, a change of the angle at which the skull meets the spine, some evidence from the altered conformation of the organs of throat and mouth that he is capable of using articulate speech, and the like. But for me, it will suffice that the animal be able to sit, to stand, and to walk like a man, and with only moderate remains still clinging to him of simian weakness at those points. These, charity must allow, especially in view of the possible discovery (under the microscope at least) of such weaknesses still lingering in the race, to-wit: when lounging, loafing, loitering and at leap-frog. Under the operation of the "survival of the fittest," doubtless, in the year 10,000 A. D., we shall see even these eliminated from the man, and the race stand out ideally perfect. And so slow and protracted is the work of development

and species-making, and with the light of the past on this point shining upon us, we are forced to demand for our prehistoric man, standing as he does so far from the beginning and so near to the consummation, that he be more man than ape, that he begin to assume with the ease of naturalness the dignified attitudes and the godlike form of a man. For we believe, so consistent is Nature with herself, that when the physical man has received its higher endowments, the intellectual, moral and spiritual nature will not lag far behind in capacity to know, to discern the right and wrong in action, and to love the pure and the beautiful.

Meanwhile, we are listening patiently to learn of the arrival of "the prehistoric man." Indeed, we are so hungry for any reliable intelligence coming from the region of the prehistoric that in our thankfulness for small favors we would gladly accept a crumb. We insist, however, that it be to be depended on. Nor are we too exacting, since Science plumes herself upon dealing with facts, and in this claims superiority over Philosophy dealing mainly in speculation.

WM. ROYALL.

A HUMBLE SUGGESTION TO THE TWO SOCIETIES,

CONCERNING SOME JOINT RESOLUTIONS SETTING FORTH THE DUTIES OF
MARSHALS, TOGETHER WITH SOME FEW REMARKS THAT
MIGHT BE EMPLOYED BY ANY SPEAKER IN
SUPPORT OF SUCH RESOLUTIONS.

It has been observed on several commencement occasions that there seemed to be a misunderstanding as to the duties of marshals, not only among the people at large, but among the marshals themselves. While some persons have supposed it to be the business of marshals to perform certain offices and regulate certain matters, others equally as intelligent have held opinions precisely opposite. And while in some things the practice of marshals has been uniform, in others it has differed widely. And yet again, while the efficiency of our marshals has in the main been very decided, candor compels the statement that in some cases their inefficiency has been equally marked. Knowing these things from hearsay and from painful observation, this writer begs to suggest that the following resolutions defining the duties of these officers be passed in both Societies, viz:—

WHEREAS, The occasion is approaching which will at once demand the services and test the efficiency of our commencement marshals; and whereas, we are profoundly interested as Societies in the public behavior of those who represent us officially before the great assemblies, therefore be it

Resolved, 1st. That each marshal shall be specially careful to let every body know that he *is* a marshal; and that the proper and only effective way to do this is to keep on his sash, to display his cane or baton, and never, never to be still.

2nd. That when any gentleman who has been invited to speak or preach, whether by the Societies, by the Senior Class, or by the Alumni Association, is on the rostrum endeavoring to perform his part, the marshals shall, in the most effective manner, see to it that he is not heard by anybody in the audience.

3rd. That to avoid misunderstanding in the matter of securing a result so important, the marshals shall rigidly observe the following particulars: (1.) As soon as the speaker begins, let the marshal induce everybody in the audience to whisper; if he can get them to talk out loud, so much the better. Many marshals have been able to do this at but little personal inconvenience. (2.) Should any persons be too far apart to converse with each other except by the use of a speaking-trumpet, which the marshal can not reasonably be expected to furnish to so many, let him encourage the writing of notes. Should he find

himself unable to convey all these communications, let him be empowered to employ, at the expense of the Societies, as many runners as he may require. (3.) Should he find, after diligent use of the methods above specified, that there is still any appearance of listening to the speaker on the part of any one in the audience, let him station a number of loquacious young gentlemen in the vestibule of the Hall, with instructions to talk loud, and fast, and all at once; and in addition to this, let him secure a number of still younger gentlemen to ply between the top and the bottom of the various stairways, making at least three trips a minute. It will add greatly to the success of this experiment if these young gentlemen can be induced to put on shoes for the occasion.

Should any gentleman in either Society wish to say a word in support of these resolutions, which, however, would scarcely be necessary to their triumphant adoption, he might with propriety pursue some such line of remarks as the following:

“Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society: I deem it a needless task to utter a word in commendation of the resolutions before you. They commend themselves. And yet, there are some, I learn, of narrow views, it need not be said, and with crude notions of propriety, who oppose the sentiment of the resolutions. Knowing this fact, sir, jealousy for the honor of my Society and of my *Alma Mater*, and due regard for the national repute of our Southern propriety, compel me to speak. It will be observed, of course,

that the resolutions do not pretend to cover the entire range of a marshal's duties; such as stowing away the band men, wearing new clothes, meeting speakers at the trains, handing water, marching across the rostrum often, and smiling seldom—these need no action of ours. Only those points are presented about which there is any dispute.

As to the first resolution, a word or two will suffice. The very creation of the office of marshal, as is well known, was primarily that the marshal *might be seen*. So, then, an invisible marshal is no marshal at all. As to displaying his insignia of office, they were purchased by the Societies at considerable expense, and purchased for display. How, then, shall they be seen unless the marshal exhibits them prominently and goes all the time? Echo answers, how? I ask, gentlemen, who ever heard of a marshal standing still or sitting down in a public hall? Yes, let him keep himself before the people, and should difficulties oppose his heroic effort to do so, let him nobly exclaim, *“Inveniam Viam aut Faciam,”* and go ahead.

But, sirs, it is against the second and third of these resolutions that prejudiced fogyism directs its impotent opposition. Let us deal patiently with this opposition, gentlemen, and examine the resolutions with care. The gist of the two lies in the second, viz., that when any gentleman is speaking from the rostrum the marshals shall take every precaution to see that he is not heard. What possible objection can any sane man see to this? But gentlemen urge that when we in-

vite a man to address us, common politeness, leaving out gentlemanly propriety, requires us at least to listen to him. I am amazed at the gentlemen. They have yet to learn the first reason why speakers are invited at all. What is that reason? Is it that we may hear them speak? Is hearing a man speak so rare with us that we must send for a stranger and actually *pay* for the privilege of *hearing* him? What can the gentlemen mean? Mr. President, I have implied that the opponents of these resolutions were fogies. I withdraw the implication. They are advanced thinkers; for since the world began it has never before been supposed that a commencement orator ought to be heard. Why, then, is he invited? For his own sake, sir; for the pleasure of visiting us and the honor of addressing us. *Our* only concern is to see how well he can do it. Any speaker can do tolerably well when people listen; but, sir, he that can speak to a boisterous audience is an orator that *is* an orator. The former is only a white-washed specimen; the latter is the Simon pure; and my proud motto is, "*Esse quam Videri Malo.*"

And now, sir, the methods suggested in the resolutions strike me as eminently fitted to promote the end in view. What better could be devised? Nay, sir, there is nothing like talking and walking for squelching a speaker; *talking and walking, and walking and talking*,—that's my motto. Why, the chief end of our Society is to teach its members to talk and write. Let the marshals that represent us instil our lofty principles into the commence-

ment masses. Thus, you will see, another important result is secured. Not only is the speaker gagged, but the people learn the high character of our Society from the excellent example and training which its marshals exhibit. And this is no difficult task which we impose upon the marshals. I myself, sir, have repeatedly seen former marshals highly successful in stimulating conversation and promoting epistolary correspondence, during a speech or a sermon. And, gentlemen, it was thrilling to mark the effect upon the speaker. Yes, sir, marshals *have* done this; and what marshals *have* done, marshals *can* do. And now, sir, finally, one of our speakers is from the North, where, I learn, public assemblies are very quiet, and if any one laughs or talks so as to disturb the speaker, he is considered an idiot or a boor, and policemen remove the daring offender. Now, herein lies my last reason for supporting the resolutions. I wish to teach this gentleman from the servile North that we are in the land of the free and the home of the brave, and that we dare talk anywhere without fear of policemen. I would teach him that ours is the spirit of Southern chivalry of the give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death species. And then, these Yankees know nothing of Southern refinement and gentility. Mr. President, we must let him behold a specimen of it in our usual commencement audiences, improved as above suggested under the careful management of our vigilant marshals; and, be he never so dull, he must take home with him new and surprising reflections on this subject. And now,

gentlemen, I need not say more; but in view of the unfavorable reception of these resolutions in certain quarters, I could not say less."

I know not who are to be our next marshals, or whether they will need suggestions from any source. But should the above reflections serve in any measure to save the Societies and

their marshals from the harsh criticisms heretofore sometimes fired at them by unfeeling strangers, and to save us all from the shameful scenes sometimes witnessed in commencement audiences, they will have served the kindly purpose of the writer.

MEEKINS.

A GLIMPSE OF HIS DEN.

A SKETCH.

Four of us, one from Florida, one from Tennessee, one from South Carolina, and one from North Carolina, wearied and abject, seated ourselves on the rustics in the campus. The sun was setting for the first time since we knew each other. We all had left home for the first time to attend school. We had been sitting in silence for many minutes thinking of home and loved ones left behind. The silence was suddenly broken by the intrusion of an old student whose lively prattling was very much out of sympathy with our state of mind at that time. After telling us how pleased he was to get back again among the old boys and to meet so many fine looking Freshmen, he asked us how we liked the surroundings.

The South Carolinian said, "It is an imposition upon the public to advertise such a place as this as a college."

Florida's representative then expressed himself by saying, "I have read and heard of places of solitude,

but I never experienced the oppressive spells of such before."

"I came here just to be away from home, but home is heaven to this place," said the Tennesseean.

"I am near home and shall soon return," said I.

The loud, boisterous laughing of the old student seemed to us very unbecoming, but he soon grew more moderate in his cutting remarks, and assured us that we would like the place after we learned more about it. "For," said he, "I never have known anyone who admired this place at first, but he is almost invariably satisfied upon remaining here a short while. This school, you see, or will see when the school opens next week, enjoys patronage from almost every Southern State, and every one of the old students is very much attached to the place. So will you be within one month from to-day."

His prophecy came true; for all in that group took a course at that

college except myself, and I am sure I did not leave the hallowed spot because I was displeased with it. The reader need not guess that I was expelled from school, for I was not.

The location is in a section of North Carolina dignified by the title of the South Mountain. It was selected, doubtless, on account of its salubrious climate; for there are no other assignable reasons why this mountain dell, surrounded by craggy hills and infer-tile slopes, should be preferred to communities of more intelligence and refinement, unless, perhaps, there is some advantage in its being isolated from the whirl and rush of the business world, where the stern conventionalities fetter the soul and bias the development of character.

Beyond the suburbs of the little village which had sprung up around the college buildings, the scenery which presented itself on all sides had about it an aspect of dreary desolation. No scenes of marvellous beauty were there to engage the eye; no silver lakes with their foaming outlets diversify that lonely retreat; no adventurous litterateur haunts these hills in search of scenes which he may eloquently describe to the reading world. The solitude is broken once a day by the whistle of the locomotive as it sweeps along the Western North Carolina Railroad, and it even seems to hurry away to escape the spell of loneliness which is eloquently described in the language of the echoës from a thousand hollows among the hills. This road passes within one mile of the college as it traces its way through the gorges and along the

streams till it meets the unsurmountable Blue Ridge eighty miles farther west. The village is situated on a plateau elevated just enough to bring into view the crests of the highest peaks in the great mountain range along the west. A huge spur of the mountain along the south thrusts itself out eastward and projects like a great promontory into a sea of plain below. This ridge is so near that it puts its peaks up right in the face of the village. On either side of it a small river flows toward the east. These river valleys and contiguous slopes yield right luxuriant harvests, but the lumberman realizes the greatest revenue from the forests along these streams. These two unimportant rivers are known as Upper and Lower South Fork.

I had been in school seven months without one intervening day of recreation. So when a friend invited me to accompany him on a visit to Stonard's Glen, six miles south of our village, on the southern slope of the South Mountain ridge, I most willingly accepted the invitation; for a strong inclination had already been urging me to devote a few days to field-sports and exercises which would carry me over the mountains and along the streams, where I might scan the virgin beauties of the works of God, and listen to the voice of Him who made these craggy hills and solitary dales perhaps for that very purpose. Our natures demand invigoration from original sources, which the Creator has not failed to supply. Books themselves, though they are indispensable in intellectual development, and though

they unveil the scenes of the past, may be abused beyond their proper function. Set forms of routine work too closely pursued constrict and distort the judgment and enslave the feelings. One ought, therefore, at times, to turn away from the engrossing cares of his daily labors to Nature's virgin solitudes, where our being is refreshed, our hearts uplifted, and fresh life is inhaled. Then new zest and vigor will move us to grapple more successfully and cheerfully with the cares and duties of life.

One Friday evening in April was the time appointed for us to go on our little tour of pleasure. Just two hours before the sun withdrew the radiant light with which he had emblazoned all nature with the most resplendent glories of a most delightful spring day, Theodore Heath, my friend, dashed up in front of my door, and invited me to a seat in his brand-new buggy. Theodore suggested that we turn aside just a little in order that we might go down the main street. The other way was just as good; then why did he want to go out of the way at that late hour? Well, Theodore always has a reason for what he does, and I must not complain. We were soon thundering along the stony surface of Main street, and I soon learned the reason why Theodore preferred that way. We were to pass Madame Flower's beautiful cottage, at which Theodore had been a constant visitor lately. He doubtless thought there would be some advantage in making a little display of ourselves. The Misses Flower were sitting on the front piazza enjoying the balmy moun-

tain breezes which are so invigorating in the spring of the year.

"They see us now," said he, as he drew himself up erect and wrapped the reins tight around his hands. The horse knew his master's sign; faster and faster we went. I was bent on making acknowledgments to any signs of recognition from the young ladies. We were passing the gate in front of the cottage when with a sudden crash we were hurled from our seats upon the ground. The frightened horse rushed madly on, dragging Theodore, who still clung with tenacious grasp to the reins. I was so stunned and astounded that it was several minutes before I could assist Theodore with his horse. The forewheels of the buggy still remained attached to the horse. The bolt which coupled the parts together had broken. When Theodore recovered enough to see what had happened he was not over-careful in the selection of the words with which he expressed himself in regard to our hapless predicament. The burst of loud laughter came from Madame Flower's piazza, which perhaps made him more reckless in the choice of his language.

"I believe some folk would laugh at a fellow if he were to get killed," said Theodore, as he, animated with disgust and anger, was vigorously trying to remove some of the dust and sand which had been fairly ground into the fibres of his white vest.

"That is not the kind of attention I was expecting to acknowledge just before I tumbled over the dash-board of that treacherous vehicle," I replied with a suppressed smile.

The village blacksmith, whose workshop was near the place of our accident, came to see the extent of our injuries, and he expressed many deep regrets at our mishap; but the broad complacent smile which covered his face led us to suspect that his regrets were highly tinged with the pleasure of gain which he hoped would accrue to him through our misfortune. On examination the blacksmith informed us that he could make the necessary repairs within one hour. So within less than an hour we were again pursuing our journey, but with much more caution than before.

After leaving the village we plunged into a heavy forest through which our narrow road made many tortuous curves around some and over others of the abrupt little hills. This broken region possesses all the characteristics of the real mountains. The towering little peaks in front of us presented all the beauty, grandeur and picturesque-ness of the great range, only they were not so stupendous. There were the great cliffs, caves, and cataracts; deep gorges, dells, and defiles; in fact there was only one narrow gap through which we could pass that stubborn ridge, and that was an extremely difficult one. For those who have never beheld the enrapturing scenes, rife among those stupendous sky-rending hills, rolled up along the west, whose outlines we could trace only imperfectly through the dim distance, our view would have been one of much pleasure. The hill-tops which had lately begun to take on a coat of green, and which were reflecting the mellow rays of the sinking

sun, presented a scene of indescribable beauty, or, at least, it was far more enchanting than I had ever seen before.

We were unconscious of how rapidly darkness was stealing over us while Theodore was relating some exciting incidents he had experienced while chasing the fox or deer through those wild wastes around us. He became very animated in some of his descriptions, and especially when he pointed out the spots where he once stood awaiting the approach of a deer, and told how the animal, with his great horns pointing backwards, came leaping wildly along through the woods and fell a victim to the well directed shot from his gun.

We had ascended more than half way up the ridge before we recognized the extreme darkness of the night, not a vestige of the departed day could be seen, and the moon still lingered below the eastern horizon. The hills on either side seemed to grow steeper as the darkness grew deeper. We were just entering the most difficult and narrow pass when Theodore remarked that we would reach the top of the ridge soon after emerging from that defile, and that it was a short and easy descent from there to Stonard's Glen. The hills reared up like mighty walls on both sides, and pushed in so close to each other that the hubs of our buggy would touch the rocks on both sides at the same time. A little streamlet came murmuring along in the middle of the road. Had it not been for the galaxy of stars glimmering in the canopy of the heavens we might have

thought that we had wandered into some dark cave and were winding through labyrinths too intricate and numerous to admit of our return. Theodore must have been much troubled about the impertinence of the Misses Flower in giving vent to such a burst of hilarity at our accident before leaving the village; for he had reverted to it twice before and was now expressing his doubts as to Lelia's sincerity in encouraging him as she had been doing.

"It is a trifling incident indeed that will not serve as a pretext for lovers to quarrel over," said I.

"You are—Heavens! what's that?" cried Theodore as the horse rushed madly backward, chuffed and snorted as if he had met a demon in the road.

Theodore leaped out of the buggy and rushed to the horse's head to prevent his breaking the buggy among the rocks behind us. I soon saw the cause of the horse's fright. It was a great form of something much like a man, though much larger. It floated back and forth in the air just over the road in advance of us. It descended slowly as if guarding its own movements, and cautiously awaiting an opportunity to grasp us in its giant arms. It finally touched the ground and stood there with its arms extended. The horse became quiet as a statue, as if under the influence of some magic charm. Theodore, where was he? I spoke to him, but he did not reply. I called him, but he did not answer me. I descended from the buggy and searched for him diligently all around, but in vain. Again and again I called him, but heard not a

word. "Where can he be? Did the apparition seize him? Oh, what a horrible death! Oh! for some deliverance!" These were some of my thoughts as I was becoming more and more overcome with fear. A death-like stillness pervaded everything. Suddenly the great ghost reached out its huge arm and grasped me in its hand, "Begone, devil, demon," cried I, as I wrenched myself from its awful grasp and dealt several wild blows upon his face; for it was not the ghost but a man who had seized me. My little exertion in self-defence restored my strength and courage, and I determined to die bravely. So I approached the man with a determination to grapple even to the death. But before my attack he spoke. It was Theodore. In his extreme fright he concealed himself behind a great rock and could not answer when I called, but ventured to come to me. When he saw me he involuntarily seized me in his arms. After I struck him he began to regain his mind and asked me what we should do.

"Let us see what it is if it kills us," said I.

After much hesitation and forced encouragement we decided to approach the ghost at all hazards. We walked cautiously and slowly to the foot of the strange apparition. I lit a match. There stood a great white cross more than fifteen feet high, with the following inscription on it written in large black characters: "*This is the road to Hell.*" We heard a voice just over us say, "Go on." At the sound of the voice I involuntarily dropped the match. The great white cross then

rose up in the air and moved over the hill out of sight. Again we heard the voice say, "Go on. Fear not." It is impossible to describe my feeling then. We were afraid to proceed; we were afraid to return; and were very unwilling to remain there. We decided at last that the voice portended no evil to us, and that we would proceed to Stonard's Glen.

Our horse was still quiet, for Theodore had applied his remedy for frightened horses, before he himself had seen the ghost by blindfolding him. We were soon out of that gorge, and beyond the highest point of the ridge. Our arrival at Stonard's Glen was a complete surprise; but we enjoyed a full share of those genuine courtesies peculiar to the mountaineers, and which always make their guests feel pleasant and welcome. After supper we repaired to the sitting room where Mr. Isaac Dorsey, the landlord of Stonard's Glen, demanded an explanation of our coming so late. I related the story of the white cross, to which all parties listened with utter amazement. Mr. Dorsey questioned me closely on all the particulars, and then said, "Many common objects have frightful appearances to those who are afraid they will see such sights. Tall mullein stalks in graveyards have often made horrid ghosts for the sensitive. There is something remarkable, boys, about your story. Generally some common object takes the place of great ghosts when a light is made. But to what extent one's imagination can control his mind when under great excitement, I do not know; but I do not believe in ghosts."

"I think I can explain the mystery, father," said Jerome, Mr. Dorsey's oldest son. "Some of your school-mates," Jerome continued, addressing me, "are in the habit of coming over the mountain for whiskey, which they get from Jake Starns, a noted illicit distiller in this community."

"Does Jacob Starns live near here?" I inquired.

"Scarcely one mile from here at Starns' Ford, on Lower South Fork," he replied.

"I used to know him," said I. "But tell me what you know about the ghost."

Then Jerome told me that two young ministers, Mr. Holeman and Mr. Lallah, had expressed their intention of scaring the boys when they came over there for liquor, hoping to break them from visiting Starns' Ford.

While Jerome was yet speaking some one wrapped at the door. It was Mr. Holeman who came to tell us that he did not want us to make any ado about what we had seen. He said that he hoped that he would be successful in stopping the boys from going to Starns' Ford, before they were detected by the faculty and expelled from school. To satisfy our great curiosity he related the whole plan to us.

The hill on either side of the deep gorge where we had seen the white cross, ran up so steep that they easily stretched a wire across the road from hill to hill. Another wire, to which the cross was attached, was thrown across this one so that two men could easily manage the whole apparatus.

Now, I had never believed in ghosts,

but if Mr. Holeman had not explained this one I would ever afterwards have believed that the spirit world was near enough to the earth to bring about an occasional collision between men and spirits. But I was greatly vexed at his revelation of what would have always been a profound mystery to me. Why should I become so completely astounded at such a simple scare-crow? A half-wit ought to have known that it was some human contrivance. But I shall never believe in ghosts again.

The next morning dawned into a most delightful day for field sports. The morning was spent in frightening ducks which we found along the Lower South Fork, for we seldom ever killed one. But the most interesting incident to me was our visit to Starns' Ford, the home of the noted "moon-shiner" of the South Mountain.

The dwelling was of unusual size, and its plain old-fashioned style gave it an aspect of grandeur. It was situated near the river bank on the point of a ridge which was thrust out southward and cut off by the course of the river flowing eastward. On the western side of the ridge was a long line of vacant negro-huts, on the eastern side stood numerous barns, corn-cribs, sheds, and other buildings; every one of which was very much dilapidated and tumbling into ruins. Here and there were scattered broken-down wagons, plows, corn-shellers, reapers, mowers, threshing machines, &c. The fine old silver-mounted carriage was meeting the same fate. Great gullies had been washed out through the once beautiful garden. The spontaneous vegetation which had grown up around the

house and was lapping over the broad stone steps and window-sills, was allowed to remain where it had been bitten down by the frost from year to year. Broad fields of fertile lowlands spread out eastward through which the Lower South Fork wound its course in graceful curves. A thousand head of cattle could be seen rambling over the leas, which were separated from the cultivated portions by long lines of "buck-fence." Only a small portion of this fertile valley had been cultivated since the abolition of slavery.

I learned through Jerome that Jacob Starns' father had been a man of immense wealth and that Jacob had inherited all of it. But since he had met with some disappointment in a love affair, he had allowed everything to go to ruin, and devoted himself to the wildest life as an illicit distiller. He had an immense amount of gold and silver hoarded up, none knew where nor how much, and was then making more money than any twelve men in the country.

We devoted that evening to killing squirrels among the hills where they were very numerous. Soon after entering our hunting-ground we fell into an immense ravine that descended the mountain slope. Passing down this ravine we came in sight of a knoll which divided the hollow into two. While we were walking slowly along scanning every tree with the hope of finding a squirrel on it, a covey of birds fluttered out almost from under our feet and went sweeping down the slope, some on one side of the knoll and some on the other. They were fortunate in escaping sudden death; for

three guns were discharged at them as soon as they were on the wing. Jerome informed us that they were mountain pheasants, the shyest of all birds; only the most skilful hunters can kill them. So we had an opportunity to establish our reputation as such. Jerome and Theodore followed one division and I the other. How far apart the knoll separated us, I do not know; for my whole attention was fixed upon the object of my pursuit. Again and again I flushed the birds; again and again they escaped unhurt. Just after I had made a vain attempt at killing a pheasant, I observed a squirrel start from a little rivulet, and he went bounding up along the hill side. I cautiously followed him until he came to a steep precipice where he ascended a very tall poplar tree. At the report of my rifle he came tumbling down through the branches and fell over the precipice. When I went to the edge of the precipice to see where he had fallen, a man walked out from under the projection as from a cave, then another and another, strong, rustic, sleepy-eyed fellows. They were dressed in the coarsest and most completely soiled costumes. One of them, who held in his hand a brilliant rifle, in a deep commanding tone demanded my business there.

"I am hunting squirrels, sir," replied I, rather arrogantly.

"You're a liar," was his abrupt rejoinder.

"You would better guard your language, sir, when you are talking to a gentleman," said I, as a fit of anger began to assume control of me.

"You are badly fooled if you think we will believe your lies; and if you don't march down here immediately, I will shoot you down in your tracks," he said in a very threatening tone.

Fear instead of anger became predominant over me. I saw that my escape was a matter of extreme importance. So I bade them adieu, and walked rapidly away. At their command to halt, I began my flight in good earnest. I had not gotten far before two of the ruffians rushed upon me. I whirled and gave one of them a severe blow upon his shoulder with my gun, which sent him staggering down the hill. But the other scoundrel leaped upon me. We grappled with the utmost vehemence in a hand to hand contest. But when he planted his great rough fist on my temple, which almost jarred the very life out of me, I fell a victim to his superior strength. The next moment after I fell, the ruffian whom I had struck with my gun and whose countenance was now fairly ablaze with anger, rushed upon me with his gun presented at my breast, evidently intending to murder me. His partner kicked the gun just as he was in the act of firing, so that the discharge went into the ground near me. This disappointment increased his anger, and he brandished his glittering gun in the air with the determination of crushing my head with one masterstroke, but was prevented by the sudden interposition of his more considerate companion. I saw that my escape was impossible, so I began to plead earnestly for mercy. I told them that my two friends who were

hunting with me were on the opposite side of the hill. They believed not a word that I said, and compelled me to return to the cave with them. "In the hands of robbers, oh God, deliver!" was my unexpressed but most earnest prayer, as I was dragged down that hill. All the tales of robbers I had ever heard or read of flashed through my mind in one moment. I thought of the Henry Berry Lowry gang in the Robeson county swamps, of the thieves among the Black Hills, of the highway robbers on the Mexican frontier; and to increase my anguish, as we approached the door of the cave, I saw the squirrel which I had chased across the hill and killed in a manner so much like that in which I had been followed by these robbers, only I barely escaped death.

I was conducted to the backside of the cave, which ran back into the hill about forty feet. Two large stills stood on one side of the cave, and the other side was occupied by many hogsheads. I saw at a glance that I was in a distillery, and that my captors were illicit distillers instead of robbers. It was an artificial cave. The walls were trimmed down smooth with a spade. The ceiling was made of logs fitted closely together. I felt more at ease when I found that I was not in the hands of robbers.

The whole gang assembled at the door of the cave, evidently to decide what they should do with me. Their bitter oaths and wild nodding of the head convinced me that I was not out of danger. I overheard one of them say, "If one of the grand scoundrels should come up missing, they would not be

so bold among these hills." From what I heard, I learned that they suspected me to be connected in some way with the revenue department, that I had come there to find their still, and, if released, would soon return with a company of men and capture them and destroy their stills as had been the custom of revenue officers.

