

W. L. Poter.

NOT TO BE CIRCULATED



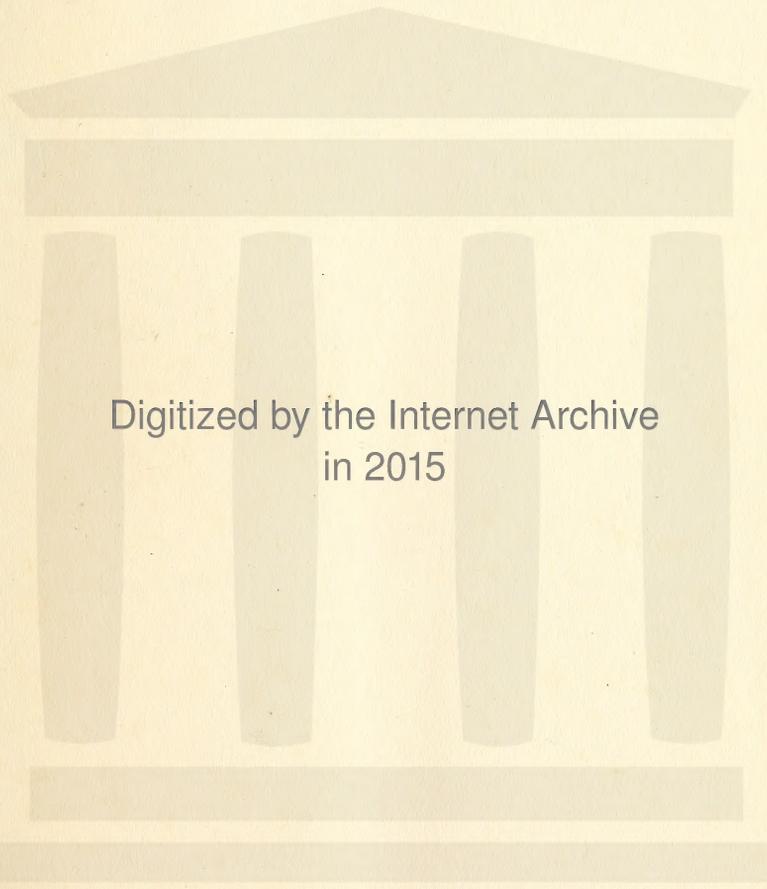
WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY
THE Z. SMITH REYNOLDS LIBRARY



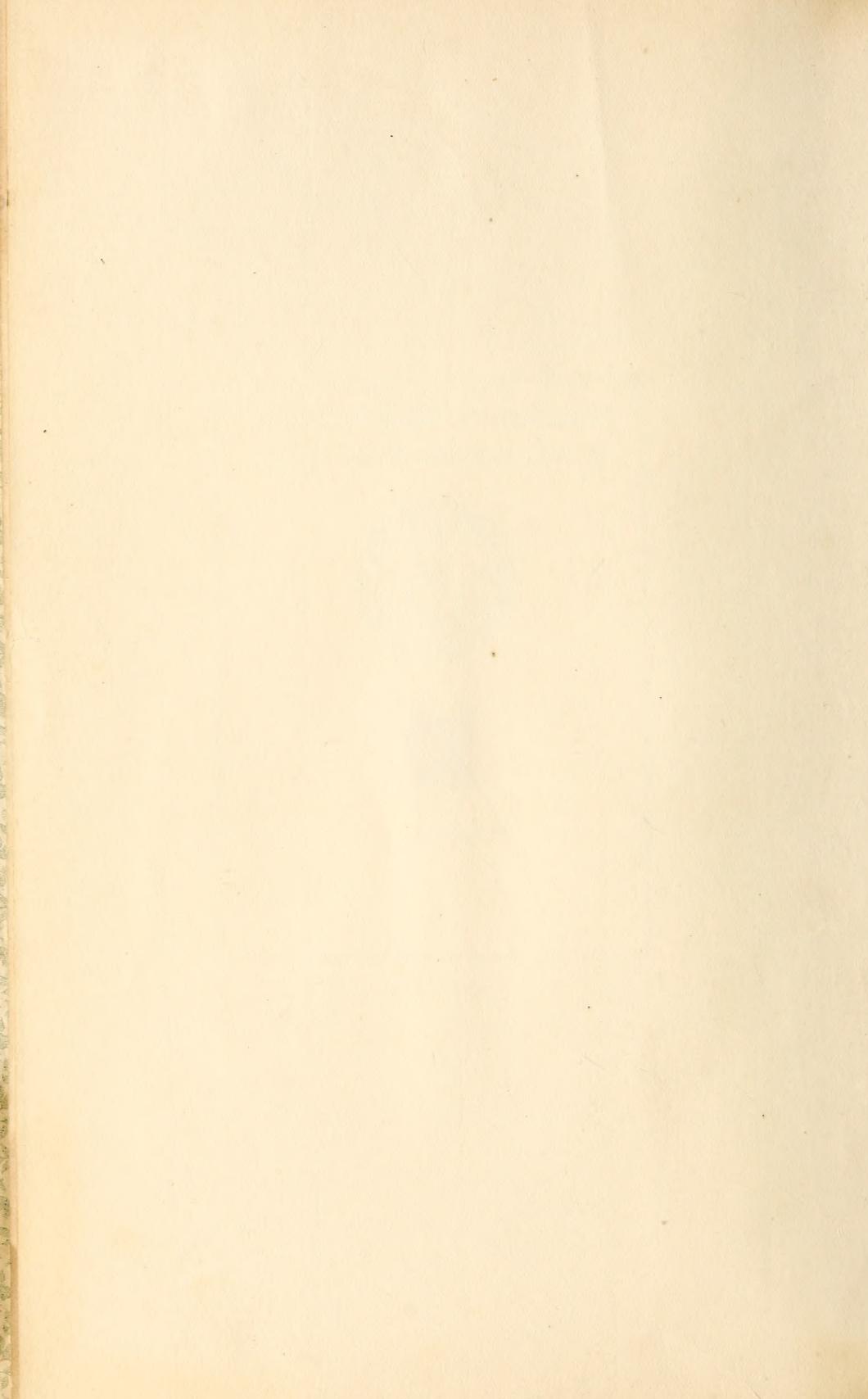
CALL NO.



v.13
1893/1894



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015



THE
WAKE FOREST
STUDENT.

PUBLISHED BY THE
Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies,
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

Vol. XIII.
(October, 1893, to July, 1894, inclusive.)

LHI
W4
578
v.13
1893/94

INDEX TO VOLUME XIII OF THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

CONTRIBUTED.

	PAGE.
A Lost Tribe-----	R. L. F. 165
An Hour With an Old Bachelor-----	F. E. PARHAM. 327
An Old Letter-----	114
A Visit to the Treasury Department-----	"MYALL." 16
Baccalaureate Address, 1894.-----	421
Bible Study at Wake Forest-----	S. W. OLDHAM. 325
Bonaparte and Pius VII-----	R. W. HAYWOOD. 207
Change, Fleeting Change—A Poem-----	275
Change, Mystic Change-----	L. A. BEASLEY. 213
Confessions of a Fool-----	BY THE FOOL, ESQ. 160
Cross and Crescent-----	JUL. E. YATES. 305
Dissatisfaction the Mother of Progress-----	J. D. ROBERTSON. 353
Edward Lockard and His Old Home-----	T. L. CORNWELL. 221
Egyptian Mythology-----	R. F. BEASLEY. 370
Female Dress: Its Influence on Health-----	C. W. WILSON. 200
"Fleeting Change"-----	329
George Sand-----	J. W. SMITH. 111
Irrigation in Arid America-----	C. V. BROOKS. 271
John Parker's Legacy-----	377
Literature—Its Toils and Rewards-----	C. E. TAYLOR, JR. 495
Manual Labor Days at Wake Forest-----	S. M. INGRAM. 190
Marshal MacMahon-----	R. W. HAYWOOD. 64
Michel Angelo-----	JUL. E. YATES. 55
New Uses of Electricity-----	JOHN F. LANNEAU. 42
Odds and Ends from Johns Hopkins-----	JOS. RUFUS HUNTER. 480
Ode to Art-----	EVABELLE SIMMONS. 141
Old Times at Wake Forest-----	S. M. INGRAM. 471
Our Progress and its Problems-----	JOHN KERR, JR. 101
Penikese-----	W. L. POTEAT. 2
Politics and Whiskey-----	ROBERT LIDE. 465
Remarks of D. A. Covington at a Meeting of the Monroe Bar, Held Tuesday, March 27th, 1894, in Memory of J. J. Vann-----	409
Rev. William Royall, D. D.—A Poem-----	J. B. C. 41
Saint Peter's Song-----	J. WHILLY. 117
Tennyson as an Evolutionist-----	W. L. POTEAT. 245
The Establishment of Christianity as the State Religion of the Roman Empire-----	R. F. BEASLEY. 7

	PAGE.
The Fate of Aaron Burr's Daughter.....	CHAS. L. GREAVES. 263
The Forsaken Bell.....	R. T. DANIEL. 312
The Going up of Mr. Tweedy.....	MEEKINS. 215
The Gold Tree.....	S. L. SETTLEMAYER. 380
The Greek Youth.....	J. L. CORNWELL. 365
The Journalist.....	R. E. FOLK. 187
The Legend of a Bridge.....	H. 105
The Legend of the White Canoe.....	T. M. LEARY. 61
The Minister.....	EDWIN M. POTEAT. 142
The Passing of Panama.....	H. C. ABFORP. 373
The Pitch Lake of Trinidad.....	J. D. HUFHAM, JR. 429
The Possible Invasion of Cholera and its Prevention.....	C. P. SAPP. 269
The Present and Future of Poetry.....	C. P. SAPP. 322
The Present Financial Crisis.....	C. P. SAPP. 319
The Private Life of the Greeks.....	S. R. BUXTON. 260
The Religion of Cicero.....	R. R. DAY. 97
The Revision of Creeds.....	C. P. SAPP. 266
The Rise and Fall of Fort Hamby.....	J. E. SPAINHOUR. 149
The Roman Youth.....	M. O. CARPENTER. 155
The Science of Fairy Tales.....	89
The United States Under Jackson.....	J. H. KERR, JR. 424
The University of Chicago From the Inside.....	G. W. PASCHAL. 254
Uncle Anthony.....	J. H. GORE. 489
Unreal Realism.....	C. P. S. 416
Wake Forest.....	I
Where are We?.....	L. A. BEASLEY. 13
Wooping Sirens.....	R. F. BEASLEY. 484

EDITORIALS.

A Crisis.....	J. E. YATES. 505
A Golden Mean.....	R. W. H. 121
Alumni Notes.....	J. E. YATES. 30, 80, 133, 176, 287, 339. 440
Alumni Notes.....	L. A. BEASLEY. 237
Alumni Notes.....	S. W. OLDHAM. 391
An Object Lesson.....	W. L. F. 227
An Observation.....	JUL. E. YATES. 278
A Proposition.....	JUL. E. YATES. 118
College Journalism.....	R. W. H. 70
College News and Exchanges.....	R. W. HAYWOOD. 344, 444, 514
College News and Exchanges.....	F. E. PARHAM. 394
Editor's Portfolio.....	R. W. HAYWOOD. 24, 74, 126, 169, 228, 280, 333, 385, 437, 507
Exchange Department.....	W. L. FOUSHEE. 135, 179, 289
Gladstone.....	R. W. H. 276

INDEX TO VOLUME XIII.

V

	PAGE.
In Conclusion	R. W. H. 501
In and About the College, W. L. FOUSHEE. 33, 83, 136, 181, 239, 293, 396, 449	
In and About the College.....	S. R. BUXTON. 348
Literary Gossip----ROWLAND BEASLEY. 27, 78, 130, 173, 233, 284, 447, 511	
Literary Gossip.....	J. W. SMITH. 337, 388
Our Magazine.....	W. L. F. 331
The Baptists of North Carolina.....	R. W. H. 20
The Dearth of Literature in North Carolina.....	R. F. BEASLEY. 503
Then—Now.....	R. F. B. 124
The Old Year.....	R. W. H. 168
The Passage of the Income Tax Bill.....	R. W. H. 225
The Value of Fiction.....	R. F. B. 67
Vacation.....	R. W. H. 435
Vos Salutamus.....	W. L. F. 19
Wanted.....	W. L. F. 72

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

PROF. J. C. MASKE.....ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY:

W. L. FOUSHEE.....EDITOR.

R. F. BEASLEY.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY:

R. W. HAYWOOD.....EDITOR.

J. E. YATES.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

D. R. BRITTON.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. XIII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., OCTOBER, 1893.

No. 1.

WAKE FOREST.

Through three-score years of shade and sun,
Through battles fought and victories won,
Through dangers met and duty done,
Her course has been sublimely on:
Wake Forest!

Through want and weakness friends have led,
Their hearts cast down with doubt and dread,
While clouds of gloom hung o'er her head
And dimmed the hopes before her spread:
Wake Forest!

But, strong in Faith that works to move,
And in the prayers of loyal love,
She struggled on, while God above
Bent down her labors to approve:
Wake Forest!

And still she stands; her deeds proclaim
The grandeur of her every aim,
While noble sons spread wide her fame
And shed new lustre on the name—
Wake Forest!

PENIKESE.

On the isle of Penikese,
 Ringed about by sapphire-seas,
 Fanned by breezes soft and cool,
 Stood the Master with his school.

—WHITTIER: *The Prayer of Agassiz.*

About the little town of Woods Holl one meets now and then a sort of geographical waif which nobody owns, but which everybody stays to greet. A man by the name of Wood, it is said, had three daughters—Elizabeth, Martha, and Nancy. He owned a large part of the Massachusetts coast thereabouts, and the neighboring islands besides. The group of small islands, eight or ten in number, he gave to Elizabeth, and they were afterwards known as Elizabeth's Islands. His vineyard was on the large island nearest the mainland. It fell to Martha, whose name has been linked to it ever since. The remaining large island he bestowed on his third daughter, and *Nan took it.*

The Elizabeth Islands stretch out in a linear series southwest into the Atlantic a distance of about twenty miles from the mainland at Woods Holl. They separate Buzzard's Bay from Vineyard Sound. The eight principal ones, with names which would have defied the memory of Macaulay's famous cook, have been gathered into the following rhyme by some kindly person for the convenience of the students of the Marine Biological Laboratory:

u

Nashon, Nashuena,
 Nonamesset, Uncatena,
 Weepeeket, Pasquenese,
 Cuttyhunk and Penikese.

These islands, with Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, are of special geological interest. They are irregular in outline and topography, and consist of boulders and finer material

which were brought down from the north by the ice of the Glacial Period. The region seems to have been the terminal dumping-ground of the ice sheet, which here reached its southernmost extension. The islands are merely the summits of these submerged morainic deposits of unknown depth. The soil does not yield itself kindly to the uses of agriculture, and consequently there are few inhabitants on the islands. The largest of them is owned, I believe, by a rich Bostonian, who has there a luxurious summer home. His famous steam yacht, *Sea Fox*, is an object of beauty frequently seen in the waters of Woods Holl. Cuttyhunk, the most westerly of the group, has a village of fishermen, whose white dwellings on the high slopes make a pretty picture, seen across a long, low stretch of water-worn pebble.

But the most famous of this sisterhood is one of the smallest. It lies over against Cuttyhunk to the westward, but its southeastern shore, consisting of the undermined and fallen boulders of the higher ground, is washed by the unimpeded waves of the Atlantic. Its more common map name is Pune, but it is better known as Penikese.

In October, 1872, Louis Agassiz returned to Cambridge from a voyage through the Strait of Magellan to the Galapagos Islands and San Francisco. He was hardly at home when he was confronted by a scheme which he himself had originally suggested, but which had been somewhat matured during his absence. It was proposed to establish somewhere on the Massachusetts coast a summer school of zoology, where teachers in the schools and colleges of the country might combine work and recreation in the first-hand study of nature. The following March, Agassiz laid this plan before the Legislature of Massachusetts on the occasion of their annual visitation to the Museum of Comparative Zoology, of which he was director. His fervid and eloquent plea chanced to be read in the papers the same evening by Mr. John Anderson, a wealthy tobacco dealer of New York. The week was not gone before

this gentleman had offered to Agassiz the island of Penikese as a site for the school. He quickly followed up this gift with \$50,000 as an endowment for its equipment. On the 8th of July, 1873, "The Anderson School of Natural History" was formally opened in the barn that had been fitted up for a lecture-room. The story is graphically told by Mrs. Agassiz in *Louis Agassiz: His Life and Correspondence*. The bowed head of the great teacher and scientist as, with the assembled school, he stood in silent prayer on the threshold of his work, kindled Whittier's spirit, and he wrote "The Prayer of Agassiz."

The Laboratory had been barely completed the same morning. The upper story was used as a dormitory. The large furnished dwelling, used by Mr. Anderson as a summer residence and conveyed with the island to the school, likewise stood the sojourners in good stead for lodgings.

Even before this first session was ended those who were nearest the great master saw evidences of the decline of his magnificent physical powers. On the 14th of the following December he died. The school was again opened in the summer of 1874, but it was unable to survive longer the unique personality in which its inspiration and vitality lay.

In a previous issue of this magazine* I have alluded to the far-reaching influence of this forerunner of summer schools of science in America. With its history and influence in mind, I could not but take the first opportunity to pay my homage at this shrine of biology. A rather gay party of devotees, with collecting pails, rubber boots, and other paraphernalia appropriate to such a pilgrimage, set out on a fair August day under the care of Captain Vedder. He divided us into two companies, bestowing one in the *Sagitta*, the steam launch of the Marine Biological Laboratory, and the other in a life-boat, which he took in tow; and so we skimmed over the soft, bright water, across the Holl and down Vineyard

* July, 1893.

Sound. The air would not have been suspected of the slightest movement but for the tracks it left in wavelets so tiny as not to dim the brightness of absolutely placid water, while they added to it softness and life. Vineyard Sound is the highway of coast-faring vessels. More than six thousand a year come to anchor between East Chop and West Chop lights on its southern side and in Tarpaulin Cove on its northern, and probably three times as many more pass through without casting anchor. We dropped down past many a one that day with masts and full canvas trim and sharp against the sky and a phantom twin below, standing

Idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

u A sail of an hour and a half brought us to the gutter between Nashon and Nashuena, through which we caught a grateful breeze from Buzzard's Bay. A few minutes more and we had exchanged the Sound for the Bay. There, to our left, and in clear view, except where a giant bowlder a few rods from us intercepted the eye, rose the humped back of Penikese. A chorus of voices shouted "Penikese! Penikese!" If this moment was not so "religious and august" as that which Chateaubriand describes when the Latin pilgrims, crowding the deck of his ship with chaplets in their hands, first caught sight of Mt. Carmel, to me it spoke with somewhat of the same accent, and certainly was not devoid of interest.

At the landing, the freedom of the old Anderson house was extended the party with great cordiality by Mr. Matthews, the sole inhabitant of the island. On the death of Mr. Anderson the island was bought by Messrs. Homer & Bro., of New Bedford, who now engage Mr. Matthews to live there and care for the property. I said he was the sole inhabitant. He told me that he had a dog, which happened at the time to be away under medical treatment, and, besides, a hundred and fifty sheep and a hundred and thirty turkeys, and, he added, toads

in abundance. These last he counts great pests, because they eat up his turkeys' food, which consists largely of insects. This Robinson Crusoe has frequent visits in summer on account of the interest of the locality, but in winter he rarely sees anyone "unless a neighbor from Cuttyhunk comes over." He himself does not often leave home on account of the treacherous character of the winds. In response to my question, he confessed that he did sometimes forget when Sunday came, but he thought that made little difference. His solitude is not without some solaces. He has a well-worn field-glass and some books, and keeps a diary. What with these diversions, the care of his flocks, and the companionship of his dog, he may escape the fate of his predecessor on the premises, who went mad. And so may it be!

I went immediately from the dwelling to the site of Agassiz's laboratory, perhaps a hundred yards away. Only the stone foundation remained, and this was quite intact. In some of the corners brush booths have been made, in which the turkeys nest. Some of our pilgrims took as souvenirs partly burnt nails; others, door-knobs which the great teacher must have handled. To me the only fitting souvenir of the man and the locality was a thing of life, and I plucked a little plant that was blooming by an angle of the wall.

The building was burned not far from the first of August, 1891. "Johnnie," said Mr. Matthews contemplatively to our captain, as we sat on the porch of the dwelling, "I be no rich man, but I think I would give fifty dollars to know how that laboratory caught fire. I know the fire started in a few feet of a kerosene barrel, but whether it was spontaneous or no, I don't know."

After lunch at the well-shaded pump, I climbed up to the highest point of the island to get in mind its relations and outline. It contains about one hundred acres of land, disposed somewhat in the shape of a bent bow. As I stood by a functionless flag-pole and a large rock, on which lay a lately-

used pipe, I was all but deafened by the continual screeching of thousands of terns, which made the air alive with their gyrations. They literally cover the island in their season, nesting in the grass, on stones, on the sand. Mr. Matthews, referring to his diary, said that they invariably came on the night preceding May 11. The time of their leaving is not so definitely fixed, depending somewhat on the weather, but it occurs about the last of August.

I ran down the steep slope, pulled on my rubber boots, and joined the party that were already collecting on the beach.

W. L. POTEAT.

October 2, 1893.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF CHRISTIANITY AS THE STATE RELIGION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

The object of this paper is to present some of the causes which led to the adoption of christianity as the State religion of the Roman Empire. It is desired to give, not so much an account of the actual adoption of christianity as of the forces which were in operation leading towards that end, and of its rapid growth from the time of the Apostles to its final triumph in the legal sanction of Constantine.

Within three centuries after the death of its Divine Author christianity had braved every persecution, fought down such of the polytheistic creeds as were then in vogue, permeated every nook and crevice of the Roman Empire, and had become legalized as the worship of that vast State. There must have been extraordinary causes which led to such phenomenal results. Mankind clings too tenaciously to old faiths for a new religion so radically different from that which had gone before to meet with such success, unless the time of its promulgation is attended by peculiar circumstances, or that religion itself possesses characteristics which will insure

such success. While the religious idea has been a growth, its progress has been exceedingly slow. No new doctrine is accepted without special recommendation.

It may be argued that christianity, being of divine origin, would be promulgated and set before the minds and hearts of men by divine agency, and, indeed, certain pious historians, letting their zeal run riot with their judgment, have related wonderful incidents of divine interposition in behalf of divers devout followers. But in treating the history of the rise and progress of christianity, we must do so solely from the standpoint of a human interpretation of cause and effect. As an historical movement, it must be dealt with as other such movements.

However wonderful may have been the growth of christianity in the first three centuries of our era, there is no feature of it which the historian will not explain in a perfectly reasonable and satisfactory manner as the outgrowth of the given conditions, which conditions would have produced the same results without any miraculous interposition. That is to say, that the real truth or falsity of christianity had nothing whatever to do with its promulgation in the world. Even though it had been false, so long as it was presented to the minds of men in such a way as convinced them that it was true, the results would not have differed in the least from what they actually were. Christianity itself allows that evil may often triumph over good. While not in the least doubting the divine origin of christianity, we may safely believe that it has achieved its growth in the world solely by human agency, and that it has attained and still maintains its present position only on account of its adaptability to the needs of mankind. After all, man generally believes what he wishes to believe, with little regard for anything except what suits him, and christianity, as every other religion, has to contend with this principle. Did any doctrine win its way in the world solely because of its truth, then heathendom would at

once be annihilated and the whole world wrapped in the pale of christendom. Mohammed saw the impossibility of overcoming this principle in man's nature by pacific means, and so resorted to the more forcible persuasion of the sword.

Christianity, in its infancy, could resort to no such means as the church used in later years to swell the number of believers. The Apostles and early fathers had no powers of excommunication or intimidating bulls. If any religion has ever won its way in the world only on account of its own merits, that religion is christianity. Entering the world in the most unpretentious manner possible, it won its way, not by the glare of worldly pomp, but by the purity and simplicity of its genius.

The very first circumstance which contributed towards the acceptance of christianity is the exceedingly opportune time at which it appeared in regard to the readiness of the world to receive it as a new belief. Both the political and religious condition of the Roman Empire was ripe for the acceptance and rapid promulgation of christianity.

Politically it was a complete unit, although covering such a vast extent of territory and numbering among its citizens so many vastly different races of mankind. A glance at the map shows that Rome was supreme mistress between the Atlantic and the Euphrates, while her boundaries were marked on the north by the Danube and on the south by the African Desert. The fair-haired German, no less than the swarthy Egyptian, found protection or oppression at her hands, and the Athenian bowed at the same tribunal with the Carthaginian. All these distinct provinces were directly under the central authority, from which the communication was rapid and complete as the times allowed. A network of highly improved roads, built for transporting the legions, made it possible for the news of any new movement to travel with rapidity from one end of the Empire to the other, either in the person of messengers or of teachers. The Jews, already

having begun their wanderings, were scattered in large numbers throughout the Empire, and had erected numerous temples, which were used by the early Christians. All these considerations were of no little moment, for, while there was no elaborate system of missionaries, there were many believers who were fired with a desire to carry the great tidings to the utmost ends of the earth, and who used these means to bring about the desired end. Add to this the supreme toleration which the Roman government extended to all religions, and we eliminate many of the serious obstacles which would naturally present themselves.

In the religious world christianity met utter stagnation, or rather, it came at a time when the world was rapidly ceasing to feed upon the dry husks of former religions and was craving the more substantial food of a higher faith. Rome was fast outgrowing its absurd system of gods and heroes and was in the act of casting it off as a worn out garment. When the learned lost faith in their oracles they were soon bound by the icy chains of stoicism and absolute unbelief, while the ignorant were plunged into the dark and boundless abyss of superstition. The former class, placing all religion in the category of absurdities, were seldom reached by christianity; while the latter, floundering about in the vast sea of ignorance and superstition, scarcely knew whither to turn. It is to this very circumstance that we must partially attribute the fact that christianity was received by the lower class of society so much more generally than by any other. The educated class all being followers of some system of philosophy, were content to remain inactive. Not so with the illiterate, having been taught that the gods directly interfered in human affairs, when they gave up believing in their gods they could not immediately outgrow the effects of their former teaching, and must have something to take its place.

Thus it may be seen that christianity, being in no way a system of philosophy, would present no attractions to those

persons, who, wrapped in their own complacency, could see no possibility of deriving any pleasure of sophistry from the plain command of "Love thy neighbor as thyself." But those who had been compelled by the dictates of reason and experience to give up their belief, and having nothing to take its place, would more probably accept the new faith. The religious sense of all classes had been dulled by their former sad experiences and disappointments, and many doubtless held back on this account. But christianity met with far greater success than is generally supposed. The Roman Empire was a vast body to be converted in so short a time. Nothing short of christianity could have done it.

The next great question for consideration is the characteristics which made the new religion especially fitted to supercede the old.

Christianity came as a life, simple in precept, rich in example and noble deeds. Did not its Divine Author die that we might live? The simple and pure life of Christ, as he mingled with the lowly and uplifted the fallen, was worth more than all the vain sophistry of former systems. There was current a vague, undefined idea of the immortality of the soul, and a longing after the Supreme Being, which found expression in the inscription which the Athenians set up on Mars Hill to the "Unknown God." Christianity brought with it a knowledge of this such as had never before been vouchsafed to man, and by presenting it to the minds of men as a solution of this question, it struck straight to their hearts. The doctrine of a future state, which had before been so unsatisfactory, was at last made plain, and man would naturally hasten to embrace that faith which held out such fair promises for the betterment of their condition in another world. And this came with all the weight and authority of Christ himself, who proved himself to be not as other men, both by the wonders of his miracles and the example of his life. Christianity gave a reality to religion such as man had never before seen. Add

to this the transforming power it had in changing the most indifferent unbeliever to the most earnest and zealous proselyter, and it presents such means of winning its way as were well nigh irresistible.

The character which its followers assumed exercised no little power in shaping the destiny of christianity. First of all, they were of pure and austere morals and exercised a zeal which we may call holy for the upbuilding of the Master's Kingdom. They would make no compromise whatever with the surrounding religions. While Rome, pursuing her course of toleration and incorporation, was perfectly willing to place the God of the Christians in her Pantheon, the latter would have none of it, and treated with unfeigned contempt any advance towards that end. Thus from their seclusion they presented a solid front towards the enemy, at first unweakened by any internal bickerings and dissensions.

The persecution which the early Christians met with has no doubt been exaggerated. There were several severe persecutions, but none so harsh as they themselves have since exercised against each other. After the deification of the emperor it was considered the duty of every loyal citizen to sacrifice at his altar, and when the Christians refused to do so they were punished, not because they were followers of Christ, but as breakers of the Roman law, before which all must bow. But as a general thing they were ignored by the government. The most general and severe persecution was that of Diocletian, but it came only three years before the final triumph. And this was caused by the fact that the new sect had arrived at such proportions that it could be no longer neglected.

For the first two centuries of its existence christianity was only an association of scattered believers with no definite ideas of church organization and doctrine. But towards the beginning of the third century it began to assume a more definite shape, creeds and doctrines were differentiated and the church was organized on the model of the Roman government. It

soon presented the unusual spectacle of a united and well-disciplined republic in the midst of the state after which it was modeled. This compact unity, both of faith and discipline, of the church, was the last stroke in the struggle which changed the Roman government from the most tolerant paganism to the most intolerant christianity. The transformation was rapid but complete, as was effectually shown by the weak attempt to reinstate paganism after the death of Constantine.

So it was no condescension on the part of Constantine to cause christianity to be legalized as the state religion. He saw that he stood face to face with a power which, if he could wield, would become a powerful ally, but if he opposed it, it would be a dangerous opponent.

Whether or not he was genuinely converted to christianity is a mooted question with the preponderance of evidence on the negative; but this fact is certain, that in adopting christianity he was pursuing the only wise course for a statesman. So far as he was concerned, it was nothing doubtless but an act of statecraft and no example of the converting power of the new faith.

R. F. BEASLEY.

“WHERE ARE WE?”

Some months ago the American people were thrown into a state of the most intense excitement by the arrival of commissioners from Hawaii with a proposition looking to the annexation of those islands to the United States. Hawaii was upon every tongue. The great sensational press thundered in its loudest tones, either advocating the measure or giving some reason why it was undesirable. The little funkeys of the X-roads sheets imitated their larger brothers, like lesser lights reflecting the bright strong rays shed from the shining disk of some burning, glowing sun. All America, as usual on such occasions, arose as one mighty body of

impromptu statesmen and sage advisers, and the eyes of the world turned to the little isles of the Pacific. Excitement has now subsided, but the question, though hidden in the shadow of finance, is not settled, nor is it likely to be in the near future. Everyone can now see that it was not a matter for hasty action, but for deep reflection and sound judgment, for such wise statesmanship as has been evinced so far by the present administration. America can afford to await the solution of the question so long as her interests are as admirably guarded as they are at present. But another question closely allied to this—a question so deep and so far-reaching as to affect our welfare for years to come—may well occupy the attention of thoughtful minds everywhere. It is this: the attitude of some citizens in regard to the extension of American territory. Some fear that other great nations will take offence at our efforts to secure new territory, and thus bring on a bloody war; others complain of the enormous expense that must ever be concomitant with such undertakings. A thousand reasons are given, all equally as pusillanimous as the minds from which they sprang. No nation can command proper respect, either at home or abroad, without a vigorous foreign policy; no nation has ever prospered, no nation can ever prosper, if no acquisition of territory is made when a favorable opportunity presents itself, and it can be done without dishonesty and without injury to the people of the acquired land. It has been the custom of some misguided and deluded statesmen to oppose our progress at every point. In some instances these men were the tools and dupes of malicious schemers; in others the victims of inexcusable ignorance and blind prejudice. All claim to be patriotic citizens, whose hearts swell with the desire to see their country prosper, whose minds are actuated by no other impulse than for the common weal.

The annexation of Texas called forth the bitterest denunciation from many people. They found out all of a sudden

that Mexico had suffered a great wrong at the hands of the United States; and their tender consciences were sorely pricked by the gross abuse of power which they were so unwillingly compelled to share in. An awful wrong had been done, and with the zeal and blind fury of fanatics these people set up a howl of rage that echoed from one end of the continent to the other. Had there been a modicum of truth in the assertions made, had there been any valid reason why the United States should not possess Texas, even then that righteous protest would have come with far better grace from a people whose moral code is less flexible, whose history is less dark with infamous deeds. In spite of these, Texas became a State of the Union, and unwise indeed is the citizen who now regrets it.

As soon as a measure is presented for the extension of our power and dominion, some moss-back Congressman, alone conscious of his superior knowledge, feeling that he is the embodiment of profoundest statecraft, declares that the scheme is impracticable, or, worst of all, “unconstitutional.” Our Constitution, declared by the foremost men of the age to be one of the mightiest documents ever conceived by the brain of man, has been made to assume as many forms as a prophecy from the ambiguous oracles of ancient Delphi. Our forefathers did not intend it to be a cloak for rascality and hypocrisy, a subterfuge to deceive the people, a stumbling block in the way of prosperity; but a guide for a noble people, a safeguard for popular liberty, a foundation for a great nation.

Another reason given for letting things remain as they are is precedent, that hoary ghost of other days, that breastwork behind which the timid skulk when they wish to evade duty and responsibility. Because our fathers acted on certain lines is no reason why we should follow blindly in their footsteps. Shall we take the lumbering, back-breaking stage-coach when the palace car is at hand to bear us across the land swiftly as the winged lightning? No! Common sense, justice, patri-

otism and the precepts of God should be the controlling agencies. With these we need fear no harm; with these as guides every obstacle will be overcome, and our dangers will vanish as a morning mist before the rising sun.

Calamity howlers are fond of drawing parallels between this country and the empires that have shown resplendent in the ancient world. The demagogue appealing to the prejudice of his hearers, the college boy indulging in pyrotechnic flights of empty eloquence, would be quite at a loss could no mention be made or moral be drawn from the decay and fall of Rome and Greece. These comparisons are as unfair as they are senseless, and only serve to show the small calibre of the minds from which they emanate. It is true that the machinery of our government resembles that of Rome; that Greece with her beauty and refinement has left an impress that age cannot erase; that human nature sometimes appears to-day in the same bad light it did then; but that does not logically foredoom our nation to the same fate. There has never been another country like America, and no one can tell its future; but let us hope that it will remain to the end of time, widening and expanding as it grows older, and that it may ever pursue a progressive course, holding on high the torch of exalted civilization.

L. A. BEASLEY.

A VISIT TO THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

Just before I left for Washington some time ago a friend suggested that while there I pay a visit to the Treasury Department. I have never regretted taking his advice, for, although I saw many large and imposing public structures, the Treasury Building was in many respects the most interesting. The house itself presents a very gloomy but quite imposing aspect. It is built of brown granite, is well lighted and ventilated and occupies a whole block. Daily, between

the hours of 9 and 5, visitors are admitted and shown the places of interest by a guide.

One beautiful sunny day I went with some friends to look over the building. As we approached the door we were confronted by the very conspicuous sign, "VISITORS' ENTRANCE AT NORTH DOOR." I said, "Why, I thought *this* was the north door." The porter replied, "This is the south door, and is for the exclusive use of the employees."

Having finally found the right door, we entered, and after waiting in an ante-room for fifteen or twenty minutes a guide came and conducted us, first, to the Mint (by "Mint" here I do not mean the coining of gold and silver). Here several great machines were printing "greenbacks" and "silver certificates." At every stamp each machine prints eight bills. Some of the machines print \$100 notes, some \$50, and, in fact, there is a different machine for each denomination. After the bills are stamped they are carried to the Secretary, who affixes his signature to each one.

The machine for grinding up mutilated paper money was next visited. The Treasury Department pays dollar for dollar for the torn bills, and they are then ground up by this machine into a fine pulp and thrown away. (I believe this pulp is now saved and used in the manufacture of new bank notes.) Only four men in the world have access to this machine, and when it is at work the man who feeds it is kept under strict watch all the time.

We next see the strong vaults in which the surplus gold and silver is stored. As you may suppose, these vaults are as strong as they can possibly be made. On every door a seal is placed, stating the amount inside and the date.

It may seem surprising to some that the people engaged in handling and making money do not avail themselves of the opportunity and get rich all at once. But when we take into consideration the fact that every person having access to these rooms is carefully weighed when he comes in or goes out, so

that the most inconceivable difference in weight would be detected, and that every person is compelled to keep an exact account of every cent that passes through his hands, it does not seem possible that one could steal even the smallest amount without being detected. All the work-rooms are shut off by a heavy wire netting, and no visitor is, under any circumstances, allowed to enter.

I had almost forgotten to tell of the "Rogues' Gallery"; and, indeed, in this brief outline I must necessarily overlook several interesting and instructive points. This Gallery is a room in the Treasury Building set apart for the exhibition of the pictures and tools, as well as the samples of the work, of the host of counterfeiters who have been detected in their unlawful business. I remember especially a \$100 note which was executed with only a pen and some colored inks. This bill so closely imitated the true \$100 note as to defy even the closest microscopic investigation, the only difference being it did not have the fine silk threads that are found in all our paper money.

Now, at the close of this brief essay, let me advise you, in the words of my friend, "By all means visit the Treasury Department while in Washington," but don't get the points of the compass confused, else, should you go to the wrong entrance, the porter might use a more emphatic method of expulsion than was done in our case. "MYALL."

EDITORIALS.

VOS SALUTAMUS.

The incoming staff for the year 1893-'4 greet the old friends of THE STUDENT, Alumni, old students, friends of the College and others, and "may you long live and your shadow never grow less."

With this issue THE STUDENT inaugurates its thirteenth volume. Its past has been a career of progress, and to-day it stands at the top round of college journalism, and it will be the endeavor of the present staff to maintain its high literary tone, a task which is imposed with much misgiving when we remember those who have before us wielded its editorial pen.

Financially, THE STUDENT is much in arrears. But the Business Manager is determined to restore it without calling on the Societies for a cent. Its maintenance in the past is greatly due to its advertisers, and to them our thanks are returned. In order to merit your patronage yet further, an endeavor will be made to put the magazine in the hands of a larger number of subscribers. Those who have advertised in THE STUDENT have learned its power, and henceforth it shall be our constant care and determination to see that the students trade only with those who advertise in THE STUDENT. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

THE STUDENT is the best and only circulating advertisement of the College, yet it receives no help from the College, but struggles by its own unaided efforts and supported by the Societies. It is strange how few of the Alumni and old students, even those who fostered it while at College, are even subscribers. To those noble and faithful ones who have stood by us when others have fallen away, we are profoundly grate-

ful. You hold an honored spot in the hearts of our boys. But it is to that other large class, though they have many times before been raked over the coals, that we again appeal. Continual dripping will wear away stone, but this class seems more enduring than stone. What shall we say of him who cries, "Let us cherish our *Alma Mater*," and does not subscribe to the magazine of his *Alma Mater*?

Now, a word to the College students. By a recent arrangement THE STUDENT enters every room of College. Boys, THE STUDENT is yours—yours entirely. Your province is to help sustain its high literary character, which is second to that of no other college magazine. One primary object of it is to advance the use of vigorous English and the study of the literature of our mother tongue. The advantages of writing are too obvious to insist upon them. Boys, write for it; urge others to write for it; notice its advertisements and do not trade with those who do not patronize it. Its future lies with you, and opportunity makes duty. W. L. F.

THE BAPTISTS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

We are fully conscious that, in attempting an article on this subject, we are treading on very dangerous ground. For if, on the one hand, criticism or censure be the object of the article we will certainly incur the righteous wrath of the whole Baptist denomination. And, on the other hand, should we attempt a eulogy on this particular denomination, we should be considered narrow-minded and prejudiced by the other good people of the State. It is our intention neither to criticise nor eulogize, but to discuss a single feature of the Baptist denomination—"with charity for all, and malice toward none." Not, however, from a historical point of view, though the history of this people, their struggles and their rapid growth in membership and power is by no means an uninteresting

subject. It is the Baptists of to-day, those who make up the membership of the Baptist denomination all over the State of North Carolina—it is they whom we have in mind.

That the Baptist denomination is, numerically speaking, stronger than any other in the State is a fact that no one disputes; that among its clergy are found some of the greatest minds in this or other States, and that the rank and file of its membership is adorned with the purest and noblest manhood are likewise incontestible facts. But we think that we cannot be successfully contradicted when we make the assertion that Baptists do not generally manifest the same denominational pride and loyalty as do their brethren of a different faith and order. Understand, we say *generally*. There are exceptions, of course, and notable ones; but these only prove the rule.

There are various ways in which Baptists may show their devotion to their denomination and add new strength and vigor thereto; but none more important than the support of those institutions of learning that are established upon and managed under distinctively Baptist principles. Now we are far from even hinting that our people do not, in a certain measure, support their institutions of learning.

But it is one thing to put your hand in your pocket and in a sort of unwilling way contribute a small amount to the endowment fund, and quite another to put your shoulder to the wheel and by personal effort and persevering determination strive for the advancement of the denomination through a liberal and hearty support of its institutions. It is one thing to have a faint, ill-defined interest in the prosperity of this institution, and entirely another to be possessed of a determined resolution to enlarge the scope of its operations and the extent of its patronage.

It is this, and this only—this lack of enthusiastic interest in and labor for their college—that we have against the Baptists of North Carolina.

We need not set forth the reasons why denominational colleges should be patronized. Those reasons are too apparent. Shall the higher universities be conducted on denominational principles, one may inquire? Not necessarily. It is while he is at college that the boy's convictions are weak and immature and that his belief can be shaken by every passing breeze of doubt and infidelity. A professor in Wake Forest College has justly observed, "College days are dangerous days—satanic days." Then how necessary that the young man be placed where all dangerous and delusive influences are, as far as possible, warded off by the godly lives and Christian instruction of men who love and honor God.

Let not our people think that by giving their support and patronage to Wake Forest College they are enriching the professors and officers of the college. Far from it. The pittance that these toilers receive, when we take into consideration the amount of exhausting labor that they perform, seems little enough. No, the supporters of Wake Forest will get in return value received for every act of service and loyalty they perform. The rich fruits from their patriotic sowing may not be immediate, but gradually they will manifest themselves in a throng of Christian men possessed of soundly trained and tempered minds, of lofty ideals and of exalted aspirations.

R. W. HAYWOOD.

NINETY-FOUR.

A more modest, quiet and unassuming Senior Class than the present one is not within the memory of the writer. But still water runs deep, and it is the calm but steady-flowing current that saps the foundations of the embankment and wears away the rock. The unpretentious yet determined way

in which the present class has set about the duties of the incoming year is in striking contrast to the blustering, consequential, petitioning record of its predecessors of the last few years. It may, perhaps, be said that we are moved to say this too early, while the Senior Class is yet in its infancy, with all the untried difficulties of seniority still before it. But our remark is based upon the records made by this class, respectively, in its Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years. Never, in all those years, having given the Faculty, as a whole, or any individual member of it, with probably the exception of an occasional asinine performance, fondly called a serenade, any trouble, it is but reasonable to infer that it will pursue the even tenor of its way throughout the entire year.

The unassuming demeanor of the class is due to the fact that each member of it has realized the truth of the somewhat trite saying that a college student's estimate of his own learning and ability decreases in a direct geometric ratio to the length of time he remains in college—a rule, however, like other rules, which is not infallible, as has been fully demonstrated by instances within the knowledge of others than the oldest inhabitant.

Be not disheartened, oh! fellow Seniors, if there are no budding geniuses among us, but be solaced by the fact that there is also an entire absence of coxcombs. Be not cast down in your spirits because there is among us no brilliant star destined to flash forth and wrap the world in the splendor of its light. Rather be comforted by the thought that not one of us but who is capable of shedding a steady glow—perhaps a diminutive one—upon those about us. Fear not that all the learning has departed in the persons of former students. The Seniors of former days assumed such herculean dimensions because we ourselves were so very small, and old students now do not appear so giant-like, simply because we have grown a little larger—a very little.

We may not be remembered for the number of nocturnal receptions held in neighboring vineyards, or for the number of hen-roosts we have depopulated, or for the trouble we have otherwise given, but we do hope to be occasionally thought of on account of the absence of those things.

R. F. B.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor.

[For some time the editor of this department has been at a loss to know what subjects would properly come under the Portfolio; or, more strictly speaking, what could *not* be discussed in that department. Indeed, so many things about which he might write presented themselves to his mind, that he was unable to settle upon those which would be of greatest interest to the readers of *THE STUDENT*. But a second thought overcame this difficulty. For so little is the interest centered in the Editor's Portfolio that whether the editor discuss current events in Kamschatka or matters of interest in Tahiti; whether he write in the sharp, incisive style of a Swift or with the seductive attractiveness of an Addison (that he will do either is not intimated), his reward is always—profound disregard. So, then, knowing that his productions will be subjected to the scrutiny of no eye save his own, and that very charitable one of the Alumni Editor, this editor will forge ahead, deriving what satisfaction he can from the certainty that it is from no fault of his that people don't know a good thing when they see it.]

THE Senate of the United States has most clearly established the fact by its attitude toward the Wilson Repeal bill that it is in every particular a deliberative body. It has plainly indicated that no matter how threatening may be the finan-

cial condition of the country at large, no matter how necessary that speedy action be taken, it is the privilege of the Senate to maintain its usual calmness of mind, and under no circumstances to violate by haste what is known among the honorable Senators as "senatorial courtesy."

The result of this is that the upper house has been reproached, ridiculed and bemeaned to the lowest degree by the press of the North. Hardly a newspaper published in any of the Northern cities but that devotes the greater part of its editorial space to the abuse of the Senate. Even the President himself has signified in unmistakable terms his disapprobation of the Senate's course, or, rather, the actions of certain members of that body. And no one appreciates more fully than does Grover Cleveland the necessity of going slow in a question of such wide-spread importance as a change in the financial system of the country.

It is, to be sure, a question whether or not the minority in the Senate, which is the cause of the delay, is acting for the good of the South and West in their efforts to kill the measure. We would not overlook the fact that a majority of the Southern Congressmen declared themselves opposed to repeal. Surely these men are loyal to the interests of the people whom they represent. We cannot believe that they are dominated by the ranting silverites of the West.

And yet, in spite of all this, the people have made it very plain, both through the channels of the press and by the imposing majority in the House, that unconditional repeal is the only remedy for the existing financial evils. The people have spoken, and their demands must be complied with. Under such circumstances it is not the part of any patriotic Senator to throw obstacles in the path of repeal by a continuance of a fruitless and wearisome debate.

There is quite a striking similarity between the course of the Wilson Repeal bill in the Congress of the United States and that of the Irish Home Rule measure in the British Par-

liament. Both represent the imperative will of the people, and whether "the people imagine a vain thing" or not, in the former case, at least, that will should be carried out to the letter. Both involve questions of vital importance, although the causes leading to each were different. Both were submitted to the upper house only after the members of the lower had almost sweated drops of blood to get their respective measures in proper shape. The only point of difference, aside from the nature and purposes of each, being that the American bill, as has already been stated, is being delayed by the filibustering of certain silver Senators from the West, whereas the opposition to Gladstone's bill was so decided that it immediately met with overwhelming defeat.

That such a measure as this latter, involving as it did six months of unremitting labor on the part of the House of Commons; taking eighty-two days to pass—nearly twice as long as any previous measure; and for and against which in committee thirteen hundred and seventy-five speeches were made—that this measure should meet with so chilling a repulse at the hands of England's peers is something to confound the reason and to unsettle any remaining bit of confidence that may be reposed in the decisions of a legislative body whose members hold their places by hereditary privilege.

Great is the storm of indignation aroused by this crushing blow dealt full in the face of the "grand old man." The press, on both sides of the Atlantic, has roundly scored the House of Lords for having thus set itself so conspicuously against the fulfilment of the popular will. Nothing is more evident than that the noble body of Lords has outlived any usefulness it may have had. And were it not for the inherent aversion that the British have for anything like a radical change, it would be only a question of time before the hereditary feature of the House of Lords would be abolished. Certainly no satisfactory solution of the Irish question can be hoped for so long as this solution can be brought about, only

at the expense of the landlords, the very men who almost exclusively compose the House of Lords.

THE people of the United States and of Brazil have doubtless found out that "bloodless revolutions" are not everyday occurrences. In 1889 Dom Pedro, Emperor only in name, was deposed and his authority usurped by Fonseca, soon succeeded by Peixoto, Emperor in everything else but name. The world applauded and prophesied for the great South American country an unending era of peace and prosperity. As usual, the world jumped at conclusions, and its prophecy has by no manner of means been verified. Ever since Peixoto's accession there has been trouble brewing, and now Brazil is in the throes of a revolution which bids fair to be not altogether bloodless. To-day 296 out of the 486 officers of the Brazilian navy are in open rebellion to the national government, and great guns are sending their deadly missiles over the beautiful harbor and crashing on into the city of Rio de Janeiro. What the outcome is going to be, only time can tell.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ROWLAND BEASLEY, Editor.

AMID the changes which the present scholastic year has brought with it, it so happens that a new editor has taken charge of this department of THE STUDENT. There is nothing new or startling in this, as it is according to yearly custom; we make mention of the fact only because it affords an opportunity for saying a word or two in regard to what the department will or will not contain during the incoming year. First, it will in no wise pose as the exponent of rare, racy or acute criticism, nor will it in the least be cast down if its opinions are not always accepted as the *Ultima Thule* of literary judgment. It will not be devoted entirely to notices

of new books, but such new books as are likely to be of worth or general interest in the literary world will probably be made mention of, and in this way it is hoped that an index, so far as is possible, of the best books of the year will be made, and in some respects an outline of current literary thought. In short, it will strive to be what its name indicates—literary gossip; and, above all, it will be the earnest endeavor of the editor to make the department readable.

AMONG the many auspicious events which have taken place since the opening of the great Fair, not the least is the meeting of the "Congress of Authors," which occurred in Chicago during the month of July. It was auspicious from the fact it was the first such meeting ever held in the English-speaking world, and will no doubt lead to a much better understanding of literary methods and the subject in all its bearings, no less than a greater friendship and appreciation for each other among authors themselves. Celebrities from both sides of the Atlantic were present and presented many papers bearing on different phases of the subject of general literature.

THE present, when the personality of Tennyson still lingers among us and since his recent death, has called forth a closer study of his works and a more complete criticism, any article of merit bearing upon either the history or development of any one of his works can be but of general interest. Mr. Harold Littlehale's "Essays on the Idylls of the King," of very recent issue, is no doubt of more worth than the ordinary article bearing on Tennysonian literature.

M. ERNEST LAVISSE, an eminent Frenchman, writes that the recent Parisian troubles arising from and including the students' riots are the result of realism in French literature. He contrasts the comparative purity of thirty or forty years ago with the gross indecency and putridity of the present as contained in the current literature, and finds that the shameful indecency and appalling immorality now prevailing in Paris is directly traceable to this source. The hellishness of so-called

realism will do more to sap the life of poor France than all the foreign enemies the world could marshal.

THE *St. Louis Republic* discusses M. Taine's theory of literature in application to American literature, and settles quite satisfactorily for the future the mooted question whether or not we will have a literature. The great Frenchman holds that literature, being a manifestation or product of the mind, is affected by exactly the same environments that affect the mind, namely, all those which the body, such as temperature, geographical situation, climatic influences, political condition, abundance or scarcity of food and freedom or oppression of the people. The writer concludes that we shall never have a distinctively American literature as the German, French or English is distinctively such. Our country is too large, its interests too diversified, its many people too different, for that; but in the broadest sense in which European is distinctively European, we shall have an American literature. There will be a greater difference between the literature of New England and that of the Pacific slope than is now between that of England and that of France, and England and New York are not now so far apart in their literatures as the latter and Kansas will be. Though there is to be such great divergence in the literatures of different sections, the whole will go to make up the grand total of American literature—distinctively American—which in its richness and diversity shall be excelled by none, past or future.

THE literary world has not been free from the general business stagnation of the last few months. The interest in financial affairs seems to have caught everything and everybody in its herculean grasp. No new books of sufficient merit to give them much consideration or to attract many readers have appeared in the field of fiction for sometime, either in England or America. "Few books of even aspiration toward literary merit have reached a fifth thousand" in America, "and that is a most modest vogue for any writer of stories to attain."

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. E. YATES, Editor.

—'52. To be convinced that Wake Forest men are fitted for any honorable calling, one has only to give casual notice to the varied occupations that employ her many sons. Wherever found, they, with few exceptions, adorn their professions. A notable example is Maj. James H. Foote, of Roaring River, Wilkes County. He is, besides being a typical farmer, a leading politician and an author. Wake Forest is justly proud of such men.

—W. J. Wyatt ('68-'70) is a prosperous dairyman and truck-farmer in East Durham. He is meeting with eminent success in his business, and is fast rising to affluence.

—L. T. Buchanan ('72-'76) is the efficient Principal of the Durham Male Academy. During the leisure hours of the summer he represented the Ætna Life Insurance Company, and with marked success.

—'77. One of the many fine pulpit orators among our elder brethren is the Rev. E. E. Folk, of Nashville, Tenn. He also holds, with honor and high credit, the editorship of the *Baptist and Reflector*.

—'83. Hugh P. Markham is bookkeeper for the Durham Fertilizer Company.

—'85. Rev. J. A. Beam is still doing good work at Bethel Hill, and he proves his fitness for the position which he holds by sending each year a number of thoroughly prepared young men to Wake Forest College. This school (open to both sexes) is one of the best of its kind within our knowledge. We learn that the recent opening on the 26th ult. was very promising.

—Claude A. Adams ('87-'90), after taking a full course in medicine at Baltimore, is now practicing at Aberdeen. He

is a young man of ability, and promises to become a leader in his profession.

—Roy Powell ('88-'92), our prize catcher and hero of many hard contests, has laid aside the bat and mask, doffed the canvas jacket and makes his *debut* into the mercantile world. He is in business at Savannah, Ga., with his father.

—'89. We were pleased to see on the Hill a few days since the genial face of H. A. Foushee, formerly a professor in Chowan Baptist Female Institute. He has just been granted license to practice law, and will locate at Durham. He is a brilliant young man, and has a bright future. In him the Bar has a strong man, and one who may be relied upon.

—'89. Rev. George T. Watkins, although deprived of the privilege of going to China as a missionary on account of his health, is doing a great work in his home land. He is pastor of four thriving churches near Roxboro.

—'89. W. W. Early, who graduated last year at the University of Pennsylvania, is now preparing for his examination prior to becoming United States Army physician.

—'90. C. L. Felt is pursuing an advanced course in medicine and surgery at the University of Pennsylvania.

—'90. E. F. Early, who had for some time been a traveling agent for the *News and Observer*, goes to Baltimore to take a course in dentistry.

—'91. B. K. Mason is Principal of the Apex Academic Institute. He has a fine opening, and the people are becoming very much attached to him. He is a young man of ability, and makes fast friends wherever he goes. His power as a public speaker has no little to do with his success.

—'91. J. L. Kesler is Secretary and Librarian of Howard Payne College, Brownwood, Texas. His name also appears on the editors' staff of the *Southwestern Baptist*, a literary and religious monthly published at Brownwood.

—'92. Rev. J. W. Millard, after spending his vacation serving churches in Kentucky, resumes his work at the Seminary. He has our best wishes wherever he goes, but we fear

that, like too many of our young men, he is being lured away from the Old North State. She needs and can give employment to all her men.

—Thinking some of our readers would probably like to know the whereabouts of the members of the class of '93, and the measure of success they are meeting in their respective pursuits, we have the pleasure of noting them as follows:

C. P. Sapp—Professor in Glade Springs Male Academy, Virginia.

E. Y. Webb—Studying law at the University.

J. C. Kittrell—Teaching at Hertford, N. C.

S. J. Porter—Missionary in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

R. W. Weaver—Teaching in the Greensboro Graded School.

I. T. Newton—Pastor of churches in Wake and Moore Counties.

F. P. Hobgood, Jr.—Professor in Oxford Female Seminary.

J. E. Austin—Teaching in Mississippi.

J. W. Bailey—Assisting his father in the *Recorder* office.

George W. Blanton—Bank cashier in Meridian, Texas.

C. H. Durham—Serving the Second Baptist Church at Asheville.

D. M. Gaddy—Deceased, June 1.

W. A. Jones—In mercantile business with his father at Hillsboro.

E. B. Lattimore—Assisting in the office of Register of Deeds for Cleveland County.

S. McIntyre—Principal of Louisburg Male Academy.

J. D. Moore—Preaching in Beaufort.

D. M. Prince—Traveling salesman.

George H. Ross—Principal of the Graded School of Elloree, South Carolina.

W. A. Smith—Principal of Cedar Rock Academy.

C. W. Wilson—Traveling salesman.

John A. Wray—Preaching in Knoxville, Tenn.

A. M. Yates—Principal of Ewing Academy, Wake County.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

W. L. FOUSHEE, Editor.

“FOOT-BA-A-A-LL!!!”

BOYS, go to see the games.

MRS. ADDISON PUREFOY has returned from quite an extended visit to relatives in Yanceyville.

WAKE FOREST opens with 176 students. Several more than last year this time. “Hard times” is a failure when it strikes Wake Forest.

MRS. JANIE DUGGAN is now on the Hill visiting the family of Dr. Taylor, recuperating in health before returning to her missionary labors at Guadalajara, Mexico.

THE College is deeply grateful to the American Publication Society, of Philadelphia, for the donation of fifty neat hymn-books, to be used in morning service in the College Chapel.

MR. JOE GILL, who since the opening of the Fair has been in charge of the Agricultural Exhibit of North Carolina, has returned home. Joe says North Carolina is not behind any State

THE Literary Circle, the object of which is to afford the lovers of literature an opportunity of studying the English poets critically, has again been organized. It meets every Friday night.

THE Senior Class, which numbers thirty, has organized and elected its representatives for “Class Day” next Commencement. They are: President, W. L. Foushee; Secretary, R. Carter; Orator, J. D. Robertson; Prophet, T. M. Leary; Poet, R. F. Beasley; Historian, R. W. Haywood.

WHILE the Wake Forest Academy could ill afford to lose such a valuable instructor as Miss Eva Belle Simmons, it is

still in a flourishing condition under the management of Misses Sophie and Susie Lanneau, Principals. This school forms a valuable adjunct to the College. We wish it much success.

MR. E. E. HILLIARD, of Scotland Neck, editor of the *Democrat*, was on the Hill a few day ago. He has accepted the position of general agent for the College, and was on his way to Western Carolina to begin his canvass. He was for some years principal of Vine Hill Academy, and is at home in school work. Fruits of his work have already become visible.

IT IS with very great pleasure that we welcome the old boys and Alumni. Among those who have paid us short visits since the opening of the session are: Messrs. Henry Shaw, Rufus Hunter, H. A. Foushee, W. O. Riddick, E. V. Howell, J. W. Bailey, W. R. Hannum, J. J. Young, W. B. Daniel, S. McIntyre and J. H. Lamberth. Boys, come again; we are glad to see you.

AMONG the fair visitors to the Hill during the month we note Misses Sallie Street, of Roxboro; Zua Pace, of Neuse; Lena Allen, of Falls; Lula Powers, of Atlanta, Ga.; Sallie Wingate, of Franklinton; Annie Powell, of Savannah, Ga. Miss Powell formerly lived at Wake Forest. She graduated at the Richmond Female Institute in June, '93, with the degree of M. A., and in her last year was tutor in some classes.

ON July 26th, last, at Court Street Church, Portsmouth, Va., Prof. W. J. Ferrell was married to Miss Irene Cartwright, of Cartwright's Wharf, Va. Mrs. Ferrell was last year a teacher of Wakefield Academy. She is a charming lady in every respect, and comes of a highly cultured Virginia family. Wake Forest Society thus gains a charming member. At this late day we extend to the happy couple congratulations and best wishes.

WE knew that our boys were seekers after truth, but we never imagined the hungering so great until we attempted to distribute to one hundred and seventy-five boys ninety beauti-

fully bound volumes of "The Gospel from Two Testaments," so generously donated to the boys by Dr. E. B. Andrews, President Brown University, its editor. The intensity of the eagerness was evinced by the manner in which both saint and sinner struggled for a copy.

THE first of the series of lectures to be delivered by eminent men during the year '93-'4 was that of Dr. Jas. A. Holmes, State Geologist. It was novel but highly interesting, showing, by means of a stereopticon, photographs taken by himself, well selected to indicate the varied resources of our State. As President Taylor said, it was a journey from the east to the west of our State without dust, without fatigue, and with a most pleasant companion. The next lecture will be by Professor Lanneau, on Practical Electricity.

IT WAS with universal regret that our village saw Miss Eva Belle Simmons leave for Eufaula, Ala., where she will become teacher of Union Female College of which her brother, Mr. Thomas Simmons, is president. Miss Simmons is closely identified with Wake Forest, being the only female graduate of the College, and for sometime the principal of Wake Forest Academy. In her departure our village society loses a very brilliant and cultured member. THE STUDENT wishes her much success and happiness in her new work.

THE World's Fair seems to have been quite an attraction to the citizens of our village. Among those who attended are: Prof. and Mrs. W. L. Poteat, Prof. and Mrs. C. E. Brewer, Prof. and Mrs. W. B. Royal, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Royal, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Johnson, Major and Mrs. W. H. Crenshaw, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Harris, Mesdames Rogers, W. M. Dickson, D. S. Vann, Misses Eva Belle Simmons, Mattie Williams, Mattie Gill, Annie Powell, Anna Walters, Professors J. F. Lanneau, E. W. Sikes, J. C. Maske and Messrs. Harry Walters, Robert Powell, Elvis Gill.

MANY improvements have been made in our village during the summer. The beautiful residence of Prof. C. E. Brewer is nearly completed, being now in the hands of the painters. It is situated just above Dr. Taylor's on College Avenue, and is a great addition to that part of town. The old store of Dr. Timberlake, which has stood on the corner next the campus time out of mind, has been moved up the street, and just below its site Dr. J. B. Powers is erecting a handsome residence. We notice, too, with pleasure, the excellent store with an attractive glass front which Mr. W. J. Wingate has built just above the post-office. Mr. T. E. Holding has moved into and is now the enterprising proprietor of the Wake Forest Hotel near the depot, and formerly known as the Riddick Hotel, of which Mrs. Hannum has general charge. Wake Forest is steadily and surely growing.

DURING the summer several of the members of the Faculty took recreation in travel. President and Mrs. Taylor spent some days in New York. Professor Lanneau, with his family, spent some weeks in the mountains of North Carolina. Professor Sledd visited his old home in Bedford County, Virginia. Professors Brewer, Maske and Sikes made pilgrimages to the White City. Professor Carlyle, while pursuing pleasure in Tennessee, fell a prey to the fever and was quite sick for some weeks; but the first of September again found him at his post completely restored to health. And Professor Ferrel,—the happiest of all,—went to Norfolk, where he married. Professor Poteat, already eminent as an instructor and student of Biology, was for two months in the Marine Biological Laboratory, of Wood's Holl, Mass., where during the summer of each year distinguished biologists gather for discussion and investigation. We learn that Professor Poteat made special study of the anatomy of the fish.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

THREE cheers for Captain Sikes!!

W. L. FOUSHEE has been elected manager of the foot-ball team for this season.

FRY, Sikes, McGeachy, Olive, Brickhouse—1029 Avoirdupois. Is our center "in it?"

MR. T. H. CRUDUP, elected captain last Spring, was not able to return this Fall to College. This was quite a blow to the team.

THE foot-ball grounds have been changed, now running diagonally across the common, thus giving a much softer and more even surface.

E. W. SIKES, "the Old Roman" in athletics, was recently elected captain of the foot-ball team. A good selection. He is most intimately acquainted with every phase of the game and his experience is invaluable.

AT a recent meeting of the Athletic Association Mr. Walter E. Daniel, of Weldon, N. C., was elected President and E. Walter Sikes, the backbone of athletics, was elected Vice-President. Two honors worthily bestowed.

DATES are arranged by our team for a number of foot-ball games this season. The first game will be with Trinity College on State Fair grounds, October 17. Our boys anticipate much pleasure in meeting their old antagonist.

THE outlook for foot-ball is exceedingly encouraging this year. While we lost much in Blanton, captain and full-back, and others, we have of the old players: Howard, Daniel, Jones, Fry, Sikes, Britton, Hill and Payseur; of the new players, McGeachy, Olive, McLeod, Briggs, Brickhouse, King, Inman and Holleman are promising candidates for positions on the team. The enthusiasm is more general this year than ever before; twenty-five new suits were turned out within

three weeks. We are strong behind the lines, though somewhat weak in the center and in kicking. Captain Sikes must be well supported in order to secure the one thing needed—success.

It is with unfeigned regret that we chronicle the death of two former foot-ball players—Henry Richardson and Dougald A. McDuffy, both members of the team of '90. In the first Trinity-Wake Forest game the long run by Richardson was the "star" play of the day. At the time of his death Mr. Richardson was merchandizing in Maysville, S. C. Strong and fleshy he fell an easy prey to fever. Mr. McDuffy had been in Greensboro since leaving College. He died at his father's home in Fayetteville. For some time he had been suffering with rheumatism. The announcement of the death of these two robust young men, rejoicing in the strength and pride of early manhood, will bring sorrow to the heart of many an old player and friend. They were both popular while in College, and deservedly so. When the team of 1889 meets in 1900 for its reunion two vacant chairs will be there, and how many more?

IN MEMORIAM.

As we assemble again with jovial and noisy greeting as students, we are saddened by the absence of two familiar faces of friends whom we had learned to love. During the hot days of summer they passed away, one in July and the other in September, and we shall no more grasp their hands in warm friendship, never more meet them on the campus, recite with them, or hear their voices in the Society.

The first, our esteemed brother R. R. Day, fell in the plenitude of success in Scotland Neck, while pointing others to the place of eternal joy. He was a student for three years and would have graduated in '94. His life was a sermon of

patience, meekness and devotion to his Master's service. Faithful, earnest, upright, loved and respected as a Christian gentleman.

While a student he was pastor of four churches, all of which mourn his loss, and last summer he supplied for Mr. R. T. Vann. Death found him at this post of duty. He possessed great power as a speaker and was very successful as a minister. The following resolutions were adopted by the Euzelian Society:

"WHEREAS, It has pleased our Father to take from us our beloved brother R. R. Day:

"*Resolved* 1st, That, while in his death we realize the great loss of a true, loyal and energetic member of the Euzelian Society, we recognize the unerring hand of God and submissively bow before his will.

"2d, That we testify to his true worth and extend our most hearty sympathy to the grief-stricken family and relatives.

"3rd, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE STUDENT for publication, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved family and spread upon the minutes of our Society.

W. L. FOUSHEE,

J. D. ROBERTSON,

Committee."

The other, a beloved friend and brother, T. B. Justice, passed away as the melancholy days were coming on. Death loves a shining mark. Noble in manhood, brilliant in mind, ever cheerful and friendly. He was a student for one year and endeared himself to all who knew him. We learn that during the meditative hours of summer he had determined to join the band of laborers working in the Lord's vineyard, but ere long he joined the band about his Master's throne instead. At a recent meeting of the Euzelian Society these resolutions of respect were adopted:

“WHEREAS, God our Father has seen it best in His inscrutable providence to remove by death on Monday, September 11, 1893, our fellow Euzelian, Mr. T. B. Justice, son of Rev. C. B. Justice, from his home at Rutherfordton to the one, as we trust, beyond the skies; therefore, be it

“*Resolved 1st*, That we bow in humble submission to the dispensation of Our Merciful Father.

“*Resolved 2d*, That he walked in and out among us as a man among men—a Christian man.

“*Resolved 3rd*, That as such the Euzelian Society, the College and his country have sustained a sad loss in his death.

“*Resolved 4th*, That we extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy.

“*Resolved 5th*, That a copy of these resolutions be published in THE STUDENT, a copy be sent to the *Rutherford Banner*, a copy be sent to his family, and that these resolutions be recorded in the minutes of the Euzelian Society.

R. F. BEASLY,

H. H. MASHBURN,

M. O. CARPENTER,

Committee.”

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C., Sept. 16, 1893.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

PROF. J. C. MASKE.....ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY:

W. L. FOUSHEE.....EDITOR.

R. F. BEASLEY.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY:

R. W. HAYWOOD.....EDITOR.

J. E. YATES.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

D. R. BRITTON.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. XIII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1893.

No. 2.

REV. WILLIAM ROYALL, D. D.

Grim winter had come, and o'er hillside and dale
The snow-drifts were scattered by the swift moving gale,
When softly and slowly we laid him to rest
Beside the dear wife whose devotion had blessed
The years of their wedlock, and helped him to shine
A hero in preaching God's gospel divine.
The message was sudden that called him away
To regions of glory and infinite day,
But ready and waiting, his armor still on,
Life's battles all fought and its duties all done,
He welcomed the angel that bade him lay down
The crosses of earth for the heavenly crown.
A giant has fallen whose search for the truth
Outlived all the conflicts and changes of youth,
To ripen in knowledge and wisdom with age
And win for its owner the title of sage.
His courage in causes he knew to be right
Ne'er yielded to rank nor was daunted by might.
His love for the Savior, so simple and sweet,
Controlled all his conduct and made him quite meet
For service in heaven where spirits divine

In perfect devotion and righteousness shine.
 His actions were high as the cause that he loved,
 His feelings as sweet as the zephyr that moved
 The leaves on the trees when at twilight he strolled
 To the grave of his loved one. Determined and bold
 When boldness was needed, but gentle and mild
 In nature and spirit he seemed as a child.
 His thoughts were as pure as the snowflakes that pressed
 Hill, valley and plain when we laid him to rest.
 We'll cherish his memory and honor his name,
 And seek to embody in purpose and aim
 The spirit of meekness, faith, honor and truth,
 That crowned him in age with the beauty of youth.
 And long may the College he loved to uphold,
 The value and pleasures of learning unfold
 To shine as a beacon to pilot the youth
 From error's dense gloom to the light of the truth,
 And ever proclaim with its banner unfurled
 The Savior of men and the light of the world.

J. B. C.

NEW USES OF ELECTRICITY.

The uses which I shall notice are mainly of three classes, which may be characterized, respectively, as *Æsthetic*, *Domes- tic* and *Industrial*. They are admirably illustrated at the World's Columbian Exposition now in progress at Chicago.

Assume that we are in Chicago—in Jackson Park—stand- ing by the Administration Building. It is conceded to be the architectural *gem* of the Exposition. While it covers the comparatively small area of 262 feet square, it lifts its grace- ful proportions to the airy height of 277 feet. On each of its four fronts is a richly wrought portal, thirty-seven feet broad and fifty feet high.

Through either generous portal you may enter its spacious rotunda, 120 feet in diameter, which rises from the floor to the inner dome, a clear space of 188 feet. Around the base of the dome, on the outside, over the four beautiful corner pavilions, are groups of colossal statuary symbolic of the arts and sciences. And at that height, 136 feet from the ground, encircling the aluminum-covered dome, is a safely balustraded walk eighteen feet wide.

Standing on that airy promenade and looking eastward toward Lake Michigan, you have below and before you a bird's-eye view of the fitly named

COURT OF HONOR.

Here the Wizard, Electricity, creates nightly a scene of fairy-like loveliness.

Mark, if you please, the salient features of this Court of Honor.

We look down upon an open space 600 feet wide from north to south. This space, preserving its width of 600 feet, or nearly one-eighth of a mile, extends eastward toward the lake nearly a half mile, to what is called the Peristyle. That structure marks the further end of the Court by a kind of colonnade from north to south, consisting mainly of forty-eight imposing columns sixty feet high. They represent our forty-eight States and Territories. Each column bears the coat of arms of a State, and is surmounted by a symbolic statue.

On our right, bordering the Court, is Machinery Hall, with a frontage of 800 feet. Beyond it, tracing further east the right border, is another front of 800 feet, reaching to the Peristyle. That is the Agricultural Building, surmounted high in air with the striking statue of Diana, gracefully poised on one foot, bent bow in hand, and breeze-blown scarf from her shoulders.

On our left, marking the Court's north border, are the

Mining Building, the Electricity Building and the Liberal Arts Building, the latter reaching to the Peristyle.

These structures, of charmingly varied architecture, with the Administration Building, on which we stand, at the west end, border or enclose the Court of Honor—the space one-eighth of a mile wide from north to south, and a half mile long from west to east. Within this favored enclosure is a tranquil sheet of water, covering more than ten acres—the Great Basin, it is called—its width about 300 feet, and its length some 1,500 feet. It extends from near the Peristyle to within five hundred feet of the building from which we look.

At the near end of the Basin are the two electric fountains, each sixty feet in diameter, whose waters shoot up to a height of 150 feet, and between them is the unrivaled artistic fountain of MacMonies. A short distance beyond the fountains, the South Canal flows out under a broad, arched bridge between Machinery Hall and the Agricultural Building. And opposite is the North Canal, under a similar bridge between the Electricity Building and the Liberal Arts Building.

At the far end of the Basin, near the Peristyle, there rises forty feet out of the water a massive pedestal, on which is a statue sixty feet high, representing the Republic—its total height being thus 100 feet. The majestic figure is lustrous in the light, for from foot to head it is coated with pure gold!

The scene thus crudely sketched is, of course, enlivened by moving throngs upon the broad bridges, the ample plaza beneath us, the wide promenade on either side of the Great Basin, and along the Peristyle; not to speak of gaily-colored gondolas busily plying the waters, and merry-freighted electric launches swiftly passing from landing to landing, or gliding in or out under either bridge of North or South Canal.

But now, evening draws her dusky veil over this animated scene of artistic triumphs. The shadows deepen, the restless groups and the still statuary fade from view. Even the pronounced architectural outlines are only dimly discerned.

And now, the magic touch of electricity! Darkness flees—yielding quickly to the generous light which instantly glows from thousands of incandescent lamps all around and about and above the ample Court of Honor. They trace in light each leading line and angle of the long-extended facades and multiplied domes and pinnacles of Machinery Hall and the Agricultural Building on our right, of the Peristyle in the distance, and of the Liberal Arts, Electricity and Mining Buildings on our left. And all around the base of the balustrade enclosing the Basin, and along the arching canal bridges, flashes out a line of countless lights, each duplicated in the broad water-mirror. And the balcony on which we stand, at the head of the spacious Court, and especially the graceful dome above us, in lines of brightness curving to its radiance-crowned summit, 277 feet in air, is all ablaze with electric lights!

The good-humored, jostling throngs upon the bridges, the gathered multitude upon the plaza below, the gliding gondolas and launches, and the bewildering architecture, all are again before us! while over all, bends as before, the serenity of sky and stars.

Now, all eyes are turned upon the wondrous electric fountains. Briefly, the upward play of water is illuminated by strong arc-lights below, the light concentrated by burnished reflectors and projected up through shifting colored glasses in the floor of the fountain. Thus its waters, springing upward 150 feet in graceful jets and sheets, which end and fall in feathery spray, are now a pale green, now a delicate purple, now pearly white, now rich crimson—the tints brightening and shifting in endless pleasing variety.

But look! see the great search-lights upon the roofs of the buildings. What is a search-light? It is the most powerful of electric arc-lights, placed near the bottom of a drum-like case, which is so mounted that its open glass face can be easily turned in any direction—upward or downward or sideways.

Within the case, back of the light, is a burnished parabolic mirror, made of silver on glass, which concentrates all the rays and throws forward the beam of intense light to a great distance.

One of these search-lights is the most powerful ever made. You see it yonder, high up on the roof of the Liberal Arts Building, 250 feet above the ground. It throws a good light upon objects eighteen miles away. By its light a man eight miles distant can read a newspaper. It can be plainly seen in Milwaukee, eighty-five miles from Chicago.

Now look! A search-light is turned on the high central arch of the distant Peristyle—above it—on the splendid group of statuary, emblematic of the world's progress. We see, conspicuous against the back-ground of night, every figure, to the minutest detail. Another turn, and it bathes in brightness the main entrance of Agricultural Hall, showing vividly its elaborate decoration. Then, sweeping the long facade on our right, it floods the south bridge with almost sunlight—perhaps revealing your friend in the crowd. Suddenly, the long comet-like stream of brightness from the distant roof is lifted from the bridge and slowly turned eastward and upward, until it clothes in glistening white the graceful statue of Diana, poised high above Agricultural Hall.

Shifting the glass at the search-light, its color instantly changes—Diana is tinted green! Again, and she is crimson-hued against the dark sky!

But turn quickly to your left, for in that quarter a bomb shoots high in air. It bursts, forming a broad, floating, white cloud. And see, upon the cloud appears a weird placard in large letters—an announcement of to-morrow's attractions—riveting every eye! A slide is changed, and lo! upon the cloud the smiling features of a well-known face! That is the work of a search-light, ingeniously arranged as a "cloud projector."

In view of all this variety of brilliant displays, we may concede the reality of an Arab Aladdin, and yet doubt whether *his* wonderful lamp ever conjured up such charming witcheries as are wrought in the Exposition's Court of Honor, night after night, by the magic touch of electricity.

Of course, back of that *touch* is a mighty and costly energy—ponderous steam engines aggregating 17,000 horse-power. This enormous energy drives great electric dynamos, which convert it into the ceaseless, silent current that feeds the lights of grounds and buildings—8,000 arc, and 130,000 incandescent lights.

Let us go indoors. Entering the Electric Building, we are drawn almost irresistibly to the very center of its spacious floor. For there is the unique Edison Light Tower, eighty-four feet high, covered from base to crown with a myriad of many-colored, tiny incandescent lamps, which flash and fade in endless variety of hue and pattern.

But we refrain our steps and turn at once to our right, and, with an eager crowd, press slowly our way into an apartment of very unpromising exterior. Some two hundred persons have entered with us. The door is shut, and we are quietly seated—to see the transitions of twenty-four hours, a day and night in the Swiss Alps, as simulated by electricity. Before us is a stage, the curtain down. In a moment our lights are out. All is dark. The curtain rises. But little is revealed. It is supposed to be 8 o'clock at night, and darkness has settled down upon the hamlet and its rugged surroundings. Miniature straggling lights barely relieve the forefront of the vague view. Perhaps, peering through the dusk, you fancy the outline of a bridge across a chasm. Perhaps, too, there is a faint suggestion of a castle or cliff up on the right. And certainly, far back and high up, in faint relief against the sky, are jagged mountain peaks. Gradually, as night deepens, most of even these fancies fade away, until midnight is long past. By imperceptible degrees the darkness now lessens. The

mountain top is more distinct. Upon its side there seems to be snow. The dawn approaches. Twilight touches more and more of the mountain—reveals, we think, dim outlines of castle and bridge and cottage. Soon the peaks, and the snow high up, blush in rosy light. The sky brightens. Light creeps down the slopes, nearing the valley. In the gray dawn we *see* the parapeted bridge spanning a dashing, gurgling stream. We see, too, the cottage and castle and other signs of life. The sun rises. Soldiers—a squad of infantry and an escort of cavalry—appear, and cross the bridge. High noon bathes the whole rugged scene in sunshine. Anon, the sky clouds. The air darkens. It thunders. The lightning flashes and plays among the peaks, and zig-zags down to the valley. The storm is soon over. All is bright again. Here and there peasant women appear, some with umbrellas up. A wagon loaded with hay rumbles over the bridge. And now, a beautiful rainbow spans the freshened scene. The sun declines. Evening shades subdue the tints of mountain side and sky. Darkness returns. One by one the stars come out. You seem to be looking out and up into the veritable starry skies! The moon rises, and sheds a silvery sheen over all the soft outline of mountain and valley and brook and hamlet. The curtain drops. Our lights are turned on. And we are invited out, that others may view the scenic changes of twenty-four hours in the Swiss Alps.

So much for the *æsthetic*.

For applications of electricity of a practical *domestic* character, we make our way to the North Gallery. See this large stove or range. No stove-pipe leads from it. There is no smoke. Indeed, no fire-box, no ashes. But the stove is hot! Open the oven doors. Within, in one compartment is a joint of meat browning; in another, loaves of bread nicely baking.

An electric current, conducted into *certain enameled plates* within the stove, is the unseen fuel which creates and maintains in those resisting plates the desired uniform heat.

Would you moderate or increase the heat? Simply turn a light lever right or left, as the case may be. Turn it further to one side, and the current stops, the stove cools.

Here, on a side-table, and attached to electric wires, is a small circular disc, of same material as the enameled plates in the stove. If this disc was made of copper or iron the electricity would simply pass through it. But this peculiar enameled substance *checks* the flow of electricity.

Remember, if you please, that this subtle agent moves through air, or through the wire, with inconceivable velocity—180,000 miles in a second! Now, when rapid motion is arrested, high heat is at once produced. For instance, when a rifle ball strikes a hard wall, the flattened bullet is found to be *hot*. So, when the electric current with lightning speed, is checked in the enameled disc, great heat is produced. But it is easily regulated, either way, by a touch of the resistance lever. Regulate it. Put your pot of coffee on the disc-heater, or your saucepan, or your griddle, or your broiler: and you may soon test your cup of steaming coffee, or your soft-boiled eggs, or your buckwheat cakes, or your broiled ham.

What now is this on the East Gallery? Polished cherry doors, as of a parlor. You approach one of them, admiring its finish. As you step on the yielding mat, the door silently swings open. You stop in surprise; the door remains wide open, however long you pause. You advance; pass through the doorway, and step off the mat. Immediately the door swings back deliberately, and closes with perfect quietness. And so, approached from either side, it promptly and with easy, noiseless motion, opens and shuts for your accommodation—without the lifting of your finger!

Would you know something of this seeming mystery? Strong spring hinges tend all the while to spring open the door, and to hold it open. It is closed when forcibly pulled by a fine but strong cord attached at the top. This cord passes from the door through concealed pulleys over the door-

frame, and draws to the door when wound around its actuating wheel. The wheel is faced with iron. Strong electromagnets seize its iron face, hold the wheel as in a vise, and the door, therefore, stands closed, despite its spring hinges.

Now step upon the mat. The pressure of your foot breaks the electric circuit; the magnetism instantly ceases; the wheel is released; the cord is unrestrained; the door, therefore, obeys its spring hinges and opens wide. You step off the mat, thereby the circuit is restored. In the circuit is a small concealed motor. Instantly the motor turns, turning the wheel which is on its spindle. The cord, therefore, is wound up and pulls and closes the door. As it closes, a little pin above pushes slightly a switch in the door-frame, which turns the electric current from the motor, and shifts it to the magnets. Thus, the motor, with wheel and cord, stops; the magnets clamp and hold the wheel and cord, and the door, therefore, remains closed.

The Hicks-Troy electric door certainly solves the problem of door opening and shutting without effort and without *slam*.

Near by now is seen another somewhat domestic use of electricity. Taking your seat in a comfortable chair in front of a neat, organ-like chest, you drop a nickel in the slot before you. The falling nickel effects the switching of a current of electricity to a small motor within the chest. At once, and for some minutes, the motor revolves rapidly, and with it, a black cylindrical brush on the motor's axle which protrudes from the chest towards your feet. At intervals the fast rotating brush is supplied with blacking. You touch it a few moments with each boot in turn, toe, upper, sides, heel, and you have a good "shine."

Another *homely* application of our versatile electricity is found in the electric incubator.

Eggs and an incandescent lamp yielding a sufficient *uniform* heat are enclosed in a suitable nest-box; and, in due time, the chickens are hatched, and more certainly than by

some feathered mothers. An opening in the side is arranged with a soft curtain dropping its scalloped edge nearly to the bottom. Under this wing-like door the chickens have easy exit and entrance. They peck their feed, dip up water, and exercise in the miniature yard without, or return to the warmth within, at their own sweet wills. And over their door-way you read: "WHO CARES FOR MOTHER NOW"?

Of all recent applications of electricity, unquestionably the most valuable are those which relate to the *industrial arts*.

The world's great industries depend, primarily, on the power of *heat* in the smelter, the furnace and the forge.

Can electricity furnish the requisite heat? *If* a current of sufficient *volume* is available, it can quickly heat, even to melting, the most refractory ores, or iron, or hardest steel.

Unfortunately, it seemed, our great dynamo generators of electricity produce currents of immense *pressure*, just what is wanted for arc-lights and motors, but of little *volume*, and therefore unavailable for heating purposes.

But we now have the marvelous, and marvelously simple *electric converter*.

For years it was known that an electric current of given pressure and given volume when sent through a wire coil of few turns surrounded by a coil of many turns, would produce in the outer coil a current of lesser volume, but of *greater pressure*.

Now, it is found, the converse is true, viz.: When the given current is sent through the outer coil of many turns, there is produced in the inner coil a current of lesser pressure, but of *greater volume*.

So, by the intervention of a simple set of coils, called a "Converter," a given electric current is changed at pleasure into one of greater pressure and lesser volume, or into one of lesser pressure and greater volume.

Thus, our great dynamo current of enormous pressure and little volume, when simply passed through a suitable con-

verter yields a current of little pressure and *enormous volume*, ready for any demand of high temperature in industrial processes.

And with the added boon of *safety to life*. Let me offer an imperfect but suggestive analogy.

Here is a steady down-pour of water of moderate volume, but falling impetuously from a great height. And here, is a full river flowing broad and deep. Step a moment under the one, you are dashed to death. Go leisurely into the other, and you may have a pleasant bath.

So, to touch with your little finger the dynamo's current of high pressure is instant death, but you may let the converter's current of great volume pass freely through your hand or body with perfect impunity.

The dynamo's high pressure current changed by the converter into a current of great volume, is not only *safely* controlled, but the volume is *easily* increased or diminished by the touch of the lever. It is, therefore, at once available for all processes requiring heat.

It may be employed, as we have seen, to heat the kitchen stove; or to warm an entire building; to burn a brick-kiln, to melt a mass of ore, or to temper the delicate steel spring of a lady's watch.

The Burton process of electric forging, welding and shaping is now in daily use in the company's large and prosperous plant in the city of Boston.

Their alternating dynamo current of 1,600 *volts* pressure and only twenty-four *amperes* of volume, is passed through a converter and changed into a current of only a few volts pressure and 8,000 amperes of volume—a great heat producer.

A cold bar of two-inch steel, three feet long, placed between the copper jaws of an electric forge so as to receive the current, is raised to white, welding heat in two minutes; and is *kept* just at that temperature, or *melted*, as the operator wills.

A piece of iron which in a blacksmith's forge would require twelve minutes to become red-hot, is electrically heated to redness in *less* than one minute.

But small articles, such as bolts or horse-shoes, need not be placed in the copper-jawed forge to receive electric heat.

Here is a common tub of water into which an electric wire enters. The other end of the wire is attached to an ordinary blacksmith's tongs. Pick up a cold horse-shoe with the tongs and sink it in the water. Instantly it hisses and sputters, and in a second or two the shoe is *red-hot*, under the water! Take it out. Drop it and the tongs on the dirt-floor. With some other suitable iron take the still red-hot shoe and dip it in the same tub of water, and at once it is quenched, cooled. For, unless held in the special tongs, there is no electric connection; no current. The water is not electrified. You may wash your hands in it!

A pail of water with wire attached, and tongs with attached wire, may be readily carried to the top of a high building or far down the shaft of a mine. And there or elsewhere, bolts, rivets or other irons held by the tongs in the water, are quickly heated to redness, on the spot where needed.

If space permitted, it could be shown that the electric forge, either the simple tongs and water-pail, or the strong copper-jawed clamps, greatly economizes *time, space, fuel, labor* and *material*. Moreover, as tested by experts, its work is every-way *superior*.

The electric generation of heat, at once solves the anxious problem of the world's supply of fuel.

Exhaust, if you will, all the oil-wells, and coal-beds and forests, and still the wheels of industry can turn as busily, and our homes can be warmed as well as ever by the all-potent electricity.

But, you say, we must have the steam-engine and *its* fuel back of our dynamos which generate the electricity.

Perhaps so, on the ocean, but not on land. For the electric *transmission of mechanical power* is now an assured fact.

Work is now in progress at Niagara Falls to utilize its mighty water-power. That immense power will soon be transmitted electrically to distant cities in different States.

The water-powers of the earth, its mountain torrents and cataracts and rushing rivers, may easily operate the world's dynamos when built beside them. The dynamo's electric currents, conveyed by wires, will reproduce in distant motors the mechanical power of the water-falls. The motors, located where needed, can turn the multiplied wheels of industry, and turn, also, other dynamos to furnish ample currents for electric heating.

In the Blue Ridge, in Western North Carolina, is the famous Hickory Gap Cascade, which falls precipitately a distance of 969 feet. A simple calculation shows that a stream of water falling from a height of 969 feet, and having at its base a section of one square foot, has an energy of more than 27,000 horse-power.

Assuming the volume of water in our beautiful Hickory Gap Cascade to have a section at its base of only forty square feet, *its* energy amounts to largely more than *one million horse-power*. This vast energy of that one unique water-fall, transmitted electrically, would double more than supply all the demand for both mechanical power and heat in our entire State.

Space forbids consideration of other new and invaluable uses of electricity. I close with what may be, just now, the uppermost question in many minds.

Is Steam to be superseded by Electricity?

There are men now living whose childhood ended before the first mile of railroad was built. They might have heard the first whistle of the De Witt Clinton when, on August 9, 1831, it slowly made its first trip from Albany to Schenectady. And those same men may now see in Chicago the Hudson

River Railroad's monster engine, No. 999, which, on the 11th day of last May, on its trial trip, with train weighing 266 tons, ran with a speed of 112½ miles per hour.

Truly steam power has risen to supremacy with marvelous rapidity, within a life-time.

But only seventeen years ago, at the Philadelphia Exposition, one saw *very little* of electricity. In Machinery Hall, then the conspicuous central object was the great Corliss Steam Engine! To-day, in Chicago, there is a steam engine twice the size and power of the Corliss engine, but it is given no prominent place, it is in a *side* structure.

The conspicuous object in Machinery Hall *now*, is a monster electric dynamo, whose current sends power and light and heat to the remotest parts of Jackson Park.

Steam may never be discarded, but more and more it must yield the field of energy to potent, protean electricity.

JOHN F. LANNEAU.

MICHEL ANGELO.

As one stands on the broad pavement below and looks upon the colossal proportions, and contemplates the awe-inspiring grandeur of St. Peter's, Rome, as it lifts its majestic dome four hundred and seventy feet into the heavens, supported by magnificent Corinthian columns, or in the centre of the great building under the dome and gazing up into its lofty arch, all so harmoniously arranged that the individual parts are lost sight of in the marvelous unity of the whole, there comes a feeling of overpowering bewilderment not altogether unlike that experienced while by the shore of the deep-rolling sea, or gazing up into the unmeasurable reaches of the starry realm. In both we involuntarily adore the wonderful intellect that could conceive and effect such concordant immensities. The chief architect of this gigantic structure, Michel

Angelo Buonarroti, the object of our consideration, was born on the 6th of March, 1774, in the castle of Capresa in Tuscany. His ancestors, the counts of Canossa, were of royal blood, being descended from the house of Henry II., and possessed what is now known as the Patrimony of St. Peter; all of which were characters of exemplary heroism and genius combined with a sincere adherence to strict religious principles. The family name, about the time of which we speak, was changed from Canossa to Buonarroti. The probable reason for this was because from time out of mind the latter name had been, almost without exception, in every generation, even down to Michel Angelo, who had, as we learn, a brother by that name.

At Michel Angelo's birth his father Lodovico di Leonardo Buonarroti Simone was governor of the two provinces of Capresa and Chiusi. However, he was a man of moderate circumstances and small income. According to the superstitious belief of the time the young Buonarroti, being born at the time when Mercury and Venus were for the second time in conjunction with Jupiter, was thought destined to be a genius and a world-renowned leader in the æsthetic arts, as architecture, painting, sculpture, etc.

From early infancy to boyhood his father entrusted his care to a woman, the wife of a stone-mason. When old enough, he was sent to a grammar school in Florence for the purpose of being educated for some learned profession. With disgust for the tedium of the school-room and dry text-books, his mind, agreeable to the superstitious astrology of the time, turned to drawing and painting whenever he could steal a moment from his instructors. He finally neglected his studies and gave his whole time and attention to art. He afterwards also conceived a fondness for sculpture, and was soon trying his hand with the chisel. His first attempt at painting was the copying of an old print representing St. Anthony beaten by devils. This, in vivid portrayal and union of parts, was a remarkable success for one so young.

His kinspeople were very much opposed to his being an artist, and did all in their power to avert his attention to other pursuits, but to no avail. He was a born artist, and had no taste nor inclination for any other occupation. He now began to study under the master painters of his time, such as Ghirlandaio and others. But soon his unbounded genius broke forth from old forms and customs and adopted a style of its own, one of a bolder nature than that of his instructors and predecessors. Ere long he had surpassed them, as they readily admitted, and was pushing out in the van of Italy's most famous masters.

Up to this time painting had been his favorite, but chancing one day to see some sculptors at work, he was seized with the desire to try his skill at the same. His first attempt with the chisel met with eminent success. From this time on he turned his attention mostly to sculpture, finding his aptitude for that greater than for painting. Soon the famous sculptor Lorenzo de Medici, by the consent of Lodovico, adopted him into his family and gave him every opportunity for pursuing his chosen profession. While here he associated with men of rank and genius, and formed higher ideas of his art. Day after day he arduously pursued his studies and made rapid advances under the matchless instruction of his guardian Lorenzo. One of his first pieces was a basso-relievo in marble, representing the battle of Hercules with the Centaurs. On April 8, 1492, Lorenzo died, upon which he returned to his father's house.

Michel Angelo was now independent. Steadily and rapidly he gained favor and popularity. Soon all were compelled to admit his overwhelming superiority. Masters and Popes paid him homage and engaged his services for the execution of their most difficult tasks and the realization of their highest fancies. But like all who aspire to supreme eminence, all great characters that soar far above the commonplace things and achievements of men, he had his enemies and evil-wishers.

Envious of his ability, jealous of popular applause, and exasperated at the unquestioned superiority of one of such short experience, they were ready to concert almost anything for his disgrace and disfavor. However, he overrode all these and stood out the pioneer in his art. Though he devoted most of his time to sculpture, he by no means neglected painting. Later on, with the same versatility shown in the other branches of art, he turned his hand to architecture. Among his first attempts at this was, under the Sultan Bajazet II., the construction of the bridge uniting Constantinople to Pera. His skill in this line advanced so rapidly that in 1529 he was appointed military architect and master of ordnance for the republic. In the turbulent state of affairs then existing, besides other works of like character, he fortified a height called Monte San Miniato, commanding Florence. The issues that followed proved the wisdom and clear foresight characterizing this step.

On the 24th of October of the same year the Prince of Orange encamped before Florence and made preparations for storming San Miniato. But so firm and faultless were the garrison and fortifications, and so crafty his opponent, that all attempts were foiled. Only by a long siege it was that a capitulation was forced from the Florentines.

In the year 1546 Michel Angelo, upon the death of San Gallo, was appointed architect of St. Peter's. He at first refused the honor and responsibility of such a position. But at the urgent request of the Pope he finally consented to undertake it upon the condition that he should receive no salary, but that his services should be accepted as a token of his reverence and devotional feeling. The history of the erection of this gigantic edifice from foundation to apex would of itself fill a volume. The first stone was laid on the 18th of April, 1506, by Julius II. Bramante was appointed first architect. In 1514 he died, and Leo X. appointed in his stead Giuliano da San Gallo, Raffaello d'Urbino and Giocondo da Verona.

Giuliano and Giocondo both declined on account of indisposition, and the whole affair was left upon Rafaello. Upon his death in 1520, his trusty and successful assistant, Antonio da San Gallo, took the work, and with some alterations prosecuted it till his death in 1546, when, as we have seen above, Michel Angelo received appointment from the Pope. He made great changes in his predecessors' designs, and had much to undo that they had done. But with his own original designs and under his masterly hand the magnificent structure gradually rose as the years passed. All was now complete except the dome, and this was modeled, and only delayed in completion by a financial stringency. But Michel Angelo was never to see the completion of this the grandest of all his productions. On the 17th of February, 1563, after a brief illness of fever, he died.

In appearance and physical build Michel Angelo was of medium stature, angular, with broad shoulders and rather large head with broad projecting forehead. His features were regular, with the exception of a flat nose, due to a blow received in a fray with the schoolmate of his, Torrigiano. His complexion was fair, eyes small and hazel; his hair, which he wore short, was thick, black and curled, and his full beard black, and generally cut about four inches long. His general health during his youth was poor, yet as years advanced he became more hale and strong.

He became so much absorbed in his work that he withdrew, to a great extent, from society, preferring solitude and the companionship of his genius and the fancies of his prolific brain to the light frivolities of the court or the superficial babble of the commonality.

In his literary taste Dante and Petrarch were his favorite authors. It is said that he was so familiar with their works that he could repeat by memory nearly all of them. Some of his productions of art were probably suggested and given coloring by the weird strains of the Tuscan bard whom he

particularly admired. He himself also now and then, when leisure presented itself, indulged in poesy. His few productions along this line tell us that his fame as a poet, had he devoted his life to that, would not be less than that high name he now holds in the world of art. His sonnets are gems. His high appreciation of Dante is best shown by the following:

“How shall we speak of him, for our blind eyes
 Are all unequal to his dazzling rays?
 Easier it is to blame his enemies
 Than for the tongue to tell his lightest praise.
 For us did he explore the realms of woe;
 And at his coming did high heaven expand
 Her lofty gates, to whom his native land
 Refused to open hers. Yet shalt thou know,
 Ungrateful city, in thine own despite,
 That thou hast fostered best thy Dante's fame;
 For virtue when oppressed appears more bright,
 And brighter therefore shall his glory be,
 Suffering of all mankind most wrongfully,
 Since in the world there lives no greater name.”

Among his contemporaries in the arts were Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Titian.

Beyond doubt his greatest work of painting is the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, executed in 1508-'12. This painting is one hundred and twenty-five feet nine inches long and forty-three feet six inches wide. The next is his celebrated piece, *The Last Judgment*, in the same chapel, painted about thirty years afterwards. Public admiration for this was equal, if not greater, than that for the former. This picture is fifty-four feet six inches high and forty-three feet six inches in width. Among his finest pieces of sculpture are his *Bacchus*, *La Madonna*, and monuments of Dukes Giuliano di Medici and Lorenzo di Medici in the sacristy of the Church of St. Lorenzo in Florence; *La Pieta*, in St. Peter's; *David*, *Slaves*, and *Christ taken down from the Cross*, in the cathedral in Florence. His designs were numerous and of a high type. In *architecture*

St. Peter's is his masterpiece. Though it lacked a little of completion at his death, to him it owes its magnificent splendor and symmetry.

Michel Angelo was an artist in the truest sense. Not one who takes for his model individual nature and imitates only, but one who takes the perfect component parts of nature, one by one, and brings them together into one object, creating a new being and forming a more perfect assemblage, a more harmonious whole than is ever seen in individual nature.

JUL. E. YATES.

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE CANOE.

In the days of old, before the solitudes of the West were disturbed by the white man, there was a custom among the Indians who roamed and hunted the forests about the Great Lakes, to meet once a year to offer a sacrifice to the "Great Spirit" of the Falls. This offering generally consisted of the most beautiful maiden of the tribe whose turn it was to make it. And those alone were eligible who had during the present sacrificial year bloomed into womanhood.

Each tribe looked forward with no little anxiety for its turn to come, and the maiden chosen felt her bosom swell with modest pride, deeming it the greatest compliment that one of her sex could possibly receive, and the highest mission she could ever fulfil. For in those days, and especially among those tribes, being "loved and courted ere sixteen" was not the goal of a girl's ambition—her *summum bonum* of life—nor her perfect ideal of virgin happiness. Of the principles upon which the elections were conducted we know but little. But perhaps it would not be uninteresting to note that they were occasions of much enthusiasm and of great excitement; and by no means were they always unanimous. For, as is often the

case nowadays—so then—girls, just in their “sweet sixteen,” were simpler, purer, more innocent, more credulous,—and hence more amiable, than at any other age. Thus those of them who were eligible to that sacred office were objects of love and beauty. And many a gallant young Indian warrior, each hoping to rival the other, and that some day she would make his wigwam happy, would bribe, manipulate, and in divers manners try to turn the election. But among those savage tribes *woman suffrage* was not such an abominable institution—not entirely unconstitutional (? !!), consequently “bribes” were not so easy and “frauds” were not so common.

Election days were most always followed by a season of merry-making and congratulations, after which the virgin-elect was allowed three days to go out among the hills and flowers—not like Jephtha’s daughter, however, “to bewail,” but to exalt her virginity. Upon returning home, she underwent a specified time and method of purification. Then, seated in a small white canoe, she paddled out into the stream, where the increasing current caught it, carried it to the eddies and dashed it over the Falls.

On one occasion the only daughter of the Chief of the Seneca Indians was, by unanimous consent, called “the most beautiful”—as they expressed it. Her mother had long since been slain by a hostile tribe. Her father was the bravest warrior of his day; and though his stern brow was never seen to relax, and though he never shed a tear even over the death of a loved one; yet, on this occasion, a tear stood upon his cheek, and his breast heaved with subdued emotion.

The sacrificial day was appointed, and the solemn hour came. The tribes all gathered upon a little knoll that overlooked Lake Erie, about where Buffalo stands to-day. The sun was setting, and threw its shades over the darkening waters. Behind them a dismal forest lay, where beautiful vines clustering seemed to drink the evening twilight. Before them the lake rippled quietly, and little glories danced and

sparkled; then shooting here and there, one by one hid themselves away. And as the full moon heaved above the lingering mist, the white canoe, laden with its precious freight, moved out upon the gleaming waters. Facing the shore, the maiden sat midway the boat, while upon the stern and prow clusters of fresh fruits and flowers lay. When this appeared upon the panorama, a moment of deepest solemnity prevailed. But soon it was interrupted; for as it was nearing the rapids, a wild and frantic cry broke the stillness, rang through hill and dale, and echoed in the woodland on the opposite shore. And while this shriek slowly died away, another canoe, like an arrow flying to destruction, came shooting from behind a bluff, under the powerful impulse of the old Indian Chieftain. Upon this a sickly silence ensued. Every Indian upon the shore stood in profound amazement. No living being could arrest his wild precipitation, nor tell what sacrilege he was going to commit. One awful moment! and then the eyes of the father and the eyes of the daughter met in one steady gaze of mutual devotion. Another moment! and the two canoes, side by side, reached and leaped the cliff, and sank into the yawning abyss below. Another pause! and then the Indians experienced blessings and joys such as came to them only on similar occasions. After awhile the belated spectators, with reverent hearts, turned from that hallowed place.

And ever after, whether in the wigwam, or whether upon the war-path, not one of them forgot the experience of that dreadful moment. But each, in his turn, found peculiar pleasure in relating to his fellows what he thought, and how he felt; and then in listening to the varied experiences of the others. But why their brave Chieftain on that day should have forgot the dignity of his position, laid aside his royalty, manned his boat, and, without premeditation, gave his "soul away," was always a mystery to the Red Man. But it must have been that while gazing upon the scene, and when he saw

his treasure—his only daughter—more radiantly beautiful than ever before; when he beheld her drifting away upon the laughing waters, and in the pale moonlight, then he, the brave, the invincible, the never vanquished, was overwhelmed by the beautiful and the sublime, and was persuaded that to “perish with her were better than to live apart.” For before a scene like that gold has no glitter, wealth has no luxury, royalty has no dominion, life has no charm.

And though this was but a heathen custom, and though in it the benighted creatures were deluded—yet, its contemplation! How it appeals to man’s refined and artistic nature! How it calls reverence into play! T. M. LEARY.

MARSHAL MacMAHON.

No title of which we read in history carries with it more of interest and of exciting suggestiveness than does that of “Marshal of France.” How engrossingly entertaining is the history of the Marshals under the First Napoleon! Ney, “the bravest of the brave,” whose military genius was equalled by none except perhaps that of Bonaparte himself; Grouchy, upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of Napoleon’s defeat at Waterloo, and the corresponding change in the course of the world’s history; Bernadotte, Murat—these names have a charm for the reader which words are too feeble to describe. Of scarcely less interest and importance are the lives and careers of the Marshals of the Second Empire—Bazaine, Canrobert, MacMahon, and others of less note. Marshal of France! The empty title, to say nothing of the man beneath it, appeals to our imagination and enforces our admiration, whether we will or no.

But for everyone, be he king or subject, Marshal or private, the "hour-glass is shaken and the scythe descends." General MacMahon, the last but one of the Marshals of France, is dead, dead at the very time when he would wish most to live, when Frenchmen are shouting "Vive la Republique" with renewed zeal, exhilarated with pleasure at the conscious certainty that France is once more recognized among the powers of Europe.

The ancestors of MacMahon were of Irish descent. And if Voltaire's assertion that "Irishmen fight well in every country except their own," be true, it can at least be said that MacMahon fought well in France, not because he was an Irishman fighting on foreign soil, but because France was *his own* country. A graduate of the famous military school of St. Cyr at an early age, captain in the French army at twenty-five, he was already in process of promotion to that foremost position in the army, the badge of which is the Marshal's truncheon.

In the Crimean war, by his signal bravery in the capture of the Malakoff, he won his laurels. In the Italian campaign he was made Duke of Magenta and Marshal of France at the same time. But at Sedan the star which had blazed forth with such unparalleled splendor paled—almost disappeared. He who had been the idol of France now received the execration of a heartless multitude—and because he was not always victorious. Had his lot been cast with Napoleon I., instead of Napoleon III., his name might to-day rank with that of Ney. As is too often the case, Marshal MacMahon was taken to task for the faults of others. In the Franco-German war, though chief in command, he was hampered by the authorities at Paris. Had he been allowed to conduct the campaign according to his own views, Sedan might not have been lost; Alsace and Lorraine might not have been swallowed up by a foreign nation; the French army might not have been hemmed up in its encampments, humiliated and disgraced.

In 1873 he became, against his own wishes, President of the Republic of France. His administration was not a success. The soldier was not capable, or rather, had not the tact to grapple with the questions that puzzle the statesman. His province was to fight, not to guide the troubled affairs of state. Moreover, his sympathies were with the monarchical party. This the frenzied mind of the populace could not brook, and he was soon replaced by another. From that time he was a private citizen, but always living as he had fought, for France. His country was his god, and he died worshipping at its altar.

Frenchmen do not give to MacMahon the share of praise that he deserves, and but for the suggestion of a foreigner, his death would have been scarcely noticed in the furore of enthusiasm produced by the friendly advances of the Czar; but more observant and less prejudiced people than the French will always consider Marshal MacMahon as one of the military geniuses of modern times.

R. W. HAYWOOD.

EDITORIALS.

THE VALUE OF FICTION.

Those short-sighted, long-faced individuals who are so fond of indiscriminately condemning the ways of their more fortunate brothers who find both pleasure and profit in fiction, are probably not aware of its ancient lineage and its universal adaptability to the needs of the race. The romance fills the same niche in the desires of the men of our day as the minstrels and *troubadours* did in the Middle Ages, or that the story-tellers did in ye olden time. Men have always been fond of a good narrative, and have been listening to them since the beginning of time; and if our modern novel is a more broadening and deepening influence, and more nearly touches the inmost meanings of life and character, then, indeed, are we the gainers thereby.

In using the word "fiction," it is not intended that it shall embrace everything which the enterprising publishers, in response to the call of a trash-devouring public, places upon the news stands. Such books as those of the Laura Jean Libbey stamp—and worse—are truly fictitious in the literal sense of the word, perfectly anomalous to every spark of truth in nature and to every fact of human experience. Such fiction, although perused in large quantities by our people, cannot be too strongly condemned.

The so-called love story of the glaring paper-back type, which is so patronizingly recommended as a "fine book" by the news butcher, with that peculiar smile which clearly indicates that a battle is being waged in its author's mind between his contempt for your literary ignorance and his desire to make a sale, is the most common example of this

kind. The predominant, and, in fact, the sole feature of these books is that the author places in all of his creations some foolish sentiment, contrary to all reality, which he calls love, and which makes them do all manner of outlandish things which no sane person in real life would ever think of doing, no matter how deeply in love. We pass over such effusions with only the advice that if you are bound to make a choice between it and the bloody gulch series, take "Deadshot Joe" and "Dagger Pete" every time.

Then, it is not only necessary to omit the consideration of such books as have a vulgar or vicious tendency, but also those which, on account of their insipidity and lack of strength, are unworthy the interest of even an intelligent child.

Under the word fiction we speak of that class of literature which may or may not be true as regards the actual happening of the scenes and incidents described, but which must be true to life and nature, true to the character, the hopes, aims and aspirations of the race. To be profitable, it must be true to the better side of our nature, and suffused with the ennobling glow of high ideals. One can but be benefitted by reading such books. For often those who write them are men and women who have passed through the crucible, who have borne the strain of great experiences, and they place in the breasts of their characters the same struggles and triumphs, battles and victories, which have been waged within their own souls,—and how we feel our whole nature grow despondent with the trials, and glow with conscious pride of victory won, at the triumph of these characters. We come into close contact with our great authors through their books, and live with them the lives of their creations. Very few characters of fiction are absolutely imaginary, and it has been said that no one can write well unless having first experienced the things of which he treats.

Mr. Marion Crawford, in speaking of the "purpose novel," goes so far as to say that the law should allow damages to

the unwary reader who buys a book with the sole intention of being amused, and afterwards finds that he has unwittingly paid for some man's views on the poor question of the divorce laws.

However, the historical novel should not be classed with the inertistic "purpose novel," that is, if the history is incidental and subordinate to the plot. One of the most useful functions of the novel is to teach history, but the history must be necessary to the plot, and the latter must not bear *prima facie* evidence that it was created for the sake of the history. One may learn a great deal of history by reading Scott's novels, but the history is not obtrusive, it comes along as incident to the plot and remains with us. Suppose our author has made a close study of a certain period, probably spent years on it, then, when he revivifies it by placing living men and women before us as representatives, do we not get a clearer view and a better color than could be obtained from a dry statement of the facts, especially since we have learned that the history of a nation is not the record of only the royal family?

Since nine-tenths of the persons who read novels read them for amusement and not for instruction, Mr. Crawford's remark does not appear so unjust. But every novel should be a purpose novel to the extent of teaching good, wholesome morality. And this can be done without in the least detracting from the reader's amusement—in fact it must be done to amuse him—and, as he reads, he unconsciously imbibes the healthy sentiment which pervades the book, and when he has finished he is a better man for having read it.

Great writers are men of broad culture and feelings, and they put the very best products of their minds and hearts into their books. These are the choice sweets which we extract, the savory morsels that remain with us after we have probably forgotten the book itself. And if we are searching for amusement, what could be a source of greater pleasure than reading the works of these men, who, at the same time they

interest us, impart to us a broader culture, a higher intelligence, a greater enthusiasm for the good and the true, and, best of all, set before us the example of great and noble characters? In fact, this is the greatest function of the novel—to teach character.

Our fiction is and must remain ideal. That is, the characters in some sense must be heroic, must be greater men and women than we find in real life, must possess greater virtues—not, perhaps, greater than our noblest men and women, but more than the average. Otherwise, it is valueless. A few persons may probably ask for “artistic” works, books which show up human nature exactly as it is, with not a single improvement, but the great body of readers demands a literature that shall furnish them ideals of heroism and virtue, which though perhaps never attained, nevertheless may lift us higher and make us better in the struggle for them. It is this ideality in fiction that causes us to be so fond of reading it. Men do not care to read a book which tells of people exactly like those they meet every day. Of course we do not want idealism to such an extent as that it shall be nonsense, but when we command our authors to divest their works of all ideals and to narrate the plain, and perhaps gross, facts of everyday life, then fiction has fulfilled its mission.

R. F. B.

COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

The magazine has become an integral part of every institution of note. This is entirely in accordance with the fitness of things. No field of human activity but has its representative organ. The merchant has his; so has the physician, the lawyer, the artist, the mechanic, and why not the student? The body of students in this country has been growing larger

daily. Along with growth in numbers there has been felt a growing need of some means for the interchange of ideas among the students of each individual college and among those of the different colleges. To satisfy this need and to foster the study of English the college magazine sprang into existence.

The obstacles that stand in the way of progress in the field of college journalism are many and serious. One of them is of a financial nature. Sad, but nevertheless true, that there is nothing in this world without its financial phase. Money is a necessity in politics. Money is a necessity in religion. It is even impossible to run a magazine without the aid of the "filthy lucre," though some subscribers seem to think that the editors and business manager of a college journal have an Aladdin's lamp, which they have only to rub and the paper and mailing are all paid for and the printing and binding all done.

Furthermore, college journalism meets with a deadening rebuff in the lack of interest in literary work which characterizes most students. Is this lack of interest due to lack of ability? Not altogether, we think. That college magazines are generally so poorly supported is due to nothing else than the disposition of students to studiously avoid anything like work. Students, as a general thing, cannot write faultlessly of course. But there are few average sophomores, juniors and seniors who cannot, with proper care and effort, write a readable article. We would not be understood as urging anyone to rush into print, but simply as offering the suggestion that absolute perfection is not expected in the contributions of the average student.

With these hindrances and others of more or less importance there is little wonder that college journalism sustains so very precarious an existence. So much in general. We cannot close without a few words with reference to college journalism at Wake Forest College.

Whether THE STUDENT shall be a success this year, whether it shall maintain the high position that it has heretofore won and held among college journals, depends very largely upon the interest taken in it by the students.

Nothing is more apparent than that an education is not complete without a thorough acquaintance with the English language. The columns of THE STUDENT, open to all, offer unusual advantages for the attainment of this end. No matter what your vocation in life may be, whether law, medicine, teaching, or the ministry, you can ill afford to neglect the opportunities for literary improvement offered through this medium.

The outlook for the year is very encouraging. With the lively interest that our English Professor is arousing in his all-important branch, and with the hearty co-operation of all the boys, it is to be hoped that the tone of THE STUDENT will be elevated and the number of its contributions increased.

R. W. H.

WANTED.

This is written with no idea of an attempt at the amusing which has characterized many previous articles in THE STUDENT with the above heading, but as an appeal for more college spirit and a greater interest in college matters. It is not fine buildings, a brilliant Faculty, magnificent endowments or pleasant situation that make the college. These come well in their places, but are not the most important elements in its success. It is the students by which it is judged. Whatever they do brings either honor or reproach upon the college, and their responsibility is greater than they imagine.

Sordid indifference to an institution which is a medium of bringing the college before the people in a manner creditable

is worse than opposition. You can kill athletics, the college magazine, or any other college interest, by indifference. Yet, in its failure you share in the reproach, whether you will or not. If your team on the foot-ball or on the base-ball ground is defeated, every man bears it in some measure, the world casts it upon you; likewise is it in victory. Your team victorious, the world will honor you and make you proud of it in spite of yourself, even though you be opposed to athletics.

I would perpetuate in song the story of a minister who upon the occasion of a game said: "I do not like foot-ball, but when it's Wake Forest in the game I'll shout for her on the grounds till I am hoarse." May such spirit be increased, for Wake Forest is going to play, defeat or victory, and she's going to do it the best she can. She's going to have a magazine, and she's going to have a great college, unless she is frozen to death by the indifference of those who should be supporters.

And there are wanted men of courage, conviction, endurance, enthusiasm to carry on the institutions of the college. It is pleasant to note that there are some who are present at every call of duty, but there must be more. Students of Wake Forest, will you do it? There are many things which need your support. Let us lay our heads and hearts together to make this year characterized by the grandest efforts ever made by the students of this noble institution. George Eliot, after living some years at each of the great English universities, being asked her opinion of them, said that Cambridge was the greater, because there was fellowship, and unity, and love; but at Oxford criticism was the order, and no innovation but met with severe opposition. Fellow-students, let not that be a cause of any failure on our part.

W. L. F.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—In spite of the mournful wail of the modern pessimist and the frothy declamation of the fractious socialist, there are some things which afford foundation for the belief that people are not so bad after all—not so bad even as they used to be, and not at all so incurably wicked as certain ill-balanced minds choose to represent them. It is true that mobs of enraged Southerners occasionally swing some wretched offender to a limb; it is true that the large manufacturers of the North and West practice extortion upon their employees; it is true that the seas of money poured out at the Chicago Fair *might* be invested in such a way that it would be of more lasting good to the race; it may be true that the much abused “gold bugs” are trying to expel from the currency that other metal of not so pronounced a color as gold; but surely it is not true that we are all on the downward road that leads to destruction.

Among other things which might be mentioned in support of this statement is the stand taken by the people of the United States in regard to the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday. Through the press and through the prominent ministers of the various denominations, they spoke imperatively: The fair is ours; we respect the Sabbath; let the gates be closed. So their name will go down to history as that of a Sabbath-loving nation.

The very lament of the pessimist goes to show that people are not growing worse. The man who writes long, dreary books and delivers heart-rending lectures on the destitution and vice of the large cities, affords unquestionable proof, not that vice is growing more prevalent, but that it is being more and more brought before the eyes of the public. Time has

been, even in our own century, when it was hardly known that there was an excess of misery, not to speak of relieving it. The tender-hearted woman visiting the slums of the cities, carrying food and clothing to the poor; the compassionate man going down into the gutter, lifting up and restoring the inebriate—these are living witnesses of the charitableness of the age.

The disposition of the people of to-day to seek out and relieve misery and the systematic way in which they go about doing this, are by no means the last proofs that might be mentioned to strengthen the conviction that the world is steadily advancing toward a higher plane of morals.

AFTER THE FAIR.—The World's Exposition closed October 30. In the way of a show the Fair was the "biggest on earth." So the papers say, at any rate. Thousands of Americans, with apparently inexhaustible capacities for sight-seeing poured into the gates daily from the opening of the Fair to its close. For not less than twelve months the Fair has been the subject for discussion in every circle. Editors have written about it, preachers have moralized about it, tight-fisted economists have grumbled about it, New Yorkers have sworn about it, and those who didn't go have raved about it interminably. And now that the gates are closed, now that the statue of the Republic holds up its arms and smiles lonesomely on empty grounds and silent buildings, now that the sight-seers have like the Arabs folded their tents and silently stolen away, the alarming question presents itself, what next? What will people talk about now? Will tongues that have been wagging ceaselessly ever since the gates were opened—will they go on now that the Fair has closed; or will they, by a dignified refusal to wag, indicate their utter contempt for a subject of less majestic proportions. There is food for reflection. We are frank to confess our inability to answer—at least with any degree of accuracy. But bearing in mind that people *will* talk, it is safe to say that the recollections of the Fair will never be eradicated from the minds of the people. In the years to come many a

white-haired old man will take his little grandchildren upon his knee and tell them about the time when he rode upon the Ferris wheel; when he saw with his own eyes the swarthy Hindoo, the yellow Mongolian and the thick-lipped Dahomayan; when he was gulled by the fakirs of Midway Plaisance, and when all the while he listened to the inspiring strains of the national hymn, "After the Ball is Over." And the grandchildren in open-mouthed wonder will gulp it all down, and bewail the decree of Providence that placed their lives in a century other than the nineteenth.

SHERMAN PURCHASE ACT EXIT.—The Senate has voted! The storm of debate has passed. The hurricane of contention is over. The Senators have taken their pill, not, however, without a great deal of shrinking and making ugly faces. Now they will go straggling to their homes, some in high glee over the successful termination of their pet project, others uttering inwardly curses against sound-money men, and especially pouring out the vials of their wrath on the head of the obstinate President, as they choose to call him. Certainly it is not in times of peace and tranquillity that men make themselves known. Had there been no financial panic, had the people not demanded some vital reform, had the President not seen fit to call a special session of Congress, the name of Voorhees would not have been on everybody's tongue, and Peffer's beard would not have been pulled by every opponent of free silver from the Lakes to the Gulf. Grover Cleveland, more than anyone, can reasonably congratulate himself on the turn which affairs have taken. From August 7, when he sent his message to Congress, to October 30, when the repeal bill was passed, he presented the same solid and impervious front to the opposition. When the Senate was on the point of unconditionally rejecting the bill, a word from Grover Cleveland was sufficient to put a very effectual check upon such action. Compromise was then offered and as quickly squashed by the pitiless logic of the long-headed Grover.

There was no little odium-chucking in the recent Senatorial encounter. This was to be expected. It would be a poor and uninteresting debate, indeed, in which the participants do not give one another the lie, crack vulgar jokes, and indulge in other harmless pleasantries of a similar nature.

A PLEDGE KEPT.—Whatever may be said against the Democratic administration, it cannot be said that it has not already made some radical changes in the laws of this country. Not the least important among these is the repeal of the Federal Election Law. Of course Republicans have not failed to vent their spleen upon their opponents in every possible way. They could not do otherwise. It was the scheme of their party. It was killed by the vote of the other party. One Republican organ says that the act is a gross insult to all good citizens. And so the most of them. But the majority of the people of this country, and particularly those of the South, endorse the action of Congress.

SLAV AND GAUL.—At first thought it might appear that Russia was compromising herself in setting the seal of her approval on the alliance with France. For though she is weakened by disease and famine, Russia, for all that, plays no unimportant part in the complicated game of European politics. On the contrary, there is a current belief that La Belle France has lost her prestige and has fallen back to be one of the minor powers. But the Emperor of Russia had his eyes open, doubtless, when he sent Admiral Avelan to Toulon with his respects to the French President. He evidently did not take this step without first comprehending the full significance of a coalition with France. He foresaw if ever again the gates of Janus should be opened and Europe shaken by the march of her armies, that the most efficient addition to Slavonic coolness would be French impetuosity. It was not a difficult matter for the Czar of the Russias to remember that, of all men, Frenchmen fear death least and the foe not at all.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ROWLAND BEASLEY, Editor.

THE latest London success in fiction is "Dodo," a novel, by E. F. Benson.

PRINCE BISMARCK has completed his Memoirs covering the years 1866 to 1870.

"THE Life and work of John Ruskin," by W. G. Collingwood, is the last tribute to the memory of that great Englishman. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in two volumes.

M. BOURGET'S visit to this country is the result of an arrangement with the editor of the New York *Herald*, and is to result in an American society novel, to be published in that newspaper.

THAT justly popular poet James Whitcombe Riley, has just brought out another volume of verse entitled "Poems Here at Home." Like his former works, this volume is a collection of those quaint and interesting poems treating of the simple lives of the rural folk. It contains verses of love, nature, patriotism, friendship and death, such as the "Rag-gedy man," "The Old Band," etc.

MAURICE THOMPSON, in a recent issue of the *Independent*, on "The Test of Originality," limits the number of original lyric poets to five. These are Sappho and Theocritus, of Greece; Villon of France; Burns of Scotland, and Poe of America. He says: "As for Poe, he is a prophet honored in all countries save his own. Old World critics have been practically unanimous in rating him supremely first of American poets in point of originality, while our own critics, unfortunately for the most part rivals of Poe in the choir, have not spared ink trying to write him down."

“THE United States: An outline of Political History,” by Professor Goldwin Smith. The book is an octavo of three hundred pages, within which is compressed the pith of American history from 1492 to 1871. The greatest value of the work is the characterization of prominent men, from Franklin to Lincoln.

“THE Witness to Immortality in Literature, Philosophy and Life,” by George A. Goddon, pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, is a recent contribution to that class of literature which studies the problems of the ages in the light of revelation. “He does not lose the sense of humanity in the knowledge of abstract things. To him the great realities are God and the soul. Abstract truth is of value only as it stands for concrete reality.”

Now, is it not really remarkable that “the curtain falls upon a scene of unalloyed connubial felicity” in a recent novel called “Elinor Fenton,” by David S. Porter? It is still more singular that this should be the case after we learn that the story begins by describing a sportsman’s experience in camping out in the Adirondack region, and also touches lightly upon a “supposed tragedy, an unintentional murder, a hasty flight, and a life overshadowed by the consciousness of a crime.”

THE *London Spectator*, in discussing to what extent journalism is literature, makes this synopsis of the daily newspaper: “An average morning paper contains fifty-six columns. Of these twenty-four are devoted to advertisements, seven to foreign and domestic news, seven to letters of correspondents, the reports of public ceremonies, weddings, etc.; seven to sporting intelligence, five to city intelligence, three of police news, and three columns of original matter. The three columns of original matter and the seven devoted to correspondents are the only ones that can lay the remotest claim to literature, and most people say there is no justification for their claim.” “Some journalism is literature, no doubt, but

a very large number of the columns in a daily newspaper bear no more relation to literature than a tin whistle does to a flute."

"Although Emerson's 'Essays' are for sale at every bookstore, we have as yet produced no essayist in America worthy to rank in the first class with Bacon, Addison, Macaulay and Carlyle. Emerson's prose has already become a classic, and it will undoubtedly live, if for no other reason than that he was the best representative of ideas which have had a marked effect in making American history."—*St. Louis Republic*.

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. E. YATES, Editor.

—'61. Col. T. F. Toon has recently accepted the position of assistant professor in Robeson Institute. A worthy election.

Rev. C. C. Newton ('67-'70) and family left Durham on the 15th instant on their return to the mission field at Lagos, Africa. They will sail from New York in a few days. They have our best wishes for their safe return and for a successful sojourn in the Dark Continent.

Prof. W. C. Riddick ('77-'84), of the A. M. College, and the charming and accomplished Miss Lillian Irene Daniel, of Weldon, were united in wedlock on the 18th of October.

—'80. Rev. C. S. Farris still occupies the chair of Greek in Stetson University, of De Land, Fla. He is a genial, polished and scholarly gentleman and well merits popular esteem. This institution recently received a magnificent bequest of \$70,000.

—'81. Carey J. Hunter, the shrewd and fascinating State agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, was, on the 18th of October, united in matrimony with Mrs. Eugenia A. Tomlinson, of Clayton.

—'81. J. R. Hunter spent a few weeks on the Hill, after the opening of the session, in special laboratory work, after which he returned to Johns Hopkins to further prosecute his studies in chemistry. He resigned his position in Oshkosh University, Wisconsin, some time ago in order to more thoroughly prepare himself for his profession.

L. H. Caldwell ('84-'85) is a prosperous merchant in Lumberton. He is highly respected and influential in his section. He, as all of our *alumni* should, has the interests of Wake Forest deeply at heart, and is ever ready to aid her when she is in need.

Rev. E. E. Blount ('84-'86), formerly of Robeson, who for a time served the church at Middleburg, Ky., has returned, and is now the pastor of churches in Haywood County.

—'89. In the *News-Observer-Chronicle* of the 5th instant we were pleased to note the following: "Dr. Harvey Upchurch, of New York, is spending some time in the city on a visit to his parents. Dr. Upchurch has a responsible position in one of New York's large hospitals, and is achieving marked success in his profession, which is very gratifying to his North Carolina friends."

—'92. Rev. M. A. Adams, the popular and enthusiastic pastor of Monroe Baptist Church, has commenced the publication of a religious monthly, *The Union Baptist*. The first number, bearing date November 1, does high credit to its worthy editor. He has, also, as pastor, recently begun a series of sermons on *marriage*. If more of our preachers would come down to the practical issues of life and, laying aside this false sense of modesty and using less high-flown eloquence, fine-spun theory and pleasing rhetoric, denounce from the pulpit the common evils of the day, the jails, work-houses, penitentiaries and insane asylums would receive less patronage, while schools, churches and other elevating institutions would receive more. Let them stand up, like their Master, and deliver their blows straight from the shoulder.

—'92. Rev. W. R. Bradshaw is the pastor of Moravian Falls Church. He is a live, whole-souled, consecrated man, as we who knew him at school can testify, and is admirably sustaining this name as a pastor.

—'92. Rev. W. R. Cullom, who during the summer was elected tutor in the S. B. T. Seminary, of Louisville, has accepted the pastorate of the Irvington church, which he will serve in connection with his Seminary work. He is a brilliant and promising young man.

—'92. J. C. Clifford is now teaching in the Wakefield Academy. He fills the vacancy caused by the resignation of Irving Hardeston ('92) to attend the Chicago University. In him the Academy has a firm, earnest and enthusiastic instructor. He is liked very much by students, teachers and citizens. His plain and unassuming manners make fast friends for him wherever he goes.

Revs. D. W. Herring ('82), W. E. Crocker ('90), F. M. Royall ('90) and T. L. Blalock ('91-'92) delivered their farewell addresses at Reidsville on the 29th ult. before leaving for the foreign field. They bade adieu to their native State on the 30th. Before this reaches the reader they will have embarked for China, there to devote themselves to the service of the Master as missionaries. Going to China as a missionary has come to be regarded by some nowadays as a matter of little inconvenience and sacrifice. But with the present relation of that people to ours, and the probability of retaliatory measures on their part, bold and fearless is he who can leave the peaceful home-land and all the environments and attachments of nature to go among these hostile strangers. Only a firm, unshaken reliance in the power of Him whose command they obey could nerve to such self-sacrifice. May He grant them a prosperous voyage, sure protection, firm support and consolation as they proclaim the good tidings to the heathen. May they be the means of much good in the foreign field.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

W. L. FOUSHEE, Editor.

IN MEMORIAM—Foot-ball.

THE melancholy days.

'TIS better to have played and lost, than never to have played at all.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR was absent from the Hill some days attending Associations.

DR. WATKINS and wife of Winston, N. C., were on the Hill a few days since visiting their son.

WHERE are the usual class yells which in former years made day and night hideous, and where is the glee club?

ONE of the large microscopes belonging to the Biological Laboratory is missing. Professor Poteat says he has no clue to its whereabouts.

ON October 12 Mr. S. McIntyre ('92), of Louisburg, was married to Miss Minta Allen, by Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, assisted by W. B. Morton. THE STUDENT extends congratulations.

ON October 22 M. P. Davis ('95) was ordained to the ministry of the gospel. The Presbytery consisted of Doctors C. E. Taylor, W. B. Royall, Revs. W. R. Gwaltney and W. H. Edwards.

PROF. J. F. LANNEAU has been elected President of the Wake Forest Missionary Society. This organization did great work for the mission cause last year under the presidency of Prof. W. L. Poteat, and we predict much success this year.

WE have reliable information that Wake Forest is to have a bed-spring factory in the near future. It will be under the management of Messrs. Addison Purifoy and W. O. Riddick. We welcome this new industry and hope it will long flourish to give solid comfort to its patrons.

WE were glad to see Mr. D. Boyden Kimball on the Hill on his way to the Fair. He was once a highly prized football player on our team.

REV. C. C. NEWTON and wife, returned missionaries from Africa, spent some days on the Hill. We learned they would soon return to their mission labors.

WAKE FOREST steadily improves. Professor Carlyle's residence is being greatly beautified in the hands of the painters, as has also Professor Brewer's new dwelling, into which he has moved.

HERE are the Marshals for Anniversary: Phi.: F. E. Parham, S. W. Oldham and R. L. Moore; Eu.: J. H. Kerr, S. J. Buxton and W. H. Reddish. Come, and they will be glad to find you a good seat.

WE commend the plan of President Taylor of giving talks every week to the students. No class of human beings are so susceptible of impression as the college student, and they will not be slow in taking advantage of words of wisdom.

INSTEAD of Thursday, as formerly, the Faculty gave Tuesday as holiday for the State Fair on account of the foot-ball game. A large number attended and report a pleasant (?) trip. Some of the students say that the side-shows and dime museums were decidedly entertaining.

THE editor of THE STUDENT desires to return thanks to Mr. H. W. Ayer, Secretary of the State Fair, for complimentary ticket. There being four of us (editors), and being unable to decide on the fortunate one, it was tendered the Business Manager, who made a special trip to the Fair to use it.

CERTAIN ladies men are seen to wear downcast looks of late. Misses Carrie Buskey has returned to her home in Norfolk, Va.; Annie Powell to her home in Savannah, Ga.; Lula Powers to her home in Atlanta, Ga.; Willie Simmons to Camden, S. C. Delay not long your return, for we enjoyed your stay.

BEFORE the game in Durham. Chapel Hillian (to Wake Forester): "Old man, what did you let Trinity beat you for?" Wake Forester: "They beat us playing." After the game aforesaid. Wake Forest: "Well, old fellow, why did you let Trinity beat you?" And there was silence.

IT IS with regret that we chronicle the departure of the family of Mr. W. C. Powell, who have spent some months in their old home. They have returned to Savannah, Ga., which they will henceforth make their permanent home. They are followed by the best wishes of many friends on the hill.

MESSRS. SIKES, Howard, Riddick, Britton and Daniel, of the foot-ball team, accompanied by Professor Maske, Messrs. Pence, Mowry, Meekins and Foushee attended the Trinity-Chapel Hill game in Durham the 28th of October. They report a pleasant time and are grateful for their kind reception by the Trinity boys.

THE Junior and Sophomore have organized, but we have learned of nothing else they have done. Mr. Frank Parham was elected president of the Junior and Mr. J. W. McNeill of the Sophomore. We regret the evidence of lack of class pride (?) in the fact that neither class has gotten caps nor formulated yells. Why is this?

OUR New Jersey friend, we learn, is collecting souvenirs of North Carolina. In his portmanteau are to be found four persimmons, piece of cane-stalk (for making "sorgham"), one cotton boll and a peanut vine. His most verdant recollection will be connected with the persimmon, a large, hard fine one of which he ate, being told they were the best.

THE Dixon House, on the evening of the 29th ultimo, was the scene of lively merriment. The young ladies of the Hill were present and many more young men. Sweet discourse and merry laughter held sway, only interrupted by song or recitation, until supper was announced, which consisted of oysters and fruits. At a late hour good nights were said to our kind hostess, and a most pleasant evening was at an end.

WE welcome into our midst again the family of Mr. W. D. Allen, who for several years has resided at the Falls of Neuse; also Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Riddick and Master Walter Camp Riddick (may he wear well the two names in the future!), who will occupy the residence formerly occupied by Mr. W. C. Powell. Such valuable citizens as these are received gladly.

THE Law School will be a certainty in spite of drawbacks during first of the season. Mr. N. Y. Gulley, of Franklinton, in a most sensible talk to the students on the 5th instant, stated that he would lecture twice a week to his law class, beginning second week in November. It is intended making law an elective study in the College just as Greek and Physics. In such case we think Wake Forest will be the only college in the State offering such a course. The class organized is quite large.

THE second lecture for the year, delivered in the College chapel under the auspices of the Wake Forest Scientific Society, was that of Prof. J. F. Lanneau on "Electricity, Æsthetic and Practical, as seen at the World's Fair." His description of the magnificent electric exhibits was most lucid and graphic. To those who had visited the Fair, it was a series of suggestions of the marvels of the White City. These lectures are highly enjoyed. The one for November will be by Professor Poteat, subject, "From Egg to Fish."

ATHLETIC NOTES.

THE old gold and black will not be downed. Immediately after the Trinity game a trainer was sent for and the team has been under his charge for two weeks. If our team be defeated it will be on account of the indifference of our boys and not for lack of opportunity for good training.

OUR team will play the University of North Carolina on the 18th instant. This is the first game for two years between these two colleges. We anticipate the hardest fight we have

ever had—and withal an excellent game. There will be no wrangling over players before the game, as only college men will be played on each side.

THE Wake Forest team has been under the training for some time of Mr. L. D. Mowry, of Englewood, N. J. He was on the Princeton team of '88 and since that time has each season been occupied in coaching teams in various parts of the United States. We are indebted to Mr. Caspar Whitney, of New York, in securing him. His stay here has created the greatest regard for him among the boys, both as a foot-ball player and trainer, and as a gentleman of the highest type. May he carry away pleasant memories of Wake Forest with him.

THE University of Tennessee team met with no success in North Carolina. University of North Carolina beat them 60 to 0; Trinity, 70 to 0; Wake Forest, 64 to 0; Agricultural and Mechanical College, 12 to 6. O Tennessee! your team was not a "howling" success, but you possess pluck, and in the end that is what counts, and may in the future win laurels for you.

THE University of Tennessee played Wake Forest on November 6 on our grounds. The game was quite one sided and was a foregone conclusion. There was little spirit manifested by the home boys. We were much pleased with the gentlemanly conduct and appearance of the Tennessee boys, as well as their pluck in playing so well against such odds.

ECHOES FROM THE RECENT FOOT-BALL GAMES.

[By kindness of Professor Sikes we are enabled to print the following.]

TRINITY VS. WAKE FOREST.

The 17th of October dawned cool and crisp—an ideal morning for a foot-ball game. Hopeful of winning what all said would be a hard fought game, the foot-ball team of '93 started for Raleigh. Trinity won the ball and started the play with De Land's famous flying wedge. Trinity scored

a touch-down and kicked goal without losing the ball. Wake Forest took the ball and began with the same flying wedge.

The ball passed from side to side, neither scoring again the first half. In the second half Trinity fumbled, Britton picked up the ball and placed it down behind the goal. Trinity scored one more touch-down and kicked goal—and thus the game stood at the close—Trinity 12, Wake Forest 6.

The playing was hard and sharp on both sides—neither side making any “star” play. Trinity’s backs were superior to Wake Forest in interference especially. Wake Forest has always been deficient in backs. It is hoped that the trainer may improve them in this particular, and that they may do more team-work.

It was a clever game from beginning to end. Trinity won by her superior team-work. There was an absence of all wrangling, and Wake Forest admits that she lost the game fairly, though she never played a better game.

Now is the time for Wake Forest to do good work in football. Not losing a game last year has made some too confident. Men must study the game more closely and play with more skill. Too many men have the idea that force will win. This is being more clearly demonstrated to be false day by day.

The teams were composed of the following. Wake Forest: Rushers—Fry, Sikes, Riddick, Olive, Inman, Britton, Hill; Backs—Briggs, Howard, Daniel, Jones. Trinity: Rushers—Whitaker, Eure, Avery, Colé, Caldwell, Durham; Backs—Maytubby, Flowers, Tuttle, Daniels.

TRINITY VS. UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Quite a number went up to Durham to see Trinity present the University with a defeat. The 'Versity's powerful rush-line would plunge against Trinity till finally they scored a touch-down, but Barnard failed to kick goal. Trinity scored a touch-down and kicked goal—thus the game ended 6 to 4 in favor of Trinity. The 'Versity boys had just played the V. M. I., for whom they have much more respect than formerly, as they gave them 10 for 4. The 'Versity played with a willing mind even to the last moment.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

PROF. J. C. MASKE.....ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY:

W. L. FOUSHEE.....EDITOR.

R. F. BEASLEY.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY:

R. W. HAYWOOD.....EDITOR.

J. E. YATES.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

D. R. BRITTON.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. XIII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 3.

THE SCIENCE OF FAIRY TALES.

It is my purpose in this paper to speak of folk-tales, that is, of those tales which were the unconscious outgrowth of experience in the childhood of humanity, and which have descended from mouth to mouth, essentially unchanged, out of an unknown mysterious past. And here I should, perhaps, pause and remove any secret prejudice from the minds of my readers. Fairy tales, to me, are something more than stories to be told to children around the fireside at night. Beautiful indeed many of these stories are; many of them horrible beyond all horror, but, aside from their weirdness or their beauty, they claim our deepest reverence. They record the first blind strivings of man to interpret the unusual phenomena of the world into which he was born. Nay, more; they are the rude Bible of the heathen—the sacred fragments of forgotten religions; and in their broken, imperfect language we read the first fruitless attempts of man to solve the problems of existence,—the first dark questions put to that Sphinx called Life, which is still whispering its mysterious riddles. And if I can communicate to my readers even a slight portion of the pleasure which I myself have had in wandering among these shadowy ruins of antiquity, then my labors have not been in vain.

I shall speak chiefly of the stories current among the Celtic and Teutonic peoples. Indeed, Northern Europe and the adjacent islands are the favorite home of the fairy tale. Here all the conditions are favorable. The inhabitants are essentially a home-loving, home-keeping, rural people,—conditions that are indispensable to the growth of folk-lore. For it is in the seclusion of country life that traditions and customs are longest preserved unchanged. Hence it is that we find the fairy tale still flourishing among the dark forests and lonely mountain valleys of Germany, among the gloomy fiords of Scandinavia, among the bleak highlands of Scotland and of Wales, and upon the isolated islands of the German Sea. Here the winter is long and severe, and gathered around the fireside at night the people find their chief amusement in the telling of tales. Heinrich Heine, in his matchless "Travel Pictures," gives us many charming glimpses into the life of the primitive people who dwell among the Harz mountains of central Germany. An old woman, decrepit and half blind, sits all day behind the stove and lives but in the past. Every object about the room for her lives and has its history. By day she tells beautiful stories to her little grandson, who sits at her knee and traces the faded flowers on her dress—the dear bridal dress of her sainted mother. By night the miners, who have spent the whole day in the darkness and loneliness of the shafts, gather around her to listen to her stories. Another picture is of the little island of Nordeney in the German Sea. The inhabitants cower at night about the fire, huddling together for warmth, drinking tea and telling tales. The storm without rages more fiercely, and the imagination of the story-teller is quickened. Wild legends follow of witches that go screaming past upon the blast, or watch to lure ships upon the fatal shore; and of buried cities whose spires and cupolas gleam far through the night in the lightning's flash. "And so," continues Heine, "we see how it is that the fairy tale had its origin among such people. So immediate, so

uninterrupted is the intercourse with nature that the latter reveals, as it were, her inner life. And so not only do beasts and birds, but also inanimate objects come to speak and act like human beings."

The personifying of inanimate objects was the first step in the development of fairy mythology. Many of Grimm's Tales, which bear marks of great antiquity, illustrate this point. Naturally the most familiar objects are taken to begin with. Straw, Coal and Bean form a partnership and journey away in search of adventure. They come to a brook and Straw consents to serve as a bridge. Coal, like the giddy maiden that she is, attempts to cross, hesitates in the midst, and burns Straw in two. Both are drowned, and Bean, who has prudently lingered on the bank, laughs till she bursts. A tailor comes along and kindly offers to sew up the rent which her senseless hilarity has made. But unfortunately, he uses black thread, and that is why all beans to this day have a dark seam.

In this last circumstance, homely as it is, we have another step in the development of the fairy tale, that is, the attempt to account for some natural phenomenon. This would naturally lead to the ascribing of supernatural powers to certain inanimate objects. The forked rod of ash or hazel, the springwort, the luck-flower, worms, stones, rings, mantles and dead men's hands were the sources of mysterious and involuntary power to their possessors. To this class of superstitions belong the stories of Siegfried's mantle, which made the wearer invisible; of the famous sword Balmung, which no enemy could withstand, and of Arthur's yet more famous sword Excalibar. Among our Southern negroes we find many of these superstitions still existing. The horseshoe nailed over the door keeps away witches and brings good luck, and a lock of dead-man's hair is a sure protection against ghosts. The fact that negroes will not burn sassafras becomes still more remarkable when we remember that the Romans regarded this tree with great veneration.

From the days of Moses down to the present time staffs made of certain wood have possessed the mysterious power of revealing hidden water. This virtue is ascribed to the witch-hazel. If a forked branch of this tree is carried over hidden water, it will of its own accord turn downward.

The yet greater virtue of revealing hidden treasures is attributed to the spring-wort and to the little forget-me-not.

Of a like kind is the superstition that has ascribed wonderful medicinal powers to certain plants. In Germany to-day it is believed that a hazel wand applied to a wound will effect a speedy cure. (I, myself, can bear humble testimony to the fact that wands of birch judiciously applied to a naughty boy will work wonders.)

No account of fairy tales would be complete without speaking of drinking-horns and cups that have possessed miraculous power. The most beautiful of these myths tells of the Holy Grail, the cup out of which our Savior drank at the last supper, and which was brought to the West by Joseph of Arimathea. We cannot pause here to speak of the beautiful poems of which this myth has been the inspiration. That portion of it which concerns us is, that the vessel could be approached only by pure and holy persons, and the quest of it undertaken only by Knights pure in word and deed. The power of revealing secret guilt is possessed by many of these vessels. All students of Old English are familiar with the quaint ballad which tells how King Arthur had a horn out of which no one could drink whose wife was unfaithful, and how on one occasion the King thought to have some sport at the expense of his Knights. But lo! the King himself was the first victim of the vessel, for try as he might he could never get the wine to his lips without spilling it.

One of these cups, supposed to be of fairy origin, is still to be seen in England. It belongs, says Mr. Haviland, to Sir George Musgrave of Edenhall in Cumberland, and has been in the possession of his family for centuries. The cup itself is called the Luck of Edenhall.

We have all along spoken of the personifying of inanimate objects. We must now advance another step in the development of fairy mythology, and speak of brutes in their primitive relation to man. "Nothing," says Mr. Fiske, "is more strikingly characteristic of primitive thinking than the community of nature which it assumes between man and brute." Here a thousand suggestions come thronging upon us. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls implies a belief in the fundamental identity of man and brute. On this belief rests in a great measure the religion of the Hindoo, who holds every beast as sacred, for, may it not be the soul of his own ancestor? The ancient Egyptians, as is well known, worshiped many kinds of beasts; and many Oriental nations worshiped gods that were symbolized under hideous images, half human, half brute. But we have to do with fairy mythology and not Nature-worship, though the one is a direct outgrowth of the other.

"In many portions of Germany," says Fiske, "rats and mice were of old thought to represent the human soul." At Saalfeld, in the Thuringian forest, a maid fell asleep while her companions were shelling peas. Her companions observed a red mouse creep out of her mouth and run out of the window. One of her companions shook the sleeper, but could not rouse her; so she was moved to another place. Soon the mouse ran back to the former place, and dashed frantically about seeking the girl, but not finding her, it vanished, and the girl was found dead.

Now just as the souls of the departed were symbolized as rats and mice, so is the Psychopomp, the leader of the souls, symbolized as a dog. Among the oldest Aryan myths we find that the wind was conceived of as a great dog, or wolf. As the howling beast was heard speeding along the tree-tops, fear came over all who dwelt in the track of his devastation, for none knew but his own soul might be required of him. To this day many of our own people believe that the howling

of a dog under the window portends death in the family. This is a remnant of the old belief that the greyhound of Hermes came to escort every soul over the river Styx; and in Persia a dog is still brought to the bedside of the dying person in order that the soul may have a sure escort.

Our American Indians believe that their dead ancestors go howling about the scenes of their former life in the shape of various animals.

One of the oldest of Greek myths is that of Lycaon, King of Arcadia. This monarch served up a dish of human flesh to Zeus. For this crime he was transformed into a wolf, and condemned to feed on human flesh. Grecian mythology furnishes many other examples of human beings transformed into beasts; and in Teutonic mythology the examples are hardly less numerous. To this class of fairy tales belongs the myth of the Werewolf. This superstition deserves to be noticed at some length. In the ninth century, says Mr. Dasent, there lived in Scandinavia a race of men called Berserkers. Their trade was war, and in slaughter they found their greatest delight. In the intervals between their wars, they would often be smitten with strange madness. Clad in the skins of wolves they made night hideous with their howls, and all whom they chanced to meet were torn in pieces. Let us couple with these traditions the well-known fact that many savage races delight in nothing so much as in human flesh, and we have a key to the myth of the Werewolf. We are even told how human beings could be transformed into the wolves. Some traditions tell us that the possessed person had merely to put on on a wolf's skin to bring about the transformation; others that a magic salve was used; and still others that a girdle made of human skin must be put about the loins. Mr. Baring-Gould tells of a poor half-witted fellow with a canine face who at sunset always fancied himself a wolf. A little girl who was looking for her sheep after dark was attacked by a creature which she took for a wolf, but which later

proved to be the half-witted boy. On being brought before justice the boy confessed that he once received a wolf-skin from the devil in a lone forest, and ever since, he had roamed about at night devouring children. A careful investigation revealed that he had eaten thirteen children. (Of course the evolutionist will say that this goes only to prove our brute origin. I do not care much for evolution, but I have entered into this subject of fairy tales with heart and head, and I do not purpose to allow myself to be surpassed by even my biological friends in telling wonderful stories.)

The myth of the Werewolf is the oldest record of metamorphosis, but there are many others illustrating the same principle, which bear evidence of great antiquity. Every child knows the woeful story of Philomela who was changed into a nightingale; and one of the sweetest of Grimm's Tales tells us how the wicked stepmother transformed the little stepson into a fawn. When morning came the little creature was condemned to spring away from the gentle care of the faithful sister, and flee all day before the cries of the hunter. Only when the wicked mother was burned at the stake, did the child resume its human shape. The annals of witchcraft are full of stories which impute to human beings—and especially to women—the power to transform themselves and others into the shapes of beasts. A certain peasant at Thurso in Poland was tormented by witches under the usual form of cats, till one night he put them to flight, cutting off the leg of one of them. Taking it up, he found to his amazement that it was a human arm, and the next day an old woman of the neighborhood was found with only the stump of a right arm.

We pass on now to speak of another group of folk-tales closely akin to those of the Werewolf. Fairies, goblins, and elves, as well as the devil, are thought greatly to envy human beings, though why they should is to me a mystery. And so great is this envy, that these little people of the unseen world seek on all occasions to steal away the new-born babe, and put

their own offspring in the place of the child. These fairy children are called changelings. Even grown-up people sometimes suffer the fate of changelings. The chief reason given for the existence of these strange creatures is the desire on the part of the fairies to win for their offspring the advantages of human children. The belief in changelings is found mainly in the traditions of northwestern Europe. The belief is still firmly held by the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, and only within recent years was an Irish mother brought to justice for maltreating her child, which she believed to be a changeling. Deformities of all kinds are rife among these people; and all deformed children are held to be changelings. Many and curious are the means by which the fairy theft may be discovered, even when there is no outward sign to indicate the changeling. A Danish mother suspected that her child was a changeling, because its appetite could never be satisfied. She resolved to bring the matter to test, so she killed a black pig and made a pudding of it, cooking hair, hide and all. The pudding was placed before the child who began to gobble it up as usual. But soon he stopped and eyed the dish thoughtfully. Then he exclaimed: "A pudding with hair, and a pudding with hide! a pudding with eyes! and a pudding with bones in it! Thrice have I seen a young wood spring upon Lake Tiis, but never did I see a pudding like this! The devil will stay here no longer!" and away through the window he went.

In Ireland the method is more poetic, though more cruel. The child is conveyed in a clean shovel to some lonely spot, or barrow, and placed in a magic circle which is drawn. All who are present join hands around the mound chanting a wild incantation. Then all withdraw, leaving the child to howl and cry as it may. Mr. Kennedy describes such a scene: "The air around is swept this way and that as if by invisible wings, and the mother on approaching the bed, finds her child in the very spot from which it was stolen."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RELIGION OF CICERO.

—
JUNIOR THESIS
—BY THE LATE R. R. DAY.
—

A cursory glance at past history will reveal the fact that whatever success, power, influence and position men may have attained, their religious opinions, convictions and lives have been the chief factors in moulding their characters and shaping their destinies.

Religion, as the world sees it, is not so much theory as practice, not so much belief as life. What men *say* they believe is no real test of their religion, but what men *do* is a proof of what they believe. Carlyle has wisely said, "To do nobly one must believe firmly," and noble deeds alone are the sole evidence of firm belief. No creed is worthy of the name which does not permeate the whole man, making, moulding and fashioning his character.

With these facts before us the study of any man's religion necessarily involves the study of his life, (*a*) in its moral aspects, (*b*) in its relation to its fellows, (*c*) in its belief with reference to God and the future life, (*d*) in its influence on the world.

In order to study intelligently the religion of Cicero some understanding of his environment and the conditions under which he lived is necessary.

M. Tullius Cicero lived in a very critical and trying period of Roman history. The last days of the Republic were at hand. Cæsar, Crassus and Pompey were trying to appropriate regal power each to himself. War, bloodshed, anarchy, distress and untold suffering were realized on every hand. To the lovers and defenders of the Republic, these were days of darkness, days of anxiety, days of persecution. Nor were the religious conditions of the time more favorable. Real belief in the gods scarcely existed at all. The temples were dese-

crated, the offerings withheld—the gods regarded as mere playthings,—things by which to swear. “A religious belief was not expected from a gentleman.” In such times as these Cicero began, lived and finished a career remarkable for its purity and approach to modern ideas of right and wrong.

The foundations for his comparatively exemplary life were laid in his love of virtue, justice and sincerity. He has often been accused of treachery and deceit, but taking into consideration the distorted conceptions of sincerity and constancy then prevalent, the low moral status of society, and the dim light by which he had to walk, perhaps no man in the world's history was more upright in his purposes and honest in his intentions than was Cicero. In his dissertation on Friendship he declares those alone to be fit for friendship who are steadfast, consistent and sincere. Fidelity and virtue are to him the only foundations of true friendship. Measured by a perfect standard he was, no doubt, inconsistent in many respects, but who is not? Notwithstanding his imperfections he stands out in bold relief amid the thoughtlessness, the fickleness and the inconsistencies of his age. He was also singularly just and upright in his dealings—never using his power, influence or matchless eloquence for selfish purposes.

His personal relations with mankind were marked by singular purity, constancy and affection. “His love, tenderness and devotion to his family would do credit to modern English gentlemen.” Those who read his letters cannot fail to be impressed with the ardor of his affection for his “Dear Tullia” until she proved untrue, thus breaking asunder the tenderest cord of life and leaving him desolate, miserable and grief-stricken. Kind-hearted, tender, forgiving, indulgent, he seems to have been actuated, almost, by the principles of the Christian religion.

His devotion to his country reminds one of Patrick Henry, George Washington, or Thomas Jefferson. He lived for the Republic which he loved. His all-absorbing purpose was to

preserve, strengthen and perpetuate the old Roman Republic, and this purpose of his has given us many of his books. "I often ask myself," says he, "and turn in my mind how best I may serve the largest number of my fellow-citizens, lest there should come a time in which I should seem to have ceased to be anxious for the State, and nothing better has occurred to me than that I should make known the way of studying the best arts, which, I think, I have now done in various books." His reputation, his money, his talent, his all (honor alone excepted) were laid upon his country's altar, because he felt that in this way more good could be accomplished than in any other.

So much with reference to his outward life—the life by which men could interpret the workings of his heart. Now, let us examine his inner life—the religious conceptions which were the source of his pure, noble, self-sacrificing spirit.

It fills one with sadness to know how he lived, to see how cautiously he sought after truth, to realize how nearly he sometimes approached the divine teachings, and yet to know that, notwithstanding all this, he missed the object of his search,—that his brilliant mind and versatile genius were never able to comprehend the only true God and the only path to immortal blessedness!

Cicero was a firm believer in an all-ruling Providence. True, he did not have much respect for the prevalent religion of his time, for he went further in his researches than gods of wood and stone, and he, amid enveloping darkness, recognized the hand of God in the affairs of men. He felt that because God takes care of us we ought to reverence His power and majesty.

He believed, moreover, in a conscience—a sense of right and wrong implanted in the hearts of men by the hand of God; that "*dominans in nobis deus*" must be respected and obeyed.

He recognized virtue, also, as the only true and sure path

to happiness, success and glory. Not in theory alone, but in practice as well, he proved to the world that he believed the path of duty is the path of beauty, that the path of virtue, however rugged, is the only way to happiness here and hereafter.

Finally, he believed in the immortality of the soul and in future rewards. In the study of his "Cato Major" we have almost felt like we were perusing the pages of some of the learned fathers. What infinite hopes, what sure rewards, what soul-satisfying consolation did he find in the thought that it was not all of life to live, that our lives are only just begun here, and that the good are not only of service in this world, but that they go to a place of rest and happiness and join their friends and companions gone before, there to live in uninterrupted joy and perfected fruition forever! How like the voice of inspiration these thoughts! How we almost catch the far-off echo of the redeemed in the following words: "I am not," says he, "disposed to lament the loss of life, which many men, and those learned men, too, have often done; neither do I regret that I have lived, since I have lived in such a way that I conceive I was not born in vain; and from this life I depart as from a temporary lodging-place, not as from a home. For Nature has assigned it to me as an inn to sojourn in, not a place of habitation. O glorious day! when I shall depart to that divine company and assemblage of spirits and quit this troubled and polluted scene. For I shall go not only to those great men of whom I have spoken before, but also to my friend Cato, than whom never was a better man born, more distinguished for pious affection, whose body was buried by me, whereas on the contrary it was fitting that mine should be buried by him. But his soul not deserting me, but oft looking back, no doubt departed to those regions whither it saw that I myself was destined to come. While though a distress to me I seemed to patiently endure, not that I bore it with indifference, but I comforted myself with the reflection

that the separation and distance between us would not continue long."

His idea of heaven he tersely expressed in the following sentence: "*Certum esse in caelo definitum locum ubi beati aevo sempiterno furantur.*"

Thus we see that Cicero's religion consisted in the belief that an omnipotent God existed; that right living—the practice of virtue—is the only means of happiness and safety; that the soul is immortal, and that a haven of eternal bliss exists for the good.

We cannot expect a perfect life in those days of pagan darkness and corruption. Many stains and imperfections are to be found in the purest of lives. Cicero's life was a witness to the universal truth that the highest purity and nobility is only to be attained through the principles of the Christian religion. But comparatively pure in his morals, in many respects a model as to his family life, a devoted lover of his country, and all that which is good, putting forth every effort possible to help humanity, his life was one of the purest and best to be found in pagan history.

APRIL 28, 1893.

OUR PROGRESS AND PROBLEMS.

It has been very interesting to me to note the changes which have occurred in this country within the last half century. Lord Derby, in a speech delivered at Liverpool in 1872, made the striking remark that the increase of wealth in Great Britain within the present century far exceeded the increase in the preceding 1800 years. This wealth had been chiefly created by her extensive commerce and her manufactories, in which she for many years excelled all other nations combined. The gain in the United States has been even more marked, being

due mainly to our rapidly developing agricultural and manufacturing industries and to the opening up of our great western country. Railroads now traverse these rich lands, and we find here our largest and finest cities. The great East, too, has steadily and surely pushed onward.

Mr. McCulloch, who was three times Secretary of the Treasury, says that the United States are twenty times richer than they were half a century ago. If this be so, and we can hardly question such authority, modern civilization has outstripped itself.

Within the last two generations nearly all of the great inventions have come into use; such as railroads, iron ships, the telegraph, agricultural instruments, and hundreds of other labor-saving machines, besides the practical use of electricity, which is certainly in its infancy. One can only expectantly wait and see what this mighty force which lay dormant so long will be made to do through the ingenuity of the Americans.

We need only visit our great Western metropolis now, and a few days stay at the great Columbian Fair will definitely register in our minds the vastness of this Republic. Many contend that the financial depression and want of confidence in our country at present is due to one legislative body making the same laws for one country whose interests are so diversified. Facts recorded show that such financial panics have always, at intervals of about twenty years, swept this country.

The first and greatest depression that ever prevailed was from 1837 to 1843, and was widespread and all-pervading. The farmers, as a class, suffered especially. Their produce was made lower than it had ever been before or has been since. About this time the people elected Harrison and Tyler President and Vice-President by an overwhelming majority. A majority of the people seemed to think, as they do now, that a change in the administration would give relief. Whigs and

Democrats were both striving to regulate the banking system of this country. Affairs seemed to be exactly as they are at present, and *no legislation* can bring about an immediate change.

Certainly our best informed and most thoughtful men remember that this is a comparatively new government, and that our wonderful development has caused many perplexing questions and issues. Moreover, this government, in order to establish itself firmly, has seemingly created greater problems than it can solve.

At the close of our great Civil War, which had been waged on both sides with a vigor and energy and with an expenditure of money without a precedent in history, the people of the United States were encumbered with a debt which required shrewd and careful adjustment. And while many other difficult questions, the outcome of the war, are yet to be settled, yet I have an abiding confidence that they will finally be settled in such a manner as will strengthen the Union and add to our national reunion.

The negro question is the greatest of these questions, and I can but feel confident that, if there be no outside interference, this question is certain to be a self-adjusting one.

In my opinion, the greatest mistake that has been made by the Government of the United States, has been in allowing foreigners to enter this country. Since the foundation of this government more than fifteen million immigrants have come to the United States. A great part of this element is wholly destitute of character and the essential elements of citizenship. They bring with them their ideas of socialism and anarchism, which inevitably have stirred up and will continue to stir up much strife and discord. So short is the period required for the naturalization of these foreigners, that hundreds of thousands have become voters before they knew anything about the nature of a republican form of government—before even they could speak the language of this country.

Some of these, it is true, become good citizens, but the greater portion are lazy and disreputable, the very classes that foreign governments have been glad to get rid of.

These men are always led by unprincipled and corrupt leaders, who sell themselves during elections to the highest bidder and actually hold the balance of power in most of our large cities.

It may now be too late, in the present condition of political parties, to change effectively our naturalization laws, but limitations might be placed upon the franchise in municipal elections, and I think this must be done if we would have our large cities governed properly, and if we desire a sufficient safeguard to be thrown around persons and property.

Few realize what progress Roman Catholicism is making in this country, and none but those bound by oath know what the Catholics are doing.

The Pope and his authorities are certainly making a quiet and successful assault upon us. This evil—for it is an evil, as shown by the history of all European nations—really confronts us, and all conservative, patriotic men of this Republic must meet this issue and honestly check the Papal efforts.

Of all our problems and evils the last to be eradicated, I fear, is our social corruptness. Some have said that more evil is springing from our high-society circles than from the lower and more degraded paths of life. I must confess that I am at a loss to say which extreme is the most demoralizing in our commonwealth. Corruption and destruction are certainly about us. Cunning and dangerous and successful are the modes and agencies of evil. Impurity is hovering over us like a cloud, and its creeping mists tarnish and deface even more than they destroy.

Labor and capital are already arrayed against each other. Something must be done to appease the yeoman in this country. He is justly entitled to his rights, and must have them. We are living under conditions which are already beginning to change.

Henry George says, educate the masses and these social strifes will gradually subside. I would implore Christian men and statesmen to rally around the standard of duty. Men must rally to win the rights of man; then we shall see fulfilled the deep philosophy of Him who bade men to love their neighbor as themselves.

In this spirit, and no other, lies the power to solve social problems and to carry civilization onward. Development and progress are bringing up these problems. They demand the earnest attention of all thoughtful men.

Creeds are dying, beliefs are changing. Political institutions are failing as clearly in democratic America as in monarchical Europe.

Already superstitions are dying out; prejudices are giving away; manners and customs are becoming assimilated; sympathies are widening, and new aspirations are quickening all mankind.

JOHN KERR, JR.

OCTOBER 20, 1893.

THE LEGEND OF A BRIDGE.

I had been waiting several hours for a belated train in the little village of A——.

Waiting-rooms in small villages, and court-houses, as a general thing, are not very pleasant and inviting places to spend one's time, for the atmosphere of their interior is almost invariably tainted with the stale fumes of tobacco (in various forms of use.) This filthy little den proved no exception to the general rule, and so, after having waited until my patience was worn out, I decided, as a diversion from abiding longer among these uncanny odors, to take a stroll in the fresh air and discover what was to be seen.

Everything about this little village suggests antiquity. A few of its mossy-roofed brick buildings, if asked their age,

might, perhaps, refer you by their creaking, rusty weather-vanes to the graves in a quiet, antiquated little cemetery near by, whose crumbling tombstones commemorate the birth, life and death of aproned tradesmen, or of wigged and snuffy politicians long ago returned to dust and still longer ago forgotten. Its rusty, time-worn court-house; its wheezing street-pumps; its street-lamps, with glasses so dirty that a light placed in them would be as if hidden under a bushel—all, though a little more modern in appearance, yet on investigation might prove to have been erected by the grandchildren of the revolutionists. The solemn stillness of a cemetery usually has no fascination for me, but to-day a desire, perhaps, to read the quaint epitaphs almost obliterated by time and weather overcame my timidity. Leastway, I entered.

Here, near the gate, amid a tangled mass of honeysuckle and rank grass, was the resting place of a clergyman. The inscription told of a score of years spent among his flock setting them a worthy example of christian fortitude against sin and temptation, of his ministering to their spiritual and often their bodily wants, and of his final translation into a better world.

Here was the grave of an infant whose life, before it had become defiled with sin, was taken to be begun again in the presence of Him who gave it; yonder, that of an eminent man who had done great service for his country in its struggle for liberty. He fell in its behalf, his life terminating with the same result as that of the divine.

After spending an hour or so in deciphering the inscriptions, and picturing to myself how these people must have looked, I continued my walk out at the gate on the other side and up a street that terminated on the bank of a river. This river, with its tawny water, flows angrily and turbulently along, as if it were dissatisfied with all nature around it. In fact, it does occasionally overflow its banks, completely destroying crops and vegetation for miles on both sides.

As I stood on the bank, watching the turbid water as it whirled and eddied silently by, I wondered if the spot on which my unconsciously meditative gaze was fixed had ever reflected the stately forms of some American or British officers. Had their military boots ever left footprints in the yellow clay on which I now stood?

With feelings somewhat akin to regret at having to leave the little place with its many historic relics and rustic scenery, I turned and slowly retraced my steps toward the railroad.

On learning, however, that my train was not due for some time yet, I determined to continue my stroll in another direction. It was toward the close of a bright day in early autumn. The air was laden with delicious fragrance of the forest, whose foliage had a slight cast of yellow. From the chimneys of cottage and cabin smoke curled, giving a hazy appearance to the atmosphere, and settling in a long black line on the horizon. Windows facing the west looked in the distance like sheets of burnished gold. A bat grated the evening air with its harsh discordant cry, as did also that of a solitary crow which might be seen far up, wheeling about preparatory to a flight homeward. The mournful and scarcely audible notes of a dove mingling with the distant song of farm hands as they returned from their work, was faintly echoed in the surrounding forest.

Almost completely oblivious of my surroundings and whither I was going, I wandered on, busied with my thoughts and fancies, until, a little beyond the outskirts of the village, my attention was attracted by the ruins of an old house.

It peeped out with an air of decayed aristocracy from a grove of oaks, weeds and underbrush. Its general appearance testified that human beings long ago abandoned it for ghosts to inhabit.

There is about it an air of mute appeal to the passer-by to overlook the present squalor which the vicissitudes of more than a century have wrought on it, while it seems to refer

you to a time when its decayed and sombre walls, that now hide the slimy serpent, hearing only its venomous hiss, and in whose corners undisturbed spiders build long festoons, once rang with musical voices and laughter; when its rotting floors, now so silent and deserted, once trembled beneath the stern tread of the spurred military boot, or were glad to feel the light step of the slippers foot of beauty. In those moss-covered tottering chimneys, from which once the smoke of burning logs was wont to escape, swallows now build their nests, and at night, as the wind wails with dirge-like voice around corners, making dwellings quake and tremble, it hoarsely bellows even more dismally down their throats, and rushing into the rooms, blows the accumulated dust in weird and fantastic forms.

Just below the house the road was again divided by another much smaller stream, which was not near so warlike in disposition as its neighbor on the north. In fact, it flowed so sluggishly—save for the occasional swish of its black waters against the side of a canoe—and winds so noiselessly along between its steep banks, that it might be imagined an immense serpent crawling in sleep.

The willows, whose drooping branches touch the water, seemed to have taken an overdose of some very strong narcotic, and were endeavoring to prone themselves on its bosom to sleep.

Connecting the severed road was an old bridge that had borne across so often the light hearts of playful children; the joyful, happy hearts of the bridal party; the sorrow-laden hearts of the funeral procession, and the stilled hearts of the dead.

The sleepy willows, the floating clouds, the dark old bridge, with its weather-stained timbers and cobwebs underneath, were all faintly mirrored in the placid surface far below.

Twilight had stolen in before I realized that the prospects of my train leaving me were good if I stayed where I was much longer, so I hurried back to the depot. The operator,

in answer to my inquiry about the old house, told me the following story:

“The old house you asked about was owned about the time of the Revolution by a rich old Tory.

“Some years previous to that, however, a young, well-to-do farmer of the neighborhood was engaged to be married to his daughter, but as the war came on, the old man being such an unmitigated Tory, and the younger being extremely Republican in his views, the engagement was broken. Young Ellis then enlisted in the American army.

“About a year afterwards, I think it was, when one day a company of British cavalry rode into town bringing with them a commission for the old Tory as colonel in the British army. They were to remain until the colonel could leave, and then accompany him as a body-guard to headquarters.

“In the meantime, the Americans had learned through scouts or spies of this manœuvre, and so had sent out troops to secretly capture the old Colonel and his body-guard. John Ellis, the old Colonel’s would-have-been son-in-law, was in the company. He determined to save the Colonel if possible, and so late one evening when they were camped near the village, he went to the commanding officer and asked permission to spend the night at his old home. It was given him, and just about dusk he rode rapidly through the village and on to the gate of the Colonel’s house, where he stopped.

“‘Pompe,’ he said to a negro boy who had dismounted the gate-post to open the gate for him, ‘take this note to your master at once.’

“‘Hope you’s well, Mars John; won’t you come in?’

“‘No,’ he said, without returning the negro’s salutation, ‘carry that note straight to your master, I tell you, and hurry.’

“Perhaps it was decreed by fate, or perhaps the sight of the place awakened so many pleasant reminiscences that a delay longer than he intended resulted in a fatal mistake. He did

not hear the sound of approaching horsemen until a cry of 'Surrender!' awoke him from his reverie. Looking behind, he saw three red-coated soldiers galloping towards him. To surrender meant recapture that night, he thought, and being shot as a traitor on the morrow. Escape was the only alternative. He plunged the spurs into his horse, and dashed off down the road. Bang! rang out the Colonel's pistol, for it was his.

"John Ellis felt a stinging pain in his left side, and his horse reel under him. Still on they sped towards the bridge. Oh, if he could only reach the thicket on the other side, for he is growing dizzy and very weak.

"He is on the bridge!

"Bang! bang! again rang two British pistols.

"His horse again reels, but this time more than before; the horse staggers heavily to one side and falls with its rider, down, down into the murky darkness below.

"The plunge into the water helped to revive him, but he was still very weak and the bank seemed a long way off. He swam for what seemed to him days. He was in a green meadow with chattering brooks of clear, limpid water flowing through it. The birds were singing.

"There was Grace Hardy gathering daisies. She sees him, and asks why he looks so white.

"His hand struck the bank. He clambered up, stood on the bank and then fell heavily to the ground.

"There was a buzzing sound in his ears, then faint music, then chaos.

"Well, here's your train; good-bye, sir."

H.

GEORGE SAND.

On the 8th of June, 1876, closed the life of the greatest woman France has ever produced, Amandine Lucile Aurora Dudevant, whose *nom de plume* was George Sand. Romance seemed to be her guiding star from birth. Being endowed with a genius which has never been equaled except by George Eliot, she found no difficulty in attracting attention in the literary world.

Education in the strictest sense she had not, but the secret of George Sand's success was the power to clothe in artistic form her varied experiences of men and places. Aurora's lot was cast among the plebeian classes in her mother's home, and here she imbibed that passionate love of country scenes and country life which neither absence, politics or dissipation could uproot; here she learned the ways and thoughts of the peasants and laid up that rich store of scenes and characters which a marvelously attentive memory enabled her to draw upon at will.

George Sand's father having died when she was quite young, she was reared in a monastic way by her perternal grandmother, Madame Dupin, at Nahant, now the Abbotsford of France. George Sand formed a great attachment for LaChatre and the surroundings and she spent her later years there, and it is now her burial place.

Her life was full of sorrows and regrets, but she considered the estrangement of Madame Dupin and her mother her greatest sorrow. This was only the crucible which purified her heart and fully developed her sympathetic nature.

George Sand was an artist in the true sense of the word, not by her desire, but by the complicated rules of destiny. It was by this consummate art that she held together the fabric reared by her imagination. Although not a very brilliant conversationalist, she was thought to possess a boundless supply of knowledge about almost everything, and by her silent

habits acquired the criticism of "taking all and giving nothing."

In her youth George Sand, being so sensitive to the hand of oppression, suffered very much from the realistic condition of French literature and society, but which moderated some, as with Goethe, in her later years. She is one of the few French writers who kept us truly in touch with rural nature. *La Mare au Diable*, *Francois le Champi*, and *La Petite Fadette* contain her best thoughts of rustic life. Especially does *La Mare au Diable*, suggested by Holbein's pictures of peasant life. This little story is unique in its way. How dull of understanding and awkward is Germain, and how unaffected is the simplicity of Little Marie. It all dawns upon Germain so naturally that she is the one suited to his inclinations instead of the rich widow.

George Sand gives us the real names of the flowers as they are known in the country; the snow-drop, the primrose; and the great white ox, dean of the pastures, looks out upon you from the thicket. The farm house, with its avenues of maples and clumps of ash and elder, and with its green covering that excited the desires of the goat. You are astounded almost at the exactness with which she reproduces the environments and shows their effect upon the peasant.

Mathew Arnold says: "The central figure in the fresh and calm life of George Sand was the peasant." Who is the peasant? Carlyle says: "The peasant is the life and the future of France." This is the strength of George Sand's second movement, after the first movement of energy was over, towards nature and beauty, towards the country and primitive thought; then came the happiness of the peasant. George Sand regarded nature and beauty, not with the selfish and solitary eye of the artist, but as an immense and hitherto unknown application of healing and delight to the peasant first and foremost, and often said, "The simple life is the true one, and the peasant is the great organ of that life."

It was a great happiness after a trying season in Paris to return to her little Berry and remain secluded for a little while. It was a Sunnyside in truth.

Some critics have said that she exaggerated the condition of the peasant, but she claimed that having spent her life among the country people, she ought to be the better judge. George Sand was an ideal novelist. She believed that all novel readers liked an ideal character in every story, and as a moralist she believed as Coleridge, that through the imaginary ideal exists the seeds of all moral and scientific improvements. She taught we were slowly gravitating towards the ideal, and that ideal was infinity itself. Her influence, on the whole, has been strengthening and purifying in French literature. No one can ever say that George Sand did things by halves. She rears for you a lofty ideal and tells you to try persistently to reach it, though all the temptations of earth and all the powers of darkness strive against you.

There is a striking contrast between George Sand and Balsac. As the chief characteristics of Balsac are intense observation, concentrated thought, and the most obstinate and unswerving fidelity to nature, so the chief characteristic of George Sand is easy improvisation. She had an active and receptive mind, which took in the surface of things, whether love, scenery, science or politics, with remarkable facility and with a style that is incomparable. Her novels slipped from her without the slightest mental effort and appeared to have cost her nothing.

George Sand taught us by example the secret of utilizing to the utmost the passing events of popular sentiment and thought, and that joys or sorrows, however great, have no effect on genius.

If George Sand had possessed no other virtue except her love for the masses, that is sufficient to render her, in the memory of the French peasant, immortal, and to make her worthy of our highest respect.

J. W. SMITH.

AN OLD LETTER.

[We give below a letter written in 1835, when what is now known as Wake Forest College was but a year old—an infant in “The Forest.” The letter is interesting as giving us a glimpse into the earlier history of the institution, when the foundation-stones were being laid for a great college; when the boys must “dig” for other things besides Greek roots and Latin stems, and to “lay off” a straight corn-row was as necessary as proving that two parallel lines will never meet, however far extended.

Just think of it, roll-call and prayers at daybreak, and a Cicero lesson before sunrise! Suppose that now—but comparisons are odious. I cannot, however, refrain from saying that we have much for which to be thankful.

We find no allusion to football! Strange, isn't it? But they had teams—of another sort, however.

The letter bears the postmark, “Rolesville, July 29, 12½.” The writer, Mr. James C. Dockery, was a native of Richmond County, N. C. He attended the “Institute” from 1834 to 1837. Afterwards he was a student in Paris, France. From 1840-'52 he was Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres, University of Alabama. He afterwards became a planter in Mississippi, was Captain in a Mississippi Regiment, C. S. A.; died 1863.

The recipient of this letter, Hon. Sanders Ingram, is still living at his home in Richmond County. He attended the “Institute” during the session of '35; was a soldier in the Mexican War. He still manifests a lively interest in the college, and we hope to hear from him again.

ALUMNI EDITOR.]

WAKE FOREST, July 26, 1835.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 24th ult. has been received. It at all times affords me much pleasure to receive an epistolary

communication from any of my acquaintances; but when (as was the case in the reception of yours) I receive a letter from an individual with whom I have spent many hours of pleasant enjoyment, and whose friendship and good wishes I am confident I have, the pleasure, of course, is greatly increased.

With regard to the trunks of which you wrote, I can inform you that I have sent them on, directed to Rockingham. I was sorry to learn that crops were not very promising at the time you wrote, though I imagine that if you have had as fine seasons of late as we have had in Wake that your crops have greatly improved. The farmers of Wake County will reap an abundant crop this year. Our crop at the Institute is very likely, though unfortunately we did not plant half as much as the students could cultivate, owing measurably to the unusual severity of the weather last spring. This prevented us from making the preparation requisite for a large crop. The literary department of our school is better than it was last year in consequence of having Mr. Armstrong with us. I would venture to say that there is not another school in North Carolina that affords the facilities for improvement that the Institute does. Every student is kept at the top of his speed. Lessons are obliged to be gotten, and they are never heard unless thoroughly understood. I have to recite a Cicero lesson before sunrise, Greek majora lesson before twelve, and a mathematical lesson in the evening before labor. I am now in my freshman year, and shall graduate in three years after this.

Our examination took place on the first instant, and continued three days. The examining committee was highly pleased with the proficiency of the students. The trustees remained until the fourth to witness the celebration of the 59th anniversary of our country's independence by our two literary societies. I must give you a short description of our celebration. The bell rang at the usual time, about daylight, when the students all hastened to the chapel to prayers. After

this service was closed they all repaired to their rooms, threw on their Sunday-go-to-meetings, brushed up a little and returned to their breakfast. Immediately after breakfast the people began to collect, and by ten o'clock there were at the Institute about one hundred of as pretty girls as Wake County affords. The students by this time were in the highest spirits, and a smile could be seen on every countenance. At half-past ten the bell was rung for the parading of the two societies. Our two elegant banners were then dedicated by Mrs. Wait in a speech of ten minutes in length. After which we marched to the orator's stand in the grove below my room where the assembly had collected. The Declaration of Independence was then read by Thomas I. Rayner, and the oration delivered by myself. We then repaired to the house, ladies and all, and partook of a splendid dinner given by the Institution. It was given up by all that were here that it was the best celebration they ever attended.

I want you to make arrangements to come to Wake Forest another year. I am confident it would be the best thing that you could do. Let alone farming until you get an education, and then you can make as much in one year as you can in two or three years farming. When I came to the Institute last year I did not expect to remain at school longer than one year. I thought by the end of the year I should have what is called a pretty good education, but it was so far to the contrary that by the end of the year I had just learned enough to know that I knew nothing, and I now feel *thankful* to the kind disposer of events that I ever came to Wake Forest Institute. Give my love to your grandfather and mother Ingram, and also to Elisha Bostick and lady, and accept for yourself my best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES C. DOCKERY.

To Sanders Ingram.

SAINT PETER'S SONG.

(ADAPTED.)

- “ Saint Peter sits by the heavenly gates,
 His hands on the string of a lyre,
 And he sings a low song as he patiently waits
 For the souls of those who expire.
- “ He hears in the distance the chorus of song
 That swells from the foot of the heavenly throne,
 And he smiles as the music is wafted along,
 And makes a lay of his own:
- “ ‘There is room in this region for millions of souls,
 Who by sorrow and woe were bereft;
 ’Tis for those who have suffered my melody rolls,
 But the mossbacks must turn to the left.
- “ ‘There is room for the students who, when they were young,
 Were thoughtlessly sowing wild oats,
 Yet who honored their college with sinew and tongue,
 But the grumblers must go with the goats!
- “ ‘There is room for the students who pointed with pride
 To the playing and strength of their team,
 Who kept singing their praises aloud till they died,
 But the grumblers can’t get in this realm.
- “ ‘They’d say that the music was all out of tune,
 And the angelic robes rather ‘loud,’
 And send for some sackcloth off of the moon,
 To wear in place of a crown.
- “ ‘So while we have room for millions of souls,
 Who by sorrow and woe were bereft,
 We want no complaint of the music that rolls,
 So the mossbacks must turn to the left.’ ”

J. WHILLY.

EDITORIALS.

A PROPOSITION.

The last half century has been one of unparalleled advancement in all lines. Things have taken new shape and presented us novel features never dreamed of by our ancestors in their rude conservatism and superstition-clouded conception. To the reality of progress nothing testifies more clearly than the present status of our women. Old prejudices are being broken down, and fogy notions as to her proper sphere are being superseded by a new order of things. Almost all the professions are now open to the fair sex, and observation shows us that she is not slow to use these new opportunities. But we will not stop here to discuss the propriety or impropriety of this feature of her advancement.