Suddenly all eyes were turned toward the door. Several spoke at once, "There's Jake. Halloo, Jake! what brought you back?" The whole company was thrown into the greatest confusion, yet there was no possible chance for me to escape. A man of common physique walked up to the door. His hair was so long that it flowed upon his shoulders. An uneasy frown was upon his face. His dress was coarse and much worn, but his deep-set eyes sparkled with more intelligence than any I had seen there before.

"Everything's in darger," he said. "The revenues took my wagon and team last night. They shot Whiteford, I do not know where. I left him groaning and begging for mercy. I barely escaped with my life. The bullets whizzed by my head as I ran with all my might through the woods. They fell upon me just above the Rock Bridge. I think they are going to plunder these regions to-night. I hurried back to Mike's and got his mule and rode it nearly to death. I told all the boys along the line. Bill, you must go over and fire the mountain tops at once, so that all the boys in this region may know what's up. Bob, you and Julius and Tom must

take the kegs from the warehouse and scatter them over the hills; perhaps we will save some of them that way. They will not be apt to find them all. I will go over to Fen. Brotchie's and buy another team as good as that one they captured for twenty dollars. I will take a trip down Broad river; we will make some money over there while the revenues are scouring this section. Let every man be brave when they come and show fight, but do not kill any one except in self-defence."

As soon as he finished his speech, the boys all departed to perform their assigned tasks.

"Jake, we have one of the scoundrels here right now, trying to play off school-boy on a squirrel hunt. We ought to kill the lying vagabond," said my determined enemy (the one I struck with my gun).

"Where did you get him?" inquired Jake.

"He came right here among us,—the cheekiest thing I ever saw," was the reply.

Jake then came toward me and said, "You will pay for your folly yet."

"Mr. Starns, I am no enemy of yours. I came here knowing nothing of your affairs, and with no evil intention," said I.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"You know my father well, sir. I am Frank Onesby, son of Dr. Onesby," I replied.

"I should think I do know Dr. Onesby. He is a square man, and he is opposed to this abominable revenue system. Boys, you may release this fellow," said Jake, addressing the gang.

"But, Frank, you must not tell any one that you have seen his still-house," he continued.

"You may be assured that I will not say anything about it, Mr. Starns," I replied.

I took the squirrel I had killed and departed. When I found Theodore and Jerome, they had been searching for me three hours. They thought perhaps I had fallen over some precipice or shot myself, and were then on their way to get assistance in searching for me, for the sun was then setting.

Theodore and I returned to the college on the next day. One week passed before we heard that sure enough a band of revenue officers fell upon the illicit distillers, cut their stills to pieces, found many barrels of whiskey scattered over the hills, together with several thousand gallons which had been deposited in the side of a hill, and captured many of the gang.

JUM.

EDITORIAL.

PARADISE STILL LOST.

The notion that the table-lands of Central Asia were the original home of all the Aryan nations we first imbibed we hardly know when or where. It was confirmed and gained definiteness when we read later something of Max Müller and Sir William Cox. We confess to some surprise, therefore, upon reading in the May *Atlantic* a paper by E. P. Evans setting forth with some minuteness of detail the slender foundations upon which the received theory rests. The speculation being about a matter which is prehistoric, it can remain only as a speculation except so far as language may throw light on it. Whether Mr. Evans has done full justice to the testimony of philology a layman of course is not prepared to say. His paper certainly tends to bring one back into the condition of unstable equilibrium in which one would incline to accept, with Mr. Evans, Europe as the primeval seat of our race quite as readily as the traditional plateaus of Persia. In our author's view, that portion of Europe lying between the Black Sea and the Baltic meets a larger number of the conditions of the problem. He is frank to say, however, that, in the present state of knowledge, the discussion of this subject must be limited to a balancing of *pros* and *cons*. "We have to do," he says, "with mere hypotheses, about which it is interesting

to speculate, but absurd to dogmatize." Quite another view of the question—a view characterized by Dr. Howard Crosby as "a marvellously consistent and beautiful one"—is taken by Dr. Warren in his recent work *Paradise Found*. Suffice it to say, he found the original Eden at the North Pole, whence the nations migrated southward. Surely we are at sea. W. L. P.

REFORMS IN EDUCATION.

The common characteristic of all reformers is that in them this or that idea finds its extreme expression. Reformers in education are not exceptions. The discoveries and studies of recent years have affected both the subject-matter and the method of education. Reformers in the former field, in the enthusiasm of the late acquisition of the splendid world of science, have gone so far in some instances as to insist that the sciences supply the only necessary materials of education. Closely allied to these are the reformers who reject as "useless" all education which is not industrial.

Probably the most prominent of all related reforms just now is that touching the method of education. There are few gatherings of teachers in which "the new methods" do not form the chief topic of discussion. One

hears so much about method, method, that, unless he turn aside for a moment's reflection, he is in danger of concluding that method and not "wisdom is the principal thing;" that the system of education which produced the scholars of the earlier part of this century was, rather, a positive hindrance to native abilities that finally asserted themselves in spite of it.

Well, it is comforting to reflect that extremes not only serve to show the error of their opposites, but are self-corrective as well. We rejoice in every addition to the fund of materials from which education may draw, and welcome not less heartily every improvement in educational processes. On the other hand, we cannot forget that substance is more than process, that man is master of method.

W. L. P.

THE TENDENCY AMONG COLLEGE STUDENTS.

"Impatient America! Impatient America!" exclaimed an American a short time ago who had spent many years of his life as a missionary in foreign lands. And truly we have but to cast our eyes about us to see that the character of the age is supremely utilitarian and impatient.

This restless disposition is seen no less among college students than among those engaged in the different vocations of life. Indeed, there is a growing tendency on the part of students in our colleges to underrate the importance of studying those branches

which are best calculated to bring them to the "fulness of the stature of the perfect man" by unfolding their powers and developing their faculties.

Since there is such a strong desire to give attention to special studies in preference to the general curriculum, in order to meet this demand some of our colleges have handed over the time-honored curriculum to the gentle care of history and made every subject of study elective.

Now, the purpose to meet the demand of the age for specialists is a noble one; indeed, one must needs be a specialist if he would best conserve the intellectual energy of the world and do the most efficient work for himself and humanity. But he should first lay a broad foundation on which to build the superstructure. He must be a man before he can be a specialist. He who learns "something about everything" is prepared to learn "everything about something." By this elective system the student is allured to "special work" before he has acquired a sound and thorough mental training. And the choice he makes is the determination of impulse rather than an intelligent choice. Although the ambitious youth, anxious to press to the front where arms clash and banners are flung to the breeze, does not care to submit to that discipline which will develop intellectual sinew and give capacity for earnest effort and noble achievements, surely he cannot fail to see that those who have come to the front in great crises which demanded the strength of the whole man, have been those who could bend all their powers of mind in one direc-

tion,—symmetrical men. "When the bow of Ulysses requires to be bent, only a Ulysses can bend it."

We are destitute of that disposition of the famous writer of *Paradise Lost* which led him to say, "I do not care how late I enter life, just so I enter it fit." And it seems that Mr. Emerson was not wrong when he said that "the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do when it ought to be done, whether you like to do it or not."

J. S.

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

One of the most important questions that forces itself upon all men must be decided in early life. It is the choosing a profession. No question perhaps puzzles every youth more than this one. Everyone is anxious to know when and how he shall decide it. Many educators urge boys to make their decision very early, so that their education may be shaped to suit their profession; that during school life they may have an object in view—an end to be attained.

Well, that is pretty enough to be said, but in reality, the true object of education is overlooked by such as take this view. Every person has some gift or is better adapted to some certain kind of work than to any other. Now, if the boy chooses the profession to which he is best adapted and in his education seeks the special development of those mental faculties which fit him for his chosen profes-

sion, he will be a one-sided man. One's education ought to be of such a sort that it will develop especially his weaker faculties so that his mental powers may be well rounded and evenly balanced. It is claimed that the regular classical course at college will do this best. After proper application and observation during four years at college one can learn what his gifts are, but it is folly to expect an inexperienced boy to know them. The time of making the decision, therefore, will depend upon one's opportunities of trying and learning his abilities.

There is a vain notion among boys that the mere name of one's profession will add much to his success, and they are led by that hallucination to choose an occupation to which they are not adapted. Now, this is by far too serious a matter to be dealt with so loosely or hastily. Never ought one to be more candid with himself than in making this decision. Let him take hold of such work as he feels and knows that he can do.

The sooner a young man learns that nothing less than hard labor will make one successful, and nothing else, though he be a genius, the sooner will he consider the subject in its true light.

O. F. T.

MACHINERY AND LABOR.

In the early part of the present century the French historian and political economist, Sismondi, asked this question: "What would become of England if her king should perform

by an immense crank all the tasks of his subjects, who were dying of hunger because his powerful machine had taken away from them all their work?" Essentially the same question has risen in the mind of our contributor who reaches the conclusion that improved machinery, far from being an advantage to the laborer, is a positive calamity; and, it must be added, both have fallen into the same error. Their conclusion rests upon facts, but not all the facts of the case. They have made what is called a hasty induction. And so argued many English laborers. About the year 1779 some half dozen of the first water spinning mills were burned by mobs of laborers. Witness also the Luddite mobs of 1811. Readers of *John Halifax* will not forget this fierce war of labor and machinery. Those who spun cotton by hand in the cottage, sitting with their distaffs round the weaver's hand-loom, saw that they were superseded by a machine which did the same work more rapidly and cheaply than they. So they rebelled against the machine.

It must be admitted that those laborers who failed to adapt themselves to the new order and means of production suffered. That was inevitable. On the other hand, there are three considerations which prove conclusively that improved machinery is a friend to the laboring classes.

In the first place, labor-saving machines save labor, but do not supplant labor. The paradox is explained when it is remembered that, while at the first an individual laborer here and there is thrown out of employment, the fields of remunerative labor are

ultimately greatly widened and multiplied. The number of laborers is increased rather than diminished. For example, a district which had been called "the deserts of Lancashire" was converted, by the machines of Arkwright the barber, into "the busiest district of the world."

The second consideration is, improved machinery, by reducing the cost of production and transportation, enables the laborer to live more cheaply and more comfortably than he otherwise could. This benefit he shares with the richest.

Lastly, if, as Blanqui suggests, progress in manufactures, the perfecting of machinery, and the multiplication of the means of labor were real evils, we could not then explain the growth of public prosperity and that increase of well-being which has penetrated the ranks of even the humblest laborers.

W. L. P.

CAUCASIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

Dr. Crawford, we remember, while enumerating in his lecture the chief characteristics of the different races, said that the Caucasian lived in the future, the Mongolian in the past, and the Negro in the present. But it seems that, if living in the future were the distinctive feature of the Caucasian, many who now claim positions in that great race would have to take rank as the yellowest of Mongolians. The class represented by Charles Lamb is by no means small. The antiquarians of to-day may not be so completely in love with and absorbed by the past

as that quaint worshipper of antiquity, but the love of the past is a prominent feature of modern times. At this moment thousands are pouring over moth-eaten tomes, raking among the ruins of buried cities, and puzzling their wits and ruining their eyes trying to decipher the hieroglyphics of prehistoric nations. Who knows how many Casaubons are compiling "keys to all the mythologies," and how many Old Mortalities are scraping the moss from the tomb-stones in village churchyards? There is some mysterious charm lurking in the past which fascinates many, and converts them into idolaters—"half-Januses" who have no eyes for the future and its grand possibilities, but who, through some mental twist, can see only behind them. The future is nothing to them; they shiver at the mention of the word modern; but the past is everything. And despite the rush of the busy present, these worshippers of the past are becoming more numerous. No parlor is now complete without a collection of antique bric-a-brac. An old coin, or print of Shakespeare brings a fabulous price. Even an egg, according to Mark Twain, derives additional value from its antiquity.

The Caucasian's tendency to glorify the past can be traced all through his history from the times when Socrates and Juvenal held up bright pictures of the early Greeks and Romans before the eyes of their degenerate descendants to the present, when every village patriarch sighs for "the good old days" when he was a boy. Poet and romancer have invested the days of chivalry with a host of imaginary virtues to which they have no just claim.

Accordingly we would rather say that the chief characteristic of the Caucasian is discontent with his own age. We must have some object about which our ideals may cluster, and, being dissatisfied with the present, we look forward into the future, or turn back to the past. Our yearnings after perfection, unable to find a resting-place amid the imperfections of the present, construct a Utopian world in the future, or else revert to the dim past, whose irregularities are obscured by the distance and the mist of imaginary virtues which we ourselves have thrown around it. Whence result the progressive and conservative elements in our race; and each is useful in its own way. R. H. W.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A PRESIDENTIAL WEDDING.—The rumor that President Cleveland is soon to marry is now reduced to what may be termed a certainty from statements made by members of the chosen maiden's family. The presidential bride elect is Miss Frances C. Folsom, of Buffalo, N. Y. She is the daughter of the late Oscar Folsom, a well known lawyer and an intimate friend of Mr. Cleveland. She is twenty-two years of age, a lady of intellectual and social accomplishments, notable for personal loveliness. She is described as rather tall, having wavy light brown hair, and a sweet, winning, yet serious face. Miss Folsom graduated at Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., in 1885. She, together with her mother, is now in Europe, having as the chief purpose of her visit the selection of her trousseau. She will return about the middle of June, soon after which time the nuptial celebration will take place, when our bachelor President will at the hymenial altar renounce this state of loneliness, and take unto himself a better-half.

THE OVATION.—The great demonstration made at Montgomery, Ala., April 29th, by the great multitude which assembled there to witness the laying of the corner-stone of the Confederate Monument, shows that the principles for which the South fought twenty years ago have not been wiped out of the memories of men. The inscription on the corner-stone of the uncompleted monument, "Corner-

stone laid by ex-President Davis, April 29, 1886," and the splendid ovation given to Mr. Davis on that occasion, show that the head of the late Confederacy is still honored and loved by his people. Mr. Davis made an eloquent speech, which received many long and continued outbursts of applause. He maintained that "when passion shall have subsided and reason shall have resumed her dominion, it must be decided that the General Government had no constitutional power to coerce a State, and a State had the right to repel invasion." The bitter criticism and mendacious assaults intended to debase Mr. Davis have only endeared him to the people. And the dread of burning criticisms will not keep back expression of sentiment for their dead heroes. But as if the war was still going on, the ovation by the Alabamians was met on the following day by antagonistic sentiments from the North. A mass-meeting was called at Albany, N. Y., "to protest against the glorification of disloyal deeds and men, the revival of sentiments repugnant to those who fought for the Union, and unbecoming the subjugated South."

COMMISSION OF LABOR.—President Cleveland, being impressed with the importance of obviating the difficulties caused by the frequent disputes arising between the laborers and capitalists of our country, a few days since sent a message to Congress on the subject of the labor troubles. He sug-

gests that there be created a "Commission of Labor, consisting of three members, who shall be regular officers of the Government, charged, among other duties, with the consideration and settlement, when possible, of all controversies between labor and capital." He says that this commission could easily be engrafted upon the present Bureau of Labor by the addition of two more commissioners and by supplementing the duties of that office so as to allow these commissioners to act as arbitrators in cases of disputes between employers and employees.

The relations now existing between labor and capital are far from satisfactory, and should, if possible, be improved, though such a task may be difficult while the parties concerned continue so obstinate and have no consideration except for self-interest. Congress is not by any means omnipotent, and there are many difficulties which cannot be obviated by legislation. True it is that difficulties often arise by reason of the "grasping and heedless exactions of employers," but this is not by any means the case with the majority of "strikes." For often the employees become dissatisfied without cause, and resort to threats and manifestations of violence. This is often done at the instigation of the

demagogic leaders of labor organizations, the pretended advocates of the rights of labor, who are enemies to the capitalists and friends to nobody, and whose object in promoting a "strike" is simply to obtain notoriety. Why is it, anyway, that we hear so much upon the subject of reforming corporations and their modes of business, while no need of reform is suggested for the labor unions? Have the laboring men yet attained perfection? Are they not *sometimes* liable to err? It is a strange state of affairs, indeed, if labor organizations alone are always right and never liable to commit mistakes.

The plan which Mr. Cleveland suggests may be advantageous. It is not likely to do any harm so long as it is left optional with the differing parties to seek aid from the source suggested. However, when the parties concerned are so easily reconcilable it is very easy for the dispute to be settled by the usual means of arbitration. Even Mr. Gould, than whom possibly no other man in the Union has been more vilified, expresses himself in favor of arbitration, as do many other capitalists and so-called monopolists. But nothing can be accomplished by this or any other means so long as so much obstinacy and selfishness are exhibited by the conflicting parties.

EDUCATIONAL.

—The National Teachers' Association will convene in Topeka, Kansas, June 14.

—The commencement address at Judson College, Hendersonville, will be delivered by Rev. H. W. Battle, of Wadesboro.

—All the exhibits of the Chinese government in the New Orleans Exposition have been donated to the University of Michigan.

—There are five hundred students at Columbian University, Washington, D. C., this session, and the future of the institution is still brightening.

—Mr. W. S. Ladd, of Portland, Oregon, has given the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Francisco \$50,000, for the foundation of a new professorship.

—Dr. Thomas Hume, of Chapel Hill, will preach the commencement sermon at Thomasville Female College, and Rev. H. W. Battle will deliver the literary address.

—The aggregate amount of endowments of the 97 colleges in the thirteen Southern States, which, with grounds and property, are valued at \$8,016,750, is more than \$10,000,000.

—The average yearly appropriation made for the past five years by the legislatures of several States for the benefit of State Universities has been as follows: Iowa, \$4,300; Ohio, 13,000; Minnesota, \$59,000; Nebraska, \$82,000; Michigan, \$94,000; Wisconsin, \$99,000.

—The prevailing opinion about Harvard is, that James Russell Lowell will be chosen to deliver the oration at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of that institution, which occurs November the 7th.

—The late W. H. Vanderbilt gave \$500,000 to the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. And now the four Vanderbilt brothers have united in a gift of \$250,000 for the special purposes of the clinical department.

—The disbursements of the Peabody Fund are in round numbers \$60,000 a year, and of the Slater Fund \$ 0,000. These funds have been a great stimulus to the cause of education.

—Baylor University, Waco, Texas, the consolidated Baptist institution, has an attendance of three hundred students, and the Baptists of that State are making strenuous efforts to raise an endowment of five hundred thousand dollars.

—Of the 590 students at Hampton Institute, Va., 135 are Indians, and nearly half the students are girls. The thirty-two buildings, of which thirteen are work-shops, stand on a farm of seven hundred acres, and last year the students earned \$44,058.

—There is in the April *Century* a striking paper by Washington Gladden on the deficiencies of our system of primary education and their moral effects upon the rising generation.

—Moravian Falls Academy, Rev. George W. Greene principal, has suspended operations for the present, owing to the outbreak of measles. Rev. R. T. Vann, of Wake Forest, was to deliver the commencement address there.

—The sum of \$15,000 has been raised in Durham for the erection of a graded school building, but it is feared that owing to some points of law the handsome sum will not be available.

—In the first issue of *The Forum* E. E. Hale inaugurated the series of articles headed "How I was Educated." Thomas Wentworth Higginson told his story in the April number, and now we have President F. A. P. Barnard's in the May.

—In 1884 the value of public school property in the United States was \$240,000,000. As the rate of increase is about \$12,000,000 annually, the value will exceed \$300,000,000 in 1890. If we add to this the value of property owned by private persons or by corporations, but used for educational purposes, the total will not be less than \$500,000,000.

—The cost of the building for the Female University dedicated a short time ago at St. Petersburg was \$150,000, the money having been raised by subscription throughout the empire. This is the first institution of the kind in the Czar's dominion. It has, indeed, taken Russia a long time to divest herself of the feeling which once prevailed among the highest classes that good spelling was a pedantry improper for ladies.

—We had been expecting the Vassar trustees to make Dr. J. R. Kendrick, who is acting as president *pro tem.* the permanent president of that institution. They have, however, elected Rev. J. M. Taylor, D. D., of Providence, R. I., to that position, and he has accepted.

—No part of my training at Yale College seems to me, as I look back upon it, to have been more beneficial than that I derived from the practice of writing and speaking in the literary society to which I belonged—*F. A. P. Barnard, in The Forum.* Further on he laments the substitution of Greek letter fraternities for the literary societies at Yale.

—The North Carolina Teachers' Assembly will be held at Mt. Mitchell Hotel, Black Mountain, N. C., from June 22 to July 7. Addresses by the following gentlemen, among others, are announced: President C. E. Taylor, President J. B. Brewer, Prof. G. T. Winston, Prof. G. B. Groff, of Penn., Hon. S. M. Finger, and Gov. A. M. Scales.

—The normally developed American college passes through three stages: first, it consists of a board of trustees, served by a president and by a number of teachers; second, the president absorbs the powers of the board of trustees over the internal matters, and the college becomes a one man affair; third, the college is (not has) a faculty of instruction, whose leading member is the president, and the trustees attend to the funds and little else. * * Yale and most of the New England colleges have reached the third stage.—*M., in The Nation,*

—Congress has just passed a bill providing for the erection of a Congressional Library building on Capitol Hill. It will hold three and a half million books, and will contain large apartments for other purposes. It will cover an area of about 2.9 acres, and will be composed of stone in the exterior and iron and concrete in the interior, thus being entirely fire proof.

At present the Library contains nearly 600,000 volumes with shelf-room for only half that number, the others being stored away in musty profusion and confusion. It will increase the facilities of the city as a literary centre, as books in all departments of learning will become accessible. The architect is Mr. Smit'hmeier, a native of Venice.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

FATHER RYAN, the "poet-priest" of the South, died April 23rd.

A comprehensive *Index to Harper's New Monthly* is announced by the Harpers.

THE Life of Longfellow for the American Men-of-Letters Series will be written by Mr. Howells.

SIR HENRY GORDON, the brother of "Chinese" Gordon, is writing "*Events in the Life of Charles George Gordon.*"

SIR HENRY TAYLOR, the poet, died March 27th, at the advanced age of 86. His best known work is *Philip van Artevelde*.

MAX Müller has accepted the presidency of the English Goethe Society to which position he was lately elected.

THE historians of America held their convention in Washington during the latter part of April with Geo. Bancroft as President. Several interesting essays were read by prominent scholars.

THE amusing little *Story of Feather Head* in the *May Harper's*, was written by Lieutenant Henry Lemly, a native of Salem, this State.

The Bostonians, according to the book-sellers, is a failure. The average novel-reader considers life to be too short to be spent in wading through Mr. James' productions.

Hours with German Authors is the title of a book which Prof. F. H. Hedge is writing. Prof. Hedge and Mr. Bancroft are said to be the only living Americans who knew Goethe.

A novel feature in the magazine world is *Lippincott's* new department, "Our Experience Meetings," in which literary men give us their "confessions." In the April number of this magazine Mr. Edgar Faucett, with monumental egotism, shows the world what a vast mistake it is making in not appreciating him as much as he would like.

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH, late Archbishop of Dublin, and author of *The Study of Words*, *The Parables of our Lord*, etc., died March 28th. He was born in 1807.

It is said that the relatives *who* and *which* do not occur in the Chinese language. A Frenchman has become Chinaman enough to be disgusted with these inoffensive little words, and has written several tales in which he rejects the relative entirely.

MR. SWINBURNE'S expected biography of Victor Hugo has appeared, but fails to please the critics, who pronounce it wholly unintelligible to those not familiar with the great Frenchman's writings. One of them describes the book as "The Angel of the Void on the Archangel of the Vague."

THE spring novels are as numerous as the buds on the trees, and the critics are busy and happy in the occupation of nipping these tender blossoms with the cold frost of criticism. Among the best are *Snow-Bound at Eagle's*, by Bret Harte, *The*

Aliens, by H. F. Keenan, and *What's Mine's Mine*, by Geo. Macdonald.

THERE is something complete and satisfying in Craddock's descriptions which is rarely met with, but her writings do not seem to be wholly free from the objection which English critics make. We dislike to turn from one of the beautiful scenes which she paints to an old rusty dictionary to hunt up some queer word. She has even discarded the use of the old Anglo-Saxon "many" in compound words, and employs instead the Greek "poly"—"poly-tinted," for instance.

SHAKESPEARE pronounced a curse upon the man who should move his bones, but it seems that it would have been better for his fame, if he had paid less attention to securing a quiet rest for his mortal remains, and established his claim to the authorship of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, etc. For Mr. Burr has proved (?) that he could not write his name, and now the learned Judge Holmes comes forward with two volumes to show that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's dramas.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

THE MAY-FLY.—On turning up some submerged rocks in a small stream about the middle of April, the writer saw adhering closely to their under surfaces a number of little six-legged creatures which afterward proved to be very interesting objects in the aquarium. They had comparatively large heads, and were otherwise

distinguished by three long filaments projecting from the posterior end of the body. They prefer to remain quiet, but when disturbed swim with great activity. When at rest the attention of the observer is at once arrested by the wavy motion along each side of the body. This is seen to be produced by the regular movement of

six or seven pairs of small fan-shaped flaps, which are known among naturalists as tracheal gills. They serve the purpose of respiration. In this larval form our insect lives for two or three years, feeding on other insects of the water. In the same locality referred to a winged insect was caught soon after it had risen from the water at six o'clock p. m. It was identified as the perfect form (imago) into which the water larva described above develops; and when the rocks were afterward searched, several empty skins split on the back and having the shape and dimensions of that larva, were found. The scientific name

Ephemera has been given to these insects on account of the short duration of their lives in the imago state. For the same reason they are sometimes called in common speech day-flies. Though they live in the immature or larval state two or three years, they generally undergo the change into the winged state after sunset and die before sunrise, so never seeing the sun. In some localities they appear in such numbers as to be used as manure. They are so numerous on some of the rivers in France that the fishermen believe they are rained down from the heavens, and accordingly call the living shower manna.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EXAMINATIONS!

A NUMBER of beds of roses were set out in the campus April 12.

THE catalogue for 1885-'86 is passing through the press and will be out soon.

PROF. W. B. ROYALL and Rev. R. T. Vann left April 13th to hear Moody in Norfolk for two or three days.

REV. R. T. VANN will attend the Southern Baptist Convention in Montgomery.

WITH thanks we acknowledge the receipt of a lithographic portrait of Governor Alfred M. Scales from the publisher of *The Western Sentinel*, Winston, N. C. It is given as a prize to new subscribers of *The Sentinel* for \$1.65.

PROF. W. L. POTEAT at the missionary concert on the 2nd inst. gave an outline of the life and work of Adoniram Judson.

THE senior class and the editors of this magazine went to Raleigh April 24th to secure photographs of their respective groups.

ON Sunday, April 11th, the pastor not being well, Dr. Royall preached at 11 a. m., and Prof. E. M. Poteat at 7:30 p. m.

THROUGH oversight the competitors for the essay medal in the Eu. Society were not mentioned in the last issue. They are Messrs. R. H. Whitehead, J. L. White, J. D. Boushall, O. F. Thompson, W. P. Stradley, and T. C. Britton.

ON the 18th of April Prof. E. M. Poteat delivered a lecture before the young ministers of the Theological Society on "The Preacher and his Times."

PROF. E. P. MOSES, Superintendent of the graded schools of Raleigh, attended the late senior speaking. We should be glad to have him come out to see us often.

PEANUTS and apples, oranges and lemons, kept regularly in college for the accommodation of students. Of course, we don't mean by the Faculty.

SEVERAL of the old students have paid us visits recently, all of whom we were glad to welcome. One is still on the Hill, Mr. Carey Hunter, who is engaged in the insurance business.

WE are very sorry indeed to part with our schoolmate and associate, Mr. T. E. Cheek, who had to leave off his studies on account of his health.

OUR Literary Societies have elected their representatives for next Anniversary. The election resulted as follows: Philomathesian,—J. B. Carlyle, Orator; W. F. Watson, W. C. Dowd, Debaters; D. A. Pittard, Secretary. Euzelian,—W. P. Stradley, Orator; L. R. Pruett, J. W. Lynch, Debaters; B. F. Hassell, President.