One of the issues that face us at present and demands our thoughtful attention is the matter of educating the sexes together. By the sticklers for the old plan various objections are urged against co-education. Some of these are worth consideration, while others are entirely unfounded. For instance, some say that a concession would be made to feminine inferiority, and consequently that the present standard of scholarship in male institutions would be lowered. This premise rests upon nothing but the prejudiced notions of superannuated fogyism, and in the light of modern experience is entirely annulled. Professor E. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University, in a private letter to an inquirer at Wake Forest, dated October 11, 1893, says: "Women are, on the whole, quite as good scholars as men. Ours thus far average better by a good deal. The advantages of co-education are that it is, in a vast multitude of cases, the only way open for

offering higher education to women; that it stimulates the scholarship of men; and that it exerts a purifying and cultivating effect on the young men." Women have in all the institutions of learning into which they have been admitted on equal footing with men, as well as in the varied pursuits of life, proved themselves their equals, if not superiors, in intellect.

Another is that woman is different from man, and needs different training, and consequently the incompatibility of educating them together. But that this difference really exists cannot be verified unless the same training be given both. To a great extent we must believe this mental difference is caused by different environments and unlike systems of education.

But the principal objection urged by the opposers of co-education is that it fosters sentimentalism to the neglect of study and the deterioration of morals. With due respect for those who offer this objection, I have the authority to say that the past experience of those colleges and universities open to both sexes in the United States and England has proved it to be unfounded. Should anyone doubt the assertion, he has only to consult the records of a few of such institutions. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred those colleges and universities which at some time after their founding opened their doors to women, say that the grade of scholarship was not by any means lower after than before they were admitted. When co-education was first proposed at Cornell, all these objections were brought forward, but one who is authority, speaking of the result, now says: "In practice it was proved that while boys acquired finer manners, the girls advanced in truthfulness, sincerity and courage; that the standard of scholarship was raised, and that the predicted period of sentimentalism, though everywhere overdue, had persistently failed to appear." This only expresses the sentiment of a very large majority of the two hundred or more higher co-educational institutions in the United States. With one voice they all say that the training of the sexes together is an unquestioned success.

Some who have for a time in their past experience been engaged in teaching primary and academical schools where both sexes were admitted, and of all ages, bitterly oppose it. Such do not take into consideration that young ladies do not enter the higher institutions at so early an age as they do the preparatory schools, or even the present existing female colleges. And besides, the opinion of such could be of but very little weight by the side of the testimony of such men as Professor Andrews, President William T. Warren of Boston University, President James B. Angell of the University of Michigan (from whom the writer has recently seen private letters), and a host of other experienced and eminent educators in the institutions where both sexes have been admitted for years. In fact, in the North and in England the question of the propriety and success of co-education has long been settled.

We are glad to know that many of the leading men of the South are waking up to this subject, and are bringing the matter before the public. Furman University, in our neighboring State, took a decided stand and opened her doors to women last September. The Baptists of our State for the last three or four years have been putting forth strenuous effort for the establishment of a female university, to furnish to their daughters higher training and advantages equal to those offered to young men at Wake Forest. The equipping of such an institution must needs incur a great expense. Buildings must be constructed and furnished with modern improvements and adequate educational apparatus, and a Faculty of competent instructors employed. This means many thousand dollars, as experience with Wake Forest has shown. Why not obviate the vast outlay by simply combining the two? The expense necessary for the educating of both sexes at Wake Forest would be but little more than that now incurred in the educating of young men there, and little over *half* of what would be required for two separate institutions for the different sexes.

Now let us lay aside all preconceived notions and biased views of this matter, and weigh it candidly and honestly in the light of the experience of those who have thoroughly put it to a test, and who are fully capable of judging in the matter. If by certain means a thing can be accomplished as well as otherwise, and with half the outlay, why not use these means? But few additions would be needed at Wake Forest before we could offer to the daughters of our land courses equal to those now taken by men. The Faculty would be virtually the same, and with the exception of one or two buildings, nothing else would be necessary. To both it would be stimulating and refining, both mentally and physically. Evil tendencies common to collections of either sex alone would be obviated; there would be fewer failures of health than under the present system, and a normal health-glow would pervade the whole. Dr. Pritchard and other eminent men are contributing their efforts to bring this about, and may the day speedily come when we will offer to our girls the opportunity of higher training at Wake Forest College.

JUL. E. YATES.

A GOLDEN MEAN.

Horace, in one of his odes, very prettily writes of "the golden mean." It requires no unusually acute mind to appreciate the sentiment of the Roman poet when he urged his friend Licinius to seek "*aurea mediocritas.*" But who knows how to set about reaching this desideratum? Horace might have made the tenth ode of his second book far more interesting had he only set forth those principles in the exercise of which one might attain the golden mean. But unfortunately for those who might have given heed to the heathen poet, Horace contents himself with a few abstract notions about poverty

and wealth, and leaves the reader to settle for himself the "how" of the question. Perhaps, when he started to lay down the rules of action by which one might arrive at the safe middle-ground, his muse failed him; or, perhaps, his mind was so befogged by the effects of the ruddy Sabine wine and of that other invariable subject of his meditation—woman—that all thoughts of a philosophical nature were crowded from his mind. It is more likely, however, that Horace, like everybody else, understood that the golden mean was nothing more than an idea of the mind, something to be thought about and surmised about, but not to be actually attained. And yet because one can never reach it is no reason why he should look on only one side of life and make himself an extremist in the fullest sense. For is there not pleasure and profit even in the chase of this will o' the wisp? Besides, "after the chase, who cares for the game?"

There are not many people who are not, in a sense, extremists. At college most especially is the golden mean a cloudy myth and an idle fiction. To convince himself that this is true, one has only to watch the course of the average college student. Two boys, say, come to college. Their first duties are in the class-room. Both enter upon their work with that zeal and determination which carry gladness to the heart of the professor. A few weeks pass and they connect themselves with one or the other of the literary societies.

One finds declamation, debating, and striving for oratorical honors more congenial to his tastes than poring over dry textbooks. His books are thrown aside, to be taken up only as he hurries to recitations. His exercises are carelessly written or copied from some one else; and if he made a good impression on his professor at first it is soon dissipated by his woful ignorance during the remainder of his college career. The other doesn't fancy society work. He has no desire to be an orator or a debater. He evades his society duties, grows sick of the posing and egotism of amateur orators, and devotes

himself wholly to the study of the languages, the sciences, and mathematics.

During the four years of their college career our two heroes continue in the same course, the one neglecting his studies in order to have more time for the preparation of debates and declamations, the other slighting the opportunities offered him in his society so as to be enabled to get up better recitations. Now follow them up as, armed with diplomas, they march out into the arena of active life. Our orator at first wins quite an enviable reputation as a public speaker. His relatives and friends begin to predict for him the highest measure of success, and honestly believe that he is going to step to the front and become a great statesman. But soon his stock of pet phrases is exhausted. "The amelioration of the condition of suffering humanity," "the restless masses," "this great throbbing, rushing age," "down through the dim and dusty corridors of time"—all become chestnuts to his hearers; he soon discovers that long hair may grace the heads of others than orators; and, all too late, realizes that at college he failed to lay the foundation of success in hard, earnest study. And what of the book-worm? For him, too, a magnificent career is predicted by admiring friends. They believe that one who can quote Latin and Greek phrases, and who can gin out the hardest problems in mathematics, must surely make his mark in the world. And there is an inkling of the same kind of feeling in his own heart, until he attends public service, and the pastor, believing out of the simpleness of his heart that a Wake Forest student is necessarily a speaker, calls upon him to make a few remarks for the spiritual edification of his flock. Then, poor fellow, as he is compelled to refuse outright, or stumbles to his feet and with trembling knees and hair on end stammers out a few ill-chosen words, which have about the same effect upon his hearers, so far as building them up in their most holy faith is concerned, as the proverbial water on a duck's back—then he grieves over the advantages which he failed to appropriate while at college.

The moral of this fable is: Seek the golden mean. The wherefore we have already tried to show. The how is best expressed by urging each to have a proper regard for the old adage, "Do with your might what your hands find to do."

R. W. H.

THEN—NOW.

Nearly nineteen hundred years now since that eventful day—that first Christmas. And such years they have been! How pregnant with great events which have swept down upon the race, now with the rushing fury of the avalanche, in a single day, now with the slow working of centuries! How full of the records of crushed and scattered nations, how replete with the prayers of the down-trodden, how resonant with the cries of the disconsolate, how flooded with the tears of the just, how red with the blood of martyrs!

Those years! From that first Christmas till now, how slowly have they dragged their weary lengths along! How many hearts have they crushed in their writhing toils! But what an advancement of the race have these years witnessed! How many individuals have been sacrificed, but how the race has triumphed, for progress is like nature—

"So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life."

But above the mutterings of outraged peoples and the curses of merciless tyrants, above the discordant clash of arms and the soothing lull of peace, above the roar of revolutions and the wreck of empires, clear and shrill have rung out the clarion notes heralding the onward march of civilization. And what a march that has been! From darkness to light, from bondage to freedom.

On that first Christmas what was the condition of the world? Lost! Liberty was a myth, religion a farce. The whole

world was either floundering in a sea of superstition or had not yet risen from the depths of savagery. Science was unborn, commerce limited to the Mediterranean, and man himself with not a single ray of that light which was to make him free. Error reigned supreme. The long night of centuries was settling in deeper gloom.

But behold! a light is about to break upon the benighted world. For in the bright galaxy of heaven a new star appears, the Star of Bethlehem. The shepherds of the hills cry aloud for joy, and the heart of humanity, as if conscious of the coming event, is thrilled with an unknown sensation, yet it leaps for joy. Oh, that first Christmas! Yonder in the little town of Bethlehem a child is born—a Savior! There in swaddling clothes lies God's gift to man, the hope of the world, the light of the ages. A new impulse is given to humanity, and a new life infused. For verily there lies the future salvation of the race.

The countless years before had been vain, man was drifting further and further from God, and was building his civilization on a false base. But with the advent of that first Christmas all things were made possible unto him. A new life began, grew, is still growing.

Men may say what they will, but the fact remains the same: that the teaching of Christ has made possible the advancement of the race, has lifted it from darkness to light. Though often distorted and driven from the purity of its author, nevertheless Christianity has been the fountain head of all true progress, the warp and woof of the highest civilization.

And now, on this latest Christmas, after so many changes for the better, after such infinite progress, after so many steps toward higher planes, man is about to forget the great lesson taught by these nineteen hundred years, about to forget that everything tending toward the real advancement of the race is dependent on these same teachings of the lowly Gallilean.

Oh! that we could fully realize that here, and here only, is to be found the solution of our great and burning social questions. That when we ignore the principles of the Christ we can only fly from ill to ill, that without the world-saving influence of the Master—the saving of men from themselves and sin—not from hell—that without a practical Christianity, by which men may live, we must perish in the whirlpool of our own national and individual misdeeds. R. F. B.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor.

TO THE easy-going, thoughtless American, satisfied with himself and the world, secure in his privileges, and with not the faintest cloud upon the blue of his country's peace, it is almost inconceivable that in another part of the globe, under the same heaven that smiles on him, grim-visaged war is working its deadly mission. Such is the case, nevertheless. For the past few weeks the English in Africa have been engaged in warfare with the native tribes. The facts of the matter, leaving out the exceedingly hard names of the tribes and their chiefs, are something as follows. It should be said first, however, that at the very foundation of the whole trouble, we judge from newspaper reports, lies the well known principle, so characteristic of the English, viz., extension of territory, whatever the cost. A fertile province with but few inhabitants was discovered. The distribution of brandy, guns, and gunpowder among the settlers, resulted in the cession of certain mining and pastoral monopolies by a credulous monarch to the whites. His authority was repudiated by his subjects. One offence followed another, now on the part of the traders, and now on the part of the natives. War

ensued. The immediate result was, naturally, victory for the English. Half-clad savages armed with spears and rifles, and not knowing how to use the latter, could not stand before the machine-guns of their enemies. The remote result, also perfectly natural, it is not difficult to foretell. When one-half of the original inhabitants are killed, their villages burned, and their crops destroyed, the other half will yield to the ruthless hand of civilization, and find themselves stripped of every vestige of power in their own country. And John Bull will shake his fat sides and chuckle with malicious glee as he is reminded that the sun never sets on his extensive domain. But let us not forget that there are two sides to every question. Quoting from the London correspondent of the *New York Nation*, whence we have obtained the facts: "Concerning the ultimate gain to humanity, there can be no question. Matabeleland in its present condition might support some thousands in a state of semi-barbarism. Developed and inhabited by a white race, it would sustain millions in comfort and plenty. And so, in consideration of the benefit to mankind in the long run, we must strive to turn our thoughts from the inevitable horrors involved in the change.

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."

IT IS now a source of wonder how chronic croakers and grumblers are going to reconcile the new tariff bill advanced by the Democratic party with the alleged fondness of that party for "trusts, combines, and monopolies." There can be no doubt but that the working people of this country are suffering from many evils; and the causes of these evils must of necessity rest upon the shoulders of some man or set of men. But laboring men will find out, not at once, certainly, for people are slow to grasp any new thought, and so much the more when it violates preconceived notions, that the Democratic party is not wholly to blame for existing evils. Indeed,

it is quite evident that more than one wanderer, driven away by the seeming heartlessness of his party, will be drawn back to his first love by the new tariff measure. The importance of this bill cannot be overestimated. It is the result of any amount of thought, observation, and patient painstaking effort. The most general criticism is that it is too lenient and conservative—not a bad criticism in this age when there is so little conservatism exercised in public acts. This is the criticism, of course, of those who are friendly to free trade. From a protectionist point of view the passage of such a measure will be the vilest outrage ever perpetrated upon the American people. It is certain that McKinley does not especially admire the new tariff schedule. It would be impossible to notice the bill with any degree of fullness, even if it were likely that it would be of the slightest interest to our readers. It is enough to say that the new bill which is now before Congress is based on the application of the essential Democratic principle—that the main object of all taxation should be revenue for the common use of the people, and not to swell the profits of particular interests. With the absence of filibustering and other impedimentary processes, it is probable that the bill will become a law at an early date.

THE ASSASSINATION of Mayor Harrison by the crank Pendergast is very strongly suggestive of what great things may happen from very small beginnings. The administration of the city transferred from the hands of one party to those of another—what would have otherwise been completely impossible, or could have been accomplished only by the most strenuous endeavor; a man not far beyond the prime of life, with ambitions gratified, and about to crown his other blessings with a lovely wife, murdered in cold blood in his own home, in his native city; a thrill of horror felt in every land, and the consequent philosophizing on the cause and effect of the crime—and all because of a single blind impulse in a man maddened

by a fancied wrong at the hands of the Mayor of Chicago. So it has been in all ages. Cohorts and legions, scheming enemies and double-dealing friends could not check the ambition and growing power of Julius Cæsar. But an idea took root in Brutus's mind that it was his duty to slay Cæsar for his ambition. We know the result. Marat might have worked evil and destruction in Paris a great deal longer had not a sudden impulse seized Charlotte Corday to put an end to the monster's life. A well aimed pistol-shot or dagger-thrust by some irresponsible person would have silenced the Little Corporal long before it was done by the combined strength and resources of the allied powers.

THE MAIN question before the American people to-day is: Do governments have consciences? It is being discussed far and wide. It is a sad fact that there are a great many citizens who say, by their condemnation of the disposition of the present Administration to undo a wrong committed against the Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, that, whatever may be true of other nations, the American government does not propose to submit itself to anything so exacting as a conscience. The affirmative of this question is staunchly defended by Grover Cleveland and a few of the leading newspapers; while the advocates of territorial expansion, under the leadership of the *Independent*, as strongly maintain the negative. The argument of these latter, in a few words, is: When a wrong is done a wicked person, the bad character of the person injured renders it unnecessary for his or her wrong to be avenged. The affirmative argue that a watch or other valuable stolen from a dissolute character should be returned just as promptly as if it had been stolen from a person in whom exist all the virtues.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ROWLAND BEASLEY, Editor.

“My Dark Companions and Their Strange Stories” is the latest literary effort of Henry M. Stanley.

“Under the Scarlet and Black” is the title of a volume of poems by the undergraduates of Iowa College, and it has been well received.

LONGFELLOW declared that biography made his most favorite reading. The example of the lives of great and good men cannot be valued too highly in the formation of character.

A NEW and interesting historical novel of the time of the restoration of Charles II is “Prince Rupert’s Namesake.” The reproduction of the life of those times is said to be accurate and instructive.

THE fertile pen of Marion Crawford has been at work again. This time it is a society novel dealing with New York life—“Marion Dorche.” His readers are patiently waiting for something else so good as “Mr. Isaacs.”

DECEMBER brings out the usual flood of Christmas and holiday books, with many fine editions of both old and new volumes which the public taste has already approved and now calls for with more beautiful and elaborate adornments of the printer’s and engraver’s arts.

WALTER BESANT says: “Except in their relation to choice of subject matter the terms Eastern and Western, Northern and Southern have absolutely no literary meaning in a country, all of whose parts have a common speech.” In the light of this opinion, which is doubtless correct, the wild and woolly West is not to succeed in realizing its late fondest dream of creating a separate and independent literary republic, wholly unrelated to the more conservative standards of the tender-footed East.

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND'S recent book of poems may be taken as an example of the oncoming literature of the Mississippi Valley, of which he is the avowed exponent. The following two stanzas are taken from "My Prairies":

I love my prairies, they are mine
 From zenith to horizon line
 Clipping a world of sky and sod
 Like the bended arm and wrist of God.

I love their grasses. The skies
 Are larger, and my restless eyes
 Fasten on more of earth and air
 Than seashores furnish anywhere.

IT IS seldom that an author who has won great success in his first book comes up to what is justly expected of him in his second effort. The thousands of admirers of "Ben Hur" have been eagerly expecting the appearance of the new book which General Wallace has been engaged on for some time. "The Prince of India," according to the reviewers, falls far short of its brilliant predecessor. "The Prince of India" is none other than the somewhat mythical Wandering Jew. The historical background is brought out with great accuracy of detail, and the plot culminates at the fall of Constantinople and its capture by the Turks.

ONE of the objections raised by the pulpit against "Ben Hur" was that it was dangerous to use the sacred facts of Scripture, and especially those concerning Christ himself, for the purposes of fiction, both as an outrage against that which we hold most sacred, and as setting forth an example to coming authors whereby the precious truths might be perverted in a labyrinth of fictitious narratives. The alarm was not a false one, if we may judge by the following remark concerning the "Son of a Prophet" and "Barabbas." "The former is a carefully studied picture of life in the age of King Solomon and in his country, while the latter is a romance in which the events in the New Testament narrative of the trial of the Messiah, of his burial and of his resurrection furnish the stimulus to the author's imagination."

ONCE at Cambridge a number of students were given several questions for the purpose of testing how carefully they had read "Pickwick," all of them claiming to know it specially well. Walter Besant answered twenty-seven questions out of thirty. The following are examples of the questions given:

1. Show that there were at least three times as many fiddles as harps in Muggleton at the time of the ball at Manor Farm.

2. Is there any ground for conjecturing that Sam Weller had more brothers than one?

Now it is stated in the account of the ball that in a shady bower were the two best fiddles and the only harp in Muggleton. These being two best there must have been at least a third, and therefore at least three times as many.

When asked if he was not a wag, Sam said that his eldest brother was troubled with that complaint. If he had an *eldest* brother he had more than one.

THE recent overwhelming craze for dialect writing is somewhat subsiding. The crest of that wave is past, and the long-suffering public is now resting supinely in its trough awaiting the sweep of the next craze which the authors shall see fit to send upon it. For several years it has been impossible to pick up a magazine that was not filled with these stories, accompanied by divers illustrations purporting to be representations of shaggy mountaineers or phlegmatic Southerners of the backwoods type, many of which as portrayed were entirely unknown quantities. They, however, are interesting, and usually approximately correct, both in the dialect and in the characters, but one cannot but think while reading them that the author is drawing more on his imagination than on his knowledge of facts. In fact, the reader cannot help suspecting that the writer, who is describing with such minute detail the rural scenes of the remote backwoods, has never been beyond the city limits. It is often too real.

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. E. YATES, Editor.

—'67. Rev. J. H. Howell, who has for some time served the Baptist church at Lennox Castle, has given up his charge there and gone to take charge of the church at Rocky Mount.

—Rev. J. H. Vernon ('70-'74) is the faithful pastor of churches in Jones County.

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is expected to preach the dedicatory sermon of the Drewry Dobbs monument at Sandy Run church in the western part of this State, on the 20th instant. He has promised to hold a series of meetings here during the session, and we hope he will not disappoint us.

—Among our *alumni* at the bar may be mentioned Mr. A. C. Zollicoffer ('75-'78) of Henderson, who has a wide-spread and lucrative practice.

—R. E. Folk ('81-'83), one of a family of journalists, is now connected with the *Daily American* of Nashville, Tenn. In his profession he is one of our first men, an adept knight of the quill. We hope to hear from him soon through the columns of THE STUDENT.

—'89. Rev. S. D. Swaim is the pastor of churches near Wilmington.

—'90. Luther S. Cannon, formerly of Caldwell, some time ago successfully passed his examination for a clerkship in the Interior Department. He was the valedictorian of his class.

—'90. Mr. Josiah Crudup, formerly of Kittrell, was, on the 15th of November, united in matrimony to Miss Correlli Remfrey, of High Point. May their lives be long and happy. Congratulations from THE STUDENT.

—'90. Rev. Hight C. Moore, who has been at the Rochester (N. Y.) Theological Seminary for some time, has recently accepted the call to the pastorate of the Broad Street Baptist Church, of Winston. He succeeds Dr. L. G. Broughton ('81-'84), whose pleasing manners and earnestness make him a favorite of all.

—Rev. R. G. Kendrick ('91), who taught for a year in Elon College in the absence of Prof. J. O. Atkinson ('90), who was attending lectures at Harvard in order to more fully prepare himself for his work, is now at the Seminary at Louisville. His brother, Rev. J. I. Kendrick ('91), is there also, and, as usual for our boys, they are both taking a high stand.

—'91. C. L. Haywood is another of our young educators. He is teaching a select number of young men at Statesville—preparing them for college.

—'92. Rev. J. E. Green is the pastor of the Booneville Baptist church.

—'92. R. B. White is the principal of a flourishing school, Lanefield Academy, near Warsaw. He is a good teacher, so report says.

—'93. We clip the following high yet worthily bestowed compliment from an exchange of the *Wilmington Messenger*: "We do not know of a young editor in North Carolina who exhibits so much natural ability and of as fine grade as young Willie Bailey, of Raleigh. His political and other editorials on the first (outside) page of the *Biblical Recorder* are well written and strong. Recently some exchanges said they equalled the political articles of any paper in the State. * * * We learn that young Bailey is the real editor of the able *Recorder* since the very serious affliction of his father, Rev. Dr. Bailey."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W. L. FOUSHEE, Editor.

Stetson Collegiate is quite an interesting little journal. It would look much better if it were not so much like a mere pamphlet, but had a more dignified size.

The Guilford Collegian deserves special mention. Its outside cover is very tasty and attractive, but not more so than it is within. There is much improvement, especially in its local department.

The Furman Echo is good, with exception of its local department, which keeps the reader guessing "who fell asleep on Greek," or the like. Brother, get out of such puerile attempts at humor, which appeal to no one but yourself.

The Trinity Archive is too small. What there is is well done. Besides, but one issue has reached us this year—that of October. What is the matter, brother? Is it because your students are indifferent to the importance of a magazine? Athletics hold a prominent place in *The Archive*, as well as in the college.

The Davidson Monthly, November number, makes a strong plea for athletics. We are glad of this tendency. Davidson has been very conservative and withheld from the so-called "athletic craze" which has invaded Southern colleges. But athletics has become important and even necessary to secure the best results from college life, and who would not be behind cannot hold aloof.

NONE of our exchanges are more highly prized than *The Southern Collegian*. It is fresh and entertaining from beginning to end. It has high literary tone, though its articles are not of over serious character. "A Fair Slave" is a beautiful story with a Greek background. The analysis of Macbeth is

interesting. Macbeth is a tragedy of the loss of a human soul. In the play Macbeth is a knightly soldier, but becomes a prey to vaulting ambition. Lady Macbeth is the lost soul and is the stronger. She finds Macbeth's weak point and lures him body and soul to the infernal powers.

The North Carolina University Magazine has made most decided improvement within the last year. It now claims a position among the higher magazines of the country. It has the advantage of being able to relegate to *The Tar Heel*, a newsy little weekly published in Chapel Hill, the personal and ephemeral items which properly find no place in the magazine and is thus enabled to devote its full space to more pretentious literature. *The Magazine* is clearly in able hands; its make-up is admirable. University students should be proud of it. We enjoyed very much "Journalism as a Profession for Young Men" and "German Duelling at the Universities," which the writer says still exists in its worst forms. Most of the contributions are from alumni and outsiders and do not represent work of students.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

W. L. FOUSHEE, Editor.

SNOW!!!

'93 NEARLY GONE.

THANKSGIVING—GONE.

CHRISTMAS—NEXT.

HURRAH FOR the Declamation Contest!

RUMORS HAVE reached Wake Forest that there was a game of football in Raleigh on the 18th ultimo.

WORK ON the bed-spring factory is being pushed forward rapidly. We hope this may prove a paying industry.

MESSRS. CAREY HUNTER, J. E. Austin, Frank Williamson, W. R. Bradshaw and J. A. Wray, have paid short visits to their *Alma Mater* this month.

MANAGERS PENCE AND CHRISTIAN inform us that their minstrels will entertain an audience in Wake Forest soon. Extensive preparations are being made.

THE FACULTY have forestalled the usual petition of the students and granted a week's holiday Christmas, beginning the 23d December. Thank you, gentlemen.

MISSSES LULA POWERS, of Atlanta, Ga.; Minnie Clyburn, Lena Allen and Mary Yancey, of Peace Institute; Helen Foote, of Warrenton, are among the fair visitors to the Hill this month. We welcome you, one and all.

MR. E. E. HILLIARD, of Scotland Neck, gave an excellent and highly appreciated talk to the students at morning prayers some time ago. Mr. Hilliard has traveled in interest of the College over much of the State during the past month.

SOCRATES is related to have begun the study of music in his sixtieth year. Yet we have a precocious young freshman not over twenty who, even at this tender age, is heard often in the dormitory wringing torturing notes from a violin. Friend, emulate the example of the wise.

"IN ALL my connection with Wake Forest College, I have never known a body of students, taking them altogether, to be more prompt, studious and gentlemanly in deportment than the young men of '93-4 have been so far."—*Dr. C. E. Taylor, in Biblical Recorder.* Let us see to it that this remain true.

THE LAW lectures given by Prof. N. Y. Gulley, a prominent lawyer of Franklinton, N. C., grow in interest, and attract a large number who do not belong to the regular class. The lectures are characterized by great clearness and force. We doubt not the interest thus aroused will lead to a largely attended law school. We hope it will speedily come.

THE FOOTBALL team were about to revolt at the idea of Thanksgiving Day. No objection was made to the holiday, but they thought it should be named otherwise.

CHEMISTRY, WHICH has been much enlarged this year, proves to be a very interesting study, by the large number who are taking the higher branches. A chemistry club, whose object is original investigation and useful study, has been organized, with Professor Brewer as President. Wake Forest has some half-dozen alumni pursuing this study in Northern universities.

PROF. POTEAT has been elected a member of the Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Holl, Mass. Some of the most noted biologists in the country belong to this Society, Harvard, Princeton and Columbia being represented in its membership. This high recognition of Prof. Poteat's ability and attainments as a biologist will be very gratifying to his friends here and throughout the State.—*J. B. C., in Recorder.*

On the 15th the declaimer's voice will be heard in the land. The two Societies have elected Messrs. Bruce Benton, J. D. Robertson, J. W. McNeill, I. M. Meekins, T. M. Leary, R. F. Beasley, R. T. Daniel, R. O. Fry, J. R. Stokely and T. B. Hill, to speak for a declaimer's medal. We know this will be interesting. Why cannot we have more of such contests? They will enliven greatly the tedium of college life.

THANKSGIVING DAY passed quietly at Wake Forest. College exercises were suspended, and a day's rest was indulged in—all thankful that they had survived the severe mental strain of continued study (?). Appropriate Thanksgiving services were held in the Chapel in the morning. At evening those socially inclined, both youth and maiden, donned their handsomest and assembled at the residence of Mr. T. E. Holding, to crown the day with the noblest pleasures of all. An elegant supper, consisting of fruits and oysters, was served, and those who attended pronounced this by no means an unpleasant occasion.

MR. JOHN A. WRAY preached a most excellent sermon in Chapel, Sunday, December 3. He graduated in '92, spent last year at Harvard, and is now pursuing a course at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, having just recently entered the ministry. Most of us remember John as a student and speaker, and it was with peculiar pleasure we heard him speak so beautifully from the sacred desk. We bespeak for him a useful future.

A SPECIAL train, run by the Seaboard Air Line bearing delegates to the Baptist State Convention passed here on the 7th instant. A large body of students gathered at the depot, and as the train stopped gave our elders three vigorous college yells. We noticed on board many prominent Baptists. The delegation from Wake Forest consisted of Dr. C. E. Taylor, Prof. W. L. Poteat, Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, I. T. Newton, C. V. Brooks, Dr. J. H. Edwards and Dr. J. B. Powers. Owing to the distance few of the students attended. THE STUDENT will be represented by Prof. W. L. Poteat and Mr. E. E. Hilliard. This promises to be a most important session of the Convention.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

We wish to return heartfelt thanks to those alumni who came forward so promptly and liberally when a call was made for aid. Your names will hold a cherished place in our hearts.

There seems to be an increasing public sentiment against football as it is played now. Football is too good a game to let go, and we are glad that there will be a revision of the rules, so that all the objectionable features will be removed.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, Mr. T. J. Pence was elected Business Manager of the baseball team, with Mr. R. T. Daniel as captain. These are two admirable

selections, and with the hearty co-operation of our students—no patriotic student will refuse it, why may not our team be a success? An advisory committee, consisting of Profs. E. W. Sikes, J. C. Maske, Mr. W. J. Christian, the captain, and the manager, was also selected.

No tears need be shed over the defeat of our team this year. Unbroken series of victories cannot be expected. Was not our team successful everywhere last year? No team is always attended with success. Yale, the champions, went down before Princeton, whom they defeated three successive years. Prophetic words were they which appeared in *THE STUDENT* last year, when the Trinity team was defeated in every important game, saying that they had pluck which would not down, and that they would be successful next year. Such has it proven. They are champions in football in North Carolina. Cannot we do likewise? Determination will do it.

On the 18th ult. our football team sustained a defeat at the hands of the University team. Weight and superior training easily won the game, which was clearly against us from the beginning. The game was to have been played a week earlier, but the University declined at the last moment. However, we agreed to play them on the 18th, though we knew we would be defeated. We are not the kind to shrink from playing because of the prospect of defeat, which is the puerile conduct of some colleges. The game was most pleasant from beginning to end, and the conduct of each team to the other was most gentlemanly. We have no fault to find with our opponents in the least. This game but evens up the football score between Wake Forest and Chapel Hill, each having defeated the other twice.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

PROF. J. C. MASKE.....ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY:

W. L. FOUSHEE.....EDITOR.

R. F. BEASLEY.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY:

R. W. HAYWOOD.....EDITOR.

J. E. YATES.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

D. R. BRITTON.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. XIII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., JANUARY, 1894.

No. 4.

ODE TO ART.*

Eternal Spirit! Thou immortal Art,
Who, co-existent with the universe,
Art still Jehovah's fairest messenger!
Ere yet the earth was formed, when chaos reigned,
Thou, at His bidding, camest. And darkness fled
Before thy smiling countenance. The sea,
At thy behest, in curves of wondrous grace,
Rolled back its waves. The stars thy hand had grouped
Shone down on river, mountain, dale, and sea—
And Nature was thine earthly masterpiece.
Each rippling wavelet, every crystal form,
Betrays, in miniature, thy master hand,
No less than Ocean's panorama or
The everlasting hills.

Immortal Art!

Thee we invoke, fair spirit of the skies!
To thee we dedicate these sacred halls.
O thou, who o'er the realm of Beauty reignest!
As pilgrims to the Kingdom Beautiful,
We bring our votive offerings to thee.

*Read at the opening of the School of Fine Arts, Union Female College, Alabama.

'Tis said Pygmalion's love inspired with life
 What else were senseless marble, and endowed
 The lifeless stone with an immortal soul
 And deathless beauty. May our love to thee
 Inspire in us, who seek but to reflect
 The glorious shadow of the art divine,
 The mystic touch which to the canvas gives
 The beauty, warmth, and glow of nature.

Guide thou our feeble steps, our eyes, which now
 Are blinded by thine awful majesty,
 Until at last, made meet, they shall behold
 The heavenly vision, when the Universe
 Shall blend in one great symphony of Art.

EVABELLE SIMMONS.

EUFULA, ALABAMA.

THE MINISTER.

When he ascended on high, he led captivity captive,
 And gave gifts unto men.

And he gave some to be apostles, and some prophets; and some evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ: till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.—*Paul.*

I glorify my ministry.—*Ibid.*

In apostolic times the work of the ministry was divided among several classes of workers. There were evangelists, apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers. These all labored to the same end, viz., the building up of the body of Christ. This division of labor no longer obtains to any considerable extent.

The man whom we call the minister is expected to be prophet, evangelist, pastor, teacher. Each of these is necessary to the filling out of the body of Christ to the measure of His divine manhood. And the minister of to-day must be all these.

He must be a prophet. He must brave the perilous ascent of the Mount of God, and in the awful thunder peal hear God's word and bring it to the people. He must go forth without the camp to the solitary Tent of Meeting and be shut in by a cloud; and while men look after him in wonder and in fear he must speak with God, as a friend talketh with his friend, and return to tell men what message God has sent. He must wait in the Temple till the vision of the Holy One flood his being, and the word of God fall on his soul and kindle with a flame that shall burn his body to ashes. And he must come forth from his venturous consecration to speak that word, whether men hear or whether they forbear.

He must be an evangelist. He must be a herald of the good tidings of the grace of God toward all men. To him is committed the word of reconciliation. He is to bear God's message of love, his assurance of forgiveness, his proffer of eternal life in Jesus Christ to every child of Adam. And his is the high privilege of persuading men on behalf of Christ and in his stead to be reconciled to God.

He must be a pastor. He must shepherd the flock of God. He must strengthen the diseased, heal the sick, bind up the broken, and bring again that which has been driven away, and seek that which has been lost. He must feed them with good pasture upon the mountains and by the watercourses, and cause them to lie down in a good fold. And when nightfall hastens and evil beasts draw nigh, he may not leave the sheep to perish. The good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep.

He must be a teacher. And what a theme is his! In what divine love must he be instructed before he can instruct the people! He must by anticipation lay hold of the principles of

that Kingdom which is the goal of the ages, and in which the eternal purpose of God is to be accomplished. His study is not of Greek metaphysics, or of Roman law and jurisprudence. He need not delve for the secret of the glory of England, and he scorns to fall down before Time's last offspring in this western world—

“For not like kingdoms of the world,
The Kingdom of our God!
* * * * * *
Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands;
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.”

The kings and empires and civilizations of men are but the incidents of the march of the purpose of God through the ages toward the divine event to which the whole creation moves—the perfected Kingdom of God. Of that Kingdom there shall be no end unto ages of the ages.

The minister must be a teacher. And the lessons he teaches must be the lessons which, in the consummation of things, shall be the possession of all men. In a word, he must teach the Kingdom of God.

Who is sufficient for these things? Here are involved a detachment from the world, a separation unto God, an absorption in Divine things, a passion for men, and an industry in the study of Jesus Christ, any one of which would consume the energy and the soul and the body of any man. Our sufficiency is of God.

After this general view, I may be permitted to specify a few of the points about the minister which strike me as important.

1. And first—himself.

Himself, not his title. Himself, not his clothes. Himself, not his office. Himself; his character, the quality of his manhood, the stuff he is made of. It is obvious his must be

the most virile manhood. His texture must be both strong and fine. He must combine the monk and the crusader. He must be equally at home in the cloister and on the battle-field. He must know God; therefore he must be capable of spirituality, capable of response to all the subtleties of the divine operation. He must deal with men; therefore he must be of the stuff that only masterful men are made of. His robes are not a discharge from personal manhood; nor are his titles a screen behind which littleness may hide. Men of the world are no longer overawed by the little syllable Rev. before a man's name, or by the "clerical cut" of his vest and coat. And if in exploring behind these signboards in search of a man they find a functionary, no solemn exhortation, however abundantly supported by Scripture, will secure their respect for this "parson." The minister—no *dilettante* he, luxuriating in a polite professionalism; but the hero, the enthusiast, of the highest sentiment, of the toughest moral fibre—the manliest of men.

2. *His Education.*

In general, the minister's education should be that of any other well furnished man. But what of his special training? It should, at the very least, include the following departments of study:

(a) The Bible. Whatever else the minister knows or does not know, he must know his Bible. And he must know it, not in the sense that he is able from it to establish his denominational contention, or a particular doctrinal system. He must know the whole of its contents, and these in their biblical forms and relations. He may well avoid the system-builders who insist on conventionalizing Bible truths—men who seem possessed of the intolerable conceit of supposing that their little minds are capable of furnishing all the categories for the unfolding of the revelation of God. No! Let the minister see to it that he knows the Bible for what it is, and that, at first hand, he has gathered its actual testimony on all the problems of being. The Bible, rather than books about

the Bible, must be his text-book through life. And let no man suppose the Concordance is his best guide in Bible study, or that he has what the Bible says on a subject when he has brought together all the sentences from Genesis to Revelation which contain a particular word or phrase. The argument of chapter and verse is not final. See Matt. iv: 6 (*Cf.* Psa. xci: 11.) Nor is the argument of chapters and verses final. We do not construct a biblical argument by making a mosaic of biblical texts, nor by reducing to majorities and minorities the uses of a word in the sacred volume. Let the minister as early and as rapidly as possible rise above the Concordance and the Concordance method. If you are dependent on the index to your favorite volume of poems, the reason is you do not know it well. Get better acquainted with it, and you will find yourself rarely or never referring to the index. So here. Know your Bible; know it as history, as literature, as revelation, and your Concordance will fall more and more into disuse, to the great advantage of the extent and proportion of your Bible knowledge.

(*b*) Philosophy and the History of Philosophy. If the minister must know the Bible testimony on all the problems of being, it will be useful to him to know the testimony of other books and men on these problems. Christianity is a philosophy of life; and it is desirable to know all other philosophies of life, and the relation of these to Christianity and the influence of Christianity upon them. Here the minister enters the field of Comparative Religion, and he seeks to know the distinctive messages of all the religions of the world and of all the philosophies of the world concerning the things which Christianity treats. And to know these the history of them must be known.

(*c*) Psychology. "The proper study of mankind is man." Then the proper study of the minister is man. Psychology is the science of man in those ranges of his being with which the minister is especially concerned. And as Christianity is

not only a philosophy of life, but also a revelation of a personal union with the Lord of life, it would be difficult to overestimate the importance to the minister of a study which leads him into the secret shrines of personality, and uncovers before his eyes the motions of the spirit that is in him, and in all men.

(d) Sociology. Christianity is a philosophy of life, reveals and characterizes a life in mystical union with God in the Spirit, and it further describes that life in its relations with other lives. Now, the science of these relations is Sociology. The Christian life, by its nature and by its fundamental law, viz., love, is a life in association. Sin is a sundering, love a uniting force. Extreme, isolated individualism is best illustrated in the devil. We are members one of another, and in the perfect society this is even more true. It follows that Sociology, or the science of man in society, lies very near the foundation of the minister's necessary equipment for these times and for all times.

In general—for these remarks must be brought to a close—for the minister a literary and spiritual training is to be preferred to a technical theological training. And it may be added that the theological schools of the country are adjusting their courses of study to meet the need.

When I began this article, I was chiefly concerned to speak more particularly than I have yet done of the minister's duty, of his sphere, and of his reward. Now that the paper is already too long, I must content myself with only a brief word on each of these points.

The minister's duty is to receive and interpret and proclaim Christianity to the unsaved as a way of life; to the saved as a law of conduct. The cross as the means of reconciliation cannot be too much insisted upon. But the cross as the law of conduct has heretofore been insisted on almost not at all. And yet Jesus said: "Except a man take *his own* cross and come after me he cannot be my disciple." The making of

the cross of Christ the law of our conduct appears to have been neglected for two reasons: because to insist upon it seemed to infringe the principle of justification by faith and imply justification by works, and because the perverse human heart resists a too sharp application of the law of the Kingdom to daily living.

The minister's sphere is limited only by the nature and relations of man. His ideal is the reconstruction of society upon the basis of the Gospel. And the pennywise discussions about whether a minister may preach this or that, whether it is his business to promote personal piety or to purify politics, etc., are not merely irrelevant; they are childish. Think of Isaiah's flaming soul hesitating to declare the message of God on the land question and the liquor question of his day, while he waits for some respectable worldlying to define the limits of his sphere!

The minister's reward is fellowship with Christ, in his work and in his cross. And I transcribe here as my closing words these from George D. Herron (*The New Redemption*, p. 139): "No man can preach the pure Gospel of Christ in its reality and simplicity, applying it with fearless love to modern problems, without sooner or later suffering a martyrdom as real and painful, though differing in form, as the martyrdom of the first Christian centuries, and suffering it at the hands of that pleasant godliness which finds itself so profitable for the life that now is, while cherishing polite hopes for the life that is to come. Unto us is granted the favor, if we will receive it, in our great day of heroic opportunity and deadly peril, not only to believe on Christ, but also to suffer in His behalf."

EDWIN M. POTEAT.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Dec. 7, 1893.

THE RISE AND FALL OF FORT HAMBY.

In a few counties of North Carolina, just east of the Blue Ridge mountains, no story is so well known to the young mind as that of Fort Hamby. Not that it was a point of national interest, or of national danger, but it was a point of danger to that section of country.

The Fort was about nine miles west of Wilkesboro, and just on the opposite side of the river from Goshen, a small village, so called because of the great fertility of the surrounding lands. The Fort consisted of a large two-story house, rudely constructed of hewn logs, and a small kitchen, which stood in the rear. The Fort was situated on a hill about three hundred yards north from the Yadkin river, and about the same distance west from Lewis's Fork creek, a stream which flowed into the Yadkin. This house was occupied during the war by a family named Hamby, and the place was frequented by men of low character, chiefly deserters from Stoneman's brigade. At the close of the war this point, on account of the favorable position, was chosen by these men as a fort, and indeed, it did seem to be a safe place, being protected on two sides by swiftly flowing streams, and in the rear by dense forests. The point on which the old house stood looks as if it had been forced out of the woods, having only a small section of cleared land behind.

There is a legend that years ago a woman, pure and noble, had excited by some means the wrath of a very mean man, and that man, to wreak his vengeance, had determined to drown her; but when he had dragged her to the very edge of the river she broke loose from him and ran, and when she reached the spot where this house was afterwards built she was caught and slain by her enemy. During all the successive years the place has been looked upon with a kind of superstitious awe.

It is strange that some of the most beautiful spots of nature are sometimes the nuclei of the greatest conflicts and of the greatest evil. Just across the river an old chimney of a house once occupied by Daniel Boone is in sight. A short distance down the river was the home and farm of Governor Stokes. With the Brushy mountains as an observatory, one could easily imagine himself looking on a beautiful picture with the Blue Ridge as the background.

Just at the time when all law and order seemed absent from the land, and when strife, despair and chaos ruled in the South, these desperadoes, led by Wade, a deserter from Michigan, made this point headquarters and plundered the country for miles around. The small plot of ground just behind the house, which was once used for a garden, looked now as if it had never been cultivated; but still the larder in that fort was filled with the best the people could produce in those perilous times. Many a poor woman, whose waiting for the return of husband or son would never cease, and who had a severe struggle to keep those dependent upon her from want, was deprived of the fruits of her labor by the cruelty of these ruffians. At this time the war had closed and the soldiers had returned to their homes. It seemed hard that the few who had escaped the balls of all the great conflicts should return home to find their loved ones in danger, and have again to risk their own lives against such an enemy.

The robbers had the people of Wilkes County completely subdued. Vengeance had been sworn against the "Home Guard," and many a man was afraid to go to his own house. There was one man who had his horse's hoofs padded, in order that he might travel noiselessly. These desperadoes would ride defiantly through Wilkesboro, taking anything they wanted, and never be opposed in the least. They would go to the farms and search all the house for valuables, insult the women, and yet there was not sufficient force to prevent the depredations. One old man now living near Wilkesboro was

hanged up by his thumbs and nearly beaten to death; others were treated in the same way. Several raids were made into the surrounding counties, and about the first of May the robbers were followed from Caldwell County, when the pursuers rushed incautiously on the Fort and two of their men were shot down. General Arthur's son, of Lenoir, fell in full view of the Fort, and his friends were forced to retreat, leaving his body. He lay there in the broiling sun all day, piteously calling for water, and in answer to his call only receiving the jeers of the robbers. The following Sunday the third raid was made into Alexander County, when a crowd, partly got up by a young man named Linn, followed to the Fort, and there two of the Alexander County company were killed, Linn being one of the two, but no injury was done the robbers.

The loss of such a man as Linn aroused the Alexander people and soon another company was formed under the leadership of Colonel Hodge. The company started one afternoon, and on the way messengers were sent to the Yankee forces at Lexington asking help in taking the Fort. On the way a message was received from Wade telling the company to come on, that he was prepared to whip a thousand. Moravian Falls was reached at dark, where the company rested until 11 o'clock, and then the Lenoir road was taken. It was a very dark night and about 3 o'clock, as the company was nearing the river, very suddenly a halt was called; every one expected that the robbers were upon them, but it was soon found to be a company of eighteen men from Caldwell County, led by Rev. Mr. Isaacs, on the same mission; so the two companies united. Reports had been spread all over the county that reinforcements were being added to the Fort all the time from a county beyond the Blue Ridge. There were eight Wilkes County men with Colonel Hodge, but at daylight everyone left the company, as it was thought the attempt would be a failure, and they said they could not afford to bring more danger upon themselves and their families by exciting the wrath of the

robbers in this way; so the eight left the company, but not a man blamed them under the existing circumstances. About daylight the two companies reached a farm-house near the Fort. The farmer begged them not to attack the Fort, for he thought the attempt could only result in a failure. In the farmer's house then there lay a woman dying, who, on the previous day, had been shot in the public road, though on the opposite side of the river and about six hundred yards from the Fort.

But the citizens were determined to make an effort, so the river was crossed just above Holman's Ford, and there the company divided. Colonel Hodge directed Rev. Wm. Rolland to take four men and scour the hill just over Lewis' Fork creek, and he with the others would make a detour of four miles and come in on the hill just west of the Fort, and he would give a signal shot when he reached the hill. The party of five found no one on the hill, but soon they saw a man come out of the Fort with a bridle in his hands and go to a pasture, in which were thirteen fine horses which had been stolen from the farmers, bridle one and ride away. This man was not shot at, as the party on the hill could not get in range of him, but one of the five was watching the man when just behind him he heard a gun snap. He looked around expecting to see the gun aimed at him, but instead saw one of his own men lying behind a large chestnut log with his gun pointed toward the creek, but the gun would not fire; so another man, a few feet above him on the hill, slipped his gun to him, and this gun fired. When the gun fired a man was seen by Mr. Rolland to jump off the bank into the creek and run as fast as possible. The man was doubtless one of the deserters out watching, but had allowed himself to be surprised; he was never seen again by the company.

Just at that time the signal shot was fired by Colonel Hodge, and when the men in the Fort found out that they were surrounded, such a yell was never heard; it sounded as if there were fifty men in the Fort. During the day shooting was

kept up on both sides, but nothing was effected. Late in the afternoon a council was held, and some advised that the company disband, but the majority objected to that, so it was decided that the men should move nearer the Fort and build fortifications, in order to be the better prepared when day came, and, if possible, it was decided to set fire to the house. This was done, and just before daylight a man, Dull by name, very desperate and very brave, slipped up, keeping himself in the shadow of the old kitchen, set fire to it and then got back to his fortification before the robbers knew the kitchen was afire. The burning was watched from the fortifications with intense interest, for it was feared the Fort would not catch from the burning kitchen, but it did. When the robbers found out that the Fort was on fire, another terrible yell was raised, but how different from the one of derision raised the day before! Terms of surrender were soon called for, but Dull replied that death was all that would satisfy the people. But the robbers were soon forced to leave the upper story, and in a short time the door was opened and Wade stepped out, threw up his hand as if he surrendered, and was followed by the others. But instead of surrendering Wade made a rush, bounding like a deer down the hill, being fired upon nearly a dozen times, but not even was he wounded. He was pursued to the river, but no trace afterwards could be found of him. The other four were immediately seized, and it took all the power and control of Colonel Hodge to keep the men from tearing them into pieces. Stakes were at once put up a short distance from the Fort, and the four men told they must die; they begged piteously for life, but Colonel Hodge told them to make their preparations for death; they tried to pray, but the prayers were mostly to the men to spare their lives. Rev. Mr. Isaacs then offered a prayer, in which there was a great deal of thankfulness that the people were at last rid of such neighbors. When the robbers were tied to the stakes, it was found out which one had killed Linn the Sunday before; so a noted

marksman, Fonds Roseman, who had been a special friend of Linn's, begged of Colonel Hodge that he might shoot that one. The request was granted, and Roseman shot Beck exactly in the same place on the head that Beck had shot Linn. Then Rev. Mr. Rolland prayed and the others were shot.

When the robbers surrendered the flames were extinguished in order to save the stolen property in the Fort. Within the house was found an old still filled with silk dresses and the house contained a great deal of lady's finery. In the upper story was found about one hundred bushels of corn and a great many fine guns. Colonel Hodge said, after the property was taken out, he was determined not to leave that house standing, so it was again set afire. The next day the Yankee force came, and were very glad to find the Fort taken; so they went further up the river and captured a noted robber named Simmons, and carried him to Lexington. But the man had so much stolen money that he bribed the guard and escaped. It was certainly fortunate that the Fort was attacked at that time, for the band was reinforcing. When the Fort was taken a list on which were thirteen names was found, so it seems that not half were captured, but the band never organized again, as the house had been burned. The few left incited the Hambys to bring suit against the company for burning the house, and a lawyer was employed, but the case was never brought into Court. A great many citizens who had been most active against the robbers did not feel safe even after quiet was obtained, so moved West.

Thus ended a struggle not known beyond a few counties, but it remains fresh in the memory of the people, for the graves of brothers and sons are still there to remind them.

J. E. SPAINHOUR.

THE ROMAN YOUTH.

JUNIOR THESIS.

As soon as the Roman babe was born he was pressed to the bosom of his father or father's representative. Without the performance of this act of filial recognition the Roman youth might never share the paternal affection, nor lay claim to the family inheritance. Among the good what a beautiful rite was this! Among the wicked what a diabolical exemplification of the want of parental affection was its non-performance!

On the ninth day the boy was named; on the eighth the girl. Then gifts were presented to the child by the loving parents, by admiring friends, and even by the family slaves. Thus early was the slave taught to respect and honor whoever should bear the family name. And as often as the recurrent seasons should bring that happy day, so often, as with us, was the young Roman pleasantly reminded by beautiful rites, of his nativity. After the babe was named, then, as an additional act of parental solicitude for the little creature's preservation from the effect of the evil eye, a golden *bullæ*, made of two concave plates and containing an amulet, was strung around his neck. If the parents of the child were poor, a leathern *bullæ* was worn and answered the same considerate purpose.

With this splendid token of consideration the young Roman began his auspicious career. For seven years, he was under the direct care and guidance of his mother. In later times, however, when the Romans were becoming degenerate, the venal services of the wet-nurse took the place of the tender, watchful care of the mother. We are told that Cato, that most superb character in Roman history, was nursed by his own mother. That memorable episode of Coriolanus was an admirable demonstration of the power of maternal instruction—the instruction that inculcated self-abnegation when such action would subserve national aggrandizement.

After seven the mother still had more or less to do with the education of her son, but he was then directly under the surveillance of his father. In husbandry, he learned to plow, to sow and to reap; in athletics, he learned to ride, to swim, to box and to fence; in mental development, he was taught to read, to write and to count. In the meantime his sister was learning to spin, to weave, and to perform general household duties. This was the regime in the old days of the Republic. But in the days of Cicero the conditions of society had changed, and along with that there was change in the system of the education of the youth. Boys and girls attended the same schools and pursued the same studies. Juvenal alludes to the expedients by which some of the good old Roman pedagogues of his time stimulated the intellects of their juvenile charges. His sweetmeats tricks, no doubt, have found parallels in more recent civilizations. Nor were punishments wanting. It seems that the ferule performed its stimulating and reproofing mission on the banks of the golden Tiber quite as uniquely as in the vicinity of the Washington Irving's lordly Hudson. In the first days of the Empire the Roman youth read his Homer, his Virgil, and his Horace. In composition, Æsop's Fables was his text-book. Queries for discussion were propounded to him by his preceptors. Competitive debates afforded him ample exercise for future usefulness on the rostra or on the hustings.

The Roman school-boy had his holidays too. He rejoiced with all on the national holidays of Saturn, beginning December 17th, but he had, during the latter half of March, the days of Minerva all to himself. Yet his great holiday season was the long vacation from June to December. Happy youth with your eight months' session! We surmise that some American student envies you your short school term.

In the latter days of the Republic Greek teachers held the first rank. They were employed by the wealthy as private instructors. So, too, were the native *litteratores*.

The Roman boy had his games of ball, of running, and of boxing. Plutarch tells that Cato was chosen by the patrician youths of Rome to take one of the two captaincies in the game called "Troy" instead of the youth appointed by Sulla. And he relates the incident in such a manner that we at once recognize the fact that sport and plays in those days reflected honor upon those who participated in them.

The first time the Roman youth shaved was an auspicious event in his life. It was regarded as the beginning of manhood, and was celebrated with festivities worthy of such an occasion. It is said that Augustus shaved in his twenty-fourth year. The hair shorn on such occasions was consecrated to some divinity. Nero, as it were to buy indulgence for his future hideous heinousness, encased his shorn beard in a golden gemmed box and dedicated it to Jupiter Capitolinus.

Sometimes the shaving occurred in conjunction with the most important epoch in the history of the Roman boy, that of laying aside the *toga praetexta* and of assuming the *toga virilis*.

The *toga praetexta* was a white robe with a purple border. It was worn by children, by magistrates both at home and abroad, and by those who were attending to religious duties. It is said that this custom originated with the Etruscans, and that Tarquinius Priscus, who at the age of fourteen, in the Sabine war, slew one of the enemy with his own hand, was the first boy honored with the privilege of wearing the *toga praetexta*, which was then the royal robe.

The *toga virilis* was a white garment which was worn in a manner similar to the *praetexta*. When the Liberalia, a feast in the month of March, brought the fourteenth or fifteenth year, the Roman youth's heart exulted in his escape from the restraints of the *praetexta* and in the plenitude of his newly acquired privileges. This occasion was celebrated with beautiful ceremonies. The *togas* were exchanged before the household *lares* and to them was dedicated the mystic *bullae*. Then

to the capitol or some temple the youth repaired to pay his devotions to the gods. After this the father or lawful guardian, with their friends, visited the forum and recommended the youth to some orator or noted lawyer, whose duty it should be to instruct this tyro in his chosen vocation. The day closed with the presence of a host of friends in attendance upon him and in a hospitable feast in his happy home.

Henceforth the active duties of life confronted him. His name was enrolled as a burgher at the Liberalia. That action made him liable to military service. For a year, however, while he was a tyro, eloquent orations delighted him; the forum and the senate with their noted celebrities fascinated him with the greatness and grandeur of the Roman state. After this novitiate his education was not considered as complete, and he might then choose his own philosopher or rhetorician. Athens in the days of Cicero was the university of Rome, and thither her aspiring sons turned their footsteps.

The olden days with their rusticity had passed. In due course of time the Roman youth became either an orator, a lawyer, a soldier, a demagogue, or a debauchee. However, to those who aspired to honor and preferment the triumph was the goal of the Roman's ambition.

But the time of times, the day of days, as it always comes to man, came too to the Roman youth and maiden. However antedating this consummation of anticipated bliss, the ring-finger of the blushing maiden spoke a language much more happily comprehended by our Latin seniors than any utterances of Cicero or Virgil. All this was brought about at the *sponsalia*, engagement service. And on every anniversary of his plighted love the Roman youth bestowed some fresh token of devotion upon his betrothed, till connubial happiness crowned his life with its sweetness. This was a day of felicity to the Roman maiden. On the day of her nuptials she, according to custom, laid aside the *toga praetexta* and assumed the *stola*, a robe corresponding to the *toga virilis*. Her maid-

enly tresses in luxuriant dalliance might still toss in the soft Italian breeze, but they were restrained after this day in the exuberance of their wantonness by an exquisite matronly fillet, instead of the virginal ribbon which she had just laid aside. These *vittae* were either white or purple, and were, together with the *stola* and its appendages, badges of modesty and of the free-born matron.

Marriage was of three forms.

By *usus*, if a woman lived with her husband one whole year she became his wife. If the consort did not wish to come into the power of her husband, she evaded the responsibility by absenting herself from her husband three nights annually.

By *conferreatio* the Roman entered into the most sacred and most privileged conjugal relation known to Roman law.

By *coemptis* the woman was no more than a concubine.

There was a still looser relation known as *sine conventione*.

By *sine conventione* the husband had the power of deprivation of life.

Nobody married on the unlucky days, together with the *Nones*, the *Ides* and the *Calends* of every month.

On an auspicious day the bride was dressed in the beautifully white *tunica recta* with a purple fringe and bound with a girdle. This her husband untied in the evening. Over this robe fell the bright yellow bridal veil.

At eventide, as if to commemorate the abduction of her maternal Sabine ancestors, the bride was carried off with apparent violence from her mother to the home of her spouse. Three boys whose parents were still alive were her especial escorts. One of them going in front of her carried a torch; the other two walking by her side supported her; while she bore the distaff and the spindle, with wool. And yet another boy carried in a covered vase the bridal utensils and the toys for children. In addition to these essential personages of a Roman marriage, attended a throng of the consort's friends and relatives.

When the bride arrived at her future home men who had been married but once bore her across the threshold, lest she should touch it with her foot. Such an accident would have been considered an evil omen. The husband received his betrothed with fire and water, the symbols of hospitality. As the bride entered the home she greeted her spouse with those beautiful words which remind us so much of the story of Ruth and Naomi: "*Ubi tu Caius; ego Caia.*" Then she was placed upon a sheepskin and the keys of the house were delivered into her hand. After the marriage festivities of the evening were over, the bride was conducted by matrons who had been but once married to the *lectus genialis* in the atrium, which was superbly furnished and strewn with flowers.

The next day, sometimes, the husband gave another banquet to his friends. And the wife, who took charge of the household on that day, performed some religious duties.

Henceforth the maiden was the matron. She presided over the household, she educated her children, and she shared the honor and respect shown to her husband.

M. O. CARPENTER.

CONFESSIONS OF A FOOL.

There are times in the life of every man when folly supersedes wisdom and the human seems to revolve back to the simian. Some men continue this backward movement until they reach a point more remote than their origin; then the chimpanzee blushes with shame at recognizing them as his descendants. Others retrograde spasmodically and not so much from habit as from association. Your humble servant would never have been a fool but for the debasing influences

which were brought to bear upon his noble character. My mental derangement, the result of which I am about to relate, would never have occurred had it not been for the seductive persuasion of that praesimian being who came to my room one night representing himself to be a missionary from Dives on an errand of mercy to that class of humanity whose condition is vulgarly expressed by the limitative adjective "strapped."

While sitting in my room on that memorable night, musing on the dark clouds that chased each other across the horizon of my financial sky, a soft knock, like that of an angel seeking admittance into the nether kingdom, aroused me from my reverie.

"Come in!"

A being with a more human countenance than I expected to see at that late hour came in and blessed me with a radiant smile.

"Say, Fool, don't you want to make two hundred and fifty dollars a month next summer?"

"What! I would scrape my elbows bare and sweat every drop of blood in my body out if I thought there was a chance to get such a haul. Why man! I haven't seen a greenback in so long I have forgotten what color it is."

"Well, I have a scheme on foot by which you can easily make enough during vacation to pay your entire expenses at college next year. Being a student myself, I am, of course, interested in the boys and want to help them all I can. Here is the plan:—"

I could not listen to his laborious explanations for thinking about that two hundred and fifty dollars, but I accidentally caught a word here and there.—"Some of our best agents clear four hundred dollars a month, and, of course, what has been accomplished by one is possible for another."

"All right. Where is your contract?"

I lay awake for many hours that night dreaming of the bright future that seemed so near, and thinking how the fel-

lows would envy me when I returned next session. "Wont my folks be surprised when I refuse their money, though? And, perhaps, I will send them a hundred or two; just as a present, you know."

Examinations were over, and the time had at last arrived for the accomplishment of my long cherished designs. I could not wait for commencement, as that delay might be the cause of my losing fifty dollars or more. I reluctantly consented to allow a friend to accompany me. This generous act was a sacrifice on my part, for I hated to let another man obtain even a small part of the vast fortune that awaited my coming. Jeremiah Hezekiah Ezekiel, who was the worthy object of my generosity, was to go on a week ahead and learn the trade while I went by to see my Susan Jane. Our plans were carried out, that is, the one referring to Susan Jane, and eight days afterward I landed in Gomorrah with an empty purse, but a courageous heart. It was midnight. The city was enveloped in chaotic gloom, except as the electric lights stood in bold relief against the lowering clouds like miniature suns—and a lot of other things were happening that I would describe if I had been born a poet instead of a novelist. I easily found my friend's boarding-place, after going to every other house on that street and getting bitten by three dogs and scolded by two old womnn.

"Heyo, Hezekiah! What have you got everything torn up for?"

"I am packing up so as to get off on that early train. I have to start before day if I go at all, for my board bill has accumulated faster than my spons."

I understood his case exactly. He was just discouraged, as all business men are at times. We would attempt a canvass next morning, following my improved plans, and would, doubtless, meet with success.

I sallied forth early, confident of taking at least a dozen orders. A row of cottages were passed without so much as a

glance, for I considered them unworthy to receive either me or my goods. Down the street I went, even into the busiest part of the city, until at last, attracted by the splendor of an office across the way, I turned in to find one of those great Southern brokers of whom I had often read. He met my benign smile with unusual politeness, and after a close inspection told me to deliver some of the articles at his residence that night at ten. I was highly elated over my conquest, and quit work for the day in anticipation of the golden harvest I was to gather in the evening.

Soon after nine I sallied forth in search of my Nabob's mansion, which, I had been informed, was eight hundred and six White street. Through the kindness of two policemen and three little darkies I started on what I judged to be Cash avenue, which was a pseudonym that my ambitious imagination had bestowed on White street. The houses with their cupolas and marble facings were magnificent examples of Southern architectural skill, and so it was with no little pride that I recognized eight hundred and six to be the finest structure in its vicinity. The sense of conservatism that I had acquired in previous business transactions forbade my going boldly up to the front door and discussing my bargain before the whole family, therefore I made my way through a large gate around to what I thought was the gentleman's office, but which in the end proved to be related more particularly to the cook. I knocked and even banged on the door in my efforts to obtain a hearing. There was a hurrying of feet and a woman's voice shouted from the veranda of the main building: "James! James! There is a burglar in the kitchen. Run quick." There was another hurrying of feet, but this time the weighty appendages of the Fool were striking fire from the pavement at every step. It was a pretty race; at least it seems so now, with a thousand miles between the man with the mastic and myself, and after having had twelve months in which to recuperate my overstrained system. The dog died on the

day after, and the coroner's jury never was able to agree in a verdict as to the cause of his death. Some said he died from palpitation of the heart brought on by over-exertion of the cursory muscles; others expressed an opinion to the effect that the dye from the pieces of coat-tail found in his paunch had poisoned him, and your humble servant was willing to assent to either decision in order to vindicate the character of his loaded cane which, on that night, committed a brutal murder.

My heart, naturally impulsive and tenacious of purpose, was not to be daunted by this little escapade, but inspired me to persevere yet a little longer. I found, on inquiry, that my other call had been made on the wrong street, and determined to see King Dives in spite of braying women and bloodthirsty dogs. The ill-omened thoroughfare, on which at last I unmistakably trod, gradually lowered itself in my estimation until I substituted alley for avenue. The imaginary mansions had been suddenly transformed into realistic hovels, and the phantasmic inmates of gorgeous dress had resolved themselves into dangerous characters, with flesh and blood and, possibly, muscle. I grew uneasy, but continued my search, since there were no signs of women or dogs. The houses grew less frequent, and men were altogether invisible. I even thought the sight of a muzzled dog or a dumb woman would be a relief. I peered through the misty darkness at the next door-plate and deciphered 8-0-5. I think I would have hugged that brazen plate if it had been of the right shape and gender. Just one more door! I went on. An imposing brick wall shut off the view where the house ought to be. My interest did not abate in the least, but was rather stimulated. I had read in the celebrated William Nye's work on "Monstrosities" that impassable barriers always surround inexhaustible riches. A grotesquely carved iron gate loomed up before me. I quaked for very joy as I saw how my benefactor had surrounded himself with splendor. I peeped through the metal latticing and quaked again, but this time not for joy. Scores of white

tombstones stood within like so many grim spectres. All of the past generations of the city's dead appeared to be entombed in the grounds of the would-be residence. I decided that I had rather not wake up the inhabitants of eight hundred and six at that late hour, as some of them might not be able to properly adjust their skeletons and dust their burial robes in the dark. I did not even halloo. My customer was either a departed spirit or an impostor, and I did not care to trade with such a man. Gabriel was the rightful owner of those grounds.

You ask if I found him? No, I never tried any more. The next person that I canvassed in that town was the conductor of the "North Carolina Limited Special, for Tramps."

BYTHEFOOL, ESQ.

A LOST TRIBE.

'Mid the forest's broad expanse
 Where the oak and walnut grow,
 Near where Pee Dee's slow advance
 Ruffles not his murky flow,

Lies an unfrequented spot
 Bearing still the marks of man,
 Vestige of a race forgot
 Ere our nation's rise began.

Save the squirrel's gentle trill,
 As he steals beneath the green,
 Gathering nuts his store to fill,
 Calm of death pervades the scene.

Giant oaks with tops outspread,
 Bend in gentle, silent sway,
 As if conscious of the dead
 That beneath their shadows lay.

Long festoons of Spanish moss,
Hanging low and floating round,
Almost touch us as we cross
O'er the gentle sloping mound.

Here and there the Pee Dee's tide,
In his frequent overflow,
Has removed the moundlet's side
And disclosed its store below.

Arrow points are scattered far,
Broken pots are lying round;
Here we find an earthen jar
Half emerging from the ground.

With delight the prize we claim;
Peering in, we start, repel;
For behold a human frame
Sitting couched within that cell!

Ghastly record of a life
That not yet its course had run,
When there came that bitter strife
When the Shaw tribe was undone.

For the Shaws, traditions tell,
Here interred their gallant dead,
Where they fought for home, and fell,
Till the last pale face had fled.

Scarce a score Red Men were left
On this bloody battle-ground,
And of hopes and friends bereft,
Sadly they erect this mound.

When the whites at eve returned
To compel the band to yield,
Every humble hut was burned,
Every Shaw had quit the field.

Like the witches of Macbeth,
They had vanished from the dell.
Whether flight they sought, or death
'Neath the water, none can tell;

But this monument of earth
Stands a witness of their fall,
Of their courage, skill and worth,
Of their heed to duty's call.

Though no one shall ere inscribe
Their names on the partial page,
Yet in honor rests the tribe,
Due respect in every age.

R. L. F.

EDITORIALS.

THE OLD YEAR.

Legion is the name of the miniature essays that were written during the first week of January on the New Year. Many the would-be poet who has found or would find no better subject for the exercise of his poetic faculty than the New Year. More than a few school-boys hail the New Year, the year '94, with unfeigned delight, for it reminds them of commencements and diplomas and farewells to the dull routine of college life.

But the Old Year goes to join the long line of its predecessors with no tender words of farewell, with no loving expressions of gratitude from those to whom it has brought joy and happiness, with nothing in its ears but the shouts of joy and pleasant anticipations which the incoming year creates. It is heartlessly thrust aside, like an old horse turned out to die, when he is no longer capable of work. As it brings up the rear of the long file of the years at the head of which stalks Father Time, and as it casts a backward glance at its young, happy successor, how can it refrain from a feeling of ill desert? Surely, for the moment, it must take selfish comfort from the reflection that in twelve fleeting months the New Year too will be relegated to the dark and cloudy realm of the past.

The Old Year, however, does not pass away without the feeling that it has left the world better than it found it, and that consequently it has a place, whether recognized or not, in the affections of all. It witnessed suffering and sorrow. It beheld with tears of compassion the poor and helpless trodden under foot by the strong. It saw the greatest financial panic that this country, at least, has ever experienced. It saw political demagogery run riot, and heard of wars and rumors

of wars. All this, and more. But it likewise saw the development of a public sentiment that completely overthrew the rule of "bosses;" the signs of returning prosperity and the busy whirring of wheels that had long been stopped; the ascendancy of the party of the people with its panaceas for the ills of the poor; the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which prompted men and women to relieve the suffering and sorrowing.

Let not the Old Year be too quickly forgotten. From it and its occurrences the preacher may draw most valuable lessons for his flock. In it the historian will find material for his brightest pages. From it the optimist will deduce his strongest argument that the world is growing better. May our recollections of the Old Year teach us how to spend the New.

R. W. H.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor.

THE past month will be remembered as one in which a number of important events occurred. Words would fail us were we to try to enumerate the various occurrences which went to make the month of December noteworthy above its predecessors. In foreign countries enough was done and said to consume the greater part of the space in hundreds of newspapers for months to come. Nor need we go abroad to find sensations startling enough to satisfy the most luxurious appetite. In the United States, in North Carolina, more particularly at Wake Forest, the last month of the year of our Lord 1893 will have a firm place in the memory of the students and citizens of the Hill as the one in which the declamation contest came off. The common verdict of all is that the contest was in every way a success. Whoever says a single word

to the contrary is recreant to his sense of honor, is guilty of the basest ingratitude, in fact, is too mean for anything. If there was a person present whose heart-beats were not quickened, whose eyes were not moistened, whose soul was not flooded with emotion under the magical effects of the eloquence of the declaimers, he must have been of a most dull and prosaic disposition. The exercises were a complete success, let it be repeated. Every participant acquitted himself with honor and reflected credit on himself and his Society. But, isn't this thing of declamation, of oration, of addressing the multitude by word of mouth growing into misrepute just now? True, the orators are not all dead—far from it. True, every now and then some political speaker or sensational minister is heralded abroad as a man mighty in oratory. Even the college student, at times, has his brow crowned with the laurels of the orator. And yet there is no getting around the growing sentiment that public speaking is beginning to be looked down upon. What must men like Trenchard, "Wizard" Schæfer and Corbett think of a man who fortifies himself with lemon juice, gets up before a crowd of people, seesaws in the air with both arms, and talks himself hoarse? The inevitable must be faced. The man who deals in finely-turned phrases and pleasing tricks of elocution may as well step down and out, and yield the pose of honor to him who makes the "gridiron" his home, who handles the billiard cue most skillfully, or who delivers the most deadening blow in the prize-ring.

A STORM of bitter protest has passed over the country as the natural outcome of Cardinal Gibbons' demand for the distribution of tax-moneys to parochial schools. The plan has not only been attacked by all other sects, but it has also met the disapproval of the most prominent Catholics on this side the Atlantic. Political newspapers have for the while forgotten partisan issues and directed a broadside of recrimination, invective, and rebuke against the Romish Church that is enough to frighten a less determined organization from so bold a stroke

at the American Constitution. Whatever their party affiliations, whether Republican, Democrat, or Populist, the sentiment is the same—unhesitating opposition to sectarian education. The American free-school system is peculiar to republican forms of government. It is one of the foundation principles upon which this government was established. There is little wonder, therefore, that the press sets its foot so squarely upon this attempt to inculcate the teachings of the Catholic hierarchy into the minds of American youth. And well may the press and the various denominations strive to put a check upon the insidious movement. There is necessarily a power in any kind of organization where one man is head and chief over all, that is wanting where representatives act for the whole and where no one is directly responsible. Once the Pope of Rome sets his head and puts the whole machinery of his church into operation, there must be unity of action on the part of the other sects, or else the will of the Pope will be accomplished. Still, Protestants need not fear so long as Roman Catholics are divided among themselves as they are on the question of denominational education. Some of the most prominent adherents of the Romish cause, among them Archbishop Corrigan, have declared themselves against the measure. Only those who are most directly connected with the church, and who have not been in America long enough, or are not liberal-minded enough to receive American principles, are found among the supporters of Cardinal Gibbons. Others know, and these will find out, that Americans, though "all things to all men" in many instances, will promptly call a halt where anything so inwoven in their nature and institutions as the separation of Church and State is tampered with. So, then, it is most likely that this uprising of the Catholics will have no other effect than to create a schism in their own ranks and to unite the opposed forces. But the movement cannot but have a sinister import, and sounds a note of warning to which it would be well to

give heed. In union there is strength, and the combined effort of all Protestant sects will be requisite to check Roman Catholic power once under way.

NEWSPAPERS are much abused. It is claimed that they gather accounts of crime from every conceivable source and that they poison the minds of young and old alike. In many instances these charges are true. The news hunter in his search for the sensational fills the columns of his paper with items which, to say the least, are not likely to build up the highest ideals of virtue in the mind of the reader. The exceedingly vivid descriptions of the "*danse du ventre*" in some of the Northern papers may be offered as an example to show to what extremes the depraved taste of the average reporter carries him. But while many of the charges brought against the press are true, equally as many have their foundations in the minds of the accusers. And for such of them as are justly made, the people have themselves to blame to a great measure. If the newspaper displays recitals of the most blood-curdling murders, if its pages are covered with vividly drawn pen-pictures of vice and crime the world over, it is principally because only in this way the appetite of the reading public is gratified. The newspaper is far from being wholly evil. Besides being an indispensable factor in any civilization, it is now assuming the role of the broad-minded philanthropist. With the approach of winter's surly blasts thousands of deserving poor people in New York found themselves without sufficient clothing to brave the attacks of the cold. The *New York Herald* promptly established a clothing bureau through which clothing was distributed to the needy. Its action in this direction was warmly commended by prominent men of all churches. It is deserving of the commendation of all who believe in the scriptural expression, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." It will be said, of course, that this charity is only a ruse to gain new subscribers. What if it is? So long as the results are pro-

motive of the public good, let no one question the motives of the giver. The *Herald*, to be sure, does not give of its means according to the principle, "Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth"; but it gives and induces others to give and is doing a vast amount of good. So let all honor and praise be accorded it in its worthy efforts.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ROWLAND BEASLEY, Editor.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH has recently published a drama in two acts. The plot is simple and has a tragic end. The scene is laid in the Spanish town of Arguana.

"LIFE AND ART OF EDWIN BOOTH," by William Winter, has just been brought out by the Macmillans. The author is especially fitted for the task of writing the biography of America's greatest actor, having been for years his close and intimate friend. The book is divided into two parts, one narrating the life, and the other analyzing the art of Mr. Booth.

ATTEMPTS AT poetry are not confined to poets. *Æsthetic* spinsters and enamored youths have probably always been courting the festive muse, but it has been recently noticed that grave scientists and many other students of solemn mien have manifested a like propensity. Many men who have excelled in other branches of learning have not hesitated to put their names to verses which would do little honor to a blooming sophomore. Professor Huxley and the late John Tyndall may be mentioned as examples of eminent men who have occasionally attempted poetry, either as an amusement or as recreation. The Duke of Argyle, who has written books on many subjects, mostly scientific, is soon to bring out a volume of verse. What kind it will be is doubtful, as he has not before appeared in this role.

HOUGHTON, MIFFIN & COMPANY have just published a volume entitled "Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott." They cover the period from 1797, the year of his marriage, to 1825, when he commenced his journal, which has been published. We thus have a history of his life, at least the most interesting part of it, told in his own words. The first letter is to Miss Charlotte Carpenter, who became his wife three months later. It is not much like the love-letter we would expect from the author of the Waverly series.

AN ARTICLE in the December *Forum* gives a fair index to what the American public reads. A list was obtained from all the public libraries of the country showing the most popular books among their respective constituencies. "David Copperfield" appeared on ninety-two per cent. of all the lists. "Ivanhoe" came next on eighty-eight per cent. "Les Misérables" came on seventy-five per cent., it being one of the very few books written in other than the English language which appeared at all. Of the fifty authors represented Dickens stood first and Goldsmith last in popularity.

It is absolutely cruel to bring to light anything to disturb such a fine poetic setting as that which clusters about "Evangeline," yet a writer in the *Sunday Magazine* attempts to do this by showing what he claims to have been the real character of the Arcadians, around whom Longfellow has thrown a mantle of such exquisite romance. This writer represents them, instead of the innocent, simple peasants of the poetic story, to have even gone so far in their depredations against the English as to be in league with the savages for the massacre of Englishmen. In speaking of the deportation, this account differs very materially from that of the poem: "If this stern and lamentable deed had to be done, it was only done after long forbearance, after plain and repeated warning, and with such care as was possible to prevent needless aggravation of the suffering that was inevitable."

“IT IS TO poetry and fiction, its literature of the imagination, that we must look for a realistic portraiture of the common and the inner life of any time. Other works give us little more than abstract generalizations; but the literature of the imagination gives us specific images of concrete and individual persons and things. It is a great mistake to suppose that the imaginative writer can wholly lose hold of reality. The poet’s angel is only a winged man. Fancy itself, a thing very different from the imagination, is tethered, at greater or less length, to the solid earth, and the most grotesque creatures in the ‘Arabian Nights’ have their obvious terrestrial suggestions. The stories of ‘Arabian Nights’ are fanciful, but they express the genius of a race; they portray oriental customs.”

MR. JULIUS H. WARD, in reviewing the life and work of that great historian, the late Francis Parkman, in the *December Forum*, thus speaks of his gift of historical imagination: “He dwelt so entirely with his subject that he could feel it to his fingers’ ends. It inspired and mastered him, and when he attempted to tell the story he made it as real to the reader as it was to himself. It caught hold of the roots of his mind, and it held him as he holds his readers. He wrote these narratives as the painter fills out his canvass. He put feeling and color into the story, and gave it the light and shades of actual life, lifting it, as all great literature is lifted, so that it reflects the changes of human conflict as they are seen to-day. The result is that the story is like Shakespeare’s plays. It reproduces the past and has the touches of life in it. The history is enjoyed by the young as much as by the scholar, and it enters by right of inheritance into the permanent literature of the country. It is work done in simplicity, with power, with an adequate sense of its value, and with a thoroughness that produces the best results. This historical imagination is the result of gifts, and it lifts the work of its possessor to the highest plane. Parkman had the power to throw

into his story the elements which made it real and graphic, and he felt its meaning so intensely that it throbs and thrills in his narrative and makes it a transcript of actual life. What is remarkable in him as an historian is that this power to infuse his narratives with the passion and excitement of life without apparent effort is almost as prominent in his first volume as in his latest; and yet nearly half a century lies between them."

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. E. YATES, Editor.

—James A. Delke ('34-'35), one of the first students at Wake Forest College, died November 26, 1893, at Conway, S. C., and was buried at Murfreesboro, N. C. He received the degree of A. M. from the University of North Carolina in '59, and later LL. D. from Rochester University, New York. For fifty years he was a teacher, during which time he was connected with Southwestern Baptist University, of Tennessee; Chowan Baptist Female Institute, Murfreesboro, and High Point Female College. During his long life as a teacher two thousand girls and six hundred boys were under his tutelage. His many pupils and friends are saddened by his death. In it they lose a sympathizing friend, the world a Christian gentleman and a profound scholar.

—'79. E. F. Aydlett is one of the most influential and popular lawyers in Eastern Carolina. He is located at Elizabeth City and has a widespread and growing practice.

—During the holidays it was the good fortune of the editor of this department to attend a Christmas festival at Olive Chapel church, where with much pleasure and profit he lis-

tened to excellent addresses by two of our young *alumni*, Messrs. J. J. Rogers ('77-'80) and B. K. Mason ('91), both of Apex, the latter being the Principal of Apex Academic Institute.

—'81. Rev. E. M. Poteat, brother of our popular Professor of Natural History, and at one time a professor in the college, is still pastor of Calvary Church, of New Haven, Conn. His career has been an exceptionally brilliant one. In genuine power as a thinker and a pulpit orator he is surpassed by few in the United States. To his friends and admirers it will be pleasing to note that for some time the General Outline and the Harmony upon which the lessons of the Senior and Junior Inductive Bible Studies of the American Baptist Publication Society are based have been prepared by him. Wake Forest is justly proud of the high honor done her by such sons.

—Rev. Herbert T. Williams ('86) has recently taken the pastorate of the Roxboro Baptist Church. His congregations are highly pleased with him. Since '90 he had been preaching at Seaboard.

—J. J. Farriss ('85-'88) is the popular and talented editor of the *Enterprise*, of High Point.

—Rev. C. W. Blanchard ('88-'91) is achieving much success for a young pastor. His easy, informal manners and ardent adherence to conviction make him a favorite of all. He serves East Durham, Cary and Green Level churches.

—'90. J. G. Gregory is bookkeeper for the firm of Chas. H. Robinson & Co., one of the largest wholesale grocery establishments in Elizabeth City.

—'90. George W. Ward is practicing law in Elizabeth City, and is making for himself an enviable reputation as an advocate. He has ability as a public speaker, being logical, enthusiastic and forcible.

—'91. Rev. C. B. Williams, the valedictorian of his class, is pastor of the Winton Baptist Church. He also has charge of the Winton Academy.

—'92. E. V. Howell received a scholarship at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, where he has been attending lectures since September. He for awhile also acted as an assistant in the college, but on account of the amount of his class-room work recently resigned this position. After spending a pleasant vacation in the State he returns to his work.

—'92. John A. Williams is pursuing a course in medicine at the University of Virginia.

—'92. Rev. E. S. Reaves, editor of this department for the year '91-'92, is the principal of a flourishing male academy at Aulander, Bertie County. We return him our thanks for his note of Professor Delke.

—'92. O. H. Dockery, Jr., is attending law lectures at Chapel Hill.

—'92. Rev. J. E. Green, whom we noticed in a recent number, on December 25th took to himself as wife Miss Ada Reece, of Booneville. Congratulations.

—'92. Rev. J. P. Spence, who has been at Crozier Seminary since September, is now spending a short vacation at his home, after which he will return to his study.

—'93. We were pleased to have with us a few days during the holidays Rev. Rufus W. Weaver, of Greensboro. Besides being the pastor of the High Point Baptist Church, he is an instructor in the Greensboro Graded School. He has recently resigned the secretaryship of the Y. M. C. A. of Greensboro, which position he held during the summer and fall.

—'93. George H. Ross, who since September has been principal of the Graded School at Elloree, S. C., was on the 27th of December united in happy wedlock to Miss Essie Johnson, a young lady of Siler City. Best wishes of THE STUDENT.

—'93. E. Y. Webb spent a few days of his vacation on the Hill. He returns to Chapel Hill, where he is pursuing a law course.

—THE STUDENT would not consider it presumption in any *alumnus* or old student to inform us now and then of his whereabouts and occupation, and measure of success he is meeting with in the world's arena. Let us hear from you. Let your *alma mater* and your brethren know of your achievements.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W. L. FOUSHEE, Editor.

WE WELCOME among our exchanges the *Eatonian*. The first issue is good, though it is as yet small. We wish you much success.

The Elon Monthly reflects credit on the college. It contains two or three articles of worth. Public School System of North Carolina and that of Virginia.

THE DECEMBER number of *Guilford Collegian* is a college number. Besides a history of Guilford itself, it has sketches of life at Chicago and Stanford Universities.

The University of Virginia Magazine is very neat, but small. It abounds in fiction and short articles which furnish very pleasant reading. We think that the University should, with its large number of students, furnish a more serious and more dignified magazine.

WE WELCOME the monthly visits of the *Richmond College Messenger*. It contains some very interesting articles, but continues those effusions of localisms which no one appreciates except, possibly, the Richmond College student. It devotes eight pages to accounts of foot-ball games.

The Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly and the *An-X*, the former published by male and the latter by the female students of the Southwestern University. They are both warm friends of THE STUDENT and their monthly visits are much enjoyed. They will probably unite and be published jointly.

“*Tempus fugit*” said the Roman;
 Yes, also, 'tis fleeting on,
 Ever coming, ever going,
 Life is short and soon 'tis gone.
 But as I think of next vacation,
 Poring over these lessons huge,
 Ever harder, ever longer,
 All I say is, “Let her fuge.”

—*Yale Record.*

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA—“When a timid Tar Heel wishes to express himself to his girl he takes a piece of fat pine, trims it in the shape of a capital I. That means, I pine for thee. If she rejects him she strikes a match and sets the splinter on fire. This means, I make light of your pining. If she likes him she hands him a lightwood knot, which means pine not. When a boy goes to leave, he gently puts his arm around his girl, kisses her and puts some soft pitch on the end of her nose, which means, ta (*r*), ta (*r*), till we meet again.—*Ex.*”

Tennessee University Student is one of our best exchanges, and the December number is the best issue we have seen. The departments are well arranged and the table of contents full. The sketch of Thomas Nelson Page was especially interesting. His character is noble and his love for native Southland shines forth in every line he writes. His numerous dialect stories show his conception of the negro and his relation to the whites before the war. When one reads Page he “wishes he had lived before the war and in Virginia.” “Joan of Arc,” and a number of little pen pictures are quite interesting. The *Student* is on the upward move.

WE CANNOT understand how it is that such an excellent magazine as the *Southern Collegian* should complain of lack of appreciation on the part of students of the University. It is probably the best of our exchanges and is ably edited. The last issue contains one hundred and sixteen pages. The best article is Poe *vs.* Longfellow, and throws much light on the cause of Poe's attacks. Poe was wrongfully accused of imitating Longfellow, and the sense of wrong stirred up in him the bitterest feeling, which he vented upon Longfellow, accusing him of imitating Tennyson.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

W. L. FOUSHEE, Editor.

1894!!

EXAMINATION

GONE!

MISS HAMILTON has returned to her home in Baltimore.

MRS. AYLOR has left Wake Forest for her home in Virginia.

MRS. F. P. HOBGOOD spent the holidays with relatives on the Hill.

MRS. POTEAT, of Yanceyville, is visiting her son, Professor W. L. Poteat.

MISS IRENE RIDDICK has been on a visit to her brother, Mr. W. O. Riddick.

MISS IDA POTEAT, teacher of Art in the Oxford Female Seminary, spent the holidays on the Hill.

THE BUSINESS manager and editors of THE STUDENT wish all readers and subscribers a Happy New Year. To those whose subscription is yet unpaid, they would suggest that the new year could not be better inaugurated than by paying up.

MR. AND MRS. S. MCINTYRE, of Louisburg, spent Christmas on the Hill.

MISS WILLIE SIMMONS is home from Monroe, where she has been some months.

PROFESSOR POTEAT is writing a series of interesting articles to the *Recorder* on the "Life and Works of Paul."

MESSRS. J. A. WRAY, Claude Kitchin, John Mills, E. Y. Webb, and W. R. Hannum spent some days on the Hill during Christmas.

SPEAKING OF co-education, our President said that it would be a great thing for the boys, but we could not afford to "use our girls as emery stones on which to polish our boys."

MAJOR JAMES H. FOOTE paid a short visit to the Hill some time ago. He spoke of having a reunion of his class, among whose members are Dr. Pritchard and Dr. John Mitchell.

QUITE AN unfortunate affair happened on the Hill during the holidays. As Mr. Reuben Taylor, the town policeman, attempted to arrest a worthless negro he was attacked and injured in the eye very badly.

IN THE ABSENCE of the pastor, once last month, Dr. Taylor occupied his pulpit, and preached one of the most practical and touching sermons we have ever listened to. His text was: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

WE HEAR that a play is being gotten up by the young people of the Hill; the name is "Ugliest of Seven." There is good talent here and no doubt a good play will be the result. Nothing can be more instructive and interesting. We wish it much success.

REV. W. R. GWALTNEY who, for some time, has been agent for the Board of Education, has resigned, owing to excessive work, and Dr. John Mitchell has taken his place. Mr. Gwaltney made an efficient and faithful officer, and we know his successor will be no less so. The Board is somewhat in arrears, and we hope will soon be able to meet all demands.

WE HEARD of two professors who, while calling some time ago, had their hats spirited away; and while they beat a sad retreat, with the starlight falling pityingly and unobstructedly upon the epidermal covering of the cranium, were wont to vow vengeance on examination day. Woe unto ye workers of iniquity, for on the day of reckoning it shall be worse for you than were a mill-stone about your neck!

A FITTING CLOSING for the term was the entertainment given December 21 in the Gymnasium, under the supervision of Prof. E. W. Sikes, for the benefit of the ladies, who showed their appreciation by their presence. The vaulting, tumbling, trapeze acting, and the many peculiar and difficult feats performed were excellent. Athletics has a strong hold on Wake Forest, which we hope will never decrease.

OUR PROFESSOR of English says that some of the most original and interesting characters he has ever met were tramps, and to read some articles published lately in the leading magazines almost makes one desire to be one. Some time ago two men, claiming to be shipwrecked sailors, appeared at the college and recommended themselves to the boys by skilful work in the Gymnasium. They were cared for, and at night for hours they entertained a small audience in the Gymnasium with most interesting tales of travel and history. Their description was that which only much-traveled men could give, and showed intimate knowledge of Mexico, Central America, Panama and the South American Republic.

THE DELEGATES to the convention report an enthusiastic and, in fact, one of the most interesting sessions they had ever attended. Much of the time of the convention was devoted to the interests of the college, and many powerful speeches were made in its behalf. The college holds a warm place in the hearts of the denomination, and has the respect of the whole State. It has had a noble and useful past, and if those who should support it will rally around it, its future will be

grander. Dr. Pritchard aroused the convention by introducing a resolution to open the college to girls, and supported it by powerful arguments. The resolution was not adopted, but may be in the future. Though THE STUDENT could not send a representative to the convention, it was included in the Report on Periodicals, due to the kindness of Professor Poteat.

CHRISTMAS WAS observed very quietly on the Hill. Most of the students went home, while those who remained pronounced it the pleasantest Christmas they ever spent. On Wednesday evening a cantata was given, participated in only by the children of the Sunday-school. To the credit of the managers, Mrs. P. W. Johnson, Mrs. Addison Purifoy, and others, it was a complete success and passed off most pleasantly. There were fewer social gatherings than usual during Christmas, there being but two. The last was a "Tacky Party," and for fantastic costumes it surpassed anything we have ever witnessed. Miss Allie Dixon received the prize, which is a decided compliment, as it takes taste to arrange a "tacky" costume as well as an artistic. The prize was a volume of Tennyson. Misses Tucker and Rogers, of Raleigh; Miss Ida Poteat, of Oxford; Misses Zua Pace and Irene Dunn, of Neuse, and Miss Birdie Dunn added much to our pleasure by their presence.

ON THE 15th of December the small chapel was crowded and listened most appreciatively to declamations, not delivered for a medal, but simply "out of kindness to the audience." Professor Poteat in happy terms introduced each speaker in turn. The first speaker was Mr. T. B. Hill, subject, "Phiginia, the Modal of the East." Next came Messrs. J. H. Kerr, "Concentration of Government;" I. M. Meekins, "The Curse of Regulus;" R. O. Fry, "True Obedience;" Bruce Benton, "Mother, Gird my Sword Around Me;" W. J. Stokeley, "How the Old Horse won the Bet;" R. T. Daniel, "Surry's Dream;" J. W. McNeil, "South Carolina and Massachusetts." The

speeches, though some of them old, were well delivered, and reminded some of us of the old days of Senior speaking, without its wearying length. After the speaking all were invited to the Society halls where a few hours spent, when soft words and longing looks held sway, will be long remembered. This occasion was very much enjoyed and we hope will be repeated hereafter.

ON ATHLETIC LINES.

Conductor Eugene G. Harrell of Teachers' Excursion fame, and minister-plenipotentiary of that deity that guards and watches over the educational institutions of the country, has squirted out a fresh discharge of dirty ink. We can but appreciate the fatherly interest manifested in us and the kindly admonitions so graciously bestowed. A debt of gratitude we can ne'er repay.

Students from Wake Forest and the University of North Carolina met in Raleigh on Saturday to play a game of ball. A gentlemanly, courteous game of ball was played. The best and kindest feeling existed. There was no kicking on rules or quarrelling with the umpires. The men who engaged in the game were students of the above institutions—a sufficient guarantee that they were gentlemen. Mr. Harrell, however, calls them "pugilists," and that the game was simply an encounter between the "pugilists" of two institutions. Furthermore, he says that each institution has its "chairs of Pugilism."

Mr. Harrell has an oriental imagination and is gifted in "rounding his periods." When it suits his purpose the mole-hill appears a mountain.

True, football is rough and is not unaccompanied with risks, but this does not prove that the players are not gentle-

men, do not belong to as good families as any of their censorious critics or self-appointed guardians.

To argue with Mr. Harrell would be to argue with a man who seems incapable of discussing a matter fairly.

When Mr. Harrell intimates that this institution supports a "chair of Pugilism" he simply "rounds his periods." True, there is a Gymnasium, and it happens that the Director plays the game, but is not that the place for him if he wishes?

CAPTAIN.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

PROF. J. C. MASKE.....ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY:

W. L. FOUSHEE.....EDITOR.

R. F. BEASLEY.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY:

R. W. HAYWOOD.....EDITOR.

J. E. YATES.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

D. R. BRITTON.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. XIII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1894.

No. 5.

THE JOURNALIST.

The fundamental rule of every writer, be he journalist or otherwise, should be to stick close to those lines with which he is most familiar. Hence, with apologies to the country editor, whom I esteem as a blessing undisguised to mankind; to the religious editor, whom I have been taught to believe is of the salt of the earth, and to the magazine editor, whom I regard as the greatest factor in the promotion of literature and science, I shall confine myself in this brief contribution to journalism from the standpoint of the daily newspaper.

The profession of journalism thus viewed is a noble and an honorable one; yet, and I wish to say this with especial emphasis, there are few young men whom I would advise to enter it.

Morally speaking, it is full of pitfalls. It is the bargain-counter for the temptations of the devil.

The reason for this is not hard to find. A news-gatherer, if he be a successful one, must essentially be a good mixer. That means that he must be hail-fellow-well-met with the sinner as well as with the saint; and history and observation teach us that the influence of the latter is not always sufficient to counteract the companionship of the former. It follows,

therefore, that the men who make the daily newspaper are not, as a rule, a very godly set.

Then, newspaper writers notoriously suffer from that condition, never so appalling as in the present day, *impecuniosity*. Many make money, but few save it. Their poverty is in striking contrast to the extravagant tastes and magnificent ideas that come as a natural sequence to intimacy with wealth and knowledge of what money can obtain. To paraphrase Mr. Cleveland's famous expression, they confront a theory with a condition: the theory being how splendidly wealth could be expended, the condition that they have no wealth to expend. There are occasional exceptions, it is true, but the proportion of men who empty-handed enter journalism and win financial success, is, I venture to say, smaller than in any other profession or occupation.

I have hastened to speak plainly of these disadvantages, for I feel a certain amount of responsibility in writing this article: perhaps, I may be writing for the eye of some young man not able to maintain his equilibrium against the temptations I have alluded to, who might adopt journalism as a calling if I dwelt only on the bright side of the picture. If what I say shall divert the intention of such a young man from casting his lot with "us newspaper fellows," then I shall not have written in vain.

But to the young man of strong will, who feels within himself the qualities of a leader, who loves humanity, who feels the divine inspiration to make the world better for his living, I bring a message. Journalism needs such as you; it needs men who have the mind to form conviction, the courage to speak the truth. Nor does it demand any sacrifice. For true devotion and hard and conscientious labor, it is rich in those rewards most gratifying to high ambition. There is a fascination in the work. It may be the fascination of vanity, but a pardonable vanity—vanity such as the hero feels when he contemplates the impress he has made on the plastic surface of transpiring history.

Journalism is a jealous mistress, and demands the fullest allegiance of those who seek its honors and emoluments. In the words of a gifted editor, it cannot be made the handmaid of the politician, or the factotum of the demagogue. The man who attempts to use it thus has betrayed his profession and quickly loses his power. I call to mind the superb example of Henry W. Grady—the brilliant, impulsive, warm-hearted, big-brained, lamented Grady, who declined to accept from the admiring and enthusiastic people of his State any office, saying that to be an honest journalist, and to take part as such in the development of his native Georgia and his beloved South, was all the honor his ambition craved.

How quickly the people find out such a man! When he speaks they listen, looking for no sinister motive behind his arguments. He moulds thought, and thus directs destinies. From the droppings of his pen he widens the scope of enlightenment, advances civilization and promotes the universal brotherhood of man.

There never was a more gaping need for honest journalists than now. The newspaper of to-day is easily the most potential agency for good or evil in the world. Within the last half century it has well nigh usurped the functions of the rostrum as a public teacher, and has largely encroached upon the pulpit. The newspaper of the future will be still more powerful. The fate of the nation depends upon the character of the men who will fill the columns of the daily press. Let us trust they may be men of moral stamina sufficient to resist the temptations thrown about them; men who, if by chance poorer in pocket than their neighbors in other lines, are rich in mind, and who, if the monetary return for labors be small, will find the difference amply made up in the gratification that should come to every high character, whether accompanied by personal plaudits, or whether personality remain behind the veil, in the consciousness of having served humanity.

I must not put too gloomy an aspect upon the financial opportunities afforded in the profession. While it is true that the men who accumulate money are the exception, it is yet possible for every man to be one of these exceptions. In large cities, such as New York, we find many newspaper men who command large incomes. They are nearly all men who have risen from the bottom round. It is nothing unusual for a good reporter to make over one hundred dollars a week, while a managing editor, or an editor-in-chief, may get from five to twenty-five thousand dollars a year, according as his abilities are estimated by the owners of his paper. The special writers who have achieved distinction and who write for syndicates or aggregations of papers, derive sums from their work calculated to make the mouth of the average toiler in the trenches of the profession grow exceedingly watery.

In conclusion, let me say a word to any young man who expects to make his way in journalism through the influence of powerful friends. Influence may, and very frequently does, secure a foothold, but there it stops. There is comparatively little favoritism beyond that point. The measure of a man's ability is quickly taken in cold type, and he falls into the place to which that ability entitles him. A man may become a bank president because he is the son of his father, but he cannot become an editor for the same reason. His pen must make its own destiny, his mind be its own benefactor.

REAU E. FOLK,
Nashville, Tennessee.

MANUAL LABOR DAYS AT WAKE FOREST.

MEMINISSE JUVAT.

[BY MAJOR SANDERS M. INGRAM, OF RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C.]

I am truly glad to receive the WAKE FOREST STUDENT. It is ever a welcome friend, full of cheerful sunshine and constant interest.

The college paper has greatly improved since I was a student. At that time it was a sheet of foolscap paper published by William Bernard, and printed with his pen.

It is with the deepest sorrow that I have just read of the death of J. A. Delke. He, also, was at Wake Forest in 1834, and professed religion there in that year. He was a good, kind-hearted youth, and made a great and good man. I am also pained to see the announcement of the death of Rev. Benjamin Covington, another old student, who was raised in my neighborhood.

If the roll of 1834 were called to-day, but few of us could answer "Here!" I cannot but stop, as I write, and drop a tear of affection over the graves of so many of my old school-mates.

"When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
And garlands dead,
And all but me departed."

The end will soon come. A few more rising and setting suns, and all the Wake Forest boys of 1834 will be gone, numbered with the dead; and what is known of the early history of the college will have to be learned from other sources.

This is the first day of January, 1894. May it be a happy new year for all who are connected with the college.

To-day, sixty years ago, Doctor Samuel Wait opened the doors of the Wake Forest Institute for the reception of students. Not alone the opulent and the great, but also the poor and orphan,—in a word, young men in every condition in life were invited to enter the Institute.

John M. Crenshaw was the first student. I registered as the thirty-fourth.

My previous teachers had been very incompetent. All the other students knew more than I did at that time. Shortly afterwards, however, a young man, twenty years old, David Harrell, from Bertie County, arrived; and when I found that he was no better prepared than myself, I felt that I had company. He afterwards became a useful Baptist minister.

The buildings, the fencing, and the farm generally, which had been purchased for the new educational enterprise, were all in a dilapidated condition. Briars, weeds and bushes were growing on the best land. The hillsides were washing into gullies. Our first work was cleaning up and fencing. We "turned out" the poorest part of the farm. Our team consisted of five horses, and they were kept constantly going. We had a plenty of exercise then without foot-ball; and, indeed, we had no time for that. I was put to plowing Old Tom. I had learned at home to run a straight row, and this work suited me very well, for I could do as good plowing as any of the boys. One morning I went to the stable to get my horse, and lo! some mischievous boy had cut off his mane and the hair of his tail. I could not find out who did it, or there would have been a fight or a foot-race.

I soon learned to love most of my studies; but grammar I cordially despised. I found it hard to pronounce the words correctly. And, besides, when I was first called upon to recite, I was scared almost out of my senses. Without knowing what I was doing, I got my foot against the Professor's chair, and gave him a shove as I answered his question. At this the whole class laughed out. I felt dejected, had had enough of grammar, got homesick, went down to the big rock below the grove, and took a long cry. I had a great mind to run away and make my escape home. Mr. Ussery told me that that would not do, that I would get lost, and never find the way home. Dr. Wait said that if I did not get my grammar lesson better, he would have to send me home. Thus I was placed between Scylla and Charybdis. If I got my lesson

he would not send me home; if I did not learn it the boys would laugh at me. So, on the whole, I concluded to try to do my best.

We were ordered to have our speeches ready for Declamation on Friday afternoon. Here was more tribulation. I had never tried to speak in my life. I selected for my speech a sermon on the Final Judgment. Dr. Wait's comment was that my *subject* was good, and that he wished that the author could have been present to have heard my effort.

On Saturday morning we were all ordered to meet in front of the portico of Dr. Wait's residence in order to organize a military company. We formed a line; Dr. Wait stood on his portico, marked time, and played Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, the Star Spangled Banner, and many other patriotic airs. He was an excellent performer and had a great deal of military pride. I do not doubt that he would have made an able general. The company was named "The Wake Forest Invincibles." Major James C. Dockery, one of the students, knew something about military tactics. He had been elected Major of a militia regiment in Richmond County in his eighteenth year. He was chosen Captain of the company. (Mr. Dockery, after a residence in Paris, France, was Professor for a number of years in the University of Alabama. He died in 1863, while an officer in the Confederate army.)

Dr. Wait made us a short address: "Young gentlemen, you must recollect the deeds of the heroes of the Revolution—of Washington, Lafayette, Putnam, and your own ancestors. Imitate their example. If your country is ever invaded, defend it. Be men; set your mark high. If you try to throw over the moon, you will throw higher than if you throw over a bush. If we ultimately succeed in making this a great institution, it will depend in no small degree on the efforts of those who have been the first to enter as students."

Great God of Heaven and of Earth! If the veil could have been lifted, and we could have seen what was to be the future

of the men who composed this little company! Our Captain fell in the service of his country. Nathan Mathewson served with distinction in the C. S. A. army as Captain. Another, at the first blast of the war-bugle, rushed to the rescue of General Taylor, and served under him and under General Scott in Mexico. At Vera Cruz, when we were marching about 15,000 Mexicans out of that strongly fortified city, after fighting a week, day and night, the band struck up Hail Columbia, and I immediately thought of Dr. Wait and the advice that he had often given me. One might travel a long time and over much of the world before he would see such another scene as that was. A mere sketch of the siege of Vera Cruz would fill a hundred pages of *THE STUDENT*. Four old Wake Forest boys were there—Dr. Oscar Baxter, and Quint. Busbee of the United States Navy, and Colonel Junius Wheeler, of the United States Army. (The latter was for a time Professor at West Point.)

I have wandered far from our little company at Wake Forest. Several made eminent preachers, doctors, lawyers, professors of colleges, and manufacturers. One was assassinated in Alabama; one of our brightest and most promising boys slew his antagonist in deadly combat. What a picture, and what a history this little company has left behind!

Captain Dockery took his stand in front of the company: "Attention! right dress! take the position of a soldier; tell off in sections of four; by sections, right wheel; march!" We marched around the grove, threw our banners to the breeze, flute and drum making music; marched to the big road, went about a half a mile, captured a jenet which we met, mounted the Captain on her, without saddle or bridle, and came back yelling at the top of our voices. We did not hurt the little animal. I enjoyed the drill immensely. This was my first experience in the military line; the music and drill cured me of homesickness; and after that they could not have run me away. I fell much in love with the place and many of the boys.

One night we met in the Academy building and established a debating society, elected Mr. J. W. Merriam, a student who had been promoted to be our overseer, as President, and passed a constitution and by-laws. The first query was: "Does Washington deserve more credit and honor for defending his country than Columbus for discovering it?" We had interesting debates.

The Philomathesian Society was organized by James C. Dockery on February 28, 1835, and the Euzelian by H. K. Person, about the same time. (Mr. Person became a lawyer, practiced law in Texas, where he died about 1843.) The college libraries were formed soon after, and many books were given to them. I owe much to the Philomathesian Society, and it is still dear to my heart. The days that I spent in its hall have been the happiest of my life.

That spring we planted a large crop in proportion to our team, and worked as hard as we could. We made an abundance of corn for our own use and for the use of every person who came to see us, without charge.

General Dockery made us a present of a good set of blacksmith tools. I liked to blow the bellows, because they came from Richmond County, and I was always glad of the chance to get out of the school-room to work. General Dockery was never too busy to take one of his horses out of the plow and come to see us. He is one of the men whom Wake Forest should never forget.

Mr. W. D. Ussery was a mechanical genius. He could make plows and everything that was needed about the farm in iron or wood. There was so much work for him to do in the shop in his leisure time, that he did not work with the rest of us in the field.

At first we did not have a wagon, but used an old Jersey conveyance swung on chains. Dr. Wait also sometimes used it in his travels. Once, when he was traveling in this section of the State as an agent for the Institute, he happened to get

among some Hard-shell Baptists. They were opposed to the Institution and to the missionary cause. They said that Dr. Wait was traveling around as an agent in his fine two-horse carriage. This came to Dr. Wait's ears, and he carried them up to his vehicle and said, "Now, brethren, if you see anything fine about this old Jersey wagon, just take a broad-axe and hew it off."

Dr. Wait called upon Mr. Robert Powell, who then lived near me. Mr. Powell assisted him, and then invited a number of his neighbors to his house to do likewise. In introducing them to Dr. Wait, he told them that one of the objects of the latter was to raise money for the education of young preachers. One of them remarked that if that was his business, he might continue to "wait," so far as he was concerned. One of that man's grandsons has since been educated at Wake Forest, and has become an able and useful Baptist minister. Such were the cold rebuffs that Dr. Wait received from some of his brethren in the Pee Dee section. One of Mr. Powell's granddaughters, Miss Mary Powell, at her death, bequeathed to Wake Forest College six hundred dollars for ministerial education. While traveling through Montgomery County, Mrs. Wait, who sometimes accompanied her husband, formed the acquaintance of Miss Betsy Parker. She was so highly pleased with her that she prevailed upon her to move to Wake Forest, where she rendered very efficient service as a sort of matron in the Institute.

Dr. Wait liked to see the students well dressed and neat and clean, and their wardrobes were kept in good condition. Dr. Wait himself dressed neatly, was dignified in demeanor, and, withal, was a fine-looking man. It is a great deal to say, but I know of no man who has lived in North Carolina who has done more good to the world than he. Nearly all the Baptist churches, and a large number of schools, have either directly or indirectly felt his influence. Men educated under him have carried the Gospel around the world. I have

recited many a Latin lesson to him by candle-light before daybreak in the morning; our lamps frequently burned until midnight.

Students came from every direction, several from Virginia and South Carolina. Every house, and even the barn, were filled to their utmost capacity. We could not all get into the class-rooms at the same time. We had to study our lessons in the grove and go in to recite to the professors by sections. And we could not all get into the dining-room. For additional accomodation, Mr. Wait had a long tent made of sheeting. This stood at the north end of the old college building. We got along very nicely in dry weather, but it was not so comfortable when it rained. The cook was a negro man. One day he concluded to give us a fresh mess of greens, and so he collected a quantity of wild salad, some of which must have been poisonous, as it made all of the partakers quite sick. None of us died, however. No blame was attached to the cook, as we knew that he did not intend to poison us. He might, by mistake, have gathered lobelia or some other poisonous herb.

Rev. John Armstrong visited us. I remember that his horse ran away, turned over his carriage, hurt him, and broke George Stevens's leg. Mr. Armstrong and Dr. Wait were one day seated together in the piazza of Dr. Wait's residence, and I was sitting on the steps listening to their conversation.

Mr. Armstrong remarked, "You are in no fix for running this Institution."

"I know that," replied Dr. Wait; "but I must do the best I can under the circumstances."

"How much money will it take," asked Mr. Armstrong, "to put you in running order?"

Dr. Wait replied: "I have made a close calculation, and think it will take at least nine hundred and fifty dollars."

Mr. Armstrong rubbed his hands together and said, "Brother Wait, I would not soil my hands with less than \$25,000. The Baptists of North Carolina will stand up to it."

Dr. Wait replied, "I do not know whether they will or not; I think it questionable."

The Trustees met soon afterwards, and the ideas both of Dr. Wait and of Mr. Armstrong were adopted. It was decided to erect cheap wooden buildings for temporary purposes, and afterwards a large brick college building and two commodious residences for professors. The Trustees went heavily in debt. Captain Berry erected the building, but held a mortgage on the property until finally paid. Rev. Mr. Battle had one of the other buildings erected.

Two of the students, Ira T. Wyche and James Crudup, attended a Methodist camp-meeting, and both professed religion. A few days after they returned, we were all in the field at work together. Nothing unusual was going on. All at once Ira Wyche became very happy, and commenced clapping his hands and shouting "Glory to God!" The students all loved him, and all looked solemn. Dr. Wait ordered all hands to stop work, and they repaired with him to the Academy, where he at once began with his services. This was the beginning of a very deep and widespread revival of religion in the Institution. About forty of the students made a profession of religion. Wyche decided to enter the ministry, and made an exceedingly able and useful Methodist minister. He had many seals to his ministry.

About July we had an examination, and every student was put to the top of his speed making preparation for it. Governor Swain, Judge Gaston, and Professor Hooper constituted the Examining Committee. I remember that Judge Gaston paid us the high compliment. The students generally acquitted themselves well, considering the chance they had had. The number of students, about one hundred, was larger than had been expected, and sufficient provision had not been made for teaching all the classes. The Trustees examined our hands to see whether we had the scars of honor or not. We had among the Trustees two old soldiers, Charles Skinner and John

Culpepper, Sr. We had a few days vacation and then went to work again.

I remember that there was a shrewd old negro who came to the Institute every Saturday night. Peter did a lively business in the way of chicken pies, which he sold to the boys. On one occasion we thought he had made a mistake, for he brought some pies whose material revealed an anatomy quite unlike that of a chicken. The boys tackled Peter for selling them puppy pies. Peter said, "Dar aint no dog in 'em a 'tall. When ole hen aint handy, ole har'll do jus' as well." As no one was hurt by the pies, Peter came off clear. But this put an end to night suppers. Peter frequently brought in bags of watermelons. Robert Steele (afterwards an eminent physician in Richmond County) and I made a contract with Peter to bring us a bag full, and to whistle when he came in hearing of our house. In a few nights we heard him whistle, and went out to him and bought his load in the dark. When we got them into the house, lo! they were all pumpkins. We had Peter up about it. His excuse was that he had gathered them in the dark, and that pumpkins would do to eat just as well as watermelons. But he had the money and kept it. We had the experience, and never bought any more in the dark.

One dark, rainy night, one of my messmates looked out of the door and said that he saw coming down the road such a frightful thing as he had never seen before in his life; that it must be a Jack-o'-lantern, *ignis fatuus*, or the Devil himself. I got up and looked out of the door. It was truly horrible and hideous; a large mouth, long teeth, nose, blazing eyes and ears. I stepped out into the yard, caught up a hoe, and, advancing toward the thing, ordered it to stop. I told him if it came any nearer the house I would burst his head with my hoe. It said not a word, but continued to advance. I let fly with the hoe, and, sure enough, I bursted its head. It turned out to be nothing but a large pumpkin with a candle inside.

I did not come up with the boy who had it; he made his escape in the darkness. But, really, my room-mate was badly frightened.

I have given you this brief sketch of the inner life of my *Alma Mater* as it was when it first opened in 1834. My memory is very clear as to these incidents of *Lang Syne*. If I have succeeded in bringing up afresh before the minds of my fellow-students the scenes of the past, and if I have snatched from oblivion any circumstances as to our condition and transactions at that time, my object is fully accomplished.

FEMALE DRESS: ITS INFLUENCE ON HEALTH.

The April sun makes a play-ground of the mirrored lake and blows the breath of spring into winter's lifeless water-weeds, and from the muddy bottom a slimy moss begins to raise itself to peep above the surface. The water-skater pauses over it, the boatman rows around it, the caddis-worms and tadpoles cling to it for rest, the wild duck swims above it; all this company feels the blessed return of spring, but not one dreams that within that filthy moss around which they gather lies a treasure too white and too pure to be yet entrusted to the waves. Days and weeks have passed, the caddis-worms have undergone that change which symbolizes immortality and now wear wings, the tadpoles have grown legs and are gone, the wild duck has flown to some remoter lake, spring has grown into summer, and that murky moss now greets the sunshine with the' modest beauty of the water-lily.

Just so the light of civilization was reflected upon the dismal swamp of barbarism and mankind felt a new energy. The degraded mass began to look upward and to raise itself. Around it clung the superstition and depreciation of the early days, and the cares and burdens involved in the subsistence

of the human race. Ages and centuries have now passed, the superstitions are driven to a remote corner, depreciation is converted into admiration, the cares are transferred to a sterner vessel, and that degraded mass now meets civilization with the answering beauty of the woman of to-day, the water-lily of mankind. Beautiful and fair, yet fragile as the lily. Her development has been a thorough transformation.

Among the lower animals there seems to be no great inequality in the strength of the two sexes, and in the rational being when the physical nature has a fair chance there is no marked difference in the powers of endurance. The barbarian woman was considered the most useful animal of all. "She makes the cake of Turkish corn," says About; "she weaves, she spins, she goes every day three miles for wood and a mile for water, she carries on her head the load of a mule, she toils from sunrise to sunset without resisting or even complaining." It is related by Moffat that a party of native African women while building a house suggested that the men assist in putting on the roof, and the suggestion was received with general laughter. In the time of Henry VIII. it was woman's business to winnow the corn, make malt, drive the plow, load hay, and go to market with all manner of barter. In all nations the barbarian woman is physically much superior to the cultured, and female strength and endurance always go hand in hand with peasant habits. Robust womanhood depends chiefly upon the degree of conformity to the rustic habits of air and exercise.

Tradition and history of the early ages give numerous accounts of the varying manners of destroying the natural form and appearance of the human body among savages for something supposed to be more beautiful, and in most cases the females have been the victims of this odd fancy. The Australians wore a bone thrust through the cartilage of the nose. It was the custom in Central America to pierce the underlip and wear beads and great weights suspended there-

from, and great pieces of wood in the ears which gave them the appearance of wooden ears with a little skin here and there. But the inventive genius of a certain tribe on the southeastern coast of Alaska has surpassed any of the American tribes and manifested its powers in the fashion of filling apertures in the nose and ears of the women with bones, shells, sticks, nails, pieces of copper or heavy pendants which drag down the organs and displace the features to produce a model of hideous "beauty." But their crowning glory is in the wooden lip-ornament which is a block from two to six inches long and about four inches wide, and the size is increased as the years advance and each enlargement of the block adds to the lady's social status. Every race had some general characteristic fashion of its own. Apart from those above, one wore a circular plate of wood, ivory or quartz in the upper lip; another mutilated the teeth by chiselling off the enamel, boring to the pulp and the like; while still another took cognizance of the cranium and pressed and mashed it into various shapes by bandages in infancy.

With the excess of these customs began the decline in the physical endurance of the female. What we call civilization has modified these barbaric fashions, but at no time in the history of nations has there been a cessation in the attempt to change the natural form of woman. This nineteenth century civilization tolerates and even fosters relics of these heathen fashions. One, than which no other can be more perilous to health, is handed down from the mediæval civilization of Europe in a more aggravated form and is fostered in defiance of nature and reason. Pressure on the cranium in one part is compensated for by dilation elsewhere; flattening or elongating it only changes the form of the cavity without diminishing its capacity, but the fashionable Parisian waist diminishes the capacity of the body cavity not less than one-third. This cavity may be likened to a cylinder closed at the ends by a frame-work of bone. Circular compression, therefore, actu-

ally diminishes the area which must be occupied by some of the most delicate vital organs. The frame-work of the chest is a complex arrangement, but admirably joined together in such a manner as to allow easy expansion and contraction in respiration. When it is known that man's dress diminishes by one-fourth his capacity for respiration, much more of course must be the obstruction of the corset in woman's dress; still it is fondly nursed by our society. Will America ever do more than to reproduce the follies and hopelessly vulgarize the older civilization of the east? Our fashionable shoe is a mere modification of the Chinese foot-clamp. Bandages are not used to misshape and twist the foot but the last on which our shoes are made scarcely resembles the form of the natural foot. The toes are pressed in, the great toe turned outward and all the muscles of the foot cramped and paralyzed; and a shoe full of ingrowing nails, corns and bunions impedes locomotion, and diminishes the amount of out-door exercise that would otherwise be taken, and adds unnecessary physical suffering to a life already crowded with ills that make the sufferer peevish and unfit to teach the child of to-day that must be the man or woman of to-morrow.

Are the new generations to learn nothing from the grievous blunders of the old? We are proud of our civilization and may boast its superiority to any of the Eastern forms, but to a truly elegant society everything barbarous, grotesque and ungraceful would be impossible. We profess an admiration for the models of classical antiquity, still we hug to our bosoms these fashions that possess little to suggest symmetry and grace, and much in which are plainly seen the remains of barbarism.

The sick-bed of the matron has grown into a proverb; "invalid" is wholly associated with woman, and the number of the unfortunates is daily increasing. The mothers that can nourish their infants are gradually diminishing in number, and the most rapid decrease is among those of the upper classes, the greater 'slaves to fashion. Among this class, too, the

fatalities of motherhood are eight times as great as among the lower classes. Spinal distortion, nervous diseases, hysteria and painful disorders are increasing.

It seems that the symptoms of ill-health among women are not the consequences of climate alone, but a change in the social conditions producing a change of habits. And ill-health is not confined to the cities, but on the farm it is about as common and has become a bar to the material progress of civilization. While the parent is admiring the Venus on canvas or a marble Diana, a lovelier hue than artist can paint and a vigor firmer than that of stone is vanishing from the cheek of his own child. These frailties and feeble health in woman cannot always be traced back as the direct result of some foolish extravagance in conformity to fashion, for in girlhood her physique was probably delicate and her capacity for endurance small, but delicate health in childhood is many times attributable to the follies of some of the fore-parents. In animals selective breeding has produced inherited structural changes, sometimes of very remarkable character. These have generally originated in some accidental peculiarity, which was taken advantage of, perpetuated, and increased. It was in this way that the tailless cats of the Isle-of-Man, and the race of bull-dogs with shortened upper jaws, bandy legs, and twisted tails, have been developed. If such structural changes can be produced by breeding in the course of a few generations, is it not remarkable that the health of woman is as good as it is now, when we take into account the artificial deformities which her natural form has undergone all down through the ages?

We must admit that the female physique is inferior, and the health of the mother, good or bad, is more or less transmitted to the child.

I would not make-believe that the fashions are the sole cause of all physical disorders, but I do maintain that the greatest provocation of disease among American women is the

influence of the social conditions. It is plain that society life is antagonistic to all the animal powers of mankind, and the society woman cannot begin to cope with the ancient beast of burden, the barbarian female, in endurance and strength. Men may claim that they demand a life that is whole and sound throughout, and that there is a drawback upon all gifts that are paid for in infirmity, but

"All society
...Is but the expression of men's single lives,—
The loud sum of the silent unit,"

and still these abnormal social conditions reign.

And again, the decline of health in our girls between the ages of twelve and seventeen years is usually attributed to long hours of school study and the neglect of physical exercise. Morbid anatomy has long enough served as a type of feminine loveliness, and the question of exercise in our female schools is one of no small importance. Just at that time if she does too much it is disastrous, and if she does too little it is fatal, and to find the golden mean is difficult, but the panacea for the health of girls can only be found in a more rational habit of dress as well. It is at the epoch of womanhood, just when the constitution should be acquiring strength, that her perils begin, and then the greatest precaution should be exercised in her treatment, and subjecting her to any conditions that would aggravate her peculiarities should be avoided. It is at this period that she makes her debut in society, and this means the putting on of the corset, the shoes with high heels and pointed toes, cosmetics, late hours, the tenderness of the hot-house briar and the "clear complexion" of indoor confinement. Society is a hard master for these tender creatures, but it dominates still. As long as its powers are asserted with such a stern and unrelenting decree, there can be little hope of materially increasing the powers of endurance and resistance in our women.

If we may trust tradition and history, the race has been degrading through all the centuries, but it is not to be supposed that all civilization is a slow suicide of the women, and that culture will leave them in a condition like little cherubs. No nation is so prompt to struggle against its evils as our own. There is a hope for amelioration in the female costume. Already may be seen the broader soles of women's shoes. The women's colleges are equipping gymnasia and organizing classes in physical culture with an easy costume. In some communities a premium is laid on the woman that can run and swim and vault.

Shall we ever see the circular compression of the waist relaxed and the corset gone the way of the bustle? Five years ago the bustle was considered a part of the fashionable female form, and who had thought its displacement would add grace in the room of deformity? To see one now would provoke general ridicule and laughter. Would the abolition of the corset produce a greater change in woman's form than the bustle? Let the closing century bury the corset and teach our people to criticise the fashionable waist and to admire the symmetry and beauty of the natural form. A country filled with frail unhealthy girls and invalid mothers is not safe. Much care was given to the physical training of Victoria because she was to be a queen and the mother of kings. In a republic every woman is a queen and her sons are to be kings. Voltaire has said the fate of our institutions may hang on the precise temperament our president shall have inherited from his mother. Reform in habits and fashions will give us vigorous healthy mothers when the course of descent from sound parents shall have time to eradicate the inherited weaknesses and delicate health of the present generation.

Perhaps we think the Parisian waist and pointed shoe are prettier than the natural form, but may there not be some weakness in our judgment? To the ancients the nose-peg, the under-lip weight, chiseling the teeth and flattening or elon-

gating the head were beautiful, but by us these are condemned as barbarous. In our manner of departure from the original beauty we are guilty of the same sin that we condemn in them. In admiring such artificial deformity we are departing from the models of classical antiquity, and putting our tastes on a level with those of the Australians, Malays and the Congo negro.

The guide of society is fashion, nothing higher, nothing purer. But in forming the American woman nature aimed at a higher type of human existence, and her aim should be something better and truer. "Seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?"

C. W. WILSON.

BONAPARTE AND PIUS VII.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF A. DEVIGNY.]

Ah! Monsieur, what a scene! What a scene! I see it yet—it was not the genius of the man that was manifested to me, it was his character; and if his great mind did not display itself, at least his heart burst forth. Bonaparte was not then what you see him to-day. He had not that portliness peculiar to financiers, that fat-cheeked and diseased face, those gouty legs, all that clumsy *embonpoint* which art has unfortunately appropriated to make of him, according to the actual language, a 'type,' and which has left of him to the crowd a certain popular and grotesque form that hands him over to childrens' toys, and will one day leave him as fabulous and absurdly grotesque as the misshapen Punch. He wasn't such a man then, Monsieur, but vigorous and wiry, quick, slight, convulsive in his gestures, at times graceful, reserved in his manners; his chest flat and retreating, his face gloomy and thin, as I had seen it before at Malta.

He did not cease walking in the chamber when the Pope had entered, but began to roam around the rocking-chair, in which the Pope was seated, like a watchful hunter, and, suddenly halting just in front of the Pope in the stiff and motionless attitude of a corporal, resumed the conversation begun in their carriage, interrupted by their arrival, and which he was eager to continue.

“I repeat, Holy Father, I am not a free-thinker and care little for logicians and dreamers. Let me assure you that, despite the views of my old Republicans, I shall go to Mass.”

These last words he abruptly threw at the Pope like a censor’s stroke flung into his face, and paused to await the effect, thinking that the somewhat unholy circumstances which had preceded the interview might give an extraordinary value to this sudden and distinct avowal.

The Pope lowered his eyes and rested his two hands upon the eagle’s heads which formed the arms of his rocker. He seemed to say, by this statue-like attitude: I resign myself in advance to every blasphemous word that he shall be pleased to make me hear.

Bonaparte made the round of the room and the rocker in the middle, and I saw, from a side glance that he cast in the direction of the old Pontiff, that he was not satisfied with himself or his adversary, and was reproaching himself for having too hastily begun the conversation again. He began then to speak more connectedly, still walking round and round, and stealthily casting piercing glances into the mirrors of the apartment, which reflected the grave countenance of the Holy Father, and looking at him in profile when he passed near him, but never directly in the face, for fear of seeming too anxious about the impression of his words.

“One thing rests upon my heart, Holy Father, and that is that you consent to the coronation in the same way that you did to our former treaty—as if you were driven to it. You have a martyr’s air in my presence. There you sit as if

resigned to whatever may happen, as if lifting up to Heaven your griefs. But, in truth, that is not your position; you are no prisoner, by the Eternal! You are free as air."

Pius. VII. smiled sadly and looked him in the face. He felt that there was something monstrous in the demands of this despotic man, to whom, as to all spirits of like disposition, it was not enough to secure obedience unless in obeying one seemed even to have ardently desired that which he ordered.

"Yes," resumed Bonaparte more emphatically, "you are perfectly free; you can return to Rome; the way is open and there will be no one to restrain you."

The Pope sighed and lifted his right hand and his eyes to heaven without replying; then slowly relaxed his wrinkled brow and began to gaze at the golden cross suspended from his neck.

Bonaparte went on talking, now making his rounds more slowly. His voice grew soft and persuasive and his smile full of a winning grace.

"Holy Father, did not the gravity of your character forbid it, I might say, indeed, that you are a little ungrateful. You don't appear to be sufficiently mindful of the good turns that France has done you. The Conclave of Venice, which made you Pope, was somewhat moved to do so, I fancy, by my Italian campaign and by a word that I put in for you. Austria didn't show you the proper courtesy then, and I was very much concerned about it. Your Holiness was, I believe, compelled to return by sea to Rome through not being able to pass through the Austrian territory."

He paused to await the answer of the silent guest whom he had invited. Pius VII. only nodded his head, and that almost imperceptibly, and remained as if plunged into a deep dejection, which prevented his listening.

Bonaparte then pushed a chair near the great rocker of the Pope. I shuddered, because, in coming to this position, he had brushed with his shoulder the curtain of the alcove where I was concealed.

"It was, in truth, as a Catholic that that matter troubled me. For my own part, I never had the time to study theology very extensively; but still I repose great trust in the power of the Church; it has a most remarkable vitality, Holy Father. Voltaire, it is true, has somewhat damaged you; but I don't like him, and I am going to let loose on him an old unfrocked oratorian. You will be content, perfectly. Indeed, if you wish, we might accomplish many things in the future."

He assumed an air of innocence and of the most confiding youthfulness.

"I don't know, it is in vain that I try to find out, in truth it is a very great puzzle to me why you should hesitate in the least to settle at Paris permanently. Why, I would offer you the Tuileries, if you wished. You will find awaiting you there always your papal palace. I scarcely ever stop there. Don't you understand, *Padre*, that Paris is the real capital of the world? I should do everything that you might wish. The truth is, I am a more good-natured child than most people believe me to be. Only leave war and harassing questions in politics to me, and you may manage the church as you please. I should be your soldier throughout. Indeed, such arrangement would be truly grand; we would have our councils just as Constantine and Charlemagne did, I opening them and closing them; then I would put into your hands the very keys of the world, and as *Notre-Seigneur* said: 'I came with the sword, I shall keep the sword'; I should only bring it to you for your blessing after every success of our arms."

He bowed slightly as he uttered these last words.

The Pope, who until then had remained as motionless as an Egyptian statue, slowly raised his head half-way up, smiled sadly, lifted his eyes heavenward and said, after calmly sighing, as though he had confided his thought to his invisible guardian angel,

"*Commediante!*"

Bonaparte sprang from his chair and bounded like a wounded leopard. A real fit of anger seized him; one of those passions which made him turn yellow with rage. He strode away at first without uttering a word, biting his lips until the blood came. He no longer walked around his prey with sharp glances and cautious tread; but upright and steady, he moved hurriedly to and fro, stamping with his feet and making his spurred heels ring. The room shook; the curtains rustled like trees at the approach of a thunderstorm; it seemed to me that something great and terrible was going to happen; I felt an aching in my hair, and I involuntarily raised my hand to my head. I glanced at the Pope; he moved not a peg; he only grasped with his hands the eagle's heads on the arms of his chair.

All at once the bomb exploded.

"Comedian! I! I'll give you comedies which will make you weep like women and children.

"Comedian, indeed! You have missed the mark, if you think that one can put on insolent coolness in dealing with me! The world is my theatre; the role which I play is that of master and creator; for comedians I have you all, Popes, Kings, Peoples, and the cord by which I pull you about is Fear! Comedian, indeed! He must be of a different stature from yours, *Signor Chiaramonti*, to dare to applaud or hiss! Don't you know that you would be only a poor curate, if I but wished it? France would laugh in your face at you and your tiara, did I not preserve my gravity when saluting you.

"It has been only four years since the time when no one would have dared to speak aloud of Christ. Who, pray, would have said anything of the Pope? Comedian, indeed! Gentlemen of the church, you soon gain a footing among us! You are in a bad humor, because I wasn't fool enough to sign, as did Louis XIV., a disapproval of the liberties of the Gallican Church! But I don't dance to that music. It is I who hold you in my hands; it is I who carry you from South to North

as if you were puppets; it is I who make a show of putting some value on you simply because you represent an old idea which I wish to be revived; and you are too dull to see that and to act as if you were unconscious of it. But I forget. It is necessary for everything to be told you! One must put things very plain to you in order for you to understand them. You believe, good-naturedly, that you are needed. You raise your head again. You clothe yourself in woman's robes. But understand that they make no impression on me, and that, if you continue this demeanor, I'll treat your robe as Charles VII. did that of the Grand Vizier; I will tear it off with a stroke of my spur."

He was silent. I didn't dare to breathe. No longer hearing the sound of his thunder tones, I looked out to see if the old man was dead from fear. There was the same tranquillity in his attitude, the same calm upon his countenance. A second time he raised his eyes to heaven, and after having uttered a deep sigh, he smiled bitterly and said—

"Tragediante!"

Bonaparte, just at this moment, was at the foot of the hall, leaning upon the marble mantel as high as himself. He came back like an arrow, running toward the old man. I thought he was going to kill him. But he stopped short, took from the table a porcelain vase, on which was painted the Castle of San Angelo and the Capitol at Rome, hurled it upon the fire-dogs and the marble beneath, ground it to powder under his feet. Then he suddenly sat down, and remained in a profound silence and a formidable stillness.

R. W. HAYWOOD.

CHANGE, MYSTIC CHANGE.

Each day is characterized by its own peculiar occurrences. The events of yesterday are not like those of to-day. Yesterday, with its train of attendant circumstances is gone forever, carrying its joys, sorrows, griefs and disappointments to mingle and disappear in the misty hazes that wreath the temple of oblivion. Change, with magic touch, has done her wondrous work—a work which shows that she alone is empress of the world. The flowers, the plants, the trees are not as they were yesterday; the grass has not the same color; the birds, though singing as sweetly, do not sing the same songs. Even the rock-ribbed hills, the rugged cliffs, and the towering mountains, though seeming to stand on foundations of adamant strength, have yielded alike to the irresistible touch of change. Old ocean, with its melancholy wastes, its hollow moan, its thundering roar, like a huge monster crushes the continent in its iron jaws, and sweeps it far away to build a new continent.

Where once a great forest spread its beautiful foliage, where lived the simple children of the wood, sporting about the crystal lakes and mingling their songs with the music of water-falls, where the kings of Nature's fashioning wooed the coy maidens amid sweet bowers filled with the wild rose's enchanting odor, there now are cultivated fields and magnificent cities, the hum of machinery and the busy whirl of civilization. In other places where castles with broad battlements once shone, and glittering spires rose resplendent from the sunny plain, where all the pomp and glory of more than Oriental splendor had poured its fabulous wealth, and the balmy air was laden with sweet incense wafted thither by summer winds, where earth was like a fairy's soul-entrancing realm, the scorching sirocco of the desert now shrieks and howls, as it tosses and piles high its long billows of gleaming sand, making a fit home for lions and other fierce beasts of prey. The place now occupied by a lovely city may years

hence become a beautiful lake, where by day its waves will ripple and dance in the golden sunlight, and when night has come catch the pale, tremulous glow of the distant stars as they swing in their great paths to light up other worlds.

Not only does this change affect the world of Nature, but its influence is felt in the affairs of every department of human action; and nowhere are we more keenly conscious of its operations than the occurrences of our daily lives. The friends of youth have passed away; some have gone to new lands and some have joined that innumerable band that lie waiting for the final summons. It may be that some of the loved ones have crossed the dark river, where their gentle voices and kind words will soothe us no more; that the kind, patient, tender mother, who guided our young lives, who was the hope and the inspiration of early youth, now lies in peaceful sleep beneath the dim shade of the drooping cypresses.

The hands so tired have now a rest,
The voice so sweet's forever still;
The one of all we loved the best
In Heaven's home obeys His will.

Inexorable change has done these things; one day it will overwhelm us with its unceasing waves.

In contemplating these things, one would naturally ask, Why is the course of life thus? Why such ceaseless change? Why does a part of creation die that the rest may live, and the weak fall victims to the greed and cruel rapacity of the strong? Why should joy be mixed with sorrow, and the brightest, happiest moments be tinged with the dark hues of melancholy? Why should not the good remain good, the happy rejoice and the prosperous be prosperous still? With worldly wisdom and human intellect, we cannot fathom the dark mysteries that surround us, and it is not best that we should. To know that there is some great Power that overrules and harmonizes all things, that we are the objects of tenderest care and protection, is amply sufficient for finite

beings. Yet we have more than this. Like as a traveller, enwrapped in the deep gloom of a mountain valley, looks up to the mountain tops and there sees the pure and radiant light reflected upon a thousand pinnacles, so we can look out beyond the black shadows that envelop us and catch bright gleams of the sunshine of God's love as it plays upon higher hopes, nobler aspirations, and more exalted ideals of life.

The earth has been called a vale of tears; and, for human needs, it is best that it should be a place of trial. Were it not for cares and sorrows, were it not for those griefs and weights which crush the soul, we would not be capable of enjoying the bliss of a future life. The sun shines brightest just after a black cloud rolls away from it. Music never sounds so sweet as when our ears have been assailed by discordant sounds. The grapes must be crushed to get the sparkling wine; the gold must be subjected to the intense heat of the smelter's furnace, so that the impurities may be driven off and the new metal come forth in all its resplendent purity. The heart must be torn and crushed, the soul must be subjected to fiery trials so as to appreciate the happiness to come. Thus we see that all is well, and can say with the immortal Tennyson—

“ Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing groves of change. ”

L. A. BEASLEY.

THE GOING UP OF MR. TWEEDY.

The greater portion of Eastern Carolina is kept up mainly by the lumber trade. Every village has its saw-mill, and every cross-road has its heaps of broken log-wagons and worm-eaten logs. Every pine and juniper is numbered, even as the hairs of our head are numbered. By the side of the public road,

as we ride along, may be seen mouldering piles of sawdust, showing only too plainly that some poor fellow rose to-day and to-morrow fell, with the loss of all. As we ride over the creek bridges, which are frequent in this low country, our eyes are attracted to a few low board shanties with dirt chimneys and a half-dozen or more smutty frying-pans hanging by the door. Beyond the door of one of the huts, stretched on the ground, is a negro so black that the rays of the sun glitter on his face just as they do on the spokes of a newly-painted buggy wheel. The negro rubs his eyes, looks at the sun, then at the pans, which is equivalent to saying, "Hits nearly time for dinnah"; for the pans, you know, are the forerunners of the fat pork with which he gorges himself three times each day. Our eyes fail not to view the yoke of oxen chewing their cud and switching their tails as if in mortal agony. Yet another scene and we pass on our way. Over in one of the mule pounds stands what was once a mule. His looks readily indicate his name—"Has-been." Mangy tail and scrubby mane, hollow eyes and dropped lips, spavined knees and disjointed hips; these defects are horsemen's rules, and prove at once a bad horse and a bad mule. The old mule, as if mindful of our various criticisms, exhales an unusual amount of carbon dioxide, accompanied with a sound which produces the same harmony to our ears as the mournful crying of a "sogum mill." "Has-been" convinces us that, though he may look out of sorts externally, yet his lungs are as good as if only three years old, coming four.

From the camp we proceed only a few miles before we enter the town where stands the saw-mill. We see over the office door of the mill-house, marked out in irregular letters, "Office of Tweedy & Co., Lumber Merchants, Barnesville, N. C." After seeing the camp where the timbermen live, we have a "natural hankering" to explore the novelties of the mill, where the products of the campers go. The first thing we see is a circular saw with every third tooth broken out. The

belts are made of gum and are sewed together with buckskin cords. The engine has enough juniper plugs driven in it to make three railroad tanks. On inquiring, we are told that the plugs prevent the escape of steam through the punctured steam-chest. When we ask for the "steam negro," we are told he got his nose broken in a fight with the "log jack," and has gone to the doctor to have it set. All at once a shrill sharp sound is heard, which would have saved the warriors of old much wind and walking; for surely the walls of Jericho would have toppled at the first toot of this whistle. In the log pound are a dozen or more logs, which resemble more those in the sides of a tobacco barn than timber-logs. By the wharf is anchored a vessel with sails spread, ready to leave with the last foot of Tweedy & Company's lumber. On the deck of the boat stands Mr. Tweedy with grip in hand, such as was used by Colonel David Crockett while on his way to Congress. In his left hand he grasps an umbrella, which is second cousin, if not brother, to the one which did Robinson Crusoe so much service during his sojourn on the Juan Fernandez.

As the boat is about to weigh anchor, a boy is seen coming at full speed. When he "hauls up," he says, "Dad, cain't I go? You know, dad, that I'se toated lumber hard; say, dad, *cain't* I go?" His father, Mr. Tweedy, relents and hauls the boy over the rail partly by his suspenders and partly by the back of his shirt, which is as black and greasy as a porpoise hide. Mr. Tweedy's last injunctions to his eldest son were: "Charles be a good boy; handle the business very gingerly while I am gone; eat two meals each day, and some days when you work hard go out behind old Brum's stable, climb the 'simmon tree,' and get your supper." The old gent out of the way, Charles at once gets happy, and it is sufficient to say he didn't have cause to climb the persimmon tree; that is, if he had to work hard before he did it.

The second day at sea and all was well, but on the evening

of the third the Captain cried, "All hands on deck, and take in sail." Before the sails were gotten in the storm came. The sailors got in all the sail except the mainsail; and the Captain finding it not so hard a wind as was expected gave orders to let the mainsail stay up.

About 10 o'clock that night the watchman cried: "On deck, and reef the mainsail two reefs." Mr. Tweedy was out on time and asked if the deck load was in danger. When the first reef was made, which took about twenty minutes, the wind had increased and Mr. Tweedy was heard to say: "I wonder what Charles is doing; wish I was with him about now."

"With wet clothes and feet bare,
With shivering limbs and matted hair,
He stood a picture of despair."

At two in the morning a great sound was heard. Mr. Tweedy sprang from his downy couch, which was the floor of the cabin, and rushed on deck just in time to see the last stick of his deck load go over the rail of the vessel. "This lumber business is a risky thing," he exclaimed, and made a dive for the cabin to escape a huge wave which broke on the vessel. When day broke all was calm and fair, with a good breeze going.

After several days the boat arrived at Philadelphia. By the time the boat was made fast, out sprang Socrates with that same greasy shirt on his back. He was soon spied by the town toughs and a time was had. Socrates came flying before the missiles of his pursuers crying, "Dad, the Yanks are after me; what shall I do?" Mr. Tweedy very sympathetically warned the boys of the danger they were bringing on themselves, then retired to complete his toilet. The toilet being completed, he came out, ready to take a walk around the town. Of all the curious beings in the world, he was the most curious. Darius Green dressed ready to take his flight from this world of trouble couldn't have looked more curious.

Mr. Tweedy spent two hours in town, came back, and told the captain he had seen the things in detail. He said he was afraid that the close rooms in the town would be injurious to his health; for they surely must be small and close together, as the houses were jammed right against each other. He preferred to sleep on the boat instead of in those close rooms. It was the sides of Mr. Tweedy's pockets which were jammed together, or more likely his liberality. Two days passed and nothing of interest occurred, but the third night a little scene took place. The boat was unloaded at 4 P. M. the third day, and the sailors being paid off, all soon became lively; for "old red eye" was "in it," you know. At 12 that night two sailors might have been seen conversing in low subdued tones. Their faces showed that mischief was brewing in the air. At length, being satisfied in their plans, they crept silently to Mr. Tweedy who, was cozily wrapped in the arms of Morpheus dreaming of his lost deck load. The half-hitch having been taken around his ankles he began his ascent to the topmast-head feet first. Mr. Tweedy soon awoke, doubtless ready to grab at his deck load as he saw it in his dreams drifting by, and on finding his head ready to bid final adieu to the locker on which he had been quietly resting, he yelled, "Socrates, cut this rope!" Socrates aroused by the yell rubbed his eyes, yawned and said, "What you say, Dad?" "Cut this rope, you young hyena," exclaimed Dad. The boy, seeing the old man in such a peculiar situation, made a grab for him just in time to save a handful of red hair and skin from off his cranium. Up, up, went Dad, while Socrates stood gazing at the unlaundered shirt flapping over Dad's head.

When Mr. Tweedy reached the deck he extricated his feet from the knotty ropes and began to propel himself cabin-ward.

The next day the boat set sail for Havre de Grace to take in a load of coal to carry back to Barnesville. Arriving at Havre de Grace late Saturday evening, the crew set to work to get things ready for Monday. Everything being by dark in proper

shape, the captain's mate, who lived only a few miles from this place, took the train home, leaving the boat in charge of the steward.

Late that night Mr. Tweedy was suddenly aroused by the deep oaths of two men. He came out and met the steward accompanied by a drunken friend. They were both Germans and spoke in German. Mr. Tweedy was terribly frightened, but determined to hold out as long as possible. About every hour in came the steward cursing and stamping. He would order Mr. Tweedy about just as he pleased, and Mr. Tweedy was only too glad to do his biddings, for in his grip-sack were the proceeds of his last foot of lumber and he didn't care to part with the shining "stuff." As the night passed, matters grew worse; for now both men would come to pay Mr. Tweedy a visit. When the two had retired for the second time, Mr. Tweedy snatched up his satchel, drew out his Bible and began to read very earnestly. With his Bible in left hand and a bowie knife in right, he sat awaiting results. At four in the morning things had taken a strange turn; for now Father Neptune paid Mr. Tweedy and son a visit. The proper questions being asked and suitable answers given, Neptune informed Mr. Tweedy that Charles was up the persimmon tree, that the deck load was at sea, and that his visit to the topmasthead was recorded as the greatest event of the year, and it pleased him so much that he wished to see it repeated. Neptune told Mr. Tweedy that the boy might do this. At hearing this Mr. Tweedy became joyous, and had begun to make remarks about the pleasantness of the journey to the boy when Neptune told him that he had a trip planned for him as well as for the boy. Whilst Socrates went to the masthead Mr. Tweedy was drawn under the keel of the vessel, according to Neptune's custom of serving people when they first come on salt water. Lumber merchants were getting low about this time.

Monday at length came and the captain with it. Mr.

Tweedy and son bade the captain and crew farewell and took the first train to Barnesville. When he arrived, he found Charles had done what he had told him,—eaten two meals each day. He went directly to the mill-house, set it on fire, and up went the lumber business of Tweedy & Co. His many friends are glad to hear that he is now keeping a peanut stand and selling blue shoe-strings for a living, while the company has gone begging. All lumber firms are bound to go up sooner or later, but in what way they are liable to go is hard to tell.

MEEKINS.

EDWIN LOCKARD AND HIS OLD HOME.

Through the central part of Cleveland County flow, in a winding course, the waters of First Broad river. At varying distance runs a public road parallel to the river. A few miles north of Shelby there branches off from this public highway a lonely road which leads to a more lonely home, doubly lonely to those familiar with its history, because of the seemingly cruel fate met with by those who once occupied it. As we travel this road and approach Edwin's old home, looking to the right and to the left, we can see the clear waters of the First Broad river, for the house of which I speak is almost inclosed in a "goose-neck" bend in the river.

As we draw near, it is evident that the place has not been occupied by a thrifty family for some time. On the south side of the dwelling-house stands the great old barn and the stables, leaning to one side as if threatening to consign to ruin the remnant of the once dear old home. A pathway, almost overlapped with untrimmed rose bushes, leads from the barn to the dwelling-house. A partly decayed oaken block serves as a step to the porch, at one end of which is a little room. A large door, which can be opened by pulling a string, thus raising the wooden latch on the inside, will admit

you into the sitting-room. The empty mantel-piece, the ceiling and the walls, which are covered with papers and pictures, are dingy with soot and dust. No furniture decorates the room. All is as lonely and still as death. The other parts of the dwelling are even more dilapidated than the sitting-room. This now ruined rural home was once occupied by a thrifty, industrious and happy family. Mr. Lockard loved his wife, his two charming daughters, and his only son, Edwin, a healthy, strong and innocent little fellow. The father worked hard to support his family and at the same time to increase his small amount of wealth.

At an early age Edwin began to assist his father in the lighter work of the farm, and to attend the little free school near by during the time of year when farmers are at leisure. It was at this little school that the true character of Edwin was revealed. He was held up by his teacher as a model for all the other students. Unlike most little fellows, he is not known to have become angry or to have been disobedient during all his school days. Edwin's education, by the time he was sixteen, was by no means extensive, but he had acquired as much book knowledge as the average farmer.

In the meantime, the wealth of the family had increased sufficiently to enable them to buy a more comfortable home. The place selected was a lovely little country house not far distant from the old one. When they were about to move to this new home, their eldest daughter suddenly died. The family, sorrow-stricken, moved to their new home only to meet greater sorrow, for the father soon fell a victim to the same disease that had taken away his daughter. Edwin, who had thus far led a somewhat lonely life, was now more lonely, as he travelled daily and all alone to the distant parts of his father's farm, which had so suddenly fallen into his hands. He had loved his father and his sister dearly, but he showed no sign of the effect their death had made upon his strong mind until he was about twenty-one years of age—a tall, mus-

cular youth, with deep black hair and piercing black eyes. Thus far in his short career he had been beloved greatly by all those who knew him. He had managed his father's farm to advantage, and had been a comfort to his bereaved mother and sister. About this time Edwin fell a victim to melancholy, followed shortly by insanity. At least, he had very strange spells which came upon him once every month and lasted a few days.

It was feared that he would injure himself or someone else during these frantic spells. Even his mother and sister became afraid of their only son and brother as the time would come for the return of the madness. His neighbors, so strange were his actions, were puzzled to know whether Edwin, who had hitherto been so kind and gentle, was now going mad. His insanity grew more pronounced every month, and between his wild spells, in which he would threaten someone with vengeance for wrongs that had never been committed, or would pretend to fear that someone would take his life, he appeared to be in deep study. One Saturday evening, about the time he was to be taken with one of his wild spells, he harnessed his horse to his road-cart and drove away. Edwin's mother afterward said that she looked upon him as he rode up the long slant from his home, and somehow thought that she was for the last time beholding the living form of her dear and only boy. Edwin never remained away all night without leaving word to that effect with his mother. Night came upon the home of that uneasy mother, and Edwin had not yet returned. Morning came, and still no boy. The neighbors began immediately to search for him, and about four o'clock Sunday evening, some of those searching found his horse and cart far away in a large thick wood of oaks. Thence, with speechless tongues and breathless silence, they traced his footprints along the rugged pathway through the wood. They had not gone far, however, before they saw a strong rope, with a hanging loop on the end, dangling from a large dogwood limb.

It seemed that Edwin had forced himself into the very jaws of an awful death and had shrunk back in terror. It was evident, however, that he had intended to make an end of his life, and the search began in earnest. Night came, and greatly to the surprise of those who so anxiously awaited, Edwin walked up to his home all alone.

Mrs. Lockard was certain that her boy was in a critical condition, but it was hard for her to say that her only son should go to the insane asylum. Though greatly puzzled what to do, she decided that he should go. The next morning the sheriff arrived to accompany him. When Edwin was told that he should go to the asylum, he wept like a child. All were sad and undecided what would be best under such peculiar circumstances, and well they might have been, for on that Monday morning the mother beheld for the last time her only son and her greatest comfort. Edwin died as the next month passed away, and left behind a dear old mother and a sister—the last of a once happy family.

J. L. CORNWELL.

EDITORIALS.

THE PASSAGE OF THE INCOME TAX BILL.

This subject is taken with all due appreciation of the current notion that college magazines ought to keep their pages clear of anything that smacks of politics. *With all due appreciation* may be construed as meaning that this article is written in the belief that the current notion is a mistaken one, that there *is*, or should be, in the college journal, as well as in other publications, a place for the discussion of political questions. Don't understand us as referring to the trivial and commonplace matters of county and township; but those broad, living questions which are exercising the most progressive thought of the mind of to-day, and in the settlement of which is concerned every man, from the lowest hod-carrier to the most favored child of fortune.

One other reason for such a subject, and we shall have finished the introductory, and then to the core of the question. The other reason is, that, under the necessity of choosing some subject, the one at the head of this paper seemed most suitable, for by the time *THE STUDENT* is out its readers will have become so wearied with newspaper wranglings on the same subject, that a single glance at the title of this effort will make them throw down the magazine in disgust—while we shall have the sweet consolation of a duty performed, and at the same time the satisfaction of knowing that our reputation, so far as it is to be damaged by the reading, with a critical eye, of this article, will remain perfectly safe.

It will be noticed that the large print at the beginning reads "The Passage of the Income Tax Bill." Unwilling to make the printer's bill any heavier than is absolutely necessary this month, unwilling also not to show proper deference for a certain examination in Moral Philosophy by devoting at least one week to its preparation, we have thought it inexpe-

dient to dwell upon the "whys" and "wherefores," the justice and the injustice of the principles involved in the bill. What we are concerned with is that the bill passed the House. That doesn't mean a great deal. It may have ridden through on the back of the new tariff law. Had it been voted upon on its own merits, it might have been killed. The Senate may spend months in deliberation upon its merits, or in the fulfilment of the requirements of senatorial courtesy, and in the end turn the cold shoulder upon it. All that is quite another thing. It is quite enough for the present that the bill, providing for a tax to be levied on incomes of more than \$3,999.99, passed the House of Representatives.

Its passage marks an epoch in the history of recent politics. Why? Because it is a decisive victory of the poor classes over the wealthy. Sufficient proof of the truth of this statement is found in the fact that the measure was fought to the death by every force that is representative of the moneyed interests of the North. Bourke Cochran, Tammany's crack orator, assailed it with lion-like vehemence. The great newspapers of New York, notably the *Herald* and the *Times*, who gave themselves credit for the repeal of the Sherman Act, devoted column after column in the abuse of what the former was pleased to call "a high-handed insult to American honesty." But all to no avail. It remains to be seen what treatment it will meet at the hands of the Senate.

A feeling of relief creeps over us. We may not have exercised any great amount of discretion in attempting an editorial on such a subject. But we need only say, in excuse, "Perish discretion when it interferes with duty." What we have written we have written, though we are not in any ways proud of it. Two-thirds of the space have been given up to introductory remarks, something less than the other third to this last paragraph. How much is left for the treatment of the subject is a problem which the unfortunate reader may solve for himself.

R. W. H.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

Some assert that all things happen for the best. However this may be, there is, at least, a lesson to be learned from each circumstance. Nature has no accidents; all results have full and adequate causes. National misfortune, though it be accompanied by suffering and pain for some, though it bring poverty and humility to others, is not wholly devoid of benefit.

There is no absolute evil in any condition, but each is fraught with truth affecting man's higher and nobler existence.

The Israelites departed from the paths of rectitude, a hand Divine was laid upon them. They lost their national life, and regained it only when they recognized Divine truth. The Greeks at Troy incensed the gods. Apollo the archer sent among them his arrows of death, so that many sickened and died. The Grecian gods were no more than relentless Nature herself personified proclaiming her immutable laws. That people alone is wise who follows her paths and heeds her warnings. She teaches by the sting of error. She is teaching our nation to-day a great lesson, and it remains to be seen how they will profit by it.

The great financial throes with which our people have been wrestling are not a result of blind providence. They are the natural reaction of forces which have long been in operation, as sure and definite as the action of chemicals.

There has been a great reversion in business circles, trade has been disorganized, and failure has rapidly followed failure. Capital, always timid, early withdrew into its stronghold. Thus thousands were thrown out of employment. Homes of ease became the haunts of despair. The problem of dispensing charity to the starving became a serious one in all Northern cities—New York alone counts her dependent population by the tens of thousands. Such a condition is appalling in a country of limitless resources such as ours. Such results indicate an unhealthy condition. There has been something wrong with our national life.

The panic is now over, but its victim still lies panting and almost prostrated. Now is the time for the lesson to find a lodgement in the hearts of the people. The seriousness with which it shall be considered will affect the continued prosperity of our whole people. It is a fact of history that a recurrence of such crises has occurred about every twenty years of our national existence—less than a generation—so soon does the memory fade away; and each recurrence is greater than its predecessor. A clear exposition of its cause may serve as a light-house of danger for many years to come.

Here is a question for the political economist, for the statesman, for every citizen. Various reasons have been offered. The legislature say some, the tariff and finance; domestic evils say others, and wrong conception of life, extravagance and wastes. Perhaps all combined have their share. In consideration, all partisanship should be put aside till our ship of state shall have escaped the breakers, and shall be the stronger for having weathered the storm with knowledge and experience for the future.

W. L. F.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor.

ALREADY, one month of the New Year has passed. The year is rapidly growing old. Its existence has been shortened by one-twelfth. There is something depressing about the thought that the first month of the year is gone for good and for all. The world has got settled again after its brief holiday. "Everything has resumed its wonted course: the great human machine, with its long strains, its deep gasps, its collisions and its crashes," has been put in motion again only too soon after the brief period of Christmas festivity. Of the resolu-

tions taken at the beginning of the New Year—resolutions of the drunkard never to touch the cup again; resolutions of the wanderer in the ways of sin to seek the straight and narrow path and go therein, resolutions of the college worthy no more to pollute his lips with the vile and injurious cigarette; resolutions without number,—how many of these have been kept? Not as many, perhaps, as have been broken. The bold brevier “I solemnly resolve” of many a poor struggler had doubtless shrunk to unassuming nonpareil, and then faded away entirely, before the year had reached even the first mile-post in its course. Sad thought, but not wholly devoid of comfort. A short respite from an evil habit is better than steady practice. And, besides, who shall say that many resolutions have not been kept? On account of these, on account of the homes that have been brightened and the hearts that have been gladdened, there is great cause to be grateful that time is divided into periods of longer or shorter duration, at the beginning of which every man may turn over a new leaf.

ELSEWHERE in this number is a contribution on “The Journalist,” written at the request of the editor of this department, by Mr. R. E. Folk, at one time a student at this institution and now on the editorial staff of the *Daily American*, Nashville, Tenn. Having left college only eight or ten years ago, he is, consequently, not an old stager in the journalistic business; but that he knows what he is talking about anyone may convince himself by reading the article. “The proof of the pudding,” &c., &c. It speaks for itself, that is, the article does. We cannot add anything to it, nor need anything be added to increase the interest already attaching to it. Wake Forest may congratulate herself in that she is not compelled to go out of her own ranks in search of literary talent. We take this opportunity of saying to the Alumni of the Institution that the columns of THE STUDENT are always open to

them. Though essentially a college magazine, it feels that it does not compromise its character as such by inviting the cooperation of all who have its welfare at heart, and surely this is true of all Wake Forest Alumni, in the upbuilding of its literary character. THE STUDENT rests under many obligations to Mr. Folk for his valuable contribution, and wishes for him the greatest possible success in his chosen calling.

THE field is open for some seeker for fame in the science of Archimedes and Newton to write his name indelibly on fame's unfading scroll by calculating the number of times that that unmanageable word, as well as country, Hawaii, has been used during the last twelve months. How many type-setters have scratched their heads over it! How many enterprising youths must have struggled with it! How many amateur politicians must have aired their views on the weighty subject of extension of territory! Worst of all, how many times it has been used in scurrilous attacks upon the Democratic administration! The Hawaiian problem has proved to be extremely hard to solve. Those who have attempted its solution have thus far seemingly failed. It is still a thorn in the side of some of the most prominent statesmen. Though the Tariff bill and the tax on incomes connected with it are engrossing the attention of the public mind just at this time, sooner or later the Hawaiian muddle will be resurrected again. The President has wisely, and of necessity (this with the authority of the newspapers), transferred the whole matter to Congress, where, judging from the past, it will meet with prompt settlement something short of 1900, before the millennium at the outside. Meanwhile, the reading public will wring their hands and wish with an exceeding great longing that Queen Liliuokalani and Sanford B. Dole, Esq., had been left to settle their own difficulties.

EVERY State boasts of its great men. Virginia, "mother of Presidents," had her Jackson and her Lee. South Carolina had her Hampton and Gary. North Carolina, too, has had its quota of distinguished men, men who have impressed themselves and their character upon those who knew them personally, and who have won the respect and admiring esteem of those who knew them by reputation only. Among them should be mentioned Dr. E. Burke Haywood, who lately died at his home in Raleigh. No more fitting tribute to his memory can be offered than the following words of the editor of the *North Carolinian*, Mr. Josephus Daniels: "I think that Dr. Haywood came nearer the good physician described by Dickens than any man I have known. He had that dignity and bearing that commanded respect. * * His life has been a blessing to our State and a benediction to many homes. He knew what death was, and so often had he been in its presence that it had few terrors for him. He had unshaken faith in God, and was ready when the summons came to enter into that reward that is promised to the faithful."

PHILIP HAMERTON, in his letter to a highly cultivated friend who congratulated himself on having entirely abandoned the habit of reading newspapers, used the following words: "Newspapers give such a preponderance to politics that intellectual culture is thrown in the background." The gifted English author had in his mind, no doubt, "*The Times*" and "*Le Temps*" and other great newspapers published in England, France, and Germany; but a glance at the press of this country will reveal the fact that his words are equally applicable here. To be sure, it is of the greatest importance that the people be kept informed of what is going on in the world of politics; and newspapers are not to be too severely taken to task because they make political matters take precedence over other things. Still it is refreshing to

note that the editor of the *Charlotte Observer* is not so hopelessly entangled in the labyrinthian maze of State and National politics as not to be keenly alive to the intellectual welfare of our people. Not the least admirable feature in the *Observer* of Sunday, January 28, was an article from the pen of the editor, Mr. J. P. Caldwell, with the stimulating title, "An Intellectual Renaissance." Beginning with the prosperous condition of the schools in Charlotte, and noticing the unusual interest manifested there in questions of a literary nature, the writer extends his remarks until the whole State is made to come under the range of a revivifying *renaissance* in intellectual life. So hopeful a view of the literary standing of our people ought to be a matter of congratulation to every patriotic son of the Old North State. It is certainly encouraging to everyone who is anxious to see the good old State prosper intellectually no less than materially. And all the more encouraging, when it is remembered that the views set forth in the article referred to are not the idle fancies of a dreaming school-boy, but the honest convictions of one who is pre-eminently qualified to pass judgment. For if there is any man who, more than his fellows, may assert this or that of the people, it is the editor of the daily newspaper. No man, possibly, has his finger so completely on the popular pulse as he, no man so prompt to detect and rejoice at its quickening beat.

BUT we were about to forget something; and something to forget which might leave an editor open to the charge of neglect of duty. We have reference to an event, the most important of its kind since a certain time in the year 1892, an event, beside which, in the eyes of some people, a presidential election shrinks into insignificance—without further waste of words—the Corbett-Mitchell glove contest.

If there were the slightest possibility that all the readers of THE STUDENT were as well versed in pugilistic lore as the

“sports” who congregate in the reading-room, or even the inquiring freshman who persisted in studying the pictures of the fighters in the *Herald* for days afterward, it would be entirely superfluous to say that “Jimmie” waxed furious in the third round and revealed to the wondering gaze of the Englishman whole acres of little twinklers. So many, at least, that John Bull’s representative puncher caved in completely and threw up his hands in token that he had enough. But James John never was a man noted for his forbearance, a grace which he is peculiarly deficient in when inside the ropes, and even after his antagonist had yielded, could not refrain from dealing him another crushing blow, just by way of reminder, most of the spectators supposed, of the kind of hospitality he (Mitchell) might always expect on this side the pond. America seems destined to hold the supremacy over England in sporting matters anyway. Only last September, and American enthusiasm was raised to its highest pitch by the admirable way in which the *Vigilant* defended “America’s cup” against Lord Dunraven’s *Valkyrie*. And now one of Albion’s heroes of the prize-ring has bitten the dust at the feet of Columbia’s fistic champion. Is this cause for rejoicing?

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ROWLAND BEASLEY, Editor.

THE SCRIBNERS are about to publish an article, of some description, by Charles Lamb, called “Cupid’s Revenge.” It is heretofore unpublished, and the manuscript has been in this country since 1858.

A FRENCHMAN, G. Monod, is preparing a “History of Cardinal Richelieu,” in four volumes, the first volume having already appeared. The work is considered one of much im-

portance, not only as likely to be the best work in existence on the life of the great Cardinal, but also as a fine compendium of contemporary history.

A CURIOUS volume has just been published entitled "In Re Walt Whitman." The book is made up of Whitman's unpublished fragments, criticisms of him and newspaper clippings which appeared just after his death. One of the latter is this, taken from the *New York Herald*: "He struck his lyre with his fist at times instead of with his finger-tips."

THE HIGH esteem in which Edwin Booth was held by the American people is shown by the rapidity with which his high-priced biographies are being sold. "The Life and Art of Edwin Booth," by William Winter, price \$2.25, is now in the second edition. The love and adoration of all Americans for the great genius are more unstinted on account of his unfortunate brother.

IN THE "*Manuel de Bibliophile*," published in Paris in 1823, it was estimated that up until that date from the invention of printing (about 1450) that the total number of books printed was 3,681,960. There is no estimate as to the number published since that date, but it is rapidly increasing year by year. In 1882 the number of entered publications was 22,918, while in 1892 it was 54,735.

THE INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY gives this definition as one of the meanings of the word "Bohemian": "An adventurer in art or literature, of irregular, unconventional habits, questionable tastes, or free morals." The French knew the inhabitants of Bohemia only as wandering dark-skinned gypsies, hence the metaphorical use of the word originated with them, and simply means a gypsy in literature.

VISCOUNT DILLON has shown that the story of Sir Walter Scott's "Woodstock" is purely fictitious, although Sir Henry Lee was a real historical personage, only living a long time before the time of the story in which he figures. He died in

1611 at the age of eighty-one years, before Roundheads and Cavaliers had been heard of. He seems to have been as gallant and chivalrous as the story represents him to be. However, Mr. Dillon's great discovery will not in the least affect the thrilling interest of "Woodstock."

PROBABLY NO author of the century has received such a storm of criticism as did Victor Hugo soon after his death. Critics of every conceivable calibre kept up an incessant bombardment for years, but from it all the great man's reputation has come out unscathed and his name has been placed first on the list of the great Frenchmen of the century. The *Revue Bleue*, published in Paris, says: "As our century is closing, four of its writers appear to have risen successively above all others, with their defects absolved, and forming a part of the smallest libraries. One of them, Victor Hugo, has certainly been the poet of his time, who has been the worst treated by those who claim to be judges of good taste. The three others, Michelet, Balzac, and Dumas, were not even Academicians, and died without having seen their works admitted to the shelves on which are ranged great literature."

OF THE vast number of books which appear every year a large proportion are new editions of classic works, printed in all shapes, sizes, and at any price. By far the greatest number, however, are new books which never see the light of a second edition. It is impossible to make any adequate estimate of the number of this kind which appear annually. With these may be put that class commonly called *trash*. It is well that they see only one edition. Cheap editions of standard authors have put them in the reach of so many more people that the number of readers are vastly on the increase. Readable editions of the great novelists can be had almost for the asking, likewise the poets and essayists. No doubt this accounts for the increase of readers of those books. A person who goes through life without having tasted of the sweets of

the vast storehouse of the English classics, poets, essayists, novelists and historians, has indeed missed half the pleasure of living.

AS TO the nature of the volumes which are constantly appearing it is not inappropriate to the subject to note, that in the field of book-literature there appears a marked tendency toward the reproduction of standard authors, a tendency which may be hailed as a wholesome symptom of the public taste and of the judgment of publishers which caters to it. In general terms it may be said that this is an age of compilation rather than of creation. The multitude of single volumes and of libraries containing selections from the great masters of prose and verse is literally without end. No great original works in the field of imaginative literature have recently appeared. It is gratifying to find, amid the immense and hitherto unexampled fertility of production in the publishing world, that books which may properly be termed classics are still demanded and are still read. The day is far distant when such poets as Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, such historians as Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, Prescott, and Parkman, and such novelists as Sir Walter Scott, Balzac, Thackeray, and Hawthorne, will cease to be perused.—*A. R. Spofford.*

THE BEDOUIN is not an idealist. His idea of the beautiful consists in naturalistic description of the things around him. This trait enables us to study the inner life of the sons of the desert through the writings of their poets. The Arab poet nearly always begins by speaking of himself. He praises his own virtues and belittles his enemy. Sometimes he sings the deeds of some prince whose good will he would gain. Then he proceeds to give a most vivid description of his lady, comparing her face and figure with the trees, the flowers, and the animals of the desert. The terms used by those Arabs would not always be considered complimentary by Western ladies. The form of the poet lady is generally compared to that of a palm of the desert or one of those sacred trees which

he sons of the desert love to decorate with bits of ribbon and votive-offerings to the lesser Genii. Then, he begins to draw upon the animal world for his comparisons, especially the antelope and the sheep. Antara, one of these poets, actually addresses his beloved with: "O darling sheep," which need not surprise us when we remember that the Biblical name Rachel means ewe. When the camel which bears the lady away vanishes in the distance Antara sheds tears "like a bursting bottle." Her walk must be "like unto the walk of one who is drunk with wine," or like the walk of the Quata bird, a species of prairie-chicken. The Bodouin never praises a lady who has already become his. It would be ridiculous and "not good form."—*George Jacob.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

L. A. BEASLEY, Editor, *pro tem.*

Rev. J. A. W. Thomas ('40-'41) has resigned the pastorate of his churches in Marlborough County, S. C., on account of ill health.

—'54. Dr. T. H. Pritchard's last letter on co-education in the *Recorder* is the best of the series. It shows much knowledge and thorough study of the subject.

—'59. Rev. J. M. White has returned from Edgefield, S. C., and will make Apex his home for this year.

—'75. John E. Ray is Superintendent of the State school for the mute and the blind in Colorado Springs, Col. The *Gazette* of that place speaks of him in the most flattering terms. The institution under his management is meeting with splendid success.

—'77. Thanks are due to Rev. E. E. Folk, Nashville, Tenn., for copy of *Baptist and Reflector* sent to the reading-room.

—'79. Bro. W. L. Wright, the shepherd of the great flock of Church Hill, has been quite sick. This is bad news, for he is one of the choicest and most efficient laborers in Richmond.—*Baltimore Baptist*.

—Rev. A. McA. Pitman ('79-'80), in a recent number of the *N. C. Baptist*, gives a report of the Baptist Congress.

—'81. N. R. Pitman, pastor of church at St. Joseph, Mo., is in this State on a visit.

—'83. Rev. Tom Dixon has decided not to publish any more of his sermons. A million and a half of people read them each week, and they will be sorry to know of this.

—J. G. Stokes ('83-'86) is a rising young lawyer of Burgaw.

—J. T. Wise ('84-'85) has a flourishing school at Hollingsworth, Ga.

—'85. Dr. A. T. Robertson, in the appendix to Dr. Broadus's new book, *Harmony of the Gospel*, discusses difficult questions in the Gospel, as the Genealogy of Matthew and Luke, and the birth of Christ.

—'86. Rev. J. L. White, of Asheville, probably preaches to the largest congregation in North Carolina.

—'87. Walter Stradley is Collector of the Port of San Francisco, California.

—'87. W. F. Watson is filling an important pastorate in Norfolk, Va.

—'87. W. J. Matthews was married sometime ago to Miss Mary Johnson, of Richmond County, and has a good school at Spring Hill.

—'87. E. J. Justice has a letter in the *News-Observer-Chronicle* of recent date, in which he makes reply to Attorney General Osborne, concerning the appointment of Circuit Court Judges for unexpired terms. The letter is very strong, and gives evidence of no little legal acumen.

—'89. Rev. C. G. Wells, who attended Chicago University last year, is visiting at Warsaw.

—J. A. Mason ('87-'92) is teaching at Jefferson, S. C.

—Rev. J. O. Gough ('89-'93) was ordained at Lumberton on the 18th, and has accepted work at Acolu, S. C.

—Rev. C. J. F. Anderson ('92-'93) has located at Siler City.

—'90. T. R. Crocker is Professor of Latin and Greek in Turlington Institute, Smithfield.

—'90. J. A. Holloman has resigned as Business Manager of the *News-Observer-Chronicle*, to become Manager for North Carolina of the A. M. Kellogg Newspaper Company.

—'91. Walter M. Gilmore is one of the contributors to the Symposium in the *Seminary Magazine*.

—A. E. C. Pitman ('91-'92), was ordained on the 9th of January at Rennert, and has accepted work in Cumberland County.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

W. L. FOUSHEE, Editor.

ANNIVERSARY!

THE session is rapidly passing away.

MR. JOHN MILLS ('92) was home for a few days last month.

MRS. WALLACE RIDDICK, of Raleigh, visited her friends on the Hill a few days.

TWO questions: "How did you come out on Physics?" and "When will THE STUDENT be out?"

MANAGER PENCE and Captain Daniel have gotten their baseball ground in better condition than ever before. They are both enthusiastic and all are well pleased with them.

THE tennis courts are occupied every afternoon. There is no reason why we should not have a tournament as one of the features of the Field Day, or at some other convenient time.

THE melancholy days have come,
 The saddest of the year;
 For foot-ball now is of the past,
 And base-ball doth not yet appear. —*Ex.*

WE were glad to see Mr. E. Y. Webb ('93) on the Hill. He has just secured his license to practice law, and will locate at Shelby with his brother. Yates finds pleasure in visiting his Alma Mater (?). He has our best wishes.

THE Wake Forest Missionary Society, of which Professor J. F. Lanneau is President, had its regular meeting February 4. The subject was, "What Constitutes a Missionary," and was discussed by Professors Royall and Ferrell in most interesting manner.

NOTICE.—Attention of our readers is specially called to the Gum Roofing and Paint advertised in our columns; it is ready for use, easily applied and a very low price—reliable article. Nothing better for a new roof, or an old roof needing repairs. They will mail you a sample if you write them at once, and *mention this paper.*

THE Minstrels promises to be one of the most attractive events of the season. For wit, humor, song and music in general, it will be unsurpassed by anything at Wake Forest since many years. An extensive programme is being arranged, and dates are being secured to entertain at other places, we have not yet learned where.

PROF. AND MRS. JNO. B. BREWER, of the Chowan Baptist Female Institute, spent some days with relatives on the Hill. Prof. Brewer has just been elected President of the Baptist Female University, to be located in Raleigh. He is eminently fitted for this position, and we hope, for the sake of the University, he will accept.

REV. F. C. MCCONNELL, of Atlanta, Georgia, has been elected to deliver the annual commencement address to the Literary Societies next June. He is a speaker of unusual power, and at the recent convention of Baptists held in Eliza-

beth City, captivated the whole convention by his eloquence. We think this an excellent selection, and his address will help make the occasion attractive.

ON January 30th, Rev. John A. Wray, recently of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, was married to Miss Lucy, daughter of Prof. L. R. Mills, Rev. W. R. Gwaltney officiating. So suddenly was the marriage consummated, that we were reminded of "Young Lochinvar, who came out of the West" to secure his bride. THE STUDENT extends to them heartiest congratulations.

SOME important changes have taken place in business circles of our town. The firms formerly known as W. W. Holding & Co., and A. J. Davis & Co., have purchased the stock of Rev. W. H. Edwards and have consolidated. They are building a large wooden store which, with its beautiful front and general appearance, will greatly add to that part of the town. We wish them abundant success.

ATTENTION has been called to the fact that Wake Forest is the only college in the State which has not a Young Men's Christian Association. Is this as it should be? It gives an interest in religious worship to many who would not otherwise engage in it. And again, we know that through it in the past many of the finest lectures which have been delivered at Wake Forest were secured under its auspices. What say you, boys?

THE University Athletic Club of New York has taken charge of the reform legislation in regard to foot-ball. This club is composed of graduates of the different Universities, and it is eminently fitting that they should take the lead in this matter. The objects of the legislation is to eliminate the element of roughness as much as possible. The "flying wedge" will be legislated against, and a more open style of play favored.

MR. F. S. BROCKMAN, International Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, visited us on February 7 in

interest of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, a movement that has over 3,000 representatives in foreign lands and embraces every denomination. He wishes men to be sent from every college in the country to the general meeting to be held in Detroit soon. Mr. Brockman is a speaker of force and great earnestness, well calculated to stimulate interest in the great movement of missions. The Volunteer Movement is a "combination, not an organization," of students for this work.

THE Sherwood Youth Band, composed of seventeen colored orphan boys, gave a concert in College Chapel January 29th. They give concerts to support the Virginia Orphan Asylum of Petersburg, Va., and for this worthy object, by their concerts, raised the large sum of \$23,000 during the past year; securing at The World's Fair an award of a silver cornet valued at \$500. While the music was very loud and somewhat harsh, it was exceedingly wonderful how children from four to sixteen years in age could perform on such complicated instruments so perfectly in time. This band is a monument to the enterprise and ability of the negro when cultivated.

FRIDAY night, January 26, was the occasion of one of the pleasantest entertainments it has ever been our opportunity to attend. It took place in the parlor of Mr. F. M. Purifoy, and was arranged by Mesdames B. F. Sledd and W. J. Ferrell, in honor of the members of the literary circle and some friends.

It was styled an "Evening with Burns," the programme being begun with a biographical sketch of Burns, by Professor B. F. Sledd in his happy style. It was a pathetic, beautiful picture of the poet's life, his poetry being described as coming not like a sweeping storm, but softly, like the pelting rain drops.

The following is the remainder of the programme:

VOCAL DUET—"O wert thou in the Could Blast," Mesdames Ferrell and Sledd
 READING—"Flowers of the Forest" ----- Miss Susie Lanneau
 VOCAL SOLO—"Robin Adair" ----- Mrs. Sledd
 INSTRUMENTAL SOLO—"When the Kye came Home" ----- Miss Hannah Lanneau
 READING—"Tam O'Shanter" ----- Mrs. Ferrell

PART II.

A LETTER TO BURNS—[Andrew Long] ----- Professor Poteat
 READING—"Mary of Castle Corey" ----- Mrs. Ferrell
 VOCAL DUET—"When ye gang awa' Jamie" ----- { Miss Anna Walters
 { Mr. R. T. Daniel
 READING—"Mountain Daisy" ----- Mrs. Rogers
 VOCAL SOLO—"Comin' thro' the Rye" ----- Mrs. Sledd
 READING—"Mary in Heaven" ----- Professor Sledd

The entire programme was highly applauded by the audience.

At the conclusion, puzzles were distributed to each one present; and Mrs. W. M. Dixon, being first to solve it, was awarded a beautiful volume of Burns. In behalf of those present, we extend to the originators heartiest thanks for this excellent entertainment.



IN MEMORIAM.

It is seldom our duty to chronicle so sad an event as that of the death of Thomas M. Leary, a member of the present Senior class. He was influential in college life, held many posts of honor in his Society, and was to be Prophet of his class at Commencement '94.

Below are resolutions drawn up by his Society and class:

RESOLUTIONS OF THE PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

It is sad beyond the power of expression to be compelled to-day and henceforth to speak of Thomas M. Leary as dead. But it is with sincere pleasure that we take occasion to give

utterance to our appreciation of his virtues. It is inexplicable why so young and robust a man—he was not over 28 years of age—a man so able and so brilliant, should be taken just as he was entering upon the plane of wider influence and greater usefulness. It is peculiarly fitting that we the members of the Philomathesian Society should perpetuate his memory, because he gained for himself a place of unusual warmth in our affections by his unselfish devotion to our Society and all its interests.

For six years he had been engaged in active ministerial work; three and a half of which were spent among us. His life exemplified his oft-expressed idea, that the minister is a man on a mission to men, and that the gospel is a living and growing reality. His pulpit motto was: "Always on hand with something to say." The disease that ended with his life and caused his untimely death, was contracted while doing pastoral work among his flock.

His fellow-students showed their esteem for his character and their appreciation of his worth by bestowing upon him the highest honors at their command. He represented his Society in the annual debate last year, and was orator for the approaching Anniversary. Since we so much deplore his death, therefore be it

Resolved 1st, That in the death of our brother, Thomas M. Leary, on January 14th, 1894, our Society lost one of its most honored and devoted members.

Resolved 2d, That we tender to his bereaved family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved 3d, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, spread upon the records of the Society, and published in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

W. C. NEWTON,
R. L. FREEMAN,
R. H. CARTER,

Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF CLASS '94.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in the completeness of His wisdom and power to summon from among us our classmate and friend, Thomas M. Leary; be it

Resolved, That in him we have lost a noble and highly valued classmate and friend; and that we feel, though he passed from us early in the battle of life, that his example will have a wholesome influence, and will remain to strengthen those who remain.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy, and we pray that the spirit of submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, will temper the bitterness of this their hour of distress.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased friend, and that they be printed in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

W. L. FOUSHEE,

R. L. FREEMAN,

Committee.

FOR

Drugs,
Medicines,
Books,
Stationery,
Confectioneries,
Cigars,
Fancy Goods,
&c.,

GO TO _____
T. E. Holding & Co.'s
DRUG STORE,

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

DRESS SUITS Made to Order
A SPECIALTY.

△ WE have a large line of samples of
the best cloths for DRESS SUITS,
△ and will guarantee a Perfect Fit and
Low Prices.

WE ALSO HAVE
A FULL LINE OF

CLOTHING,

Underwear, Hats, Shoes, &c.

Lowest Prices Guaranteed.

Whiting Bros
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED

CLOTHIERS & HATTERS

Raleigh, N.C.

W. H. & R. S. Tucker
& Co.,
RALEIGH, N. C.

*Dress Shirts, Neglige Shirts, Drawers,
Underwear, Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs,
Handkerchiefs, Hats, Shoes, Etc.*

WE SOLICIT THE PATRONAGE OF STUDENTS.