THE following gentlemen were elected recently to compete for the Declamation medal on Monday night of our next commencement: from the Eu. Society,—Messrs. J. W. Lynch, C. Kitchin, D. A. Davis, E. J. Justice, and E. H. Farriss; from the Phi.,—Messrs. W. J. Sholar, D. O. McCullers, W. C. Dowd, G. C. Thompson, and G. T. Watkins.

REV. M. L. RICKMAN was ordained by the Wake Forest church on the last Sunday in April, Rev. R. T. Vann preaching the sermon, Dr. Taylor delivering the charge, Rev. W. B. Royall the address of welcome. Prayer, by Rev. J. L. White.

ONE of our juniors, after having been to see his girl every night for a month or two past, comes to us with the sad tale that his love is yet unspoken. He says that it is easy enough to talk about skating, dancing, studying, etc., but when he would talk on the topic nearest his heart, words fail. The very silence seems to listen, and a frog or something gets in his throat. If it will afford him any comfort, we can say that he is not the first of the kind.

REV. GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN, D. D., of Philadelphia, will preach the commencement sermon here June 9th. Dr. Boardman is the son of the famous missionary of that name. He was born in British India, Aug. 18, 1828. He was educated at Brown University, where he graduated in 1852. He is the author of a number of strong works on theological subjects, some of which are *The Epiphanies of the Risen Lord*, *Studies in the Creative Week*, *Studies in the Mountain Instruction*. He is at present pastor of the First Baptist church in Philadelphia.

THE POET.—It is strange to see how the "fine frenzy" does affect some persons. On different ones it works in different ways, but with one characteristic in common, viz: a desire to be alone. This was recently illustrated here. It is said that one

of our students a short time ago disappeared and remained unheard of for two weeks. At last he was seen to come from his room attenuated and care-worn, and on entering his studio, sheets upon sheets of paper were found, on all of which the purpose seemed to be to arrange one verse, which we give in its four hundredth edition:—

“Here I sit by myself in my room,
At the midnight hour, at the crack of the doom.”

WE are under many obligations to Mr. J. M. Brinson for the following report:

SENIOR SPEAKING, *Friday Night, April 23, 1886.*—In accordance with our time-honored custom, a large audience, sprinkled here and there with the lovely faces of the fair sex, assembled in Wingate Memorial Hall to attend our third senior speaking. President Taylor introduces as the first speaker Mr. John E. Vann, of Hertford county. Subject, “Preëminence of the Old and New World.” He said that what is meant by the old world, is a debated question; but that in his speech he would consider England as the Old World and the United States as the New. If we compare the whole world to a vast system of machinery, to England and America will be given the most important and necessary functions. Their commercial intercourse eclipses all others. They have elaborated the crude notions of other nations and attained almost to perfection in the arts and inventions. Even in the arts of war their inventions surpass all others. For instance, the Gatling gun and the Enfield rifle more than match any-

thing in their line that France ever produced. England produced that Bacon who overthrew the deductive philosophy of Aristotle. England gave to the world Newton, who completed the work of Kepler and Galileo. In England and America, especially in our Southern States, we find the most virtuous, refined, and beautiful women. Mr. O. F. Thompson, of Lincolnton, in reply to the gentleman from Hertford, demanded “Justice to all Nations.” He said that one of the most prominent characteristics of human nature is to go to extremes in praising or condemning whatever pleases or displeases. This principle is exemplified throughout the speech of the gentleman who had preceded him. He praises his own country and his mother country without comparing their superior qualities with those of other nations. While enumerating and extolling the inventions of Englishmen and Americans, he failed to mention inventions of far greater importance in developing modern civilization. The invention of the mariner’s compass was necessary to any extended international commerce, and even to the discovery of America; but it did not originate in England or America, but among the Chinese. The invention of gunpowder, which exerted so incalculable an influence, and before which the feudal system tottered and crumbled, is to be attributed to the Chinese. To France we owe our modern democracy.

We were next entertained by Mr. J. W. Watson, of Wake Forest. Subject, “No Royal Road to Knowledge.” His address may be read in the present issue of THE STUDENT.

Mr. E. P. Ellington, of Chatham county, was announced as the fourth speaker. His subject was "Conditions of National Strength." He said that every nation is governed by laws embodied in a constitution or its equivalent. Most civilized nations have representatives, to express the will of the people in written laws. The laws are exponents of the mean intelligence of the people. No nation of grossly ignorant citizens would maintain laws adapted to a highly civilized and refined people. Ignorance is one great impediment in the way of the faithful administration of government. Sectionalism tends to oppression of part by the whole; does not allow a nation as a whole to develop to its full capacity. Illustrated in the late civil war, in which the North was the stronger, the South the weaker party. The strength of a free nation depends upon the virtue and intelligence of its common people; also, the representatives must be men of broad views and thorough knowledge.

The last speaker of the evening was Mr. T. C. Britton, of Northampton county. His subject was "Some Things to Hold To." He said that men frequently need bodily support. The mind no less than the body needs external support. To an active mind there is no rest without it. We have certain supports which it is our duty and privilege to use to the best advantage. We have a heritage conferred upon us by the past as a basis for present work. We must learn, believe in, and hold to the general laws of nature.

He is fortunate who has truth ingrafted upon him in childhood to which he can cling when years of doubt come on. How much we are indebted to this stay we fail to appreciate. The last great stay of the human mind is hope. Many destitute of other stays, yet clinging to hope, have stood nobly, lived sublimely.

Mr. E. H. McCullers, of Clayton, was prevented by sickness from delivering his speech, the subject of which was "American Statesmen."

The speeches were without exception excellent, full of good sense, and delivered in an easy, animated style.

The following, instead of speaking, presented Theses:—B. D. Barker, New Hill, "Woman Suffrage;" C. E. Brewer, Wake Forest, "Reminiscences;" J. D. Boushall, Camden county, "Progress of India;" Jacob Stewart, Davie county, "The Progress of Democracy;" J. W. Tayloe, Hertford county, "College Life;" J. L. White, Winston, ———; R. H. Whitehead, Salisbury, "Superiority of the Anglo-Saxon Race."

The audience now repairs to the Society Halls for what some consider the most enjoyable feature of the occasion, certainly looked forward to with most delightful anticipations by our students. And not without reason, for on this occasion all seemed to enjoy themselves greatly, and it was with sad hearts and reluctant footsteps that they on their homeward journey went. Most delightful music was furnished by the Wake Forest String Band.

J. M. B.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'73. Rev. R. T. Vann, our pastor, will preach the commencement sermon at Chester Institute, Va. Those who requested him to do so doubtless expect a treat, and they will not be disappointed.

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon recently delivered a temperance lecture in Baltimore which was much complimented by the press of the city.

—'75. Mr. John E. Ray, Cor. Sec. of the Baptist State Convention, is succeeding with his work in spite of the financial depression. He has lately canvassed the Flat River Association.

—'77. Prof. W. L. Poteat has accepted an invitation to deliver the Literary Address before the Southern Normal, Lexington, N. C.

—'81. Mr. C. J. Hunter is merchandising in Greenville, N. C. He recently spent several days on the Hill in the interest of the Inter-States Life Insurance Company.

—'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman, of St. Joseph, Mo., was in Arizona, April 9th, on his way to San Francisco. His church granted him a vacation and bought his ticket. He has been promising us an article for some time. Now is his opportunity.

—'82. Rev. D. W. Herring, of Shanghai, China, had a letter in *The Biblical Recorder* of April 21st.

—'83. Rev. Ed. S. Alderman, who will graduate at the S. B. T. Seminary in June, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Chapel Hill.

—'84. Wake Forest seems determined that the country shall not lack for physicians, and good ones too, judging from the reports we get of our young doctors. A. M. Redfearn will soon take his diploma from Long Island Medical College, and has been chosen valedictorian of his class.

—Mr. Stark Hassell, another devotee of the "healing art," passed through the other day en route for Chesterfield, S. C., where he proposes to settle.

—'84. Rev. D. M. Austin, Baptist pastor at Monroe, was the groom, Miss Mary Lee Griffin, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of E. M. Griffin, Esq., of Monroe, was the bride. The ceremony was performed by Dr. T. H. Pritchard, of Wilmington.—*Biblical Recorder*.

—'84. Rev. W. S. Royall will settle as pastor in Virginia at the close of the present session of the Theological Seminary.

—'84. Rev. W. B. Pope, of Warsaw, is making a success of his work in his field, and greatly pleasing the brethren.—*Biblical Recorder*.

—'85. Mr. J. R. Hunter is farming very successfully near Apex, N. C.

—'85. Rev. J. B. Harréll, of Mt. Olive, is delighted with his new field. He is preaching to large audiences.—*Biblical Recorder*.

—Dr. Wm. B. Pritchard, son of Rev. Dr. Pritchard, of Wilmington, was united in matrimony on the 12th ult. to Miss Virginia Faison, of Faison, N. C., Rev. Dr. Pritchard officiating.

AMONG OUR COLLEGE EXCHANGES.

—We consider the Randolph Macon College *Monthly* one of our best exchanges.

—*The Virginia University Magazine* we have always considered the very best of our exchanges—and a model for all college magazines.

—Able and interesting are the editorials of *The Collegiate*, Franklin, Ind. All of its departments are well conducted.

—*The Concordicnsis* usually contains short but well written editorials. Its departments are not numerous but well ordered.

—*The Vanderbilt Observer* still maintains its high position among college papers. Its articles are always interesting and instructive.

—*The Messenger*, Richmond College, Va., lies upon our table, under the management of new editors. It stands high in the list of college journals; we are always glad to welcome it.

—*The North Western College Chronicle* has quite a neat appearance, but, in our humble judgment, its literary department is too small, and that contains no contributions from students of the college.

—*The Hampden Sidney Magazine* always contains articles of such a sort that when one begins to read one of them he is loath to stop short of the end. In a literary point of view it stands above the majority of college papers.

—We are glad to place upon our list of exchanges *The Davidson Monthly*, which is in its first year. It is clothed in a beautiful garb, and, although a new paper, is in advance of many college papers that are older.

—*The North Carolina University Magazine* is one of our largest and best exchanges. We admire its plan of making its articles short and pithy, but some of them in the April number are perhaps too short owing to the nature of the subjects treated. Its editorial column is interesting and able.

—*The Thilensian* comes to us regularly. It is a neat little paper, but it is entirely too brief in every respect. Many good things are said in it, but its literary department is a dwarf. Its editorials are more interesting than anything else in it.

—When we unwrap *The Delaware College Review* we can scarcely tell which is the *Review* and which is the wrapper. The material in it is good, but it is the thinnest exchange we have.

—*The Guardian* comes to us from away down in Texas, but has nothing of the cow-boy spirit in it. On the contrary, its pages are generally filled with wholesome advice, such as how to conduct ourselves at the table, "keep young," and "never punish when angry." The average college student is, sad to relate, woefully heedless of advice, and we fear *The Guardian* is wasting some of its ink.

—We welcome *The Southern University Monthly* among our new exchanges. Every thing in it is good. The April number contains a variety of articles, and all of them are well written. Its high literary tone places it among our best exchanges.

—We regret to notice in the exchange column of *The Rambler*, as well as in those of some other exchanges, such remarks as the “the verdant youth who penned those lines, should clear the vegetation from his optical organs.” Beyond doubt, a spirit of

friendly criticism among college magazines is productive of good; but such remarks as the above can only serve to exasperate the parties to whom they are addressed.

—We welcome *The University Register* among our new exchanges. There is a certain sturdiness of tone about *The Register* which is pleasing. Its free criticism upon the competitive orations is quite gratifying, it being usual on such occasions to represent all the speakers as Ciceros.

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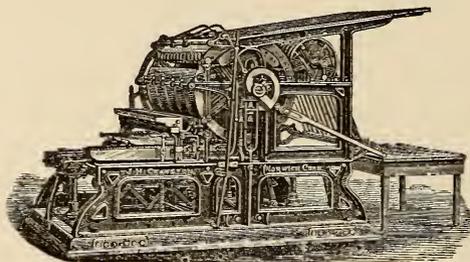
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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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FREE EDUCATION BY TAXATION.

“ OUGHT GOVERNMENTS TO FURNISH FREE EDUCATION BY TAXATION TO ALL CLASSES OF THEIR CITIZENS?”

I.

It is not my purpose to justify any particular system of free schools, or to say that one school should be favored rather than another, but simply to maintain that *general* and long established principle that governments ought to furnish free education by taxation to all classes of their citizens.

Nor do I understand the question to be restricted in its application to any particular government or section of that government, but that it applies to *governments*.

It has not occurred to me that this question included college or university education, but only such as can

be placed within the reach of *all classes* of citizens. Nor is the government to prescribe or dictate the kind of education, but simply, in the terms of the question, to *furnish free* education to all classes of citizens.

If all mankind understood the full measure of their obligations to their fellowmen and discharged them of their own accord, there would be no need of governments, and this world of woe would relapse into the primeval blessedness of Paradise. But the selfishness and the wickedness of men make authority necessary, without the exercise of which there can be no progress, no prosperity, no happiness.

And however widely men have differed as to the form and province of government, they have all agreed that it is the sacred duty of every government to take effectual means for the protection of the life, the property, and the happiness of the people. Every one must admit that this is the end for which all governments are organized.

Now I ask, can it be denied that education is the best means of securing this end? For it is well known that a people reared in ignorance readily listen to the demagogue who excites them against constituted authority. They become his prey, his unresisting victims. Then follow confusion, anarchy, and oftentimes an armed insurrection. Revert to the great English riots of 1780, to the excited mobs of Paris, to the terrible outrages of Bristol and of Nottingham. All these the effect of nothing but the ignorance of the people, who were left brutes in the midst of Christianity, savages in the midst of civilization. Since, then, it is the clear duty of the government to protect its citizens, and the ignorance of the people is dangerous to life and property, ignorance must be dispelled. And when, despite the magnanimous efforts of benevolent and Christian people, there must be many who are denied the privilege of education, I am at a loss to understand how, even from the lowest view of the functions of government, it can possibly be maintained that the education of the people is no part of their government.

The government must protect its citizens if it fulfils its purpose. Take

away education, and what means of protection have you left? Nothing but the jail, the penitentiary, and the gallows. Now, it is a fact that any form of government, any kind of protection must be maintained by taxation; the only question being, which kind of protection is to be preferred. If, then, there must be protection and there are only two means of securing it, the one elevating the moral status of the people and stimulating them to a sense of their own duty peaceably to obey and to support good laws, and the other inflicting penalty, pain, and death,—who can doubt which course the government ought to adopt? Education is the best, most humane, and most effectual means of securing the great purpose of all governments.

I will not say that education *absolutely* prevents crime, or that it will secure undeviating obedience to law and order; but I do say that the elevating and inspiring influence of education, its blessings, and its benefits so transcendently overbalance the attendant ills, that the whole of civilization to its fullest extent is engaged in educating the people. I do say that it was Martin Luther and the printing press, the revival of learning and the spread of intelligence, which brought the great Reformation, which rolled back the misty shadows of the dark ages and brought about this age of progress, this age of education.

Statutes cannot bring prosperity to a nation whose citizens are not a law unto themselves. A people who have not an intelligent appreciation of liberty, and do not see the line beyond

which it passes into license, will perpetually chafe and rebel against its necessary limitations. They are not safe guardians of civil freedom, if they do not apprehend its nature and the institutions by which it is reduced to a system of practical government.

It has become a settled maxim, that as a nation approaches universal education in the same proportion it is prosperous and happy.

Man was made for education
As the earth for cultivation.

Education develops and quickens the inventive powers by which new methods are given to productive industry; it lifts the poor from the ranks of dependent labor into fields of enterprise and responsibility, and surrounds them with the utilities and the beauties of life; it multiplies and strengthens the powers of the individual and consequently gives to the nation strength for weakness and honor for debasement. The strongest safe-guards of nations are not armies and navies, but the intelligence, the affections, and the patriotism of their citizens. Frederick William, after the bitter humiliation of Prussia, said, "Though territory, power, and prestige be lost, they can all be regained by acquiring moral and intellectual power." And the general education subsequently secured to the people retrieved in the wars against France and Austria the abasement of the Napoleonic period. The cause of the great influence which the North and West of our own country are having upon the progress of civilization, and the cause of their prominence in the history that is now writing, may be

found in the fact that they are furnishing free education by taxation. Here the historian will find the key to marvels of material, social, and civil development; the rapid building of cities, the erection of States, and the progress of civilization no where paralleled in human annals. Hence have sprung school-houses and universities, district, municipal, and State systems of education, the pride of the rich and the honor of the poor; revealing the arcana of learning to every child however low, and inviting him to every attainment within the reach of man; and saying to the savans on the highest summits of science and art, in the language of Webster to his companions, "There is room up higher."

And it is none the less true, as all history and experience show, that despite all individual and ecclesiastical effort universal education, education even approximately universal, is impossible except through the government by taxation. We learn that the best educated communities on the globe are those in which the government furnishes free education. And there is not one single instance on record of an ignorant people becoming cultured spontaneously, or of universal education by individual or ecclesiastical effort. Italy, Spain, and Austria illustrate the inadequacy of parochial or sectarian schools. Then, since universal education is the great boon of nations, and this cannot be accomplished in any other way, it ought to be the first concern of every government to furnish free education by taxation, placing it within the reach of all its citizens.

It has been asked, if a government furnishes free education by taxation, why it does not also furnish free dry-goods and groceries by taxation. There is but one answer, viz.: that no man has ever been so foolish as to think that it was any part of the functions of government to say how much or what any man shall eat or what shall be the color of ladies' dresses, because these things have no direct bearing upon the welfare of the nation. But Aristotle, the great political philosopher, has well said that "the destiny of the nation depends upon the education of the people;" for ignorance threatens the security of every valuable interest of the nation. The fact that thousands must be left in ignorance to become the ready prey of the inevitable demagogue, makes it a necessity of the government, for the sake of its own safety and protection, to educate the people. The necessities of physical life are but paltry and grovelling considerations when compared with the elevating and inspiring influence of education. To furnish dry-goods and groceries would only make the people more dependent and become at last the grovelling slaves of the government, but to furnish free education makes them independent, loyal, and patriotic citizens. No government can long survive the ignorance of the masses, and must provide a cure for ignorance and its baneful effects.

Behold Ireland on the one hand in ignorance, sloth, and rebellion; and on the other hand Scotland in general information, thrift, and prosperity. At the close of the seventeenth cen-

tury the name of Scotland and of the Scots fell from the lips of men in derision and contempt. Abject poverty and infamous degradation characterized the multitude. Men and women, we are told, were to be seen at all times in public places drunk, fighting, and blaspheming together. So terrible was their condition that it was actually proposed to institute personal slavery that they might be reclaimed by its stern discipline. But in 1696, Scotland established free education, and the history of the world does not afford us such an instance of improvement. Despite the sterile soil and the bleak climate, Scotland rose and prospered, and in the space of one generation became the envy of nations. "And wherever the Scotchman went," says Macaulay, "he carried with him signs of the moral and intellectual training he had received. And when he mingled with Englishmen and Irishmen he rose to the top as regularly as oil does on water." This rapid improvement in the moral and intellectual character of the people and their consequent security in good government and in prosperity show, very plainly, why every government ought to furnish free education, above all other things, to all classes of its citizens.

But as ours is a government "*e pluribus unum*," a great sisterhood of independent States, it has been said that to furnish free education tends to a dangerous centralization of power. I claim that a concurrent power of distribution is no more dangerous to personal or States' rights than a concurrent power of taxation. The ob-

jection is the spectre of a disordered fancy and has no real existence. The constitution of the United States, in the 4th section of the 4th article, insures to every State a republican form of government, and this will ever remain a sacred and impregnable barrier to the usurpations of central power until popular intelligence shall have declined so low as to disregard it. Enlarged intelligence imparts a clearer view of rights and enhances the power to defend them, but every right reserved to State or individual will perish in the universal decline of popular intelligence.

What has brought down the ages the gradual change from the ancient patriarchal form of government to the limited monarchy and then to the republic? What has lain at the base of every republic? It has been the greater spread of intelligence among the people. How can the very principle upon which all free and democratic governments rest tend to weaken the people or lead to centralization of power? The greatest danger of centralization is to be found in popular ignorance; for all must know that ignorance is the sworn foe of liberty and treason is its natural offspring. There is no check upon the centralization of wealth or power so effectual as universal education; for an educated people will never become the slaves of monopolists or tyrants, or the tools of intriguing demagogues. Those who have attempted to subvert the liberties and abuse the confidence of a free people have always approached them through their ignorance.

“Educate the people” was among

the last counsels of Washington to his country. “Educate the people” was the earnest exhortation of Adams and of Madison. It was made a prominent feature in that precise and comprehensive summary of democratic principles in the inaugural of Jefferson. And these are acknowledged to be the chief architects of our Republic, the great example of governments, poised and concentrated upon that immortal preamble of the constitution, the truths of which will ever constitute the foundation and the bulwark of human liberty, a government “of the people, for the people, and by the people.” The name of Jefferson I mention with peculiar delight, for of all great statesmen the world has ever seen, he delighted most to restrict the functions of government within their narrowest limits and to leave all possible duties to individual effort. Under the shadow of these names I think this question ought to rest; and there, indeed, it will rest until it can be proved that they were ignorant of the art of governing men; there it will rest until the government which they fashioned can be shown to be a failure.

There can, perhaps, be no stronger argument on the question than the fact that the wisdom or the unwisdom of furnishing free education has been subjected to the minutest, most searching, and far-reaching investigation, and now it may be said that all the advanced powers of civilization have settled down upon the conclusion, and are acting upon the conviction, that to promote the public weal, to secure prosperity and to prevent national decay they must furnish free

education by taxation to all classes of their citizens.

“So that none be forced

To drudge through weary life, without the aid
Of intellectual implements and tools.”

Never before in the history of the race was there such a general effort to give “intellectual implements and tools” to the toiling multitude. Nations that were sinking into decadence and ruin, and are now awakened from their lethargy, trying to put on new life and to keep pace with the civil progress of the ages, are bending their energies in the direction of free education.

Shall we rebuke the nations of the earth on their onward course to prosperity and happiness, and stigmatize them with the epithet of unwise? Shall we gainsay the concurrent testimony of all history and experience, and say that all men who have preceded us misconceived the functions of government? No; for what has obtained approval under every form of advanced government, differing as they do upon almost every other point, and among the best minds of various races of men, must have some solid foundation in reason, and must commend itself to the enlightened judgment of mankind.

The reasons which led to the adoption of free education in the Old World apply with tenfold force here. If reason dictated the expediency there, it dictates the necessity here. For in a free government like this, ignorance among the masses imperils every department of the government, every clause of the constitution, every prerogative of civil and religious lib-

erty. May the God of heavens deliver us from the sight of a Republic based upon popular ignorance!

The destiny of this Republic depends upon the rising generation; and if that generation come to its inheritance blinded by ignorance and corrupted by vice, the downfall of the Republic is certain and without remedy.

Shall the land where the leading banner of civilization is unfurled take up the doctrine that the nation may demand all things of its citizens,—their services as jurors, as soldiers, nay, the sacrifice of their property and their lives, fealty to the last in everything, and cannot from its very nature aid them in their preparation for the discharge of these responsibilities? Shall we mock reason with the absurdity that the nation may do anything else for them, but must let them lapse into barbarism rather than give a thought to their education? There can be no foundation for such an assumption in the character of our institutions. It is an illusion false and mischievous, a prejudice, perhaps, blinding and ruinous. For be assured that industrial success, political superiority, national character, local self-government, and State rights are all based upon high popular intelligence. Our destiny as a Republic and our place in the march of civilization depend upon the maintenance or failure of free universal education.

Now, these are the principal ideas I have tried to set forth:

1. I will admit that taxation is burdensome and exceedingly hard to bear, but there can be no government, no protection without taxation. Laws

and statutes cannot bring prosperity and happiness to a government whose citizens are not a law unto themselves, nor are its citizens safe guardians of civil freedom if they do not apprehend its nature and the institutions by which it is reduced to a system of practical government.

2. History and experience show that as a nation approaches universal education it becomes more prosperous, and happy. But universal education can only be brought about through the government by taxation. Education in its relation to the welfare of the nation is not charity, nor can it be compared to the necessities of physical life.

3. The very principle upon which all free and democratic governments rest cannot tend to a dangerous centralization of power, but in a free government like this, ignorance among the people is dangerous to every prerogative of civil and religious liberty.

4. It has been the opinion of great

statesmen and of political philosophers of all ages and climes, and their opinion is now accepted and is being acted upon by all the advanced powers of the civilized world, that in the beautiful temple of good government, education forms that column upon which rest protection, prosperity, happiness, and the very foundation of the edifice, and around which cluster obedience, good judgment, and all the virtues of civilized life. And if they would beautify and magnify that temple they must first attend to that part upon which the structure rests. And if they would reach at last the high goal of perfect government, securing the inalienable rights of men to life and property, and dispensing justice with an equal hand, they must recognize the fact that the legitimate source of all power is the people, and the true function of the government is to educate the people.

JOSEPH D. BOUSHALL.

II.

What is government? What are its functions? These questions must needs be answered on the very threshold of the discussion, to the end that some common ground may be found whereon both sides may stand—some definition of government and its functions to which both shall assent.

In the olden time men regarded government as a divinely appointed institution, and the person of a king as sacred. His right to rule in whatsoever way he chose, was supposed to

come from on high, and was never questioned. But a better understanding of the laws of social science and political liberty has changed this idea, so that now the truth of the words "*populus est rex*" is recognized all over the civilized world; wherefore, government is now said to be of the people, for the people, and by the people. It is the agent of the people, and its functions are to do that for which it was created by the people—namely, to secure to each individual

the right of person and property, and the fullest exercise of all his faculties compatible with the like right of others.

Keeping these definitions in view, I remark in the first place that, in bestowing free education upon its citizens, the government defeats its own end; for the law of all organization is: "A function to each organ, and each organ to its own function. To do its work well, an apparatus must possess special fitness for that work; and this will amount to unfitness for any other work." Take the body, and there are the eyes for seeing, the nose for smelling, the tongue for speaking, the hands for handling, the feet for walking. We handle not with the feet, we walk not with the hands; we see not with the nose, neither do we smell with the eyes. Each organ has its special work to do, is specially adapted to that work, and unadapted to any other. This is the law of all organism; and the government organism is not an exception to the rule. If it be the duty of the government to administer justice—which is not denied,—then it necessarily follows that it is not fitted for the education of the people. Indeed, it may be shown that, aside from being unfitted, *ipso facto*, for educating the people, the government renders itself, in the attempt to educate, unable to perform its own proper function.

Be it remembered just here that the State, of itself, has not a cent. All that it gets comes by taxation from the pockets of property owners. Hence the question of taxation involved in free education comes up for

solution. What is the principle involved? This: the government, like a would-be philanthropist, looking out over the country, beholds a variety of conditions existing among its citizens. On the one hand there is thrift and prosperity and health and wealth and education; on the other, thriftlessness and disease and poverty and ignorance. Thereupon, coming to the conclusion that this inequality ought not to exist, the government stretches out its long arm from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and laying its strong hand upon the shoulders of property owners, says to them: "Here are some who are not as prosperous as you; they are poor, they are ignorant. You must help pay for educating them;" never for a moment stopping to ask if the property owner is responsible for the fact that some other man does not own property.