IN ADDITION TO OUR LARGE AND
GENERAL STOCK OF

Dry Goods,
Carpets, Etc., . .

We have the largest and
most thorough equipment
in the State of

**Gentlemen's
Furnishings**

Fall and Winter.

IT is our pleasure to extend the compliments of
the season to you all, and to announce that
our Fall and Winter stock is now open for
your inspection.

We Lead Them All
As to Prices, Styles and Patterns.

CROSS & LINEHAN,

D. R. BRITTON,

Men's Outfitters,

Our Agent, will take pleasure in serving you.

RALEIGH, N. C.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

PROF. J. C. MASKE.....ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY:

W. L. FOUSHEE.....EDITOR.

R. F. BEASLEY.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY:

R. W. HAYWOOD.....EDITOR.

J. E. YATES.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

D. R. BRITTON.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. XIII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., MARCH, 1894.

No. 6.

TENNYSON AS AN EVOLUTIONIST.

A STUDY OF IN MEMORIAM.

The composition of *In Memoriam* covered a period of seventeen years, from 1833, the date of the death of Arthur Hallam, to 1850, the date of publication. This period coincides almost precisely with the rise and growth of the new ideas associated with the names of Erskine, Coleridge, Carlyle, Thomas Arnold, F. D. Maurice, and John Stuart Mill. Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* was published in 1825, and Mill's *Logic* was completed in 1843. In his *Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the 19th Century*, Principal Tullock declares that there has been no more vital or germinant epoch in the history of British thought. It was a time of stress and storm, and many a delicately fashioned craft was beaten from its moorings. Froude says that he and a band of companion truth seekers were driven into the wilderness in search of something in which they could believe. In 1835 Carlyle writes in his journal: "Nothing, or almost nothing, is certain to me; except the Divine Infernal character of this universe I live in, worthy of horror, worthy of worship." The wreck of Arthur Hugh Clough's fine spirit on the ocean of doubt, John Sterling's loss of faith, the despair of Matthew Arnold's first

poems, and George Eliot's decline from ardent evangelicalism into a hopeless scepticism, are witnesses to the gravity and the darkness of the times.

That Tennyson was no indifferent spectator of the wave of new thought which was rising and spreading around him, his poems bear ample testimony. With some of the leaders in the movement he stood in the warmest personal relations. For example, he writes from the Isle of Wight in 1854 to Maurice, inviting him to come down for a visit. He says:

Should eighty-thousand college-councils
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you;
Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet, one lay-hearth would give you welcome.

And Carlyle admired, almost loved Tennyson. About 1840 he writes of him: "A fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-colored, shaggy-headed man is Alfred; dusty, smoky, free and easy, who swims outwardly and inwardly with great composure in an inarticulate element of tranquil chaos and tobacco smoke. Great now and then when he does emerge—a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man."

Indeed, the movement found its fittest expression in some of his contemporary poems. "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love," might be taken, says Tullock, as the keynote of the movement, and the closing verse of *In Memoriam* as the summary of its thought.

Some English critic, on the publication of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," declared that Tennyson was no philosopher. I sympathize heartily with the reply of Mr. Gladstone that the author of *In Memoriam* is entitled to a high place among contemporary thinkers on those subjects which have the best claim to the august name of philosophy. Tennyson was not merely the voice of that critical period; he was, besides, a factor in its growth.

But the thirties and forties were stirring years in the sphere of science as well as in the philosophy of religion. The doctrine of the molecular constitution of matter was winning its way into the popular mind. The cell theory of animal and plant structure was established in 1839 and, together with the discovery of protoplasm in 1835 and 1846, laid the foundation of biology. The practical determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat in 1843 put the doctrine of the conservation of energy beyond dispute. Nor was the philosophical side of science without representation. *The Vestiges of Creation*, by Robert Chambers, appeared anonymously in 1844. It was a bold and for the time an important argument for the doctrine of development as applied to nature. It raised a storm of discussion, and the literature of the time abounds in allusions to it and quotations. No book did so much to popularize the *conception* of development and to prepare the way for the reception of Darwin's announcement of the *method* of development in the *Origin of Species* in 1859. Darwin himself recognizes this service.

And here again our poet is alert. In the 21st poem of *In Memoriam* he points out the dominant feature of the period, saying that it is a time

When science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon.

In the following lines from *The Two Voices*, contemporaneous with *In Memoriam*, we see his deep sympathy with this eager search for knowledge:

And men thro' novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not.
* * * * *
Not less swift souls that yearn for light,
Rapt after heaven's starry flight,
Would sweep the tracts of day and night.

And this from *Ulysses* also belonging to our period:

And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

In another poem of this group, *Locksley Hall*, occurs the phrase, "the fairy tales of science."

As is remarked in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1893, Tennyson "held open the avenues of his mind on every side, without anxiety lest the learning of his day might dwarf his imagination." As we shall see from a number of passages in *In Memoriam*, he was deeply versed in the wider phases of scientific doctrine. It is also true that he was a close student of scientific details. It was perhaps at the first meeting of the Metaphysical Society of London that he made the acute remark, alluding to the future discussions of the Society, "The progress of science has taught us to distinguish between heat and light." Compare this, from poem 123 of *In Memoriam*:

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

This also, from 125:

And this electric force that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing.

A still clearer illustration I find in that gem of the classic series, *Lucretius*. In very brief compass it shows his knowledge of the complex chemical processes associated with the waste and repair of tissues, and his accurate conception of the microscopic structure of the brain. And it may be remarked that the scientific exactitude of the description in no sense shadows or impairs its poetic beauty.

For the wicked broth
 Confused the chemic labor of the blood,
 And tickling the brute brain within the man's,
 Made havoc among those tender cells, and checked
 His power to shape.

When one comes to speak particularly of Tennyson as an evolutionist the first remark that occurs to one is, that it would be strange, evolution being the dominant philosophy of his day, not to find echoes of it in a poet who, as we have seen, reflects so faithfully contemporary life and thought. I shall not be able to cite many passages that formally meet this reasonable expectation, partly for lack of time and partly for lack of acquaintance with much of what he has written. But perhaps, after all, the best criterion for our guidance in this inquiry would be his general attitude and point of view, his respect for law—"for nothing is that errs from law" (73)—and for nature and natural processes, his conception of "the glory of the sum of things" (88). His attitude seems to me to be unquestionably that of a theistic evolutionist. I find this attitude most delicately stated in poem 124, with all a great poet's clearness and concentration:

And out of darkness came the hands
 That reach thro' nature, moulding man.

We must be careful to remember that it was Darwin's *Origin of Species* which put the doctrine of development on its foundation, and that it was not published until 1859, whereas *In Memoriam* was published nine years before. Accordingly, we should hardly look in a pre-Darwinian work for the full and hearty expression of his belief in the descent of higher organisms from the lower, as we might expect to find in his later poems.

I have already quoted from poem 124. In 55 and 56 he is evidently meditating on one of the fundamental principles of evolution, the struggle for existence, but rises from the meditation still confused and with the but slight satisfaction of "faintly trusting the larger hope."

In the Epilogue occurs what I take to be an allusion to the doctrine that the development of the individual is the epitome of that of the race from lower forms.

A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,
And moved through life of lower phase,
Result in man.

Perhaps the nearest approach to the modern conception of nature and of man to be found in the whole elegy we meet in poem 118, nearly all of which I quote.

They say
The solid earth whereon we tread
In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man ;
Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time
Within himself, from more to more ;
Or crowned with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom
To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast ;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

The last stanza recalls a passage in the *Vestiges of Creation* which I shall quote for its own sake as a pre-Darwinian expression of the descent of man from humbler animals, and as containing very much the same idea which we find in the

poet. And I make no doubt the poet was well read in the work of the philosophical scientist. "So," says Chambers, "need it never be imputed as a degradation to mankind that the force and tendencies of their illustrious nature once lay imperfectly developed in some humbler form of being. One source of the prejudice here to be contended with, rests in our associations with the word ancestry. From seeing our immediate ancestors possessed of venerable qualities, we naturally incline to venerate an ancestry. * * When called upon, therefore, to place any of the inferior orders of being in this relation, a shock unavoidably follows. But here the error lies in transferring our ideas of the qualities of a sire or grand-sire to a collective ancestry. The elder people of the earth are in reality its children, and we are its true senate. * * Our children, it may be said, are the representatives of the first simple and impulsive men of the earth: the lower animals represent the earlier pre-human stages of life. The right conception of the case is, that in these stages we are not to look for what is venerable, but, on the contrary, for what is humble and elementary. * * If thus prepared, we should experience no shock on hearing that the human form was preceded genealogically by others of humbler aspect."

It is interesting to find Tennyson's bare allusion of 1850 grow into a formal statement forty years after. In the poem *By an Evolutionist*, published in 1889, we read:

If my body come from brutes, tho' somewhat finer than their own,
 I am heir, and this my kingdom, shall the royal voice be mute?
 No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne,
 Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy Province of the brute.
 I have climb'd to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
 Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
 But I hear no yelp of the beast and the Man is quiet at last
 As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that
 is higher.

And in the last volume which Tennyson published, *The Death of Ænone*, 1892, occurs a little poem which again

expands the "upward movement" of *In Memoriam*. Its allusion to the lower world of animals should be read in the light of a line of the Prologue written in 1849: "Thou madest Life in man and brute." He is great enough to reverence what is beneath him, even while he rises on it to higher things, as he does in *The Making of Man*.

Where is one that, born of woman, altogether can escape
 From the lower world within him, moods of tiger, or of ape?
 Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Age of ages,
 Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into shape?
 All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,
 Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade.
 Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in choric
 Hallelujah to the Maker, 'It is finished. Man is made.'

W. L. POTTEAT.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO FROM THE INSIDE.

In adapting themselves and their preaching and teaching to the needs of the people with whom they have to do, the Baptists have often incurred the charge of illiteracy and ignorance. Yet, despite this charge the statement cannot be challenged, that, as a denomination, the Baptists have always shown an active interest in educational matters, and especially have stood well in the front in effecting means for University education. Brown University, established in 1764, has given to America some of her greatest scholars and thinkers. Baptist colleges and seminaries, North and South, rank second to those of no other denomination in number and standing; but the educational venture that stands to confute every charge of illiteracy and narrowness of character to which our denomination has been subjected is this mighty institution that, under the munificence of a Baptist layman, in two years time, has arisen on the shores of Lake Michigan and calls itself the University of Chicago.

For two years this institution has been a matter of interest in educational circles all over the country, so that many things connected with it are too well known to need any comment. In that time the University has been provided with material equipment and has manifested certain tendencies and formed a spirit peculiar to itself.

The material equipment is a matter of little interest and may be dismissed with a few words. President Gillman, of Johns Hopkins, once said that to found a University there was needed only a professor of Greek, a professor of Mathematics and two students. He doubtless meant that buildings were secondary to men. So the founders of this University thought. Mr. Rockefeller has provided for the payment of teachers; the citizens of Chicago have begun the equipment, and are expected to complete it. In this they have been by no means niggardly. The University grounds comprise four blocks, twenty-four acres on the South side of Chicago, about eight miles from the center of the city. They adjoin the Midway Plaisance, a narrow park connecting Washington and Jackson parks. Seven dormitories, three for women and four for men, a large lecture hall, chemical and physical laboratories and a museum have been erected and equipped at a cost of one and a half million dollars. These buildings are all of one style of architecture, of the same material, Bedford bluestone, and erected in accordance with a general plan formed before ever a brick was laid, a plan which, if carried out, will cover the grounds with the most beautiful and convenient set of college buildings in the world. Only one-sixth of the work is completed, but the future is full of promise.

The corps of teachers numbers one hundred and sixty-three. In procuring these teachers the president has regarded the world as his field, and where a good man could be had he has secured him. Many of the departments are very strong, stronger in fact than those of any other American university, except Johns Hopkins. The salaries of these teachers are

\$7,000 for head professor, \$5,000 for professors, \$3,500 for assistant professors, and so on. These high salaries will doubtless serve to secure men of the greatest ability, for educated men are still human enough to value their services quite high. Departments of medicine, law and music have not yet been formed.

There are three classes of students, graduate, divinity and undergraduate. They are of both sexes, the males being a little in the majority. The University was established principally for graduates, and it is they that give character to the work of the institution. The watchword with them is Work. Their ambition and aggressiveness have pervaded the entire institution; everything and everybody have caught their spirit, and move with the systematic and energetic hum of a mighty engine. No divinity student so staid and seclusive that he can escape the current; the very princes-of-good-fellows in the undergraduate school, if there were such, have been caught. Work is the magic word that stands for genius, for success.

The members of the divinity school, as might be expected, are rather older than those of the graduate school. Many of them have work to do connected with their profession, so they are not able to do, as a class, as much college work as the graduates. Generally speaking they are excellent men and seem animated by their Master's spirit. Yet, from what I have learned of the Louisville Seminary, I hardly think there is that same spirit of deep consecration among the divinity students here as there. While this school is Baptist in name, and for the most part under Baptist control, it is not strictly denominational. I quote from President Harper's winter convocation address:

“Our Divinity School proposes to be in every respect abreast of the times, open to students of every Christian denomination, enrolling among its members students of many denominations, its professors ready at all times to accept the truth. The school adopting the methods of Him in whose name it is

founded, endeavors to teach those who place themselves under its influence the message of the Great Teacher, and the best methods by which a suffering humanity may be lifted nearer to the beneficent and loving God."

In connection with the divinity school, the orthodoxy of the religious views taught has been a matter of doubt and of discussion in the South. So a few words may be said on the tendency of the religious thought of not only the divinity school but also the entire University, for here the views held on as great a subject as religion are not peculiar to any one class. All, of course, do not think alike, but the general direction given to religious thought is such as I shall try to point out. On such subjects as original sin, the necessity of an atonement, the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Scriptures, there is, as far as I can understand, nothing that would displease the strictest of the sect, certainly nothing if we may take the public declarations of President Harper and other members of the Faculty of the divinity school. There are, however, methods of textual criticism employed that would be condemned by many. A chapter of Genesis is subjected to just as severe criticism as a dialogue of Plato; the theories of the German critics in regard to the composition of the Old Testament histories are generally followed; in the words of Dr. Harper, "Without the methods of higher criticism there can be no intelligent study." This must not be understood to mean any lack of reverence for the Scriptures is felt or taught, or that there is not an unshaken belief that they are given by inspiration. The President is just now giving, on Sunday afternoons, a course of lectures on Genesis which are attended by nearly all the students of the University. He surely is the leader of the whole institution. As this greatest of Semitic scholars explains the results of his studies on the Creation, Cain and Abel, or the Flood, you may be under the necessity of relinquishing some cherished views, but you receive fourfold for all you give, a view which

satisfies the reasoning faculty of your mind, and that too at the hands of a man who detects the trace of God's finger on every page. As he argues in words simple and without rhetorical trick for the divine purity, purpose and inspiration of those old narratives, it is impossible not to feel the great moral force of the man, and a quickened reverence for the truth as taught in the Bible.

In practical Christianity the students have not been content to be drones; they have established Sunday-schools in various quarters, and a station for Christian work in the Stock Yards district, one of the worst quarters of the city. A strong religious undercurrent is felt; scepticism is almost unknown.

It is the undergraduate that gives tone to the spirit of the institution. He has his hard work to be sure, but he still finds time to be the glorious fellow that he is elsewhere. He belongs to glee clubs, joins serenading parties, keeps the dormitory awake by thumming a banjo at midnight, understands how to throw water, and has his head examined by every passing phrenologist. He plays ball with a vengeance—the President is there to see him—and if he is successful levies tribute on some deserted shanty in Midway Plaisance, builds a bonfire and yells until midnight; if unsuccessful he has *very* good lessons next day. Sometimes he goes down town in a body, yells at every street corner, "Chicago, Chicago, Chicago-go-go," etc., and is heartily greeted with handkerchiefs and hats by any who may be on the streets, for he is a great favorite in Chicago. But all this is only secondary, he is here first of all to work and he does not lose sight of his purpose. Go to his room at night and you will find him there, he is in dead earnest at work.

The students of the University in general show a great interest in political matters; nearly every breakfast table hears a discussion of current political news. The general spirit is optimistic; that our government can ever suffer disruption is regarded as an "iridescent dream." In party affiliations the

students are about evenly divided between Democrat, Republican and Prohibitionist.

The co-educational feature of the institution remains to be spoken of. It is, as far as I can see, a great success. In nearly every class there will be found girls who do work equally as good or better than that done by the boys. I am convinced that the co-sexual constitution of the classes creates a healthful emulation which, however, does not degenerate into rivalry. Hardly anyone would be found to say that either sex is in any way injured by working together; among the boys, at least, there is a greater regard for the amenities of society, a healthier sentiment, greater purity of conversation and chastity of life than is usually found at a college exclusively for males. If the girls have suffered anything baneful it has not appeared to one who is unfamiliar with the working of female colleges. They have as great freedom as boys to come and go when they please, subject only to the restrictions placed upon them by the modesty of their sex. No one has yet abused that liberty; a silly and vapid love affair is unknown. Yet, it is just to state that the average age of the girls of this institution is several years in advance of that of girls in female colleges in North Carolina; the entrance examinations debar the greater number of the younger. Again, the girls here are rather more assertive than our girls, and occupy a little different position in society.

The social life of the University is quite pleasant. Three receptions are held every month among the various dormitories, which are well provided with parlors. Anyone is at liberty to make a call or to receive a visitor at any time.

One thing I must not fail to mention: the Faculties of the University are great believers in examinations, and give them, except in the seminar courses, every three months. The time is always limited; sometimes one hour, sometimes as much as three hours.

The greatest factor of an education here remains to be stated: it is the university life. Just as certain ages of the world have been favorable to the growth of plants of certain species, so here the conditions are favorable for intellectual development. That intellectual atmosphere is widespread here, which I used to feel surrounded certain of my professors, yet which, through the immaturity of their students and the rush of work, they found difficult to spread to any great extent. The University has no tradition to hallow or restrain, its thought is vigorous yet conservative, which spreads its contagion everywhere. While it is still young and without great accomplishments, it enlists the young student with the spirit of the great city whose name it bears, and breathes the prophetic spirit, "*I will.*"

G. W. PASCHAL.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, March 1, 1894.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE GREEKS.

There are barriers to our getting as clear an insight into the private life of the Greeks as would be desirable. Living as they did in remote antiquity, the records have principally to do with their public life, while concerning their private life comparatively meagre are the details. Not only so, but those to whom we are indebted for information touching both the public and private life of the Greeks seem to have written from different points of view, so that it is often difficult to harmonize their apparently conflicting versions.

In considering their private life we could not fail to notice the Grecian character, for from this we can better understand their manner of life. Owing to the pleasantness of the climate they were happy in disposition. Their growth was slow, their habits temperate, and hence their life, as a rule, was longer than that of the neighboring tribes. So bent were

they on gaining power and accumulating wealth that they were unscrupulous as to the means used for obtaining them. Another noticeable trait in their character was their (sense of) sociability. The friendship which existed between young men was even more marked than the attachment between man and woman of modern times. This feeling was increased by societies established for this purpose. The Greeks were very religious, as could be seen not only from the numerous sacrifices to their gods and the great public games, but in fact in nearly every action of their lives. While they valued personal freedom very highly, still thousands of the more unfortunate ones were held in abject slavery.

We cannot ascertain just when the Grecian games were instituted, but they are supposed by some to have originated in the time of Homer. Neither can we say how they attained to such a degree of prominence as afterwards characterized them. They tended not only to cultivate courage in the mind of the young Grecian and increase his national pride, but also to create a state of interdependence among the tribes which assembled to witness them. The principal games celebrated were the Olympic in Peloponnesus, the Pythian at Delphi, and the Isthmian at Corinth. While there are minor differences between them, yet they are not sufficient to warrant us in treating of them separately here. At first they consisted merely of athletic sports, but afterwards musical and literary entertainments were added, and for one to receive a prize at any of the contests was considered to be the greatest honor that could be placed on him. For one to enter as a contestant it was necessary for him to have certain qualifications. One who had been guilty of any crime was forbidden to enter the lists. Nearly all the games were instituted in honor of some god, and at the conclusion of the contests sacrifices were offered to the gods. No other feature of Greek life exhibits more clearly the high degree of culture and refinement to which the Greeks attained than their public games.

For the education of the youth no schools or institutions were provided by the government. The degree to which a boy was educated depended entirely upon the rank and wealth of his father, as the pedagogues were very exacting in their demands and made no distinction as to the poverty of the youth. It has been said that the education of the Greeks consisted of two branches, "Gymnastics for the body and music for the mind." Gymnastics was taught separately from the other studies, and this, some claim, constitutes the difference between the education of the Greeks and ours. Under Music were included not only the first principles—reading and writing, but a knowledge of the great poems, and training in dancing. The Homeric poems were studied chiefly, for in them were thought to be embodied those influences which inspire one to great and noble actions. The study of these poems was considered the first mental exercise.

No nation of antiquity was so conscious of its duty to the dead as were the Greeks. Custom required the members of an household, although separated by dissensions, to secure for the dead an honorable burial. At the death of a person an obolos was placed in his mouth to pay his ferriage across the river. His body was next embalmed and dressed usually in a garment of white. The burial took place on the second day after death, and generally in the morning, though in some cases it was delayed several days. As to whether the body was buried or burned is not known, but the best authorities think that both modes were practiced. Above the grave a monument was erected on which was inscribed some short epitaph describing the life of the deceased, and sometimes calling down the vengeance of the gods upon him who should desecrate his tomb. After the burial a feast was observed at which orations were made in honor of the dead, who was the host of the occasion. Sacrifices were then offered until the ninth day. It was customary for the friends and relatives not only to put on mourning but also to cut off their hair, a custom observed for a long time.

It is said that the Greek thought his wife "somewhat better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse." She was regarded as decidedly man's inferior and was so treated. Her life until marriage was one of seclusion, and she was rarely ever seen in public, except on special occasions. Indeed, after marriage she was granted very few privileges, and was forbidden to leave the house without her husband's permission. Gallantry in the modern sense was not known, and while men were said to be more dignified in the presence of women, yet it was to maintain the respect due themselves and not for respect to woman. Their education was narrow, for they received instruction only from their mothers and nurses. Upon woman devolved the management of the children and supervision of the slaves. The father usually selected a wife for his son. On this account love matches were rare, and as a general thing there was no affection between husband and wife. Marriage was considered a purely religious ceremony, and several days before the celebration sacrifices were offered to the gods of marriage. Scarcely any regard was had to the accomplishments of a woman in selecting a wife. Owing to the seclusion of her life she could not exert that influence over men which is so necessary in the early formation of character.

S. R. BUXTON.

THE FATE OF AARON BURR'S DAUGHTER.

The region of North Carolina, known as the "Banks," which sends its long, skeleton arms far out into the ocean, a perpetual menace to ships that may venture too near their fatal grasp, has many sad secrets locked up in its shifting sands. None of these are sadder or more mysterious than the fate of Theodosia, daughter of Aaron Burr.

This remarkable daughter of a most wonderful man was born in New York city in 1783. She possessed no small share

of the talents of her father, and was trained into his own model of an ideal woman. In 1813 she was married to Joseph Alston, of South Carolina, afterward Governor of that State. She shared in all her father's schemes and intrigues, and if his wild project against Mexico had been successful she was to have been "Queen of Mexico" after his death. During her father's tedious trial at Richmond she was present, and by her winning ways did much to soften the bitter hatred of some of his most unrelenting enemies. Her love for him was the most devoted, and when he was driven into exile she remained at home and was glad to be able to share his ostracism. Her faith in his honor and his worth was absolute, and with that faith she could cheerfully bear the scorn of the world.

December 30, 1812, crushed with grief over the death of her little son, and filled with a desire again to see her father who had just returned to America, after wandering for four years in foreign lands, she embarked in a small schooner, the *Patriot*, at Charleston, S. C., for New York. The *Patriot* was never seen again. A storm of some violence had raged for a few hours after it left port and it was supposed that she was wrecked off Cape Hatteras. For months, when Burr took his accustomed stroll along the Battery in New York, he gazed wistfully at sea expecting the long-looked for sail. At length the story was started that the schooner had been captured by pirates and all murdered with the exception of Theodosia, who was carried on shore as a captive. When this was told to Burr he said, "No, no; she is indeed *dead*. If she were alive, all the prisons in the world could not keep her from her father."

It seems that her fate was a sealed secret, and sealed forever, until a few years ago, when a certain discovery threw a bit of light on this mystery of the deep. In 1869 the late Dr. W. G. Pool, of Pasquotank County, was spending the summer at Nag's Head, a watering-place of some note, situated on the

“Banks.” While there his medical services were required by an old lady who lived at some distance down the beach, and who belonged to that peculiar class of people known as “Bankers.” She lived in a very humble home, and the only evidence of refinement was a nicely executed portrait of a beautiful woman, hanging on the dingy wall. The doctor became very much interested in the picture, and when the old woman recovered, secured it as the price of his services. The portrait is now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. John P. Overman, of Elizabeth City, to whom the writer is indebted for the following account: “It is painted on wood and is about 18x20 inches in size. It is in a gilt frame, the gilding worn and darkened by age. It represents a lady of about thirty, having small, well-shaped features, dark eyes, auburn hair and olive complexion. The hair is done up much in the modern style—high on the head with a comb in the back and frizzed in front.”

The old lady, whose name was Mann, gave the following account of how it came into her possession. She said that she received it from her first husband, Tillet by name, who came by it in the following manner:

One calm, beautiful morning in January, 1813, a small vessel drifted ashore at Nag's Head—then unknown to fame as a summer resort—having its rudder lashed. Tillet, with others, boarded her and found her deserted. There was no sign of violence, so they concluded that she had been captured by pirates and all on board compelled to walk the plank. Hanging on the wall of the cabin they found the portrait described above. They found also books, fancy articles, and many other little things, showing that the apartment had been lately occupied by a lady of refinement and culture. In some trunks were silk dresses, and ladies' wearing apparel. The articles found the men divided among themselves, Mr. Tillet receiving as his share the painting, several silk dresses, a black lace shawl, and some wax flowers.

Whether this story is true or not we have no means of knowing. Nag's Head itself derived its name, it is said, from the fact that long ago, on stormy nights, the land pirates who infested the coast tied lanterns to horses heads and led them down the beach to decoy unsuspecting ships ashore, that they might pillage the wrecks.

But of one thing there can be little doubt, the portrait is a likeness of Aaron Burr's ill-starred daughter. Dr. Pool, suspecting that such was the case, caused it to be critically examined by members of both the Burr and Alston families. After a careful examination, and after comparing it with other pictures of the lost lady, they all declared unhesitatingly that it was indeed a true likeness. It has also been examined by several artists of note, prominent among them being Mrs. Colonel Wheeler, wife of the historian and daughter of Sully, the great portrait painter. She also pronounced it a portrait of Theodosia Burr-Alston, the lost wife of the Governor of South Carolina, and the lost daughter of a most unfortunate statesman. This is all that is known of her melancholy fate. The rest must remain a mystery until the guilty sands of our storm-beaten coast shall give up all their dark secrets.

CHAS. L. GREAVES.

THE REVISION OF CREEDS.*

The fight in the ranks of the Presbyterians over the revision of their creed and the persecution to which Dr. Briggs has been subjected, have attracted the attention of the religious world to this subject and opened their eyes to the fact that things are not as they once were. The old is passing away and the new is coming to take its place. The liberal wing of the church stands for revision, while the conservative clings with a fanatical tenacity worthy of the seventeenth century to the established forms.

*This and the following article were written in April, 1893, in contest for Dixon Essay Medal.—ED.

The fight against creeds is but of a piece with that great movement which has made all the nations of the new world republics ; from political freedom and a better understanding of the relation of man to man has sprung the demand for more latitude in the worship of the Divine. More directly is this liberal movement attributable to the great change wrought in the mode of man's thought by the theory of evolution. The testimony of geology and archæology, of the microscope and the prism are no longer to be avoided or despised. They have created problems which the church must meet and solve. Man has a new point of view. There are new conditions to which the church must adapt herself. She is not being called upon to sacrifice spirit, but form—not to yield up the old truth, but to incorporate the new.

There was a time when rigid creeds were almost a necessity. The church was young then. It was necessary to define its position. Men must know where it stood. The work of nineteen centuries now define its position. Men know now where it stands, where it has always stood. The creed of a church, after all, is merely the church's belief. It is the view which the church as an organized body holds of the manner in which God should be worshipped, and the means to be employed for the advancement of His kingdom. The church creed is human, not divine. It is man's interpretation of the Bible. The beliefs of men are fallible. The history of the world's progress is a record of one long fight against creeds. At every turn they have barred the way of man's development, and in every instance have been swept out of the way. The Divine Right of Kings, the Infallibility of the Pope, the Verbal Inspiration of the Scriptures have gone by the board, and humanity, religion, all are the better for it.

Man has never been the worse for a victory over creeds. Most of our creeds are legacies of the men who regarded God as an "immeasurable clergyman in a white tie." Religion was made for man, not man for religion. One age can never

formulate creeds that will suit a later and more advanced. Who shall presume to set a bound to man's worship? Who shall formulate a creed and say, "This contains the whole truth—there is nothing beyond"? Truth is truth, whether spoken by Confucius, or Plato, or Charles Darwin, or Jesus Christ.

Our creeds are too abstract. They are too much creeds of thought, and too little creeds of action. They hamper; they do not bring us into sufficiently close contact with the living concrete problems of to-day. They do not lay too much stress upon the Divine, that is impossible; but they do not sufficiently emphasize the human. If the world is ever saved it will not be by speculating concerning God's nature, but by uplifting man's. The church of the past looked much, too much, to the form; the church of to-day is looking to the spirit. It has repeatedly revised its creed in the past, and is stronger for the revision; it will revise them in the future despite any amount of dead-weight conservatism and bigoted inertia. I see no reason why the church of the present should be hampered by the church of the past. Long usage or acceptance can never render the adoption of any creed inoperative. All attempts to fetter the spirit of religion in any system of doctrines have proven futile, as they were misguided.

As creeds grow older they grow more lifeless; they tend more and more to "warp us from the living truth." I believe we are coming nearer to that "living truth" to-day than ever before—not by the rigid observance of a rigid creed, but by the acceptance of that large-hearted religion which can see good even in the unorthodox.

The calling of a parliament of religions at the World's Fair is a step in the right direction. It is another victory over creeds. The different sects have spent too much time already in fighting one another, and not enough in fighting the devil. After centuries of internecine strife and burnings at the stake and futile wrangling it seems to be dawning upon the theological mind that there is a work of another nature to be done.

It makes small difference whether a man has had water poured or sprinkled on him, so he be a Christian. The separate sects are recognizing the fact that they are allies, not enemies, and that if they wish to be victorious they must make common cause. Advanced thinkers of all sects perceive that divergence of creeds should not thwart unity of action. There is of course a degree of caution necessary in the revision of creeds; nothing should be sacrificed that is worth retaining, but all that is false, all that is lifeless, all that tends to obscure rather than illuminate the truth should be lopped off without compunction.

C. P. SAPP.

THE POSSIBLE INVASION OF CHOLERA AND ITS PREVENTION.

Just at this time the country is regarding the probable invasion of cholera with an interest not unmixed with dread. The World's Fair, while increasing the possibility of such an inroad, renders it much more dangerous. Men of every clime and nationality, and exhibits from every quarter of the globe are pouring into Chicago as a common center, and the danger that they may bring the deadly germ with them is both real and great. Not only is this the case, but the collection of so many people in mid summer, and the consequent impossibility of keeping the city in a proper state of cleanliness, would seem to render the germination of the disease on the ground altogether possible. It is patent to all that the panic created by its appearance, in either case, would render all efforts to prevent its spread utterly futile. The inevitable stampede of the assembled millions would necessarily result in its spread over the whole country, and would take it at once beyond the control of the men best fitted to deal with it.

Recognizing the gravity of the situation the government has taken prompt and, let us trust, effective steps. The pas-

sage of the national quarantine is in accordance with the homely but true old maxim, and there is small room for doubting the wisdom and ultimate efficiency of the new law. It really seems impossible for cholera to run the gauntlet of the rigid examinations to which every immigrant is subjected. The immigrant must be examined at the port from which he sails and must have a certificate of health from the United States consul at that port; on his arrival here he is again examined before being allowed to land and, what is perhaps an even greater safeguard, the owner of the vessel is held responsible for any infringement of the law and is fined five thousand dollars for every violation.

Of all the diseases the science of medicine has been called upon to combat, cholera is perhaps the most terrible in its ravages and the most baffling in its nature. Finding cure next to impossible, the scientist has directed his efforts toward prevention and with results highly gratifying. The discovery that cholera, like most infectious diseases, is produced by bacteria was a long step toward bringing it under control. True the attempts to render it harmless by inoculation have not resulted so successfully as we could wish, yet the triumphs of the past have been so numerous and so splendid that they should make us wary of predicting failure. In no sphere has the modern method of experimental research been productive of greater benefits than in its application to the science of medicine. Many of the diseases which have been for so long scourges of the human race have yielded up their terrors to patient and untiring study. The microscope in revealing the causes of disease has started us on the path to its prevention.

In the science of medicine, as in all other departments, there has been a great revolution. The aim of the profession to-day is not more to cure than to prevent, and the new quarantine is perhaps the best second to its efforts that could be devised.

In view of the fact that the most dangerous diseases have their origin in the environment rather than in imperfectly

performed functions of the human organism, we are directing our efforts more and more to the elimination of the dangerous elements of our environment and are depending less and less upon dosing our bodies. To find and obliterate the cause and not to rest content with mitigating the effect, is the true province and peculiar glory of the student of human ills.

The triumph of the government in preventing the entrance of cholera during the late scare has given us new confidence in its ability to protect its citizens, and makes us slow to say that, backed as it is by an able body of specialists, it cannot in future effectually bar the way of cholera. The course adopted by the government is both rigid and thoroughly scientific, and is carried out in a way that minimizes the danger of a choleraic invasion. Despite the increased danger from the World's Fair, we have small reason to fear that by quarantine and a proper attention to the sanitary condition of our large cities we may not preserve our immunity from the disease.

C. P. SAPP.

APRIL, 1893.

IRRIGATION IN ARID AMERICA.

The writings of William E. Smythe, editor of the *Irrigation Age*, give much that is interesting and instructive, especially when he writes of the "bad lands" west of the Mississippi valley. He knows how they may be reclaimed, and gives the public the benefit of his knowledge.

The scope of territory once known as the Great American desert, now Arid America and the future emporium of the nation, has already furnished material for Congressional Records, Geological Surveys, and the Magazine; material which is interesting to the scientist and all who are concerned about the growth and welfare of the commonwealth.

There were seasons when herds of cattle could find pasture, and the herdsmen would advance and take the field, only to retreat when the grassy plains were parched and famine stared

them in the face. Thus, much of our territory was lost for long seasons, and emigration was retarded. A few settlers here and there wherever a fertile spot could be found, living at a distance from civilization, were more savage than human. Mothers wept over their wayward sons who left the pleasures and comforts of an Eastern home for the adventures of the "Wild West." Many who were eager to go were more eager to return, not because of "giants in the land," but for the reason that the land was a desert land and not "flowing with milk and honey."

Meanwhile the Creator of the desert put into the mind of man a plan to utilize what he had made. He gave the thought, and the thought resulted in many important achievements. In this way the creature has always served the Creator. However, to many a thoughtful but uncultivated mind, irrigation seemed a revolt against God, and not as a divinely appointed means by which the arid region was to be reclaimed.

Knowing that it was best not to take opinionated people by storm, the propounders of the theory set out to make things practical instead of theoretical. To tell them that irrigation was employed by the ancient Egyptians, Arabians and Assyrians was as idle tales, than the certainty of which nothing was more uncertain.

In more recent times the countries along the coast of the Mediterranean showed an "increase of one-third in rent over lands of the same class not improved thus." With the characteristic of an American, that especially of desiring to overcome all difficulties presented by Nature, stimulated by such records as these, the friends of the theory have had marked success so far, and their hopes are strengthened by what to others is apparent, and to themselves satisfactory and lasting, good coming from the theory.

The first meeting of note was the Congress of 1891, which was organized at Salt Lake City, Utah, September 15. Since then leading men of the seventeen States and Territories

affected by the so called "curse," representative men of other States and professions, as well as foreign delegates, have been called on to speak and act for the advancement of this work.

Experiments show an increase in land valuation above that of more favored sections where the rain-fall is abundant. This may be accounted for in more ways than one.

The farms are small. As a usual thing farms are too large. The acreage under cultivation overbalances the number of laborers. Large fields are too often planted before the soil has been thoroughly prepared. The rain falls, the grass grows, the laborers are few, and the landlord is sometimes making hay in the place where he ought to reap the fullest ears of corn. Not so on the irrigated farm. As much can be cultivated as can be watered. Water-power limits the greed for too large an acreage.

Not being able to cultivate very much, attention is turned toward improvement. Good soil and thorough cultivation give a well developed growth in the staple produced. Intensive cultivation and a well developed product account for the increase in land valuation. Another advantage over the ordinary is the certainty of the land to produce. Did one ever hear of crop failure on an irrigated farm? And yet how few farms, watered only by rain, average anything like a good crop every year! "Dry weather sets in, gardens parch, cotton sheds, corn fires," and the disheartened farmer anxiously looks to every "thunder-head" for a shower, to his disappointment until "too late to make a full crop." From the little well watered farm no such reports arise. Each season brings a rich harvest. Scientific farming is appreciated here more than elsewhere, and is a pattern by which farms in other localities and countries may be improved. Too many so called farms are conducted on the old plan, failing to keep pace with improved methods and machinery. A large per cent. know nothing of the use of these.

Aside from the oppression which the farmer has to endure, there is lack of system in his work which is no small barrier in the way of success. He is neither idle nor lazy. He often greets the rising sun with a smile on his face and a hoe in his hand, and toils faithfully all day, either weeding the "row" or turning the "land."

The systematic workman who applies science and skill works with more ease and has time to devote to improvement, to consult his neighbor, to learn something from others, and is not too busy and tired to enjoy a few moments spent in the presence of his family, or to lose one day in seven from his work.

Here, active, aggressive men only can succeed, and a race of higher development of brawn and brain will take the place of the savage of former days. Arid America by means of irrigation will be the seat of intelligence in America. Its location adds considerable advantages. Lying near enough to use the Mississippi on one side and the Pacific on the other, with railroads and rivers between, it will be of great commercial importance. With abundant raw material, and the power of electricity, the manufacturer will find a welcome in this land of beauty and wealth.

Farm-houses are comfortable, gardens well kept, and yards filled with flowers. Fine fruits in wisely planned orchards and vineyards, lovely fields of golden grain, beautiful parks and grassy lawns, all—the direct outcome of irrigation—combine to make the once arid lands of the West one of the most habitable portions of the globe.

C. V. BROOKS.

CHANGE, FLEETING CHANGE.

DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR OF "MUTATIONS OF TIME," "CHANGE, MYSTIC CHANGE," ETC.

Trouble lined his dubious brow
As he longed for once to be dead,
For he stood in a car without a fare:
Change, fleeting change, had fled.

He had a "ten" in his swelling purse;
As well he had not a "red;"
For he had no change, and that was worse:
Change, fleeting change, had fled.

So fled he, too. His dubious brow
Was fair again as he aptly said,
"I'll have a cigar;" but in vain:
Change, fleeting change, had fled.

Once all over town he vainly sought
The modest boon of a little change;
But the boon that day could not be bought:
Change, fleeting change, had fled.

'Twas because, he was told by a sage,
Whom he later sought—all hope quite dead,—
Of the nickel-in-the-slot-machines, that
Change, fleeting change, had fled!

Alas! for him who crieth of change,
He as well may seek the lost and dead:
For "change, mystic change," and all other change,
Forever from him are fled.

Jo.

EDITORIALS.

GLADSTONE.

It would hardly be possible to begin this paper in a more appropriate way than, after begging the pardon of the reader for quoting so freely, to use the following words from one of the letters of the foreign correspondent of the *New York Tribune*:

“The last great Englishman is low, sang Tennyson, when the Duke of Wellington was laid in St. Paul’s amid the mourning of a mighty nation. When Lord Palmerston died, Carlyle, in his turn, described Palmerston also as the last of the Englishmen. But great men are of many types, and those who have been happy enough to know the present Prime Minister think that there are giants still in the land, and that when Mr. Gladstone—distant be the day—follows his former chief to his chamber in the silent halls of Westminster Abbey, some surviving poet or heroic moralist will be found to say that he, too, stood high on the roll of England’s worthies.”

While the day may be distant when the great statesman whose name appears at the head of this article shall shuffle off the mortal coil, the day of his resignation, so long a matter of conjecture, has already come. On the 3d day of March Gladstone formally resigned the Premiership.

The point in the lives of men when the mind must be released from the strain of mental toil comes at an early time with some. Not so with Mr. Gladstone. If, in his youth, this great man prayed, “Give me long life, O Jove, and many years!” his prayer was answered, surely; whether the credit is due to Jove, or to the man’s own persistent conformance to

the rules by which mental and physical activity is sustained. Already far beyond the three-score-and-ten limit, having won for himself long ago the title of Grand Old Man, Gladstone was, at the moment of his resignation, and had been for years, the central figure in European politics. Greater than Bismarck, he will not admit of comparison with any other living statesman. Future generations will give to him a firmer place in their affections than to Beaconsfield, to either of the Pitts, or to Fox.

Gladstone's reputation is as wide as civilization. His name and his political ideas are known more or less generally in every land. But he must be held peculiarly in esteem by the people of the Emerald Isle. He has been their political redeemer. With the shibboleth of Home Rule he planned his campaign, went down in person into the melee, and fought doggedly for the rights of a down-trodden people. In one parliamentary brawl after another he has borne the brunt of the battle, and though he has not been uniformly victorious, the Irish cause has steadily gained ground under his leadership. To-day the Irish people are watching the first faint streaks of the morning of a brighter day than has hitherto dawned upon them, and with one accord, they may say, "We have Gladstone to thank for it all." The great champion of their rights has quit the list, but he has many years before him yet, and, before he passes finally off the stage of action, there is reason to believe that he will see the principles which he labored to promote meet with triumphant acceptance at the hands of the English people.

Mr. Gladstone's growing antipathy to the House of Lords is too well known to require more than passing notice. Had he longer lease of life and activity, he would probably point his guns at the Upper Chamber. To annul or to limit the legislative authority of the Lords has been, indeed, until recent years, an undertaking too gigantic even for Gladstone. But with the present state of public opinion in the United Kingdom,

the time is almost ripe for the abolition of the House of Lords. The resignation of their sworn foe, then, must to some extent allay the fears of the noble peers, though it is certain that they would derive more lasting satisfaction from his death.

R. W. H.

AN OBSERVATION.

There are few questions that ever offer themselves for public consideration of more vital importance to the perpetuity of all good institutions, public and private, the elevation of mankind individually and collectively, and the approach to that ultimate ideal of human excellence, than those which concern the formative influences exerted on the incipient moral agent and the training of the capacities of the individual, mental and physical, along lines of maximum utility. Recognizing this fact, and the additional influence that no investment made by a commonwealth promises greater and more beneficial returns than the education of her people, it is with no little astonishment that we note the little attention given in the South to such a promising and praiseworthy investment.

As to proper methods of public education, there are in all sections, among those considering the public weal, various and widely different opinions. But of all these, none seem to offer a more equitable and satisfactory adjustment of the matter than those advocating the broadening of common education, the increase and improvement of common schools, and the appropriation of State funds to that branch of education most available to the majority of individuals. In fact, none but the most biased can fail to see and will readily admit, at the slightest consideration of equity, that any system of public—at the expense of the State—training which denies to the majority their share of its benefits, and places the educa-

tional advantages of such out of the possible reach of the bulk of population, is a violation of those revolutionary principles which vouchsafed to Americans "equal rights to all, special privileges to none;" those principles of equality that constitute the vital personality of a democratic government. Any arrangement that offers gratis to the few who may be so fortunate as to be able to acquire the prerequisite academic training, a high university course at the expense of the large majority who are less fortunate, not being able to acquire the preparatory training, cannot fail, when properly understood by intelligent and fair-minded men, to meet with disapprobation. But it is astonishing to see how long men of good judgment remain blinded to the vital interests of the State and the pressing need of her citizens.

Justice cries out against such a scheme that extorts taxes from the multitude to educate the few more favored; a scheme that places beyond their reach the product of their own sacrifice and labor. In short, it is placing the hay-rack so high that only the tall horse gets the benefit of its contents, while the ponies and colts, less fortunate by nature, have to do without.

The race question, with shame be it said, has hindered, to no small extent, the broadening of our common school system. But with due deference to the heroes of '61-'65, a strict adherence to equity would demand equal advantages for both races, both being citizens of the same commonwealth. This race is among us, and is calculated to stay for some time, and the best disposition we can make of the negro is to educate him. A few dollars devoted to this purpose would probably obviate a vast deal of trouble and the expenditure of hundreds in punishing crime. As the years go by, and the veterans of the late war pass away, we are beginning to be less biased and prejudiced in our consideration of this unfortunate individual, and are beginning to see him as he really is, in the light of religious and brotherly feeling, and to give him credit for all he is worth.

Our common schools need to be broadened and multiplied, and the appropriations formerly made to higher education placed in the possible reach of the great multitude who make up the State. Then will the purposes for which public education was inaugurated be best subserved, all classes will be satisfied, and the individual and State will prosper as never before.

JUL. E. YATES.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor.

OH! THEY are wise
 Who advertise
 In winter, spring
 And fall;
 But wiser yet
 Are they, you bet,
 Who never let up
 At all.

—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

The sentiments of the newspaper from which we quote are at one with those of this magazine. THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT doesn't have enough advertisements. It hasn't as many, even, as other college magazines. A paltry six pages made up the whole lot in the last number. Of those six pages, *one* was appropriated by the various industries of Wake Forest. Think of it! One page of advertisements from all the merchants, hotel proprietors, tonsorial artists, etc., of the whole town! We have no means of calculating how much money is spent at this place annually by the students. But enough, certainly, to justify a more liberal patronage of the advertising columns of our college paper.

The merchants, indeed, are in a way responsive to the demands of *THE STUDENT*. That is to say, they advertise, but very sparingly. There is not one here who does not do a sufficient amount of business with the boys to justify a half-page advertisement. But what are the facts? Only one merchant had an advertisement of more than a quarter of a page in the last number, and several had none whatever.

Of the hotels here not one, so far as we know, has ever had an advertisement in *THE STUDENT*. While they might not immediately increase the number of boarders by advertising, it is certain that they are, in a measure, indebted to the college periodical for their continued existence. For, at the present time, an institution which does not support a publication of some kind cannot hope to be patronized by the public, and, it is needless to say, that what's sauce for the institution is the same for the hotel. This reasoning may not be excessively clear, but what we mean to say is, *ADVERTISE*. The business manager is going to make a canvass for advertisements. Let everyone who wishes to see *THE STUDENT* prosper financially, second his efforts. Boys, watch *THE STUDENT'S* Directory, and give your trade to those whose names appear in it.

STILL *THE* members of the United States Senate wrangle over the Wilson Tariff Bill. Still the newspapers keep up their running fire of abuse and condemnation for the Senate, because the latter prefers not to enact a law in haste, with the risk of repenting at leisure.

As in the long and tedious discussion on the bill for the repeal of the Sherman Silver Law, so now certain Senators are putting themselves and their views very clearly before the people. David B. Hill, more generally and correctly known as the "peanut politician," is taking a very decided stand against the income tax feature. The Senators from Louisiana are fighting with might and main that part of the bill which

puts sugar, the chief product of the State, on the free list; and the representatives of the coal mining States are no less opposed to admitting coal free of duty.

The course of legislation, like that of true love, hasn't the knack of running smoothly. And perhaps "t'were better so." True, whatever is done by the present Congress is liable to be undone by the succeeding one, but it doesn't at all follow that any measure should become a law without a reasonable time for debate, and for the discovery and removal of any defects which may exist in its provisions. Indeed, common sense would lead one to believe that once the Wilson Tariff Bill becomes a law, it will give such general satisfaction—to the majority of voters at least—that no succeeding Congress will have the hardihood to repeal or radically change it.

IF WE are to believe the reports of the State newspapers, the President of the United States is at this moment banging away with a double-barreled breech-loading shotgun, Winchester rifle, or other implement of bird warfare, at the ducks, in which the swamps and sounds of Currituck County abound. Cleveland knows, doubtless, that there are plenty of people who are comparing him with a fiddling Nero, and who are inwardly trusting that his firearms will shoot backward instead of in the direction guns usually shoot. But his aim will be no less unerring on that account, and his sense of relief from the "carking care" of Washington life no less pleasurable. The fact is, the President has very little regard for public opinion, and with reason. It has decided against him more than once, though it has generally been the malicious ill-will of his political enemies, dignified by themselves with the more exalted name of public opinion. However this may be, we insist that it is not safe for mallard, canvass-back, or any other species of the wild duck, to remain in gunshot of the distinguished sportsman.

FOR THE last few weeks the readers of the *New York Herald* cannot have failed to see the drawings, in the attitude of a prisoner at the bar of justice, of a man whose head had been silvered with the frosts of over fifty winters, whose wealth had grown into the hundreds of thousands, whose life, so far as outward appearances go, had been comparatively free from reproach. That man, it is hardly necessary to say, was John Y. McKane, who, until a few months ago, was unknown beyond the limits of Kings County, New York, but whose name is now the synonym for fraud and double-dealing throughout the length and breadth of the country. A partisan leader, he had won for himself the title of "Boss." Loving not wisely, but too well, his party, he laid himself open to indictment for the perpetration of election frauds. A long, wearisome trial ended in a sentence of six years imprisonment at Sing Sing. Money, influence, a high position in life, hosts of powerful friends, all proved insufficient to stay the unrelenting hand of justice. His family disgraced, himself humbled to the very dust, the proud old man must suffer the full penalty of the law. Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard.

THE APPOINTMENT of Senator White, of Louisiana, to fill the vacancy on the Supreme Court bench, has provoked a storm of criticism from various sources, just as do most of the public acts of the President. In the first place, the complaint goes up that the President committed an unpardonable offence in slighting the claims of the score or more of New York lawyers who might have been most worthy successors of Justice Blatchford, who hailed from New York, and whose successor would naturally have come from the same State. President Cleveland, say these critics, ought not to have become disheartened because Messrs. Hornblower and Peckham, not being men after the heart of Senator Hill, failed of confirmation, but should have gone on sending the names of

New York lawyers to the Senate until by reason of his impotency, if for no other reason, the Senate should come to terms. The selection is criticised, moreover, by many to whom the appointment is otherwise satisfactory, because Justice White is a Roman Catholic, and was educated at a Jesuit college. All this goes to show that people have a natural disposition to find fault. President Cleveland, however, knowing the uselessness of trying to cater to the wishes of everybody, perhaps does not feel discouraged because his appointment has not been satisfactory to all parties.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ROWLAND BEASLEY, Editor.

MR. ANDREW LANG has just published a fairy tale by the name of Prince Ricards of Pantonflia.

“GARRICK’S PUPIL,” by Augustin Filon. “‘Garrick’s Pupil’ is a story of the days of the Gordon riots, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Samuel Johnson and other prominent Englishmen of the time play a part in the tale. The translator has succeeded in preserving for us the tone of London life in 1780, which the original writer, considering that he was a Frenchman, seems to have understood surprisingly well.”

DURING THE year 1893 quite a number of great and famous men have died. Fewer literary men have died than probably of any other branch of learning. Among those who have made names for themselves and have died during the past year may be mentioned Taine, Guy de Maupassant, John Addington Symonds, Mrs. Maria Lamb, founder of the *Magazine of History*; DeMille, Lucy Larcom, Professor Jewett and Dr. William Smith, the lexicographer.

THERE IS A great multiplicity of books being published just now under the head of biblical criticism. Few of them do any good and, in fact, very, very few of them ever get into the hands of the general public. The class for which they are written doubtless enjoy them. The world hasn't time for them. Those who are disposed to have anything to do with religion, take the Word of God just as it stands and as their fathers found it; and those who are too much taken up with the affairs of the world to care anything for their future life, certainly do not have any time for "higher criticism."

THE DIARY of Samuel Pepys is being edited by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley. Volume three is just out and contains the record for the year 1663. This most famous of the great abundance of diaries occupies a unique place in our literature. It is the great model diary. The author was a man of excellent literary culture and he wrote down everything that he saw and heard in such a natural way, simply because he wrote for his own amusement only and never intended that it should ever see the light of publication. Therein was the secret of its lasting fame. Had he written with the thought of posterity in his mind, that sometimes doubtful quality would never have had the chance of sitting in judgment upon it.

"THE RELIGION OF A LITERARY MAN," by Richard Le Gallienne: "Mr. Le Gallienne's wide-margined pages have a distinct literary flavor, but they offer a serious and rather penetrating discussion of some bothering questions about sin, immortality, Christianity, free-will, etc. It is very pleasant to note that Mr. Le Gallienne, who is just now of considerable prominence as a rising English poet and critic, is very hopeful in regard to the outlook of the religious future. His little book will not appear to the philosophic mind to be a weighty one, but it may be hoped that it represents a reaction against the wide-spread pessimism or indifference in religious matters which are supposed to be chief characteristics of the literary temperament to-day."

WE HAVE read notices of at least three or four histories of the Parliament of Religions at the great Fair. How many more have been published we should not undertake to say, doubtless several, and they are already in the hands of agents.

“IF ONE AUTHOR, more than any other, has glorified American literature in the last half century, because of the new light which he has shed upon our early colonial history, it is Francis Parkman. Delving into the archives of the old colonial governments, searching the obscure and almost forgotten records of the missionaries and Jesuit fathers in the convents and military outposts throughout Canada and British America, as well as in our own country, with an unparalleled diligence and devotion to his purpose, he has contributed to the literature of America and the world half a score of unique volumes, written in a delightful style, forcible and direct, terse in diction, exhibiting a perfect mastery of his language and his subject. These qualities, combined with the originality of his researches, entitle him to the first place among American historians.”

AN EXCELLENT article in the January *Forum*, by Sidney G. Fisher, on the subject, “Has Immigration Dried up our Literature,” gives forth a very plausible theory as to why the latter and middle part of the present century has produced no literary men equal to those of the first part. Nearly all the men who have made much impress upon our literature were born before 1820, and most of them in Massachusetts. From these two facts the author concludes that immigration is the cause of our present dearth of great literary lights. Massachusetts was the home of the most homogeneous and intensely national race possible prior to 1830, when immigration became so great as to have a marked effect upon the population. A great work can never be produced save as the result and the outgrowth of an intensely national life, hence, when Massachusetts began to lose its distinct individuality it ceased to produce masterpieces.

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. E. YATES, Editor.

—Mention is made in the *News-Observer-Chronicle* of a recent date, of the name of Hon. Charles M. Cook ('60-'61) of Louisburg, in connection with the nomination for Congress in this district. A better selection could hardly be made.

—S. J. Montague ('67-'69) is a popular physician in Winston.

—'70. Rev. G. W. Green and wife are in excellent health, have thoroughly mastered the language, and have been assigned full work for the ensuing year.

—Paul Jones ('82-'83), besides having a large practice at the bar, is editor of the *Tarboro Southerner*.

—R. Redfearn ('83-'84) is a prominent and influential planter near Monroe. He is clerk of Union Association.

—'84. A. M. Redfearn is the physician-elect of Clemson College, a new institution built on the old estate of John C. Calhoun. He has also an extensive country practice.

—J. A. Campbell ('84-'86) and W. A. Montgomery, Jr. ('88-'90), have charge of a thriving school of one hundred and sixty students at Buie's Creek, Robeson County.

—Rev. W. J. Sholar ('84-'87), pastor of the Noble Street church, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a zealous and consecrated worker, and, from recent reports, is accomplishing much good in his Northern field.

—'85-'87. Paul V. Bunn, of Wilson, of the Civil Service Commission, has been promoted to \$1,600. He is an uncommonly bright young man, and has been charged by the Commission with the performance of many delicate and difficult trusts, which he has executed with wisdom and good judgment.—*North Carolinian*.

—Mr. C. B. Edwards ('86-'92) and Miss Maggie Ferrell, both of Raleigh, were united in marriage on the 14th of February, Rev. A. M. Simms and Dr. W. J. Carter officiating.

—'86. Prof. R. H. Whitehead, M. D., of the University Faculty, writes the leading article in the February number of the *North Carolina Medical Journal*.

—Rev. J. J. Adams ('87-'89) was ordained to the gospel ministry at Albany, Ga., on the 28th of January. He is highly spoken of by one of the Presbytery in a communication to the *Recorder*. He accepts the pastorate of the church at Leary, Ga.

—Rev. J. W. Kenny ('87-'90) is preaching at Lynchburg and Bethel, in South Carolina.

—Rev. B. H. Matthews ('87-'92), now of Crozier Theological Seminary, in a recent number of the *North Carolina Baptist*, gives a very entertaining account of a visit to the old State House in Philadelphia.

—'88. W. L. Carmichael, a popular teacher of Franklin County, was, on December 26, married to Miss Maggie Clayton at her home near Brevard, in Stanly County.

—'88. Rev. A. T. Howell is now sojourning in the Old Dominion, and is pastor of Holdcroft church. In a recent letter to the *Recorder* he says: "My heart still beats for old Wake Forest; may she abound in prosperity." Would that all the *alumni* were thus loyal.

—'88. Rev. J. N. Booth is still pastor of the church at Union, S. C.

—'88. Claude Kitchin has for some months been engaged in examining the banks of Eastern North Carolina.

—H. F. Seawell ('89-'91) is an enterprising young attorney at Carthage, Moore County, in partnership with John W. Hinsdale. He is also editor of the new paper, *Carthage Free Press*.

—'89. Thomas M. Hufham last month secured license to practice law, and is now located at Hickory, N. C. May he meet with abundant success.

—'90. J. H. Nowell is proprietor of the printing-house at Dunn.

—'91. W. O. Howard is now a promising young advocate at Tarboro.

—'91-'93. W. F. Fry is principal of Carthage Academic Institute.—*North Carolina Teacher*.

—'92. W. W. Vass, who at the recent session of the Supreme Court obtained license to practice law, has located at Raleigh in copartnership with J. N. Holding ('80). He is also Secretary of the Raleigh Paper Company.

—'92. Oscar J. Peterson, who has for sometime been teaching in Clyde, Haywood County, has recently been elected to the Chair of Mathematics in the North Texas Baptist University. In the February number of *The North Carolina Teacher* he contributes an excellent article, "How to Make Good Spellers," which should be read by all, especially teachers, or those who anticipate becoming such.

—'93. Rev. Samuel J. Potter is still at Juiz de Fora, Brazil. He has recent articles in the *North Carolina Baptist* and the *Recorder*, which are well worth reading.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W. L. FOUSHEE, Editor.

WE WERE prevented last month from paying our respects to our contemporaries in college journalism. This was no lack of interest, for their perusal always affords keen delight. It is with pride that we note the gradual increase in number,

and most especially the marked improvements in contents of the magazines of Southern colleges. Few of them have attained age, but many may compare favorably, we think, with any of any section of our country. The future looks bright.

And while we are on this line, we wish to speak of a subject long thought of. Why may not the magazines of Southern colleges form a brotherhood for mutual encouragement and criticism for the upbuilding of each other? And, when the time is fitting, when a sufficiently high standard of excellence shall have been reached, establish a magazine—eclectic or otherwise—known as a Southern college magazine, and contributed to by colleges and their alumni? The North has its hundreds of magazines, each a help to the other, and setting the standard for each other. The South has but one, *The Southern Magazine*, published in Louisville, and though in its infancy ranks as a worthy exponent of the South. Yet there must be more if the South shall build in the field of literature.

Of individual college journals there are a few of exceedingly high standard and of literary worth. Of these we may mention the *North Carolina University Magazine*, *Southern Collegian*, *Tennessee Student* and *Virginia University Magazine*, among which two of our contemporaries were flattering enough to place THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. These turned to a common center may be productive of another valuable exponent of our Southland.

The Tar-Heel, some time ago, advocated an oratorical contest between the various colleges of North Carolina. We have heard nothing more from it. We say, why not? Other States have them.

SOME OF OUR most acceptable exchanges come from far-off Texas. The colleges of the "Star" State take great interest in journalism, and keep in touch with the magazines of the East. *The Alamo and San Jacinto*, with its sister, *The An-X*, form no exception to the rule. Both are very welcome in our sanctum.

The Erskinian, despite its name, is receiving much praise just now, and deservedly so. But three numbers are out, and it ranks equal to many which are older. The Exchange Department deserves special mention.

WE HAVE seen one number of *The Chisel*, published by our sisters of the Richmond Female Institute. It is very creditable indeed and we wish it abundant success on the broad sea of journalism. Why may not all our girl colleges have their magazines. They should succeed, you know, if verbosity is a requisite.

The University of Virginia Magazine is rejoicing in an awakening of literary spirit at the University of which it is an excellent exponent. The preponderance of fiction, however, weakens its standard very perceptibly. The editor states, as his ideal, that of forty-five pages a magazine should contain at least twenty of fiction.

WE ADMIRE *The Hampden-Sidney* for its earnestness as well as the general excellence of its contents. The only criticism we would make is its Local department, which is not local at all, but a series of jokes, some of them rather strained. It contains strong editorials on Athletics and Duty to College Magazines on part of students and alumni. They can give valuable assistance by contributing their best productions to it. Students seldom realize that the magazine is a reflection of the work done by them.

The North Carolina University Magazine for February contains over seventy pages of valuable reading matter, and is most pretentious of any of our exchanges. A sketch of Judge William B. Rodman, one of our State's ablest jurists, by Pulaski Cowper, is well worth perusal. A contrast of Carlyle Macaulay and DeQuincy is well treated. "Among the Magazines" is one of the best departments and highly interesting. This magazine contains not a vestige of fiction, and would not probably please some of our exchanges.

WE LEARN that the North Carolina University is to have another weekly paper. Journalism is on a boom at Chapel Hill.

From *College Topics*, we learn that "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was to be played in the Charlottesville theater, was boycotted by the students of the University of Virginia, as an insult to the sons of the "Lost Cause." Editorially the manager of the theater was severely denounced. This was a strong position, but just. No true Southerner should patronize such an unjust reflection on our beloved country, written for partisan purposes and portraying only most extreme cases.

MOST OF OUR exchanges for this month are above the average, no doubt it is due to their recovery from the pains of intermediate examinations. The tendency to increase of fiction is very marked; though some still cling to the pedantic and lengthy article of the past, a few maintain the dignity of the instructive and serious essay on current thought, combining with it lighter literature—attaining the golden mean. The above mentioned tendency is hardly to be deplored, though excellence in it is most difficult to attain. The result may finally atone for the present sacrifice.

WE WOULD congratulate the new staff of the *Texas University*. The initial number is excellent. We have said before that this magazine approached our ideal. The most vigorous department is the Exchange, and many college journals are dealt with gloves off. The editors of that department seem to have one standard—the "idle hour"—and all is faulty which does not conform to it. The character of the contributions to THE STUDENT are criticised as chesnutic, etc. Perhaps so. Without defending our contributions, we would say that we are not always so fortunate as to secure delightful bits of fiction and "miniature novels" which the *Texas University* thinks should fill the pages of college magazines; and,

again, our standard is different. While we are delighted with the *good* fiction and lighter literature, which is not too often found in college journals, yet we consider serious and instructive essays, whether on science, current history or art, not out of place at all. The *Texas University* ideal is rather condescending, and is not consistent with its table of contents.

Peabody Record, Carolinian, Wofford College Journal, College Visitor, Mascot, Thielensian, deserve mention, but space forbids.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

W. L. FOUSHEE, Editor.

ANNIVERSARY!

SMOKE!

MRS. W. J. FERRELL spent some days at her former home in Virginia.

AT least we are not receding in number. There are 199 registered up to date.

LA GRIPPE has again appeared on the Hill. Prof. Sledd and Mr. C. S. Reid were the sufferers, much to our sorrow.

MISS KAUFMAN, of Washington City, spent a day in our village viewing our Society Halls, the beauty of which delighted her.

THE STUDENT wishes to extend a cordial welcome to its contemporary, the *Midnight*, successor to the *Howler*, in the field of college journalism.

AT the March meeting of the Missionary Society an able historical paper on the Moravian Church was read by Prof. Maske. We hope to be able to present this to our readers.

MRS. JAMES M. BRINSON of Colorado, formerly a resident of Wake Forest, is a guest of her mother, Mrs. J. E. Carter.

THE commencement marshals have been elected by the Societies as follows: Phi.—J. C. Howard, W. J. Christian, J. M. Holding. Eu.—H. W. Early, J. C. Cornwell, F. M. Lee.

ALL were disappointed that Mr. R. T. Bryan, the returned missionary from China, was prevented by sickness from giving the promised lecture on Chinese life. He will do so, however, at an early date.

THE latest departure in athletics is basket ball, a game somewhat resembling football, yet is not attended by any of the dangers of the latter. It is, however, for diversity and thoroughness of exercise unequalled. Prof. Sikes keeps up with the latest in the athletic line.

The following "diagnosis" of the Freshman class has been handed us: Conceited Man, Caudle; Dude, Bell; Lazy Man, Carstarphen; Cheeky Man, Briggs, T.; Borer, Williams; Pretty Man, Horton; Wise Man, Spruill; Energetic Man, Heck, J.; Dead-beat, McLendon; Liar, Allen, G.

[CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.]

IT is again that the Athletic Association and all its supporters have cause to return thanks to the ladies of the Hill for their material aid. Anniversary night, cake, sherbet and ice cream furnished by these kind spirits, and so heroically eaten by young ladies for the sake of athletics, netted quite a little sum. We thank you again.

FROM our exchanges a cry arises that the literary societies of the colleges are declining. Such cannot be said of ours. The good earnest work that is being done in both in genuine literary work is, we think, as marked as ever, at least since we remember. The old alumni tell us of wonders done in the past. In fact, one of our societies did not adjourn a few Friday nights ago till past midnight, so interesting was the debate.

FEW college magazines can boast of furnishing an editor of a full fledged weekly paper outside the college ranks. So it is with *THE STUDENT*. Mr. Rowland F. Beasley, associate editor of *THE STUDENT*, is sole editor of the *Monroe Journal*, Monroe, N. C. If we do not exceed becoming modesty, we may say that Rowland is exceedingly well equipped for journalism by experience and talent, and we predict and wish for him a prosperous career in his chosen profession.

WITH this issue of *THE STUDENT* the new elected Business Manager, Mr. W. B. Stokely, takes charge. Mr. Britton retires with the satisfaction of having done well his various and sometimes arduous duties. This office is without emoluments, but is purely a "labor of love," and Mr. Britton deserves the thanks and appreciation of every friend of the college and magazine. We commend his faithful and energetic management to the new manager.

As a result of the visit of Mr. F. S. Brockman to our college, Messrs. J. J. Payseur and W. C. Newton were sent by the students as representatives of Wake Forest in the meeting of Students' Volunteer Movement for Missions, at Detroit, Mich. They report a most pleasant trip, and a gathering of students bubbling over with enthusiasm for the great cause of missions. They took advantage of the opportunity for sight-seeing at the Niagara and large cities through which they passed.

PROF. POTEAT, on February 20, lectured before the Young People's Union of the Baptist Tabernacle in Raleigh on "The Thirty Silent Years of Christ's Life." The *News-Observer-Chronicle* pronounces it a "rare treat," and after giving a brief synopsis of the lecture, concludes thus: "Altogether, the address was one of thought and careful study, and was listened to throughout with rapt attention. It was truly an evening well spent, and many precious thoughts were awakened in the minds of the audience by reviewing with the speaker 'The Thirty Silent Years of Christ's Life.'"

WE had hoped to announce in this issue the successful performance of both the minstrel and the play, for some time in preparation, but we are disappointed. For some unknown reason it seems that both have suspended operations, perhaps, on account of the weather. Let us have them. "Whoop 'em up, Tom." The athletic outlook has never been brighter, and it must never lack for financial support. Besides, something is needed just now for amusement and enjoyment.

• AT the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Baker Friday evening, March 2, a fad party was given in honor of Miss Carrie Buskey of Norfolk, Va. The fads were of great variety and uniqueness, extending from "beetle to beaux (bows)." The prizes were awarded to Miss Mattie Gwaltney and Mr. J. H. Kerr. The decorations were elaborate, and the refreshments most elegant. Many interesting features, such as rhyming, were added. Altogether, it was a most pleasant evening, and we wish to return hearty thanks.

THE following poem was surreptitiously taken from a certain Junior's room. It will speak for itself:

The stars above did glow with joy,
 And shed a mellow light
 Upon a happy college boy,
 A sweet and gentle maiden bright,
 Once more she spoke the words so dear—
 A promise to be true;
 Once more there came a parting tear,
 As from her sight the youth withdrew.
 Again, the days went quickly by;
 The vow of parting was forgot,
 His name was heard without a sigh,
 His fate was but the common lot.
 That girl now loved another boy,
 And that with all her heart;
 With gentle words so sweet and coy,
 She vowed from him to never part.
 O college boy, with winning ways,
 You think you're great and wise,
 But one small girl can you amaze,
 And measure up your size.

SINCE the time when the memory of man "runneth not to the contrary," Anniversary Day has been the regular appointment for all the sleets, cold winds, or other bad weather of the month. This may be because it's Friday. An exception was the anniversary of '94. Nature smiled pleasantly for once—not a cloud marred its blue face. All conspired to make this one of the most enjoyable anniversaries we remember. Among the visiting young ladies who graced the occasion, were Miss Williams, Salem College; Miss Robertson, Statesville; Miss Shepherd, Suffolk; Miss Morgan, Durham; Miss Clyburn, Raleigh; Miss Scott, Warrenton; Miss Long, Louisburg; Miss Buskey, Norfolk.

ON February 10 there passed away one of the best friends of our college in the person of Colonel Jonathan M. Heck of Raleigh, N. C. He was loved by all who knew him here. His kind and sympathetic face will be missed among those who occupy the rostrum at commencement applauding the efforts of the boys. His wise counsel and his experience will be missed as President of the Trustees who preside over the destinies of our college. He came in a time of need, when there was necessary more buildings, and with another citizen of Raleigh erected the Library building. This finally settled the location of the college at Wake Forest. He was not sparing with his wealth to promote its interests. His was a splendid record. May his mantle fall upon worthy shoulders.

At the funeral services held in his memory in the First Baptist church, among other things, Dr. C. E. Taylor said of him: "For nearly a quarter of a century have I known Colonel Heck. I suppose there are few men now living who have been brought into closer intimacy with him than myself. I stand here this evening to say that I never heard him speak an unkind word of any man, and that I have never heard him speak, save in the spirit of love and charity, of any who are trying to serve their Lord.

“I shall never forget my first meeting with Colonel Heck. His very first conversation with me was with reference to Wake Forest College. Very early in his christian life he became interested in the college, for few men recognized more clearly than he the value and importance of christian education. And to the day of his death he was a loyal friend and generous helper of the college. The last time he ever spoke in the Baptist State Convention was upon the claims that the college and christian education had a right to make. I do not know but that when the history of the college shall be written in the years to come his name will have to be associated with the names of the three or four other men who have been most useful to it in the sixty years of its life. The policy of its financial management, which has proved its own wisdom and soundness, was inaugurated almost entirely by him. One of the best of the buildings which graces the college campus was erected by him and another member of this church. This will stand as their best monument when most of the memorials of this generation shall have been forgotten. It was almost entirely at his individual expense that the college campus was originally enlarged, enclosed and laid out by a landscape gardener. Again and again have I known cases of young men who have been helped through college by his beneficence—cases of which the public has not known—and some of them cases of which I doubt whether his own family have had any knowledge whatever. There are men pursuing careers of usefulness in this and other States; there are ministers preaching the gospel to-day, some of them away over on the Pacific coast, who could never have taken their degrees at college but for the assistance which he rendered them.”

ANNIVERSARY.

REPORTED BY F. E. PARHAM.

February the sixteenth, though cool and windy, was a day of joy and happiness to those whose pleasure it was to be present at the fifty-ninth anniversary of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies.

The President of debate, Mr. R. H. Carter, of Holly Springs, N. C., at 2:30 o'clock, called the house to order with a few remarks of welcome to the audience.

After reading the proceedings of last meeting, the Secretary of debate, Mr. T. W. Elliot, of Edenton, N. C., read the question for discussion, "Should the United States Senators and the President be elected by the direct vote of the people?" and announced Mr. R. L. Freeman, of Blenheim, S. C., as the first speaker on the affirmative. He began the debate by saying that within the last century conditions have changed, and that the opinion of men of this day in regard to electing Senators and Presidents differs much from that of the men of 1787, a time when democracy was untried and wise men were unwilling to entrust the control of the government with the people. The men of the present, who object to electing by the "direct system," urge as their main objection that we should not tamper with the Constitution, but should preserve it unchanged. Time, however, has revealed that the original Constitution was not adapted to all the requirements of a practical democratic government, consequently amendments have been added, and that our present mode of electing Senators and Presidents is provided for in an amendment and not in the original Constitution. He says our government is called democratic, still, of the three departments of our government, only a part of the legislative department is elected by the people. That one of the candidates on the national ticket

is always taken from New York in order to carry the floating vote and gain the thirty-six electors, whereas if the present system were abolished the South would be recognized in the selection of candidates. Popular opinion demands this change and the will of the people must ultimately prevail.

Mr. W. H. Sledge, of Purley, N. C., was the next speaker, representing the negative. He discussed the question from the following standpoints: First, the number of candidates, under the "direct system," would be increased. There would be one from every section of the country, and on counting the votes we would find that no man had a majority of votes cast; second, we should hold to the present system for its neutralizing effect. For example, under the "direct system" New York would cast 1,000,000 votes, then it would take twenty States, each casting 50,000 votes, to neutralize just one State, whereas, under the present system, three States, the size of North Carolina, will do it; third, we should hold to the Constitution, because it is not the system that has caused the corruption, but the many thousand office-seekers who infest this country. The system stands to-day as perfect as it was the day it was wrought, and well we may say with the father of his country, that "it seemed as if the hand of the Almighty Being was in this great work."

Mr. M. P. Davis, of Boonville, N. C., was the second speaker on the affirmative. He said that under the present system wealth and unscrupulous aspirations for senatorial honors had often deprived the people of those whom they desired as their representatives. The present mode of electing is not just to the South, and so long as it lasts no Southern or small New England State will ever furnish a President. If James G. Blaine, said he, had been a New Yorker, he would have been President of the United States. He discussed the republics of ancient times, and said what a sublime spectacle was seen when the Roman citizen advanced to the polls and exclaimed "I vote for Cato to be consul," the Athenian

"I vote for Pericles to be archon," and why may not an American citizen do likewise?

The last gentleman on the negative was Mr. W. C. Newton, of Lagos, Africa. He began by saying, this is a world, an age of change. The man who is not a reformer is a fool, and almost all fools are reformers. He asserts that no one favors a progressive national policy more than himself. But progress of the lasting kind is based on truth, and truth consists not in what men believe but in what they know. The United States Constitution is no experimental document, and it would not be wise to violate in it the controlling agent that maintains the equilibrium of the Union. It is the inspiring force that has made ours the first among nations. Let the greater number direct but not control nor have unlimited sovereignty, for if the majority ruled gross ignorance would predominate over enlightenment and materialistic superstition would expel spiritual religion. Public opinion is not a good thing, for it fluctuates and changes.

The second speeches were enjoyed even more than the first, and were responded to by the audience with much applause and laughter. The audience then voted according to the side that produced the better argument. The result was 73 to 34 in favor of the negative.

The audience again assembled at 8 o'clock to hear the representative orators from the Literary Societies.

Mr. J. H. Kerr introduced Mr. J. D. Robertson, of Statesville, N. C., as the orator from the Euzelian Society. Mr. Robertson sustained admirably his former reputation as a speaker. His subject, "Dissatisfaction, the Mother of Progress." Mr. W. B. Stokely then introduced Mr. J. E. Yates, of Williams' Mills, N. C., as the representative of the Philomathesian Society, announcing his subject, "Cross and Crescent." Mr. Yates had only a short time to make preparation, having been chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. T. M. Leary. Taking this into consideration, we think few could have done better.

After the orations had been delivered, Mr. J. H. Kerr in a pleasant manner invited the audience to the social gathering in the Literary Halls where speeches of a different nature were delivered, and "Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, and all went merry as a marriage bell," until the wee hours of the night. Thus ended the fifty-ninth anniversary, one acknowledged by many as the most delightful in the history of the college.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The prospects for a successful base-ball team are better than at any time within the past few years. The interest manifested among some of the students is quite encouraging. We have several good players to form a nucleus around which can be developed a winning team. The abundance of new material is as large as we could desire. Now, will a winning team be had? This depends on the support given the management. If the men will listen to the coaching, put all their energy in the game, and be on the grounds promptly every afternoon, all of which they can do, we will have a team that will wipe away the memory of one of '93.

The practice so far is very erratic, and it is to be hoped that a decided change for the better will be effected in the next two weeks.

Captain Daniel works faithfully, and he certainly deserves the honest support of every man.

This has been ideal base-ball weather for the past few weeks, and the lovers of the game have taken advantage of it.

As our captain terms it, he has moved from the country, and is now holding second.

Taylor has gone back to short-stop, and Charles knows how to play the position. Bill Jones has resumed his old stand in

the field, having tired of the diamond. Bill has his eye on the ball this season.

Among the applicants for 3d are Holding, B., Sledge and Gore; for 1st, Britton, Royall, W., and Christian.

In the field the most prominent candidates are Royall, W., Powell, R., Briggs and Raines.

Bob Kimball is general utility man, and plays every position with the exception of pitcher.

Bob Stafford, our valuable catch, has lost none of his old-time vigor.

Pop. Smith, "the pride of the ladies," is rapidly getting his arm in shape.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, Mr. W. J. Christian was elected captain of the second nine, and Mr. W. Durham was chosen captain of the Athletic team. These were two wise selections.

Our manager having challenged U. N. C. to play a game in Raleigh, received a reply to the effect that the Faculty of U. N. C. only allowed them to play a *certain* number of games away from home, which number they had already scheduled. *Strange!*

Had Wake Forest picked her chances for the year gone by, her record of victories and defeats would be changed considerably.

Mr. J. B. Robertson, of the University of Virginia, undertook a very laborious and thankless job when he gave a brief sketch of "Foot-ball in the South," in the *Southern Magazine*. More articles on foot-ball in the South are needed in the magazines. Mr. Robertson was ignorant of facts in some instances. He gave to other institutions the credit of victories over Wake Forest which were never obtained. He is not a good historian. So much interested in the athletics of the U. V., he fails to give the proper meed of praise to others.

We have gone to the expense of purchasing new uniforms and completing a new diamond, which is a great improvement

over our former one. This additional expense, added to the one incurred in running a ball team, will put the Association to a severe test. Some of the students have displayed marked liberality to the team.

W. R. Powell, of Savannah, our catcher '90-'1-'2, remembered us with a check for a neat sum recently. Roy still holds a warm place in the hearts of the boys.

Those of the alumni and friends of the college who are interested in athletics, can now display their patriotism and liberality by contributing to the funds of the Association.

Manager Pence has arranged the following games:

March 24, A. & M. College, at Wake Forest, N. C.

April 6, 7, Oak Ridge, at Wake Forest, N. C.

April 14, Reynoldson Institute, at Wake Forest, N. C.

April 21, University of Virginia, at Lynchburg, Va.

April 23, Washington and Lee, at Lexington, Va.

April 24, Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va.

May 4, Richmond College, at Richmond, Va.

May 5, Petersburg, at Petersburg, Va.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

PROF. J. C. MASKE.....ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY:

W. L. FOUSHEE.....EDITOR.

R. F. BEASLEY.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY:

R. W. HAYWOOD.....EDITOR.

J. E. YATES.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

W. B. STOKELY.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. XIII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., APRIL, 1894.

No. 7.

CROSS AND CRESCENT.

The tourist, as he leisurely wanders through the region of Southern Spain, with its hills and valleys rich with the olive and the vine, is strangely enchanted by the luxuriant scenes that catch his gaze on every hand. Broad lawns enclosed by tall whispering trees invite to elysian repose, while cool rippling streamlets break forth from the mossy rocks and tempt the wanderer to a kingly draught. But other objects than those of nature's make now more strongly arrest his attention. Here and there, perched upon the rocky crests that tower above the surrounding country, or silently guarding the lower ground, majestic ruins of ancient castles, fortresses and temples, grim sentinels of the ages, lift their hoary heads. He loiters within their spacious courts and crumbling halls, scans their tall, wierd proportions, and stands transported by the awe-inspiring grandeur of these mute witnesses of departed glory. The arches, domes and quaint inscriptions here and there tell the passing beholder at once that these stately edifices once looked down on the turbaned followers of Mohammed. The finger prints of ages stand on these mouldering walls and ramparts.

Empire crumbling into dust,
And regal splendor fading.

Four centuries have come and gone since their imperial masters bowed before the advancing hordes of the North and laid the scimitar at the feet of Spanish nobles.

As the fifteenth century was drawing to a close and the evening of chivalry was waning before the dawn of that indomitable spirit of invention, discovery and reform, so characteristic of its successors, the eyes of all Christendom were turned to the little State lying in Southern Spain, and eagerly following the ever-shifting scenes of the drama that was being enacted there. After four hundred years of separation, the two kingdoms Castile and Aragon were again united into one powerful monarchy by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella. When the usual strife of succession had passed off and the two sovereigns were firmly seated upon their thrones and on peaceful terms with neighboring powers, they turned their attention to the subjugation of Granada and the capture and occupation of the last Moorish stronghold in Western Europe. With ever-varying fortune the Saracen banner had floated over this favored realm since their invasion of the country in the year seven hundred and eleven, when Roderick, the last King of the Visigoths, was hopelessly defeated at the great battle of Xeres. But as the years passed, and their foes grew stronger, they had been pushed back step by step, as one by one their fortresses fell before the power of Spanish arms. The Douro, the Tagus, the Guadalquivir had successively been their northern boundary as they receded towards the Mediterranean. But now the time had come when the fiery sons of the Goths, under the banner of Immanuel, considered it their imperative duty to subdue the infidel hosts of Granada and establish Christianity in that region.

Before actually invading the country, a troupe of cavaliers, headed by De Vera, appeared at Granada with a message from Ferdinand and Isabella demanding a tribute from the Moorish prince. With all the haughty disdain of an Eastern potentate,

the stern monarch listened to the embassy, and as an answer hurled back defiance to the Spanish crown. "Tell your sovereigns," he said, "that the Kings of Granada who used to pay tribute in money to the Castilian crown are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of scimitars and heads of lances."

The conquest was now a certainty, and all minor affairs were swallowed up in this momentous undertaking. Not only Castile and Aragon, but "Merry Old England" also, had swelled the throng of armored knights that now made ready for the invasion. The forces push southward and the intelligence passes from mouth to mouth that Alhama is to be besieged. They arrive, and find the city well garrisoned by these wary sons of the desert, and showing every sign of stubborn resistance. The towering walls, that had for ages frowned defiance to the battering rams and catapults of classic warfare, looked down with disdain upon the invaders, who now with Spartan determination begin to deal stunning blows upon their rugged breasts. Soon they totter and fall with deafening crash, shattered by the heavy fusilade of Spanish lombards. Now in the breach a hand-to-hand conflict ensues, and after a long and bloody struggle the garrison yields and the victors march in. The news of the loss of Alhama spread abroad over Granada, and fell like a knell on the ears of her people. Yet, undaunted by this reverse of fortune, their relentless zeal prompted them to make several attempts to recapture the city, but all proved fruitless.

The Spaniards are not idle. Soon Velez is assailed and likewise falls into their hands. The conquest now goes at a rapid pace. No effectual resistance could be made to the ponderous enginery of the Christians that swept everything before it. The shots and poisoned arrows of the Moors made sad carnage in the ranks of the enemy, but these were trifles beside the thundering lombards of their adversary. Town after town, stronghold after stronghold, fell before them as they advanced.

Malaga, a rich and populous seaport town on the Mediterranean, soon shared the fate of Alhama and Velez, and with it went the hope of the Saracens. A wail of despair went up from the land of the Moors as they saw this, one of their strongest cities, in the hands of the Spaniards, and its citizens, their fellows, led away into captivity and made slaves of the infidel. The star of Islamism in the West, that had for nearly eight centuries stood in the zenith, was fast sinking, and ere another year was to vanish forever. Another precious gem was snatched from Granada's diadem as Baza, an opulent and influential metropolis of the South, capitulated.

Now, dismantled and disarmed, Granada, the capital, alone stands, like the last giant oak of a forest. An embassy is sent demanding surrender, but the fierce and crafty Abdallah sends back a defiant reply. Suitable to the message of the Moorish King, the city strengthens her garrison and stubbornly assumes the defensive. The last stronghold of the Crescent, like a tiger at bay, now stood trembling with desperation. Within her sturdy walls were the collected forces of all Granada, twenty thousand of the flower of Moslem chivalry, who had escaped captivity and the sword.

Before the red hand of mortal conflict for supremacy had stirred the hosts of the North, Granada lay a beautiful land, a veritable Arcadia. So beautiful was the land that it is said the Moors believed the paradise of Mohammed to be situated in that portion of the heavens which overhung this region. Broad fertile valleys, intersected by mountain ranges, rich in mineral wealth, stretched from bound to bound. Verdant slopes with sparkling rivulets and placid lakes lay in peaceful repose. While in the midst and crowning the whole like a diadem stood Granada the capital. Rising from four hills it was encompassed by a massive wall supported by more than a thousand towers. On the summit of the loftiest hill stood the Alhambra, a noble fortress, the palace of the Moorish kings. In transcendent splendor and magnificence this by

far outvied the wildest extravagance of the Spanish court. Within its spacious walls lay beautiful flower gardens of pomegranates, roses and jasmines. In its airy halls and courts sparkling fountains played, and clear broad pools reflected the deep blue of the southern heaven. But now the fountains were troubled, the pools reflected only dark lowering war-clouds, and the halls echoed the roar and clash of carnage. The enemy was at the gate.

On the twenty-sixth of April, 1491, with an army of eighty thousand men, Ferdinand pitched his camp on the broad vega that stretched before the city, and sent out detachments to devastate the surrounding country, the fruitful regions of the Alpuxarras, the granary of the capital, thus cutting off the supply of the besieged. More than a score of towns and villages were ransacked and razed to the ground by their ruthless hand as they proceeded on their course of destruction. Filled with indignation at these ravages of an enemy thus encamped under the shadow of their battlements, the Moors made frequent and desperate sallies on the intruders or challenged them to single-hand encounters. During the siege it was that Isabella appeared upon the scene, inspected the army, surveyed the city, and by her magnetic power consoled and stimulated the veterans for their arduous task. Soon, however, the people of Granada, impatient at the bravado and daring of the enemy, burst forth from the gates and made a determined and desperate assault. Brief was the encounter, but fatal for the Moors. "Not a lance," says a beholder, "that day, but was dyed in the blood of the infidel." Two thousand perished before the Spanish onset ere the gates could be regained.

But now the besiegers are all transformed into artizans, and the camp resounds with the noise of the workman's tool. A recent conflagration has destroyed a number of their canvas abodes, and the Spaniards now deem best to build more substantial dwellings. The work goes on, and at the end of three

months the besieged look out and see, instead of the white fluttering pavilions, solid structures of stone and mortar, a veritable city, arisen as by magic, Santa Fe, as the Spaniards call it. The sight of this banished the last hope of the garrison. For by this they understood that the enemy had come with a dogged determination never more to resign their footing. It was now evident to all that Granada's days were numbered. At length the unfortunate King Abdallah, seeing that he could maintain no longer, after a conference with the enemy, on the twenty-fifth of November, 1491, signed an agreement to surrender the city on the second of January of the following year.

As the designated day approached the Christians were busy making preparations for a triumphal entry, while the disconsolate Moors loitered in the thoroughfares with bowed head and dejected mien.

It is now the morning of the second of January. The day of surrender has arrived, and all the Spanish camp is astir, animated by the thought of victory, glory and spoils. The glittering array of mailed knights and courtiers with their stately retinues now advances up the Hill of Martyrs towards the gate of the city; while the Moorish prince, Abdallah, attended by a troop of cavaliers, sorrowfully descends to meet his conqueror. He bows himself low before the Spanish sovereign and delivers to him the keys of his palace, the Alhambra. A detachment had been sent on in advance to prepare the city for the entry of the sovereigns and to raise the Spanish ensigns. An acclamation of joy and thanksgiving broke forth from that expectant martial host as, from the spire of the Alhambra, the glittering Crescent, around which encircled all the hopes of Granada, fell, and the large silver cross appeared in its place, while the banners of Castile and St. Jago waved from every tower. The procession now marched in, and the might of the Crescent in the West fell to rise no more.

The unfortunate Abdallah, having surrendered the last symbol of power, leaving, with his devoted band of cavaliers, the scene of rejoicing, proceeded in gloomy silence towards the Alpuxarras; while ever and anon the shouts of exultant Christians fell on their ears as they went. Reaching the eminence on the way that commanded the last view of Granada, the Moors involuntarily paused to take a farewell look at their beloved city, over which now flaunted the banners of their conqueror. Never before had Granada appeared so lovely to them as now, when they were about to turn their eyes from it forever. The dethroned monarch wept as a child as he looked and beheld his lost kingdom, the home of his childhood, his fortress and castle, the Alhambra, now in the hands of the enemy. To this day, the scene of this event is, among the Spaniards, known as "*El ultimo suspiro del Moro*," "The last sigh of the Moor."

Thus, after a career of nearly eight centuries of alternating success, the splendid drama of Moslem rule in the West closed amid blood and disgrace.