There seems to be an idea prevailing nowadays that somehow or other the well-to-do are responsible for the misfortunes of the poor. Scarcely a sermon from the pulpit, scarcely a speech from the platform or the stump, scarcely an article of the newspaper, in which we do not see the words "deserving poor." Should it be asked, Deserving of what? the answer would be that in nine cases out of ten poverty is the direct result of idleness or extravagance, in which case the only thing the poor deserve is poverty. Men seem to forget the truth enunciated by one who never errs,—the truth, namely, "The poor ye have with you always." Suffering and distress and poverty will exist just so

long as men exist. Suffering is a necessity. Life itself is a struggle. Some one has defined it to be the sum of the forces that resist death. Poverty cannot be annihilated. It can only be shifted from the shoulders of one man to the shoulders of another; and whenever government gives a man a benefit which he cannot procure for himself by reason of poverty, it must necessarily render some other man poorer than he was at first. Hence, in bestowing free education upon the people, the government renders taxpayers unable to educate their own children just in proportion to the amount of taxes paid.

If it be said that taxpayers have a right to the benefits of free schools as well as others, the reply is that actually but a small part of those who have to pay for free schools, avail themselves of the confessedly poor advantages afforded by them. The conclusion is that they do not want to patronize the schools which they are compelled to support, because of their inefficiency. Herein is violated the recognized principle of taxation that for the State to legislate for personal or private ends is unjust; and that in raising taxes for a local measure, it must show beyond a shadow of a doubt that the public receive the full benefit of all the money expended.

The injustice of the system in the matter of taxation is strongly emphasized here in the South by the case of the negro. There is amongst us a race numbering upward of six millions, whose inferiority, as proved by physiological facts, is doubted by none save a few fanatics who are ever try-

ing to inflate him with ideas of his own importance. And the government declares that the negro is equal to the white man in the eyes of the law. God has made the negro inferior. The very existence of a law to make him equal to the white man is proof positive of his inferiority. Were he equal, men would never dream of making a law to render him so. We are told, however, that social equality and political equality are quite different things. I deny it. If the negro be politically equal, he has the right to plead law in our courts of justice with white men; he has the right to sit upon the judicial bench with white men; he has a right to be a professor in the State universities; he has the right to sit in the gubernatorial chair; or, as Chief Magistrate to preside over the destinies of the Nation. All this means social equality as well as political.

Now, whether education will ever prepare the negro for the duties of citizenship, is a doubtful question; and yet, a heavy burden is laid upon the honest property owners of the South in taxing them to pay for an uncertain experiment. As a class the blacks own no property, and hence pay scarcely anything for the education of their children. Four-fifths of all the expenses of free schools for blacks are paid from the pockets of the whites; but in spite of this they enjoy all the rights and privileges of the free schools.

Moreover, taxing the whites for the education of the negro, makes it impossible ever to find out the capacity of the African race for civilization.

Suppose they reach a higher plane, what credit will they deserve? Will their improvement be due to aught of merit in them? Or rather, if they rise, will it not be because they are backed up by the money of white men, ground from them by unjust taxation? If the negro be worthy to rise, let him rise, and God speed him on his course; but don't let the rounds of the ladder which he climbs be the shoulders of the already grievously burdened white men of the South. Formerly the negro was a slave of the white man; now he is free. So let it be. But the conditions have been reversed; and the white man is the slave of the negro. Strange statement, yet in a sense, true as strange. What is a slave? One who has no freedom of action, but whose person and service and purse are under the control of another. Therefore we are slaves to the negro just to the extent that we have to work, not for our own benefit, but to pay the compulsory taxes levied upon us for his education.

But there are other reasons why this tax is unjust, or to say the least inexpedient. Did you know that there are only two possible solutions to the great African Problem? Says Prof. Bennett Puryear: "When an inferior and a superior race come into contact with each other, one of these three things will take place: 1st. The inferior race will disappear; or, 2nd. The races will amalgamate; or, 3rd. The inferior race must submit, under forms more or less despotic, to the dominion of the superior. Which shall it be in the South? The third is ruled out, because the negro is free

and none would have him a slave again. Then one of the other two results must come. *For the negro and the white man cannot live together on terms of equality.* Go search the records of history for the example of an inferior and a superior race living together under the same laws and enjoying the same privileges; and you will search in vain. At present the white race is superior to the African both in numbers and intelligence; but the blacks are increasing far more rapidly than the whites, so that, according to the present rate of increase (and there is no reason to suppose that it will be materially changed), in less than one hundred years, the blacks, while still intellectually inferior to the whites, will outnumber them two to one. What then will prevent them from consolidating politically, and forming a clear cut African party? And will they be merciful to the whites? Think you the memory of slavery will as soon fade away? Think you that the groanings of the race under the task-master's lash will be so soon forgotten? Will not race antagonism, fed by years and years of prejudice, at last burst all bounds, and break with the fury of a cyclone on the heads of the whites?

There is only one other possible solution to the problem, from which may Heaven deliver us. Under favorable conditions the races will amalgamate. True, some turn up their noses in holy horror at the bare mention of the fact, and tell us that in race prejudice we have an insurmountable wall between the races. Granted; but suppose, as is surely coming to

pass, that ere long the blacks will far outnumber the whites; and suppose that this race-antagonism,—this wall of separation, should be worn away by outside pressure arising from the government machinery, which is keeping up false relations between the races,—then nothing is left but amalgamation. Don't think me an alarmist. I know it's a painful truth; but men are apt to shut their eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of the Siren until she transforms them into beasts. The truth must be told, painful though it be. The free school system is a part of that government machinery which is wearing away race antagonism—pulling down the superior by taxation, in order to lift up the inferior so as to bring both upon the same plane, and thus favoring and maintaining the intermingling of the races. Then what is to become of the South—the South, land of fair women and brave men;—the South, land of the orange, of spices, and of flowers;—the South, home of Washington and Jefferson and Davis; of Lee and of Jackson;—the land of holy memories, where our fathers fought and bled and died—O happy land, shall it be that thy civilization, thy proud, thy glorious civilization, is to wither and die like the tender lily beneath the noonday's scorching heat? And the race which inhabits thee—the Caucasian race—race of progress, race of poets, race of statesmen, race of orators—the noblest, grandest race that ever leaped from God's creative hand,—is this race to have injected into the pure blood which proudly flows in its veins the blood of an inferior race?

Heaven forbid! *And yet you are taxed to support a system which is helping to do this.*

Now, the strongest argument which the supporters of the free school use is this: That not only these blacks, but the masses in general, are citizens, invested with the elective franchise; and since it is the duty of the State to secure to each individual the right of person and property, it must educate the masses. This is the only argument by which they justify the system. Let us examine it carefully. In this argument it is assumed that the State can give that education which will fit its citizens for the duties of citizenship. The assumption is false, for, before the State can do this, it must determine what education is and exactly how much of it is required to make a good citizen; which it cannot do. Nor can it give even that education which is acknowledged to be necessary. The reason is obvious. The State cannot teach religion; and religion is the only basis of true morality. The doctrine of Church and State has long since been exploded; and to-day liberty of conscience is the glory of America. Hither come the oppressed of every nation, expecting to find here perfect religious toleration. Here the votaries of every faith are free to worship as they please, or not to worship, if they choose. Christians, Mohammedans, Jews, Catholics, Protestants, Skeptics, Theists, Atheists, Secularists, or what not—all are on the same footing. The temple of the Hindoo, the mosque of the Mohammedan, the shrine of the Buddhist, the joss-house of the Chinaman, the

synagogue of the Jew, and the cathedral, church, or chapel of the Christian are all alike protected. Obviously, then, the State can teach no one form of religion in the free schools without violating the consciences of all who do not hold that form. Should you read the New Testament in the public schools, and offer prayer to Christ, the Jew would object on the ground that he would be taxed to support the Christian religion, in which he does not believe. Should you teach that Christ, the Son of God, died on the cross to save sinners, the Infidel would object because he would be taxed to have his children taught a faith which he discards.

But a mere intellectual education is not a genuine education; nor has it ever been, nor will it ever be, the preservation of any country. That is genuine education, and that only is genuine education which combines heart culture with brain culture. If the life is to be pure, the heart, out of which are the issues of life, must be pure. Beautifully does Milton describe education. "The end of education," says he, "is to repair the ruins of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright; and out of this knowledge to love Him, to imitate Him, to be like Him as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue." Merely training the intellect can never do this. Educate a man intellectually only, and you do but multiply his desires; and about the mode of satisfying them he will be unscrupulous. In the language of another, "What is education, if it be nothing but whitewash on a ras-

cal?" There is a class of men, however, at the present day, known as Secularists, who maintain that morality can be taught apart from any religious instruction whatever. They hold out expediency as the law of action. "Why should I not get drunk? Why should I not steal? Why should I not lie and cheat?"—to which they reply, "You must not do these things because the happiness of society will be destroyed by your doing them." But the happiness of society is the sum of the happiness of the individuals who compose society; and the happiness of one man differeth from the happiness of another. Therefore there would be as many laws of action as there are individuals.

The truth of the matter is simply this: Take away the "thou shalt" and the "thou shalt not" of God's commandment; take away Christ, the only perfect man, the ideal man; take away the fear of endless misery in hell, and the hope of endless bliss in heaven; take away the sanctions of religion,—and you take away the only foundation of morality. This expediency philosophy may do for the "great church of the future," which will perhaps have Henry Ward Beecher for its pastor, Leslie Stephen, Bob Ingersoll, and Thomas Huxley for its deacons; but for you, God-fearing parents that you are—for you and your children it will not do. "What must be done then?" some one may ask. "Must the children grow up in ignorance?" Not that; but leave their education in the hands of parents where nature and God's Word design it shall be left; and all will be well,

Again: The argument used by the supporters of the free school system assumes that public school education is a preventive of vice and crime. There is an adage of general acceptance, which gives expression to this belief—namely, the adage that “ignorance is the mother of vice.” You see it in the newspapers; you hear it quoted in speeches; and it seems so plausible that it passes as true without question. But it is false. Ignorance is not the mother of vice. I know that you generally find vice where ignorance reigns; yet it does not necessarily follow that the one is the cause of the other. That two things are often found together does not prove that one originates the other; or, as has been said, *post hoc* does not imply *propter hoc*. As well might you say that the falling of the barometer is the cause of rain, because it generally rains when the barometer falls. The truth is, that both the falling of the barometer and the rain arise from certain atmospheric conditions. Just so here. Ignorance and vice are generally attendants on poverty. Says Thackeray: “Vice is the satisfaction of personal want without regard to right.” Want is the mother of vice—want, whether felt by rich or poor, wise or ignorant. If ignorance were the mother of vice, it would be unnatural to find virtue where there is ignorance, or vice where there is intelligence; yet some of the best men in the world are ignorant, and some of the greatest villains are intelligent. Who robs your banks? The educated sharper. Who steals millions from the government? The educated office-

holder. Who, in the year 1881, stole \$200,000 of the public school funds of the city of Brooklyn and fled? The superintendent of public instruction, a man of high social position, an educated man; and he rode in a carriage whose whirring wheels threw mud upon the poor pedestrians from whose pockets he had stolen the money with which to buy it. Who beguiles an enemy into his office and consumes his body with chemicals, hoping thus to escape detection? A Harvard Professor. Why not argue, then, that intelligence is the mother of vice? 'Twould be equally as legitimate as the other. But the child that has two mothers is yet to be heard from.

I submit that, if ignorance be the mother of vice and education the remedy, wherever the free schools have been in existence we would expect to find a diminution in crime and vice directly proportionate to the time that the schools have operated. Is it true? Look at Germany which has the grandest free schools in the world, and has had for generations past: and Germany is the hot bed of Socialism, from which there yearly issues a mighty tide of Socialists upon our own land, to blight and blast our free institutions. Where is the land of Agnostics? Germany. Where is the land of Infidels? Germany. Where is the land of Atheists? Germany. Do you ask for further proof? Then I point you to France, the land of Communism, the land of Infidelity, and withal the most godless nation on the face of the globe—in spite of her free schools, which have been in full blast for centuries. Listen to what Abbi Martin

says: "No one will seriously maintain that in France crime has diminished in proportion to the spread of education. Indeed, statistics go far to prove the reverse to be the case. In 1870, 4,157 suicides were registered in France; in 1878, they had increased to 6,434. In the latter year more than one-third of the total number of births were registered illegitimate." "It is, therefore," he remarks further, "evident that morality and education do not advance hand in hand."

How about England? Has public education diminished crime in England? What of the revelations made by Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and of Stead's subsequent imprisonment? What does this mean? It means that the Lords of the land, the men in high places, educated men, are selling virtue and debasing womanhood. Turn you now to America.

Surely this country of all others is most favorable for testing the system. Vast in area; rich in resources of every kind; having expanded the common-school into a system which stretches out all over the country—if, I say, there be any virtue in it, long since ought it to have produced the fruits claimed for it. Yet here as in every other country it has lamentably failed. Take a few facts and figures. The figures show that *vice and immorality have actually increased more rapidly in those districts where the free schools have been longest established*. Take New England, where the system had its birth and where it has operated over two hundred years. Compare the criminal records of the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut,

New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, and Rhode Island with those of Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, for the year 1860. The record is that of free white population. Native white population of New England, 2,665,945; of these but 8,543 were unable to read and write; or one out of every 312. Native white population of the six Southern States, 3,181,969; of these 262,802 were unable to read and write; or one out of every 12. Criminals in six Southern States, 477; or only one to every 6,670 inhabitants. Criminals in New England, 2,459; or one to every 1,084 inhabitants. In other words, New England with free schools produced six criminals where the six Southern States, without them, produced only *one*.

But do we need figures to tell us all this? Is it not evident to every one who will look about him? Our legislative halls, filled with men educated by the State, have become centres of corruption; and the fact is so unmistakable that it is not even denied. Bribery, open and blatant, is practised by both political parties, and extends throughout the minute ramifications of the government machinery. As for politics, why, it has become a by-word for intrigue and dishonesty. In its fœtid atmosphere Purity sickens and dies. Wherefore Sam Jones says that he would cross the ocean to see the grave of an honest politician.

Nor is this all. Look out over the land and see the lunatic asylums, crowded to their utmost capacity with men and women with shattered brains and morals, and refusing admittance

to others of like condition. Go with me to the penitentiaries, and tell me who are these in striped garments working here. Go with me into the criminal courts, and behold the pressure of business and the crowded dockets calling for an extension of time. Take a peep at the divorce courts, and see how a multiplication of cases is threatening to knock away the very keystone of the social arch, the family relation itself. Then, with this panorama of vice and crime passing before your eyes, tell me if the free school system, instead of ushering in the reign of virtue and morality, has not installed dissoluteness and profligacy in high places? And yet, carpet-baggers, sickly sentimentalists, demagogues, and would-be statesmen,

are forever declaiming in the ears of the honest tax-payers of the country that every increase of taxation for the maintenance of free schools will, without fail, be followed by a corresponding decrease in taxation for jails, penitentiaries, alms-houses, and lunatic asylums. It is false! Time has shown it so! Still, in spite of the fact that there is an annual surplus of \$1,000,000 over and above the necessary expenses of government, and that a recent Congress asked for an appropriation to build a house in which to keep it, we are taxed more and more every year to keep up a system which, by a trial of over two hundred years, has proved to be not only a *stupendous failure*, but a *blight upon our fair land*. WALTER P. STRADLEY.

SOME THINGS TO HOLD TÔ.

The instances are not few when men need bodily support. The child needs the parental hand for strength in his weakness and a support until he has grown strong. And not long after most persons have ceased to be led by their parents, they seem to feel the need of another arm upon which to lean. And judging their feelings by their actions the ladies feel so sooner than the gentlemen. When comparatively few years have done their work on the human frame, the step grows uncertain and the cane becomes, not an ornament as some absurdly try to make it, but a necessity. A man overboard struggling with the waves knows the need of a rope.

Progression is often dependent upon a support apart from one's self. It may be ever so fine a day for boat-riding and the boat may be in the best condition, yet if you do not seize the oars to be plied in the water, you will remain quite still. Generally you may look for some one at the crank if the hand car is progressing.

The mind no less than the body needs external support. To an active mind there is absolutely no peace without it. It must have something to rest on. A word of encouragement is quite as necessary to the child to support his mind as the father's hand to support his body. Can I make progress in my canoe without swing-

ing to the oars? So my mind must be supported if I would accomplish anything. The drowning man wants a rope; but what can the young man do on the rough sea of uncertainty and doubt without a settled faith which is the anchor to the soul? The soul of the aged needs a good hope far more than the tottering frame a staff.

Men do not like to confess that they cannot stand alone. But if we have supports from other sources than ourselves, we ought by all means to acknowledge it, and give our helpers the credit due them. It is true that no one stands entirely alone. All honor to those sublime characters who have stood so nearly alone in good causes. And surely all should aspire to be able to do at least what we are wont to call standing alone.

Let us consider some of the supports which we have, and which it is our privilege and duty to use to the best advantage. If one could stand alone, he could stand better with supports. We have a heritage conferred upon us by the past, which serves as a basis for present work. The men of the past have bequeathed us a great possession of discoveries and inventions, so that we shall not have that work to do, but can begin where they stopped—we enter into their labors. Their devoted lives inspire us to noble deeds. What they have done we feel that we can do. As they have surpassed their predecessors, we are assured that we can and ought to surpass them. We have their mistakes as warnings, their successes as encouragements. And there is power in the

thought, that we are intrusted with the exalted work of carrying on toward completion what our ancestors have so successfully begun, so that they without us should not be perfect. To prove false to these is to be unfaithful in some of the most responsible relations we sustain, and to make a failure of life. Is not this a strong support? Can we think of standing, as one has said, "between two eternities," the past and the future, and be set down before the universe as failures, when so many have succeeded before us?

In order to destroy the Minotaur, which dwelt in the Labyrinth, and yearly devoured young men and women of Athens, Theseus fastened one end of a ball of thread to the entrance, and, as he went through its intricate passages, unwound it, so that, having slain the monster, he could follow the thread safely out again. We must have something to hold to while passing through the intricate windings and threading the narrow corridors of the great labyrinth of this world. What shall it be? Rules that we have memorized and books to which we can refer? The counsel of a few leaders? While these are indispensable in their places, they are not sufficient guides in our dealings with men and things. But, as far as practicable, we must learn, believe in, and hold to the general laws of nature, which are the laws of God. By the study of man we can learn, to a considerable extent, the general laws of his thought, feeling, and action,—what he will do under certain circumstances, when he will love, when he will hate; and hold-

ing to these laws, we can adapt ourselves to him. The same is true with regard to ourselves and the inanimate world. We must avoid nature's curses by knowing and obeying her laws, and make our plans in accordance with them. As the coachman holding his reins can turn about his team at his own pleasure, so we, holding in our minds the laws of nature, and living and working in accordance with them, can have her obediently serve us. Man only puts the wheel in the right place; nature turns it for him. These laws being "the threads running all through the universe," if we hold and follow them as we should, we can not but come out safely.

Again, fortunate is he who has a strong belief in truth engrafted in childhood to which he can hold when the years of doubt come on. When the young man, who has been accustomed all his life to believe certain things, comes out among men and hears arguments adduced against those things, he naturally begins to question everything, and soon finds that nearly all questions are two-sided. And because he does not recall the internal and the external evidences of the truth of the Bible, he begins to drift away into scepticism, forgetting that there are many things which we know, the tangible proof of which, however, we are not able to adduce. For example, we know our friend's handwriting, not because the s's are turned this way and the t's crossed that way. We know our neighbor, not because

he has this or that kind of nose or eye or mouth, but from the combined expression of the several features. Happy, I say, is the man in this condition, who has had engraven upon his soul the faith and confirming life of a mother, which show him that the Bible cannot be otherwise than true, and upon which he can stay his mind, though the other proofs may not be so clear. Is it well to be left alone in this respect? How much we all are indebted to just this stay, very likely we fail to appreciate. Deep conviction in eternal truth alone can keep our minds in perfect peace.

The last great stay of the human mind which I shall mention is hope. In every struggling soul there is some fondly cherished hope which imparts to it a gleam of light in the darkest hours. The sun has gone down. Thickets, bogs, and narrow mountain passes intervene between the traveller and his far-off home. The clouds have shut out the light of moon and stars, and left him in impenetrable darkness, save as it is broken by blinding flashes of lightning. But lo! at last his guiding star peeps serenely through the broken clouds. He seizes it with his eye, holds on to it; and though the anxiety is long and exhausting, by and by the clouds all clear away. Many, though destitute of all other stays, and seeming to stand alone, yet clinging to hope have stood nobly, lived sublimely.

T. C. BRITTON.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

This question is one of importance, and will in time assume very great proportions. For have not four of our legislatures enacted laws in its favor? Are not female medical colleges springing up all over the land? Is not the country in a fair way of being flooded with female lecturers, lawyers, and preachers? Are not female base-ball clubs being organized in many communities? Though I am slightly of the opinion that the world can get along very well without the Dr. Mary Walkers and the Mrs. Belva Lockwoods, yet I must believe that this question is assuming grave proportions indeed. But I hope the day will never come when our fair women of the South will avail themselves of the privileges of the ballot-box. In Utah or Persia it might do, but in our fair land, never.

As a matter of fact, the only possible advantage it could supply would be to offer one more inducement to the married state, namely, as affording the means for obtaining political importance; for the more daughters, sisters, brothers, cousins, and aunts one could claim, the greater would be his political influence.

We do not wish to see our women among the demagogues and the ward politicians of our land, and the lobbyists of our legislative halls. We do not wish to see them go to colleges together with the males, reciting in the same recitation rooms, flirting beneath the very eyes of the professors,

sometimes perhaps with the professors themselves. This will naturally be an outgrowth of woman suffrage. The political world is not their sphere, but the home circle; and take woman out of her sphere and she becomes an incumbrance rather than a helpmeet and an inspiration.

Again, we do not desire to fall any more under their dominion than we are at present. If you allow them to vote, being in the majority, how do we know that they will not place over us a female president, and even take possession of the halls of Congress?

Even if I were to concede that there are some advantages to be derived from woman's sphere being changed, which I do not, the advantages will be more than counterbalanced by a few other considerations. For they will never be prepared to lead our armies, they can never lay aside their feminine weaknesses, they will never in this world be able to put on the iron frame of man and endure the fatigue and hardships of war. The Joan of Arcs are few and far between.

Women need our protection; God ordained that we should be their superiors, or why did he make Adam first? Adam was made from the dust, but Eve was taken from man's side, from next his heart, to show that she must be loved by him; and to show that she is to be protected by man, she was taken from under his arm. Some say that this is her proper place,

as to that the writer cannot say. But they are intended to be dependent on man. And it is this feeling, that one has a loving wife dependent on him, that nerves the honest man for his daily tasks; it is the joy of every honest man's life.

The influence of women, none will deny. Their influence upon the general tone of opinion, the influence of mothers on the early characters of their sons, and the desire of young men to appear in as favorable a light as possible in the eyes of young women, have in all ages been important factors in the formation of character and in advancing civilization. But for them to deal in politics will be to destroy those very qualities to which their influence is attributable. To their moral influence we owe the dearest blessings and privileges of our life; without them society would relapse into barbarism. Their influence on society is exerted in two ways—first, they exert a softening influence; secondly, they give a powerful stimulus to those very qualities in which they themselves are deficient. This influence is due to their modesty, their refinement, their purity. From this arose the spirit of chivalry, which

by encouraging gentleness, generosity, self-denial, and by the direction of a special submission and worship towards women, exercised such a beneficial influence upon the world. Though the practice of chivalry fell far below its theoretical standard, yet it is one of the most precious monuments of the moral history of the middle ages.

But if you grant to women the privileges of electors, causing them to mingle more and more with the outer world, to associate with every class of people, you will destroy that modesty, that self-respect, that shrinking from publicity, which alone exalts women and is the key to their wonderful influence. Those women who advocate woman suffrage with the most vehemence are, in nine cases out of ten, women totally devoid of the essential qualities of a true woman. And in the great majority of cases those men who advocate it do so merely to gain a reputation for philanthropy. May God forbid that the time shall ever come when our beautiful, virtuous, high-minded women of the South will be found at the ballot-box voting with the lowest the land affords.

JAMES M. BRINSON.

THE GOAL OF EMPIRE.

A THEORY.

Man is as much a creature of instinct as he is of habit. His habits grow out of certain instinctive principles which underlie all of his actions. Their susceptibility of growth in the formation of habits stamps him a progressive being, and is one of the features which distinguishes him from all other animals. The fruits of this growth are so numerous and multi-form in character that the germs from which they spring have been lost sight of and man has been called a bundle of habits. These instinctive principles of course remain the same forever, but their results vary according to the circumstances under which the individuals are placed. This accounts for the constant change of customs in civilized countries and the varying character of governments.

Self-love is an instinctive principle which urges men to gratify their animal passions without regard to the welfare of others. In a natural state, then, men are each other's enemies. "The natural state of man is war." Among savages where men suffer so many cruelties at each other's hands and where human slaughter is unrestricted, this principle is clearly exemplified. It is one of the baldest truths taught in history. All wars, the records of which constitute the greater part of history, are the results of this principle. To gratify their animal passions, to secure their selfish

aims, to gain the mastery over the weak, men will engage in the most daring and dangerous conflicts.

But man cannot live alone. He seeks companionship not solely for profit, but it is a manifest element of his constitution. The very course of human life proves that man is by nature a social being. This social proclivity is so strong that it combines men into societies on the most trivial and fictitious pretences when no other reasons can be assigned. This propensity binds men together in families, which are the elements of nations, families into neighborhoods, neighborhoods into nations. Now, it is the purpose of this essay to show that there has always been a tendency towards the ultimate union of all nations into one grand council of the world; and to set forth the probabilities, possibilities, and final necessity of such a union.

This union will be a government founded on the common sense of all the nations of the earth and composed of the best features in the governments of those nations. Each nation will be a member of it, but will retain its own individuality as a nation. In its courts the nations will seek justice, remedy their evils, and settle their disputes just as men seek justice and protection in the courts of their respective governments. The love of national honor, which all civilized

Christian nations consider most sacred, and which they guard with the greatest care and watchfulness, will be the power to force obedience to the laws. Under this government all nations will abstain from wars; for justice can be obtained at the great tribunal of the world. The nations will harmonize more and more, until the same civilization will be established in all lands. The daily increasing international intercourse will command all the stratagem, shrewdness, and energy formerly required in carrying on barbarous war, which always occasions the bitterest sorrow, sin, and desolation. Business finesse, which sharp competition in secular affairs requires, will supplant military tactics and ingenuity. Men will advance in the knowledge of the world's great resources and the laws of political economy until they will see that nations are as much dependent on each other for their prosperity, happiness, and the comforts of life as individuals are. Then mankind everywhere will believe in the doctrine of universal brotherhood, and constant peace will reign supreme throughout the world.

There are striking evidences that a preparation for this universal government has been going on ever since the beginning of man's existence; and there are reasons for believing that it is in accordance with the divine will.

Instincts are the gifts of God. Now, if we admit that governments are the results of human instinctive propensities, we must conclude that the rise and fall of nations, the growth of empires, the spread of civilization, and the progress of knowledge, are simply

the fulfilling of a great divine design. The spreading of the human race over all lands was not the execution of a human project; nevertheless it is in compliance with a Scriptural command to multiply and replenish the earth.

Another proof of its being in accordance with a divine design is the distribution of the objects of human desire over the earth in such quantities as to induce man to labor most assiduously to obtain them. In very ancient times, the Phœnicians explored the Mediterranean, made their way beyond the Strait of Gibraltar, and sailed out into the Atlantic ocean to procure tin from the British Islands. The riches of the East inspired the Portugese with the hope of finding a sea-route to India and induced them to venture on extended ocean voyages which led to many important discoveries, the establishment of settlements, and to the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope. The same motive led to the discovery of America by Columbus. The settling of America was effected by the energies of men whose only motive was to acquire the fabulous wealth of the New World. Innumerable instances might be assigned which would prove conclusively that the love of gain (self-love) was the primary motive which led to the discovery and settlement of all new lands. Now, self-love is an instinctive principle—a natural motive—given to man for that purpose. The same motive led to the development of commerce, which has always been an inexhaustible source of wealth to nations and has always been a most effective

means of spreading civilization. Human interests, therefore, have been the greatest incentive to human progress; and will propagate the spirit of social equality among all peoples until laws to regulate their affairs will be necessary and indispensable.