Of highest consequence to Spain and the Western World was the issue of this conquest. For by it the iron grasp of Mohammedanism was averted and the thralldom of Saracenic despotism banished, and in its stead was established Christianity and the banner of Immanuel. The wave from the East, that had lashed upon the shores of Europe and threatened to engulf her in a sea of fatalism and oppression was thrown back. By it the spirit of revolution, discovery and reform, freed from the shackles of Islam, received a powerful impetus to grand and far-reaching achievements. Columbus himself was present and witnessed the sieges of Baza and Granada, and doubtless by these scenes was fired to new zeal and inspired with that courage and prowess which in the following year led him to dare the waves of the Atlantic in search of the New World. Had the Saracens prevailed, had the Crescent triumphed, the day of America's dis-

covery might have been deferred for centuries, and the whole course of modern history changed. The destiny of those nations towards the setting sun rested on its momentous issue.

The Spanish Arabs, driven from their stately palaces, wandered as exiles over the land that had once been their Eden, and wasted away under the hand of persecution until their very name as a nation was erased from the map of history. The Alhambra still stands amid its groves, the shadow of its former glory. The owl hoots from its battlements, the raven builds on its crumbling turrets, and the spectral bat flits through its waste and solitary halls, where once was the abode of regal splendor, glittering wealth and luxury.

JUL. E. YATES.

THE FORSAKEN BELL.

TRANSLATED FROM BAUMBACH (GERMAN).

There was once, long, long years ago, a pious hermit who had turned his back upon the world and had built for himself, in a green valley that lay in the midst of a forest, a hermitage. The peasants from the neighboring village and farm had helped him faithfully with the building and furnishing of his house. Near the dwelling of the recluse stood a chapel with a doleful looking Madonna, and above, under a roof, hung a little bell which the hermit rang at certain hours. This was his important business, and he spent the remainder of his time in prayer and pious meditation. He quenched his thirst out of a cool spring which bubbled up out of the black ground of the forest near the hermitage, and relieved his hunger with the fruits of the woods and the provisions which the pious peasant women brought to him.

In such a way lived the pious man a number of years. Then he laid himself down on his bed of leaves, wrapped himself in his cowl and died. At his burial many tears flowed,

and the sobbing women said, "Such a hermit as was this one, we shall never know again." And in that said they perfectly right.

From this time on the hermitage stood deserted, and only rarely did a wandering hunter or a maiden with her jug turn their steps toward the deserted building in order to refresh themselves at the spring which there bubbled up. On the thatched roof of the hermitage, brown wood-moss grew, and blackberry bushes and clematis surrounded door and window. In the straw bed of the dead hermit the dwarf-mouse lived, and in the chapel the red-tail had built a nest for himself. The forest with its animals gradually again took possession of the ground which men had taken from it.

The spring-time was about to make its appearance, and the earth prepared itself for the Feast of the Resurrection. On moist pinions came the thaw-wind flying over the sea, rattled against the trunks and threw the pine cones and dead branches down on the ground. The spring and brook babbled louder and ran hastily on its winding way. Stealthily looked the head of the snow-drop and anemone out from the ground, and the showy spruce-laurel put on its red-silk garment. Then came the hoopoe with its variegated plumage and announced the approach of the cuckoo, and the hedge shook off the last dry leaf and stood there with swollen buds awaiting the approach of spring.

The little bell on the crumbled wood-chapel looked on with sadness, as all things prepared themselves for the Feast of the Resurrection. In former years, when at the merry tide the pealing of the bell trembled through the air, it had also raised its voice and joined in the chorus with its proud sisters from the church tower. But that time was long gone by. Since the old hermit had been buried no hand took hold of its rope at Easter-time and forgotten hung the bell under its little roof, and for a bell, nothing is so hard as to have to remain silent at the Feast of the Resurrection.

The holy week had arrived. On Wednesday came the hare with long springs out of the woods. He stopped before the chapel, stood erect, and cried to the bell, "Have you anything to be done in the town? If you have, tell it to me for I am on my way there. I have a position as Easter hare, and I have my hands so full that I do not know which end my head is on." The bell remained silent, and the hare ran on his way.

On the next night there was a great noise in the air. The deer hid themselves in the undergrowth for they thought that it was the "Wild Hunter" that roamed over the forest. But it was not the "Wild Hunter," it was the bells, as they flew to Rome in order to receive a blessing from the Pope.

The bell from the monastery over in the mountain was passing the wood chapel and stopped to rest itself a moment. "How fares it with you, sister?" said it to the forsaken bell. "Are you not going with us?"

"Ah, I cannot go," said the little bell. "For I have remained silent for quite a year, therefore I cannot go with you! Yet, will you do me a favor? If so, speak a good word for me to the Holy Father at Rome. Perhaps he will send some one who will ring me on Easter. It is so hard to remain silent when all the others ring. Will you do me this kindness?"

The monastery bell mumbled something that sounded like "non possumus." Then it raised itself clumsily from the earth as a large bird and flew after the other bells. And the forsaken bell remained sad.

"You ought to be content that men allow you to rest," said the owl to the bell. "The silly animals in the forest do not understand the ringing and it disturbs me in my meditation; but that you may not be entirely alone, I will build my nest here. You will surely gain by this, for I am a man from whom you can learn much." So talked the owl, and puffed himself up, but the bell gave him no answer.

The Easter morning dawned. Yet twilight lay over the valley and misty clouds rolled along the mountain sides, a cool wind blew through the branches of the trees, moved the white flower-bells, and rushed through the dry twigs so that it sounded like a mellow-toned harp. Then the mountain top was painted in a reddish glow, and the pines creaked and rattled their branches as if they had awaked from sleep. The sun rose over the hill-top and strewed gold over the pine-tops, and the forest bird flapped its wings, raised itself on high and sang its Easter song. But the forsaken bell hung sad and silent under the roof of the chapel.

At the same time walked a young man on the highway that led through the woods. He wore the leather jerkin of a hunter and a green vulture-feather in his hat. On his left side hung a broad hunter's knife, with a stag-horn handle, but instead of a rifle he bore a heavy loaded sack and a belt made from badger skins. These things and the iron-tipped buckthorn stick that he carried in his right hand led one to suppose that the hunter was not going on a hunt, but was about to make a journey, and so he was.

There, where a by-path branches off from the highway and leads to a mill, the fellow stopped and seemed undecided whether he should go further along the highway or take the mill-path. But his lingering was not long. He sent a dark look in the direction in which the mill lay, tossed his head spitefully back, and gave a hunter's cry that echoed through the forest. Then he sang as he went along:

“ Farewell, ye forests, green and wide;
Farewell, we part forever;
Thy walks I leave for paths untried,
With onward purpose ever.
By huntsman's right,
In youth's first light,
I followed the bounding deer;
I haste away,
To fight and fray
When battling hosts appear.

“ There perched on high a falcon gray,
A potent spell confining,
Sits sadly, moaning night and day,
With dove-like voice repining.
He, for a vest,
Would yield the rest,
E'en freedom's wide dominions—
'Tis past—'Tis past!
Fly, falcon, fast,
Upon thy melting pinions.”

The last words stuck in the young fellow's throat, and the half-suppressed groan made a bad ending to the merry hunter's song.

Suddenly the hunter turned out of the main road and strode diagonally through the woods in the direction of the forsaken chapel. He stopped at the spring, which bubbled up near the hermitage, stooped down and filled a cup with the cool water. He slowly drank it and sprinkled the last drops on the moss. “So,” said he, “now is it all gone!”

The water was clear and cool, but it could not cool the hot blood of the drinker. The young hunter sat himself on the threshold of the hermitage and covered his face with both hands.

In the last summer, after a long absence, had he come again into the land and had entered the service of an old game-keeper. He had seen a little of the world, he had hunted, in the retinue of the Emperor, the chamois and the wild goat in the high mountains; he had followed his lord to the high hunter's tower and had associated with the brilliant assembly of nobles in the Emperor's palace, and in all he had carried with him the love to the miller's blonde daughter in his native valley. Now he was returning with a rich saving and many sweet hopes, and although there was to him nothing needed, yet he was about to leave his home and enlist with the soldiers.

It was at the wood-chapel that he had seen his sweetheart for the first time after the separation. She had come in order

to draw water, and when the hunter saw the beautiful girl, as she stooped over the spring, he was so happy that with a wild shout he sprang from his hiding place and embraced the frightened maiden in his arms. But she struck him with her strong hand on the breast so that he staggered back, then she turned her back on him and went away.

Later the hunter made another attempt to approach the miller's daughter. It was the time of the harvest; when old and young went in troops to the dancing-ground. The hunter had waylaid the beautiful one and stepped out to greet her with a bunch of red daisies. But when she saw the fellow coming toward her, she turned herself around and went back to the mill, and the hunter being very angry threw the bouquet into the mill-brook. However, he did not know that the coy maiden fished out the flowers at the mill-dam and preserved them in her chest.

Then had resentment entered the heart of the hunter. "You go to the left, and I will go to the right," thought he, and that she might not think that he took her actions to heart, he gathered around him a company of jolly fellows, he drank, sang, and caroused so madly that the name of the wild young fellow was in the mouths of the people for seven miles around.

This went on the whole winter. There was seen one evening in the heavens a comet that had the shape of a sword, and shortly after that time came the news that there would be fighting in Italy. It was only a short while before the rattle of the recruiting-drum was heard in the land, and the high-ways were crowded with vagrant people who went to the imperial camp. Then the young fellow resigned the service of the game-keeper, gave his pot-companions a parting carouse, and went with the others in order in the battle-field to forget that which afflicted and grieved him. And now he had come as far as the hermitage in the woods. There he sat on the stone step, with his head hanging down in sadness.

A soft, distant noise in the undergrowth reached the sharp ear of the young fellow. He aroused himself, and with keen eyes he looked to find the cause of the noise. It was not a wild hart that went through the bushes. Between the tree-trunks flitted the dress of a woman, and the hunter glided silently but with loud-beating heart behind the wall of the chapel. Then through the woods came she whom he wished to forget but could not.

The girl came slowly nearer. Once she stooped in order to pluck a flower to add to those which she already held in her hands, and every time her long flaxen hair glided forward and touched the ground. When she came to the spring she filled a little earthen jug with water and set the bouquet in it. Then she went into the chapel, set the vase with the flowers before the Madonna and knelt down on the moss-covered steps.

She spoke with soft voice the greeting of the angels, and then she began to pour out her heart to the Heavenly King. It was a prayer of self-accusation and remorse. "I have driven him from me," she cried. "I have driven him out into danger and death, and yet I love him better than the light of mine eyes. There was a time when through one word of reconciliation I could turn everything, when I knew he yet loved me. Easter is the time for miracles. Give me, O heaven, a sign that my love is still faithful and loves me, and I will run after him as fast as my feet will carry me and bring him back! Give me a sign!"

Then sounded sweetly over her the bell. It was but a single tone, but it penetrated the heart of the grieved one as a clear-sounding jubilee. She raised her eyes and looked pleadingly at the Madonna. Then sounded the bell a second time, louder and more joyful, and when the girl turned the young hunter stood in the entrance of the chapel and stretched forth his arms to the beloved one. But this time she did not flee. She threw her arms around the sun-burned neck of the wild hunter and murmured words of love.

The titmouse and the gold-crested wren that lived in the branches of the pines flew near and the dwarf-mouse stretched its head out of the door of its dwelling, and all looked curiously at the couple in the chapel.

Long remained the two embraced. Then the hunter grasped the rope of the bell and cried aloud to it: "Bell, you have led us together, now announce to the world our mutual happiness." And the little bell on the roof of the chapel shone joyful in the sunlight and swung incessantly back and forth, and its voice sounded through the forest.

From the steeples of the neighboring village sounded the voices of the distinguished church bells. They had, on the night before, returned from their pilgrimage and had seen many wonderful sights, but none rang their Easter carol so joyfully as the little forsaken bell in the forest.

RALEIGH T. DANIEL.

THE PRESENT FINANCIAL CRISIS.

That there is at present a financial crisis admits of no doubt. Men may differ as to the causes which brought it into being, or as to the remedies that will tide us safely over it, but its existence is unquestionable. The symptoms are so unmistakable that the veriest quack could hardly fail to make out a true diagnosis of the complaint. The last campaign was really fought upon financial questions, and strange to say that party which is divided upon the burning problem of the hour—the free coinage of silver—was victorious.

A financial crisis does not arise in a day; it requires time for it to ripen. So it is with the present one. Its inception may be said to date from the civil war. The nation has never recovered its financial equilibrium since the hasty and ill-timed legislation into which Congress, during that period of upheaval, was hurried by the money sharks, when the holders of United

States bonds prevailed upon Congress to pass a law requiring the interest on those bonds to be paid in gold, and then another making the bonds themselves payable in gold, and thereby stamping with a tinge of doubt the greenbacks it was then issuing, it laid the foundation of the structure that is threatening to tumble about our ears. This was followed up by the demonetization of silver and the adoption of the monometallic standard. Whatever views we may hold as to the free coinage of silver at present, its demonetization at that time was certainly injudicious. The currency has ever since been more or less under the control of financial jugglers, who have manipulated it vastly to their own profit and the hurt of the masses.

Another cause of the crisis is the failure of the government to preserve, by new issue, the ratio of the volume of currency to the ever-increasing demand made upon it by that phenomenal development which has marked the last quarter of the century. The *per capita* circulation has been constantly on the decline since 1850, and is now only about one-fourth what it was at that date.

The result of this failure to provide a currency of such volume as the commerce and material resources of the country required was the cause of the popular upheaval which shook the country, and especially the South and West, during the last presidential campaign. Wild, unreasoning and unstatesman-like the remedies proposed by the leaders of that upheaval may have been, yet that by no means discountenances the existence of the evil. Men may frequently be deceived as to the best remedy, but as to the existence of the suffering, never.

The popular clamor which has been raised has aided in precipitating the crisis. Congressmen have been returned with instructions to support a free coinage bill; others are prepared to support any measure promising temporary relief, and—their reelection. No one knows upon what to depend. Capital is shaking with an ague of fear, and money is being withdrawn

from circulation. Credit is failing and man looks at man askance. So inadequate is the volume of money at all times, that of the business transacted through banks less than ten per cent. involves the transfer of money; over ninety per cent. is done by credit. The result is plain: distrust must bring stagnation and ruin. The country is crying aloud for something to be done. Cleveland is on record as opposed to free coinage of silver, while that seems the only measure of relief his party proposes. Whether this remedy would prove worse than the disease is a mooted question. Quality not quantity holds in money as in most other things, still quantity is not to be despised. There certainly must be a golden mean between the flood of fiat money demanded by the Populists and the contracted and easily controlled currency Wall Street financiering has produced. Surely safer counsellors may be found than either the lamented Jay Gould or the lamenting Peffer.

Few men know much of National finance. The great financiers are less numerous than any other class of talent. The world's great financiers of the past two centuries hardly number half a score. Certainly if we have one at the present time he is as yet undiscovered. Consequently caution is the only safeguard. There has not been since the civil war so great a need of men of courage and brain. For the widespread suffering entailed a financial crisis like the one now upon us yields to civil war alone of evils. Small wonder, therefore, that the demand for some palliating measure is so imperative. The nation remembers the seventies and shudders. Legislators have assiduously sown the wind, and the people seem likely to reap the legitimate harvest. The crisis is upon us, and it is painfully and humiliatingly apparent that there is no one fitted to deal with it. We can only combat what now seems unavoidable with whatever of patience and stolid endurance we may be capable.

April, 1893.

C. P. SAPP.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF POETRY.

There seems to be a great deal of uneasiness in some quarters lest poetry should have no future. It is argued that because the first literature of a people is metrical in form, we should expect that with the higher development of the race this form of expression will be dropped and man will confine himself solely to the more serviceable medium of prose. If this reasoning be sound, more is the pity for the race. But it is neither profound or convincing. Your civilized man, after all, is only a polished savage. That which prompts the untutored nomad to chant in rhythm the deeds of the combat and the chase, exists in his more cultivated descendants as well.

But we are told that we have not at present, and are not likely to have in future, the material for a true and high type of poetry. We are told that the heroic is dying out of man; that we are becoming commonplace and similar and, worst of all, that man is losing his appreciation of poetry; that the age is antagonistic to the poetic; that man has become too practical and materialistic to bother himself about the ethereal beauties of poetry. In all this there is a modicum of truth. Yet because science has explained the rainbow, it by no means follows that it has sealed the doom of poetry. One of the best odes called forth by the death of Tennyson was from the pen of Thomas Huxley.

Unquestionably since Tennyson's death, Swinburne is the greatest living poet. Tennyson said of him, "He is a tube through which all things blow into music." While he lacks that vast sweep and movement and impetuous, irresistible outburst of passion so characteristic of Byron, he composes a scale of expression no other poet in the tongue has ever reached. He catches notes too ethereal and faint for other ears. He manages language in a way almost superhuman. He is

preëminently the poet of that great and growing class of men who have unlearned their simple faith,

“Who have said to the dream that caressed and the terror that smote them,
Good-night and good-bye.”

And yet there is no note of despair in his song; without bolstering his imagination with anything beyond the circle of human possibilities and the ken of finite intelligence, he pours forth a flood of melody as fresh, as thrilling, as triumphant as the first vesper burst of the nightingale. Though there may be in his poetry a subconscious sorrow for the transitory, there is nothing of morbid lament, but rather a courageous recognition of the fact that man is here subject to inexorable laws which he can neither circumvent nor change.

While we have no poet of the first magnitude, there was never a time when there were so many poets of more than commonplace ability. We have in England and America a host of poets whose productions have a higher artistic finish than anything written before the day of Tennyson. That most of them imitate him is, perhaps, undeniable, yet their imitation is amazingly perfect. It would be more just to say that they constitute that new school of which Tennyson was the founder and which has taught our tongue a flexibility, a perfectness of rhythm and an artistic delicacy of expression hitherto undreamed of.

The poetry of to-day is not a poetry of passion, of heroic deeds. The poet has even ceased to sing of liberty since it is a common possession. Ours is a poetry rich in suggestion, in subtle thought, in nice perception. The day of the epic with its thunderous measures, ponderous epithets and interminable length is past for a time, and we have instead a lyric flawless, but natural, filled with a music that haunts us like the song of a joyous day that is gone. Our poetry, like every other, reflects the age. The cry that poetry is decaying is not a new one. It has been raised at the death of every great

poet. The main charge upon which the poetry of the present is arraigned is that it does not teach. The men who make the charge are worthy men, excellent men, yet men who value the sunshine chiefly for the beneficial effect it has upon the vegetables of their gardens.

What the poetry of the future is to be does not yet appear; still there is no reason why it should not have a poetry of its own, and one in no way inferior to that of the past. The American poet is yet to come. Whittier's muse had a flat nose and kinky hair; Lowell was born a critic; Longfellow ought to have been born a woman, while Poe, the greatest of them all, was forced to tread with naked foot the stones and thistles of the way till his song died into a wail. Tennyson and his contemporaries have brought the art of expression to its highest perfection. It seems impossible for the poet of the future to improve upon it, for one step further and it would degenerate into affectation. The poetry of the future may be Tennysonian, or it may swing to the opposite extreme of Whiterarian. The new poet may strike out on an original line of which we know nothing. None may point out the way for genius.

The poet, whether born or made, whether controlled by reason or divine madness, is the grandest, truest, most exalted interpreter of nature. He has sounded depths of the human soul too profound for the writer of prose; he has caught sight of ineffable visions vouchsafed to him alone of mortals. Poetry is the highest form of literature, and we should be loth to believe that the highest is falling into decay.

We have a poetry of the present and worthy of the present; I believe we shall have a poetry of the future and worthy of the future. I do not believe the newspaper and the magazine and the novel will ever succeed in strangling the poet or robbing him of his audience. He breathes a higher, purer atmosphere. Prose can never enter the region of poetry. The poet is "No more a singer, but a song." Poetry is less an

objective reality than a kind of subjective principle. The subtle alchemy of the poet's soul can transmute the most leaden commonplace into the purest gold of the heroic. We have in our nation—in its life, its deeds, its prospects—materials for the grandest poems of any tongue or any time. Every man has in him, however crude it may be, something of the poetic, and the true poet always has and always will find means of appealing to it. That side of man—and it is the noblest—prose can never satisfy. What passage in prose has ever touched the chord which responds to that oft-instanced line of Wordsworth's,

“Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,”

an epitome of all the descriptions of Paradise that have ever been written. The difference in prose and poetry is not one of degree but of kind. The poet of the future, like the poet of the past, will find it his privilege to light a fire none else may kindle, and satisfy that longing in man for the unattainable perfect that he approximates most nearly.

April, 1893.

C. P. SAPP.

BIBLE STUDY AT WAKE FOREST.

A person who knows but little of what Wake Forest College really is, and of the work it is doing, asked us not long since this question, “Is not the Bible the principal study at Wake Forest?” Of course we had to answer that it is not. We did not explain, however, that there is no such thing in connection with the college as a systematic study of the Bible. Some people think that this is the place where preachers are manufactured. While they are very much mistaken, may we not take advantage of their opinion and learn a lesson? Is it not falling far short of what the Baptists of North Carolina expect when we have no system of Bible study at all? It is true that Dr. Royall used to meet with the ministers on Sun-

day afternoons and give a course of instruction, the value of which cannot easily be reckoned. Dr. Taylor has done the same thing this year. We appreciated their work—all the more because they did it of their own accord. The college had nothing whatever to do with it. Wake Forest College was established principally for the education of young men who expect to preach the gospel.

There is now practically no difference in the course of study for the man entering the ministry and other students. Is not the curriculum deficient at this point? Is there not a need for a school of Bible study?

We verily believe that the Bible ought to be taught here as a text-book. The principles and truths found within its lids are of such incalculable value in all the vocations of life that it could certainly do no harm if it were prescribed and all were required to study it. This has been tried in other institutions and has proven a success. What others have done along this line, we can do with no less degree of success.

Should the authorities not deem it best to make this a prescribed study, will they not at least make it an elective study? It is certain that many young men come here, graduate, and go out into the world—men, too, who expect to spend their lives in the ministry—than whom many an uneducated farmer knows more scripture. Ought this so to be?

A mother is known by her daughter, a church by its members, and a college by its students. The reputation of Wake Forest College depends upon the men who receive instruction here. The ministers are watched with no less scrutiny than others. In view of this fact, it is not right that they should not receive special instruction in their line of work.

We would not be understood as wanting Wake Forest converted into a theological seminary, yet, by having a school for Bible study, we can see how much lasting good would be done to all, and especially to those who will preach and who cannot attend a seminary after leaving here.

Is this a denominational college? And shall there be a law department and a medical department, and nothing akin to a theological department? There is certainly a greater need for the latter than for either of the others. We don't believe the Baptists should establish other schools of the same kind to the exclusion of a school of a theological nature. Indeed, it seems to us much more expedient to establish a school for Bible study, for this reason: A law or a medical school would necessarily incur the extra expense of additional teaching force, while a school of theology, or, if we do not choose to call it by that name, a class for Bible study, need not be any extra expense. The present corps of teachers could easily teach a class in the study or school which we advocate.

S. W. OLDHAM.

AN HOUR WITH AN OLD BACHELOR.

One evening last summer it was my pleasure to visit a friend living near my home. He was not so fortunate as to have one to share his sorrows and joys; and though taking life easy at this time, he had done everything in his power to rid himself of that abominable name *caelebs homo*, but so far every effort had proved fruitless.

His house was situated near the road, and in order to understand well the location of it, you have only to lay down upon the ground in your mind the letter "T," the lower part of which represents a road, known as the "Ridge" road, running due south and marking the boundary between two counties of North Carolina, while the top of the letter represents a road running east and west, connecting two important towns of the same State. To the right of the lower part of the "T" and parallel with it, making therefore right angles with the top part of "T" which represents the road running east and west, is situated a store known as C—, where few costly articles are sold, but where

such things as tobacco to men and snuff to the good old sisters of the neighborhood are dealt out in large quantities. On the north side of "T" and fronting the road running east and west, at the point where it meets the other road, is situated the house of my friend. A more beautiful situation the sun never shone upon, and more beautiful did it seem at the time of my approach, when the sun had set behind the western hills and nothing could be heard except the mellow tones of the farm bells. The birds had hushed their merry songs and were now sitting concealed amid the thick foliage where they were to remain until the dawn of a new day.

I entered the porch and gave a gentle knock at the door. "Come in," was the response. Without delay I entered and received a hearty welcome. There being no ladies present, embarrassment did not entirely get possession of me. Soon, however, the laws of etiquette were being broken by my continual gaze at things so novel to me. Under such circumstances, reader, you must grant me an excuse. In one corner there was an old violin that would, from its appearance, make you think it to be the one used by Nero when Rome was burning. In an opposite corner was, as the bachelor said, his only companion, a dog so small and ill-shaped that an evolutionist would have affirmed his race fast dying out. The furniture greatly resembled that kind so often seen in the dormitories of male schools. To my surprise my eyes beheld, lying on a table near by, a copy of Burns' poems, and my opinion was, if ever there was a person who could appreciate the "Ayrshire Ploughman" my friend would be the one. The experience of the next few moments revealed to me that this book was not lying there merely to remind his visitors of his literary taste, for in the midst of our conversation he expressed himself as being very fond of poetry, and asked if it would be agreeable to me to hear him read a few lines from his favorite poet. My reply, as any one's would have been under like circumstances, was in the affirmative. After which he took the book into his hands and, without the long introduction that

young ladies always give when called on to perform on the piano, smoothly and with a feeling that Burns himself might have felt proud of, read. At this point the sensation produced by the poetry abated, for the supper bell was announcing a joyful message. We were very obedient to its summons, and soon were seated at the table. Various rumors had declared that "old bachelors" live like our canine friends, but now there is a willingness and readiness on my part to denounce that statement as false, for that supper, though a bachelor's fare, would have delighted anyone.

The time after supper was spent very pleasantly, and when the hour came for my departure it was somewhat of a regret to me, thinking my visit there had been of more benefit to me than some visits formerly had been to houses where the husbands seemed deprived of their power, both of acting and speaking, and the wives were "lords" of all; and thinking also that an "old bachelor," though deprived of some blessings, can claim at least three blessings—no women to harass him, poetry and solitude.

F. E. PARHAM.

"FLEETING CHANGE"—A REPLY TO "JO."

And now I know that I am great;
Success is won, and lasting fame;
A bard has stooped to dedicate
A "fleeting" poem to my name.

O mighty poet, born of spring,
With jingling words and narrow range,
In silly rhymes compelled to sing,
Your foolish ways will never "change".

What muse that warbling strain inspired?
Why rhythmic flow to it so strange?
What metre, tell me, is required
To measure feet in "fleeting change"?

Is "dead" the only English word
That can be found to rhyme with "fled"?
We would suggest (if not absurd)
The old disjunctive Latin "sed".

The cats that in the backyard fight,
And fill the darkness with their screams,
Have 'neath your window danced all night,
And mixed their music with your dreams.

Inspired by feline songs like these,
A poet cannot fail to write;
In one of his nocturnal sprees
He can but "fleeting change" indite.

A critic, poet, all in one,
Is bound to have his little say;
When he evolves a witless pun,
Like Balaam's ass, he gives a bray.

O "Fleeting change," your true self show,
Throw down your wand, forget your muse,
Put off your mask, my poet "Jo",
And this one fault we'll yet excuse.

THE AUTHOR OF "CHANGE, MYSTIC CHANGE."

EDITORIAL.

OUR MAGAZINE.

An intimate acquaintance of a few months with many of the best magazines of the various colleges leads us to understand and appreciate more clearly than before the position and value of our own magazine, as well as to reflect on its past usefulness and how it might be made a greater pride of this institution and its alumni in the future. We wish that the students of the college could know, from like acquaintance, the relative standing of *THE STUDENT* among other magazines, what others think and say of it. They should realize of what aid it has been in the rapid upbuilding of the college in recent years, the beginning of which upbuilding was simultaneous with the inception of the magazine. We would that they knew wherein lie its weaknesses and defects and were awake as to their duty in respect to the future of it.

It has been our intention, though never carried out, to insert from time to time what our contemporaries say of it, so that its promoters might know that, if words mean anything, the magazine is worthy the name. The natural pride and enthusiasm would then be stirred, and determination formed to make it an object, not only of college, but even of State pride. We do not desire to suggest that *THE STUDENT* is any way near perfect and that we should rest on our oars now, but our purpose is rather to stimulate and encourage to greater effort.

We think that the career of *THE STUDENT* has been influenced more by its completeness at its beginning than by any other circumstance. It sprang twelve years ago from the hands of Poteat, Osborne and Dixon full-fledged, with a systematic arrangement and high tone that would have been hardly improved upon. The high ideal set by its originators has been the guiding principle of its promoters ever since. It

is materially the same now as it was then; and in aim likewise, it is intended to develop a literary taste in the students and alumni of the college. Its system is unchanged and we hope it has not retrograded. Its career has been successful, unusually so.

Yet, many improvements can and ought to be made. Experience has brought unto itself wisdom; facilities for practical study of English are greater to-day than ever before. Opportunity makes duty. This being so, why can we not get the benefit of it? does it not become those upon whom its maintenance devolves to exercise greater diligence and more thought to the welfare of our magazine? We do not complain. It has never lacked for support in some sort, and we believe it is dear to every loyal member of the college. But this is what we speak of: More should write than do now. We say, to our sorrow, that some articles, though few in number, have entered its pages because a better was not handed in. It is the life of a journal and the delight of an editor to be able to reject contributions. Because he is able to choose between the good and the still better.

Again, there must be a wider range of subjects as well as greater care and thought should be shown. We do not mean to reflect on any previous article; individually, they have been excellent; collectively, they have been somewhat monotonous. Those who write must consult their own knowledge, experience and imagination for material, rather than eminent historians and works on economy, if they would interest readers. The long belabored essay and stale biography, culled from other men's works, are of the past. Lighter literature, ranging from historical and literary criticism to poetry and fiction become more the college student and a college magazine. By light, we do not mean a frivolous or a literature to be the object of slight attention. We would rather impress the idea that success in these lines means greater labor than in any other. Can we not have more articles and more diversity in subject.

In conclusion, we desire to thank those of the Alumni and Faculty who have contributed to *THE STUDENT*. Some of our most valuable articles have come from them, and great part of our success may be attributed to their aid. Our columns are open to them and they are expected to write.

W. L. F.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor.

THERE ARE a great many people at the present time who entertain the belief that the era of peace, if it has not already dawned, will soon begin. In Europe, to be sure, there are smouldering coals which are liable to be fanned into a flame at any moment; but even there, in the very cradle of war, there is the "peasant" monarch, the Czar of the Russias, hitherto looked upon as a menace to the Continent, who has lately declared himself an apostle of peace. In any case there is some ground upon which to base a hope that the day when disputes between the great powers are settled by appeal to arms is drawing to its close.

"Uncle Sam," however, is inclined to be sceptical. He learned years ago not to trust too implicitly in outward appearances. Nobody rejoices more than he over the prospect of the cessation of war, and he is sincerely glad to see the disposition on the part of the monarchs of Europe to smoke the pipe of peace. Yet he doesn't know but that on any day the choleric William of Germany will get into one of his combative moods; the Russian despot, forgetting his plighted troth to peace, unbury the hatchet; and the whole of Europe be convulsed with war, deadly war. And he hasn't a ghost

of an idea of what Count Von Caprivi's "coming eventualities" may blossom into.

While he is more than thankful that there are three thousand miles of "stormy main" between him and these warring elements, his concern for the safety of his people does not stop at mere thankfulness. In the last ten years he has built and equipped the largest factory for the manufacture of guns in the world. This factory was established in 1887. By 1907 there will be mounted along the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific five hundred monster guns, there to stand guard against foreign invasion; and the coast defence of the United States will be equal perhaps to that of any other country.

IN SPITE of all the precautions taken by "Uncle Sam" against the possibilities of future war, the signs of the times indubitably point to the speedy coming of the time when international differences shall be settled by arbitration. And that which is going to awaken the nations of the world to the necessity of putting an end to war, is the terrible destructiveness of the implements of modern warfare. Some of the guns which are being made in the United States factory will send a solid ball of steel, a thousand pounds in weight, through a wall of steel three feet thick and a mile and a half away. Dynamite, the most deadly agent in human destruction, is becoming as common as gunpowder. Men-of-war, twenty-five years ago, would fire gun after gun at each other, would have a few men perhaps killed, or a mast shot off, and then make off to repair damages. Now, two war vessels approach each other, the one gets its dynamite gun in readiness a moment sooner than the other, the latter is blown to a thousand atoms, and only the troubled waters are left to tell the tale of woe. In short, the art of killing has about arrived at perfection, and a war to-day would involve an incalculable amount of bloodshed and loss of life.

ALMOST EVERYONE who gave the matter any thought knew that when the Bland Seignorage Bill went to the President its fate was sealed. The attitude of the executive part of this government toward the white metal ought to be now clearly understood. Silver threads clearly do not have a very prominent place among the gold in Grover Cleveland's mind.

It is generally believed that the President had at heart the welfare of the people and the maintenance of the national credit when he refused to put his signature under the bill. His past career would not justify one in believing that his veto was simply in deference to the demands of the much berated frequenters of that street in a great city which everybody talks about, and of which everybody has a holy horror. Still it would seem that the President might have allowed the bill to become a law simply by way of experiment. It involved so small an amount, not as much as the private fortunes of several single individuals in this country, that it certainly could not have had a very serious effect, even if its principles were wrong. It would have furnished an admirable means, with little risk, of testing once for all the soundness of Cleveland's views on matters of currency.

AND NOW the report comes that the supply of Columbian stamps is exhausted and that letter-writers will have to resort to the use of the little red ones again. Better late than never. But how much better if there had never been any Columbian stamps at all! Who can calculate the number of people whose salivary glands have been permanently injured by furnishing moisture for so much territory? The great Wanamaker, during the four years that he had charge of the Nation's stamps, did a great many things—at any rate, we have no reason to believe that he didn't; but the one deed for which he will be longest remembered was the thrusting, upon the American people, of millions of Columbian postage stamps. For this

long shall his memory be green in the hearts of his countrymen, and when countless thousands shall pine away from imperfect mastication, and when salivary glands shall prematurely dry up and there shall be drought in the land, then the name of John Wauamaker will be named with execration.

A VAST DEAL of money is needed to carry on war. What with the incalculable expense which every war of any duration necessitates, there is little wonder that many great nations at the end of disastrous conflicts among themselves or with foreign foes have found their treasuries depleted and their people impoverished. The late struggle between the North and the South was no exception. The expenditure of money, not to speak of the loss of men, in the maintenance of the Union, stated in cold figures, startles the mind. Bad enough if this were the end of it. But the expenses of war do not cease with the cessation of cannons' roar and muskets' rattle. There are your old veterans, and young ones for that matter, who have lost a limb, or have been disabled in some other way; there are defenceless women who have been deprived of protectors by the ruthless hand of war; and there are thousands who, in one way or another, have suffered because of their own services or the services of those upon whom they are dependent. All these must be provided for. If the dispensing hand of the national government poured out its benefactions on those alone who deserve them, the burden upon an all-suffering people would be heavy enough, heaven knows. But not so. *The New York Times* is making some disclosures which show that the government has played into the hands of "pension sharks." With lavish hand it is dispensing the money paid into its treasury by an already overtaxed people to almost any and everybody who applies for a pension. There is a grain of consolation, perhaps, in the fact that the Democratic administration has reduced the appropriation for pensions for the current year by fifteen millions.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

J. W. SMITH, Editor *pro tem.*

HERBERT SPENCER has a beautiful tribute to the late Professor Tyndall in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April.

THE *Sunday Herald* will publish serially M. Zola's "Lourdes," beginning April 15, and running through three months.

GEORGE MEREDITH, like Tennyson, requires absolute quiet and solitude to write, and does all his work in a chalet near his house.

IT IS SAID Mrs. Humphry Ward is suffering from nervous prostration, and having finished "Marcella," will make a trip to the continent to recover.

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the orator and business man of America, has given out a very able essay on the "Prospects of Free Trade in America," in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE, by Nual Gallancy, is now published, "with concise preface, full glossary and such brief notes as are requisite for the thorough elucidation of the text,"

THERE IS to be an edition of the writings of Edgar Allen Poe published under the editorship of Mr. Edmond Clarence Stedman, and Prof. George E. Woodbury of Columbia College.

"A SPINSTER'S LEAFLETS," by Alyn Yates Keith, portrays very successfully the mother-longing in an old maid's heart, which must always be a subject for pathetic and reverent treatment.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & SONS have published the life of John Greenlief Whittier, by W. J. Linton. Whittier was undoubtedly a great poet, although at times the strains of his flat-nosed muse were not very harmonious to the ear of the Southerner.

KATHARINE LAUERDALE, by M. F. Marion Crawford, will soon be published by McMillan & Company. One needs no better introduction to Marion Crawford's ability than Pietro Thisleai and Mr. Isaacs.

SARAH GRAND'S new book, "Our Manifold Nature," is out. "Sarah Grand is one of those writers who have a 'message,' and hers is to teach every woman that her object in life should be the higher education of man."

ON NOVEMBER 3 the centennial of William Cullen Bryant's birth will be celebrated at Great Barrington, where the poet was married and lived for several years. His house is still standing, but has been moved to make room for a hotel.

GEORGE H. RICHMOND & CO. have brought out in a dainty volume that charming little story of George Sand, "*La Petite Fadette*," translated by Miss Jane Sedgewick. *Francois le Champi* and *La Mare au Diable* are anxiously looked for.

"TOWER STUDIES" seem to be in favor with authors. Alexander Dumas had a room at the top of his house where he worked upon a table covered with red velvet and spotted with ink. T. B. Aldrich has a tower without any decorations that are not necessary. Nathaniel Hawthorne was perfectly satisfied only in his tower-room, without any unnecessary embellishment and visited only by the imaginary doves of Hilda.

THE BEST HOPE of American literature does not lie in the aspiration, or rather in the "strain," to be original. In the conception of many, to be original is to go outside of one's self, to try a new form, to be startling or fantastic in manner, to make the common and ordinary appear new and forcible by some trick of style or eccentricity of rhetoric. It is vain. Ultimately all literature has to go to the mint; the standard at the mint is thought, and it is the thought struck in the simplest phrase that is coined. In one sense it is true that there is but one original thing in the world, and that is your-

self. Your special quality may be of no great value; your difference from others may be so slight that its expression would have little intent or worth. But whatever it is, great or small, it is the one real contribution you can make to art or literature. This is not denying that you may not, by learning and industry, by compiling and arranging and restating and copying and describing in new combinations, entertain and benefit the world, but that the really original contribution to its literature must come out of yourself, must be, in short, that personal unique quality which marks the work of all masters and distinguishes one master from another. This contribution may be slight, a single poem, treatise or story, or it may be a Shakesperian overflow, but the kernel of value in it all is the expression of the individual genius.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. E. YATES, Editor.

—'55. A. J. Emerson, who for seventeen years held the professorship of English Literature and History in William Jewel College, Mo., has, since '90, been President of Howard Payne College, Brownwood, Texas.

—E. K. Dargan ('56-'57) is a prominent and popular lawyer, also president of the People's National Bank in Darlington, S. C.

—'60. Dr. J. D. Huffham, who for some time has served the people of Tarboro, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Shelby.

—T. M. Gorman ('75-'76) is private secretary to Julian S. Carr of Durham.

—Rev. C. S. Cashwell ('78-'81) is pastor at Hickory.

—'79. Rev. G. P. Hamrick is pastor of the Boiling Springs church, Cleveland County.

—'81. Rev. L. N. Chappell gives encouraging reports of his missionary work in Chinkiang, China.

—'81. Rev. M. V. McDuffie, pastor of the Remsen Avenue Baptist church of New Brunswick, N. J., has a large and appreciative congregation. They have just completed a new house of worship.

—'86. Rev. Frank Dixon has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Hartford, Conn.

—'89. Rev. G. L. Merrell is teaching at Franklinville.

—Wake Forest can boast of having sons in almost every State of the Union, and, with few exceptions, wherever found they do honor to the noble institution from which they go. Of those who have made their way towards the West may be mentioned Professors Charles Lee Smith ('84), of the chair of History and Political Economy, and James Henry Simmons ('89), professor of English, of William Jewel College, Missouri. The former graduated in '89 at Johns Hopkins University with the degree of Ph. D., was for two years instructor in history and lecturer on sociology in the same institution, also Secretary of the Charity Organization Society, and in '91 was elected to the position which he now holds. The latter was a professor in Carson and Newman College, Tennessee, for two years, afterwards accepting his present professorship. He is also Secretary of the Missouri Historical Society.

—We are glad to learn that J. M. Parrott ('88-'91), who has been attending the University of Louisiana, has, upon merit, gained a position in the Charity Hospital in New Orleans. There were fifty-two other contestants for the place.

—J. E. Alderman ('89-'92) is teaching at the Baptist Orphanage.

—'90. B. S. Mitchell is taking an advanced course in chemistry at the University of Chicago.

—'90. T. L. Blalock, who is pursuing an advanced course in chemistry at Johns Hopkins, holds the position of an assistant under Professor Morse, the acting professor of Analytical Chemistry. He is also employed by the city in analytical work.

—'90. James A. Holloman is editor of the *Kellogg News*, a new journal published in Atlanta, Ga. His ambition is a "paper worthy of the name." He is well equipped. May he succeed.

—Jasper Howell, Jr., ('91-'93) is the happy pastor of the cultured people of the "quaint and historic" town of Jonesboro, Tenn.

—'92. R. L. Moore is principal of the Amherst Academy, North Catawba, N. C.

—'92. Rev. J. D. Moore, though young in years is not so in name and efficiency. He is the zealous pastor of Beaufort church.

—'93. C. W. Wilson and D. M. Prince are now in Mississippi representing the National Garment Cutting Company.

—'52. One of Wake Forest's most honored alumni was Chief Justice Lea of Tennessee, who died March, 1894. A full account of his life and work appears below:

The members of the Knoxville bar reconvened at the rooms of the Supreme Court yesterday to hear the report of the Committee on Resolutions on the death of Chief Justice Lea.

Mr. Green read the resolutions, which were adopted, and are as follows:

Death has again entered the ranks of our profession, and a good man has gone from us in the person of Chief Justice Benjamin James Lea.

Judge Lea was born January 1, 1833, in Caswell County, North Carolina, and died at his home near Brownville, Haywood County, Tennessee, in March, 1894.

He was raised on a farm, and graduated at Wake Forest College, North Carolina, in 1852. Soon after graduation he began to look about for his future home, and, in 1852, moved to Haywood County, Tennessee, where he resided until his death.

He first taught school in Haywood and Madison counties, and married Miss Catherine Currie, a daughter of George Currie, a prosperous planter of Haywood County. He read law in the office of Gen. L. M. Campbell, of Brownsville, was admitted to practice about 1855, and soon gave promise of a useful and successful lawyer. He was elected to the lower house of the General Assembly of Tennessee in 1859 and served with honor during the momentous times covering the sessions of 1859-'60, and the extra sessions of 1861. When the war, 1861-'65, broke out he joined his fortunes with his State and joined a regiment recruited in Haywood and Madison counties for service in the Confederate army, was first made Quartermaster with the rank of Major, and was afterwards elected Colonel of his regiment, and served during the war with fidelity to the cause he had espoused and honor to himself, and when the lost cause had furled its banners, he surrendered and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., and returned to his home to resume the vocations of peace and the pursuit of his profession, which were much more congenial to his amiable disposition than the strifes and bitterness of war. He formed a partnership with Hon. H. J. Livingston which continued until Judge Livingston was elected Chancellor in 1872. He continued to practice law with his son-in-law T. F. Baynes until 1878, when he was elected Attorney General for the State by the Supreme Court, and served for eight years. In 1888 Judge Lea was elected to the Senate of the State, and in January, 1889, was elected Speaker of the Senate, a position which he held and filled with ability and in which all of his colleagues, of every political faith, agree that he presided with judicial fairness and impartiality. It was this uniform

kindness, fairness and impartiality which probably gave him the Democratic nomination for Supreme Judge to fill the unexpired term of Judge W. C. Folks in 1890, and which resulted in his election in August, 1890, by the largest majority ever received by any candidate for the Supreme Judgeship in the history of the State.

When Judge H. H. Lurton (who was then Chief Justice) resigned in 1893, to accept a position as Circuit Judge of the United States, Judge Lea was elected Chief Justice by his associates, which position he held at his death. Being Chief Justice, he presided over the Senate as a Court of Impeachment in the trial of Judge J. J. DuBose, in May last, in an impartial and dignified manner.

Speaking impartially, it perhaps cannot be said of him that he was a genius or even a brilliant man, nor that he was so profound a lawyer, or of as quick perception, or so apt in expression of opinion as some of his predecessors or his contemporaries; but he was a patient, hard working, conscientious Judge; one who sought to ascertain and determine the right of the case under the law.

While acting as Attorney General his great desire was, as shown by reports from 1st to 16th Lea, to get away from strictly technical forms and practice which tended to obstruct the administration of justice, and it was during his term of office in which Judge Freeman, in the case of Woods against the State (14 Lea, 460), stated *arguendo* that "Courts in this enlightened age ought not to be asked to put on judicial spectacles in order to darken or distort the meaning of language. The day for all this is past."

Judge Lea retained his love of farm life, with its habits of early rising, simplicity in dress, and love of nature. In his social life he was kind and courteous.

In his intercourse with members of the profession he was not demonstrative but easily approached, like a father or elder brother to the young men of the bar, a quiet and courteous companion to the older members.

He was a faithful follower of the lowly and gentle Nazarene. He was not ostentatious or arrogant in his religious beliefs or in his life, and while firm in his convictions, was tolerant of those of others. He took no share in coarse or vulgar jest or ribaldry, and his faith was simple, trustful and strong.

His dealings and communion with others, both socially and officially, marked him as a loveable, noble, Christian gentleman: "The tree is known by its fruit."

He died as he had lived, peaceful and hopeful; therefore, be it resolved,

1. That in the death of Chief Justice Benjamin James Lea the State has lost a good citizen and faithful and able officer, society a valuable member and the bar a friend.

2. That we tender to the widow and family of our deceased friend our sympathy and condolence.

3. That the chairman of this meeting be requested to appoint a committee to present these resolutions to the various Courts of this county and request that they be spread upon the records, and that the secretary furnish a copy of the proceedings of this meeting to the family of the deceased.

COMMITTEE.

COLLEGE NEWS AND EXCHANGES.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor.

THE SENIOR CLASSES of several Northern colleges have adopted the cap and gown as a mark of their seniority or, perhaps, of their superiority. It is an evident fact that the work of "the crank exterminator" is not yet arrived at completion.

FROM DISTANT Indiana comes *The Clarion* which, despite its warlike name, is not at all loud and noisy. On the contrary, it is a quiet, dignified little paper; little because it is in the first year of its existence. It has the best wishes of THE STUDENT for a prosperous career.

THERE IS FOOD for thought in the statement of President Eliot of Harvard that the Greeks, who knew more about athletics than we shall learn in a hundred years, held their Olympic games once in four years, while to-day the college student wants at least four contests every year.

ONE OF OUR neatest and best arranged exchanges is *The Peabody Record*. We admire the bold and fearless way in which one of its contributors defends the administration, and but for recent developments, would endorse to the letter the views presented. It is a matter of gratification to THE STUDENT to see other magazines, like itself, giving space for the discussion of current political questions.

TWO OTHER publications from our sister State beyond the mountains pay their monthly visit to our table, *The Tennessee University Student* and *The Vanderbilt Observer*. The February number of the *Student* contains "Passing the Love of Woman," an appetizing little bit of fiction, in the perusal of which one can while away a half hour very pleasantly. "Opinions and Echoes," in the *Observer* for March, is rather one of its best features. We do not think, however, that the editorial department of either the *Student* or the *Observer* is quite what one would expect from two institutions of such note as Vanderbilt University and the University of Tennessee.

IF WE HAD to pronounce the name of a certain exchange in order to give it a place in this department, it would, we fear, go unnoticed. We refer to *The Mnemosynean*, with our condolence to the printer. The ----- is quite an attractive paper. The outside is peculiarly striking. The contributions, though not very lengthy, are well written. But now, now, what are we to think of the fair students of Agnes Scott Institute, when, standing prominent before the eyes of all readers, are such lines as these:

Her lips were uplifted,
Her cheek on his breast,
Her head touched the button,
And he did the rest.—*Ex.*

FEW COLLEGE magazines can compare favorably with *The Southern Collegian*, published by the students of Washington and Lee University. Its contributions are quite the reverse of the stilted essay found in most college periodicals. They cover the wide range of biography, poetry, fiction and criticism. The article on "The American Newspaper," in a recent number, is well worth the attention of any one who wishes to get some conception of the untold power of that mighty instrument of civilization, the modern newspaper. Still the *Collegian*, like everything else with which the hand of imperfect man has to do, is not without its faults. We do not think, for example, that the exchange department, as it appears in the February number, is exactly what it ought to be in a *Collegian*. The editor confines himself almost wholly to the Northern monthlies, such as *Lippincott's*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Atlantic Monthly*, etc., all of which, let it be said in passing, he reviews very creditably. Now we recommend that he give those magazines less space and devote a little more of his attention to those college periodicals which, though in many cases inferior to the *Collegian*, are nevertheless more strictly exchanges than the lofty publications enumerated above.

THIS IS AN age of colleges and college students. There are more men and women, boys and girls, who are engaged in systematic study—we do not speak in exaggeration—than ever before. Students are everywhere, in the crowded thoroughfares of the cities and in the lanes and byways of the country; in the noonday glare of civilization and in the darkness and superstition of barbarism. And this is perfectly natural. How many times have we been told that this is an "age upon ages telling, when to be living is sublime"? People have to be students to keep up with the growing demand of the times. Hence the thousands of colleges. They are the embodiment in wood and stone of that disposition so characteristic of nineteenth century people: Seek and learn. Surely, then, the change we have made in the name of this depart-

ment will not be considered amiss. Certainly, as members of that great body of human beings who are actuated by the one motive of getting wisdom, the students of every institution ought to keep at elbow touch with those who, like themselves, are toiling up learning's rugged heights.

TO THE thousands of taxpayers in North Carolina who yearly pay out their hard-earned dollars for the support of the State University, it must be a source of uneasiness that, while apparently everything is moving on smoothly at the University, yet, within its walls there are strife and disunion. For a long time there has been a decided antipathy among some students of the University for the fraternities which flourish there. This feeling has lately taken the form of a four-page weekly newspaper, a recent number of which contained a formidable article under the heading of "Fraternities at a State Institution."

Now we have been led to believe that it would be something nice to be a member of a Greek letter fraternity, and surely all will agree that it would be really delightful if one had at hand a number of friends pledged to help him over his difficulties, to weep when he weeps, to rejoice when he rejoices. For all that, we had almost reached the conclusion that the anti-fraternity element is in the right and, remembering that right will ultimately triumph, were ready to predict the early "passing" of fraternities from the University. But, thanks to a kind guardian angel, we were prevented from jumping at conclusions when we had read only one side of the question, and that side represented by a newspaper, the editors of which give very clear evidence of their want of judgment and courtesy in a recent fling at the President of this institution.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

S. R. BUXTON, Editor *pro tem*.

EASTER!

HOLIDAY!

TENNIS!

BASE-BALL!

THE Old Gold and Black again victorious.

MISS IDA POTEAT spent Easter on the Hill.

"THE EAGLE of victory has again taken his perch upon our banner."

MISS ZUA PACE, of Neuse, has been spending some days on the Hill visiting friends.

MISS KATE LEWIS, of Suffolk, Va., has returned from a visit to Mrs. C. E. Brewer.

WE WERE glad to see Messrs. J. W. Bailey and S. McIntyre on the Hill a few days since.

MR. W. H. WHITE and wife, of Norfolk, have returned from a short visit to relatives here.

IN COMPLIANCE with a petition from the students, the Faculty gave holiday on Easter Monday.

MISS WILLIE SIMMONS, who has been visiting relatives in Louisburg for some time, has returned.

THEIR MANY friends were glad to see Misses Allen and Yancey, of Raleigh, on the Hill a few days since.

THE bed-spring factory has been completed and work begun in earnest. The factory does an extensive business.

WE ARE glad to note the recovery of Mr. C. F. Reid. He has been sick quite a while with the popular disease, "La Grippe."

EXCELLENT work is being done in both Literary Societies now, looking to the medal contests which are to be held soon.

REV. EDWARD M. POTEAT has consented to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon at our next commencement. A better selection could not have been made.

NOW IS THE time for the seniors who have, for the past few months been strutting with more than usual pomp, to show their *superiority* by winning in the inter-class games of ball.

QUITE A NUMBER of students are now practicing for the various contests to be held on Field Day. The medals to be awarded to the successful contestants are unusually attractive.

PROF. E. W. SIKES and Mr. J. D. Robertson delivered very interesting as well as instructive addresses at the April meeting of the Wake Forest Missionary Society, on "The Bible in Missions."

CAPTAIN DANIEL has chosen the following men for the base-ball team this year: Smith, p.; Stafford, c.; Taylor, ss.; Kimball, 1b.; Holding, S., 2b.; Holding, J., 3b.; Jones, lf.; Daniel (captain), cf.; Royall, rf.

PROF. J. B. CARLYLE, of the chair of Latin, is rapidly growing in popularity as a public speaker. He has appointments of the literary addresses at the commencement of seven educational institutions this spring.

THE Wake Forest Scientific Society held its regular meeting on the night of April 7. Prof. C. E. Brewer delivered an interesting lecture on the "History and Mode of Occurrence of Petroleum." Prof. B. F. Sledd will read a paper on the "History of Superstition" at the next meeting.

WE ARE SORRY to note the death of Mrs. Anne Battle, which occurred here last month. Her two sons, Drs. John, an alumnus, and Adolphus Battle, formerly a student of Wake Forest College, now prominent physicians of Wadesboro, were present at the funeral. They have our sincerest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

REV. W. C. TYREE, of Durham, assisted the pastor, Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, in a meeting here during the past month. Mr. Tyree is an earnest, able speaker, and soon won the confidence of the entire student-body. Great interest was manifested by the whole church, especially by the students. Several additions were made to the church.

THE Odd Fellows' Lodge of Wake Forest, in conjunction with the resident Masons, gave a banquet on the night of April 3. Several of the young people of the place were present, besides the regular members. Prof. E. W. Sikes delivered an address of welcome. After the feast an address on brotherly love was delivered by Prof. J. B. Carlyle.

PRESIDENT C. E. TAYLOR, Prof. W. L. Poteat and Mr. R. E. Royall attended the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the College at Raleigh on April 10. The offer of Mr. Rockafeller, through the American Baptist Educational Society, of \$5,000, on condition that the college should raise \$20,000, was accepted, and Rev. C. Durham was appointed to canvass the State in behalf of the college. He was also elected chairman of the Board.

PROFS. SLEDD, Sikes, Poteat, Lanneau and Carlyle attended the meeting of the N. C. College Association at Durham. Prof. Sledd read a paper on the "Preparation of English for Colleges." Prof. Carlyle was one of the speakers at the banquet tendered by the citizens of Durham. They all express the greatest pleasure in their trip, and speak enthusiastically of their reception and the hospitality with which they met, as well of the progress and activity of Durham.

IT WAS WITH the greatest pleasure that we welcomed to our college the base-ball teams of the A. and M. College and Oak Ridge Institute, with whom we crossed bats the 24th, and 6th and 7th, respectively. The yearly visits of these two teams, promotive of better acquaintance between students of sister institutions of learning, afford us the greatest pleasure

in entertaining, and furnish unanswerable arguments of the benefits of inter-collegiate games. We esteem it a pleasure to do anything that might make their visit among us enjoyable.

THE FIELD DAY exercises, which are to be on Friday, April 27, bid fair to be the best and most entertaining of any that have preceded them. The following have been elected officers for that occasion: President, E. W. Sikes; Executive Committee: T. J. Pence, J. E. Yates, W. Durham; Field Judges: W. J. Christain, R. T. Daniel, J. W. McNeil; Track Judges: J. C. Howard, J. H. Gore, W. H. Jones; Scorer, J. E. Yates; Timers: F. M. Lee, E. H. Snider, I. M. Meekins; Starter, E. W. Sikes; Marshals: P. R. Britton, R. M. Stafford, E. Colwell, L. Smith, W. C. Newton, J. Y. Mangum, T. H. Briggs.

BASE-BALL.

F. M. LEE.

Our game with the A. and M. College on the 24th of last month proved an easy victory. With the exception of the battery work of Wake Forest and Royall's fine catch in left field, the game was without any very marked features. The A. and M. boys failed to score until the sixth inning, when a wild throw by Daniel let in two runs, which was followed in the eighth inning by two more on the errors of Holding, J., and Taylor. The game was marked by the best of feeling throughout. Below is the summary:

	A. B.	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
A. and M. College-----	36	4	5	27	6	8
Wake Forest -----	46	15	13	27	7	5

Batteries: For A. and M. College, Wynne and Prichett. For Wake Forest, Smith and Stafford.

Struck out—By Wynne, 4; by Smith, 10.

FIRST GAME WITH OAK RIDGE.

On the 6th and 7th of April we met our old rivals, Oak Ridge, and succeeded in winning both games from them. The

weather was almost too cool for base-ball, yet the attendance was the best ever seen on the grounds. Wake Forest was first to the bat, and scored five runs before the third man was retired. On Oak Ridge's first time to the bat Jones flew out to Royall, and Smith struck out the other two batsmen. Wake Forest added one or two each inning until they had 16 runs to their credit, to Oak Ridge's 3. The feature of the game was the batting of Stafford, of Wake Forest, who, in four times at bat, knocked a two- and three-bagger and a home run. The pitching of Smith was good. For Oak Ridge, Gray knocked a beautiful three-bagger.

	A. B.	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Oak Ridge -----	32	3	3	27	14	10
Wake Forest -----	45	16	11	27	15	2

Summary: Earned runs—Wake Forest, 10; Oak Ridge, 0. Two-base hits—Stafford, King, Daniel. Three-base hits—Gray, Stafford, R. Home run—Stafford. Struck out—By Smith, 5. Batteries—For Oak Ridge, Van Noppen, Gray and King; for Wake Forest, Smith and Stafford.

SECOND GAME.

The second game proved more interesting, and at one time it seemed that the victory would go to Oak Ridge, for it was only by cool playing at the last that Oak Ridge was kept from tying the score, having three men on bases, no outs, and the score 8 to 4. More errors were made by both sides in this game than the first, a part of which must be charged to the high wind and dust. The catch of Taylor at second of a muffed fly was the best individual play of the game. The pitching of Jones, C., and Smith was good.

	A. B.	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Oak Ridge -----	40	5	3	27	9	12
Wake Forest -----	41	8	6	27	11	10

Summary: Earned runs—Wake Forest, 4; Oak Ridge, 1. Two-base hit—Daniel. Three-base hit—Stafford, R. Struck out—By Smith, 3; by Jones, 3.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

PROF. J. C. MASKE.....ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY:

W. L. FOUSHEE.....EDITOR.
R. F. BEASLEY.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY:

R. W. HAYWOOD.....EDITOR.
J. E. YATES.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

W. B. STOKELY.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. XIII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., MAY, 1894.

No. 8.

DISSATISFACTION THE MOTHER OF PROGRESS.*

Early in the morning, long ago, in a cave of the great Kylenian Hill lay the new-born Hermes, the son of Zeus. Phœbus had not driven his fiery chariot over half the heavens when the babe arose from his sacred cradle and stepped forth from the dark cavern. He struck his bow upon the lyre, and sweet music swelled forth upon the air. Like the merry song of youths and maidens, as they sport, rose the song of the child Hermes as he sang of the love of Zeus and Maia, and how he was born of the god; as he sang, telling of the glittering home of the nymph, his mind was pondering other things, and within his childish breast were growing feelings of dissatisfaction which soon ripened into action. When the song was ended he said to his mother, who chided him as the crafty rogue born to plague the race of men and to worry the undying gods, "I know thy interest and mine. Why should we remain here in this dreary cave with never a gift nor a feast to cheer our hearts. It is more pleasant to banquet with the gods than to dwell in this lonely cave. I will try my luck against Apollo. I mean to be his peer. If he will not suffer me, and if Zeus, my father, will not take my part, I will see

* Oration delivered by J. D. Robertson, orator of the Euzelian Society, at Anniversary, February 17, 1894.

what I can do for myself by going to the shrine of Phytho and stealing the tripod and cauldron, the iron vessel and glittering robe. If I cannot have honor in Olympus, I can, at least, be chief of thieves."

Though the child Hermes was young and his feet tender to tread the rugged way, he went forth to compete with the crafty Phœbus. He won the golden rod, obtained the favor of Zeus, and took his place among the Olympian gods. As the child Hermes looked out from the narrow confines of his dreary home to a life among the gods, and went forth to battle for Olympian honors, so the American people; the young and old, rich and poor, the uneducated, as well as the educated, are reaching out for higher positions in life. They are not satisfied to grovel in ignorance and darkness, when the horizon is radiant with light and knowledge. They shun poverty as something to be feared, and enter the fierce contest for wealth. They flee obscurity and seek notoriety by gaining honor and public fame. All classes, whatever be their condition or occupation in life, seem to cherish the belief that there is room at the top. None are satisfied—the poor want to be rich, and the rich desire greater riches; the uneducated are clamoring for education, and the more enlightened are searching for greater knowledge; the oppressed are striving to rid themselves of the yoke of bondage, and the free desire a larger liberty. Unrest and dissatisfaction characterize all classes. It is dissatisfaction bequeathed to us by our mothers and intensified in our own lives.

To many this unrest is indicative of great danger. Indeed, not a few declare the fever to be at a high temperature, and that the reaction will be violent. In their view the heavens are black with omens of disaster; the fountains of the great deep are broken up, and modern society is far gone in the process of disintegration. In so speaking I not only voice the sentiment of the pessimist, who believes the human race always tending from bad to worse, ever deepening in con-

fusion and wretchedness, but more serious indications of the prevalence of this idea are to be found in the despairing tone of much of our literature, and in the vague unformulated expectations of many in the humble walks of life. So, too, many of the great writers have voiced the same sentiment. Carlyle wrote at the age of seventy-seven, "more dreary, barren, base and ugly seem to me all the aspects of this poor diminishing world, doomed to a death one can only wish to be speedy." Tennyson seems to have proclaimed our progress to be but regress, our boasted cosmos, mere chaos.

Count Tolstoi avows the belief that the edifice of civil society, erected by the toil and energy of countless generations, is a crumbling ruin. More painful still is the fact that anxiety, not to say despair, as to the future is becoming more and more universal.

But why should there be so much despondency and despair as to the condition of American society? Is civilization a failure? Has the chest been opened, and all the vices and sorrows escaped, and hope alone shut out from the world? Are all the omens evil? Is there not a ray of light amid the darkness, a lone star peering forth to guide our footsteps in search of redemption? It seems we are prone to look upon the dark side of the picture, and to make mountains out of mole-hills. While I would not be an Edward Bellamy to dream out a perfect state of society, where life is free from all of its trials and troubles, and all are equally happy. I do not believe we are approaching a hell on earth, as is pictured in Cæsar's Column. There are good men to-day as well as bad men, and though there is seeming confusion and antagonism, there is success and progress. The world is growing better, not worse.

"'Tis coming up the steeps of time,
 And this old world is growing brighter,
 We may never see its dawn sublime,
 Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter."

It is a notable fact that every period of paroxysm and change, the signs of whose approach filled wise and good men with terrible forebodings, proved in the end highly beneficial. The world has been, in each instance, a better world because of the occurrence. It is clear that over the debris of fallen thrones and dismantled institutions, society has ever been mounting to higher levels of knowledge and order. The dissatisfaction of the classes with their lot in life has always resulted in the wider emancipation and more distinct elevation of those classes.

When the swelling tide of dissatisfaction had terminated in the overthrow of Rome, a rich deposit was left upon the barren soil of the prostrate empire, out of which, in due time, grew and ripened the fruits of a better civilization. In the new order of things that slowly emerged from the abyss of universal ignorance and disorder finally appeared that blended sense of personal freedom and responsibility which has ever been the germinal principle of modern progress. The better element of the wrecked Roman civilization, such as Christian institutions, law and municipal government, survived the flood, and combined with manhood and love of liberty to breed a race better fitted to renew the fortunes of the world. Great inventions, great discoveries and the wide diffusion of learning gave a vast expanse to the human horizon, and set the minds of men in a ferment of unrest and inquiry; the old mediæval bottles could no longer bear the strain of the new wine with which they had been filled, and they finally burst in that explosion called the reformation. In that explosion old ideas, old faiths and institutions, the supremacy of the church, the tyranny of Aristotle, and the oppression of feudalism, all perished or received wounds from which they soon bled to death. New forms of religion, new laws, and new institutions, above all a new spirit of self-assertion and investigation resulted in the splendid triumph of modern civilization.

Such changes seem to renovate society, and cause it to shed off its dead growth and come forth with new apparel. "Life, whether animal, intellectual or moral, whether individual or social, is developed and attains strength and excellence only through struggle, and would lose half its charm could we strip it of the element of danger, the risk of loss, the hope of gain, and the rising from a lower to a higher plane in life." Though victory is the end of fighting, we love the contest more than the triumph. The objects for which we contend change, but the unrest and love of contention never cease in spite of the poet's saying that, "Repose is the central feeling of all happiness." Effort, which is born of struggle, is to life what motion is to water—keeps it pure and fresh; and the individual or society which gives over the battle for a higher life, and quietly reposes in its contentment while the world moves on, will fatally sink to a lower plane.

This feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction has characterized the progress of our people. It is with a reverence, such as is stirred by the headwaters of some mighty river as it trickles down the mountain side, amid the hills, over the rocks and spreads out into the broad valley to wind its way oceanward, that we look upon the English race as it met around the "Sacred Olive," there to order its industry and form its laws. From thence to trace its history and note the changes as it has advanced amid the upheavals and revolutions of the past; from the little knots of kinsmen, dwellers in the same plat, knit together by their common holdings within the same bounds, came the more extended assembly, and with war came the king who, after many years of struggle and hardship, was replaced by the more democratic forms of government.

If we walk the ages, view the struggles, see the ruins of war, heroes perishing upon the fields of blood, note the rise and fall of empires, unfold the parchments of creeds that have flourished and crumbled with the ages, note the advancement:

success coming out of ruin, courage from defeat, virtue from corruption, glory from misfortune and triumph crowning the efforts of the brave contestants, feel the throbbing pulse of a restless people, we need not stand bewildered at the surging throngs of the nineteenth century. But as we see the spirit of dissatisfaction prevailing among the restless millions as they strive for the mastery, no longer satisfied with past accomplishments, but each day seeking something new, higher and more productive, with a larger liberty and a fuller life, we may say with Philip Bailey,

“ We live in deeds not in years, in thoughts not in breaths.
He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

No American thinks of remaining in any grade, calling or position because his ancestors have been there. From the bottom to the top is but a single leap, and anyone can make the leap. Long established distinctions and demarkations are broken up; classes are mixed and fused, and all are stimulated by the spirit of enterprise and competition.

The favorite charge against our age that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer is, so far as the poor are concerned, unfounded in fact and false in spirit. There is more unrest and discontent than ever before, more people wanting what they haven't got; but it is not because they have got less, but because they have been educated and enlightened and their views of life have been elevated so they are capable of larger desires. The luxuries of the past have, in fact, become the necessities of the present. The labor troubles, which are the subject of so much discussion and theorizing, do not arise from the fact that the lot of the laborer is harder than it has been in the past, but the laborers have become conscious of the hardships and limitations to which they are subjected; they feel them more keenly than ever before, and hence they have formed innumerable organizations to protect their rights and promote their interests. It is utterly futile to make an

outcry against trade unions and combinations. They exist, and the ends for which they exist are praiseworthy, and there is no power that can put them down. The mighty social forces are beginning to shake the political fabric of the world. They are uppermost in the minds of men; they are the great efforts of men to live the lives of men. The end and purpose is a richer existence with respect to mind, soul and body. It is a force pushing on towards the attainment of the purpose of humanity, the full and harmonious development in each individual of all the human faculties—the faculties of knowing, loving, perceiving and working. The true significance of the labor struggles is an attempt to bring to pass the idea of human development, which has animated sages, prophets and poets of all ages—the idea that the time must come when warfare shall cease, and the peaceful and harmonious organization of society shall be the crowning glory of men. The labor movement represents mankind as it is represented by no other manifestation in the life of nations, because a vast majority of the race are laborers.

This feeling of unrest is found in all modern lands. In our own country it extends from the shores of the Atlantic to the waters of the Pacific, from the source of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. This restless movement is widespread and lasting. False guides may combat the true leaders, and there may be backward motion as well as advancement, but frequent whirlpools and innumerable eddies do not prevent the onward flow of the mighty stream. The notion that there is peril because certain customs and constitutionalities which our ancestors approved have ceased to commend themselves to us is primitive and provincial. Not only our history, but the history of all civilized nations, has been one of development—a history of alteration. Where there is the question of men and men's affairs, not to change is not to live. The social and political condition which corresponded with the needs of three million farmers a hundred years ago, do not meet the

demands of a highly organized and complex society of a great, populous and wealthy republic. Old ideas, old customs, institutions and laws must give place to more modern demands. The great wave of dissatisfaction which has swept over our land in the past few years has set in motion forces that will leave lasting impressions.

The so-called People's party may be short lived, but the spirit of dissatisfaction has permeated the whole political fabric, and the leaven will do its work.

This dissatisfaction is very marked in the industrial world, and nowhere do we find greater progress. The industrial growth of our country is without precedent. It is a great revolution effected in peace. The progress of the South in the last quarter of a century seems almost a miracle, not to mention the unparalleled advancement of the North and West.

Mr. Grady, the silver-tongued son of the South, illustrated our industrial progress in one of his famous speeches by the description of a burial, where he said: "The grave was dug through solid marble, but the marble headstone came from Vermont. It was a pine wilderness, but the coffin came from Cincinnati. An iron mountain overshadowed the grave, but the coffin nails and screws came from Pittsburg. With hard woods and metals abounding, the corpse was hauled on a wagon from South Bend, Indiana. The cotton shirt on the dead man came from Cincinnati, the shoes from Boston, the folded hands were enclosed in white gloves from New York, and around the poor neck, that had worn all its lifelong days the bondage of lost opportunity, was twisted a cheap cravat from Philadelphia. That country, so rich in undeveloped resources, furnished nothing for the funeral except the corpse and a hole in the ground, and would have imported those if possible. As the poor fellow was lowered to his rest on coffin bands from Lowell, he carried nothing into the next world as a reminder of his home in this, save the halted blood in his veins, the chilled marrow in his bones and the echo of the

dull clods that fell on his coffin lid. There is now more than three million dollars invested in marble around that grave. Its pitiful loneliness is broken by the rumble of ponderous machinery, and a strange tumult pervades the wilderness. Twenty miles away the largest marble cutting works in the world put to shame in a thousand shapes the modest headstone. Forty miles away four coffin factories, with their exquisite works, tempt the world to die. The iron hills are gashed and swarm with workmen. Near by are shoe factories, nail factories, shovel and carriage factories, to supply the other wants of man. And that country can now get up a nice native and home-made funeral."

It is needless to exemplify the manner in which the whole industrial world has progressed as a result of the unrest and discontent of our people. The steamboats that cover our waters, the factories that spread over land, the railroads that link together the ends of the earth with fetters of iron, the telegraph that outstrips the winds and bears our messages on wings of lightning. These and a thousand other modern improvements bear testimony to the fact that the unsatisfied Americans are moving forward. Steamboats have been built, railroads laid, factories constructed and improved machinery of all kinds has come to the relief of toiling humanity as a result of dissatisfaction. Stephenson became dissatisfied as he stood by the engine from day to day shifting the valve to cut off the steam, and in his effort to make the machine do that work the locomotive was invented.

"Progress is the people's prayer;
The glad diviner's theme;
The young man's vision,
The old man's dream."

Freedom of opinion and conscience has been won; the battle of political and civil liberty has been fought and gained, and now other problems present themselves for solution.

The first work of a new people in a new country is to possess the land and subdue it, to create a commerce, the arts and manufacturing, to subdue the wilderness, plant the valleys and people the hills. But while that is being done the higher part of man must not be neglected, the brain needs to be developed as well as the muscle, the intellect trained as well as the hand. The conditions of this age are such that we need to be reminded that beyond the bodies to be clothed, the tastes to be cultivated and wealth to be accumulated, there is in each of us a mind to be trained, educated and developed. There are truths to be discovered which, above all other undertakings to which the mind of man can bend itself, should always be foremost and supreme.

It is sad to see a man who has lost his self-respect and his love of liberty, who has been stripped of the very principles of manhood until he is satisfied to toil with no higher motive in life than to eke out a miserable existence. It is sad to see humanity get so low as to be satisfied to live, as many do, from hand to mouth, with no desire to accomplish anything for themselves or anyone else. But it is sadder still to see the man with a mind, a God-given intellect, who is willing to bury his talent in a napkin, with no ambition, no desire to obtain a higher conception of life—shut out from the world like a caged bird to waste his energy and his life beating against the cage, when he might have winged his flight to brighter regions and bathed his plumage in the sunlight of a higher and better life.

The gratification of our physical wants, personal vanities or ambitions may seem to some the chief end of existence, the secret of true happiness, but there is a nobler purpose, a higher dignity, and a sweeter reward for the man who is willing to search for the pearls and polish the crude diamonds. Off our coast, as the traveller nears our chief seaport, there is a magnificent light which flashes its clear rays across the stormy seas and lifts its tall form to be a beacon by day and by night.

We may well believe that he who invented that light, when at last he saw the vision of his brain transmitted into the pillar of fire, lifted his thoughts in a joy that was not born of the reflection that he was to be honored and rewarded by some sovereign power, but that he had brought to light one of nature's eternal truths and had blessed humanity.

It is to the ingenious mind, the gigantic intellect, the mind that "finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," that we are indebted, not only for the development of the natural resources, the broadening of commerce, the variedness of industry, and the linking together of the nations; but also the wide expansion of ideas and the growing intelligence and larger knowledge of mankind. The people of this age are no Endymions, though they are in the green valley beside the clear lake, surrounded by the narcissus, the purple tulip and the soft red rose. They have heeded the call of Selene and are in search of larger lakes and more glorious valleys. They are not satisfied with their present attainments, but are lovers of truth and searchers for knowledge. They feel the need of education and are demanding more and better training for both the young men and young women. I am glad to say that the women of our land are alive to their interest, and are as restless and progressive as the men, for so they should be. Some writer has said that the eye of a loved companion has been the light that has kept many a noble mind from stranding; the gentle hand of a woman has often had the power to lift the stalwart mind along the steps of fame—and whatever the proud and lonely man may win, he will be forced to acknowledge that his most brilliant fortunes and highest honors still lack their sweetest charms when unshared by a noble and devoted woman. The women as well as the men seem to fully realize the fact that "'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it."

So, too, in the religious world as in the physical world, to live is to change. The changes in religion have been very marked and revolutionary in their effects. Though there are no great crusades and reformations, there is greater progress than ever before. The battles that have been fought in behalf of religious liberty, and the lives sacrificed for religious principles have been but the doorway to new achievements and grander and more glorious victories. The seeming conflict of the advanced thinkers with the Bible has only added new life to its study, and caused its teachings to be more clearly brought out. We may have to modify some of our traditional interpretations of Scripture, make some readjustment of our Christian evidences, or possibly revise the statement of some theological dogma: but the teachings of the Bible are unshaken, and Christianity was never so practical and aggressive as now. Thought has become free, and birth is no longer the urn from which man must draw his lot in life. Christianity furnishes the atmosphere in which modern society lives and moves. The idea of God underlies and is implied in all our knowledge. And we may well anticipate that religion will display new energies and capabilities in meeting the dangers and wants which the future may develop. Christianity is conservative and progressive. It is a spur, a check and a guide, with perpetual youth and with resources as yet hardly fully tested.

The future for us is lighted with radiant colors of hope. The dream of poets, the lesson of priests and prophets, the inspiration of the greatest musicians may be conformed in the light of modern knowledge, and we may gird ourselves for the work of life with the assurance that all advancement and better times are to rest chiefly upon the solid foundation of self-reliance. The alluring hopes of government aid which has beguiled so many of our people is being abandoned, and men are looking to their own brave hearts and strong arms to bring deliverance and to achieve fortune and fame. Let the citizen be exalted and feel that his home is his castle and his

sovereignty rests beneath his own hat. Let him be self-respecting, self-reliant and responsible—a free man born of free man—and we will have prosperous country, with honest rulers, loving people, happy homes; and peace and plenty in our borders.

THE GREEK YOUTH.

Throughout Greece the new-born babe was wrapped in spargana, and its birth was an occasion of rejoicing if it was so fortunate as to be born apparently strong and healthy. On the fifth day the first festival in honor of the family event was held. Some of the women present would carry the babe around the hearth, hence the name amphidromia. On this occasion the house door was ornamented with garlands and a great feast was given.

It appears that until this ceremony the father did not declare whether the babe should be reared under his watchful care or exposed to perish on some bleak mountain side in its innocent babyhood, or, perhaps, taken up by the passer-by and reared in a home void of parental love. This unhappy fate fell mostly upon illegitimate and female children, who could even be condemned to death at the father's pleasure. Children were exposed to escape the trouble of rearing them, or to avoid too great a subdivision of the inheritance.

The grand festival was held on the tenth day, when the relatives and friends were invited to a feast and banquet. This ceremony was held as a legal proof that the child was recognized as legitimate and worthy of a father's attention. On this occasion presents were made to the child by the father and mother, the relatives, and even the slaves. Then, also, the infant received its name, which was usually given by the father. Among the wealthier classes the venal services of the wet-nurse took the place of the tender, watchful, care of the mother. This nurse was frequently not a slave, but one

of the poor citizens, who gave her services for hire. Spartan nurses, who were in great repute for their skill in managing children, were frequently bought. We are told that Alcibiades, distinguished for his beauty, wealth, and natural endowments, as well as for his changing fortunes and want of fixed purpose, was reared by a Spartan nurse.

The boys remained under the hands of the mother and nurses until their sixth year, and up to that time were educated along with the girls. During this period the children were frequently entertained by the amusing stories of the nurses. As these stories narrated, for the most part, the actions of the gods and demigods of the popular superstition, the telling of them, no doubt, had the greatest influence in the formation of the Greek character. Children, also, had various toys for their amusement, such as rattles, go-carts and dolls made of clay and painted. Baubles were suspended around the necks of children to be exposed. There were other amusements, such as the hoop, the top, and the cock-chafer fastened to a thread. At the end of the sixth year the boys were separated from the girls and entrusted to a pedagogue. This pedagogue was usually a slave. He accompanied the boys to school and to the gymnasia, and, indeed, everywhere. He carried the boys' books and other appurtenances. Under the surveillance of this master the boys remained until they reached the age of *ephebi*, or about eighteen.

The period from six to eighteen was devoted to education. The sort of an education children received depended mainly on the parents' own conscientiousness. Some received none at all. This, however, was not usual, and so necessary a thing did daily school going seem that when the women and children of Athens fled to Troezen during the Persian invasion, the inhabitants, besides supporting them, paid persons to teach the children.

Instruction consisted of three branches: *grammata*, music and *gymnasia*. The most indispensable part of the instruction

of the Greeks was grammata, which consisted of reading, writing and arithmetic. When the children could read and understand what they read, the works of the poets were put in requisition to exercise the mind and awaken the heart to great and noble deeds. Whole poems were frequently committed to memory. The poems of Homer were most frequently studied, because they were thought to contain everything calculated to awaken national spirit and to instruct the pupil how to be *kalòs kàgathòs*.

The study of music was not a necessary part of the Greek education, but was accounted a noble and worthy occupation for the hours of recreation and leisure. Music was begun at thirteen and was, perhaps, studied with care until sixteen. The principal instruments of music were the lyre and cithara. In many parts of Greece the flute was a great favorite, but it fell into disuse at Athens, not only because it distorted the face but especially because it did not allow the accompaniment of the voice.

Of all the peculiar institutions of the Greeks probably none were so potent as the gymnasia, for none exercised so powerful an influence on the entire development of the various phases of Greek life. None at once so awakened the nobler feelings and repressed the baser passions. None afforded to the same extent a stimulus to manly deeds. None made men so alive to the beauty and nobility of the human form and opened so broad a field for the grandest creations of art, as did the exercises of the gymnasia. By some it is supposed that from six to ten years of age the education of the youth consisted of gymnastics alone. Also, from sixteen to eighteen, known as the transition period, the youth paid particular attention to the exercises of the gymnasia. As the fundamental object among many Greek tribes in establishing the gymnasium was to prepare men for the battle-field, their most common exercises were running, archery, javelin-practice, and wrestling.

The pedagogue enforced upon his pupil various points of etiquette, such as taking the victuals in the right hand. When walking on the streets boys were required to look straight before them on the ground with head downcast. Also modesty and respect towards their elders was one of the first duties inculcated on youths.

We nowhere hear of educational institutions for girls. It is true that at Sparta there were gymnasia for both boys and girls; but the chief object in these institutions was that the Spartan mother might be strong and healthy, and thus be able to raise men able to stand the trials of a soldier's life. So the moral and intellectual education was entirely neglected. Not only were there no institutions of learning for the girls, but among most of the Greeks for a maiden to appear in public was contrary to every notion of feminine decorum, and hence the meagre education which she received was at the hands of her mother or nurse. Under these mistresses she was early taught the accomplishments of an useful housewife—weaving, spinning and cooking.

At eighteen years of age the youth was admitted among the ephebi, and, with the exception of having to serve the State two years as public guard, he entered at once on a freer course of action, and, at least if he belonged to the upper classes, he could follow his own inclination in the selection of an occupation. Some chose a business life or entered the army; but most of those who could afford it devoted themselves to the pursuit of pleasure—to the chase, charioteering, and to the company of the hetaeræ.

Among the most attractive things to the Greek seems to have been the sport of cock and quail fighting. On the rearing of these birds immense pains was frequently bestowed. They were often brought out into the market-places, and large rings of boys would gather around them and enjoy their contests. The State urged the rich to pursue these various pleasures quite as much as it did the poor to labor. They were

regarded with favor, not only as a harmless way of diverting the unruly passions of youth, but because if anyone obtained prizes at the Olympian or other games they opened a source of honor and renown to the State.

The last, and by no means the least important ceremony connected with the Greek youth was the marriage. Except at Sparta it was not definitely fixed at what age this ceremony should take place, but the boys seldom married before twenty nor the girls before eighteen years of age. The father usually selected a wife for his son, and hence it was not an infrequent occurrence that the bride and bridegroom had not seen each other until the nuptial hour. There were three considerations by which the duty of marriage was enforced. First, respect to the gods; for it was considered to be incumbent on every one to leave behind him those who should continue to discharge his religious obligations. Secondly, obligation to the State. A third consideration which induced persons to marry was a very high regard for their own race and lineage. A few days before the marriage sacrifices were offered. On the morning of the wedding day the houses of both bride and bridegroom were decorated with garlands. With his head bound with a chaplet of green leaves the bridegroom came after his betrothed, whose head was also bound and her face heavily veiled. The mother lighted the nuptial torch and the procession marched to the home of the bridegroom. Upon arriving there they were saluted with a shower of sweetmeats. Then followed the wedding feast. On the third day, when the bride first appeared unveiled, she received presents from her husband, and both of them from their relatives and friends.

J. L. CORNWELL.

EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY.

Egypt is the land of age and mystery. Long before Moses were the mummies of her kings countless in the many catacombs. Centuries before the seed of Grecian civilization had been planted, Egyptian armies had been sent to conquer the adjacent countries and to return laden with spoils and captives. As the Nile in its annual overflow makes one deposit of soil above another, and increases the richness and produces a more luxuriant vegetation from year to year, so upon the ruins of each successive civilization others have been built, until Egypt has become the land of antiquities and mysteries. But amid all the changes, the foreign wars, domestic revolutions, the subversion of one dynasty and the erection of another, the execution of vast architectural designs, the up-building of the most vast monuments the world has ever seen, the tyranny of countless kings and the death of myriads of slaves—amid all these changes one of her institutions has remained unchanged and as immutable, both to the ravages of time and to the power of human agency, as the pyramids themselves. The Egyptian religion had its origin nearer the beginning of time than human record extends or our most careful research can penetrate. When, where and how it began no one knows, only this, that until modern times it has never changed in the least. And this fact is attributable to two causes: the blind and unquestioning fanaticism of the people, and the zeal and hypocrisy with which the priests guarded the secrets and rites.

Standing alone as it did, Egypt must necessarily have produced a religion peculiar to itself. Like all other beliefs, it is supposed to have been originated by the observers of natural phenomena. The stories and incidents of the lives of many of the gods were personifications of many of the laws of nature. Thus, the course of the sun was compared to the life of man.

He rose as the child Horus, grew by midday to the hero Ra, and by evening was an old man, Tun.

The Egyptian worshipers may be divided into two distinct classes, the priests and the people or the initiated. The priests, being the most powerful caste, were practically the rulers of the land. The king was safe on his throne only when supported by his arrogant priesthood. Thus they sought not to teach the people the truth, which they seemed not to have been possessed of, but only to increase their own power. This they succeeded in doing by playing upon the superstition and ignorance of the populace. While the former certainly possessed a kind of monotheistic idea of a God, the latter were plunged into vilest superstition and driven into the most revolting practices, in belief that it was the will of the gods. If the whole priesthood were not a band of hypocrites and impostors, they at least imposed upon the credulity of the people for the sake of maintaining their own position.

Egyptian worshipers divided their gods into three ranks. First, there were the seven superior gods, chief of which were Ra and Isis and Osiris; then the twelve of lesser rank, at the head of which was Thoth, the moon god; lastly, thirty of still less importance. Besides these national deities, there were many of merely local celebrity, as Amen of Thebes. Every deity was symbolized in some animal which was held sacred. To the common people these became, instead of symbols, the actual gods. Unable to grasp the abstract idea of the deity behind its symbol, they were plunged into the most degraded worship of even the most unclean animals.

At the head of all the gods stood Ra and Osiris. Ra was god of light, the ruler of the visible tangible, universe; Osiris, god over the world of spirits. "As, however, every earthly manifestation is only the veil before a spiritual one, Ra is in reality only the earthly manifestation of Osiris; Osiris is the soul of Ra; he walks in this world as Ra, returning every day to the distant sphere in which he lives alone, and which

is his true native land. He only changes his name and outward form of existence, governing as Osiris there, and as Ra in our world." "Each human soul was considered as a part of the world-soul Osiris; was united to him after the death of the body, and thenceforth took the name of Osiris."

The Egyptian cosmos consisted of the three great realms, the Heaven, the Earth and the Depths. Over the vast ocean which girdles the vault of heaven the sun moves in a boat or car drawn by the planets and fixed stars. On this ocean too the great constellations circle in their ships, and there is the kingdom of the blissful gods, who sit enthroned above this heavenly ocean under a canopy of stars. The mouth of this great stream is in the east, where the sun god rises from the mists and is born again as a child every morning. The surface of the earth is inhabited by human beings having a share in the three great cosmic kingdoms. They receive their soul from the heights of heaven, the seat and source of light; their material body is of the earth, and the appearance of outward form, by which one human being is distinguished from another at sight—his phantom or shadow—belongs to the depths. At death, soul, body and shadow separate from one another. The soul to return to the place from whence it came, for it is a part of Osiris; the body to be committed to the earth from which it was formed; the phantom or shadow to descend into the depths, the kingdom of shadows. The gate of this kingdom was placed in the west, among the sunset hills, where the sun goes down daily—where he dies.

Over the visible world Ra was the supreme deity; he was god of the sun, and the sparrow-hawk was sacred to him.

ISIS AND OSIRIS.

Osiris was the ruler of the world of shadows. When the soul reaches the spirit world it is tried by the forty-two judges of the dead, who sit in judgment of the forty-two deadly sins.

If the soul is found just it passes into and ever remains a part of Osiris. The bull was sacred to Osiris, and was worshiped as Apis; while the cow was sacred to Isis. Isis was both the sister and wife of Osiris. Isis and Osiris reigned blissful in the Nile valley. Typhon or Seth, the god of evil, induced Osiris to place himself in a chest, locked it and set it on the Nile, which carried it to the sea. It was cast on shore at Byblos. Isis sought lamenting, found it and brought it back to Egypt. While she was seeking for her son Horus, Typhon found the body, cut it into fourteen parts, and strewed it throughout the land. Horus, having meanwhile grown up, fights with Typhon and conquers him, and restores to his mother her husband and to his father his throne. In the struggle Horus was wounded in the eye. But when Isis saw the wound she pressed her son's head to her bosom and wept tears of sorrow for his suffering, and where each tear fell upon the ground there sprang up a healing plant. Each inundation of the Nile is caused by a tear from the eyes of Isis.

R. F. BEASLEY.

THE PASSING OF PANAMA.

He was only an ordinary Senior, no more, no less, possessed of that vanity, beset with those aspirations and accursed with those ills, real and imaginary, peculiar to his species. It is extraordinary that such an everyday sort of a fellow should be the hero of a narrative so heroic as this, yet it is a fact. But there is reason for all things. Panama was a Senior, and in love—a condition that becomes the irresponsible Sophomore best, and is scarcely tolerable in the hopeful Junior—but a Senior in love is a hero indeed, a unique animal in college life.

It was true, Panama had known her six months, had been in love half a year, and had forgotten long since the joys of dreamless sleep, or the repose of a careless existence. And just now he had told her the long withheld burden of his soul,

and found that all that he had borne—the taunts of fellow Seniors, the gibes and jests of Juniors, the raillery of despised Sophs. and miserable Fresh., the countless hours and the unspeakable labors that he had expended on his personal appearance, not to mention those he had spent by her side, on hill and dale, in the exhibition hall, and even in church, all were in vain. Indeed, he had gained a sister for his pains, but Panama's disappointed hopes found no balm in that. And thus, the cruel words vibrating through his distracted brain, he sat in his room as dreary as despair, contemplating present, past and future. There was a memory of a joy divine in the past, but it served only to deepen the despair of the present, and the future held only the bare possibility of his A. B., which he had jeopardized for her sake, and after that a forlorn existence.

She had said that he could not share her love, though, vain Senior that he was, he thought he read differently in her hazel eyes. It was on his merits too, for she had made no mention of another, and he knew that she was not that sort of a missionary, hospital, fanatic of a woman, that he had read about. Yet she had given him no hope, and not even hinted at a reason. She had merely said "no," and murmured blushing about "being a sister" and "admiration" and "hopes," etc. Panama thought of his razor—he would foil outrageous future and end the pangs of despised love.

The morning papers might have contained a very interesting item, with a short biography attached, on the morrow, had not fate interposed. As Panama contemplated his razor, a knock resounded on his door, it was the effort of one of Miss Harter's menials, and he held a missive for "Mr. Fulcher." Panama, sanguine, vain Panama, seized it, as a starving man seizes bread, and devoured its contents with equal avidity. Yes, it was from Miss Harter—such was the name of the author of the troubles that hung heavy over this tempest-tossed Senior—and in the dear old way she bore Panama

hope and joy. She wished to see him, if possible, this evening. That was all, but Panama saw his future painted in the brightest hues between the lines, for he was always hopeful as long as there was even an imaginative basis for hope. In this instance he was as the drowning man.

He would be only too happy to comply with her wish, was all he said, but thoughts overwhelmed him, and they were not dreary thoughts. His foot-ball team was to meet to-night in his room; a winter storm was raging without, and she lived half a mile away, but what were these to Panama. He laughed at the idiocy which made foot-ball possible, and scorned the weather. Despair was buried in a new hope.

Panama went. She was as charming as ever, more so, thought Panama, and his hopes multiplied. She seemed rather ill-at-ease; her conscience and her pride are in conflict, thought Panama, and he shuddered in his inmost soul to think that in that conflict was his life. But Panama believed in the survival of the fittest, and in his fitness, and thus reasoned that victory was his. Still he wished that he could say something to hasten the turn of the tide in his favor. But he must wait; she should explain her note. Still they had thoroughly abused the weather, discussed Miss Pinnacle's bonnet, and even broached the subject of Professor M's wedding, and so far Miss Harter had seemed oblivious of his soul's longing. A kind oblivion that was. But all other subjects exhausted, both saw that the weather would have to bear another half-hour of abuse, or the evening end awkwardly.

She began: "You would hardly imagine that I have sent for you this evening, after what has occurred to-day, to speak to you of marriage," in a half apologetic, half interrogatory tone that was all sweetness to Panama. Of course he didn't know what he thought, and stammered and smiled an unintelligible reply. But he knew that the fittest had survived—victory, and such a victory, was his. She smiled a sweet, confiding smile, and love shone forth from her eyes, and

Panama's soul was in an ecstasy of joy, as his left arm glided
——!

Ah! faithless hope! Poor Panama; fiery indignation sat enthroned on Miss Harter's brow in an instant, the smile gone, and grim horror held Panama's soul.

He was on his knees beseeching her pardon—the dignity of his seniority forgotten. She smiled again. "You were impetuous, Panama." And there was consolation in that, but only room for a ghost of a dead hope. "We are still friends, and I shall make known to you the object of my note as a friend," she said. Panama resumed a natural attitude, and recovered his dignity. She began again, "I know I am asking a great favor of you, and am taking liberties which are scarcely permitted me." Hope hung expectant over Panama, though grim doubt alloyed it. "I want you to be an attendant at my wedding next month," she said, and the sweetness of her voice was not wanting, nor was the smile departed, nor the blush invisible, but to Panama they were as gall. Poor Panama, despite his feelings, despite the woe that harrowed his soul, said "yes." A few commonplaces and Panama was on his way to his room.

It was late and the lights of only the more studious contingent of the inhabitants of the dormitory were burning. Panama locked his door. He was beyond hope. He looked his last upon the earth, it held no joys for him. He saw the kindly moon and stars as they shone through the departing storm clouds. Panama cursed them; the crescent queen had betrayed his prayers, and all the stars were evil. But there is an end, thought Panama, as he recalled Hamlet's lines, and I shall not care for the dreams or "the evils that we know not of." My razor will answer for the "bare bodkin."

Panama removed the "part" in the middle of his foot-ball locks to the left side. He was preparing for a respectable *finale*. He took off his coat and adjusted the mirror to the dim light, and took a final survey of his accursed physiognomy.

"My collar is in the way," he thought, and it, too, was removed. Thus he stood, but an indefeasible influence seemed to stay the rash hand. But despair conquers, it must be. Farewell, farewell, farewell!

* * * * *

It was a serene, almost joyful face that met the gaze of the old janitor as he entered Fulcher's room next morning. It was a hero's countenance that protruded from the bed-coverings, peaceful in dreamless sleep. The treacherous razor lay on the dressing case, a stray piece of paper near by bore the testimony of the untimely taking of the budding redness of Panama's mustache! It had fell beneath the ruthless weapon!

And it is related that on that morning Panama recited his first perfect lesson in six months. Such was his passing from blatant idiocy to responsible existence.

H. C. ABFORP.

JOHN PARKER'S LEGACY.

R——, situated among the beautiful hills of North Carolina, was county seat, and from the beginning of the century was but a small hamlet, with some two hundred inhabitants. Among them could be found all kinds of people—the good, the bad, the poor, the well-to-do and the industrious.

It was a little world in itself, with the nearest railroad forty miles away, over hilly, rocky roads. Only the stage-coach, as it came thundering through twice a week, stopping at the tavern just long enough to refresh the passengers with a glass of ale, and after a change of horses, dashing away again, with the cracking of whips, brought news and papers from the outer world. But the village people were never lonely—wagging tongues, family feuds, midnight revels, and labor for daily bread kept them busy.

Christian influences had not yet possessed the hamlet. An old rotten church, unpainted and uncared for, with an

occasional straggling preacher to occupy the pulpit, was the only indication of divine worship. The grog-shop was the chief place for gossip and political discussion and for the forming of the ruling sentiment. The influence disseminated by those attending spread abroad. The light in the back room was never extinguished. Nightly its walls echoed to the oaths of drunken and disappointed men as the dice rattled upon the table.

The hamlet was cursed with one rich man. He had acquired wealth—about \$100,000, immense in those days before the war. Few had not felt his oppression. Cunning, avaricious, heartless, every man's misfortune was his gain. He came to the insolvent debtor with flattering offers of money to lend; he loaned at immense interest to whom money was necessary; and his agents constantly sold the homes, farms, even roofs from over the heads of the poor, to secure debts. A man of intelligence, too, he was, whose shrewdness was known and feared; his utterances, which were generally coarse and bitter, but always witty and shrewd, were repeated admiringly throughout the county.

He sits late at the gambling table with drinking companions, playing recklessly till he sees the eye grow wild and the hand unsteady, while he himself remains cool and sober, he snatches the supreme moment, stakes all, wins and empties the savings of his companions into his own purse.

He was unmarried and lived alone, with his dog for sole companion. He delighted in hunting, and with gun and dog he was a familiar sight to the woodsmen of the hills about the village.

Concluding one day to hunt wild turkey, he selected clothing of dark color, a cap of red, a yelp, and thus equipped sought the dark forests, secluded himself and commenced the deceptive yelping. But alas! he had dressed too well, his yelping was too skillful. Another huntsman passing hears the turkey, he thinks, sees the moving red and fires. A

human groan is the echo, and all is quiet. They found him dead. Next day they buried him just below the village, at Cool Spring. No mourner stood by; no loving hand placed flowers on the mound. As they lowered the pine coffin into the grave, the dog, his only friend, gave a low, sad howl of grief.

From every direction came those claiming to be his children. His property was divided among them. Of low birth, dissolute, unused to wealth, they fell prey to designs, and in a few years the once wealthy estate was scattered far more broadly than the sources from which it was collected.

I stood a few months ago at the forgotten grave surrounded with growing pine and shrubbery. Matted vines, briars, and poison oak had almost obscured it. A brick wall now crumbling to dust surrounds a small marble slab, on which I read: "John Y. Parker, Born 1801; Died 1852." Just below the burial spot, a few yards down the slope, the thundering, shrieking locomotive passes daily over the land he once called his own. From a little further up I heard the busy buzzing of the planing-mill and the warehouseman's bugle; and just below the hill sounds from the miller's wheels grinding out bread to the hungry. These all stand on soil of which Parker was once the haughty possessor.

It is Sunday morning, and again I stand by the spot which so fascinates my soul. Wafted down from the now large town comes the sweet pure voice of the bell calling a God-fearing and neighbor-loving people to worship in a church which stands only a short distance from the site of the tavern of old with its nightly revels.

The chimes continue. I turn to the grave, but no response comes therefrom. Locked in its cold embrace lies the decaying form. "O grave, here is thy victory!"

THE GOLD TREE.

[FROM THE GERMAN]

The room in which our story began looked very plain and bare. Against the whitened walls, whose only ornaments consisted in some faded wall-maps, stood two small beds, a book-case, a cupboard and a globe. The center of the room was occupied by a table decorated with many ink spots, and by the table sat, on hard wooden chairs, two boys about twelve years old.

The flaxen-haired one brooded over a difficult passage of Cornelius Nepos, and sighing turned through his heavy lexicon; the brown-haired one, however, was endeavoring to extract the cube root of a nine-figured number. The philologist was called Hans, the mathematician, Heinz. Once in a while the boys raised up their heads and looked longingly out at the open window, through which humming flies flew in and out. In the garden lay golden sunlight on trees and briars, and a blooming lilac peeped mockingly into the study-room of the two young hopefuls. One hour longer must the poor boys sit and sweat before they dare go out doors, and the minutes crept along like snails on the gooseberry bushes out in the garden. Nor was an arbitrary shortening of the study-hour to be thought of, for in the adjoining room sat Dr. Dash-in-two to whom the boys were handed over for education and instruction, and the connecting door stood open so that the doctor could assure himself of their presence and could watch their doings.

“Hannibal could have done something more sensible than march over the Alps,” muttered Hans, and “nine times eighty-one is seven hundred and twenty-nine,” muttered Heinz in a low voice. Then they both looked up from their study and gazed at each other, yawning.

Suddenly they heard a loud buzz. A gold beetle which might have been sitting out on the lilacs had lost his way in the room. Three times did he dance in a circle around the boys' heads, and then, splash, he lay in the inkstand.

"Really it serves him right," said Heinz. "Why does he not remain where he is well off? But to drown in ink, that is such a miserable death. Hold on, comrade, I will save you."

He wished to help the struggling beetle out of the ink with his pen-holder, but Hans quickly accomplished the work of rescue with his fingers. And then the boys carefully dried the poor fellow with the blotter and watched how he made his toilet with his feelers.

"He has a red-colored spot on his thorax and black horns," said Hans while he wiped his ink-stained fingers on his hair.

"It is the gold beetle king. He dwells in a castle which is built out of jasmine flowers and covered with rose leaves. Crickets and grasshoppers are his musicians, and glow-worms are his torchlights."

"You are a silly fellow," said Heinz.

"And he who happens to meet the gold beetle king," continued Hans, "is a lucky child. Heinz, mind what I say, something will happen soon, an adventure or else something strange, for to-day is the first of May, and then happens many a wonder. See how he beckons with one of his feelers and raises his wings. Now it is likely that he will transform himself and stand out before us like an elf, dressed with a king's mantle and a gold helmet on his head."

"He is about to fly away," said Heinz and laughed. "Buzz! there you have it."

The boys stepped to the window and looked after the beetle. The glittering gem cut through the air in a large circle and disappeared beyond the garden wall. Now there was an audible clearing of the throat in the adjoining room, and both of the students went back hastily to their books.

"There we have the wonder," whispered Hans to his comrade, and pointed at the inkstand.

Out of the inkstand there shot up a twig which visibly grew up towards the ceiling.

"We dream," said Heinz, and he rubbed his eyes.

"No, that is a fairy tale," said Hans, "a real fairy tale, and we act it in a play."

And the twig became stronger and shot forth branches and twigs with leaves and flowers. The ceiling of the room vanished, the walls gave way, and a dim forest hall surrounded the astonished boys.

"Forward!" cried Hans, and dragged the resisting Heinz along with him. "Now comes the adventure."

The blooming bushes of themselves separated from each other and opened a path to the boys. The sunlight shone in patches through the latticed roof of the forest trees and painted a thousand golden eyes on the moss, and from the moss rose star flowers of brilliant colors, and green curling vines twisting themselves around the moss-covered trunks. Above, however, in the branches fluttered singing birds in gleaming feathers, and stags, deer and other wild animals sprang nimbly through the bushes.

The forest itself now grew light between the trunks; it looked like a sheet of fire, and Hans whispered to his comrade, "Now it's coming."

They crossed a forest-meadow, in the midst of which was standing a single tree. But it was no common tree; that was the wonderful tree of which Hans had so often heard—the tree with the golden leaves. The boys stood thunder-struck with amazement.

There came from behind the trunk a dwarf not larger than a three-year-old child, but not thick-headed and flat-footed as dwarfs commonly are, but slender and graceful. He wore a green cloak and gold helmet, and both of the boys knew whom they had before them.

The dwarf came forward a few steps and bowed to them. "The enchanted princess waits on her deliverer," said he, "which of you two will undertake this hazardous enterprise?"

"I," said Hans with joyful voice. And at once he was led by the dwarf forward to a little horse which was milk-white, and was champing on a golden bridle.

"Don't do it, Hans!" said Heinz, anxiously, but Hans was already sitting in the saddle. The magic horse rose up neighing, then it threw back its head and ran with flying mane into the forest. A gleaming golden beetle flew ahead as a guide. Yet once did Hans turn his head back and saw his comrade standing under the gold tree; then he lost sight of both tree and friend.

That was a merry ride. Hans sat as firmly in the saddle as if he had been in the habit of having a horse beneath him instead of a school-bench. When he thought that he was worrying an hour ago over Cornelius Nepos and trembling at Dr. Dash-in-two, he could not help laughing. The little school-boy in his short jacket was transformed into a stately horseman with jerkin and mantle, sword and gold spurs. So he sped along through the magic forest.

Now there rose from his little horse a merry neighing. The forest became light. Yet a few leaps, and horse and rider stopped before a beaming castle. Variegated banners floated over the steeples, horns and trumpets sounded, and on the balcony stood the princess and waved her white handkerchief. She looked almost like Helen, the neighbor's daughter, with whom the knightly Hans had played when he was yet a boy and going to school, only she was larger and a thousand times more beautiful. Hans sprang out of his saddle and ascended quickly, with clanking spurs, the marble steps. In the open door of the castle was standing a man, presumably the head marshal of the household of the princess, who seemed to be familiar to our Hans. And the head marshal stretched out

his hand, seized the knightly Hans by the ear, and cried: "Asleep, you sluggard? I'll go for you!"

There the spell was broken. Hans was sitting again by the ink-stained table; before him lay the Cornelius Nepos and the Latin lexicon; opposite him sat Heinz, who was writing so rapidly that his pen creaked; near by stood Dr. Dash-in-two, who looked at him grimly through his glasses.

Finally, when the hour of freedom had struck, and both of the boys had consumed their afternoon luncheon, out in the garden, under the lilacs, Hans related to his friend what he had dreamed.

"That is wonderful," said Heinz, when Hans had finished; "truly wonderful. I have had the same dream, only the close is different; an enchanted castle did not appear in my dream."

"Tell me about it," urged Hans.

"As far as the gold tree is concerned, my dream corresponds closely with yours. You arose on the white horse and galloped away in order to release the princess. But I—"

"Well," said Hans attentively.

"I remained, shook the tree, and filled all my pockets with golden leaves—then the silly Doctor awoke me, and it was all over with my glory."

"Heinz," said Hans solemnly, and seized his friend by the hand, "if we both had the same dream, surely it was a reality. The dream was a prophetic one, don't you think?"

Then the boys consumed the rest of their afternoon luncheon and went to playing ball.

Did the dream of the boys become a reality? Yes. Hans became a poet, and went softly trotting his Pegasus through the green woods of Fairy Land. Heinz, however, who had shaken the gold tree in his dream, became his publisher.

S. L. SETTLEMYER.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor.

THE PRESENT MONTH and the one following are pre-eminently Commencement months. May, ripening into June, and June as pleasant as May, are, by common consent, the most appropriate season of the year for the exercises incident upon the closing of the institutions of learning of high and low degree throughout the country. The voice of the Commencement orator will soon begin to be heard, and will be in constant demand until the middle of June. Lemonade and soda-water venders are making preparations to reap a harvest of nickels; for what is a school-closing without cool drinks? Fond mothers and teachers are busily engaged in coaching the little ones for their first appearance before the public. Amateur orators go feverishly and restlessly about, long for and, at the same time, dread the approach of the occasion when they are to convince the world, or a small part of it at least, that in their souls burn the fires of oratory. And when the time really does come, bringing to a happy completion all these plans of which we have been writing; when the band plays deafening strains and the small boy goes wild over them; when fans and straw-hats become implements of warfare against the hot weather, and, in spite of them, everybody perspires freely and with the greatest good humor—why, what wonder is it that the “school-closing” is one of the happiest events of the year?

THE AMERICAN is little concerned with the dull and changeless past. The present is to him a series of monotonous events almost nauseating. Only the future has charms for him. The future alone is decorated with colors lively enough to attract

his listless gaze. It is quite two years before another President will be nominated, yet the probabilities of this or that candidate already furnish material for the columns of the newspaper, for the daily conversation of street-corner statesmen, and for the private meditations of the candidates themselves. It is noticeable, moreover, that the predictions are made almost altogether about those who will probably be the choice of the Republican party. It seems to be a foregone conclusion that the party now in power will be entirely deluged in a tidal-wave of Republican victory in 1896. An unwieldy and mutinous majority in the House, a band of traitors in the Senate, an unconciliatory President, have all combined to block legislation to a very great degree, and have aroused such general complaint that, to the most sanguine, the future seems to hold nothing in store for the great party which we of the South have been taught to love save an inglorious defeat. Still no one may presume to prophesy. There is no telling what a day may bring forth. Should the Senate wake up to a sense of duty and pass the tariff bill, and should a period of prosperity follow, it is entirely within the range of possibility that there should be a sufficient revulsion of popular feeling to insure another Democratic victory.

FROM THE TIME of the enactment of the dispensary law up to a few days since, South Carolina was in a state of insurrection. Men were shot down in cold blood, homes were pillaged and the people divided into two factions—the one consisting of the officials and the supporters of the Tillman administration, the other being made up principally of saloon-keepers and their customers. It affords little matter of surprise, therefore, that the Supreme Court of the State was ready to take advantage of the old subterfuge, “unconstitutionality,” in order to rid the people of a law which had been received

with such poor relish. The ground of the decision was that the liquor traffic is a "lawful subject of commerce" and cannot be monopolized by the State without violating that clause in the Constitution which declares that "no person shall be despoiled of his property, immunity or privilege except by the judgment of his peers or the law of the land." Taking into consideration the incensed state of the popular mind, the decision was, perhaps, the wisest that could have been made. But one who will look with unprejudiced eye at the principles involved in the dispensary law cannot fail to understand that in the dispensary system, if anywhere, is to be found the solution of the liquor question. True, there were imperfections in the law as it was executed in South Carolina, but these can be removed, and it may not be long before whiskey will be dealt out from dispensaries, not only in South Carolina, but in other States as well.

PROBABLY THE MOST notorious character on the American continent to-day is Jacob Scheller Coxey, commander-in-chief of the "Army of the Commonweal." The army itself is of little importance, being composed, in the main, of those tattered and torn specimens of humanity known as tramps, great numbers of which, just at this season of the year, start out on their summer rambles. In fact, it is never the rank and file of an army that interests one. Privates are always commonplace. But the man with the epaulets—the man who says "Go," and somebody goes; "Come," and somebody comes—he is the one whom we gaze at in open-mouthed astonishment and whose autograph is so desirable. So it is perfectly natural that the papers have so much to say about General Coxey. His consummate "cheek," the fearlessness with which he marches his troops from town to town, the reckless squandering of his wealth in the pursuit of his designs, altogether make him an interesting character.

*

AT TIMES a feeling somewhat akin to dissatisfaction, with perhaps a touch of despondency, creeps over an editor to destroy his peace of mind. His editorial work requires some little effort at his hands, and is, no doubt, improving. But, in spite of himself, he finds himself asking the question, "Is it right for the subscribers to support a magazine when the only person benefited by its publication is the editor?" Do all or even a part of those whose names are on the mailing-list ever read "Locals," "Exchanges," etc.? Or are these departments so dull that they are read only by the over-charitable author? Frankly, we haven't set up shop for the answer of conundrums, even if we propound them ourselves. It is more than likely that this dissatisfaction is but another form of that "tired feeling" which spring invariably brings, and

"Fling but a stone, the giant dies."

It is a settled fact that a periodical of some sort is indispensable in an institution of any note. Then, if there must be a magazine, it must have editors, and editors are not worthy of the name unless they reduce their glowing fancies to type. So, fellow victims of the blues—and we are prone to believe there are many such at this season of the year—it is plainly our duty to write—to write, above all things else, with earnestness and, so far as the idea is admissible in connection with a student, with force. This done, and we need give ourselves no uneasiness about results.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

J. W. SMITH, Editor *pro tem.*

MR. GLADSTONE has completed his version of the Odes of Horace.

"THE LOVER'S LEXICON," by Frederick Greenwood, was written especially for the enamoured.

THE LITERARY OUTPUT of Germany is greater than that of England, France and America combined.

THE SUCCESS of Mrs. Humphrey Ward proves very clearly that the literary aspirations of women need not be detrimental to domestic happiness.

D. APPLETON & Co. have brought out a new edition of the "Memories of My Exile," by Louis Kossuth, on account of the widespread interest in the Hungarian patriot and the renewed demand.

AN ELEGANT EDITION of Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" is being published in Germany now by the Publication Institute of Leipzig. It has been translated by B. Hommus, variously illustrated by Bowwowvoski, and will appear in twelve parts.

THE *Century Magazine* will publish soon the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." His literary ability is attracting a good deal of attention just now, and as a distinguished Frenchman said, "Napoleon seems again to have hypnotized the French people."

DR. MAX NORDON, a German physician, is the most recent critic on the literary productions of M. Zola, and by analyzing some of his works proves that he has no right to claim to be a member of the realistic school. M. Zola says the Doctor is "mentally abnormal."

THE *Popular Science Monthly* for May contains an essay, "Theological and Scientific Theories of an Evolution in Animated Nature," by Andrew D. White. It reveals how the theologians of the past fought the great truths of evolution, although it had been typified by some of the greatest in their own profession.

PROF. M. W. MACCALLUM'S study on Tennyson's "Idyls of the King and Athenian Story from the 16th Century" is receiving considerable praise, and is highly recommended to the student who desires to make a careful study of Tennyson.

His criticism on the "Idyls" is not that of the "ordinary range of Tennysonian criticism," but is second only to the poems themselves.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view."

MRS. FRANCIS H. BURNETT demonstrates this very beautifully in her latest book, "The One I Knew the Best of All." It is a book of reminiscences of her childhood, and she seems especially fitted for that kind of work. It would be quite an addition to our literature if more writers would pursue this course and write less of the enamoured.

"ALL ALONG THE RIVER," the latest novel by Miss M. E. Braddon, holds its own and shows that "Miss Braddon has not lost any of her early fervor." Notwithstanding the emotional strain that her novels must inflict upon her, she continues to wield her prolific pen as firmly as when she began. The common-place title reveals none of the struggles within. "The story is of two lovers who loved not wisely but too well, and who, like Paolo and Francesca of old, paid the penalty of death for their moments of unsanctioned love."

"HORACE CHASE," by Miss Fenimore Woolson, is attracting a great deal of interest at present, although it is not considered her best, but on account of her lamentable death not long since and her national influence. "Horace Chase" will not soon be forgotten. The scene of the story was laid in Asheville, the most picturesque place in the Old North State, in 1873, before Northern capitalists had dethroned Southern aristocracy. The story portrays the struggles of the Northern self-made man to cross the cold and icy threshold of the *antebellum* autocrat.

HIGHT C. MOORE ('90), of Winston, has placed the State under lasting obligation to him for his recent book, *Select Poetry of North Carolina*. The work is handsomely executed by Edwards & Broughton, of Raleigh. It has been some

thirty years since Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke prepared *Wood Notes; Or Carolina Carols*. Since that time our very best poetry has been written. It has required much patience and research on the part of Mr. Moore, and we are glad that the State press is giving him generous commendations to the public. Mr. Moore himself wields a very facile pen, and oft-times while in college journeyed with the fiery Pegasus. The accomplished Miss Evabelle Simmons ('90) contributes "To the Memory of My Father," "My Ideal Knight," and "The Lesson of the Stars." The late lamented J. H. Gillespie contributes several of his tender, plaintive songs. "Gilbert Stone," by Dr. Chas. E. Taylor, is also found in it. THE STUDENT has carefully reviewed a volume of the poems, and wishes to return its sincere thanks to Mr. Moore for his patriotic labor in rescuing from oblivion so many charming carols. The price of the book is \$1.25, and may be obtained from Hight C. Moore, Winston, N. C.

ALUMNI NOTES.

S. W. OLDHAM, Editor *pro tem*.

—'57. J. H. Mills, Superintendent of the Baptist Orphanage, at Thomasville, has been appointed by Governor Carr a State delegate to the meeting of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections. A good selection this is.

—'58. James Washington Mitchell is a successful planter and a useful and honored citizen of Bertie County. During the late war he won distinction for his bravery in the artillery service of the Army of Tennessee.

David A. Covington, Esq. ('70-'73), of Monroe, is Assistant District Attorney of the Western District. In the next issue of THE STUDENT he will contribute an article on "The Life of the late lamented J. J. Vann."

—'78. Rufus Ford is still the successful pastor of the Baptist Church in New Berne.

—'79. Dr. C. A. Rominger's address as the retiring President of the North Carolina Dental Association, recently in session at Durham, is highly commended.

—'81. The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Gazette* published recently a sketch of the life of Rev. N. R. Pittman, accompanied by a picture of him and of the handsome new church which he has lately completed in that city.

Dr. A. C. Liverman ('82-'86), of Scotland Neck, was elected at the late Dental Association essayist for its next meeting, in Salisbury.

—'84. W. V. Savage has accepted the pastorate of the Tarboro Church. The mantle of Dr. Hufham has fallen upon able shoulders.

—'85. A. T. Hord is teaching and preaching at Glenville, Jackson County, N. C.

—'86. J. O. Alderman has resigned his pastorate at Concord.

F. R. Martin ('86-'87) is a progressive and prosperous lawyer in Macon, Ga.

—'87. J. W. Watson resides in Chapel Hill, and is pastor of churches in the surrounding country.

—'89. J. R. Pendergrass is pastor in Franklin, N. C.

—'89. M. L. Rickman is still pastor of the church in Stevensville, Montana.

A. S. Pendleton ('89-'92) and W. R. Hannum ('85-'91) are members of the second-year class of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. They have taken a good stand in their class. Mr. Pendleton is President and Mr. Hannum Treasurer of the Ashhurst Surgical Society for the ensuing year.

—'90. Hight C. Moore, pastor of the Broad Street Baptist Church, Winston, N. C., has lately had published a book of North Carolina poetry, notice of which appears elsewhere.

Carle Lee Felt ('90) and Hubert A. Royster ('91) are members of the senior class of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. The former will graduate *cum laude*. The latter is President of his class (271 in number), and will, very probably, soon receive a hospital appointment.

Prof. E. W. Sikes has been awarded a University Scholarship at Harvard University.

J. M. Osborne ('91-'92) is studying medicine at Jefferson Medical College.

T. L. Blalock ('90), who for some time was connected with the Experiment Station in Raleigh, has spent the past session at the Johns Hopkins University. He is making quite a success as a chemist, having been chosen as assistant to Professor Morse, and more recently elected assistant chemist for the Standard Oil Company. "Tom" is a good analyst, and we predict that he will be heard from again. He will take his Ph. D. degree in one more year.

S. F. Boyles ('91-'93) is taking a business course at Siler City, N. C. We learn that Frank will be valedictorian of his class, and also first essayist from the Prolific Literary Society.

—'92. E. F. Rice and James Long are at Rochester Theological Seminary, N. Y.

—'92. E. V. Howell has just received his degree of Ph. G. from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. He stood among the first of his class.

—'93. A. M. Yates is principal of a flourishing academy at Green Level, N. C.

—'93. W. A. Jones is in the tobacco business with Dalton, Farrow & Co., of Winston, N. C.

COLLEGE NEWS AND EXCHANGES.

F. E. PARHAM, Editor *pro tem.*

THE *University of Virginia Magazine* is always hailed with pleasure. Its short stories are usually entertaining, while the more lengthy contributions are instructive.

THE LIBRARY and manuscripts of the historian Bancroft have been purchased by the University of Chicago for \$80,000. The University library of 225,000 volumes is now the largest of all university libraries in America.—*Ex.*

A MAN AND a maid in a hammock are sitting,
 And close up behind them a billy-goat strolls;
 Their motion excites him, the hammock hard-hitting,
 He soon fills their garments with big buttin'-holes.—*Ex.*

CORNELL UNIVERSITY will have, hereafter, no final examinations. The students will be graded by daily recitations and monthly examinations.—*Ex.* When will the Southern Colleges adopt this method? We hope at an early day.

FROM OUR sister State comes *The Furman Echo*, and is well gotten up. We are glad to see that the trouble and turmoil over the Dispensary system have not lowered the standard of the Furman magazine. No other publication is more heartily welcomed to our table.

PRINCETON OUGHT, and no doubt it does, feel proud of its magazine as well as the record made by its football team last season. *The Nassau Lit*, published by the Seniors of this institution, contains matter of general importance and is, in every respect, a first-class magazine.

IT IS WITH pleasure that we acknowledge the reception of *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*. It contains articles of historical nature mostly, but all well written. "The Battle of Great Bridge" is excellent. The editorial department, however, doesn't seem quite so good as usual.

"A SKETCH OF MUSICAL HISTORY" in the April number of *The Chisel* is decidedly good. The writer traces the development of music in the ancient nations, and in particular among the Greeks. We congratulate the editors of *The Chisel* upon the neat and modest exterior of the magazine, no less than upon the very inviting and attractive contents.

THE *Davidson Monthly* is on our table. We are glad to see it for it always contains something worth reading. Mrs. Browning's "Religion-Inductively" is an interesting article, while "Are we Good Observers?" in the editorial department, is very well worth noticing. We would suggest, however, that the editors devote at least half of the space given to "Locals and Personals" to matter of more importance.

THE MAIDEN sweet at seventeen
 Bemoans her chaperon,
 And wonders if she'll e'er be found
 Entirely alone.
 This maiden, fine at thirty-nine,
 Is utterly alone;
 And now she'd give her head to live
 With one dear chap-her-own.—*Ex.*

The Literary, published by the Literary Societies of Baylor University, comes to us from the "Lone Star" State. It has a very neat appearance, but the reading matter is not unusually good. Though such contributions as "College Yells" and "College Fools" may be pleasant for school boys to muse over, but we think the reading public is concerned very little about "College Yells," and surely cares very little about "College Fools." The "Influence of Yale" was the most entertaining and instructive article in this number.

WE ARE GLAD to see that summer schools for teachers and special students are receiving more attention than usual this year. The fact that it is hot in the summer, and the student has attended some school eight or nine months in the year already is no argument against this movement. In what way can a student spend his vacation more profitably than to attend

a summer school at some university? We have never had the pleasure of attending such a school, still we are constrained to believe that it would be very pleasant as well as profitable for one to spend a month on the coast studying biology, or to spend the same length of time among the mountains studying geology.

THE MARCH NUMBER of *The Trinity Archive*, though a little tardy, is good. The Exchange Department is not what it should be. Strange to say, under this head there occurs no mention of any college magazine. "Class Distinction" deserves special mention, and shows the relations that should exist among college classes. We quote from it two old rules that were once laid down to the Freshmen of Harvard to show what a great reformation has taken place: (1) "No Freshman shall wear his hat in the college yard unless it rains, hails or snows, provided he be on foot and have not both hands full. (2) No Freshman shall speak to a Senior with his hat on, or have it on in a Senior's chamber or in his own if a Senior be there." Surely, the Freshman ought not to grumble at the mild "doses" he gets nowadays.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

W. L. FOUSHEE, Editor.

THREE CHEERS for our team!

EVERYONE of them!!

AND THE manager, too!!!

MISS LILLIE GRANDY, of Elizabeth City, is visiting on the Hill.

"NEEDHAM" MANGUM wishes his friends to be informed that he is at his old place of business.

PROFESSOR POTEAT conducted his geology class on an expedition to Neuse river to study the rock formation there.

MESSRS. J. E. YATES AND C. M. BILLINGS have been chosen to take part in the Intercollegiate Debate at the Teachers' Assembly next month.

MISS MINNIE BELLE CAMPBELL, of Alabama, is spending some weeks with her uncle, Prof. Sledd. She will remain till after Commencement.

THE LITERARY CIRCLE have been studying the sonnets of Shakespeare under the guidance of Professor Sledd. The next subject for study will be King Lear.

MR. P. H. GOLDSMITH gave an instructive lecture last month on the social customs, history and other features of Mexico. He has resided in Mexico three years.

ON THE TRIP to Lynchburg and Lexington the team was accompanied by Prof. J. C. Maske, while Dr. C. E. Taylor chaperoned them to Richmond and Randolph-Macon.

MR. G. W. COCHRAN, of Cumberland, Md., an official of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, spent several days in our village prospecting as to a residence here, particularly for educating his four sons.

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY, at its May meeting, was entertained by Professor Sledd, by an excellent paper on "The History of Witchcraft." Professor Lanneau explained "The Influence of Solid Bodies on Boiling Water."

QUITE A SAD ACCIDENT happened some time ago just out of the village. A man walking by the railroad was thrown down by a passing train and his right arm crushed off. From the effects of the injury he died a few hours later.

OUR VILLAGE improves rapidly. Professor Carlyle is erecting two elegant cottages. Mr. T. E. Holding is making additions to his hotel. The painters have the residences of Professor Brewer and Mr. P. W. Johnson in hand.

IN THE PROGRAMME of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly we note with pleasure the names of Dr. C. E. Taylor, who will address the Assembly on "What You Owe to Your Boys," and of Prof. W. L. Poteat, who will speak on "The Value of Competent Criticism."

THE MEDALS for improvement in oratory for this year have been awarded by the Societies, as follows: Eu., Bruce Benton, Union County; Phi., A. B. Cannaday, Granville County. The Thomas Dixon oratorical medal has been awarded by the Eu. Society to Mr. J. D. Robertson, Statesville, N. C.

UNUSUAL INTEREST was taken in the recent town election. Two tickets, headed by Mr. W. C. Brewer and Hon. G. W. Davis, respectively, for Mayor, were put in the field, the latter of whom was elected. Mr. Davis has recently moved to our town with his family. He was a member of the State Legislature of 1891.

ON THE EVENING of the 28th ultimo Mr. Henry Blount, of the *Wilson Mirror*, delivered his now famous lecture, "Behind the Alps Lies Italy." The lecturer made a lasting impression, and as his words shaped themselves into beautiful pictures of thought, his audience hung attentive to every word. Those who heard him were delighted.

THE REPRESENTATIVES of the two Societies for the next Anniversary have been chosen, as follows: Eu.—Orator, Raleigh T. Daniel; President of Debate, William Royall; First Debater, John H. Kerr; Second Debater, Isaac M. Meekins. Phi.—Orator, W. C. Newton; Secretary, J. R. Moore; First Debater, I. S. Boyles; Second Debater, Richard G. Rozier.

SOON AFTER their return from Virginia the baseball team were handsomely banquetted in the Dormitory Building by Mr. Isaac M. Meekins. Mr. Meekins gracefully welcomed his guests, expressing the honor he felt in entertaining the team. Prof. E. W. Sikes, in behalf of the team, responded in his usual Depew style, returning thanks to their kind host.

DR. TAYLOR, at morning prayers, spoke to the students of "The Life and Work of the lamented Senator Vance," presenting him as a statesman of ability and of purity of character, worthy of emulation and veneration by the youth of our State. On the succeeding morning he read some choice extracts from his Commencement Address delivered before the Literary Societies at Wake Forest College some years ago.

INSTEAD OF ATTENDING the Southern Baptist Convention in Texas, President C. E. Taylor will attend the Northern Baptist Anniversaries at Saratoga. He will also be present at the Convention of the Baptist Education Society, behind which is Mr. John D. Rockefeller, which meets at the same place. "The Relation of the State to Education" will be a subject of discussion, in which the Doctor is highly interested.

THE PRESENT Senior Class numbers twenty-eight—the second largest in the history of the College. Of these, Minor, Beebe, and Smith will teach; Carter, Payseur, Sledge, Yates, Davenport, Billings, Robertson, and Settlemyer will preach; Haywood and Beasley will enter journalism; Felt, Carpenter, and Freeman will study law; Holding and Dunn will study medicine; Spainhour will enter business; Britton, Pence, Jones, Elliot, Durham, Lambeth, Taylor, and Tayloe, undecided.

DR. J. D. HUFHAM stopped a day on the Hill on his way to Shelby, N. C., where he takes charge of the pastorate. He is a grand old man, and is known and loved in every portion of the State, especially at Wake Forest. He has been called the "Nestor" of the Baptists of North Carolina, and richly does he deserve the title. Tarboro sorrows as she gives him up. Shelby is to be congratulated on gaining such a noble and scholarly citizen.

THE SERIES of articles on "How Far Ought a State to Undertake to Educate," which have been presented by Dr. C. E. Taylor in the *Biblical Recorder*, mark him as a thinker of the highest type. His views are given in the dry light of

reason, and there is no tinge of passion. The articles are being read and discussed all over the State. These articles are great and valuable contributions to educational thought and literature, and Dr. Taylor should have the thanks of all friends of education. We learn that the articles will be printed in pamphlet form for distribution.

A VALUABLE and interesting lecture was given by Mr. R. T. Bryan on "John Chinaman." He represented him as outwardly courteous, but preferring to lie when it would be to his interest to tell the truth. He is not reflective, but searches in the great memory-box, the customs and acts of his ancestors, for reasons for his acts. Mr. Bryan subsequently lectured to the ladies on "The Chinese Woman," and a third time lectured on "The Inside Workings of Chinese Work," indicating his manner of work with those people. Mr. Bryan is a thoughtful lecturer, and we enjoy his lectures.

DESPITE THE LATENESS of the hour, more than a hundred happy students assembled at the depot at 2 o'clock A. M. of the 26th ult. to welcome home our victorious team from their trip to Virginia. By the light of a hundred torches and the merry din of horn and pan, the team were triumphantly carried to the baseball grounds, in the midst of which a huge bonfire was burning, lighting up the whole village. Prof. E. W. Sikes, in his eloquent and touching style, welcomed the boys home again, presenting several floral offerings of the ladies of the Hill. Captain Daniel then, in behalf of the team, responded, thanking the students for their hearty demonstrations and the ladies for the flowers, relating how the V. M. I. and Washington and Lee teams went down before our team, while our team bit the dust before the University of Virginia's tenth man—the man who did not wear the uniform.

MRS. JANIE PRITCHARD DUGGAN has just received the announcement that the \$500 prize offered by the American Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia has been awarded to her. The theme proposed by the Society and selected by

Mrs. Duggan was "Christian Indebtedness, or the obligation resting upon those who possess spiritual or other advantages to impart to those who lack." A large number of competing manuscripts were sent in from all parts of the United States. "A Mexican Ranch" is the title of the prize story, and its local coloring springs out of the author's residence in the midst of the scenes described. It will make a volume of considerable size, and will be published May 20. Mrs. Duggan, wife of the late Professor of Chemistry in Wake Forest College, is President Taylor's niece, being the daughter of his oldest sister and the late distinguished preacher, Rev. John L. Pritchard. She writes with great rapidity and ease, and since her return to Wake Forest from Mexico, on account of illness, a few months ago, she has completed several other books.

IT IS NEEDLESS to say that we are proud of our baseball team. They have played games that any college might feel honored to own. As a professor of a certain institution of our State, in urging a university of a sister State not to play our team, said, "It is a crack team." Aye, and we have reason to believe that because that opinion prevailed is why our list of dates was one less. Out of nine games eight victories were ours. In the ninth (with University of Virginia) every man played carefully and well, even though all were aware that our team was handicapped by the umpire. Victory came near being ours in any case, as the tenth inning was required to complete the game. They gained the admiration of their opponents and the people of Lynchburg, whose praise was impartial. Could we have induced certain teams of our State to cross bats with us we might have hoped to win the State championship. So, all honor to the team of '94!—to its battery, the best in the South; to its manager and captain; to its infield and outfield. Long will your memory remain fresh in our hearts.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, April 27, the minstrel so long talked of and awaited came off, and the managers are to be congratulated, although it showed a lack of familiarity. "Mr. John-sin" (Mr. Hall), with his circle of jokers, entertained the crowd well. The parts were interspersed with songs by a Raleigh quartette of singers, which were highly enjoyed. The trapeze work of Mr. Snider elicited much praise. Below is the programme:

Overture-----	Wake Forest Orchestra.
Song-----	"Clim', yer Chillun, Clim'."
	Jokes.
Song-----	"A Soldier's Sweetheart."
	Jokes.
Song-----	"Sleep, Baby, Sleep"—Lullaby.
	Jokes.
Song-----	"Little Hoop of Gold."
Song-----	A Medley—Quartette.
	Instrumental Music.
Dancing-----	Messrs. Meekins and Walters.
	Roman Ladders, etc.
	Banjos and Guitar.
	Mandolins and Guitars.
Farce-----	"Mrs. Fizz's Boarding-House."
	"Tired Now and Sleepy Too."

THE ANNUAL FIELD-DAY EXERCISES, held under the auspices of the Wake Forest Athletic Association on the 27th ultimo, were attended with the usual interest. While the number of contestants for the medals were fewer than on last year, the records were equal to any heretofore. The day was ideal and the attendance very large, and the contests interesting throughout. Below is the list of winners and their records:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. 100 yards dash, won by John Gore; time, 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ seconds.
2. Standing high jump, won by W. Durham; height, 4 feet 2 inches.
3. Running hop-step-and-jump, won by J. W. McNeill; distance, 38 ft. 4 in.
4. 220 yards dash, won by J. E. Yates; time, 29 seconds.
5. Throwing baseball, won by S. P. Holding; distance, 102 $\frac{1}{3}$ yards.
6. Running high jump, won by W. A. White; height, 4 feet 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
7. Running broad jump, won by J. W. McNeill; distance, 18 feet 2 inches.

8. 440 yards dash, won by John Gore; time, 60 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.
9. Pole vault, won by Jack Howard; height, 8 feet 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
10. 50 yards dash, won by John Gore; time, 6 seconds.
11. Standing broad jump, won by Carstarphen; distance, 10 feet.
12. Potato race, won by Debnam; time, 34 seconds.
13. Relay race (Freshmen vs. Sophomores), won by Sophomores.
14. Relay race (Juniors vs. Seniors), won by Seniors.
15. Wheelbarrow rolling, won by J. E. Yates.

The championship race between the Seniors and Sophomores failed to take place, owing to an indecision as to the eligibility of one of the Sophomore's runners. The race will take place on one of Commencement days. The special feature of the day was the running of Mr. J. H. Gore in the opening event, equaled in this State only by the remarkable record of Tull of '92; also his exceptional runs in the other races. He was also winner of the all-round athlete medal. Altogether, this field-day was a most pleasant occasion, and to its managers our thanks and congratulations are extended.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

HERE IS our record for April and May:

- Wake Forest, 14; Virginia Military Institute, 1.
- Wake Forest, 11; Washington and Lee, 5.
- Wake Forest, 2; University of Virginia, 5.
- Wake Forest, 6; Richmond College, 4.
- Wake Forest, 11; Randolph-Macon, 3.
- Wake Forest, 14; Reynoldson Institute, 4.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, April 28th, on our grounds, our team played Reynoldson Institute team, captained by our own John Mills. John has lost none of his wilyness, but our team, some of whom he had himself trained, were too much for his, and he went down by a score of 14 to 4. John occupied the box for his team, and Taylor for ours.

THREE OF our Virginia games are reported in full below. The games with Richmond and Randolph-Macon Colleges will be reported in next issue. Suffice it to say that the trip, on

which the team were attended by Dr. Taylor, was a most pleasant one, and they were received and entertained by both colleges in an elegant manner. The latter game with Randolph-Macon was errorless on our part, and ended with a triple play.

THE BASEBALL GAMES REPORTED.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 5; WAKE FOREST, 2.

The Wake Forest baseball team met the team of the University of Virginia in Lynchburg, Va., Saturday, April 21, and were defeated in a ten-inning contest by a score of five to two.

Had an impartial umpire officiated the score would have been different, with the old gold and black as winners. Manager Pence had arranged with Mr. Robertson, manager of the Virginia team, to select a neutral umpire after reaching Lynchburg, but the captain of the Virginia team refused to accept any one to act in that capacity, except one named Abbott, who was an old "Varsity" player. Wake Forest accepted him after some talk, much to her regret.

In the first inning Parker, of Virginia, fails to find Smith's curves, and fans the air. Worthington does likewise, and Coombe goes out on a short fly to Taylor. Smith, of Wake Forest, comes up first and hits Nelson for a three-bagger—the prettiest hit of the game. Jones makes a clean hit to left, on which Smith scores, and later Jones is caught between bases on Marshall's throw home. Nelson throws Kimball out on a grounder to first. Stafford gets to first on an error, and Taylor is put out by Parker, who throws to Smith. Wake Forest 1, Virginia 0.

In the second, with two men out, Witherspoon makes a hit, and plants himself on third on Harper's two-base hit. Listen to our tale of woe! Hix hits to shortstop, and here our otherwise excellent shortstop makes an error by throwing wild to

Kimball, allowing Witherspoon to score. Kimball in the meantime stops the ball with one hand, and while picking it up falls asleep, letting Harper cross the home-plate. Wake Forest is not rattled and plays ball. Smith accepts a difficult one from Nelson's bat, and retires the side by throwing to first.

Daniel gives Nelson an easy one. Royall does no better, and Holding, J., fans the air three times. Wake Forest 1, Virginia 2.

The third, fourth and fifth innings are unproductive of runs. S. Holding and Kimball make a beautiful double play in the fourth.

In the sixth Kimball sends a hot grounder to Hix, which jumps over his head. Stafford lifts a nice one to left, which places "Has" on second. Taylor bunts to third, and is thrown out at first, enabling Kimball to secure third. Daniel makes a timely hit, which places Kimball home amid much enthusiasm, thus tying the score. Wake Forest 2, Virginia 2.

No more runs are scored in the seventh, eighth or ninth. With much enthusiasm and feeling running high, the 'Varsity begins the tenth at the bat. Nelson makes a hit to centre and steals second. Here Parker makes a foul hit to right by ten feet, which the umpire calls fair amid the jeers and groans of those witnessing the game from that side of the park. This sent Nelson home, and landed Parker on second. Worthington scores Parker on a hit to left. Coombe goes out on a grounder to first, and Worthington scores on Smith's sacrifice. Wake Forest goes out in one, two and three order, thus ending the game.

The umpire was very hard on our pitcher in the last few innings, and any team would have become discouraged under the circumstances.

The Lynchburg people applauded the plays impartially, and their hospitality was very much appreciated.

The entire team played a splendid uphill game. Smith, especially, accepting many difficult chances without an error. His headwork in the box was excellent. Daniel and Royall

made several star catches in the outfield. Smith, of Virginia, plays an excellent game at first. The battery work of Nelson and Coombe was very pretty.

WAKE FOREST.	AB	R	IB	PO	A	E	UNIV. OF VA.	AB	R	IB	PO	A	E
Smith, p-----	5	1	1	1	9	0	Parker, 2 b-----	3	1	1	1	7	0
Jones, 1 f-----	4	0	1	2	1	0	Worthington, 3 b,	5	1	1	0	4	0
Kimball, 1 b-----	4	1	1	1	0	1	Coombe, c-----	5	0	1	6	2	0
Stafford, c-----	4	0	1	6	2	0	Smith, 1 b-----	3	0	0	2	1	0
Taylor, s s-----	4	0	0	1	2	1	Marshall, c f-----	4	0	0	0	0	1
Daniel, c f-----	4	0	2	1	0	0	Witherspoon, r f,	5	1	1	0	0	0
Holding, J., 3 b,	4	0	0	0	0	0	Harper, 1 f-----	4	1	1	0	0	0
Royall, r f-----	4	0	0	3	0	0	Hicks, s s-----	4	0	0	0	1	2
Holding, S., 2 b,	4	0	0	5	1	0	Nelson, p-----	3	1	1	2	10	2
	37	2	6	30	15	2		36	5	6	30	25	5

W. & L., 3; W. F., 11.

On the 23d we played Washington and Lee University, in Lexington, Va. The grounds are situated on a hill, and we played a very dull and uninteresting game. The features of the game were Stafford's two home-runs, and the fast work of Jones, Daniel and Royall in the outfield. For Washington and Lee, Myers' all-round playing was excellent; and the pitching of Pratt was very good—striking out nine.

Washington and Lee,	1	1	1	0	2	0	0	0	0
Wake Forest,	1	3	0	0	3	0	3	1	x

Summary: Batteries—Wake Forest, Taylor and Kimball, Smith and Stafford; Washington and Lee, Pratt and Foster. Earned runs—W. F., 9; W. & L., 1. Home-runs, Daniel, Stafford (2). Three-base-hits, Daniel, Jones, Holding S. Two-base-hit, Myers. Struck out, by W. & L., 9; by W. F., 5. Umpire, Mr. Coffeen.

V. M. I., 1; W. F., 14.

On the 24th we met the V. M. I., where we were entertained very handsomely by the boys. We enjoyed our short military life very much, especially did "Hasbeen." Smith pitched by far his best game, allowing only three hits off his delivery, and striking out fifteen of the soldier boys. Stafford

also caught a great game. The fielding of Coffeen was fine, as was the work of Cootes for V. M. I.

WAKE FOREST.	AB	R	IB	PO	A	E	V. M. I.	AB	R	IB	PO	A	E
Smith, p-----	5	2	1	0	3	0	Cocke, P., 1 b--	4	0	0	12	0	0
Kimball, 1 b----	5	1	0	5	0	0	Miller, r f-----	4	0	0	0	0	0
Daniel, c f-----	5	1	1	2	1	0	Sheffield, s s----	4	0	0	1	2	2
Stafford, c-----	5	4	2	15	0	0	Cootes, c-----	3	0	0	5	1	0
Jones, 1 f-----	5	2	4	0	0	0	Moore, 3 b-----	4	0	0	2	3	3
Taylor, s s-----	5	1	2	1	1	1	Morgan, 2 b-----	3	0	1	4	3	2
Holding, J., 3 b-	5	1	0	0	0	0	Coffeen, 1 f-----	3	0	1	1	0	0
Royall, r f-----	5	1	1	1	0	0	Cocke, H., c f----	3	0	0	1	0	1
Holding, S., 2 b-	4	1	0	3	2	0	Biscoe, p-----	3	1	1	1	5	0
	44	14	11	27	7	1		31	1	3	27	14	8

Summary: Earned runs—W. F., 10; V. M. I., 1. Home-runs—Stafford, Taylor and Biscoe. Two-base hit—Coffeen. Struck out—by Smith, 15; by Biscoe, 4. Batteries—Smith and Stafford, Biscoe and Cootes. Umpire—Mr. Maxwell.

The games in Lexington were of a very friendly order, and the umpiring was perfectly impartial.

FOR

Drugs,
Medicines,
Books,
Stationery,
Confectioneries,
Cigars,
Fancy Goods,
&c.,

GO TO _____
T. E. Holding & Co.'s
DRUG STORE,

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

DRESS SUITS Made to Order
A SPECIALTY.

△ WE have a large line of samples of
the best cloths for DRESS SUITS,
△ and will guarantee a Perfect Fit and
Low Prices.

WE ALSO HAVE
A FULL LINE OF

CLOTHING,

Underwear, Hats, Shoes, &c.

Lowest Prices Guaranteed.

Whiting Bros
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED

CLOTHIERS & HATTERS

Raleigh, N.C.

W. H. & R. S. Tucker
& Co.,
RALEIGH, N. C.

IN ADDITION TO OUR LARGE AND
GENERAL STOCK OF

Dry Goods,
Carpets, Etc., . .

We have the largest and
most thorough equipment
in the State of

Dress Shirts, Negligee Shirts, Drawers,
Underwear, Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs,
Handkerchiefs, Hats, Shoes, Etc.

 Gentlemen's
Furnishings

WE SOLICIT THE PATRONAGE OF STUDENTS.

Fall and Winter.

 IT is our pleasure to extend the compliments of
the season to you all, and to announce that
our Fall and Winter stock is now open for
your inspection.

We Lead Them All
As to Prices, Styles and Patterns.

CROSS & LINEHAN,

D. R. BRITTON,

Men's Outfitters,

gent, will take pleasure in serving you.

RALEIGH, N. C.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

PROF. J. C. MASKE.....ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY:

W. L. FOUSHEE.....EDITOR.

R. F. BEASLEY.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY:

R. W. HAYWOOD.....EDITOR.

J. E. YATES.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

W. B. STOKELY.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. XIII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., JUNE, 1894.

No. 9.

REMARKS OF D. A. COVINGTON AT A MEETING OF THE MONROE BAR, HELD TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1894, IN MEMORY OF J. J. VANN.

Mr. Chairman: Twenty-four years ago, next September, I met, for the first time, J. J. Vann. He coming from the extreme eastern and I from the western portion of the State, we met on middle ground as matriculates of Wake Forest College. For three years, next ensuing, we were both students of that institution, members of the same literary society, the Euzelian, and both striving for the same goal—to make ready for the practice of that profession which has since been our life-work, the law. Answering, day after day, to the same roll-call; summoned, week after week, to recitations by the same college bell; reciting, month after month, to the same professors; joining in the same boyish sports, associating with the same “fellows,” and engaging, with generous rivalry, in the same literary contests, we came to know each other intimately and well, and a friendship sprang up betwixt us which, so far as I know, never knew any “shadow of turning.”

I shall never forget him as I knew him in those glorious days of our boyhood, when I watched the gradual unfolding of those noble traits in his youthful character which were, afterwards, to *mark him as a man.* The close application

with which he pursued his studies, foreshadowed the hard-working, painstaking student into which he was to grow. His ambition to master the lessons he was to recite and to be able, not simply to understand their *letter*, but to enter also into their *spirit*, betokened the thorough scholar and accurate thinker into which he afterwards developed. The deep interest he always manifested in the debates that occurred weekly in the Euzelian Hall, and the thorough preparation he made to cope with his opponents, whether acting on the defensive or assuming the aggressive, foretold that in life's great battle, in the profession of his choice, he would prove, as he did, a "foeman worthy of the most polished steel." Among the hundreds of boys at Wake Forest College who knew J. J. Vann from the fall of 1870 to the summer of 1873, there was not one who feared he would be a laggard in the race, or doubted his ultimate triumph. Teachers and students of the college, citizens of the village,—all knew that he had within him the elements of success, and that a bright and prosperous future loomed up in his pathway.

But mental vigor and the successful pursuit of his studies were not the only attributes which challenged the admiration and won the esteem of teachers, fellows and citizens alike. His warm, generous nature; his amiable disposition; his frank, open manner; his kind heart, drew to him, with irresistible power, the love of every student, the high regard of every professor and the profound respect of every citizen. To them all, his death will come with the deepest sorrow and to many,—with the most poignant grief. His devotion to his cousin, the Rev. R. T. Vann, whose empty sleeves appealed, with such mute eloquence, for a strong arm on which to lean, was simply beautiful. The loving kindness, the thoughtful care, the untiring attention which J. J. Vann at all times, throughout these three long years, showed for and bestowed upon this deserving cousin, rivals the story of Damon and Pythias and is well deserving of a place in poetry and in song. Their

souls were knitted together like the souls of David and Jonathan—their love for each other surpassed “the love of women.”

In June, 1873, Mr. Vann, having finished the college course, graduated with high distinction in his class, and having been honored by his society with the position of orator at its preceding anniversary, there were no further honors which he might there seek, so he turned his back upon his *Alma Mater* and bravely faced the stern realities of life, and there followed him the best wishes, the earnest hopes, the faithful prayers of students, teachers and citizens who had known, admired and loved him during his sojourn with them. Is it strange that, under such circumstances, he achieved such marked success?

Mr. Vann's father, if I mistake not, died when Mr. Vann was quite young, and the property left to him went into the hands of a guardian and was lost, largely, if not wholly, by the casualties of the late civil war. So that when he left college, he found himself without means to complete his education for the law, and to bridge over this difficulty he became a *teacher*—to which fact may be attributed the accuracy of his learning and the wonderful facility with which he traversed the fields so often unknown to the common practitioner. I rather think, though of this I do not feel quite certain, that Mr. Vann taught even before he went to college. I know he did afterwards. He was a self-made man in the true and literal sense of that term, and from his career the worthy and deserving everywhere may catch fresh inspiration and take new courage. He never attended any regular law school, but in the pursuit of his studies, carried on, as they were oftentimes, in the silence of his own room, after the vexations of the school-room were over for the day, he was fortunate in securing the assistance of that eminent lawyer and accomplished gentleman, Thos. N. Hill, of Halifax, for whom Mr. Vann always felt the very highest personal regard and for

whose legal attainments he retained the supremest admiration. Indeed, I think Mr. Vann generally felt that he had succeeded best in the solution of a legal problem when he had been able to analyze it after the fashion of his illustrious instructor, Mr. Hill.

In 1876, after many a trial and struggle, in the face of which one made of common clay would have gone under, Mr. Vann obtained his license to practice law, and at once located in Winton, the county seat of Hertford, his native county. In May, 1877, he came to Monroe, for the first time, on a visit to myself—which visit resulted in the formation of the law copartnership of Covington & Vann, which lasted until its dissolution, by mutual consent, on June 5, 1879. The firm of Payne & Vann then came into existence and enjoyed a large and lucrative practice. The condition of Mr. Payne's health requiring him to withdraw from the profession, Mr. Vann thereafter continued the practice single-handed and alone.

Mr. Vann was a man of great patience, and he experienced real pleasure in familiarizing himself with the *facts* of his client's case, and in ascertaining and understanding the *law* applicable thereto. He was an able lawyer, a first-class advocate, a fine business man, a jovial companion, a kind friend, an affectionate father, a devoted husband and, I am glad to say, a humble and devout Christian. His sound judgment, his patient and exhaustive research, his intense honesty, his earnestness, his anxiety to *know* the right and his firmness to *perform* it, all contributed, in a marked degree, to the success he accomplished. It would be impossible to say what *one* characteristic most predominated.

“His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*”

It is doubtful if any man, in the same length of time, has ever written his impress so favorably upon the minds and hearts of our people. His stay among us has been a pleasure and a consolation to us all—to many it has been a veritable benediction.

“Can that man be dead,
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.”

Counted by the days he was permitted to remain on earth, it will be said of Mr. Vann that he died young. But when the good that he did, the influence that he wielded, the example that he set and the success that he accomplished be considered, he outlived many who have simply “run out” their three-score years and ten.

“We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

I can hardly realize that Mr. Vann is dead. I can almost see his familiar form and hear his familiar voice. “When a life has been spent in gathering knowledge, and the head has become a vast storehouse of materials and a factory operating the most improved machinery, just prepared to turn out its best products, to die then must seem, to the heathen, and all the more so if he be a philosopher, a monstrous absurdity, a logical inconsequence, which mocking Nature perpetrates at the expense of poor humanity.” But to the Christian, who solaces himself with the assurances of the Bible, and who believes that “if a man die he shall live again,” death is looked upon as but the *beginning* of a new and happier life. This great problem, from the solution of which so many of us shrink, and yet which each of us, sooner or later, must solve for ourselves, Mr. Vann has already solved, and to him it is no longer a mystery. He has “crossed over the river

and rests under the shade of the trees." We could not see the invisible boatman—we could not hear the stroke of his muffled oar—we only know that our friend became his passenger and disappeared from sight forever. Strong in mind, healthy, as we supposed, in body, with a future stretching out before his mature manhood as bright and hopeful, as pregnant with joy and happiness as that which stretches out before any of us to-day, he has bid adieu to all that was near and dear to him on this earth, and has "taken up his journey to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler has ever returned." The things that knew him once will know him no more forever.

"For him no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Nor busy house-wife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Nor climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

Yes, the sad fact forces itself upon us that Mr. Vann is *dead*. He lies over yonder in his deep, dark, narrow cell. The friends who gathered around his open grave to pay their last tribute of respect heard the dull, monotonous thud of the clods as they fell upon his coffin lid and buried him from sight forever. As we stood there, in the gathering twilight of that beautiful evening, facing to the westward, and lowered his body into the tomb, the "dying sun" sunk into his "golden grave," withdrawing, temporarily, his light from all the world, indicative of the light that had gone out of the life of our friend forever; and when our task was done and the last shovel of dirt placed in position, as we faced about to the east to take up our sad march back to the sorrowing town, the silvery beams of the full moon rested gently upon the new made mound, suggestive of the new light that had dawned upon him in the Great Beyond.

What a terrible thing death is—must be—under all circumstances. Halleck best describes it in his Marco Bozzaris:

"Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals,
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet song and dance and wine;
 And thou art terrible—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear,
 Of agony, are thine."

When a man has grown old in going about doing good; when his head has been whitened with the frosts of many winters, his form bowed by the weight of many responsibilities, his face furrowed by the troublous touch of time, his eyesight dim, his step unsteady and he is ready, like the shock of ripened grain, to be garnered in, it is not so sad for him to call his friends and family around him and, after bestowing upon each the parting blessing, to gather up his robes and, like a rushing thought, climb upwards, star by star, into Heaven. But for the young, for the mature man, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of life, just beginning to live, to be suddenly cut down, without a moment's warning, without an opportunity even to speak a good-bye or impart a final blessing, is sad beyond expression, and, from a human standpoint, an inscrutable Providence. Upon such an one death falls like an "untimely frost" that blasts the "fairest flower in all the fields." We cannot understand it. We need not. It is enough that it is so, and that man is happy who, submitting to the inevitable, is able to feel and believe with Whittier in his "Eternal Goodness":

"I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air,
 I only know I cannot drift,
 Beyond His love and care.

“And so, beside the silent sea,
 I wait the muffled oar,
 No harm from Him can come to me,
 On ocean or on shore.

“I sigh for household voices gone,
 For vanished smiles I long,
 But God has led our dear ones on,
 And He can do no wrong.”

Edward Fuller, one of North Carolina's most brilliant sons, and, to my mind, her sweetest singer, left to us all, in the evening of his life, a priceless legacy which, if we appropriate, will be a “lamp to our feet” and light up our pathway as we journey through life, and will strengthen us when we come to pass through the “valley of the shadow of death,” and enable us finally to walk by the “side of the still waters” and to “lie down in green pastures”:

“Thus do I wish to live, life's aims subverted to God,
 And each continued day and hour regard
 As special gifts to be improved for Him;
 To wear the girdle of this world about my loins so loosely,
 That a moment will suffice to break the clasp
 And lay it down.”

UNREAL REALISM.

Paradox apart, Realism is itself idealistic. The terms are, at best, more convenient than accurate. They can hardly lay claim to more than a relative meaning, even though we reject Paul Bourget's dictum—which does not seem over luminous or especially happy—that “Realism is a tendency to regard truth rather than beauty in works of fiction.” Few, perhaps, will have the hardihood to deny the tendency to neglect beauty—a tendency to which many writers have surrendered with a success that should be very gratifying, to themselves; whether they have thereby interwoven a larger amount of truth may be reasonably questioned. Realism, then,

is a tendency toward truth, and Idealism a tendency toward beauty. But are beauty and truth antithetical? Ugliness is sometimes a truth, a painful truth, and it also has a reputation for staying qualities, but beauty is at least a higher form of truth. The Parcæ may have been as real as Venus, but most men would infinitely prefer Venus to the whole family of them. Bourget missed a claim to our gratitude by not defining his definition, but it is perhaps as intelligible as some of Herbert Spencer's.

One can scarce forbear asking if there is no truth that is not an entity, a fact, an existent and substantial *thing*? Is there no truth save the truth of Reality? There is a truth of reality, there is also an artistic truth: the former is perchance only a truth for yesterday or to-day; the latter is a truth for all time and all men. The truth of the Real is contingent, dependent, variable, local, ephemeral—the truth of the Ideal, of beauty, is eternal and unchangeable. If a thing be beautiful is it not then true, does it not satisfy and stand acquitted before the highest tribunal that judges of the true and the false? Do not all even long to evoke it their own? Is it to be supposed that the man who sees for the first time the Venus of Milo or the Apollo Belvidere regrets that, after all, there was never a Venus or an Apollo? Is there not as much truth there as though the image of Venus or Apollo had been burned into the brain of the sculptor before it was chiselled in marble?

Bacon clipped the wings of philosophy and set it to digging in the back garden and cleaning out the sewers: since then the wing-clipping business has been going steadily forward. There is one supreme canon for everything: Does it pay? The aurora is only a waste of electricity. Niagara was an eye-sore till it was put to grinding in the mill. The next step will be to blazon on the rainbow the virtues of "Castoria" or "Pink Pills." Everybody prates about science, and practicability is epidemic.

It is not to be supposed that literature could long escape. It has not. The novel has its task set. It must teach: teach the truth, the truth as it is seen and heard. You bolt a very ordinary-seeming hero with all the guileless innocence of the unsophisticated trout, when—*yank!* and you are clawing the air with the hook of the author's pet theory in your jaw while he—or worse by far, she—lectures you by the hour on woman's sphere, or sociology. The novelist of to-day studies his fellows as never biologist did a new specimen. He picks out here a limb and there a head and so, having pieced out his characters, he arranges that they shall go through a certain series of incidents, all as nearly as possible like those of real life, and since instruction is his business they are too frequently mere figure-heads, manipulated by the underlying machinery of his plot for the exemplification of the lesson which must be taught at all hazards. There must be no gambols, no mysteries, no improbabilities; nothing must walk with aimless feet—and this is Realism: it is likewise insufferable monotony.

There are two ways of missing Realism: one is to fly over—that is Idealism; the other is to crawl under—that is Caricature, and it has other votaries besides Keppler and Nast. Perfect Realism, there is none. Nature may be aped—she will not sit for her photograph. The novelist may not make a camera of his eye, strive as he will. There is always a disturbing element. The man without imagination must be sought in the ranks of the merchants and physicians and undertakers; he will never be found in the ranks of the novelists. Fact *will* borrow the ever-ready wings of Fancy. Would you paint a scene of darkness? Conjured horrors lend a deeper shade. Would you paint the joyous and the blithesome? It will be roseate with imagined felicity. The Ideal will tinge the Real with azure and gold. It deepens the shades, it raises the lights. Appeal must be made in the last resort to the imagination. In it alone is unity imminent. It alone can

grasp the glory of the *seem* of things—it is the harmonizer, the vivifier, the reconciler of the heterogeneous. No quality of detail can make a picture, no enumeration of qualities can make a live character. Many a personage in your Realistic model is, happily, as impossible as any mortality-tinctured angel to be found in the pages of the most pronounced Idealist. To see, as we cannot help but see sometimes, the author's imagination puffing away like the unstopped cave of Æolus, in a frantic effort to get the breath of life, somehow, into one of his mosaic characters is pitiable. Would it not be nearer the truth to say that Idealism is a tendency toward beauty and Realism a tendency—with a vengeance—toward ugliness? It seems to resolve itself into a question as to the direction of the bias. What the author wishes a character to be plays havoc with what it is—for the better or the worse.

One highly mischievous postulate of Realism seems to be that whatever is true is ugly—therefore he who can work in most of the hideous and the malodorous without overstepping the bounds set by a nowise squeamish public, is drawing nature with the surest touch. Nor does the *Bene! Bene!* of numerous admirers fail to reward the skillful adventurer. How very near to the border of the permissible the adept can venture is evidenced by Amelie Rives. This has resulted in a fiction as unreal as it is morbid and unhealthy. We are not clamoring for a more luxuriant growth of that highly and righteously edifying type of fiction that lurks in the recesses of our Sunday-school libraries. Give us rather a long and unbroken line of "Tesses" and "Sang Diggers." From the insipidity of the faultless man, from the vapid young lady who admonishes us, in terms of the parson's Sunday sermon, to be careful of our spiritual welfare, we pray loud and long for deliverance. But to seek out the evil and the hideous and reject their opposites is surely as great a slip in art as in morals. The dimensions of the fig-leaf apron are being contracted with a zeal so obtrusive as to render us apprehensive.

Equally false is the theory that the True is necessarily interesting. It is a greater blunder than the one just mentioned. Moral shadiness is undesirable—dullness is unpardonable, is fatal. The scoundrel we can forgive all his villainies for the sake of his cleverness, but the most sentimental female never sheds tears—of sympathy—over the bore. To entertain is the one paramount charge of the novel. To fail in that, is to fail in all. How apt the Realist is to fail just here, Howell's "Rise of Silas Topham" and Crawford's "Marian Dorche" show convincingly. The one imperative demand most people make of the novel is that it helps to kill time. It must lend wings to forms that loiter when they should fly. We have a pretty clear conception of the range of ideas compassed by the butcher or the grocer's clerk, and the elephantine capering of the bold widower of fifty, under the influence of the tender passion, is a phenomenon with which even a brief experience has rendered us nauseatingly familiar. We are not anxious for their assistance in beguiling the tedium of our leisure. Many, in their pardonable anxiety to avoid the defeat of dullness, resort to desperate expedients. Some adopt a cyclonic style that is supposed to be especially virile. Some, under a show of frankness, masquerade vice in the most enchanting drapery, while yet others put in a liberal sprinkling of gore and pick off a character at convenient intervals with all the nonchalance of a veteran sharpshooter. So funereal are they that one even longs for Scott's wheel of fortune with none but lucky numbers and his never-failing all-things-work-together-for-goodyism. After all, it is terribly unsatisfactory to track the hero through six hundred pages of moralizing platitudes, only to fish him out of the river, hopelessly drowned—a *la* George Eliot—in the end.

The masterpieces of painting are not portraits, and the master characters of fiction have seldom or never been close copies of originals from real life. It is much easier to draw a character, a real personage being given as a bolster for the imagination, perhaps. To imitate is always easier than to create,

but it should be remembered that it is infinitely inferior work. Realism holds despotic sway just now, and of course is open to all the censure that falls to the lot of the "party in power." The reaction will come sooner or later. At bottom, it is little more than a catering to the unprecedented egotism of "our age." To be sure, your Realist is sometimes caustically satirical—often he secretes a good quantity of thoroughgoing cynicism—but it is the height of "modernity" to covet abuse, and to be cynical is quite in the mode. In the midst of it all, one turns to Lew Wallace's Wandering Jew with a sigh of relief, and merely takes the precaution to—file his grinders.

C. P. S.

*BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS, 1894.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN :—I desire, before we part, to put into your hands three keys. They are Master Keys. Rightly used they will open the doors which stand closed and locked in the way of a young man who is seeking the highest usefulness and the truest success. I had almost added that they would open the way to renown, also; but of that I am not so sure. But in the long run, as compared with other things, this amounts to little. I leave it out.

The First Key is Self-control. You are persons, not things. And because you have this high endowment of personality you are put into your own hands. Before we can ever move or help or govern others we must control our own selves. You are to learn to postpone the pleasure of to-day for the greater good of to-morrow. Bit and bridle must be put on passion and appetite and every sordid ambition. No fellow creature can possibly do this for you. Unless your own hand is steady on the helm the craft will drift awry. This is not easy. No, it's hard. But therein lies the dignity of manhood. The young Macedonian overran the East and the West. And an age of inadequate standards laid its little foot-rule over

* Delivered by President C. E. Taylor June 14.

against him, and called him "Great." We know better how to measure. The bloodless victory of real self-mastery is more worthy of renown than those celebrated by triumphal march or recorded in the epitaphs of Westminster. Greater than the man who taketh a city is he who ruleth his own spirit. This is the empire—even your own selves—over which you are placed with supreme control. See that you keep strict, wise discipline therein. Repress every mutiny in the lower nature. The tiger and the ape and the serpent within us must be subordinate to reason, and reason to conscience, and conscience to Moral Law. Then the brute will dwindle. The man will grow.

The Second Key is Self-reliance. To-morrow you will begin to face the realities of life as you have never done before. You have your own paths to clear, your own living to make. Times are hard. All occupations are crowded. Employment was never so difficult to find. If any of you imagine that, because you are college graduates, people are going to beg for your services at big salaries, you will soon discover your mistake. You now enter a field of competition where, if you mean to be honest men, nothing will tell but your own industry, your own enterprise, your own brain, and your own brawn. And I am glad that it is so. This, also, will help to develop manliness. Self-indulgence, morning slumbers, lily hands, day-dreams of unearned fortunes will never develop a hero. For there are heroes still. They are, for the most part, the patient, silent toilers. When the story of the world is told at last, its brightest pages will be starred with the names of unknown workers whose toil and sacrifice and mutual helpfulness will make us wonder that we did not know how much of heaven there was on earth—perhaps, where we least expected it. But God knew all the time.

Success, if at all honest, is like true liberty;—

* * * Not a fair young maid, with light and delicate limbs,
And golden tresses flowing from her cap; but
A bearded man, armed to the teeth.

Young men, go to work—anywhere, so it be honest work. If you wish to reach the top, be willing to begin at the bottom. Earn something. Be proud—not of birth or fortune or kindred, but of your own manly independence.

And do not be afraid to be brave, self-reliant thinkers, as well as actors. Call no man master—except the Son of Man. All things about us are fairly saturated with truth and are vocal with divine messages. That man who is a coward, or who blindly follows precedent will never hear the whisper nor behold the vision. You and I have learned together that there are solid foundations on which to build safe thinking. You have been encouraged to use the intellects which God has given you. And you have also learned, I trust, that this self-reliance is not incompatible with the deepest humility, nay more, that in distrust of human authority, it leads of itself to reliance upon the Spirit of God.

The Third Key is Self-respect. Not self-esteem or vanity. Far be it. The conceited man does not respect himself. He only admires an imaginary being which he thinks bears his resemblance. We must take our own real measure and learn to make wise and true estimates of our own abilities and character. And mark this, there can be no real self-respect in the absence of genuine moral soundness. A man who will cheat or lie or flatter or be a slave to drink and unholy passion may make sport of it all, but it is impossible that he respect himself. It is true that with the help of divine surgery the unsoundness may be cut out. Then he can respect his better self, as he becomes conscious of a love of integrity and a hatred of a lie.

Self-respect is quite independent of the place you may hold. Henry Clay must have felt it when he said, "I'd rather be right than President." A temptation which has been and which will be is to buy position and honors at the cost of self-respect. The price is too high. We cannot afford it. The post of honor will often be the private station. Do not let the

devil fool you with enticing baits. *He* knows well, and will whisper to *you* the secret of short cuts for the getting of bread, for immunity from danger, and for realizing visions of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. Blessed is that young man who has learned to say, though hungry or in danger or ambitious, "Get thou behind me Satan." But self-respect will abide with him. These three keys, Self-control, Self-reliance, Self-respect, I would fain commend to your daily use. *Without* them you will surely lose your way in the labyrinths of life. *With* them, "your own hands will be laid on your own goals."

THE UNITED STATES UNDER JACKSON.

The election of Andrew Jackson as President of the United States marked a point of significant change in American politics—a change in *personnel* and in spirit, in substance and in method.

Colonial America, seeking to construct a union, had become national America, seeking to realize and develop her united strength, and to express her new life in a new course of politics.

Almost immediately upon entering the period of Jackson's administrations we find ourselves, as if by a sudden turn, in the great highway of a legislative and executive policy which leads directly to the period of the Civil War, and beyond that to the United States of our own day.

The tariff now becomes a question of sectional irritation, and the great Bank of the United States is destroyed. Jackson came into power as the standard-bearer of a new upheaval of Democracy and under a profession of new and fuller realization of the Jeffersonian democratic-republican principles.

The people of the period were happy and prosperous, their lives were easy, free from gross cares, and free from political

anxieties. They were generally satisfied with some crude notions and easy prejudices about institutions and social states, of which they really had no knowledge. Jackson's previous record made them feel that he was one of them and would stand by them. Not proud or caring for style, he had plenty of what was sound, strong, and good.

Mr. Wilson says that Jackson's character created everywhere its own environments, bred everywhere conditions suitable to itself and its own singular, self-willed existence. As soon as he entered upon his duty as President he dismissed all of the government employees not of his political order. This, together with the fact that he never confided in his "constitutional advisers," his Cabinet, but, instead, drew about him a body of personal friends, which the press of the day dubbed his "Kitchen Cabinet," soon alarmed the political leaders of the old stamp; it seemed as if the foundations of political morals had broken away.

What relation the government should have to our banking system has been an issue that has puzzled every statesman and politician since the formation of this republic. Since the days of Robert Morris, the first eminent financier of America, a majority of the law-makers of our country have never been able to agree upon any method under consideration.

The first Bank of the United States was created in 1790, with a capital stock of ten million dollars, having a charter for twenty years, with power to issue notes payable on demand in specie. Previous to this time there existed three or four State or Corporation banks. These seemed to have been conducted in a very unsatisfactory manner, and were really worth nothing to the credit of the country.

The first Bank of the United States had been established, at the suggestion of Hamilton, for several purposes, not only in order to furnish the country with at least one sound and stable currency, but also in order to serve as the fiscal agent of the government in handling its revenues and floating its loans, in

order to interest men with money in the new federal government. That it did act as a check upon the less reliable State banks is made sufficiently manifest by the opposition offered to the renewal of its twenty-year charter, which expired in 1811.

On refusal of Congress to re-charter the Bank of the United States a large number of State banks sprang into existence. In not a single State were the banks subject to regulation or even supervision to make sure they did their duty or that they did not commit injury.

Mr. J. R. McCulloch's statement regarding the banking system of that day is hardly extravagant: "Had a committee of clever men been selected to devise means by which the public might be tempted to engage in all manner of absurd projects and be more easily duped and swindled, we do not know that they could have hit upon anything half so likely to effect their object as the existing American banking system. It has no redeeming quality about it, but is from beginning to end a compound of quackery and imposture."

They suspended specie payment at the outbreak of the war with England and flooded the country with millions of dollars of worthless money. Retribution came in the panics of 1837 and 1839 and in the long and dreary prostration of industry which followed. And after experiencing for five years the combined financial effect of war and State banking the country was glad to see a second Bank of the United States chartered in 1816, with a capital of thirty-five millions, of which the United States government owned one-fifth, and with a charter having twenty years to run.

Jackson claimed that this bank was an "electioneering machine for the Whig party," and that it was also unconstitutional; that Congress, exercising only specified powers, had no authority to grant charters. And even if it could grant charters, whence did it derive the right to charter a bank and give to it the handling of revenues?

The Whigs, however, claimed that the last clause of the article of the Constitution conferred power upon Congress to make all laws which should be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers. But could this bank be said to be both necessary and proper for carrying into execution the limited fiscal functions of the federal government? Washington and Hamilton thought so; but Mr. Jackson and his new school of democracy thought differently, and before the charter expired in 1836 Mr. Jackson, without any authority whatever from Congress, compelled his Secretary of Treasury to order in the government's deposit in the bank, and by the relentless attacks of President Jackson the bank was broken down and compelled to take refuge under a Pennsylvania charter.

When the deposits of the federal government were withdrawn from the Bank of the United States, the Treasury Department selected certain State banks to take the place of the "monster" corporation as custodians of the funds. These were known as the "Pet Banks," and were chosen evidently not according to any criterion of soundness, but according to the principle which had hitherto been followed in the States in the granting of bank charters, the principle, namely, of party fidelity. The deposits were placed with Democratic banks in the South and West, rather than with Whig banks in the North and East. These banks, wanting proper management and supervision, soon again flooded the country with over-issues of paper money, which exhibited all varieties and stages of depreciation.

To what extent the Bank of the United States had been a failure I am unable to say. It certainly lacked the confidence of the people. The friends of it say that its failure to regulate the paper circulation and to prevent excessive and improper issues by the State banks was due to the condition of the country at that period, and to the persecutions heaped upon it by the administration.

The States now began to design plans to place the issue of bank notes on a sounder basis. New York established in 1838 the free banking system, under which all circulating notes were to be secured by deposit of United States or New York stocks or bonds with the State Comptroller. Our present system is essentially the same. All notes issued must be secured by an abundant deposit at the Treasury Department in Washington of United States bonds, and the Comptroller of Currency of the United States has the management of our national banking system.

That Jackson was just the man to conduct a successful administration all will agree. He exhibited the same energy in diplomacy that characterized him in dealing with questions of domestic policy, and from the standpoint of to-day, about the only satisfactory part of Jackson's record as President is to be found in his settlement of two interesting and important questions affecting the foreign relations of the country, viz.: a treaty with Great Britain, by which the United States were allowed to trade freely with the West Indies and all neighboring British possessions; also a treaty with France, which compelled France to pay for the damages done to American commerce during the Napoleonic Wars. The dignity of our country was established first through the directness and energy of Jackson.

Jackson had just the temper for a politician—nothing ruffled him. He was thick-skinned, elastic, and tough. He was, however, a man of more than average ability, and he appears to have been conscious of lowering himself by the political manœuvring which he had practiced. As President he showed the honorable desire to have a statesmanlike and high-toned administration.

In 1845, June 8th, this self-willed man died. He had had honors beyond anything which his own heart had ever coveted. His success had outrun his ambition. He had exercised more power than any other American had ever possessed, and died idolized by a great majority of his countrymen. He

had been thwarted in hardly anything on which he had set his heart. He lived to see his old enemies, Clay and Calhoun, defeated and retired in despair and disgust, and to help to bring it about.

In his last years he joined the church, and on that occasion, under the exhortation of his spiritual adviser, he professed to forgive all his enemies in a body. It does not appear that he ever repented of any specific thing, ever thought he had been in the wrong, or ever forgave any particular enemy.

J. H. KERR, JR.

THE PITCH LAKE OF TRINIDAD.*

The subject chosen for discussion this evening is by no means a new one. Since the time when man first saw it centuries ago it has been considered by all what might be termed a freak of Nature, because it seemed quite out of the general run of natural events. Consequently we find that the savage points with superstition at it, the ignorant opens wide his eyes with unbounded astonishment to hear of it, and the intelligent endlessly speculates concerning the origin of it. And yet, with all the theories set forth and time bestowed upon its investigation, the opinions of the investigators accounting for its formation and presence in Nature are still very unsettled. So an attempt on my part to furnish you with a genesis of asphalt formations on the island of Trinidad will be simply to present you with some of the hypotheses advanced by different men and leave you either to remain in doubt or accept what seems to be the most plausible one.

I shall give (1) a brief geological outline of continental formations, which can be applied to the island of Trinidad, because the supply of accessible literature on its geology was so meagre I was unable to obtain anything definite. And (2) a description of the lake and its surroundings; and (3) the theories now held in regard to the formation of pitch.

*A paper read June 5, 1894, before the Wake Forest Scientific Society.

The situation of Trinidad can be seen from the map. [Sketched on the blackboard.] It lies off the coast of South America, between 10° and 11° Lat. and 61° and 62° Lon. It is of an irregular, rectangular shape, with two promontories on the northeast and southwest. It was discovered by Columbus July 31, 1496, on his third voyage to this country. He had determined before reaching land to name the next which he discovered after the blessed Trinity, and to use Charles Kingsley's expression, "The three peaks in the southern part of the island seemed to him a heaven-sent confirmation of his determination." He sailed through the "Serpent's Mouth" into the gulf of Paria, and around the western coast and out at the "Dragon's Mouth." The names he gave to the promontories, indentations, etc., along the coast have clung to them ever since. Columbus' notion of the shape of the earth differed in some respects from the view we hold. His notion was that the earth, instead of being spherical or round like an orange, was more like a pear, and that on top of the prominence was situated the Garden of Eden, out of which flowed the four great rivers of the world, the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Tigris. On account of the rush of the waters of the Orinoco out to sea and the seeming elevation Columbus imagined he was at the foot of the prominence when he entered the gulf of Paria. Three parallel ranges of hills run east and west, varying from 600 to 3,100 feet high, and are clothed with dense forest. According to Humboldt and others these seem to be composed of metamorphic rocks, as granite, syenite, and other crystalline rocks.

"Granite," says Mr. Wallace in his work, *Travels on the Amazon*, "seems to be more extensively developed in South America than in any other part of the world." Since the time when Mr. Wallace visited South America, however, the stratified deposits of the upper and occasionally of the lower Cretaceous have been found on each side of the metamorphic nucleus. The valleys between have in some places an undu-

lating appearance, while in others they are comparatively level. The soil of the island is mainly of the Tertiary and Quaternary, together with a good deal of alluvial deposits. The beds show considerable disturbance, and in some localities have a high angle of dip. The formations are chiefly shales, loam, loose sand, sandy loam, calcareous sandstones, and lignite here and there. The pitch lake is situated in a series of loose sands, clays and shales, with no calcareous formations near at hand. The climate of the island is entirely tropical, and varies from 76° to 90° F.

The time when the land joining Trinidad to the mainland subsided is not known, but that it was at a comparatively recent date is shown by the fact that its plants and animals are the same as those of the continent. If the length of time had been very great we should expect to find some species peculiar to the island.

Pitch deposits are not confined to the island of Trinidad. They occur well distributed, particularly in tropical and subtropical countries. Among the localities where it is found may be mentioned Peru, Mexico, Texas, Portugal, Syria, Crimea, Arabia, Persia, Burmese Empire and China. The lake on the southwestern promontory known as LaBrea Point is the principal locality for its occurrence in Trinidad. This whole promontory seems to be composed mainly of pitch reefs, and it is to this fact that the peninsula owes its existence, for being so tough it was better adapted to withstand the action of the waves than were the other softer, more sandy portions. The land on three sides slopes gradually up to the surface of the lake, which shows that the lake is not in a valley, but on a hill top. It is 140 feet above the sea-level, has a circular area of 109 acres, and was said by the British Geological Survey of 1860 to contain 4,752,000 tons of bitumen. This estimate, however, is not based on facts, because the bitumen rises so rapidly from the bottom they have never been able to dig out a hole deeper than twelve feet.

Consul Pierce says in his report of October, 1892: "Persons who have seen a large pond substantially dried up, with little strips of clear water irregularly intersecting its bed, here and there patches of vegetation, and a slushy looking place near the centre, with fish bubbles coming up, the entire bed blackish and uninviting, can form a very fair idea of the appearance of this famous lake."

The surface of the lake is not level, but consists of mushroom-like masses from thirty to two hundred feet in diameter protruding up all over it, and here and there islands scattered about, with trees growing on them. These islands do not rest on the bottom, as some of them have been totally destroyed and the pitch rose to its former level. Where several of the mushroom-like masses come together they form a depression, in which rain-water collects. These depressions are three to thirty feet wide, and from two to six feet deep.

Near the centre of the lake is the place known as the place of supply. In this vicinity the pitch and water are yellow with sulphur, and the odor of exhaled hydrogen sulphide is strongly marked. The pitch here is soft, and oozes up between the harder masses and spreads out at the surface of the water. Mr. Kingsley speaks of one of these columns of pitch about a foot in diameter as rising five feet and then spreading out at the surface of the water and forming a sort of centre-table four feet in diameter, which would support the weight of a man and be rocked from side to side. A piece was broken from the side of the table and thrown in the water. It immediately sank, which clearly showed that it was upheld by pressure and not by bouyancy.

The pitch as it comes to the surface is a black, oily substance, containing water and from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. earthy matter. It can be taken into the hands and kneaded without soiling them, which is due to the presence of the earthy matter and water.

The dome-like protrusions on the surface of the lake are explained most satisfactorily by supposing that, at one time, each had a centre of emission of soft pitch, in which condition it flowed slowly till it came in contact with the edges of its neighbor, where it stopped, as it was not soft enough to unite. The heat of the sun rapidly dried out volatile portions and left the hard mass, over which persons may walk without sinking. The pitch also appears to be flowing towards the circumference, as evidenced by concentric wrinkles and drawn out bubbles in the pitch. This is due to the alternate expansion and contraction during day and night by a rise and fall of temperature. During the day it rises to 140° , and at night falls to 80° or 90° F. The chief difference between lake and land pitch is that the former has more volatile constituents, and, consequently, is softer and more valuable.

By analysis, lake pitch, excluding the soft and semi-soft portions, averages in composition, water, inorganic matter, organic matter not bitumen, and bitumen. The water is very strongly mineral, and contains not only the minerals, but also a good many gaseous substances in solution. The presence of these substances, some think, pretty clearly indicates the presence of volcanic action somewhere. The principal salts in solution are the chlorides and sulphates of sodium, potassium and ammonium, ferrous sulphate, and some of the borates, iodides, etc. The inorganic matter of the pitch consists of an ash of silica, clay, etc., and soluble salts of aluminum, iron, etc. The organic matter not bitumen is derived from sticks, twigs, and leaves blown on the lake near the edges rather than toward the centre, for the soft pitch contains nearly one per cent. less than the average lake deposit.

The bitumen is of two kinds, one only soluble in carbon bisulphide, the other soluble in petrolene naphtha. The first is called asphaltene, and the latter petrolene. Asphaltene seems to be an alteration product of petrolene, and is a black, brittle, glassy-looking substance, which can be reduced to a

powder, but will not melt when heat is applied. It has a specific gravity of 1.142. Petrolene is a brown, sticky substance, which, when heated, can be pulled out into strings. Has a specific gravity of 1.032. It consists of a series of hydrocarbons, varying in consistency from 0.9 to those heavier than water. They are both saturated and unsaturated.

As I have before said, the water mixed with the pitch contains a good many gaseous and solid substances in solution. Among the gaseous may be mentioned hydrogen sulphide. Sometimes when the steam from a refinery containing a large percentage of hydrogen sulphide escapes, it blackens all the white lead paint in the vicinity by forming lead sulphide. Under other conditions, it is converted into sulphurous acid anhydrid, which again bleaches out the paint by forming lead sulphate.