There has been a disposition on the part of civilized nations of both ancient and modern times, to unite their efforts to maintain peace, happiness, and tranquillity in their countries. As far back as 1497 B. C., the council of the Amphictyons, which consisted of thirty-one Grecian cities, was established for the purpose of binding the states together in sacred bonds of amity and for defending themselves against the encroachments of foreign powers. The famous Achæan League long retained the liberty of its members and acquired such a reputation for justice and probity that the Greeks in Italy, the Lacedæmonians, and Thebans referred to it important matters of dissension. It gained the esteem and confidence of all Europeans, and doubtless had some influence on the establishment of the Hanseatic League in the 13th century, which included eighty of the most important German cities. This latter confederation was formed for defence against piracy and the exorbitant exactions of nobles. It is important to know that under the influence of this League, the Hanse towns developed in commerce and reached a higher state of freedom than they could have done without such a union. Still other and greater efforts to unite nations under one great government might be cited, but these are sufficient to show that there

has always been a tendency toward such a confederation.

Now, the difficulties with which former ages had to contend and which rendered perpetual union impossible, are being rapidly overcome. It will be observed that the purpose for which former confederations were made was generally for protection against foreign powers. It was the prevalent opinion in former times that nations were each others' natural enemies; that one nation had a right to plunder and destroy the property of another. Might sat upon the throne of the virtues and ruled with unrelenting sway. Captives in war were then enslaved, and the property of an enemy was a lawful prize. Christian nations deemed it right to propagate Christianity by the sword. But public opinion has been corrected inasmuch that the rights of nations are now respected as much as the rights of men. No crusades are now preached against the pagans. No wars are now fought without first issuing a manifesto to show the justice of the cause. Human slavery has been abolished in all civilized countries. The power of public opinion, once a barrier in the way of universal empire, is now fast developing into a great motor-power for its establishment.

In reviewing the progress of man and observing when he obtained the improved facilities for carrying civilization to all lands despite natural barriers, such as distance across rugged lands and boisterous oceans, and difficulties occasioned by the diversity of languages, we are led to believe that it was intended that proper means

should be manifested at the proper time and not before. The Mediterranean was not too great to be explored by triremes and Roman galleys; but these were not sufficient to bear the commerce of nations over the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. But when the mutual interests of nations demanded that commerce should be carried on across these great waters, the power of steam was discovered, and employed in propelling huge merchant vessels over the seas.

This fact becomes more interesting when we remember that the present stage of human progress could never have been attained without the aid of steam and electricity. The present use of electricity, however, would be almost profitless without steam. These two agents are rapidly equalizing all peoples socially, intellectually, and politically. As the feudal system fell before the power of gunpowder so will national selfishness and all other barriers against universal government crumble before the power of steam and electricity.

The art of printing, that "art of preserving all arts," has been instrumental in removing the difficulties in the way of universal government. Who can calculate the innumerable benefits and advantages this invention has given to man? It has rendered impossibilities possible. It has been a means of diffusing knowledge among all classes of people. It has given language a permanent shape, thereby harmonizing the laws of thought; for men think according to their language. All tongues are being rapidly reduced to writing, so that all languages may

be learned by scholars. Thus the difficulties of intercommunication between peoples who speak in different tongues are greatly overcome. This fact makes it possible to extend one civilization to all countries. In fact, every difficulty which, in former times, prevented the reign of universal government has been or will be removed by the improved facilities of modern times.

Commerce has always played an important part in developing and spreading civilization, and in building up great empires. The most prosperous nations of all ages have been commercial nations. The "ships of Ur" added great wealth and power to the ancient Chaldean kingdom. The greatness of the Babylonian empire was due in a large measure to its having been eminently a commercial country. The Phœnician galleys from old Tyre and Sidon sailed along the shores of Africa searching for the gold of Ophir. The Phœnicians were the first to plant colonies for commercial purposes, and it is an historical fact that, from the very nature of the interests of a commercial people, civil liberty grows more rapidly in commercial colonies than in the mother country; for the more liberty a commercial colony has the more prosperous will it be, and the value of exchange increases in proportion to the prosperity of both parties. Now, when commerce will be extended to all lands, as it surely will, and all nations will be to each other as commercial colonies, may we not expect that civil liberty will be developed in all lands?

The commerce of material products,

moreover, is always attended with the exchange of ideas. The Phœnicians, for instance, in their commercial intercourse with other nations, bore the germs of learning, science, and arts from the east, and scattered them along the shores of the Mediterranean. This fact gave them a position along the side of Greece and Rome as great diffusers of civilization. The Greeks, who first taught the world what real freedom and civilization are, got their beginnings both in learning and in commerce from the Phœnicians while carrying on trade with them. The main cause of the rapid progress and high attainments of Greece and Rome was their system of planting colonies and stimulating the inhabitants to navigation and commerce. The same truth is manifested in modern times. The most prosperous peoples to-day are the most commercial peoples. England, who is preëminent in this respect, leads the world in every department of progress. In fact, man can not possibly profit by society, if he is deprived of his right to exchange. Now, the same principle will apply to nations as to individuals. And according to certain unchangeable, geographical and physiological laws, different nations are adapted to the production of different articles, all of which are objects of human desire. The people of one country need some of the productions of all other countries, and are happy in proportion as they obtain them. The very constitution of things under which we were created makes nations as well as individuals dependent on each other. Their interests as well as

their duty involve their harmony, peace, and happiness. It is a pleasing fact that, in creation, Divine wisdom has made man's interests and duty coincident. When all peoples of all lands shall be convinced of this fact, it is impossible to conceive of any barrier sufficient to prevent the union of all nations under one common bond of human interests.

The general diffusion of knowledge among all nations and all classes of people has a tendency toward harmonizing the nations. Education is the great lever which alone can lift the masses from misery and degradation. And never before in history has there been given such an impulse in the direction of giving knowledge to all classes of people as at present. In former times it was not thought desirable to educate the common people; but now that work is one of the most prominent industries of the age. The printing-press and other appliances are efficient facilities for placing the best literature of all ages in the hands of the humblest, and for heralding news into all lands in a miraculously short time. Now, we have no reasons for believing that this work will ever cease, but evidences are not wanting that it will go on till all nations will be highly intelligent and consequently more and more alike. Then, the union of the nations will not only be possible but necessary.

The spread of intelligence has evidently caused the decline of wars. Most nations now see that wars have a most baneful effect on their agricultural, their commercial, and their

manufacturing interests; that they paralyze the progress of civilization, arts, sciences, and religion. Public opinion has been too highly enlightened to sanction the sacrifice of individual and national wealth, domestic happiness and public morals, sacred blood and treasures, to gratify the whims and games of princes and premiers. The inherent powers of the human intellect are fast assuming the reins of government, and will eventually extend their sway to all nations. Powerful engines of war have been constructed by modern skill, whose efficiency in destroying human life in battle shocks civilized men and forces them to settle their dissensions amicably. It were the sheerest folly for brave men to stand before the bellowing cannon of modern construction. Armies can no longer meet on the field without suffering extermination almost to a man. The sacrifice is too great for wise men to make; especially men who have a great standard of right by which to settle their disputes. It is true that the condition of society in ancient, and even in modern times, has made war a necessary instrument of civilization. Many heroic virtues have been formed under its stern discipline. It was thought right by some, that Christianity should be defended and diffused by it. But those days when the passions of men wielded the sceptre over reason and justice are fast passing away. Agents of amelioration, infinitely more powerful in their quiet and silent operation than the most chivalrous and heroic armies, will supersede such barbarities. Men are

beginning to see that knowledge is the only real power after all. The present will profit by the errors of the past; and nations will learn to settle their difficulties without first cutting each other's throats. Already the powers of Europe assemble in conference to decide the disputes between kingdoms. Offences which in former times would have made war inevitable, are now settled without the shedding of blood. Surely these marvellous changes are indicative of a united effort of nations to maintain their peace, happiness, and prosperity.

The Christian missionaries are speedily bringing the nations closer together by preaching to them the Gospel of peace and universal brotherhood. Their work is vigorously going on in every land on the face of the earth; and with the Gospel they carry the arts of civilization, schools, and the sacred influence of the Sabbath. There is a growing tendency, too, among all peoples upon whom Christianity has taken a firm hold, to adopt the customs and appliances of Christian civilization. The most remarkable illustration of this is the changes that are going on in Japan. It has not been long since that kingdom of a thousand islands issued an edict declaring its determination to have no communication with other nations. But those walls of national selfishness have been broken down; and Japan has made Christmas a holiday, and reckons time according to the Christian calendar. Railroads and many other appliances of modern times for carrying on commerce, are now employed by Japanese. Our best

books have been translated into their language. They employ the printing press in circulating newspapers freely throughout the country. In fact, it is only a question of time as to the Japanese government being founded on the principles of Christian civilization.

Long has missionary work been going on in China, and with greater success now than ever before. That great mass of paganism is yielding slowly but surely to the influence of Christianity. And as the Gospel advances in that great empire, the improved appliances of Western civilization advance with it. The Chinese are rapidly abandoning their old junks, and great merchant steamers now ply their navigable rivers. The work in many other countries has been equally successful.

At first, it would seem like the wildest speculation to suppose that the mere handful of missionaries in the world could ever accomplish the work of "going into all the world and preaching the Gospel to every creature." But when we remember their divine commission, their superior intellectual powers, and the thousand other advantages which the sciences and arts afford, the theory becomes more plausible. Nor is the accomplishment of this work simply theoretical. Many of the South-sea islands, whose savage condition was no less inviting than that of other dark nations in any respect, have been completely converted from cannibalism into prosperous, civilized countries. The world is evidently undergoing a majestic

preparation for the presentation of the Master "to every creature."

Now, there is a universal tendency among all peoples converted to Christianity gradually to adopt the civilization dominant in Christendom. The truth of this statement is made more apparent by stating the reasons why it is true. The marvellous secular progress of Christian countries keeps pace both in extent and vigor with the missionary movement. They both go hand in hand; and a people who have abandoned their old religion for the new, are very likely to perceive and adhere to the superior customs of those who were instrumental in their conversion. One of the first things a newly modelled country learns is the value of exchange with other countries. The friction of nations brought about by such intercourse will develop social equality. Who can doubt that, if the Gospel of Christ will be the dominant religion of all nations, they will all have a similar civilization? What, then, will prevent closer and closer relations from arising between them? These closer connections will necessitate a code of international laws, established and respected by all nations. The consummation of such progress is a government the members of which will be all nations. We do not speak of the expediency or the advantageous influence of such a government, but of the growing probabilities of the necessity of such a government, which will be the natural outgrowth of human progress.

O. F. THOMPSON.

May 22, 1886.

BORROWED.

A vagrant rapture floated up,
And round me poured a breath of Heaven,—
The sweet invasion from a cup
Of treasured fragrance she had given.

A flower and a life, I said,
Are in this vagrant rapture blent.
But flowers die. My heart decreed
Her touch, her life the fragrance lent.

FIACCUS.

EDITORIAL.

THE COMMENCEMENT season is at the threshold. Who will not welcome it? But it would be nothing apart from the distinguished service rendered by the gentlemen who address us then and the presence of the hundreds who visit us out of love to the old College or interest in the cause of education. It is these, therefore, whom we would welcome. The invitation cards have been scattered far and near, but they could not reach all whom we hope to see here. We supplement them by extending, in the name of the institution, this general but hearty welcome to all.

NOT MANY of the delighted readers of Grimm's *Household Tales* and other collections of legends and myths ever suspect their deep significance and importance in the history of the development of mankind. To the average reader they are, rather, mere fables invented either for amusement only or to point a moral. As a matter of fact, the distinguished German philologists, the brothers Grimm, published their collection, not as a story-book for children, but as a scientific work which, it is thought, laid the foundation of the science of popular mythology. Since the application of the scientific method to the study of myths they have acquired a new interest and shed much light on the intellectual and moral condition of man in the earlier stages of his ex-

istence. They are, indeed, the relics of primitive man's attempt to understand his surroundings. Multiform and widely scattered as they are, yet are they all allied, and rightly viewed they record the first struggles of the race in its slow progress toward correct conceptions of nature and of God. The study is a fascinating one, and we commend to any who may desire to test this statement Edward Clodds' *Birth and Growth of Myth*, or for youthful readers *The Childhood of the World* by the same author. Both may be had in the Humboldt Library published by J. Fitzgerald, N. Y., at 15 cents each.

RECENT editorials in *The Biblical Recorder* have contained some appreciative and commendatory remarks about Wake Forest College, and along with these some criticism of the course of study at one point. The articles were written by an alumnus and the criticism, we understand, is sustained by many of the alumni. Waiving any discussion of the stricture itself, we are glad of the practical interest suggested by it on the part of the alumni in the College course. While the College has enjoyed the good-will of the great majority of its individual alumni, it has probably not received from them in their associated capacity all the aid which it might have looked for. At their annual meetings its

curriculum, appliances, methods, etc., form, as we conceive, legitimate subjects of discussion, and suggestions from such a source are entitled to respectful hearing. We are sure that the Faculty and the Trustees, being conscientious men, do not hold themselves above criticism, but would, on the contrary, welcome it from any quarter, especially from the alumni, provided it be tempered by reason and the desire to bring the College more nearly up to the requirements of the denomination and the times.

THE HISTORY of literature presents no more interesting phenomenon than the reversal of the judgments of eminent critics by the mass of the reading public. The popular god to-day will be defunct to-morrow. The wise author will not be impatient of unfavorable criticism. He will wait for the judgment of the world; and the judgment of the world will, in the great majority of cases, reverse the judgment of the individual. The short-coming of the reviewer is more certain and more exasperating when a *thinker* is born into the world of literature. And this for the reason that a great writer brings something new into life, and so, for the first decade, perhaps even quarter of a century, he is speaking in an unknown tongue. When men have learned his language they will catch his thought, they will see his value. The burst of applause which greeted Dickens on his first appearance was, to thinking persons, a harbinger of the decline of popular favor of which we are begin-

ning now to see signs. Put in contrast the cold reception of Thackeray, presaging, as it did, his steady upward trudge to the heights of literature. Much of the most popular writing ever done has been so, and deservedly so, because it answered some immediate and obvious need in a particular crisis. By appealing to a transient feeling the author has achieved an immediate success and has sacrificed his right to permanent influence among the great. Let it be said, however, by way of safe-guard, that a writer's popularity among the men of his generation is not always a prophecy of his unpopularity among the men of a succeeding generation; nor yet is his cold reception to-day a proof that he will be feted to-morrow.

What we have said here is that the interpretation of literature is a matter of time; that the Edinburg Reviewer who declared Coleridge's "Christabel" a "mixture of raving and drivelling," and who said of Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," "Beyond doubt the most illegible and unintelligible part of the volume," —is not the best type of literary critic. All which Prof. Dowden makes very clear in the May number of *The Contemporary* in his article on "The Interpretation of Literature." We invite the attention of our readers to it.

A PLEASING OUTLOOK.

Within the last few years the spirit of improvement seems to have spread over the South and raised it from its lethargy. Our citizens are fast open-

ing their eyes to the fact that our country is unsurpassed in natural resources of wealth, and are stirred up in the interests of more industries than ever before. And while they are developing fertile regions hitherto unknown to the enterprising world, running railroads and building manufactories, there is no feature of progress more prominent in the South than the present condition of its educational interests. The once large class who paid little or no attention to education is fast disappearing, and it is becoming generally recognized that education is the greatest work of all in which a man can engage. The inefficient school-teacher is being driven from the field and the educated man is taking his place. Our public schools have been much improved, while we cannot overestimate the work our graded schools and academies are doing. In nearly all of our leading towns and cities is either an academy or a graded school. Many of our colleges which, but a few years ago, were scarcely able to sustain themselves, now have larger endowment funds and are making strenuous efforts to increase the same. May this educational revival continue until our schools and colleges shall be placed on a still higher plane, and every citizen shall be able to understand the choice he makes, the influence he exerts, and the power which he wields.

A SUGGESTION.

No work that a college student has to do is more annoying to him than standing examinations. Examina-

tions are little less than dreadful to the most assiduous students. There are some, however, who depend on examinations, since they are required to stand them at all events, for raising their standing as represented by their final reports. They are very careless about preparing for daily recitations, and do no work until just before examinations. Then they study with all the vigor they can arouse. Such students are generally able almost completely to absorb everything in a text-book in a few days, and consequently do well on examination. It is obvious that they in such cases lose much of that valuable mental exercise which one can only get by constant application. It is desirable, therefore, that some plan be inaugurated that will stimulate boys to more strenuous daily work.

This can be done by a regulation excusing each student from standing an examination on any study, whose average daily work on it is, say, ninety-eight, or any other mark near perfection; while all falling below that mark shall be required to undergo the dreadful ordeal. The dread of examinations would stimulate most boys to close daily application in order to escape them. The best student of course would not be required to stand; and a public sentiment would soon be established honoring those who could pass without standing, but bringing shame on those who could not pass the line of proficiency without standing. Thus the student would not only form the most desirable habit of hard study, but would reap the benefits obtained by it. O. F. T.

A NATURAL LAW.

At a certain season of every year a great epidemic which, strange to say, we do not find mentioned in the Medical Dictionary, sweeps the land. It is not confined to any particular country, or even hemisphere, but the entire globe is its arena. Sanitary and other precautions may protect us from cholera, yellow fever, etc., but this epidemic cannot be arrested—at least in the present state of science and human nature. It originates nowhere in particular, but seems to be disseminated through the air, and at a certain period it descends upon a defenceless race of mortals. Its victims are, for the most part, the young, and none are more susceptible to its attacks than college students. While these attacks are seldom fatal, still they are sufficient to incapacitate the sufferers for any serious business. In short, from the remotest ages to the present it has been a matter of common observation that all persons between the ages of twelve and forty undergo that strange process of falling in love during the spring. It is rather difficult to draw a nice distinction between the ages which are, and those which are not, exempt from the ravages of this disease, but the above will stand as a rough division. That no one in love can study, goes without saying. All of us have observed and experienced its effects upon the mind. No doubt the Faculty can testify to the demoralizing effect exerted by The Ladies Aid Society upon next day's recitations. In the disordered state of the lover's brain, those mnemonic lines,

Barbara Celarent Darii, etc., become, by a queer metamorphosis, Barbara, Caroline, Delia. Neither deduction nor induction has any charms for him. What cares he about the distance from the earth to the moon when his mind is busy calculating the time which must elapse before he may see *her*? *Practical Astronomy*, with her by his side, would be a very interesting study, but *Astronomy on the blackboard*—And how can he give his attention to an abstruse metaphysical speculation when a pretty face is continually popping up between him and the book?

It is the fashion to treat this subject too lightly. It is a serious matter. Poets have long tried to impress this fact, yet the old folks still smile and say it is only a trivial affair. But the preacher who gave his "heart to search out by wisdom all things that are done under the sun," says: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven," and in this connection he adds that "there is a *time to love*." Now, the month of May is that "time to love," and that everybody should fall in love during that month is simply a *law of nature*, just as much so as gravitation. A man can no more resist this law than a stone thrown into the air can help falling. We would consider that man insane, who, utterly ignoring gravitation, should leap over a precipice, and not expect to fall. Yet the Faculty—it is said with all respect for their wisdom—compel us to do something analogous to this every day. The very hardest work of the year must be done at a time when this love, directly opposed to study, is

in full operation. It is absurd to expect one to fix his attention upon a dry, logical argument, when this love is acting on him, when all nature is holding high carnival, and the bright and joyous side of everything is uppermost. All the other months of the year may be devoted to serious occupation, but Cupid claims May as his own, his demands are imperative, and it is folly to ignore this great natural law.

May, then, is the time to love, not to study, for love and study are incompatible, and love in May, being a law of nature, has precedence over study. Accordingly, no College session, in this climate at least, should continue longer than the last of April. If these remarks are fortunate enough to induce the authorities to give serious reflection to this subject, the writer's purpose will be accomplished.

R. H. W.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE SECOND READING.—The outlook for the second reading of the home rule bill is still favorable to Ireland. Mr. Chamberlain and his followers claim to be contending for confederation, while Mr. Gladstone is working for separation. They want Ireland to be still represented in the English Parliament, on the ground that there are certain imperial concerns in which the Irish will continue to be interested, and upon which they ought to deliberate and vote. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone will receive this view; for it will doubtless receive the respect of many of the Liberals. The Irish, however, object to this for the present, on the ground that they have not able talent for the two parliaments. They want the new Irish government to be equipped with the best legislative ability; but they are not opposed to the Federal proposition; they are only anxious to see home government in good working order

before the attention of their best men is turned to imperial affairs.

The bill will doubtless be amended in several respects, but all parties are of the opinion that Mr. Gladstone has secured self-government for Ireland, whatever the amendment may be.

THE MORMONS.—The Mormon question has in the past been a subject given over by the American people to essayists, as they did not see the dangerous and threatening attitude it assumes. Experience, however, gained in dealing with these polygamists shows that they must not have a foothold, or the adage "If you go into the fire you will get burned" will prove true. It is a fact that teachers of principles and doctrines gain followers however repulsive and vile the principles may be. In some way and by some means Mormonism has conquered opposition to some extent, and now has a foundation on which to build, and the Mormons are persistent,

or they are nothing. The President has realized the danger of allowing them to keep on, and to check them has arrested some of their most prominent leaders, and thrown them into prison. This, though, does not convince them that they are wrong and make them desist from advocating their doctrines. They refuse to promise that they will not again teach them when released, and when the authorities of the State and the judges under whom they were tried offer to use their influence with the President to obtain their release if they will prom-

ise to obey the laws of God, man, decency, and common-sense, they obstinately refuse, and say that Christ was persecuted for his principles, and as they believe theirs to be the same as his, they will suffer also. This obstinacy shows the seriousness of the question, and the determination of the Mormons to gain ground and to teach their doctrines, and as their teaching accords with the brutal appetites of men, every effort should be used to repress it before it is too late. This can be done, we believe, only by severe punishment for every offence.

EDUCATIONAL.

—The catalogue of the Kinston College, Dr. R. H. Lewis president, shows an attendance of 167 students.

—We should think *Teacher's Handbook of Psychology* by Mr. James Sully would be of great value to all teachers.

—Prof. Timothy Dwight has been chosen to succeed Dr. Porter in the presidency of Yale.

—Dr. Wm. R. Harper, the enthusiastic Professor of Hebrew at Morgan Park, Ill., has accepted a professorship at Yale.

—Dr. James B. Taylor, of Lexington, Va., brother of our President, is temporary Professor of Moral Philosophy in Washington Lee University.

—The cost of the preparations for the Greek play at the University of Pennsylvania, it is estimated, will amount to about \$3,000.

—The Commencement of Greensboro Female College came off on the 27th ult., the number of graduates being twenty-three.

—The State cannot give a religious education, because it has no religion. Having no soul, it needs none.—*J. H. Mills.*

—The catalogue of the State University for 1885-'86 shows great improvement in many of the departments and schools.

—Among the most flourishing schools in the State is Gaston College, the commencement exercises of which came off on the 27th and 28th ult., Rev. E. Ronthaler, D. D., of Salem, delivering the literary address. At this school 228 pupils from five States were enrolled in 1885-'86, of whom 123 were boarding students.

—Dr. Jno. F. Harrison having resigned his position as chairman of the faculty of the University of Virginia, Prof. Chas. S. Venable has been chosen his successor.

—The State Normal School at Asheville will be under the superintendency of Prof. Edwin A. Alderman, Supt. of the Goldsboro graded schools. The session begins July 6th and continues three weeks.

—President Eliot, of Harvard, declined the proposal of President McCosh, of Princeton, that his own remarks on "Religion in Colleges" and the reply of the latter should be published together in one pamphlet.

—The elective system became a prominent feature in the University of Michigan ten or twelve years ago. In the main the organization and methods in use there are similar to those in use at Harvard.

The State Normal School at Winston, Prof. J. L. Tomlinson, Supt., begins July 6, and continues to the 23rd. A new departure will be the "Sunday School Normal," to which two days of the session will be devoted.

—Harvard is catching it on all sides, though Princeton takes the lead in criticisms upon the "new education" of the oldest of our institutions of learning. It is significant that the annual report of President Eliot, "is almost entirely defensive against the chief objections ordinarily urged against his elective plan." Here is a

remark which the New York *Independent* lets fall: "Next week we shall conclude Professor West's [of Princeton] very weighty criticism of President Eliot's Report. This is not to be considered an attack of Princeton upon Harvard, but of sound education upon unlicensed juvenile optionism."

—Princeton is to be a university within five years. Also it is expecting a salaried officer, who will have the entire control of the athletic sport, one-half the salary coming from the alumni and the other half from student association. How much better it would be if all our gymnasiums had an instructor whose business it should be to point out the kind and amount of exercise each student should take.

—The House Committee on Labor, after a long and very animated session, decided by a vote of nine to three, one member not voting, to report to the House as a substitute for the Blair Educational Bill, a measure which, in substance, provides that the receipts from the sale of public lands and the other revenues of the General Land Office shall be divided among the several States and Territories in the proportion of their school population for educational purposes for the next ten years. Twenty-five per cent. of the sum is to be used for industrial and technical instruction, and the remainder for the support of the common schools.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. LOWELL has been invited to deliver the address at the 250th anniversary of Harvard.

TENNYSON has recently joined a society whose object is to prevent Ireland from obtaining home rule.

THE Shelley Society have determined to compile a concordance to Shelley's poems.

MR. SWINBURNE will soon publish in a volume many of his late critical essays.

"EDNA LYALL," author of the novels *Donovan*, *We Two*, and *In the Golden Days*, is Miss Bailey.

DR. DEEMS has published in a volume forty-eight of the sermons he preached some years ago.

A PORTRAIT and a short sketch of the life of Frank Stockton are to appear in the July *Century*.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD thinks the British public sadly in need of culture, otherwise they never would have taken Mr. Gladstone for a statesman. There!

REV. W. M. TAYLOR, D. D., has added *Joseph the Prime Minister* to his admirable series of discourses on prominent Scripture characters.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS has been preaching Socialism in Ireland, and succeeded in raising a riot.

AMONG other features of the Colonial Exhibition was the singing of an ode composed for the occasion by Lord Tennyson. Part of it was translated into Sanscrit by Max Muller.

MR. HOWELL'S little daughter is said to be quite skilful with the pencil, often illustrating her father's juvenile works.

VOL. XX of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has appeared. It embraces titles from "Prudentius" to "Rostoff."

THE Westerners are offended by Bret Harte's *Snow-Bound at Eagle's*. They declare that he has been so long absent from the west that he has lost the western sentiment, and that his story is "mawkish and disgusting."

ALFRED WILLIAMS & CO., Raleigh, N. C., have announced their purpose of publishing a *North Carolina Speaker*, which shall be made up entirely of the contributions of North Carolinians.

THE eminent Russian novelist, Count Tolstoi, gives us his religious creed in *My Religion*. It seems to be a quite peculiar one, but he is preparing to show his sincerity by resigning his possessions, and earning his living by the sweat of his brow.

PROF. BLACKIE'S lectures on "The Church" and "The State" have been published by the Scribners under the title of *What Does History Teach?* Prof. Blackie believes "history teaches" that the limited monarchy is the best government, and that "Established churches, well flanked by dissent, are not contrary either to piety or to policy."

DR. HOLMES is on a visit to England. A Liverpool paper, referring to his arrival in that city, says: "The *Cephalonia* has landed a guest as honored as any who has crossed the Atlantic within the memory of the present generation."

Shakespeare's Birthplace and Adjoining Properties is the title of a book by Mr. Joseph Hill, a native of Stratford-on-Avon, minutely describing the town and adjoining country in which Shakespeare was "born and raised."

The New Princeton Review has rapidly gained rank among the best of American periodicals. Among other excellent articles in the May number, there is "*The Novel of Our Times*," from the pen of Dr. Zabriskie, containing a masterly defence of Scott's novels against the attacks of Mr. Howells and others.

ACCORDING to the *Memphis Avalanche* Miss Murfree "will soon marry a big raw-boned Tennessee mountaineer, presumably captured while she was collecting stories of Tennessee mountain life."

Wanderings of Plants and Animals from their First Home is a new book by Prof. Victor Hehn. He applies the philological theory of the migrations of the races to plants and animals, maintaining that many of them migrated from Asia. We are not pre-

pared to discuss the theory from a naturalist's point of view, but it at least has the merit of being novel.

THE remarkable popularity attained by novels like Conway's and Brad-don's seems to indicate that Justin McCarthy's satire, *Our Sensational Novel*, is quite timely. It purports to be written by a man and his wife entirely without literary excellence, but they borrow a few novels, read them and catch their style, and then proceed to "raise the wind."

THE aim of poetry, according to those who have gone deepest into the philosophy of that subject, is to give pleasure. This, however, does not seem to be Mr. Browning's aim; but if it is, he gives pleasure only to those who delight in solving riddles. Quite a discussion as to the meaning of one of his poems is going on in the papers, but no two critics can agree. Perhaps the best way of solving the puzzle would be to refer it to Mr. Browning himself. But he might be in the condition of the German professor, who, when asked by a student the meaning of a very obscure passage penned by the professor, replied that he didn't know exactly what it meant, but he was under the impression that there was some valuable thought in it, and it would pay him to get it out.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

AN ANIMAL MESSMATE.—Some years ago a professor in a European university wrote a book on animal industries, and showed that almost every trade and class in human society is represented among the lower animals. As to habits of life, for example, we find the great nobleman, the pick-pocket, the highway robber. These lead an independent existence and by superior strength or cunning escape retribution: There are others which cannot live without assistance from their neighbors. The amount and kind of assistance vary in different cases. Of these dependants there are two classes,—parasites and messmates. Parasites feed at the expense of a neighbor, either establishing themselves permanently in his organs or quitting him after each meal. Messmates, however, demand only a resting-place or lodging, others board and lodging, eating at the same table with their hosts, or appropriating the crumbs which fall from it.

An interesting specimen of this latter group of messmates was recently obtained from the North Carolina coast. The menhaden (*Brevoortia tyrannus*), a kind of herring not esteemed for food, is the most abundant fish frequenting the Atlantic coast. It has a number of popular names, the most common, perhaps, being "pogy" and "bug-fish." It bears this last name because almost every indi-

vidual caught in the seines has a "bug" in its mouth. This "bug" is the messmate alluded to above. It is, however, not an insect, but a crustacean (kin to crabs and crawfishes.) Its specific name *prægustator*, as well as that of its host, alludes to a custom of the ancient world which required that the wine of a prince should be tasted first by an officer who bore that name. The specimens obtained measure from one inch to an inch and a half in length, the largest being half an inch broad at one point. The body is composed of seven segments or rings to each of which a pair of legs is attached. The abdomen is short, bearing thin flaps which serve for respiration. The legs are provided each with a sharp, strong claw by means of which it maintains its position in the mouth of the menhaden. Inasmuch as none of the menhaden taken in the seines on our coast have spawn in them, whereas all their messmates have, some of the fishermen suppose that the messmates reproduce the fishes. There is much yet to be learned about the spawning habits of menhaden; quite enough, however, is known, apart from other considerations, to negative this idea. It is true that none are taken with spawn in the seines of our coast, but such are taken heading out to the open sea, and all that are caught at Provincetown, Mass., in the fall have spawn in them.

These crustacean messmates (*cymothoidae*) have the sexes combined in the same individual. In justice to their true position in the scale of being let it be remembered that during an ear-

lier period of their life they are free-living and independent, and further that their hosts suffer neither in health nor in nourishment by allowing them shelter and a seat at the same table.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EXAMINATIONS, are things of the past.

THE senior seems to be feeling kind o' ticklish as to his final speech.

PROF. SIMMONS, accompanied by his wife, attended the State Medical Convention at Newbern, May 19th.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR attended the meeting of the Chowan association at Columbia, Tyrrell county. He left May 8th, and returned May 14th.

REV. R. T. VANN preached at Chapel Hill on the 23rd of May. His pulpit was occupied in the morning by Prof. E. M. Poteat and in the evening by President Taylor.

ONE of our sophomores carries a cane so large that his associates declare it will kill him if he does not quit it, for he has fallen off 10 pounds in the last month.

REV. R. T. VANN, in place of a sermon Sunday evening, May 16th, gave a vivid and inspiring account of the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention in Montgomery.

THE Ladies Cemetery Association gave a lawn party at which ice-cream and fruits were served, on the evening of May 13, the lawn chosen being that in front of the residences of Profs. Royall and Mills.

ON several accounts the programme of Memorial exercises for May 10th was omitted. Prof. E. M. Poteat was to deliver the address. There were several picnics to different points in the vicinity.

PROF. to student in Sr. Greek. "Mr. —, what is the imperfect of that verb?" Student after several bad guesses.—"What, Prof.,—you mean the Present Imperfect?" "Hardly, sir."

ON the morning of May 24th the Wingate Memorial Building was struck by lightning. The lantern was shattered, and a good deal of slating hurled off by the shock. No damage, however, was done to the interior. The lantern has been repaired.

THE R. & G. Railroad Company are having waiting rooms built on the western side of the track nearly opposite the freight depot, which will be very acceptable to all who visit Wake Forest. The building will be ready for use by Commencement. Ground was broken for it May 12.

THE Catalogue of 1885-'86, out May 25th, shows enrolment of 180 students. Of these South Carolina contributes 7, Virginia and Pennsylvania 2 each, New Jersey and Florida

1 each. There are 39 from Wake county, including those from Wake Forest. English Language and Literature is taken from the school of Modern Languages and made an independent school, to which Rhetoric, formerly under Moral Philosophy, is attached. Political Economy and History are removed from the school of Moral Philosophy and erected into an independent school under the name of Political Science. Several articles not in previous editions are observed.

NEW AMUSEMENT.—Several nights ago three of our students took it into their heads to turn politicians. So going to the next station, Youngsville, they collected a crowd of negro men women, and children, and under the pretence of being Yankees travelling in the South in behalf of the colored race, made several speeches to them, each 40 minutes long. They were rewarded by the cheers and shouts of the multitude, who, after being dismissed by a ten minute prayer from one of "the three," crowded around the platform with many pressing invitations for them to take supper and spend the night. They, however, declined as they reported.

COMMENCEMENT.—Although we hope to give a full report of commencement in our next issue, we cannot refrain from saying a word about it now. Much preparation is being made by the inhabitants of the Hill for the entertainment and pleasure of visiting friends. In the Society halls and silent retreats of the forest, the voices of the seniors and declaimers are heard from morn to dewy eve, from dewy eve to morn. The mar-

shals also are practising. The campus is putting on its most attractive coat of living green, and in the stillness of night, the whip-poor-will's notes are heard floating across the silent hills. Often beneath the studded skies, amid the blooming flowers, the student strikes his plaintive guitar, and breathes out his soul in song to the angel at the lattice above. Everything seems to be aglow with poetry, music, and love. All of us are looking forward to the event with hearts overflowing with anticipations of joy and of sorrow,—joy that we may see our friends and sweethearts again, sorrow that so soon we must part with them, some of them, perhaps, forever. Oh! how like life! The strains of hope, alluring hope, are so quickly hushed by the rugged voice of despair. Yet we would not discourage any one; but rather say chase the glowing hours. Ladies, lend us your presence, your merry laughter, and sunny smiles, and naught can hinder us from plucking roses along the path of toil-some college life. What would commencement, especially Thursday night, be without you?

The following medals have been awarded and will be presented during Commencement:

Latin, to J. B. Carlyle, of Robeson.

Greek, to W. J. Matthews, of Gates.

French, to J. L. White, of Winston.

Phi. Improvement medal, to R. B. Linebury, of Chatham.

Eu. Improvement medal, to J. J. Farriss, of Raleigh.

PROGRAMME OF COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.—*Monday*, June 7, 8:30 p.

m.—Competition for Declamation Medal.

Tuesday, 10 a. m.—Annual Meeting of Trustees; 8:30 p. m.—Address before the Alumni Association, by H. R. Scott, Esq., of Reidsville. Alumni Banquet.

Wednesday, 11 a. m.—Address before the Literary Societies, by Rev. William E. Hatcher, D. D., of Richmond.—Presentation of Medals; 8:30 p. m.—Sermon to the Graduating Class, by Rev. George Dana Boardman, D. D., of Philadelphia.

Thursday, 11 a. m.—Addresses of the Graduating Class, Presentation of Diplomas and Baccalaureate Address by the President.

A few days since Rev. R. R. Savage and wife arrived, being on a visit to Rev. Mr. Vann. We regret to add that Mr. Savage was taken critically ill the day after his arrival. He is better at this writing.

THE issue for July will be our last until October. It will contain an interesting article on "Word-life" by the Professor of Modern Languages.

FOR once in the history of its wide influence Butler's *Analogy* has inspired the poetic muse. In answer to the recent examination question "What is the nature, application, and value of Probable Evidence?" one of the men studying that prosaic work, broke forth into these spirited lines:

"When endless destiny's at stake
 And life or death the prize,
 A bed within the burning lake,
 Or home beyond the skies;—
 When this is true, that man is wise
 And acts with common-sense
 Who takes the life that never dies
 On *Probable Evidence*."

PROF. L. R. Mills has accepted a position in the State Normal school to be held this summer at Elizabeth City.

The boon he never got.—

They stood beneath the starlit sky;
 He bowed his manly head quite low
 And trembling asked the question "Why?"
 Her answer was a killing, "No."

THE following gentlemen, elected by the Societies, compose the editorial staff of the THE STUDENT for next session: Phi.,—J. J. Lane, of Marlboro county, S. C., senior editor, W. F. Watson, of Wake Forest, associate editor, and E. F. Tatum, of Davie business manager. Eu.,—W. P. Stradley, of Oxford, senior editor, F. H. Manning, of Gates county, associate editor, and L. R. Pruett, of Cleveland, business manager.

THE WEATHER.—Prof. W. G. Simmons, reporting for the United States Signal Service of the War Department, gives the following summary of the Weather for April, 1886:

Wake Forest Station, Lat 36°N., Lon. 78°30'W.
 Highest Temperature .87.9° on the 24th.
 Lowest " ..31.9° " " 8th.
 Mean " ..60.1° for the month.
 Highest Barometer ..30.461 in, on the 18th.
 Lowest " ..29.824 " " 30th.
 Mean " ..30.193 " for the m'th.
 Prevailing wind..... East north-east.
 Total rainfall for the month3.28 inches.

ALUMNI BANQUET, 1886.—

Welcome—Rev. R. T. Vann.

1. The Relation of Christian Education to the Temperance Movement.—C. Durham, J. D. Hufham, M. V. McDuffie and J. T. Bland.

2. National Aid to State Education.—C. M. Cooke, J. Y. Phillips, W. W. Jenkins and H. A. Foote.

3. Educational Prospects of North

Carolina.—T. H. Pritchard, J. C. Scarborough, C. S. Farriss and E. B. Jones.

4. Our College in the New South.—J. J. Vann, W. N. Jones, Thos. Dixon and J. Y. Hamrick.

5. The Alumni of 1835 to 1860.—Thos. E. Skinner, John Mitchell and J. B. Richardson.

6. Coeducation.—J. B. Brewer, F. P. Hobgood and H. A. Brown.

7. Banqueting.—J. B. Powers, G.

W. Sanderlin, E. F. Aydlett and J. H. Mills.

All Alumni, the present Senior class and all old Students are invited to assemble in the Reading Room immediately after the Alumni address, Tuesday evening, June 8th.

W. C. POWELL,

W. C. BREWER,

J. C. CADDELL,

Committee.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

By Alumni Editor.

—'52. The address at the commencement of the Aulander Grange High School on the 4th ult. was delivered by Rev. Dr. Jno. Mitchell.

—'52. Dr. W. G. Simmons, Chemist for the State Board of Health, has just returned from the Medical Convention at Newbern, where he read a paper on Illuminating Oils that attracted much attention.

—'54 Mr. J. H. Mills, General Manager of the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville, has been appointed by the Governor to attend the 13th Annual Conference of Charities and Corrections at St. Paul, Minn., July 15.

—'56. The Annual Sermon at Judson College will be preached this year by Rev. Dr. J. D. Hufham.

—'68. Hon. J. C. Scarborough, a graduate of Wake Forest College and late Superintendent of Public Instruction for North Carolina and chairman of

the board of Visitors, was prevented from attending by reason of a contract with the University Publishing Co., for which he is travelling.—*N. C. University Magazine.*

—'76. Dr. J. B. Powers, of Wake Forest, was kept from the Medical Convention by his practice, but he forwarded his paper reporting the year's progress in the treatment of the diseases of children.

—'77. Rev. E. E. Folk, who spent the past session at the Theological Seminary at Louisville, will enter the pastorate again.

—'77. Prof. C. W. Scarborough of Chowan Baptist Female Institute, was married on the 2nd ult. to Miss Mattie Saltzman, a teacher in the Institute.

—'77. E. B. Jones, Esq., of Taylorsville, N. C., married recently Miss Ida Matheson, of Hickory.

—'79. W. N. Jones, Esq., who is an alderman of Raleigh, was recently elected by the board of city fathers mayor pro tem. in the absence of the mayor.

—'80. Mr. W. G. Ferebee has been elected a trustee of the C. B. F. Institute. A good selection.

—'80. J. N. Holding, Esq., of Raleigh, recently visited New York City.

—'82. Mr. Charles A. Smith, of Timmonsville, S. C., will make the address at the Fair Bluff Academy commencement.

—'83. Mr. H. P. Markham and Miss Cora Riggsbee of Durham were married recently.

—'83. Thomas Dixon, Esq., delivered the literary address at Rutherford College commencement, May 26. In a recent letter to the committee on the Alumni banquet, he expresses himself as having no wish for the old College except her enlarged prosperity and usefulness.

—'84. Mr. W. V. Savage will de-

liver the literary address for the Ashpole Institute, June 17th.

—'84. Mr. W. H. Kornegay is the principal of Richlands High School, Richlands, N. C.

—'84. Among those mentioned as being licensed to practice the healing art in North Carolina by the recent State Convention we notice the name of I. G. Riddick, of Raleigh.

—'84. Mr. C. L. Smith has returned from Johns Hopkins, where he stood first in the Political Science class. He will apply for the Doctor's degree two years hence.

—'85. Mr. W. W. Holding is farming at Wake Forest, being persuaded that that calling will agree better with the present state of his health than teaching.

—Drs. A. J. Buffaloe and S. Hassell, students here for several years, passed successfully the recent examination at the State Medical Convention.

—An admirable address did D. A. Covington, Esq., of Munroe, deliver at Charlotte on the 10th of May.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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VOL. V.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C.

No. 9.

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EU.

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Contributions must be written on one side of paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed to Business Managers.

WORD-LIFE.

Every living language is undergoing change. Only dead languages are immutable. Words and forms which constitute the vehicle of thought of any people, however unprogressive, are subject to variations, and especially if used by communities differing in intelligence, occupation, and even climate. Persons uneducated or badly trained clip and torture speech so as to render it even unrecognizable. Some are too lazy or too careless to pronounce difficult combinations. "Streth" and "speakin" are types of this class of words. In the north gutterals and full consonants are easily achieved. In the south vowels and semi-consonants are preferred. Germany and Italy are cases in point here.

Wherever effort is required to

make a sound, as in the case of *t, d, k, ng, l, r*, and the like, there the indolent southerner or listless dawdler either fails to pronounce with due vigor or finds a substitute. Thus "plano" becomes "piano"; "horse", "hoss"; "tune", "chune"; "must", "muss"; and "flour", "fwower."

The tendency is to spell words as they are pronounced. And when this tendency is unrestrained we have patois based upon brogues, as distinguished from dialects differing in forms. If a given dialect, patois, or corrupt language continues for some generations, it may diverge so widely from the original tongue as to become a new language; and if at this juncture some gifted and popular writer adopts it, he sanctifies and ennobles it, so that in the end it becomes recog-

nized as a distinct language and may preserve for ages its essential identity. The Grammar of such a language will always of course present irregularities. The old forms which had something of uniformity about them appearing only occasionally and new forms taking the place of many of the old, the rule, whichever of the two languages you may adopt as such, will have many exceptions. If you take your stand in the old language, then the new forms will be the exceptions, and if the new language be your standard, the old forms which linger will constitute the exceptions. Add to this that these usually are remote provinces, and "dark corners" in widely extended nationalities, and you are likely to have an anomaly which it is the purpose of this paper to illustrate. These sections or districts of country having but little intercourse with the others and perhaps not sharing in the general advance made in knowledge, hold on to the old forms for ages and transmit them to their posterity, whether these abide in the old homestead or migrate to other lands.

We have chosen our own language from which to draw illustrations of this principle.

There are many so-called vulgarisms in England and America which are supposed to owe their origin to a pitiable perversity and crookedness, boorish and "backwoodsy"; but which on closer inspection are to be traced back to times and places when they constituted the regular and prevailing forms of speech. It is to such that we now direct attention.

There is in English a number of

verbs which are set down by grammarians as irregular, which were once perfectly regular. They were known as "strong" verbs, because they needed no outside help in forming the past tense. The "weak" verb required to be bolstered up by the addition to its present stem of the letter *d* or *t*, as remains the case in modern English. Our word "love" is weak, needing as it does the added letter *d* to enable it to express past time. But the word "choose" is strong because its preterite is formed from its own native ability—so to speak—to help itself in this emergency. It has resources within itself and needs no aid from without. This fiction of Grimm has the advantage of assisting memory in retaining the real point of difference between the two kinds of words. The strong verb had its forms as determinate and invariable as the weak. There were about seven different conjugations or methods of forming the preterite of verbs of this class. Our illustrations will be drawn from two of these as fair specimens of all.

One of these changed the letter *i* of the present into *a* for the singular and *u* for the plural of the past tense. So that the word "sing" became I, thou, he *sang*, and we, ye, they *sung*. Now in the breaking up of old forms consequent upon the Norman Conquest, the past of verbs of this conjugation became in some places *a*, from the singular form and in others *u* from the plural. And in the case of the verb *sing* e. g., some made *sang* the preterite and others made *sung*. As we know, the contest in the case of

this word has not yet been settled, since *sang* or *sung* is equally correct. And let no one suppose that he can decide the matter by reverting to the old forms and saying "I sang" and "we sung". The day is past for that. What is true of this particular verb was true of nearly all the verbs of this class for one or two centuries. They presented alternative forms in the preterite. Thus *sank* and *sunk*, *sprang* and *sprung*, *swam* and *swum* were used indifferently until more modern usage had established the one or the other as the true form. King James' version of the Bible is ever presenting these alternative forms.

But while this matter was being settled, there were districts of England which had no knowledge of the changes agreed upon by the more educated and highly favored classes, and which although the word "climb," e. g., had been transferred to the weak conjugation, as we now have it, continued to use the preterite "clūmb" or, by a false analogy, "clīmb". And the posterity of these people in England and America to this day do the same.

But the principle is better illustrated by examples drawn from another class of strong verbs. This, having the present in *i* long, changed it into *a* (sounded more like our *o* long) in the singular and *i* short in the plural; e. g., the verb "rise" would become in the preterite singular "ras" (rose) and plural "rīs": "drive", "drav" (pronounced nearly drove) and "drīv". Now when good usage had established the singular form, people in remote districts, not learning the

fact, continued to use either form indifferently, or when terminations were dropped rejected the one established by literature and the educated and adopted the other. "Ris" and "driv," allowable forms in those days, as will be seen by the above, have been transmitted to their posterity of the present day and flourish as far as their influence extends. Thus, too, the forms "rid", "writ" and, by a false analogy, "fit" (for fought) have come down to us.

Let us turn now to an illustration drawn from what are known by us as auxiliary verbs. These are mostly preterite tenses of older verbs which existed in the earlier ages of the Teutonic verb. Take the words "can" and "shall". These are themselves forms of an old past tense, the present of which had an *i* in the root, as: *cin* (present), *can* (pret. sing.), *cun* (pret. pl.); so *shil* (present), *shal* (pret. sing.) *shul* (pret. pl.). And do we not to this day hear "I cin do it" and "I shil go" and the like? How can we account for this unless by supposing that these forms have persisted through all the generations and are ever asserting their claims for recognition among the Teutonic races of all times? Each of them has developed a new conjugation, having become weak. "Should" (originally *shulde*) the preterite—and the same is true of "could"—is a past formed upon the preterite pl. "shul" of the old verb "shil"; and yet so much life has this original "shil" that, disguise it as you may, overlay it with new features as you please, it survives and flourishes, not only in "out of the way places,"

but even among people who ought to know better.

This distinction of strong and weak has been applied not only to the verb but also the noun, pronoun, and adjective. Some nouns, we may loosely say, formed their plurals in *s* as with us, while others—the so-called weak—formed them in *n*. Thus, while the plural of *stool* was *stools* and of *end*, *ends*; *eye* became *eyen*; *ear*, *earen*; *tongue*, *tonguen*. When the language was feeling the disintegrating influence of the agencies at work consequent upon the Norman Conquest these forms became wonderfully confounded. In the end the weak or *n* nouns passed over to the strong, and *s* became the almost universally recognized form of the plural. One word however—*oxen*—did not come up in time to share in the change and was left as a sign-post to show whence the herd passing down the new road had come. True, kindhearted writers pitying him in his loneliness tried to yoke him to his fellows by writing him “oxes”, but he proved too stiff-necked and self-sufficient. And the verdict of the ages is: Let him be. For a long time “eyes”, “shoes”, “toes” had to dispute with “eyen”, “shoon” and “ton”, but finally triumphed—eyen and shoon appearing at present only occasionally, and as acknowledged archaisms.

While the contest over words of this sort was waging, a few words which had for some time assumed the *s* in the plural—a termination to which words of that class were not entitled—developed the *n* in the plural, which all really entitled to *n* were

dropping in favor of *s*. Thus, “brother” which, like “man”, was subject to vowel-variation in the dative singular, after assuming that vowel in the plural as well, after the analogy of “man”, took on first an *s* and then an *n*, as we have it now—brothers, brethren. But unfortunately “sister”, trying naturally to follow her brother, and assuming like him both *s* and *n*, thus becoming “sisters” and “sisteren”, found to her sorrow that her strength was overtaxed, and threw off the latter—becoming as now simply *sisters*. But some folks not hearing the complaints of the good sisters continued to call them *sisteren*; and their posterity follow in their footsteps; some, however, out of pure crookedness, speaking of and to them as *sistering*.

Nor does the pronoun fail to transmit to us some of its eccentricities. During the transition period to which we have referred, words of this class were guilty of some wonderful freaks. For instance, Genitives which like my, our, your, &c., furnished possessive—adjective—pronouns to the language had not been subjected like nouns and adjectives to the distinction indicated by the terms weak and strong. By a false analogy to adjectives, however, weak forms in *n*, to express the absolute—had, in the general breaking up, all assumed the *s*, except perhaps “my” and “thy” which had the *n* as a part of their proper genitives, *mīn* and *thīn*. The others became “ours”, “yours”, “theirs” &c. But here again in some districts the change was either not heard of or not observed, and folks there said *yourn*, *ourn*, *theirn*, *hishn*,

and the like. Can we with a clear conscience blame their descendants for doing the same? Is it properly their fault that they "obey their parents" in this among the "all things"?

It is commonly supposed that the expression "you'ns"—written improperly "you uns"—is meant for "you ones". But it is more charitable to suppose that it is the result of an effort after uniformity. As "you" has been degraded by having to descend from many to one—from plural to singular, an avenging instinct suggests a plural termination when more than one is meant. And which shall that be, *n* or *s*? which, indeed, but the more vigorous and substantial *n*? And then as if not satisfied with the result, and in order to make assurance doubly sure we have the added *s*. If this be so, it is not too much to predict that in a few generations "you'ns" will be the proper thing to say on the proper occasion. Our language has performed as daring feats as that, (witness "seraphims," "cherubims"), and still lives.

As further illustrations of this principle take the following:

It is well known that since the 11th century and even before, the tendency was to adopt the weak form of the verb in the case of a foreign word and to carry over to that form those verbs which belonged to the strong conjugation. Thus "help", "hang", "shine" have developed weak preterites by the side of the old strong, while "flee", "creep", "lose" and scores of others have become weak, with no strong alternative form. But it required centuries to achieve this

result. And in some parts of England certain verbs never did succeed in making the passage from strong to weak. Thus "dive" in some places is still "dove". But strangest of all, when the tide began to set in it carried many people too far. They seemed to hear from a distance that everything was doomed to become weak, and they outheroed Herod in their zeal to bring about the change. Hence "know" gave as its pret. "knowed"; "see" "seed"; "blow" "blowed", and the like. Soon, however, a reaction set in and words which had become weak were forced back into the strong conjugation, or at least into what seemed to be such. Thus "squeeze" which had beyond a doubt become "squeezed" (weak) was made to present in some places a preterite conformed to the old pret. sing of the strong verb, and became "squoze"; while in other places it strove to assume the form of the old pret. pl., and became "squez". Nor are these dead yet, though perhaps moribund.

In the contest over the forms of the Reflexive Pronoun there was for a long time great difference of usage. Until the present law upon this subject prevailed writers and speakers were governed by no settled principle.

While the first and second personal pronouns finally attached the "self" to the genitive case, thus, "myself", "yourselves", &c., and the third person joined it to the dative, as, "himself", during this transition period "meself" (dative) and "hisself" (genitive) were frequently heard. The former has nearly expired, but the latter as well as its compeer "theirselves" is still quite lively; and the *raison d'être* in their case is obvious.

Again—but no more now.

W. ROYALL.

CO-EDUCATION.

We noticed in the last number of the WAKE FOREST STUDENT an article on Woman Suffrage, from which we quote the following sentence: "We do not wish to see them [the girls] go to colleges together with the males, reciting in the same recitation rooms, flirting beneath the very eyes of the professors, sometimes perhaps with the very professors themselves."

While there are comparatively few who are so extreme as to advocate woman suffrage,—and we most sincerely hope that the time is very far distant when "our beautiful, virtuous, high-minded women of the South will be found at the ballot-box voting with the lowest the land affords,"—still this is entirely distinct from the question now agitating the educational world, i. e., co-education of the sexes. The writer of the article alluded to, whom we should take to be one of those "prudent mammas" rather than a student of Wake Forest, has taken the conservative view characteristic of the South. Co-education has spread rapidly, and is adopted by very many of the Northern colleges, and is almost universal in the Old World. We regret that the South, the land of chivalry, should so long refuse woman the rights she can justly claim.

In the Dark Ages woman was a mere plaything, or, perhaps oftener, a beast of burden. In proportion as civilization has advanced and Christianity has shed its ennobling and refining influence upon the world, has

woman's condition been elevated; and religion and science, proceeding hand in hand, will secure to her that justice which has so long been denied her.

It is out of the question to consider co-education as it exists in "old-field" and graded schools. It is impracticable and impossible to banish it from these schools, and a war waged against it in that arena would be but an idle waste of words. The contest is for the higher education of women; and, in many respects, collegiate co-education is attended with fewer evils than the "old-field" and graded school system.

We have heard several of the most scholarly men of the South, and men with experience in this co-educational system say that, as regards mental calibre, woman is fully the equal of man, and is the winner in almost all scholastic contests. In deciding the question of her inferiority to man, we claim that she has a right to equal educational advantages with him. Now, there are no female institutes which have the high standard of scholarship necessary to test her powers. How, then, is this important problem to be solved? Simply by allowing females admission to the male colleges.

The students capable of entering such colleges as Wake Forest—and it is only in colleges with a course of study equal to this that there is a necessity for co-education—would be of sufficient age and intelligence not to commit the follies which the prudent

young gentleman foresaw; for we hope, for the honor of our sex, that he does not speak from any sad experience.

Moreover, as the recitations are only of an hour's length, and there would of course be separate apartments for study, the system is not subject to serious objection on that ground, and is attended with none of the evils of the "old-field" plan. In the Northern colleges the ladies and gentlemen enter the recitation-room at different doors—the ladies going together and occupying a different part of the room.

We insist upon the admission of females into colleges of the highest grade as a simple matter of justice, and the most prudent and experienced now perceive the great benefit to the world at large when this right shall no longer be withheld. The truly educated woman is a power in the land. If a devoted, intelligent mother, who appreciates the importance of an education, desires to send her boy to Wake Forest, what inexhaustible resources are at her command! However great her poverty, hers is the motto, "*Inveniam viam aut faciam.*" You may look for that boy Sept. 1st.

Moreover, there are innumerable contingencies in which women have to make their own support (the much vilified class of old maids, for instance), and with an inferior education how shall they be able to cope with men in teaching—the profession most suited to their natures? How many unhappy marriages, and lives spent in misery are due to the consciousness of their inability to earn a livelihood

for themselves! How many "jump at the first chance" of getting some one—no matter whether suited to their fancy or not—who can support them. Give us a chance to educate ourselves so that we can be self-supporting and we will promise to cease "setting our caps" for the boys and they will at last be freed from the wiles of those proverbially "scheming mammas."

The female colleges of North Carolina are fully equal to those of the other Southern States and answer to the demands of the times, for the opinion still prevails that a superficial education—a sort of sham polishing—is quite sufficient for girls; but the time has come for a change and we must march boldly forward, adopting the maxim, "*Esse quam videri malo.*"

The refining influence exerted upon young men by young ladies in the class-room is said to be of great value and, in many cases, the students themselves recognize this. We have the testimony of learned professors as well as students that the benefit accruing to both parties in the matter of scholarship is inestimable. Although many protest that females are not mentally the equals of males, their ambition is as great and their determination not to be vanquished is evidenced by their always "having the last word," while their stimulating effect upon the males is said to be very great.

Would it be modest to hint that the prolonged hostility of some towards co-education may be owing to the fear of being excelled and robbed of their scholastic honors by their female competitors?

E. B. Simmons

EDITH.

If it had been a dream, it was so sweet a dream
 That better 'twere to sleep, and evermore to seem
 To bask in Love's warm sunshine, than to wake
 And, disenchantèd, know and feel the ache
 That waking in the dark, cold night forever brings
 To him who, sleeping, hears what sweet Hope sings.

Oh, sweet was her song that my ears beguiled,
 Bright was the picture she drew ;
 I listened, I looked, and Fancy smiled,
 For I dreamed, fair Edith, of you.

Sweet was her song, but her words were untrue,
 Though easy they were to believe.
 Who list to the siren their folly will rue ;—
 Hope, too, is fair but to deceive.

Her picture, so bright, she had drawn on the screen
 Which the gloom of my future concealèd ;—
 That curtain, now lifted, discloses a scene
 Which her pencil had never revealèd.

'Tis the tone of your voice and the voice of your eye
 That cause my heart's blossoms to wither and die ;
 That make life a pain, and o'ercloud each star
 In Hope's constellation, that twinkled afar.

As deep as th' abysses of space,
 As true as I once thought your face,
 As warm as the sunlight above,—
 Yet pure as the snow, was my love.

My love !—alas, mine only ! when I told you all,
 And dreamèd that sweet Love's meshes could enthrall
 Your heart, my doom was in the mocking look you gave :
 " Let thy love die. Go shroud it for its grave."

To think that the life whose flattering smile
 Had lured me on and on,
 That your violet eyes, too soft for guile,
 Should speak and sparkle in scorn !

Fool, fool that I was to be blind so long,
And blindly to stay in your train!
You have hushed Delusion's melodious song,
Thank God! you have broken my chain.

For now all is over; each hope now is flown;
All, all that was sweet in life's chalice is gone,
Save love, which, with hope, was the sweetest of all,
Which, when hopeless, is poison and bitter as gall.

Rise up, Reason, set me free;
Farewell, Love, ere I conquer thee;
Arm thee, Pride, with all thy might,
Scorn the passion and its blight.

But, Memory, keep a leaf or faded flower
When conquering Time shall have mastered this hour.

EDITORIAL.

A PLEA FOR HELP.

With the July number, THE STUDENT has reached the fifth post on its journey. The tired horses that drew it over the last stage have been taken out, and fresh ones harnessed in. After a year's connection with the Magazine, we are much attached to it, and anxious to see its greater success. And while we are confident that the new corps of editors will do all they can to advance it, there is one disagreeable fact which, unless removed, cannot fail to clog their best efforts, and this is the apathy in regard to THE STUDENT which prevails among the students, alumni, and trustees of the college, in consequence of which the end of each year discloses a greater deficit in the funds of the Magazine. The students seem to imagine that by electing a staff of editors they have freed themselves from all responsibilities, and shouldered them upon the editors. Furthermore, the list of subscribers shows that only about one half of the students subscribe to the Magazine. Now, "brethren, these things ought not so to be." THE STUDENT is your Magazine, and each one of you is directly responsible to write for it, to subscribe for it himself and to induce others to do the same. It is absurd to expect the editors to successfully conduct the Magazine when they are not only unaided, but have to contend against the utter apathy and negative oppo-

sition of one half the students. In order to place the Magazine within the reach of all the students, the subscription was lowered to \$1.25, 20 cents less than it costs to print it. So that the Societies have been *paying* each member who subscribes twenty cents to read it—trusting to advertisements to make up the deficiency. The publishers say they cannot print the Magazine for any less, they barely cover expenses now. But in spite of the low price, we do not hesitate to assert that if proper interest were manifested THE STUDENT could be made to pay considerable dividends. It is a fact, disgraceful to them, that a great many of the alumni give us no support even by their subscriptions, and as for the trustees, they have practically ignored THE STUDENT'S existence. It is their duty to do everything in their power to promote the interests of the college. Now THE STUDENT is one of the important factors of the college's advancement. The advantages of college Magazines have been too often repeated to require rehearsal here. They have become so apparent to all that there is not a single college in America that is not represented by its Magazine—and the Magazine does represent the college. It circulates far and wide, and strangers always form their opinion of the college from the Magazine. It is a fact that Wake Forest College is now known and favorably known through the medium

of THE STUDENT where five years ago it was never heard of. We could show a host of complimentary opinions from competent judges all of which rank THE STUDENT as one of the best, if not the best, college magazine in America. THE STUDENT therefore not only has a right to your support, but ought to excite your pride. And now that Wake Forest is making such efforts to progress, do not neglect one of the most important factors of its development. Unless students, alumni, and trustees can reach a lively sense of the importance of the Magazine, and of the duty and responsibility which rest upon them to support it as a means of advancing the work of the college THE STUDENT must go down. For it would be folly in the Societies to pay two or three hundred dollars a year to subscribers for the privilege of sending them THE STUDENT.

R. H. W.

THE PRESIDENT'S DEFEAT.

Poor Mr. Cleveland! We can't help pitying him when we think of what an ignominious defeat he has met with at the hands of a few reporters. The "man of iron will" must acknowledge that once in his life he has been completely baffled. The man whose undaunted resolution bore him from the mayor's office into the gubernatorial chair, and thence into the White House; who met and repulsed every attack of a wild mob of office-seekers; who heard with quiet courage the threats of a senate en-

raged by his refusal to submit to it his private letters—this man has been compelled to surrender to a brigade of Paul Pries of the press. In this contest all his will-power availed him nothing; but what a senate could not do, a few reporters have triumphantly accomplished. Every body saw how earnestly the unfortunate man strove to avoid giving any publicity to his approaching marriage, but all in vain; and he and his young bride have fallen victims to the harpies of the press. The ubiquitous reporter superintended the making of the wedding garments, crowded himself between the groom and bride at the altar, stole the bill of fare from the supper table; and when the wedded couple tried to slip out of the back-door, there was the inevitable reporter. He pursued them across the river, climbed upon their carriage and peeped through the shutters, and, when they retired to their country retreat, the brigade of reporters followed, hid in the bushes, and leveled their artillery of telescopes upon the house. Such disgraceful proceedings need no comment. No body could blame the President if he had ordered out the army to drive off his tormentors, and then gone on and enjoyed his honeymoon in quiet. The editors of the newspapers—for the reporters were merely their instruments—have no excuse whatever for thus intruding upon a man's privacy. In this country, the man who should attempt to dog a groom's footsteps, would probably be shot; and the fact that Mr. Cleveland is Chief Magistrate of the United States does not render his privacy a whit less sacred than

any private individual. The people are heartily sick of the abominable stuff that has lately occupied two thirds of our newspapers; and it is time that the venders of it were taught a lesson.

R. H. W.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

If it be true that "History is philosophy teaching by example," then surely no study can be more useful to the youth seeking the improvement of the mind than the history of his own country, nor examples more inspiring than the distinguished men who have contributed so largely to the foundation of our fair Republic. And if one's native land is to be the theatre of his actions, let him engage in any occupation whatever, the history of that country will prove alike pleasing and instructive. Here we learn the trials and sufferings which the early settlers had to encounter in order to gain an abiding place in this country; and what the Christian had to endure in order to secure the privilege of worshipping God according to his own conscience. Here, too, we are able to trace and to study the rise and progress of law, and to learn and be able to appreciate the wrongs and oppressions which drove our forefathers from their mother-land to "seek an asylum in the wilderness."

Yet, notwithstanding these and many other inducements, this branch of science is too much neglected among us or if studied at all, we fear too superficially. Therefore it is grati-

fying to know that reading circles which are creating so much interest among teachers, have recently been formed in many States. And we are specially delighted to see that the one in our own State is going to give two of the handsomest medals ever given in educational work in North Carolina at the Teachers' Assembly for the encouragement of this branch of science. One is given for "best examination in North Carolina history" and the other for "best examination in general history."

J. S.

THE PRESIDENT of the Board of Trustees made a true statement on Commencement Day when he said that the students of Wake Forest College were her best agents for the increase of patronage. In the first place, they know the College on the inside, and can therefore speak of its advantages with a peculiar kind of authority. They know also the boys, at least a large number of the boys, who are wanted, and obviously can approach these with a freedom and influence which the formal agent cannot acquire. And, besides, there are some one hundred and eighty of them, each having these advantages as an agent. What may not be expected from them, if they will each in his own community take the small trouble to present the College to acquaintances and companions? The College is to be better equipped and more completely manned better prepared to help the boys of North Carolina get ready for the work of life. They must come here,

however, or it cannot reach them. In what nobler or more fitting work can a student engage than inducing others to embrace the opportunities of education?

SOCIETY.

Society is as ancient as the world, for in the very beginning it was declared by the highest possible authority that it was not good for man to be alone. Wherever there is an aggregation of individuals there must be social intercourse. Society ordains customs and makes laws which its members must obey. The punctilious observance of the forms of social etiquette is now in many quarters regarded as of far more importance than moral principles and intellectual powers; and manners are held to be the principal elements of culture, while intellectual attainments are considered subsidiary. A perfect bow, a striking posture, and elegant deportment are the noblest achievements in the eyes of the elite. The legitimate fruit of this kind of society is the "dude." The society man of the times is recognized by a shining "plug," a magnificent "Prince Albert," a gorgeous necktie, glaring jewelry, and a walking-cane.

Verily, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

That which is regarded as the upper class of society is a complete and shallow mockery in which is rarely found humanity or high intellect; there is no place for the man of worth in its selfish economy. "Self is its god and

selfishness and hypocrisy the divinities which minister at its altars." Society based upon such principles, and governed by such laws, must necessarily be corrupt. It suppresses the higher and purer sentiments. Even love and marriage, the most important events of life, are subordinated to the same inexorable policy which governs the waltz.

The history of every day shows how disastrous and blighting the present system of society is upon mind and morals. What is the meaning of the scandals, depravities, and criminalities that are daily chronicled? They mean that the weak members of society are too frail to stand its iron exactions. Julian Hawthorne deplores the fact that there is no society *par excellence* in America. If he had studied the question a little more closely he would have discovered that there is such a society. It exists from the proudest metropolis to the humblest village; it is regulated somewhat as here described. "Wealth is its own great essential. Convenience is its constitution, and hypocrisy its common-law."

Of course, it is not meant that the standard of society has sunk so low as to be irreparable, or that all society is defective and hurtful. On the other hand, society and social intercourse, when of a proper kind and not carried to excess, become a very important aid to human enjoyment. The man who has no society of any kind becomes morbid in his feelings and disagreeably peculiar in his opinions; he becomes conceited also, and is apt to think himself the centre of the uni-

verse. There is real culture and refinement to be gained in good society, and all should cultivate social relations. In good society a person gets the roughness of his nature and manners taken off and acquires a degree of self-confidence, and learns something of gentility and politeness. Of course, social pleasures should not be pursued to excess, it would be better for one not to be in society at all than to become so infatuated by it as to be really unhappy when not in it.

VALEDICTORY.

After this stroke, the pen falls from our hands, and a new staff of editors will take it up to continue the work we have been doing. We cannot say that the work has been unpleasant. There is a peculiar fascination about it that makes it delightful, and it is with a deep tinge of regret that we have to retire from it. This, however, we can do cheerfully; for we know that our successors are fully competent and willing to sustain the reputation of our beloved Magazine.

THE STUDENT, from the first has held a high place among college papers; it has been improving all the while and is now not surpassed by any. We are convinced, too, that its high reputation has been founded upon its literary merits. The retiring editors do not claim the honor of its excel-

lency; but the praise, we think, belongs rather to those who, from time to time so generously contributed to its columns. We return no deep-felt thanks to the college students for their support; for they, knowing that they have only done their duty, not only do not need any praise, but want none.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is the property of the students of Wake Forest College. Its interests, merits, and progress are theirs, and it will ever be interesting, meritorious and progressive as long as the College remains.

Some of our happiest moments during the year have been those spent in perusing the columns of our exchanges. We have not taken pains to say much about it, but all of our exchanges, for one quality or another, hold a high position in our estimation, and we are loth to sever our connection with them. As to their defects, we are in sympathy with them; as to their successes we are encouraged by them.

But the time has come for the present staff to relax its hold on the quill and to transfer the labors, duties, and pleasures of its honorable position to other hands. To the friends of our magazine we return many thanks for their liberal patronage and generous compliments during the last year. To our exchanges, friends, and the students of the college, we reluctantly say farewell. O. F. T.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THEIR IRISH RAISED.—Great mobs of Orangemen have immortalized themselves at Belfast, in Ireland, by engaging in one of the most barbarous riots that ever disgraced that benighted land. Large crowds of men, urged on and assisted by women and factory girls, grew irresistible in their attacks upon the Catholics. Scenes of drunkenness, incendiary fires, and bloodshed, profanity, debauchery, and terrible orgies were manifested by the meanest and lowest scum of Ireland. Lead and steel were hardly sufficient to disperse the infuriated mobs.

These troubles are the results of an openly proclaimed opposition to home rule for Ireland. Gladstone and Parnell were both burned in effigy labelled "Home Rule." The difficulties are increased by the fact that the government is in sympathy with the rioters, and it will not be anxious to punish them. The malcontents are thus bold because they have such men as Wolsey and more of high authority at their backs. The British aristocracy applauds those engaged in their rebellious and treasonable opposition as patriots. The real source, then, of the intensity and fierceness of these appalling outbreaks is above the scum of Ireland.

THE PEOPLE MUST SAY.—Upon the Home Rule bill, which has excited the anxiety of the civilized world, the British Cabinet has been defeated. Mr. Gladstone has announced the dissolution of Parliament, and the ques-

tion will be decided at the polls. The passage of the bill by Parliament elected on that issue would doubtless be more satisfactory than it would have been if it had been passed by the present Parliament, which was chosen on other issues. In short, even the English feel more sensibly the justice of a law which is decided just by the people. The distracted condition of political parties, the distorted public opinion, and the giddy uncertainty of public sentiment, make it particularly desirable that a solid foundation should be laid by popular vote, so that Home Rule, when once established, may have that permanence which is least easily shaken. Such an important measure so bitterly contested and boldly debated should be secured on the strongest footing.

We may reasonably expect numerous battles which will probably grow out of this bill, however it may be decided at the coming election; for it has taken too deep a hold on the people to be removed at one stroke.

WHY EXPELLED.—The Chamber of Deputies in France has decreed the expulsion of the princes who have so long hoped to gain the ascendancy over the republicans in that country; and this action of the Chamber of Deputies will be confirmed by the Senate.

The move grew out of the fact that the representatives of the royal lines have never identified themselves with the republic, but have lived as princes

all the while. Their expulsion is not on account of any outbreaking atrocities, but the frequent addresses and proclamations made by them have so

aroused the enthusiasm of their followers that they have become a constant source of annoyance to the republic.

EDUCATIONAL.

—The Davis School at LaGrange enrolled 133 students the past session.

—Ten of the most advanced courses at Howard had but one man in each the past year.

Mr. W. G. Clement is the new Superintendent of Public Instruction for Wake county.

—The patronage of Bingham's School was not so large the last session as the previous one.

—Of the 291 students enrolled the past session at Vassar 23 are from the South.

—It is said that there are two thousand two hundred and seventy candidates for the ministry in the various colleges.

—At Trinity College, this State, every boy speaks, so they have to devote a whole week to it. We beg to be excused.

—Gov. Scales thinks that on no line has North Carolina made more progress in the last few years than in education.

—There can be little doubt that co-education is helpful to young men, but what of its effect upon young women? Are they not in danger of losing unconsciously some of their sweet womanliness?

--Judge Van Wyck, of Brooklyn, in his address at the University of N. C., expressed himself as unfavorable to the Blair Bill, and his sentiment was received with applause.

—*The Academy* (Syracuse, N. Y.), has ascertained that a little more than half of the students of Latin in this country use the ancient pronunciation, and 46½ per cent. the English.

—Teachers of English Literature will find "Cassell's National Library" an inexpensive series of the classics of the language for use as a supplement to the text-books.

—Hon. John Eaton having resigned the Federal Commissionership of Education, Maj. S. M. Finger, of North Carolina, has been mentioned in connection with that position.

—The Senior class of Salem Female Academy this year was the largest that has ever graduated from that Institution, numbering twenty-six young ladies, and representing six different States. Senator Vance delivered the address there.

—Vine Hill Academy, Scotland Neck, E. E. Hilliard, principal, enrolled 33 students last session. Mr. Hilliard is assisted by Mr. T. M. Huffman.

—Columbia College, N. Y., receives women on the same footing as men. At their last the Trustees conferred upon one lady the degree of Ph. D., *cum laude*.

—The commencement of Thomasville Female College was one of the best in the history of that Institution, Dr. T. Hume, of the State University, preaching the sermon, and Rev. H. W. Battle, of Wadesboro, delivering the address.

—Dr. John A. Broadus preached the Commencement sermon for Howard College and Judson Female Institute, at Marion, Ala. Howard is the Baptist college of that State. He says of Judson that it is perhaps the most celebrated female institute in the Southern States.

—The annual report of the Visiting committee and that of the trustees show that the University is in a prosperous condition. The Board of Trustees are going to elect a Professor of Greek and an assistant in Physics and Engineering before the opening of the fall term.

—The honorary degree of LL. D., was conferred by the University, at its last commencement, on M. V. Lanier, Esq., of Oxford, N. C.; A. M. Chapman, Esq., and H. W. Ravenell, of S. C.; Duncan K. McRae, of Wilmington, N. C. The degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred on Rev. J. R. Brooks, Wilson, N. C.; Rev. Luther McKinnon, President of Davidson College, N. C.; Rev. J. L. Carroll, of Asheville, N. C.; and Rev. D. A. Long, President of Antioch College, Ohio.

—C. C. Norwood, A. M., temporary Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Davidson College, has been permanently elected to that position, and Prof. W. S. Currell, Ph. D., of Hampden Sidney College, has been elected Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy. The Davidson commencement is said to have been the most successful in many years. The address was delivered by Hon. W. M. Robbins.

—At Trinity College commencement Dr. J. T. Bagwell, of Winston, preached the Baccalaureate sermon, Rev. W. F. Tillett, Prof. of Systematic Theology in Vanderbilt University, delivered the annual address. It is announced that Messrs. J. W. Alspaugh, J. S. Carr, and Jas. A. Gray, who are managing the college, together with the Trustees who were present and the Alumni, have devised a plan which will infuse new life into Trinity, give it higher rank, and increase its patronage.

—The following are the dates of the opening and the closing of the State Normal schools, summer 1886: Asheville, July 6th, three weeks; Franklin, July 5th, to 31st.; Boone, July 6th, four weeks; Newton, July 31st, four weeks; Winston, July 6th, to 23rd.; Wilson, June 21st, three weeks; Washington, July 12th, four weeks; Elizabeth City, July 14th, three weeks.

—A German schoolmaster named Hauberle, living in Swabia about the time of the Reformation, made a note of the punishments he inflicted during fifty-two years' experience as a pedagogue. In actual corporal pun-

ishment he gave 911,527 strokes with a cane, 124,010 cuts with a rattan, 20,989 cuts on fingers and hands with the ruler, 136,715 strokes with his hand, 10,235 strokes on the mouth, 7,905 boxes on the ear, 1,115,800 punches of the head, and 22,763 extras with Bible, catechism, hymn book, and grammar. In addition, he made boys kneel on peas 77,077 times, and 613 on pieces of wood; 5,001 had to wear the dunce-cap, and 1,707 hold up the rattan. There is no reason to suppose that he was peculiarly severe in his methods, for the theory then prevailed that the only way to teach a boy Latin thoroughly was to flog it in.—*The Examiner*.

—It is a noteworthy coincidence that the 1st of November, 1792, the Trustees of the University met in Chatham county, in Pittsboro, to re-

ceive proposals for the location of the University. Forty years later the Baptists of the State met in Chatham county and agreed upon the location of their denominational college. Chatham county, therefore, while neither of these institutions is located in its borders, is the birth-place of both.—*State Chronicle*.

—One of the great seats of learning of the world is the Imperial University of Japan instituted by the decree of March 1, and resulting from the amalgamation of the Engineering College with the University of Tokio. It consists of five colleges,—law, medicine, engineering, literature, and science. Original investigations in such arts and sciences as are required for the purposes of the State receive recognition.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE Editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, Prof. E. L. Youmans, is dangerously ill.

WALT WHITMAN, encouraged by the form with which his work is becoming regarded, is preparing a book of prose and verse for the press entitled *November Boughs*.

A series of articles is to appear in *Harper's Monthly*, based upon some studies of Southern character, and views of Southern scenery made by Mr. W. H. Gilmer while on a trip through the South.

MR. STOCKTON is dramatizing his novel, *The Late Mrs. Mell*.

MR. CHAS. DICKENS, Jr., imitated his father by reading selections from his father's novels, but did not meet with much success.

SKETCHES OF YALE LIFE, is an admirable picture of college life which will be interesting to students not only of Yale, but of other colleges. The sketches were taken from the college magazines, many of them being the productions of men who have since become famous.

It is possible that Mr. Henry M. Stanley, now in Paris, may visit the United States next winter.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is paying a brief visit to his daughter, Mrs. F. W. Whitridge, of New York.

KING ARTHUR, the pretty serial by Miss Mulock, which came out in *Harper's Monthly*, has been published in book-form by the Harpers.

DR. HOLMES went to Cambridge, England, June 17th, where the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by the University.

It is announced that Gen. R. B. Vance, of North Carolina, has in preparation for the press a volume of his own poems.

MISS CLEVELAND is making hay while the sun shines. *The Long Row* is the title of a novel from her pen, soon to be published by a Detroit house.

PROF. SIMON NEWCOMB, of Johns Hopkins University, is writing a series of timely and clear articles in *The Independent*, entitled "A Plain Man's Talk on the Labor Question."

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is on a visit to this country, and is now the guest of a Philadelphian. He lectured June 8th before the University of Pennsylvania on "Points in Foreign Education."

THE June *Century* has another story by Mr. T. N. Paige, whose "Marse Chan" in that magazine excited such warm admiration for the simple pathos underlying the perfect negro dialect.

MR. RUSKIN, who lately rendered himself a little ridiculous by his crusty remarks upon some eminent authors, will perhaps redeem his reputation by his fine eulogy of the Bible in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

IN the *choice of books*, Mr. Frederic Harrison gives some wholesome advice to those who have only a few hours to devote to reading. Don't waste these precious hours on every new book which you see puffed by the reviews, but give them to the old standard works which have stood the test of time.

COL. RICHARD HOE, the head of the large publishing house of Hoe & Co., died in Italy June 8th. It is to him that the *Herald* and other great dailies are indebted for the improvements in the printing press by means of which they are able to issue such enormous editions.

THE first volume of the new edition of Godet's *Commentary of the Gospel of John* has appeared, and the remaining volumes are expected in a few days. The translation is in the competent hands of President-elect, Timothy Dwight, of Yale.

MR. RUSKIN, in commenting upon a legacy of £15,000, bequeathed by a German to a university for the purpose of verifying the theory of evolution, says: "When I see a girl dance, I thank heaven that made her cheerful as well as graceful, and envy neither the science nor the sentiment of my Darwinian friend, who sees in her only a cross between a Dodo and a Daddy-long-legs."

THE LIGHT OF ASIA AND THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD, by Prof. S. H. Kellogg, not only completes the refutation of the Buddhistic theory of the origin of Christianity, but "its scope, character, and masterly development" make it a "first-class contribution to the refutation of agnostic skepticism."

LEOPOLD VON RANKE, the distinguished German historian, died at Berlin May 23rd, at the great age of ninety. He was the author of many important historical works, the best known of which to English readers is, perhaps, his history of the Popes, which was reviewed by McCauley in his *Edinburgh Review*.

MANUAL TRAINING THE SOLUTION OF SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS—By Charles H. Horn.—The champion of the industrial schools, is a book, which despite mere exaggerations, is well worthy of the attention of public men and general readers. His text is: "Tools are the highest

text-books; how to use them intelligently is the test of scholarship; they represent the steps of human progress; they constitute the great civilizing agency of the world."

POOR MR. TUPPER, author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, etc., seems to be the laughing-stock of the literary world. He ventured lately to publish his *Autobiography*, in which he remarks that the best of his unpublished MSS. is a translation of the first book of the *Iliad*; and behold, a critic exclaims, "May it long remain unpublished!"

MASSACKES OF THE MOUNTAINS is the somewhat blood-curdling title of a history of the Indian wars by J. P. Dunn. Its resemblance to the dime novel, however, goes no further than the name, and it is an interesting and authentic narrative of the red man in America which must become popular now that the Indian question has become one of such importance.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

FERMENTATION.—Why does dough, left to itself, rise and become sour? What is the explanation of the foaming in the wine cask? of the putrefaction of blood or meat? Why does a heap of straw finally become manure? Before the experiments of Pasteur an answer was given by the scientific world, an answer generally associated

with the name of Liebig. "The ferments," said Liebig, "are all nitrogenous substances in a state of alteration which they undergo in contact with the air." The oxygen of the air was supposed to be the first cause of the breaking up of the molecules of the ferment. The ferment, acting by its mere presence, gradually commu-

nicated its own molecular motions particle by particle to the fermentable matter in which it had been placed, and which in consequence was resolved into new products. The theory of slow combustion supposed that the oxygen of the air seized directly upon the elements of combustible substances and transformed them into carbonic acid water, and ash. This theory that oxygen is the active agent in fermentation, putrefaction, and slow combustion can no longer be recognized as accounting for these mysterious phenomena. Pasteur has demonstrated that the active agent in these processes is a microscopic organism which, by feeding on the fermentable substances, breaks up their molecules and produces new substances. So that, from the standpoint of the organisms, fermentation is a process of nutrition. Some of the fer-

ments fail to act in the presence of air. The more free oxygen the yeast ferment consumes the less is its power as a ferment. The new secondary substances spoken of above only represent the first step in the return of the fermentable or putrefying matter to the atmosphere and earth. Many of them are still complex. What is the agent, then, of destruction in the case of these secondary products? This is accomplished by a slow combustion which depends largely, if not exclusively, upon a different class of microscopic organisms. These organisms are believed to belong to the vegetable kingdom. When they find their appropriate food, they multiply rapidly, one dividing into two, those two into four, etc. They cease to multiply when their food is all consumed, and at the same time fermentation ceases.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

FAREWELL.

ONLY "now some few remaining, who remind us of the past."

SOME three or four hundred new books will be added to the library by September 1.

THE repairs of the Old Building have already been begun.

THE Prize Essay in the Philomathesian Society was written by Mr. Jacob Stewart, of Mocksville.

AN ice cream supper was given last week by the young men in honor of the visiting young ladies.

MRS. ALLEN, who has been sick for some three months, is now improving. We rejoice most heartily with the family, as do all who know her.

MR. MOSES ALLEN, of the Falls, father of W. O. Allen and Mrs. A. F. Purefoy, died June 25th at an advanced age. He was buried in the cemetery here the day following.

THERE was no special train from Raleigh on the afternoon of Commencement Day, and the crowd was somewhat smaller in the evening on that account.

REV. W. S. ROYALL occupied Mr. Vann's pulpit on the evening of June 13.

IN the *State Chronicle's* four column notice of Wake Forest College, two columns are devoted to an historical survey.

THE Board of Trustees elected Hon. C. M. Cooke President of the Board, Rev. Dr. T. E. Skinner having declined reëlection.

DR. W. G. SIMMONS will spend several weeks in Monroe, N. C., and Camden, S. C., after which he will probably take a trip to New York.

THE Trustees appointed a committee, of which Dr. Simmons is chairman, to have lightning rods put on Memorial Building.

PROF. W. B. ROYALL, with his wife, will seek recreation at Black Mountain and other points in Western North Carolina.

THE income of the College during the past session was about \$15,000, and the Bursar reported a balance above expenses.

FULL and independent reports of Commencement appeared in the *News and Observer*, *State Chronicle* and *Biblical Recorder*, of Raleigh, and in the *Winston Sentinel*, *Richmond Dispatch*, and *Eastern Reflector*.

THE following honorary degrees were conferred by the Board of Trustees: LL. D. upon Prof. E. H. Murfee, of the Arkansas Industrial University. D. D. upon Rev. R. H. Marsh, of Oxford, and Rev. H. M. Tupper, President of Shaw University, Raleigh.

WE look for three additions to the Faculty by Sept. 1: a Professor to take charge of the sub-collegiate classes, a Professor of Chemistry, and a full Professor of Latin.

THE new passenger depot at Wake Forest, though not finished, was quite a convenience during Commencement. It received its first coat of paint, June 8.

REV. E. M. POTEAT, who consented to take temporarily some of the Latin classes, has notified President Taylor that he will not apply for the chair of Latin to be filled by the Trustees this summer.

"DR. BOARDMAN, I am sorry you cannot stay over with us Thursday night to see our North Carolina girls." "I have already seen enough," he replied, "to convince me that you have here a 'race' of beautiful women,—I might almost say a 'species'."

AMONG the prominent gentlemen who were present at Commencement we recall His Excellency, Governor Scales, Chief Justice Smith, Attorney-General Davidson, Dr. C. W. Dabney, Jr., A. D. Jones, Esq., Capt. Page, and Mr. W. G. Upchurch, of Raleigh.

MR. MARION PUREFOY informs us that he is prepared to furnish refreshments, such as ice-cream, cake, etc., during the summer months. No doubt that he will be patronized very frequently.

SHORT addresses were made at Sunday-school June 6th, by Rev. Messrs. G. P. Bostick, W. S. Royall, and W. B. Morton. Mr. Bostick also addressed the missionary concert on the evening of that day.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR will spend the first part of the vacation in attending the commencement exercises of some institutions north of us, and the latter part of it in looking up the North Carolina boys who ought to be in Wake Forest College.

ONE lady who attended our exercises was very much troubled at first about finding her son. We would like to add though that she found him at last, which is saying more for her than could be said of many others whom we might mention—ourselves, for instance.

THE time has come for us to part:
 And so, sweet friends adieu.
 Fond mem'ry still, around us clings,
 Which holds our all of you.
 Blest memory! 'Tis all we have to claim
 From out the buried past,—
 The first, the last, the only link,
 The hours of friendship cast.

A NUMBER of the residents of the Hill are anticipating trips abroad—as soon as they get good awake. Some will go to the seashore, others to the snow-capped regions, while others still will search for the orange-scented groves.

ON the evening of May 30th, Rev. E. P. Ellington was ordained here. Dr. Royall preached the sermon, Rev. Mr. Vann led the ordaining prayer, Rev. Mr. Poteat delivered the charge, and President Taylor spoke the welcome.

THE STUDENT medal was awarded to Mr. J. W. Watson, of Chatham, the essay that secured the prize being "No Royal Road to Knowledge" published in the issue for May. The committee were Rev. Dr. W. A. Nelson, and Prof. E. P. Moses, of Raleigh.

ABOUT three hours after receiving his diploma from President Taylor, Mr. E. P. Ellington received his bride from Rev. R. T. Vann. The ceremony occurred at the residence of Mrs. Rayborn, mother of the bride, Miss Mary. We wish them all joy.

PROFESSORS TH. HUME, D. D., and WALTER D. FOY of the University were the committee to whom were submitted the essays competing for the medal in the Euzelian Society. They awarded the medal to Mr. R. H. Whitehead, of Salisbury. The subject of his essay was "The Death of Nations."

THE Trustees asked President Taylor and Prof. W. L. Poteat of the College and Messrs. Greene of Moravian Falls, Hilliard of Scotland Neck, Spainhour of Globe, Quakenbush of Laurinburg, and President Boone of Judson College, to serve as a committee to suggest means for bringing Wake Forest College and the academies of the State into closer and more definite relations.

ALUMNI BANQUET.—At the conclusion of the address on Tuesday night the President of the Alumni Association announced that a Banquet was in waiting in the Reading Room, and extended invitations to members of the Association, old students, Board of Trustees, Faculty, specially invited guests, the graduating class, and representatives of the press. Assembled in the Reading Room, Dr. W. E. Hatcher led in prayer and Rev. R. T. Vann delivered an address of welcome. Then followed the repast, after which the fol-

lowing toasts were responded to: National Aid to Education, by C. M. Cooke, and W. C. Durham, both favoring it; Educational Prospects of North Carolina, by J. C. Scarborough; Our College and the New South, by W. N. Jones and W. E. Daniel; Alumni from 1835 to 1860, by John Mitchell; Banqueting, by J. B. Powers. Rev. Dr. J. D. Hufham was called out and said that the Trustees would elect a specialist in Chemistry by Sept. 1, and that the Alumni would do a handsome thing if they would raise \$3,000 for apparatus by that time. Subscriptions were taken amounting to \$505. Whereupon the Association adjourned to convene for business at 4 p. m., Wednesday. The occasion was a pleasant and inspiring one, thanks to the committee, Messrs. W. C. Brewer, W. C. Powell, and J. C. Caddell.

ON Wednesday afternoon the Alumni reelected the officers of last year, viz., Rev. C. Durham, President, Rev. W. L. Wright, Vice-President, Prof. W. G. Simmons, Treasurer, and Dr. J. B. Powers, Secretary. The roll of members reported by the committee was amended, received, and ordered printed. The committee on

Banquet for next year, P. W. Johnson, Willie Wingate, and S. W. Brewer. Mr. J. H. Mills was elected orator for next commencement and Hon. J. C. Scarborough alternate. A committee was appointed to solicit funds for the appliances and apparatus for the chemical laboratory.

ALMOST every one around here seems to be on a sleeping frolic. So quiet is everything, that a visitor would pronounce it "the deserted village." The old college buildings stand as if sorrowful at this sadly-pleasing repose. The old oaks spread out their leafy luxuriance in sweet relief to the breezes. At night naught is heard save the bay of the faithful dogs or the song of nocturnal warblers. Verily it is sweet to be thus freed from care sometimes.

SUMMARY OF WAKE FOREST WEATHER REPORT
FOR MAY, 1886.

Total Rainfall.....	3.87 inches
Total movement of air.....	3075. miles
Mean temperature.....	68°
Mean barometer.....	30.063 inches
Highest barometer.....	30.404 "
Lowest barometer.....	29.705 "
Highest temperature.....	91.0°
Lowest temperature.....	45.2°

W. J. SIMMONS.

COMMENCEMENT.

I think every one throughout life has some object *in view*, some goal to which he is gradually tending. That of the school-boy is commencement and vacation. It has fallen to my lot to give a short account of the facts of our last closing exercises.

MONDAY NIGHT,

ten young men, Messrs. T. C. Thompson, Apex, N. C.; W. J. Sholar, Raleigh; E. J. Justice, Rutherfordton; D. O. McCullers, Clayton; E. H. Farriss, Raleigh; J. W. Lynch, Leaksville; Claude Kitchin, Scotland Neck; G. T. Watkins, Oak Hill; W. C. Dowd, Charlotte, and D. A. Davis, Booneville, approached the rostrum with fluttering hearts to declaim for the declaimer's medal. All did well: but, alas for the other nine, Mr. Davis took the prize, the judges being Hon. H. R. Scott, Rev. R. H. Marsh, and Rev. Dr. John Mitchell.

The Alumni Address was delivered

TUESDAY EVENING AT 8:30

by Hon. H. R. Scott, of Rockingham. He was introduced by Rev. C. Durham, President of the Association. His subject was, "What a College may reasonably expect from her Alumni."

He spoke of the great moulding and fashioning power of the Professor; of the responsibilities arising out of the advantages offered the alumnus; of his duty to fight on the side of Truth. This, said he, is an age of utility, an age of fact and not of romance, when abstract thinking and abstract principles are no longer em-

bellishments. The college has the right to expect from her sons great results from the teaching of true principles which she affords. Whatever may be his calling, his Alma Mater demands of him to pursue it with unflinching industry and profound learning. When rivalries arise, as often they do between different colleges, it is enjoined upon him to "rally 'round the banner." The college is entitled to the unaffected sympathy and aid of her alumni, and always watches their career with interest.

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

Rev. Wm. E. Hatcher, D. D., of Richmond, was introduced by President Taylor to deliver the Literary Address, of which the *Recorder* gives the following account:

In introducing his subject he quoted Charles Kingsley's saying that the clash of systems, creeds, &c., had brought about that which was healthful, &c. Alluded to great America—many people bragged on living in America when the truth is, many live here because they would not be permitted to live anywhere else. There is peril for the young man who to-day plunges into the vortex of society.

What is it that will to-day lift a man up and mark him a man for the times? Not the church to which he belongs, not education, &c. What is the charm that will cause him to stand invisible? I answer—"right beliefs." I therefore speak to you here on "Good Convictions." What is conviction? Not a

prejudice. A prejudice is born of ignorance and rests on nothing. Then what is conviction? Not a sentiment—a whimsical child of the emotions. Then what is a conviction? It is not an opinion. That settles nothing. Then what is conviction? I think that a conviction is a deliberate conclusion based on truth and so wrought into us as to become a part of our being. I speak to-day of good convictions. A good conviction is the outcome of a marriage between the human mind and the truth of heaven. Let the bridegroom represent the mind and truth the bride—no bride is more coy or harder to win. If, however, they are wed, hence they are one, and what God doth join together let no man put asunder. Cleveland has showed his nobility in his marriage, and yet when the mind is wed to truth, heaven's orchestra plays the wedding march, and telegrams of congratulations are flashed down the heights.

It is worth our while to go back this morning and reflect that the human mind was made for faith. For the human mind faith is natural—the highest of our gifts, the brightest, but most delicate. Away back yonder the powers of darkness made the hardest attacks upon the citadel of faith. I believe that the worst phillippic against the French people was uttered when it was said that they were a people without belief. I had rather believe that which is wrong than not to believe anything. Not that error is as good as truth, but there is an unnaturalness and abhorrence in unbelief. There are men who, when you ask them about

anything, say they *do not know*: Ask them of the existence of God—they *do not know*. I can respect an honest doubt; but I do think that the sickliest thing is a self-complacent, captious doubt. Did it ever mount a rampart, scale a height, achieve a victory? Never. Talk of *making a mark*! I believe that the only *mark* made on the world is that burnt into it by men of earnest convictions.

I am not here, young gentlemen, to formulate a creed for you; but I say to the young men of Wake Forest that if they will go to the Book of Books they will have convictions. But what are they worth? One thing, young men, they are our safeguard. Our opinions may wither—but a clear cut conviction will keep a young man from falling and in the right track. I stood on one of the heights of Richmond one morning as the James passed in its flood like a besom of destruction. But in the midst of the mad waters I saw an island and on the island a willow, its only tenant. The water rushed among its branches: debris rushed over it; it bowed and allowed it to pass and came up smiling. Afterwards I saw the same tree. It had stood the storm. Its roots were fastened in the rocks. So if you cling to life with a firm conviction, you will be safe amidst its storms. The dikes of Holland whisper safety to the people, beauty to the land, and plenty to the heart. If we will properly grasp the truth, nothing can overthrow us. Nothing is between you and destruction except the real religious conviction taught you.

When I remember the corruption in

politics, in the exchange, &c., when I remember that capital has its foot on the neck of labor and labor strikes down the man who will not give him higher wages, I think that Sir Horace Walpole was not so far wrong when he said that every man has his price. But, young gentlemen, I believe he was wrong. There are some exceptions. There is not gold enough to bribe an honest man.

And I believe that men never grow except under the inspiration of convictions. Prejudice permits no growth. I shall always remember with gratitude old Oliver Cromwell, and shall remember his Republic chiefly because of the character—John Milton—it developed. He was a man who believed—a man of conviction that religious freedom and separation of church and State was right, and he locked up his heart against any temptation to the contrary. He produced two of the greatest epics. The muse that had left him returned. Men of conviction never get old.

And then I believe the question of human happiness is wrapped up in this question of conviction. There is rest; there is strength for a man, if he will take it. [Dr. Hatcher here paid a glowing tribute to Dr. A. B. Brown, as illustrating this truth. He found his happiness in the fact that he was a believer.]

Convictions must stand the test. The highest meed of praise is to the man who has the courage of his convictions. They are to be the battle-axes of life. Erasmus was superior to Luther in all things except one. But he had not the courage of his

convictions. Erasmus now has a paragraph in an encyclopedia, while the world is full of literature about Luther.

It is a privilege to look upon these fresh morning faces here to-day. They are a bright body of young North Carolinians who have come here to Wake Forest. Young gentlemen, there are few things that last. These honors and glories soon pass away. Even your learning, your reputation, will finally crumble; but a real faith in your heart will answer the only question: "What did you believe! and did you stand by your convictions?"

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS.

The Latin Medal, awarded to Mr. J. B. Carlyle, of Robeson Co.; the Greek, to Mr. W. J. Matthews, of Gates Co.; the French to Mr. J. L. White, of Winston; and a German dictionary (provided by a gentleman) to Mr. C. E. Brewer, of Wake Forest, were presented by Rev. Dr. Whitfield, of Goldsboro. The Declamation Medal, awarded to Mr. D. A. Davis, of Booneville, was presented by Col. L. L. Polk, of Winston. For the best article in WAKE FOREST STUDENT, awarded to Mr. J. W. Watson, of Wake Forest, was presented by Prof. Chas. H. Martin.

Phi. Improvement Medal in oratory, awarded to R. B. Lineberry, of Chatham Co.; Best Essay, to Jacob Stewart, of Mocksville, presented by Rev. Geo. Baker, of Elizabeth City.

Eu. Improvement Medal in Oratory, to J. J. Farriss, of Raleigh; Best Essay, to R. H. Whitehead, of Salisbury, presented by Dr. Wm. E. Hatcher, of Richmond, Va.

We again draw upon the *Recorder's* excellent report :

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

Dr. Geo. Dana Boardman had been selected by the graduating class to preach the baccalaureate sermon, and a large crowd was present to hear him.

Rev. Baylus Cade, of Louisburg, led in prayer, and the hymn "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," was sung, Rev. R. T. Vann leading.

Dr. Hufham read Matthew 7th chapter.

Rev. Wm. E. Hatcher, D. D., of Richmond, Va., led in prayer. "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" was sung.

Dr. Boardman read 1 Cor. 3: 1—15. He directed attention to these points:

1. The one foundation.
2. The many superstructures.
3. The coming ordeal.

The one foundation—Jesus Christ. This is the foundation-stone spoken of by the apostle Peter. No other foundation is possible. And this foundation the apostle Paul had laid in Corinth, by pointing it out.

The many superstructures. Let me apply this to creed architecture. Jesus Christ is the common foundation of the church. Take the church at Corinth, and hear of some of the parties mentioned. Some said I am of Apollos—some I am of Paul—others I am of Cephas, and still others, probably more supercilious, said I am of Christ. To-day we have these parties.

Let me now apply this to character-builders. [The preacher here contrasted the virtues with the vices.] Every human character is mixed. At least almost every human character

has in it a blending of silver, gold, hay, &c.

Man's work may abide. Our works will be the standard of the judgment. This is precisely why the judgment will be just—a retribution. You shall reap precisely what you sow. A man will take his Christian character along with him—his Christian character here will brighten into the heavenly attributes. Man's works may be burned, and he saved as by fire.

Every one of you, young gentlemen, is his own architect. Life is a ceaseless edification. The coral builds involuntarily. We have choice of our materials. We may build of that which may be incombustible or of that which may be opposite. The one will bring us happiness, the other will not. The day of fire will develop on what foundation you are building. Take care how you build on the one foundation. So shall you come from the judgment crucible as the three men came from Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. Our to-days and yesterdays are the blocks with which we build. God grant us that grace so to build that each of us may become a pillar in the temple of God.

After the close of the sermon, "My Hope is built on nothing less," was sung. Benediction by Dr. Boardman.

THURSDAY MORNING.

Exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Geo. D. Boardman, of Philadelphia.

The people began to throng the hall so that it was some time after prayer before the speakers could commence.

First speaker, Mr. Chas. E. Brewer, of Wake Forest, who delivered the salutatory address. This honor is second only to that of the valedictorian. The effort was a capital one of the kind.

Second speaker, Mr. Jacob Stewart, of Mocksville, N. C. Subject, "A Rising Cloud." A speech on the evils of socialism, urging the limitation of immigration, the creation or restoration of a good spirit between capital and labor.

Third speaker, Mr. J. D. Boushall, Belcross, N. C. Subject, "Spots on the Sun." He rebutted the opinion that the enemies of our government, such as socialistic ideas, centralization of power, anti-christian ideas, &c., would destroy it. Nothing is perfect -- even our government—but we have no need to fear for it.

Fourth speaker, Mr. T. C. Britton, of Northampton county. Subject, "No Surplus Men." Notwithstanding the fact that many men are in themselves useless, on closer inspection it will be found that there is a place for each one. One-half of our planet lies wasted. This is to be cultivated—new discoveries are to be made—the church of God needs men. The world is not at fault—that has something for every one to do.

Fifth speaker, Mr. J. W. Watson, of Wake Forest. Subject, "The politician." Argued that the politician, as the exponent of his constituents, should be honest, incorrupt, controlled alone by principle, and should be well-informed not only about his own government, but about all other governments. He should be a philosopher,

an inspirer of his people to good works.

Sixth speaker, Mr. E. H. McCullers, Clayton, N. C. Subject, "The Old and the New." Spoke specially of the new and useful discoveries of modern times. The speech was well conceived and well written.

Seventh speaker, Mr. J. L. White, of Winston, who delivered the valedictory address. Peculiarly good and delivered with a delicate sense of appropriateness.

The following named gentlemen offered theses:

Thesis—The general dissemination of education, B. D. Barker, New Hill, N. C.

Thesis—H. A. Chappell, Forestville, N. C.

Thesis—A costly exchange of property, E. P. Ellington, Hadley's Mills, N. C.

Thesis—Popular delusions, J. W. Tayloe, Winton, N. C.

Thesis—The goal of Empire, O. F. Thompson, Lincolnton, N. C.

Thesis—Is our nation in danger? John E. Vann, Winton, N. C.

Thesis—A house built upon the sand, R. H. Whitehead, Salisbury, N. C.

The following are the names of the graduates, with the course won by them:

GRADUATES.

Bachelor of Letters.—E. P. Ellington, J. Stewart.

Bachelor of Arts.—B. D. Barker, J. D. Boushall, J. W. Tayloe, O. F. Thompson, J. E. Vann, R. H. Whitehead.

Master of Arts.—C. E. Brewer, T. C.

Britton, H. A. Chappell, E. H. McCullers, J. W. Watson, J. L. White.

President Taylor conferred the degrees. He said, in substance: Young gentlemen, I had prepared an address for you to-day. I am not going to deliver it. You know what I would say. You know how I long for you to build character, to be imitators of the one perfect man. Do this, never be cowards and you never shall fail.

Hon. C. M. Cooke, President of the Board of Trustees, delivered a short speech on behalf of the College. He stated that the College had conferred the following honorary degrees: LL. D. on Prof. E. H. Murfree, of the Arkansas Industrial University; D. D. on Rev. R. H. Marsh, Oxford, N. C., Rev. H. M. Tupper, of Raleigh.

Capt. Cooke said: We are assured that there is no longer any question about the success of the College. Never has the College been in better condition. The relation between the Board of Trustees and the Faculty is tender and affectionate, and we are on the road of progress. Financial condition: We have these buildings and grounds, and another plot of ground in this vicinity; \$103,000 in good investments. Besides this a friend has lately given us \$10,000 to be expended for young men trying to get an education. We have also decided to elect two new professors—a Professor in Chemistry and a Professor in Latin. The Trustees would like to see Wake Forest in closer intimacy with our schools, and for this purpose have appointed the following committee to take the matter in hand: Professor C. E. Taylor, Professor W.

L. Poteat; Professor G. W. Greene, Moravian Falls; Professor E. E. Hilliard, Scotland Neck; Professor J. B. Boone, Judson College; Professor Spainhour, of Globe; Professor Quakenbush, of Laurinburg.

We are in earnest about this matter. We intend to make this College a greater and more useful institution than it ever was. He was applauded continually, and after the address, Professor Taylor introduced Gov. A. M. Scales, who was roundly applauded.

Gov. Scales: I would be more than human if I failed to be touched by this evidence of your esteem for the Chief Executive of North Carolina. I am pleased at this reception. I am pleased at what I have seen. Long years ago I had the pleasure of hearing its founder in old Trinity Church, in Caswell county, and I have known something of its history, its struggles, ever since. You have succeeded well. Your college is now a grand success. North Carolina, though conceded to be going forward, yet in her educational progress is ahead. I would be glad to see your college go on till it is the foremost institution in the land. Gov. Scales expressed his peculiar pleasure that there were so many of the young men going to preach the gospel. In commenting upon the speeches, he paid a high compliment to Capt. Cooke, and the ladies present.

Calls were next made for Hon. W. N. H. Smith, who came forward and delivered a short address.

Chief-Justice Smith: More than 50 years ago I was one of 65 to leave one of our great institutions with the

agreement to meet again after a half century. We met and found that only 18 were living. Those who were present gave their history, and it was pleasant to me to know how much good had been done. You young men, when you meet 25 or 50 years from this time, will find great changes—great influence—great increase in students, &c. At a meeting of the Alumni of Yale College, an old student asked "Where is Yale College? I see nothing familiar to me." Another replied, "Yale College is not in her walls, but in her Alumni and friends everywhere." The same is true of your college, young gentlemen.

Dr. Boardman was called for loudly.

Dr. Boardman: This is a surprise to me. We do not do this way at home. I am sorry we do not do so. I have been pleased. First of all, young gentlemen, I am delighted with your speeches. I never heard better commencement addresses at any institution. I am pleased to see here the Governor of the State and the Chief-Justice of the State with shoulder to shoulder, in aid of christian ed-

ucation. It makes me proud that I am their countryman.

Benediction by Dr. Pritchard.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

Oh! who can give an ex-account of the proceedings? Just imagine a beautiful park, gently rolling toward the east, set with flowers of different kinds, shaded by sturdy oaks of half a century through whose luxuriant foliage the zephyrs scarce could creep, and above a moon swinging so silvery bright that the birds were tempted to raise their songs—picture to yourself all this, and beside an indefinite number of loving couples strolling through it at their ease, and who could tell what was said? Let's drop the curtain. But ere we close, no slight tribute is due to Capt. Kessnich and his band. They tell us on fiction's page of the charming power of Orpheus' lute. Well, my idea is, that not even Orpheus ever made sweeter music—no, or half so sweet as they did; and it is to them we owe half, if not more, of our commencement enjoyment, and it was with sad hearts we bade them adieu. G. C. T.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

By Alumni Editor.

—'54. Mr. J. H. Mills, of Thomasville, was elected orator for the next Commencement by the Alumni Association of Wake Forest College. There is certainly no alumnus of the college who would be heard with greater interest.

—'62. Mr. George W. Sanderlin, of Boston, Pasquotank county, was to deliver the address at the closing exercises of Elizabeth City Academy.

—'65. Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, of Greensboro, delivered the literary address at Cross Road's Academy on the 18th ult.

—'74. Washington and Lee University recently conferred the degree of D. D. upon Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore. A late issue of the Baltimore *American* contained a picture of him, accompanied by a sketch of his life.

—'79. Dr. C. A. Rominger, of Reidsville, was elected one of the two Vice-Presidents of the State Dental Association at the recent meeting in Raleigh.

—'80. Prof. J. T. Alderman has been re-elected Superintendent of Public Instruction of Davie county.

—'83. Rev. Geo. P. Bostick completed this year the full course of the S. Bapt. Theological Seminary. He was one of the five speakers selected from the graduating class. He has accepted a pastorate at Concord, N. C.

—'83. Rev. Ed. S. Alderman, who completed the full course of the S. Bapt. Theological Seminary this summer, married in Louisville soon after his graduation. He goes to be pastor of the church at Chapel Hill, N. C.

—'83. We were glad to see at Commencement Mr. L. L. Jenkins, of Gastonia. During the past spring he has taught some while engaged with his father in the cotton business. He likes teaching so much that he contemplates devoting himself to that calling.

—'84. Rev. D. M. Austin delivered a most eloquent sermon, says *The Ledger*, at the closing exercises of

Springfield Academy, at Tradesville, N. C., on the 4th ult.

—'85. Rev. J. A. Beam has accepted a call to churches in the vicinity of Roxboro, N. C.

—'85. Rev. A. T. Robertson will spend the summer with President Boone, of Judson College. He finished the Senior Greek at the Seminary this year. College graduates usually devote two years to Greek there.

—'86. Mr. B. D. Barker is engaged to teach at Cana, Davie county. Mr. J. D. Boushall was recently elected Supt. of Public Instruction for Camden county. He is engaged for the principalship of the high-school at Palmerville, Stanly county. Mr. C. E. Brewer goes in the fall to Johns Hopkins University. Mr. T. C. Britton will preach during the vacation, after which he goes to the Seminary at Louisville to fit himself more thoroughly for the life and work of a foreign missionary. Mr. H. A. Chappell expects to teach. Mr. E. P. Ellington will preach. Mr. E. H. McCullers' profession unknown. Messrs. J. Stewart, O. F. Thompson, and J. E. Vann will study law. Mr. J. W. Taylor undecided. Mr. R. H. Whitehead will study medicine. Mr. J. W. Watson will teach and preach. Mr. J. L. White is engaged as supply for the pulpit of the First Baptist church of Raleigh.