The theories accounting for pitch formations were given in Professor Brewer's lecture on Petrolene. I shall, therefore, merely mention them to call them to your recollection. The first by Bertholet, in 1869, suggested that the action of H_2CO_3 , on the alkaline metals at high temperatures, would account for it. The second, and one more popular, by the Russian chemist, Mendelejeff, is that the action of water on the highly heated carbides of iron is more in accordance with facts. The British Geological Survey of 1860, by Messrs. Wall and Sawkins, however, favors the idea that it is of vegetable origin and was formed somewhat in the same way as coal.

Some hold that it is of volcanic origin on account of the strong mineral water in the pitch, and because the pitch lake lies in the crater of a mud volcano. A true solution of the problem can only be obtained, I think, by a faithful translation of Nature's diary.

J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

EDITORIAL.

VACATION.

One of the most disappointing things in the world is vacation. It doesn't come up to expectations. Oh, yes, it is very pleasant to be at home again and renew old acquaintances, and so on; but, you see, all this soon palls on one, and, first he knows, he finds himself longing for the peremptory notes of the college bell, sighing for the nights of study, the indescribable experiences of recitation, the evening strolls in the campus. Retrospect puts everything in a different light. Life two months ago seemed merely days, days, days dragging their weary lengths along. But now those days live in memory, and a new rare charm seems added to them.

Not to forget our subject longer. With what inviting allurements did vacation present itself several weeks ago! Vacation—picnics; vacation—fishing parties; vacation—long evenings with favorite authors. And even if some had work to look forward to instead of recreation it meant change, and change from the dreary experiences of college life meant pleasure of no mean kind. But now, when vacation has really come, there is a great pulling off of scales from the eyes, and one is wofully and cruelly undeceived. Fishing parties are extremely boring; picnics, they are for rural folk; evenings with favorite authors, all a farce, a tremendous soap-bubble which the least touch shivers. School-teaching is, indeed, quite different from being taught, but is work for all that; and what with the hot weather, ill-ventilated school-rooms, perspiring and refractory pupils, it is not surprising that the end of vacation is as much longed for as its beginning.

And yet, as everybody knows, vacations are indispensable. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," most people

will agree. And though in this busy work-a-day age there is a disposition to make the period of rest as short as possible, distant be the day when school and college shall last the year through.

How to spend vacation is, perhaps, a question which the average student does not carefully consider, excepting those, of course, who have some definite work in view. It is not meant by this that he does not have some ill-defined plan in his mind, but ill-defined it generally is and seldom carried to completion. Now we are not presumptuous enough to undertake to direct students how to spend vacation profitably, but we shall venture to make one or two suggestions which, it is hoped, will not be entirely out of place.

During the leisure hours of summer, and when occasion offers itself, a Wake Forest student cannot better employ himself than by seeking out those who are desirous of obtaining a college education and presenting to them the numerous advantages which Wake Forest affords. Let him do this, not with a desire for numbers or in a spirit of competition, but with the conscious certainty that in urging boys to come to Wake Forest he is exerting his influence for the most worthy end possible—Christian education.

Another thing to be observed by the Wake Forest student at the beginning of and during vacation is the necessity of being fully informed concerning the all-important and all-engaging educational problem, which is demanding solution to-day at the hands of the people of North Carolina. No student, whether from Wake Forest or elsewhere, has performed his whole duty to himself and to his State until he has made himself familiar with the arguments for the Voluntary System in higher education. Especially is it the duty of those who endorse the views advanced by the author of "How Far Should a State Undertake to Educate?" to insure, so far as he has the power, the work the fair and honest consideration it deserves.

Regretting that this editorial is so dull and rambling, we will conclude it by extending to those of our readers who have lately left college for the summer the heartiest wishes of THE STUDENT that vacation may prove both pleasant and profitable to them, and that they may find their way promptly to Wake Forest again at the beginning of next session.

R. W. H.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor.

WHAT is one to write about in this department now that vacation has begun? If the writer's holy zeal ever does possess a magazine editor, it is certainly not during the first few days after the trying experiences of Commencement. In the middle of the year when the editor had a portion of the energy which winter imparts to all, it was comparatively an easy matter to get up four or five pages of Portfolio. But it is June now and energy is a very rare article of trade, and, as may be gathered from the despairing question propounded above, subjects are not unusually abundant. "Commencement?" some one suggests. Heaven forbid! The papers are full of them. They are a never failing source of reportorial exercise to the embryonic journalist. In a word, they are written to death. Shall the editor yield to his old weakness and launch out into the sea of politics? We are still firm in the belief that politics deserve consideration in a college magazine; but the political world is remarkably quiet just at this time, and we prefer to leave it so. Shall the editor, then, having sought in vain for a subject in America, cross, in imagination, the briny deep, pry into the situation of the different monarchs, and make startling prophecies as to the speedy coming of a

war which shall hurl down with a terrible crash the tottering thrones of Europe? A thousand times no. For once the Portfolio will be brief,—consisting of this paragraph and a short paper on “Giants,” which, not being either long or dignified enough to have a place among the regular contributions, will be inserted here.

“GIANTS!” Don’t get alarmed. We don’t refer to the kind of giants that “Jack” killed—a kind which do very well for story books, but are rather out of place here. Our subject is suggested by that thread-bare aphorism, adage, proverb, or what not, “There were *giants* in those days,” which is equivalent of saying that there are only pigmies in these days.

Fifty or sixty years ago three American statesmen were at the zenith of their fame. One of them was a Massachusetts Yankee, won a lasting reputation in a famous murder case, and labored in vain to become President. Another was born in a Southern State, and was the avowed exponent of the doctrine of State’s Rights. The third was also from the South, bore the title of the “Mill-boy of the Slashes,” was nominated for the office of Chief Magistrate of the American people and defeated. Webster, Calhoun, Clay! Their pictures are put side by side in Stephens’ History of the United States. They were great partly because they were great, and partly because their fellows were not.

In the course of events these three great characters made their final exits from the stage of political action. But this wasn’t all. To-day there are plenty of people who are sorely exercising themselves because, as they believe, the great statesmen are all played out. The cry goes up from the throats of these searchers for greatness, “A dearth of statesmen, a dearth of statesmen!” And in lugubrious accents they say, “Ah! but there were *giants* in those days.” All this because Webster, Calhoun, and Clay did live, as we have already said, and did really win reputations for themselves, and did have their

“miniatures” in high choke collar in the Pictorial History of the United States. Had they not lived, the case would have been different. James G. Blaine would have been considered a shining light in the world of politics. Tom Reed would be recognized as possessing some of the elements which make up a great man. Grover Cleveland would have his just deserts, and would be looked upon as a man of remarkable breadth of intellect. And, of course, people would go to extremes and say that Benjamin Harrison had a trace of greatness in his make-up. Wilson, Gray, Gorman, Crisp, and a score of others would put in application for a place in the galaxy of worthies. But, then, “There were giants in those days,” and, in the nature of the case, there can be none now.

This is not saying that the statesmen of the present are what they might be. On the contrary, the ideal statesman is too far in the future to be spoken of. We are not even prepared to say that the statesmen of to-day are equals of the “giants” to whom reference has been made. But we do believe that critics are too hasty in passing judgment upon the worth of the men who hold the reins of government at the present. They overlook two very important points. In the first place, they forget that the great men of the past are seen through the magnifying glasses of history. Did any one ever read a biography of a great man and fail to see his virtues magnified and his failings printed in the smallest kind of type in a footnote? *Nihil de mortuis nisi bonum!* is a precept which every historian in a greater or less degree feels bound to observe.

Furthermore, man is great only by contrast with others. We are sceptical enough to hold the opinion that if our three giants were living to-day, and were to march down the halls of the American Congress, they might find yeomen worthy of their old barlow knife-blades. It is sheer folly to claim, in the light of the nineteenth century, that the great men are no more. It is true of statesmen and poets and scientists, as it is of empires, that

“Time's noblest offspring is its last.”

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. E. YATES, Editor.

—Claude M. Bernard ('75-'76), of Greenville, N. C., who is conducting a good legal practice at that town, attended the Confederate Monument exercises at Raleigh, on the 22nd of May, also the late Commencement.

—'61. Rev. J. B. Richardson preached the sermon at the High Point Commencement.

—'71. Professor F. P. Hobgood's article in the *Recorder* for May 16 should be read by all who are in any way interested in the higher education of women.

—'77. Rev. E. E. Folk, editor of the *Baptist and Reflector*, of Nashville, preached the annual sermon at the Brownsville (Tenn.) Female College Commencement.

—'79. W. N. Jones, of Raleigh, an able lawyer and the attorney for Wake Forest College, is also a Commissioner of Charities on the State Board, which held recently its annual meeting at the Capital.

—'79. Rev. J. F. McMillan, after thirteen years absence, delighted his friends by attending Commencement. These years appear to have dealt kindly with him. He is at present pastor of churches in Florence county, S. C.

—'79. Rev. W. L. Wright, pastor of the Leigh Street Baptist Church, of Richmond, Va., attended the re-union of his class at the late Commencement. Richmond College decrees that hereafter two D's be written after his name.

—'81. Rev. Edwin M. Poteat, of New Haven, Conn., who preached the Baccalaureate Sermon at our late Commencement, was recently elected Recording Secretary of the American Baptist Education Society.

—At the recent celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Odd Fellowship in America, observed by the Wilmington Lodge, Rev. W. B. Oliver ('80-'82) delivered the address.

—'83. Rev. C. G. Jones, of Chattanooga, Tenn., commonly known at college as "Cujus" Jones, preached the sermon before the Berean Society at the recent Commencement of Carson and Newman College, Tenn. *The Baptist and Reflector* has this to say of him: "This was a thrilling, practical, and scriptural presentation of the minister as a pastor, preacher and citizen. Bro. Jones held his audience about sixty minutes. It was hot and 'at night.' The audience was very large. The auditorium and gallery were filled as in the morning. It takes a man of wonderful power to keep people at such time and place from going to Nod. But Jones was equal to the occasion. His were sledge-hammer blows on red-hot iron from introduction to peroration. Verily, the Jones family, though large, have a place in the world." He also delivered last month the Commencement address before the Broadus Literary Society of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. His subject was "The Preacher and His Message."

—'84. Rev. W. S. Royall, of Nebraska, Va., preached the sermon before the graduating class of the Southern Female Institute, Va., June 3. The papers speak very highly of the sermon. THE STUDENT remembers Mr. Royall as a very fine writer, and would like very much to favor its readers with an article from his facile pen.

—'87. Rev. L. R. Pruett, of Mt. Airy, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Olivet Baptist Church in Charlotte, and begins work at the new field about the middle of June.

—'87. H. E. Cople has become co-principal in Union Institute. For several years this Institute has been doing a valuable work under the management of Profs. Hamilton and Stevens. Several students have attended Wake Forest, who

have been prepared by this institution, and they have acquitted themselves in such admirable style as to reflect much credit upon its management. The eminent success of the Institute is due, in large part, to the two most excellent Literary Societies, the interest in which, we are informed, never wanes. We congratulate Prof. Copple upon his entrance into this institution, and the community upon having secured a gentleman of such scholarly tastes and accomplishments. The oratorical accomplishments of Union Institute boys are surpassed by no institute of similar grade in the State. The reputations made here by Sikes and Long are being worthily maintained by the present representatives.

—'88. At the recent session of the Southern Baptist Convention, Rev. J. W. Lynch, of Danville, Ky., was spoken of as Kentucky's orator. He has recently declined a \$3,000 call to Covington, Ky., preferring his present field with a more modest salary. Men that do not price themselves are always in demand.

—'90. Miss Evabelle Simmons, a member of the Faculty of Union Female College, Eufaula, Ala., is represented in Hight C. Moore's collection of North Carolina poetry.

—'90. We clip the following from the *Danbury Reporter*: "Danbury is the home of a young man who is destined to make his mark in this world. Mr. T. W. Bickett, the polished and gifted junior member of the law firm of Stack & Bickett, already ranks among the leading orators of the State. Since his sojourn at this place he has won the confidence and esteem of all our people." We heard a well known lawyer in the State remark that Mr. Bickett ought to locate in some city; that possibly no young man in the State has a brighter future before him. Mr. Bickett promised an article for THE STUDENT, and we hope he will not forget it.

—'91. Rev. James I. Kendrick was among the seventeen full graduates of the S. Baptist Theological Seminary. Repre-

sentatives of the several States were chosen to deliver addresses, and Mr. Kendrick represented North Carolina. His subject was, "Difficulties of Unbelief." Mr. Kendrick was recently ordained, at Charlotte, to the Gospel ministry, and has accepted a call to the Church at Mount Airy.

—Several of our young men of former years were present at Commencement. To say the least, we were delighted to see them. Among the number were J. G. Blalock ('92) and C. J. Thompson ('89), from the Seminary; J. C. Clifford ('92), C. L. Haywood ('91), C. D. Graves ('92), W. W. Vass, Jr. ('92), Wayland Mitchell ('91), and a number of others.

—'91. B. W. Spilman, of the Seminary, who has "laughed and grown fat," has this to say of the Wake Forest boys at the Seminary: J. S. Corpening ('92) has accepted a pastorate at Union City, Tenn., the largest Church in West Tennessee, outside of Memphis and Jackson. Over one-fourth of the graduates in Greek were Wake Forest men. It has come to be generally understood here that if Dr. W. B. Royall ('61) gives a man a certificate on Greek, that man knows some Greek. The only student who has ever made a hundred under Dr. Sampey in the Old Testament is J. G. Blalock ('92).

—'91. Hubert A. Royster, M. D., has recently graduated at the University of Pennsylvania with the highest honors of that institution. He stood at the head of his class, which was composed of men of talent from almost every country, and won the gold medal at the head of 271 graduates; besides, he was elected president of the class, an honor which no other man from the South has held since the war. At the recent session of the North Carolina Medical Society this young gentleman stood the examination for license to practice medicine in this State, and made the highest grade that has ever been made by anyone, and easily won the Appleton gold medal.

COLLEGE NEWS AND EXCHANGES.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor.

“TOHOKU GAKINU” is the name of a college in Japan. It was established in 1886, its sole endowment being a Japanese widow’s mite, twelve pieces of silver. The Faculty now numbers twenty, the students 188.

WE ARE glad to have opportunity to extend a tardy welcome to *The College Visitor*, which has been “visiting” our table for some time, but which is such a demure, unassuming little visitor that it has almost escaped our notice. It is now in its eighth volume.

THE BELL-RINGER of Harvard College has held his important position for forty years. Like the worthy individual who performs the same duty here, he is a man of resources and doesn’t get at all flustered when some mischievous boy carries away the bell’s tongue; but, with a hammer or some other instrument makes the music to which the much-abused student dances on to duties.

THE MAY number, a “special issue” of the *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly*, is before us. So far as we can judge from the neat and attractive exterior and from a cursory glance over the numerous contributions and departments, we should say that the staff has succeeded in their efforts to “give something to the public that will reflect credit upon the school, upon the literary societies, and upon all concerned.”

AMONG THE most progressive institutions of the country is the University of Pennsylvania. The resignation of the presiding officer some months ago gave him occasion to outline the progress of the University since 1881. Then the value of buildings, land, endowment, etc., amounted to \$1,600,000; now it has reached the sum of \$5,000,000. Then the teach-

ing force numbered eighty-eight, and students 981; now there are 268 of the former and 2,180 of the latter. To the University, says its former President, is due the credit of establishing university extension in America. More than this, it possesses probably the best equipped School of Journalism in America.

IN POINT of size the Centennial number of the *University of North Carolina Magazine* is great, and the contents are by no means poor. We haven't a copy at hand and cannot, therefore, give it a lengthy criticism. The contributions, consisting both of prose and poetry, are quite entertaining; and the work in caricature, though unintelligible to the casual reader, is doubtless well executed. The editors are deserving of great praise for their energetic and progressive management of the magazine.

THE LATEST venture in the field of college journalism is a graduate's monthly magazine, to be edited by college men in the interests of graduates and the public generally. The assertion is made that it will cover all matters of interest to college graduates. Art, literature, politics, athletics, all will have prominent places in its columns. Sufficient guarantee of the success and popularity of the Athletic Department is the fact that the name of Walter Camp will appear at the head of it. A graduate of Harvard will have charge of the finances. Among the contributors will be W. D. Howells and Charles Dudley Warner. On the advisory committee are found the names of some of the wealthiest men in the country. If there be a demand for such a magazine, and we feel sure that there is, it is quite likely that the enterprise will prove a success.

WE SHALL never forgive ourselves for being the occasion of the following remark: "TO THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT we can only say that we are sorry that all of us should be judged by the taste of our Exchange editor." We hereby make public apology, with the belief that it will be accepted when it is

remembered that we were getting up "exchanges" for the first time when the notice of the *Mnemosynean* was inserted. This fact will account for the indiscreet remark. Really, though, we see nothing particularly objectionable about the taste of the Exchange editor. In fact, there are few objectionable features about the *Mnemosynean* anyway. The June number, to use a boarding-school-girl epithet, is just "cute." Oh, we do so much hope that friendly relations may be restored between THE STUDENT and this excellent paper. Long life to the *Mnemosynean* and its board of fair editors.

ONE OF the best, as well as one of the most vindictive periodicals which visit us monthly is *The Wofford College Journal*. One of the best for reasons that anyone may know who looks at its table of contents and reads its admirably gotten up departments. That the *Journal* is managed by a vindictive board of editors is shown by their heartless treatment of a brother editor who dared to criticise adversely the nature of a certain department in the *Journal*. Heaven forbid that we should call down upon our head the destructive wrath of the Wofford Exchange editor! But, however perilous the undertaking, we cannot refrain from crying, shame, shame upon an editor who cannot accept good-humoredly the criticisms of his contemporaries. It happens that the views entertained by the Wofford staff are identically those of this magazine; but we can never hope to convince other editors of the soundness of our opinions by the use of harsh and uncharitable words.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ROWLAND BEASLEY, Editor.

A MOST valuable book is "A Short History of the Crusades," recently written by J. I. Mombert, of New York.

THERE ARE now considered to be five great national epic poems in the world. Scholars concur in placing the Iliad at the head of these. The recently discovered epic of Finland is placed by some enthusiastic critics ahead of the Grecian epic. The poem is called "Kalemipseg."

THE EARNEST helper and the most appreciative admirer of the late historian, John Richard Green, was his wife. Understanding not only the work upon which he was actually engaged, but also his future designs, she was admirably prepared to carry out his unfulfilled plans. She has just published in two volumes, "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century."

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER says, in a recently published article, that as the portrait is the most difficult attainment in the art of painting, so character is the most difficult and the most rare attainment in fiction. "We talk a great deal about novels being true to life, but can we think of any novel that is true to the universal apprehension, and that has passed from generation to generation, that does not owe its life to vivid characters?"

DOROTHEA GERARD'S books are never dull nor commonplace, although they differ widely in scope. "The Rich Miss Riddell" (\$1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is one of her shorter novels, and is characterized by a certain freshness of treatment of what is not a particularly new plot. It is pleasant reading, and while not an ambitious effort it is creditable to the author. There are times when one wants to read to be pleased and not to be instructed, nor to solve hard problems, and this is a book for such times.

ONE OF THE curiosities of literature is the contest which began to rage over the Junius Letters more than a century ago. The authorship has been attributed to many noted persons of the last century, but for years the weight of evidence has settled in favor of Sir Philip Francis. The grandson of Sir Philip has written a book proving the authorship to be due to Sir Philip. The book is called "Junius Revealed."

VARIOUS JOURNALS, in reviewing Dr. C. Ellis Stevens's excellent volume, "Sources of the Constitution of the United States," have made the erroneous statement that the author is an Englishman. The same error crept into our issue of May 24. Dr. Stevens is an American by birth and descent, his ancestry having been resident in this country for two and a half centuries. He is at present rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia, the church of Washington and Franklin.

"MARY FENWICK'S DAUGHTER." By Beatrice Whitby. (\$1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co.) The girl of to-day as portrayed in recent novels has a grievous time deciding between her lovers and her fads. Mary Fenwick's daughter affects athletic sports. She is willing to marry as she would promise to go golfing, and it takes her many months to discover her attitude of mind and the proper man. The story is full of activity and movement, and the characters are well drawn.

"LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS," by Bertha von Suttner (75 cents. London: Longmans, Green & Co.), under the guise of fiction, is a powerful plea for International Arbitration. The horrors of war are portrayed with a minuteness that chills the blood. The scenes which followed Koniggratz are described with a realism that leaves nothing for the imagination, and the outbreak of cholera, which is ascribed as a direct result of the Austro-Prussian war, is depicted with circumstantial vividness. There is some unpleasant reading in the book, but unpleasant facts are necessary to the author's object, and that is to help forward the movement for the avoidance of war.

THE SECOND volume of Henry Craik's English Prose Selections (\$1.10. New York: Macmillan & Co.), covers the period from the spacious times of great Elizabeth to the Restoration. The selections have been made with good judgment, and would alone make an attractive book, but there are also critical introductions by various writers, as well as short biographical notices, all combining to make a most valuable work to the many lovers of English literature who cannot have the complete works of all their favorite writers of the elder day. From a literary standpoint it is one of the good signs of the times that the old English authors are finding so many readers.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

W. L. FOUSHEE, Editor.

GONE, Commencement!

EXAMINATIONS, too.

HON. E. S. WILLIAMS, of Lexington, spent a day on the Hill.

THE DREAM of senior vacation becomes realized as graduate uncertainty.

W. L. FOUSHEE was awarded the Thomas Dixon, Jr., Literary Medal.

MR. GEORGE B. CARTER, of Kentucky, paid a short visit to his mother this month.

MISS LENA ALLEN, for the past year instructor in music in Peace Institute, is home for the vacation.

PROFESSOR FERRELL delivered the address at the closing exercises of Pinnacle Academy, Stokes county.

REV. E. M. POTEAT remained on the Hill some days after Commencement. He occupied the pulpit of Rev. Mr. Gwaltney on Sunday the 17th.

PROFESSOR C. E. BREWER will spend a portion of the summer vacation at Cornell University engaged in the study of certain branches of chemistry.

J. H. SIMMONS ('89), Professor of English in William Jewell College, Missouri, is visiting his mother. His many friends predicted success for him, and they have not in the least proven false prophets.

DR. J. B. POWERS attended the late session of the State Medical Association at Greensboro. He responded to the address of welcome, and read an important paper on the "Relation of Bacteria to Disease."

MRS. JANIE P. DUGGAN has left for a stay of some months with relatives in Richmond, Virginia, and in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Her book, "A Mexican Ranch," for which she won the \$500 prize, has just been issued.

PRESIDENT HARPER, of the University of Chicago, said when he grasped Dr. Taylor's hand in Saratoga last month: "Wake Forest is the best college in the South." This is a compliment of which we should be proud.

MR. F. E. PARHAM has been elected Superintendent of the Reading-room for next year, and Mr. O. L. Hoffman, Librarian; Messrs. J. P. Felt and R. T. Daniel, assistants in Chemical Laboratory, and J. H. Kerr, assistant in Biological Laboratory.

MAJOR JOHN W. MOORE, of Powellsville, author of the History of North Carolina, is now preparing a history of the Baptists of the State. He has lately returned several volumes to the College Library which he has been using in its preparation.

ON THE morning of June 13, Mr. John O. Gough, now of Lumberton, but formerly a student in the College, and Miss Estelle Perry, of Wake Forest, were united in marriage at the Purefoy Hotel. THE STUDENT extends congratulations and best wishes.

PROFESSOR CARLYLE during the examination period at the college was kept busy making addresses at the following academies: Union Institute, Green Level, Buie's Creek, Carthage, Winton, Smithfield, Cedar Creek, and Turlington Institute. The papers compliment him highly.

THE NEW Catalogue of the college for the year 1893-'94 is exceedingly well arranged and is beautiful in style and topography. Professor Sledd and his two colleagues deserve many thanks for their excellent work on it. It shows a course of studies and facilities which would do credit to any institution.

MISS EVABELLE SIMMONS has returned home from Eufaula, Alabama, where she has been aiding her brother in the Union Female College. Miss Simmons has the honor of being the only *alumna* of Wake Forest College. She has made arrangements to attend the University of Chicago in the near future.

ON JUNE 10 the local alumni met, with Mr. W. R. Gwaltney in the chair. The members of the senior class were invited to seats with them. The discussion on the question of "The Relation of the State to Education" was quite enthusiastic and unanimous. Messrs. Sikes, Mills and Gwaltney were appointed a committee to prepare resolutions to be presented at the General Association.

THE semi-annual gymnasium exhibition was held June 1 under the direction of Professor E. W. Sikes. This was said to be the best and most entertaining of any previous similar occasion. The work done on the parallel bars, trapeze, horizontal bar, and the tumbling was very fine. The judges awarded the medal to Mr. W. Durham, of Raleigh, whose performances were exceptionally good. Among others worthy of high praise were Christian, Dodd, Yates and T. Briggs. J. H. Gore, assisted by Walters, R., acted as clown and furnished fun for the crowd. There was present a large number of ladies, for whom the exhibition was especially given. They showed their appreciation by frequent applause.

MESSRS. S. R. BUXTON, L. A. Beasley, J. L. Cornwell and S. W. Oldham have been chosen to edit THE STUDENT for the next year. They have our sympathy and best wishes.

OF THE SIX honorary scholarships awarded by the Academic Council of Johns Hopkins University to North Carolina students, three fell to Wake Forest graduates. They are Waverly Bayard Daniel ('92), Joseph Rufus Hunter ('89), Enoch Walter Sikes ('91). O. J. Peterson ('92) was awarded an ordinary scholarship. This is a highly prized testimonial of Wake Forest scholarship.

ON MONDAY evening, June the 25th, the Literary Circle met at Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Johnson's in response to their very kind invitation. A most pleasant evening was spent. Misses Lanneau, Allen, and Simmons enlivened the evening with strains of delicate music, while the entire Circle were willingly led captive by the charming recitations of Miss Bell. Free-hand drawing was the amusing feature of the evening. The most skeptical were clearly convinced that the village possesses a superabundance of artistic talent. The accomplished young Professor of Greek evinces more skill in the interpretation of "Oft in the stilly night," than of ———. The refreshments were such as one always expects at Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's. They undertake nothing but that it is the very best. A pleasant evening spent with still more pleasant people.

AT A RECENT meeting of the Wake Forest Athletic Association, Mr. R. T. Daniel was elected manager of the football team for the ensuing year, with Mr. J. H. Gore as captain. These are two well chosen men, and they will be sure to avail themselves of every possibility to make a success of the team. At the same meeting Mr. W. J. Christian was made captain of the athletic team for next annual field-day, and Mr. R. M. Stafford was elected captain of the baseball team for the following year. Vice-President E. W. Sikes offered his resignation, which was accepted with the deepest regret. He goes

to take a course in Political Science at the Johns Hopkins University next year. The Association in him will lose a faithful, painstaking, enthusiastic officer, whose place will be hard to fill. He has ever been the animating spirit in the Association, and has exalted athletics to a high place in our college. We feel like wondering when shall we meet his like again.

THE MAY meeting of the Wake Forest Scientific Society was unusually interesting. Vice-President Lanneau was in the chair. Professor Poteat gave a paper on "Leidy's Genus *Ouramœba*," showing by observations made this spring that it is not entitled to the rank of a new genus of amœba animals, but is only the ordinary amœba with a fungus growing upon it. He was followed by Mr. J. D. Hufham, Jr., son of Dr. Hufham, of Shelby, who presented an excellent paper on the "Pitch Lake of Trinidad," which appears elsewhere in this issue of THE STUDENT. This is Mr. Hufham's second year in college, and his enthusiasm and success in scientific studies mark him as one of pronounced promise. Professor Poteat next exhibited specimens of the "Seventeen-year Locust," and made some explanatory remarks. The lecture-room was crowded to its utmost, and among those present were many ladies. This is the last meeting of the year, as none will be held during vacation.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

At this critical period in the history of the college the actions taken by the Trustees become of special interest. The attendance at this meeting of the Board was larger than ever before. Out of thirty-six there were twenty-eight present. It has been remarked that for devotion to the interests of the college, for energy, activity and determination, the present Board is superior to any of several years.

Perhaps the most important step of the Board was the decision to put in the college buildings a complete system of water-works for bathing, sewerage, and other purposes. This has been needed, and will be hailed with delight by those students who will room in the dormitory. Professors Mills, Lanneau, and Mr. P. A. Dunn have the work in hand, and intend completing it before another session opens.

The resignation of Professor E. W. Sikes, as Director of the Gymnasium, was accepted; and in a resolution the Board expressed "their appreciation of the work he has done, with assurances of their good wishes for his success wherever he may go." He goes to take a course of study at Johns Hopkins, and he may be assured that he is followed by the good wishes not only of the Trustees but of all—especially the students—with whom he has labored for the past three years.

Professor B. F. Sledd was elected to the Chair of English Language and Literature. This meets with the approval of all. He is eminently fitted for the position. He is able, scholarly, and experienced, and we feel assured that he will make this chair one unequalled in the South.

M. H. Justice, Esq., of Rutherfordton; Judge H. B. Carter, of Asheville; E. F. Aydlett, Esq., of Elizabeth City, were elected to membership in the Board to fill vacancies. These are three prominent lawyers in North Carolina.

Another step, which is without precedent, but which we regard as wise, was the sending out the members of the Faculty to spend four weeks of the vacation canvassing in the interest of the college.

Every action of the Trustees seemed to be directed to meeting the unusual conditions of the college. There were many problems to be solved, and they set themselves resolutely to the task. It was no doubt a source of encouragement to the Trustees to feel that their hands were upheld by an enthusiastic body of alumni and friends of the college. They were present this year in larger numbers, and their expressions of

loyalty and love for the institution were more pronounced than ever before. While this ought to be a cause for gratitude, more endowment is needed. Would that this generous outflow of enthusiasm could materialize into a larger endowment.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

The Commencement of '94, in every way a delightful occasion, was crowned with excellent weather. It was just warm enough to desire the cooling shade of the campus oaks. The unusually good railroad accommodations secured by Dr. Taylor through the kind officers of the Seaboard Air Line and the Southern Railroad, early brought large crowds of friends of Wake Forest College and alumni. The attendance throughout the entire Commencement was larger and more appreciative than any we have known before.

MONDAY EVENING. This is the occasion set aside for Class Day exercises. The class of '94 was the sixth class to have the privilege of entertaining the audience.

At 8:30 o'clock the class, twenty-eight in number, marched into the Wingate Memorial Hall and occupied the rostrum. With a few remarks the President, Mr. William L. Foushee, welcomed the audience in behalf of his class, and the Secretary, Mr. R. H. Carter, announced the Orator, Mr. J. D. Robertson. His subject was "Our country's call for a man."

The Class Poem was next read by Mr. R. F. Beasley. His effort was quite original. He departed from the usual course, making his verse in doggerel rhyme. His telling hits upon the weaknesses of some of his classmates kept the house in an uproar. Mr. Robert W. Haywood acted the Gibbon of his class in an exceedingly bright history. The manner in which he caricatured his classmates was very humorous.

Then followed the Class Prophecy by Mr. Julian E. Yates, who was very successful in pleasing his audience after so long a programme.

The President then expressed a brief farewell to his classmates, and declared the class adjourned.

Amid the melodious music of the First Regiment Band of Virginia, which has furnished music at our Commencements for over twelve years, the throng dispersed.

The Senior Class, with as many young ladies, were invited to a reception given at the residence of President Taylor. The Doctor and his excellent wife make ideal hosts, and know how to make everyone happy. They are due thanks for this occasion, which was one of the pleasantest of the kind we have ever attended.

TUESDAY EVENING. This was the time for the Alumni Oration. After a prayer by Dr. W. L. Wright, of Richmond, Virginia, the orator, Hon. Erastus B. Jones, of Winston, was introduced by Dr. J. B. Powers, President of the General Alumni Association. Mr. Jones was a leading member of the last Legislature of our State. His subject, so appropriate to the occasion, was: "The boy of the old-field school has shaped our destiny in the past, and will continue to do so in the future."

His speech was a plea for the old-field or common school, a plea that nine of the ten children in our State should be remembered in the dispensing of educational advantages. He was eloquent, as his subject is eloquent with truth.

After the address, the General Alumni Association was called to order by Dr. J. B. Powers. Dr. Powers was re-elected President; W. N. Jones, Esq., Vice-President, and Professor W. L. Poteat, Secretary.

Professor Poteat was elected Alumni Orator for the next Commencement, and D. A. Covington, Esq., alternate. The Class of 1894 were elected to membership in the association. Several gentlemen were elected honorary members of the association.

The interest of the evening centered about resolutions offered by W. E. Daniel, Esq. They are as follows:

WHEREAS, Dr. C. E. Taylor has published in the *Biblical Recorder* a series of articles on "How Far Ought a State to Undertake to Educate?" and,

WHEREAS, These articles discuss questions of great and vital interest and of practical importance to all our people; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the opinion of the Alumni Association of Wake Forest College, these articles are timely, important, and wise, and in our judgment the principles discussed are correct, the positions taken just to all, and deserve the support of every citizen.

Resolved, That, in the interest of the rights of citizenship, we deem it proper that the subject be brought before the people from the standpoint of discussion in the same spirit of fairness which characterize these articles.

The discussion of these resolutions was not concluded on Tuesday evening and was carried over till Wednesday evening, when they were adopted with only one dissenting vote.

They were discussed by Dr. C. Durham, Superintendent J. C. Scarborough, Dr. T. H. Pritchard, C. S. Vann, W. A. Dunn, E. E. Hilliard, S. W. Brewer, Dr. Carter, H. M. Shaw, R. T. Vann, E. K. Proctor, Dr. F. C. McConnell, Professor E. W. Sikes, J. N. Holding, and N. Y. Gulley.

The meeting was very enthusiastic, and evinced the fact that the friends of Wake Forest College are thoroughly loyal to their *Alma Mater* and stand ready to defend her rights.

WEDNESDAY MORNING. The Wingate Memorial Hall was filled to its utmost when President Taylor, after prayer by Rev. J. F. McMillan, introduced the orator of the day, Dr. F. C. McConnell, of Lynchburg, Va., who delivered the address before the Literary Societies. His address has seldom been equalled at Wake Forest for masterly and picturesque eloquence. He literally swayed and thrilled his audience with the power of his convincing words. His subject, "No other man has his hand on your goal," was treated in a masterly manner. His words glowed with the truths of life and its duties, and the impression produced was profound upon all who heard him. The address was replete with rare wit, and interspersed with picturesque illustrations. No outline could do him justice. Yet, with this conviction, we give a short out-

line, for which we are indebted to a friend, in order to give some idea of this magnificent address.

The speaker said that every man has an individual destiny. Indeed, every man has had his own peculiar beginning. The often forgotten and many times undervalued self-hood is, after all, the most interesting of all subjects. Individualism is the element that differentiates every real man from the herd.

I. The counterpart of the goal on which your hand will one day be laid is now formed or forming within you.

1. I do not say that, Minerva like, it was born full grown. Possibly ill-tempered fate was the trip-hammer which shaped the image of your goal out of the malleable material of very early life.

2. No such anomaly exists in Nature as the happy union of a faulty character with high destiny.

II. No man knows in what department of human activity his highest possibilities may be achieved.

1. The most difficult of all questions is what you are fit for, and whether you are fit for anything.

2. Honest effort, the hand of Providence, and the call of duty, will settle the question with tolerable accuracy.

III. The highest goal lies in the plane of many of your fellows.

1. Not now, as formerly, does one colossal stand out as the Pike's Peak of a continent.

Such is a bare outline of this address, pronounced by all as grand and magnificent. It was said by some one that "If McConnell had simply stood there and smiled and gestured, I could have stood it for an hour." The eloquence of the trees, as they swayed in the storms which raged about the heads of his native mountains, the voice of the brooks dashing down into the plains, speaking God's eternal truths, seemed to be falling from the lips of the man as he spoke. It was a grand address.

In the evening, Rev. E. M. Poteat, of New Haven, Connecticut, preached the Baccalaureate Sermon before a larger

audience than has ever gathered here on Wednesday evening of Commencement.

The graduating class occupied the front seats. The sermon was based upon 1 Cor., iii:11, and Matt. vii:23—"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ"; "And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity." His subject was: "Jesus, the only foundation."

For the following brief extract from an outline we are indebted to the *Biblical Recorder*:

I. *The Person of Christ.*

1. He is the Creator and Bond and End of the universe. Col. i:16, 17. He who as the Word became flesh made the world. When he appeared on earth, he did not come as an arbitrary importation, a foreigner. Rather was he the great Artificer standing in the midst of his tools and the things he had made.

In the creation of the world by Christ is furnished the ground of the unity of all things in Christ. In him all things consist. We are growing familiar with the conception of the unity of things. It is confirmed by recent science, as, *e. g.*, in the law of the conservation of energy, evolution, spectrum analysis, and by the testimony of music.

He is its bond. Here is the explanation of the accord of Christ and Nature, an accord evinced in the wonders that dropped from his hand, and asserted in a thousand similes in his discourses. Indeed, Christ is the interpretation of Nature.

But he is also the end of the universe. "All things were created by him *and unto him.*" This is Paul's answer to that question so full of intelligence, so full of religious perplexity—the question of the goal of things. God is bringing the world to Christ—all men to the beauty of the universal Man. We are to be transformed into his image. And Nature (Rom. viii:19) sentient of her infinite divine possibilities awaits with travail and groaning the appearing of these younger sons of God.

2. So much for Christ's natural relation to the universe. In his moral relation to it he is the embodiment and revelation in humanity of the Fullness of God, of his purpose of redemption, and his power to save. In a word, the cross of Christ is not a local phenomenon in the universe, but the center of it.

3. Christ is also the Key to the Philosophy of History (Eph. i:10 and iii:9-11). In him more distinctly than anywhere else the purpose of God in his administration of the ages emerged to view. And thus the greatest intellectual want of great minds, *viz.*, a theodicy, a justification of the ways of God to man—is supplied in Christ.

II. *Jesus Christ the only Foundation.*

1. Of the church. Compare Historic Episcopate and the great creeds as the foundation of a triumphant Christian church.

2. Of a permanent social state. Society as at present organized is not founded on Christ; and because not so founded, it may go to pieces in any crisis at any moment. The industrial war through which we are passing, with its almost daily tidings of bloodshed, is but the premonitory quaking of a fabric which is built on inadequate foundations.

3. Christ is the only foundation of individual character and usefulness. Found on culture and you go to pieces. Found on force or personal prowess or policy, and you go to pieces. Found on Christ, and the total movement of the universe is with you. Out of Christ, and the storms of an outraged universe gather to your destruction.

We consider this the finest sermon to which we have ever listened. Traces of deep study and careful preparation were shown throughout the discourse, and the speaker displayed the greatest depth of emotion in its delivery. Its impression for good on the graduating class, as well as upon the audience—as the preacher said his only desire was to do good by his words—was most profound. It was pronounced by Dr. Hufham the finest Commencement Sermon which he had ever heard; and he had attended many Commencements.

THURSDAY. The final day of this, perhaps, the best Commencement of many years, arrived with ideal weather. The atmosphere had been sweetened and refreshed by a delightful shower. This was the day when the senior sheds the student's *toga* and puts about him the *toga virilis*. Special trains from north and south brought throngs of people. At 11 A. M. the Memorial Hall was thoroughly packed. The graduating class having been escorted to the rostrum, Rev. E. M. Poteat led in prayer. Dr. Taylor then introduced the salutatorian, William L. Foushee, of Roxboro, N. C. He briefly welcomed the audience, and especially the alumni of the institution. He then proceeded to speak of the approach of the educational era which would follow the era of physical development of our country, when the gulf existing between the educated and uneducated will disappear.

The next speaker was Marshall O. Carpenter, of Lincoln county; his subject was "Shifting." The speaker declared that while we were in a period of change, politically, socially and religiously, we were not drifting, but shifting—shifting to the better.

R. Lawrence Freeman, of Blenheim, S. C., was next introduced, who spoke on "The South Carolina Dispensary Law." He did not take sides with either of the political factions, but simply discussed the Dispensary Law. The law was defined and its advantages stated; the speaker expressing his belief and desire that never again would drink be sold across the counter of a legalized bar in his native State.

Mr. Julian E. Yates, of Chatham county, next spoke on "The Parliament of Religions." One of the most important features of the World's Fair was the parliament of religions. He said it was a common belief that Christianity was compromised by its mingling with the religions of the East, but the speaker thought not. Its influence would tend, on the other hand, materially toward elevating and enlightening those religions with which it came in contact.

"Wooing Sirens" was the subject of the speech of Rowland F. Beasley. He commenced with the beautiful story of Odysseus as he was returning to Greece from Troy, being lured by the sirens, but he stopped the ears of his sailors with wax, and they were not lured. This he compared to the ship of state to-day which had been lured, but had safely passed dangers and had solved all problems, and would do so in the future.

John D. Robertson, of Cool Springs, next spoke on "A Patriot." He dwelt at length on the greed and corruption which seemed to predominate in our land; and predicted that the time would soon come when the people would not submit to this longer, but would assert their power and purity. He closed with a beautiful tribute to the late Senator Vance, who was almost the ideal patriot and statesman.

The Valedictory address was delivered by Robert W. Haywood, of Pollocksville. It was a unique and excellent effort. In fitting words he spoke of the patient labor of the Faculty, of the kindly interest of the Hill people, of his sadness at parting with the undergraduate, and, lastly, bidding his classmates farewell and urging them to be loyal to their *Alma Mater*.

This ended the speaking, the rest of the class having handed in theses as follows:

1. Development of Electrical Science, Charles N. Beebe, Onondaga county, New York.
2. The Evolution of Mind, Charles M. Billings, Pittsylvania county, Va.
3. The South and Its Literature, D. Roy Britton, Bertie county.
4. House of Representatives vs. House of Commons, Rufus H. Carter, Wake county.
5. The Papacy, John E. M. Davenport, Tyrrell county.
6. Freedom of the Will, Nathaniel A. Dunn, Wake county.
7. Athletics as a Science and an Art, Walters Durham, Wake county.
8. Aristocracy in America, Thomas W. Elliott, Chowan county.
9. Lavoisier, Jay P. Felt, Cameron county, Pa.
10. Oliver Cromwell, Solomon P. Holding, Wake county.
11. Cromwell and England, William H. Jones, Pittsylvania county, Va.
12. Static Electricity, Thomas B. Lambeth, Chatham county.
13. Horrors of the French Revolution, John Minor, Davie county.
14. Feelings and Their Functions, John J. Payseur, Gaston county.
15. Economic Wastes of War, Thomas J. Pence, Wake county.
16. Fairy Tales and Folk Lore, Sidney L. Settlemyer, Cleveland county.
17. Should the President be Elected by Direct Vote? William H. Sledge, Rockingham county.
18. The Atomic Theory, John W. Smith, Jr., Wake county.
19. The Religion of the Greeks, J. Edgar Spainhour, Wilkes county.
20. John Greenleaf Whittier, Frank G. Tayloe, Hertford county.
21. Literature, its Toils and Rewards, Chas. E. Taylor, Jr., Wake county.

Of the twenty-eight graduates, two take the degree of M. A., one B. S., and the other twenty-five take B. A.

President Taylor then presented diplomas to the graduates, after which he read a strong, masterly charge to the graduates.

This address is so admirable that we have published it elsewhere in its entirety.

Dr. C. Durham, President of the Board of Trustees, made the annual report, which was received enthusiastically by the

audience. He expressed great hope in the future of the college, notwithstanding the difficulties of the times. He said that its friends were more determined and more enthusiastic than ever before. The outlook for patronage was never brighter. No President has ever given greater satisfaction to the Trustees and friends of the college than the present honored incumbent.

Among other distinguished visitors who were in the audience Thursday morning we noticed President McIver, Captain T. W. Mason, President Winston, Judge Clark, W. A. Dunn, and E. C. Beddingfield.

The Commencement closed Thursday evening with the usual concert by the band in the Memorial Hall and a reception by the Literary Societies in their halls. Until late did fair damsels and gallant youths hold sweet converse, when they parted, declaring this the best of all Commencements. Among the ladies who graced the occasion were Misses Foote and Pendleton, of Warrenton; Miss Baker, of Tarboro; Miss Street, of Roxboro; Miss Hobgood, of Oxford; Miss Bass, of Warsaw; Miss Clyburne, of South Carolina; Misses Ida and Pressie Poteat, of Yanceyville; Misses Powell, Baldwin and Colwell, of Georgia; Miss Simms, of Durham; Misses Allen and Huntley, of Wadesboro; Miss Ferrell, of Raleigh; Miss Gore, of Wilmington; Miss Brewer, of Murfreesboro; Miss Campbell, of Alabama; Miss Wall, of Washington, D. C.; Misses Grandy and Bell, of Elizabeth City; Miss Hufham, of Shelby; and the ladies of the Hill.

FOR

Drugs,
Medicines,
Books,
Stationery,
Confectioneries,
Cigars,
Fancy Goods,
&c.,

GO TO _____

T. E. Holding & Co.'s

DRUG STORE,

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

DRESS SUITS Made to Order
A SPECIALTY.

△ WE have a large line of samples of
the best cloths for DRESS SUITS,
△ and will guarantee a Perfect Fit and
Low Prices.

WE ALSO HAVE
A FULL LINE OF

CLOTHING,

Underwear, Hats, Shoes, &c.

Lowest Prices Guaranteed.

Whiting Bros
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED

CLOTHIERS & HATTERS

Raleigh, N.C.

W. H. & R. S. Tucker
& Co.,

RALEIGH, N. C.

Dress Shirts, Negligee Shirts, Drawers,
Underwear, Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs,
Handkerchiefs, Hats, Shoes, Etc.

IN ADDITION TO OUR LARGE AND
GENERAL STOCK OF

Dry Goods,
Carpets, Etc., . .

We have the largest and
most thorough equipment
in the State of

Gentlemen's
Furnishings

WE SOLICIT THE PATRONAGE OF STUDENTS.

Fall and Winter.

IT is our pleasure to extend the compliments of
the season to you all, and to announce that
our Fall and Winter stock is now open for
your inspection.

We Lead Them All
As to Prices, Styles and Patterns.

CROSS & LINEHAN,
Men's Outfitters,

D. R. BRITTON,

Our Agent, will take pleasure in serving you.

RALEIGH, N. C.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

PROF. J. C. MASKE.....ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY:

W. L. FOUSHEE.....EDITOR.

R. F. BEASLEY.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY:

R. W. HAYWOOD.....EDITOR.

J. E. YATES.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

W. B. STOKELY.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. XIII.

WAKE FOREST, N. C., JULY, 1894.

No. 10.

POLITICS AND WHISKEY.

In the May issue of THE STUDENT I noticed a slight reference to the political situation in South Carolina. From the reference I would judge that the people out of the State do not exactly comprehend the present status of affairs; so I have concluded to write a few lines to endeavor to explain some little points that might prove of interest to my North Carolina friends. It will not be my intention to take issue directly with any remark of THE STUDENT, but being a native South Carolinian, as I am, and having cast my lot with the people of my nativity, I shall endeavor to state the facts of the present condition of affairs as they appear to me, not an endorser of either extreme of the contending factions. I view the condition of things not as a partisan, but as a thorough familiarity with the facts, as they now exist, would prompt me to explain them.

It is a fact that South Carolina to-day occupies a rather peculiar political distinction, and it is rather unique in its nature. For one seldom speaks of politics without bringing whiskey into the discussion. The two cannot be said to go hand in hand as the cider barrel and "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" in the Presidential campaign of 1840, but the issue is how shall we manage the contents of the barrel.

To go back a little we will hurriedly sketch some few chapters from the recent developments of South Carolina's political history, which will bring us to the present. In 1890 a tremendous upheaval in its political affairs shook the entire State. B. R. Tillman, fresh from his farm in Edgefield County, snatched up the standard of Reform and at every court-house in the State waved it. He charged gross irregularities against the old office-holders in the State, and conducted a campaign of prejudices almost entirely. Every effort was made to down him by the opposition. Hon. Joseph H. Earle, then Attorney General of the State and a man of sterling character and worth, led the opposing forces and contested with him every inch of ground. Usually in an appeal to the masses the novelty prevails. There were arrayed class against class. Tillman was elected Governor and a new regime began to hold sway in the State-house.

In the election of 1892 another effort was made to defeat "one-eyed Ben." The "Tillmanites," as the supporters of Tillman were called, rallied to their ranks the agriculturists from every nook and corner of the State. The farmers were staunch in their support of "Farmer Ben." A few chronic office-seekers from among the professions, men who had always endeavored to serve the dear people, caught hold of his coat and thereby many of them were pulled into office. These were the "coat-tail swingers." A large number of men, who secretly did not endorse the entire movement, but did not have the backbone to stand to their convictions, were whipped into line.

The "Conservatives" comprised the people of the towns to a great extent, and in a measure the wealth and intelligence of the State. Of course, the old office-holders, with their friends, must resist the thrusts made at them, so they were in the fight. Do not understand me to intimate that there were no brains among the Tillmanites, for without brains and plenty of them their success could never have been so marked.

I only mean that the preponderance of the education and culture of the State was arrayed among the Conservatives and against Tillman. The different candidates stumped the State from one end to the other, and at the August primary Tillman and his followers were again elected by an overwhelming majority. Every office, from Coroner to State Senator in the vast majority of the counties, was filled by Tillman supporters. It seemed that the principal requisite for election was that the candidate support Tillman. This entire fight was made within the ranks of the Democratic party.

It was during this campaign that the Prohibitionists of the State made a mighty and determined effort to close the saloons and have the sale of whiskey stopped. By Prohibitionists I do not mean National Prohibitionists, but only men opposed to the sale of whiskey. We have no Prohibition party in South Carolina. The entire fight was made by Democrats among Democrats. The issue was carried squarely before the people, and a special box placed at the polls in the Democratic primary for the party to say: "Prohibition," or "No Prohibition." The Democratic primaries invariably amount to a decision in this State.

"Prohibition" carried the State by a tremendous majority, and thereby the people instructed their representatives in the State Legislature to enact a prohibitory law. The legislative body was composed, with few exceptions, of rabid supporters of Tillman, prepared to do his bidding. As a substitute for prohibition the "Dispensary Law," now so famous all over the country, was enacted. The idea probably originated from the prolific brains of the Governor, for Tillman is a man of unquestionable ability. He is one of the shrewdest, most determined, most aggressive, foreseeing and calculating, as well as arrogant, of the leaders of men. He has been compared to "Old Hickory" himself, in his determination and power to sway the masses. His suggestion with the Legislature was all that was requisite to have any measure enacted.

The Dispensary Law in theory is even an improvement on the Prohibition laws of most of the States, as practically executed, and it was unquestionably a great improvement on the old high-license system. It provided that there should be Dispensaries established in the different towns by the Board of Control; the Dispenser to be a sober citizen; the whiskey sold only in packages of not less than half pint nor more than five gallons, each purchase to be registered by the Dispenser; the liquor could not be opened nor used on the premises where sold; nor was the Dispenser to sell to minors or persons addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. The Dispensaries were to close at 6 o'clock every evening and no liquor sold after the regular business hours. A profit of 100 per cent. was to be charged, 50 per cent. to go to the State and the remainder to be divided between the town or city and county in which the Dispensary was located, after the expenses were deducted.

This measure did not, in point of fact, come up to the expectations of its friends and advocates. There sprung into existence a strange animal, like unto a cat, for it possessed the traditional nine lives, called the "blind tiger." This tiger would not die, nor could the entire machinery of the law crush it out of existence. The Dispensary Law held sway from the 1st of July, 1893, till April 18, 1894, when the State Supreme Court decided that it was contrary to the Constitution of South Carolina for the State to prohibit any of its citizens from engaging in any lawful trade or business and then engage in the same itself. Immediately the eyes of the blind tigers opened. The Governor issued orders for the Dispensaries to be closed, and to-day there is in this town the closed Dispensary with stock on hand. The flasks are arranged in rows on the shelves, which can be seen through the glass windows. The question is what shall be done with the whiskey on hand, owned by the State, no provision having been made for disposing of the stock on hand, and the Supreme

Court says that it is unconstitutional for the State to sell liquors.

In the days of Dispensaries it would have appeared rather amusing to one out of the State for a friend to approach him with a flask and say to him, "Have a drink of Tillman," "Try some Dispensary," "I have some 3x," as in those days firewater was generally known.

Just prior to the decision of the Supreme Court occurred the "Darlington War." The trouble was brought on by a difficulty between Dispensary Constables, or "Tillman Spies," and citizens. The Governor ordered troops to the scene. Many of the companies refused to obey the call, and have since been dismissed from the State's service. The towns are mostly "Conservative" in politics, and when the news of the Darlington affair flashed over the wires many of the different military companies, which were made up for the most part of town men, positively refused to obey the Governor's orders. They have injured their cause very much by this refusal. The entire affair was magnified many times by this refusal of the companies to respond to the call of the Commander-in-Chief. Now, after the exciting moment has passed, the thinking people of the State generally approve of the action of those few companies that responded to orders, and it seems to be the general regret that all did not so respond. I will not mention the causes that led more directly to the Darlington affair, nor discuss the attitude of the military companies in detail. In the May number of the *North American Review* the Governor has an article thoroughly discussing the affair from his point of view. In the July number of the same magazine Mayor Dargan, of Darlington, will discuss the same affair from the opposite standpoint. By reading both statements and combining the two, one will be enabled to come to a correct conclusion in regard to the differences relating to that affair, as each is an extremist upon his particular side.

During the past eighteen months South Carolina, it seems, has tested all of the different theories in regard to managing the liquor traffic. Before the Dispensary Law went into effect we had high license in the State. Then came the Dispensary Law with its restrictions, and placed the sale of whiskey under the State's complete control. Barely before the year was out the State Supreme Court said that the Dispensary Law was no law, that "the Act was clearly unconstitutional, except in so far as it forbids the granting of licenses to retail spirituous liquors beyond the 30th of June, 1893."

Then came the era of free whiskey. The towns could not issue licenses for the sale of whiskey; there was no Prohibition law on the statute books; so many contended that the sale of whiskey was then on the same footing with any other article of merchandise. The eyes of the tigers were closed no longer and whiskey was then sold openly and above board. This lasted until a test case could be brought before the Supreme Court, so that it could interpret its own decision. It then decided that the sale of whiskey was unlawful. South Carolina now enjoys the distinction of having prohibition without a prohibition law upon the statutes of the State.

As a matter of fact there has been no time since the regular bars closed that whiskey could not be bought. It may not have been sold indiscriminately, but it could be purchased. To-day, during prohibition, it can be bought, as much as one wishes, any quality and, as there is no high license to pay, the price is not excessive. South Carolina has failed to stop the sale of liquors, although every effort was made by a determined Governor.

It appears now that the same Dispensary measure will figure in the coming State campaign. Mr. John Gary Evins, the leader of the Tillman forces in the State Senate and author of the bill in that body, is a candidate for Governor, and he will appeal to the people to sustain him in its passage. It may be that with some modifications, possibly eliminating the

profit feature, the Dispensary Law will be re-enacted. Then it may run the gauntlet of the Supreme Court.

The Governor himself, who has been the central figure during the entire performance, desires to grace the United States Senate, so he has manifested that desire to the people and they will request Senator Butler to retire to give place to the Governor. Tillman and Tillmanism is stronger in the State to-day than it has ever been. It is strange how one man can so arouse popular enthusiasm and ardor as Tillman has done in this State. Will his fall be as mighty as his rise was lofty and sudden, is a question which the future can only answer. We will see.

ROBERT LIDE.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., June 9, 1894.

OLD TIMES AT WAKE FOREST.

“Backward, turn backward,
O, Time, in your flight.”

I am seventy-five years old to-day, having first seen the light on May 3, 1819.

I returned to Wake Forest Institute in April, 1838. The boys of '34 had grown to be fine-looking young men. Mr. Wait was glad to see me, and remarked that it was encouraging to see the old students returning. He informed me that my room-mate, Jesse Bernard, was dead. This I was sorry to hear, as I loved Jesse. I found ten of the students of 1834. There were about eighty students. Many changes had taken place. The College building and one of the residences for professors were completed and the workmen were covering the other residence. Everything about the Forest shone. A large crop had been planted and was ready for work. I went out to work, but our overseer of 1834 was not there; he, too, had passed away—“a dear face missed day by day

from its usual place." There were four classes—Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior—and a preparatory department. I was placed in the latter, under John L. Pritchard as tutor in English, Prof. J. B. White in Philosophy, and Mr. Wait in Latin. He put me to reading *Historia Sacra*. I found it difficult to understand.

The students dressed much finer than they did in '34; parted their hair in the middle, which hung down to their shoulders, giving them much the appearance of girls. I roomed with my neighbor, Thomas Steele, on the fourth story. We had lost three years from school and were four years behind our comrades who had remained at school. All the old students were then in college classes. I thought when I returned that I could complete my education that year, but it did not take me long to find out that I was greatly mistaken in my calculations. The great ocean of science and knowledge lay unexplored before me. I joined the Philomathesian Society and was appointed one of the leaders in the debate for the next Saturday. The question was, "Was Hannibal a greater general than Scipio?" I knew almost nothing about either of the great generals. One of the students kindly furnished me with a book containing their history. I wrote a short speech, which I read. Oscar F. Baxter followed me in an able speech and scattered my arguments to the four winds. Able speeches were made on both sides. The question was decided against me. I tackled Baxter and told him if he could beat me speaking he could not whip me. He remarked that he never backed out of a fight, but that we did not meet to fight, but to debate the question; that I did well for the first effort and would make a good speaker. "Look on our beautiful flag," said he, "and you will see '*Esse quam videri*'; stick to that motto as long as life shall last." His kind talk to me made me his friend for life. Little did we think then that two wars were before us, in each of which we both took part and faithfully served our country.

As I strolled around the premises and viewed our old log cabins—my room-mates gone, some dead, whom I would never see again—a train of melancholy reflections came to my mind.

Saturday evening all who loved music met in the chapel. We had a large bass drum; violins, clarionets, flageolets, and flutes were brought into requisition. George Stevenson, a dear lover of music and a splendid performer on the violin, led the band and tuned the instruments to a chord. Mr. Wait took his stand on the rostrum, marked time and performed on the flute. He seemed to enjoy the music as well as the boys. We played anthems, duets, and quartettes. Among our favorites were "Road to Boston," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow," etc. The old tunes are familiar to me yet, and I often think of those happy days of Auld Lang Syne.

On the first Sabbath morning we put on our best, and at the ringing of the bell we all went into the chapel for service. Mr. Wait preached an eloquent sermon from Job xix., 26-25. I marked many of his texts in my Bible, and can refer to them now. I carried my old Bible with me through two wars and have it now. I enjoyed Mr. Wait's sermons very much, and was surprised that so few of the people of the neighborhood attended service at the Institute. There was a fine, commodious auditorium. The able sermons were delivered to nobody but the students and those on the Hill. A young lady of the neighborhood visited us. I asked her why the young ladies did not come to church; adding that we would like to see them out. She replied that they would come at the drop of a hat, and drop it themselves, but that they had heard that Mr. Wait said that he wished there was a wall fifty feet high and ten miles square around the place, and a young lady not permitted to come inside of it. I told her that Mr. Wait did not say any such thing, and asked her to tell them all to come on Sabbath and Mr. Wait would be glad to see them. She remarked that I could not make them believe that. I understood that they had captured several of his boys previously.

In the evening we met in the chapel for prayer and Sabbath school. Professor White superintended the Bible class and explained the Scriptures to us. After recitation he made some very appropriate remarks from Psalms xxxvii., 37—"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." I thought that Professor White came as near being a perfect man as any man whom I had ever seen, and the more I became acquainted with him the more I appreciated him. He became my teacher in all my studies, with the exception of Latin and Greek. He was a graduate of Brown University, Rhode Island, and studied Wayland's Moral Science in manuscript before it was published. He had been an able lawyer and judge in Illinois. I asked him why he left the bar and the judge's bench to come to Wake Forest to become a professor. He replied that he could not deal in law and always stick to the truth, and that he could do more good to the world as a teacher than he could at the law. His wife was an accomplished lady, and taught the young ladies of Wake Forest.

Robert L. Steele arrived, and he and his brother Thomas opened a wood-shop in the old Academy and manufactured cutting-knives. They could sell all they made, and realized enough to pay their expenses at school, though they were wealthy.

"OUR COUNTRY FOREVER."

We expected a big time on the Fourth of July, and the occasion was looked forward to with joyful anticipations. The return of this day brought joy to all our hearts. We laid aside our books and plows and hoes, and robed ourselves in our best. A large crowd was in attendance—some from a distance. Beauty and intelligence were there. At the tap of the drum and the shrill notes of the fife the societies formed lines, threw their beautiful banners to the breeze, and felt as large as the Old Guard of Napoleon or the veterans of Well-

ington. We marched down to the big grove, where a stand and seats were prepared, and heard an able and eloquent address delivered by Josiah H. Brooks, of the Euzelian Society. He was dressed in elegant style, had a fine personal appearance and the gift of glowing eloquence, such as has in many instances distinguished Wake Forest students. After the speaking we repaired to the steward's hall and partook of a good dinner prepared by Mrs. Ryan. A smile could be seen on every face, and all enjoyed the occasion.

The days of my youth are dear to me. We remember our school-boy frolics with pleasure.

On the 5th we went to our books and work again. There was no time for vacation, on account of the crop which had to be attended to.

I have often thought that one reason why Dr. Wait prized his boys so highly was that he had no sons of his own. He had one daughter, intelligent and beautiful. He taught us to think a great deal of ourselves, to set our mark high, to study hard and get our lessons well. He encouraged us to believe that we would eventually fill high offices and make great men. It did not take us long to come to the conclusion that Mr. Wait was one of the greatest men that ever lived, and that we were next. It did not take us long, however, to find out, after we left college, that there was somebody else in the world besides Mr. Wait and Wake Forest boys, though they have taken as high a stand in the world as students of other institutions. But few have made wrecks of themselves. It is only to be known, even in the far-distant West, that a young man has been a student at Wake Forest, and it gives him a passport to society; it is taken for granted that he is all right; he needs no other recommendation. Some great man at the North—I have forgotten his name—remarked that for eloquence Wake Forest College was not surpassed in the United States. In almost every avenue of life we find the sons of Wake Forest climbing to the top rung of the ladder

of usefulness and distinction. Look at the long list of her sons who fell in the service of their country. They fell as brave men always should, with their faces to the foe—

“Leaving in battle no blot on their names,
Looked proudly to heaven from their death-bed of fame.”

They freely shed their blood in the cause of their country, and the future historian of Wake Forest College should notice their gallantry, their glorious deaths and devotion to their country. Their names should live as long as there is a page of American history. They have rendered themselves immortal, and the lover of his country's honor and glory will ever look back to their glorious deeds with admiration and applause. But they sleep with

“The brave who sink to rest
With all their country's honors blest.”

There ought to be a monument to their memory erected at Wake Forest College. They filled many high offices, and that, too, without a military education, save Junius Wheeler. Had we been instructed in tactics there is no telling how high the Wake Forest students would have risen. We had to study the military art around camp-fires and at chance moments.

In the course of my travels in Tennessee, in the winter of 1845, I passed by the Hermitage and took the liberty to call on General Jackson. I found him in a feeble state of health, alone in his chamber, reading newspapers. He was dressed in a very plain style and was free and easy in his manners. He conversed freely on the political affairs of the country and the prospects of our having difficulties with Mexico. I told him that if we did I should take part in it. He laughed freely and asked me if I had been to a military school. I told him no. He eyed me closely, and had the keenest eyes I ever saw—looked through me. He remarked, “I would advise you to go to some military school, if only for three months. It is a great pity that you have not a military education.”

He told me to keep out of bad company and groceries and I would succeed. I was highly pleased with my visit to the residence of the hero of New Orleans. He soon went the way of all living, telling those around him to meet him in heaven. His life was long and eventful. I thought if fighting had made Jackson a great man, that I, like Don Quixote, would fight everything that came in my way. I eventually found plenty of it to do, and never got much else, having been in seventeen hard battles and a number of guerilla skirmishes, and followed the fortunes of Stonewall Jackson until just before his death. I was elected to the Legislature in 1862.

Mr. Wait once announced from the rostrum on Sabbath that the College building was about to be sold for the balance of the debt that was then due on it—about ten thousand dollars. This news fell amongst us like a bomb or a clap of thunder in a clear sky. He preached one of the most impressive sermons I ever heard from him, and remarked that if the building was sold it would stand as a monument of the folly of the Baptist Churches of North Carolina. He prayed fervently that God would put it into the hearts of the friends of the Institute to do something in that time of need, that it might ever be a holy plot of ground and go on for ages working for the Master. He prayed for the students—that God would keep us as in the palm of His hand and apple of the eye. He requested us all to write to our friends and prevail on them to do something for the Institute. This was Wake Forest's darkest hour. Money was scarce—but little in circulation. The United States Bank had gone down. General Jackson had taken Nick Biddle by the throat and said, "By the Eternal, we will see which is to rule—the money power or the people." Banks broke, thousands of men broke all over the country; several of the States repudiated their debts; there was general financial distress all over the country. Wake Forest felt the general pressure. Many would have helped, but had not the money. John Armstrong had gone to Europe

and was writing flaming letters from the Alps. Mr. Wait had the brunt to bear. Everything was thought of. Mr. Wait remarked to me that if he had the granite rocks at Wake Forest in New York he could raise the money. I told him to get some drills, sledge-hammers and blasting-powder and put us to blowing them up. He asked how we would get them to the railroad. "Easily enough; build a short track to the quarry and load there." He remarked that he was afraid that if I got hold of powder enough I would blow up the Hill. He had a fine nursery of *morus multicaulus*, and said he would take them up and transplant them and raise money enough to pay the College debt. There was a great speculation in them at that time, and I thought it best to sell them while the price was high. He took them up and transplanted them. I never knew him to sell one. His daughter got some silk-worm eggs and raised silk-worms.

I knew that Washington Irving, of New York, was a great lover of learning. It might be that he would help us. I addressed a letter to him. He wrote me one of the most interesting letters that I have ever received. He advised us not to let difficulties and financial troubles discourage us—to look on the bright side; "In the bright lexicon of youth, to know no such word as 'fail.'" I have mislaid the letter, or I would send it to THE STUDENT. I also addressed a letter to my grandfather, Edwin Ingram, a soldier of the Revolution. For some time subsequent to the war the western part of the State was infested with a class of persons who, setting the civil authorities at defiance, plundered the weak and unprotected with impunity—nor, indeed, were the possessions of the most powerful at all secure against the molestations of their daring villainy. To the extermination of these lawless desperadoes Mr. Ingram devoted several years of his life, as well as the greater part of his fortune. For this service the Legislature voted him a gratuity of £500, which, on account of the embarrassed condition of the State, he did not accept at that time.

This gift had been drawing interest for many years. I advised him to collect this money and help me and Wake Forest.

General A. Dockery and Duncan McLauren were members to the Legislature from Richmond County that year, 1838. Thomas Steele was taken critically ill with typhoid pneumonia; Mr. Wait told me to stop recitations and assist Robert. Mr. Wait and lady and Mrs. White did all they could for him. We sent for his father, Robert L. Steele, who soon arrived. In a few days my grandfather arrived. Mr. Steele remarked, "Mr. Ingram, were I at home I would be glad, as I always am, to see you; but as I am now situated, I cannot say whether I am glad or not." He rode horse-back from Richmond County alone when he was about ninety years old. He got acquainted with the students, and found a grandson (Matthew Williams, of Warren County) of one of his comrades in the Revolution and told me to be a good friend to him. At the close of the session Mr. Miller, of Raleigh, delivered us a very able and eloquent address. A large crowd was in attendance. Mr. Wait, J. B. White, Gen. A. Dockery, R. L. Steele and grandfather were in consultation. The purport of it I did not learn, being busy attending to Thomas, but presume that it was to devise ways and means to save Wake Forest Institute. Mr. Steele was naturally a very able man, and a good hand to plan.

General Dockery returned to Raleigh, the Legislature being in session. In a few days Mr. Wait came into the room, his face covered with smiles, perfectly happy, and said: "It is no longer Institute, it is now chartered as Wake Forest College. The Legislature has loaned us ten thousand dollars, and Thomas will get well." "Good news, Mr. Wait. Thank God, thank God!"

Mr. McLauren examined the Journals of the Legislature and found the gift to grandfather in the Journal of one House, the Journal of the other House was destroyed when the old capitol was burnt. Thomas improved. We put a bed in the

carriage and started for home. Robert Steele and I walked all the way home. "Home, sweet home." My mother and sisters threw their arms around me and kissed me a hundred times over.

SAUNDERS M. INGRAM.

POWELLTON, N. C., May 3, 1894.

ODDS AND ENDS FROM JOHNS HOPKINS.

It has come to be thought that the first impressions are always the most lasting; yet this rule too has its exceptions.

The first impressions gathered by a young man fresh from college when he enters the Johns Hopkins University are disappointing. Possibly he has read in some of the catalogues of the leading institutions descriptions of the lovely grounds and beautiful buildings belonging to the universities; if not, he instinctively associates such with the higher institutions of learning. But when he arrives at this Institution his heart sinks within him at the idea of *no campus*. Then, too, the buildings are not at all handsome. They are very substantial looking affairs, and large enough, yet quite plain—little effort having been expended towards architectural beauty. Mr. Hopkins had doubtless intended that the University should be located on the grounds belonging to his estate—"Clifton"—situated just northeast of the city; but no binding clause to that effect was incorporated in his will, so the Trustees were entirely free to act as seemed to them best; and they located the University in the heart of the city, three blocks west of the Washington Monument, between Eutaw and Howard streets.

Having become reconciled to the absence of a campus and to the plain buildings, the young man begins his work; and here he almost always meets disappointment, which, at times, comes near making him pack his trunk for the sea-washed shore or rugged hills of his native State. Sometimes it has the effect of causing him to seek to drown his disappointment

in the pleassure of the theatre, the opera, or other amusements such as any city abounds in. The reason for this discouragement is difficult to determine, and, possibly, is due to different things with different individuals. In some cases it is due to the fact that a young man meets too many questions which to him are unanswerable at the time, and he has not the Professor at hand to whom he may apply. Then, too, his pride may be in the way of such a course, if the Professor were at hand. Self-reliance is thus forced upon him from the outset. But, Oh! what a pleasure it is to him when he does find in some Instructor, or *Professor*, even—for they are all human like the rest of us—a sympathizing friend and a good counsellor to unburden his soul of its load. He goes home with the first scales dropped from his eyes, and begins to see that others have had the same obstacles before them, and that they overcame them finally, and he goes home determined he too will surmount them.

This leads me to observe that almost always he misses that companionship, that good-fellowship which he so much prized while in college, for we are thinking of the post-graduate student more particularly. Of course, those who are so unfortunate as to possess tendencies towards a hermit life do not experience this difficulty. The average person does notice it, however, and longs for a night's fun with the boys on the campus.

In college he prized more highly with each succeeding year the college spirit, and he naturally looks for it to appear in the University in all its glory. It does not appear, and he is disappointed again. There is some slight evidence of a college spirit perceptible in the hideous yells which the various classes adopt, and seen in the attempts to organize football and baseball teams; but the attempt usually results in failure. Indeed, in no game has the University made a record for itself, excepting lacrosse. Athletic sports are carried on generally by the undergraduates, together with some few of the more enthusi-

astic graduate students. Possibly, the reason for this relative indifference is that there are no available playgrounds nearer than "Clifton," which is five miles from the University.

Very soon our young friend realizes that he is to work if he keeps abreast of his opportunities, and to work he generally goes.

Everyone has realized a pleasure at some time in first seeing his name in print, and has had the feeling akin to veneration when first he saw a man who had written a book or edited a paper. As such an one advances in knowledge his ideals grow higher and his judgment more critical, until he has lost almost all that feeling for penny-a-liners in papers or in textbooks when he graduates. Still he does revere the authors of the books he had studied while in college. He cannot exactly think of great scholars as ordinary mortals; but when he sees those who are thus ranked he beholds men like unto those he has always known. But constant association soon changes this feeling to a different kind of reverence, rather admiration, and though he sees they are ordinary men he still thinks them *great*, as in truth they are.

It has been said that we may have a university with one student and a Professor of Greek and another of Mathematics. That has in truth been the principle of the Hopkins. They have sought primarily for men of thought and recognized ability. This it is which makes us look for so much from the new University of Chicago, for seldom has such a band of able men been gathered together at the opening of an institution. It is this which has made the Hopkins what it is. The first object sought in organizing the institution was to get able scholars to preside over the various departments. Surely, the equipment for work was supplied as demanded, but that came secondarily. Mr. Hopkins builded more wisely than he knew in founding the University. From facts gleaned from those in a position to know, it seems quite certain that he had little idea of establishing such an institution as we now behold, although he designated the name it now bears. He had in

mind a college of high grade, but left the matter wholly to the Board of Trustees, whom he personally selected, and they selected as their President the present incumbent, under whose skillful guidance the Institution has developed to its present proportions.

For a number of years the Hopkins House of Commons was maintained, its object being to train men in debate and parliamentary usage. But its existence was never characterized by much vitality, and about four years ago it passed into history. There being no dormitory system, consequently, the men being scattered, more or less, over the entire city, it was difficult to get them to assemble regularly for debates. That work is now left undone, save as the various fraternities may take it up. Fraternities are encouraged by the Faculty, and in some cases the chapters rent entire buildings and then sublet the rooms to its own members.

As is very well known, the chief work done by the Hopkins University is with graduate students. There are some objections, which seem well founded, against the undergraduate courses, and I really think a man would be a broader scholar by taking his B. A. elsewhere in a good college, and afterwards taking his specialty at Hopkins, than by taking all his college work there.

The one idea which pervades the work in all departments is *to get at the truth* of the subject under investigation, whether it be a Greek root or a toad, a mineral or the Book of Isaiah. The scientific methods are applied in each case studied, and with no other view than to *learn truth*. To all who desire to engage in this delightful occupation the Hopkins extends a hearty invitation to join the ranks of those men who have gained inspiration by sitting at her feet, assuring them that in cost of living they can scarcely find a place more reasonable than Baltimore, while she claims for herself the honor of being the leading university in America, and the equal of any elsewhere.

JOS. RUFUS HUNTER.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE.

WOONG SIRENS.

Long years had the Greeks fought and struggled about Troy. At last the object of their desire had been accomplished. Troy had been taken, and her citizens slaughtered. What open hostility had failed to do stealth had accomplished. Ten years before the Grecian hosts had left the pleasant hills of Greece and sailed across the stormy sea, and now were they about to re-embark for the homeward journey. Already they think of their wives and children among the vine-clad hills of Hellos.

But there were strange rumors that they must pass by the Sirens' land, where the sea was always calm, and the Sirens swam about among the rocks or lay upon the shore and sung their enticing songs so sweetly that all who heard them must go to them and be dashed to pieces upon the sharp rocks; for the Sirens were beautiful and cruel creatures, and did nothing but sing their enchanting songs to draw the weary sailors into the shallow water, that their ships might be dashed to pieces upon the terrible reefs which lay hidden beneath the calm surface.

But Odysseus had been warned; so he filled his sailors' ears with wax, that they might not hear the wooing voices of the Sirens, and had them bind him closely to the mast, that he himself might hear but not go to them. Soon Odysseus heard the songs of the Sirens faintly floating over the sea, and by and by, as he drew near, they seemed to say: "Oh, Odysseus, man of many toils and long wanderings, great glory of the Archæans, come to us and listen to our song; everyone who passes over the sea near our island stays to hear it and forgets all his troubles, and then goes away peaceful and happy. Come and rest, Odysseus, come and rest. We know all the great deeds which you have done at Troy, and how you have been tossed by many storms and suffered many sor-

rows sailing on the wide sea; but here the sea is always calm, and the sun cannot scorch you in the cool and pleasant caves where you shall hear us sing; come to our cool, green caves; we are waiting, we are waiting."

But Odysseus could not go, and when they had passed the island he said to his sailors: "O, friends, it is better not to hear the Sirens' song; for if but two or three of us had heard it we should have gone to them, and our ship would have sunk in their cool, green caves." But they said: "It is indeed better not to hear it. You were so busy listening to their song that you could not see what we saw. All the way, as we passed by the island, logs of wood and bits of masts were floating on the water; and these must have been pieces from ships which have been broken on the rocks, because the sailors heard the Sirens' song."

And so it is and has been with us to-day. What open hostility has failed to do stealth is about to accomplish. American wisdom and patriotism have met and solved the great problems of the century when they have been met fairly and squarely on the open field. Foreign hostility has been encountered and crushed. The enemies of liberty have been met and vanquished. It has been shown that a people can be free; that the only liberty worth anything is that guaranteed by a republican form of government. The power of monarchies has been destroyed; great civil discord has been quieted and the bloody chasm bridged. America has been equal to any emergency. She has for more than a century been working out the civil and political liberty of the human race, and her beacon lights have heralded the approach of human freedom to the utmost ends of the globe. European tyranny and Oriental despotism have lifted their mighty pall by her noble example, and even African darkness is now being cleared away under the beneficent influences of American religion and American civilization. Nobly, grandly have the patriots of the past century led the way towards the ultimatum of human

government. And now, when their descendants fain would stretch forth their hands and seize the prize left to them by their ancestors, Behold! the promised cup is rudely snatched from their lips and dashed to pieces on the unlooked-for rock of degenerate American citizenship.

Students of political history have looked on and wondered what the result would be. Old World rulers have watched our phenomenal progress and asked themselves would not the example of freedom be too great a strain on their already tottering thrones, and send them headlong in pursuit of their long-since vanquished divine rights. But all this progress, this upward and onward march of industrial development, civil and religious liberty, has been only the voyage of the Ship of State over the deep and open sea, driven before a strong and steady gale. The obstacles which she encountered did but strengthen and discipline her sailors, tighten her cordage and fill her sails for a greater speed. She listened not to the voices of the wooing sirens which beset her course nor heard their enticing songs of "come and rest, come and rest." But now, indeed, has she come into the shallow water, beneath whose calm surface lie the sharp rocks and the engulfing whirlpool; her sails flap idly against the masts, she drifts hither and thither without a guiding hand, for all her sailors, who should be watching her course, are listening to the wooing sirens of greed, personal gain and ambition.

I come not with the wailing cry of the pessimist, who sees destruction and death sitting with hideous grin upon the portal of every existing institution; nor yet do I come with the threadbare story of the Fourth of July eulogist, who sings the everlasting song of our "glorious country." But I do come as an American citizen who believes in the God-given destiny of his country and who worships at her shrine of liberty; but I come still more as one who believes that we construct our own destiny, and that our future depends upon what we are and what we do in the living present; I come as one who

would seize the present opportunity to point out some of the great questions which must be met and solved at once, and upon whose proper solution depends the continuance of such festive gatherings as we are now in the midst of, and even the existence of those institutions which make America pre-eminently the land of the free.

American institutions have never passed through the strain which they are now in the midst of, and which will be met in the next few years. The republican form of government is now on trial as it has never before been tried. I unhesitatingly say that the genuine test has never yet been applied to the Republic, and until that test has been thoroughly applied she has not demonstrated her power to hurl back the oncoming forces of disintegration and ruin. The day in which a nation's strength is measured by its fighting capacity is passed. The democratic principle of government has proven to be pre-eminently the one for growth, expansion and development. So long as we were growing in prosperity and rapidly expanding, turning our faces from the North and East towards the lands of the setting sun and of the Southern Cross, so long were we sanguine and contented; but now the grim old Pacific stays our westward march, and that once glorious Eldorado of the West, blighted by financial and commercial reverses, turns its eyes back towards the East and despairingly asks for succor. I say that our government has never yet had the real test of her strength. Our two wars with Great Britain were but the struggles of children to break the parental authority which had become galling; the Mexican war was but the bluster of an overgrown youth; the civil war was a terrible and destructive conflict, but it was open warfare and not more destructive than some of the forces which are now in operation, many of them germinated from seed sown by this very struggle. A nation may meet the world in arms and survive the shock and then be unable to resist the secret forces which are working her internal destruction. The true test of the strength

of American institutions will be their ability to stand the secret enemies of socialism, anarchy, corruption and the money power. If she survives these forces, which are tearing away her very vitals, then, indeed, has she proven herself the government for all times and all conditions.

For years we have been so concerned with our growth as a nation that we have passed by unheeded momentous questions which have presented themselves, and now these problems have accumulated in such number and force that it has become impossible to put them farther, and it is now a question of solution or dissolution.

These are the sharp rocks which bar our way towards a healthy national existence, and upon these will our Ship of State be dashed to pieces if we listen to the wooing voices of the sirens which are now leading us on.

No one can doubt but that socialism, anarchy, paternalism, and all the other ideas so foreign to the true genius of Americanism, and which find such ready soil in our large cities, will work the downfall of American institutions unless some means are found whereby their obvious tendencies may be averted.

The remedy for these ills may be found in one source, and one only. That source is the education of our population into the true principles of American citizenship. Teach every man the responsibility which rests upon him from the fact that he is a citizen, and that to a certain extent he is responsible for the maintenance of Americanism in its pristine purity. Teach him that he is a man—that he is a citizen, and as such, great and noble things are expected of him. Teach him that he is an individual, and that he should sacrifice his individuality to no man, class or clan. Teach him that principle is greater than party, that truth is stronger than tradition, that right *must* overcome wrong, and that he is expected to be one of the agencies to bring about that triumph. Teach him that his own destiny depends upon the strength of his own right arm, and that whatever comes otherwise than by it is wrong-

fully gotten, no matter whether it comes under the alluring glare of free higher education or the no less parasitical one of a pension appropriation. Teach him that the true spirit of American institutions is for the citizen to foster the government, and not the government to foster the citizen. Tell him that now is the grandest opportunity the world has ever seen for the display of noble manhood and true patriotism. Inculcate these principles into his being, and then, in God's name, in the strength of his own individual manhood and the uncontaminated purity of his own soul, bid him go forth and do battle with the wrong and uphold the right wherever they are found.

ROWLAND F. BEASLEY.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C., June 14, 1894.

UNCLE ANTHONY.

I had walked quietly and slowly along the bank of a creek, throwing my line in every shady nook or little whirl, but the day was somewhat windy and the trout were not biting. After I had gone on in this way for some time, I came to a bend in the creek where there was an inviting shade. I am a typical fisherman, with me a little labor is a dangerous thing. I could not pass that shady spot. After throwing my rod and reel, basket and other things on the grass, I stretched out for a rest. I did not let the basket stay where I had thrown it. Soon I began to eat the lunch which mother had prepared for me, and with that satisfaction which a fisherman always finds in a nicely prepared lunch. A meal at home, be it ever so nice, lacks much in relish compared with a fisherman's lunch. "Hunger is the best sauce," they say, and I believe it's true.

Beyond the creek on the steep bank there grew large quantities of beautiful moss and many ferns. A wren was building her nest among the roots upon the bank. On the bank stood great widespreading oaks with gray moss streaming

down from their limbs. Birds sang as if they were trying to burst their throats. The creek was smooth with the exception of now and then a break, made by a fish in quest of food. The wind had stopped blowing. I had just finished my lunch and was watching a redbird bathing himself at the water's edge on the sandy shore of the creek, when my reverie was broken by, "Well, Boss, how is yer dis time?"

"Why, good morning Uncle Anthony, how are you?"

"Well, Boss, to tell yer der truf, I is a little po'ly, but hain't yer cotch nut'n yit?"

"I've got three or four over there."

"Dey ain't wery big. I told Sarrah I b'leb I'd try 'em dis mornin', an' Lors-a-massy, yer jist orter hea'd what she say, 'Yer jist like des' hea broke-down white folks 'round hea', allus fishin' an' doin' sump'n ten times no better.' I digged bait an' come er-long. Which way yer come?"

"I came from down the creeek, and, by the way, what dilapidated old house is that I passed down the creek about a quarter of a mile?"

"Hah?"

"What very old brick house was that I passed about a quarter of a mile down the creek, with its roof tumbling in?"

"O, dat's de ole Kunnil's. I neber know what yer tawkin' 'bout when yer say lapindate! I s'pose some one war puttin' up er new house whar I neber hea' nut'n ob yit."

"Why, I've never heard of the old Colonel before."

"Look hea', hain't I neber tole you 'bout de Kunnil an' George an' his gal. De Kunnil was my massa befo' de war, an' I use ter have ter take care ob George. George was a fine boy. I raised dat boy an' knows all 'bout him. Dey jist thought de worl' ob George. George's ma died when he warn't no morn' two foot high. Sarrah took care ob dat chile an kep' de house for de Kunnil. George, when he got big 'nuf, went to der ole school ober dar in de woods; ober dar in de pine thicket on t'other side de public road. O, you knows dat ole log house!"

"O, yes, I have seen it quite often."

"Well, jist as I war goin' on ter say," [placing his fingers together and assuming an air of importance] "dat boy went to dat long-legged man, I mos' forgit his name; ne'-mine. George got to lovin' er little gal by der name ob Pauline. I tell yer, she was purty. Dat little gal use ter come ober eb'ry time she could. Dey would set 'bout under dem oak trees befo' de house an' play making sand-cakes. Dey kep' up dat way almos' til George went off ter college, den po' little Pauline stayed at home an' played on de organ an' sewed. But when George come home dar war some kind ob change in dat boy. He had got so he could play one dem things wid a hole in de middle an' wha' got strings on it."

"Guitar, you mean."

"Dat's de thing I mean, an' Lors-a-massy, dat boy could sing, an' Pauline could sing. George could play one dem flutes too. George neber would larn much no how. He war allus writin' po'try an' gwin' to picnics an' fishfries. De las' yea' he war at college he got to larnin', an' he like to kill hi'sef. When he come home, he war a sight, jist as po' as Job's turkey hen. De Doctor come to see him mos' eb'ry day, so did Pauline, an' sometime she come mor'n wunst. George couldn't sing much now for he war weak. One day the Doctor said to George, 'You look matiation.' I don' know what dat means, but s'pose it means po'ly."

"O no! that means that George had become very lean."

"Den he says, 'You better take a trip out sea, I think dat'll bring you roun'.' George tole him to see de Kunnil 'bout dat. Befo' long George went up to Wilmington to go 'way on dat trip. Yer jist orter seed Pauline when George lef' her. She cried jist like er little baby wha' warn't mor'n a foot high. De ole Kunnil cried too, 'cause he neber 'speck ter see George no mo'. George looked like he war sorry to lef', an' yer could jist see de tears gwin' down his cheeks. When he lef' he looked back at de house two or three times, but he

looked at Pauline mor'n dat. I use ter go ober to take George's letters to her. It use ter make me feel good to see dat gal's face when she seed me comin'. Dat gal war sut'nly purty, ne'-mine if she felt po'ly.

“One day 'bout noon de ole Kunnil tole me he war a little po'ly, but dat he mus' go up to town to git de mail an' ten' ter some business. I harnessed de hoss up an' de las' thing he tole me war, 'I'le be back by sundown. I s'pose I'll hea' from George. Take care yersef.' We had a little shower dat ebenin'. 'Bout thick dusk, after I war through eatin' my rations, Sarrah an' me war settin' in de cabin do' when I hea' de buggy wheels rattlin'. I goes an' lets down de bars. De Kunnil say dat George gwinn' ter come home an' he warn't no better dan befo' he went to sea. I axed de Kunnil how he hi'sef war, an' he say dat he got wet an' warn't feelin' good nohow. I puts up de hoss an' Sarrah gits up sump'n to eat for de Kunnil, but he didn't eat nut'n. He fix up a little toddy, sayin' dat he war tired an' 'bleeged to have it. De Kunnil never did drink 'tall hardly. De Kunnil went to bed an' Sarrah an' me sot out on de po'ch an' tawked for a good while. Dat night de win' war blowin' an' de skeeters warn't bery bad. Sarrah an' me went to bed 'bout time de moon war'n hour high, but we warn't dar mor'n an hour befo' I hea' de Kunnil callin'. I goes jist as fast as my foots kin carry me an' Sarrah right 'hine me, but when we got dar, it warn't no use tawkin, de Kunnil war jist like a sheet. Sarrah goes an' wakes up 'Zekiel. 'Zekiel goes to de Doctor's an' to Pauline's. Der Doctor come an Pauline an her ma too, but it war too late. By dis time de Kunnil couldn't say er word. Sarrah had done all she could, but it warn't no use, de time had come. De las' thing he tole me war, 'Ant'ny take care of eb'ry thing til George come, an' den take care ob him. Tell George to be as good a boy as he done already been.' Den it warn't long befo' he shut 'his eyes. De Doctor say he war dyin'. He never moved no mo', but he died jist like a

little baby gwinn' to sleep. We got him ready for de burial befo' sunrise. 'Zekiel went ober to John Calvin's to have de coffin made. After sunrise de hands on de place come to see de Kunnil, an' mos' eb'ry las' one cried. We had de burial dat bery evenin', an' de house wor chock full of folks. We took him to de ole burial grounds in de ole field back ob de house, out dar wha' de sycamo' grow, right dar by dat dawg-wood wha' de grapevine run up. Yer seed dem three graves dar many-a-time. Right dar is wha' we buried de Kunnil. I sut'nly cried dat day. It's mighty hard to stan' off an' see 'em puttin' dirt on dem you love. I kin hea' dem spade-fulls bumpin' on dat box right dis minute.

"After de burial eb'ry thing 'bout de house war jist as lonely, but it warn't mor'n a fortnight befo' George come. Well he war de wussest lookin' sight you eber seed in yo' bawn days, jist as po' as he could git an' pale as one dem white water-lilies wha' float on de top ob de creek. Po' boy! de Doctor say he had consumption. His po' ma died wid it. Pauline come ober, an' her ma too. Dey bof looked like dey war sorry George war got de consumption. I tole Sarrah dat George couldn't stay long. His pa's bein' tuk liked to kill dat chile. He say it warn't no use tu live no mo'. George got so weak dat he had to go to bed an' dar warn't nobody to nuss him but Sarrah, an' so Pauline an' her ma stayed wid us 'bout all de time. It warn't like makin' sand-cakes an' playin' chunes dis time. George never played but one mo' chune, an' dat war 'Home, sweet home.' He larned dat at college.

"De time war hea for George to go see de ole Kunnil. George war sut'nly one good boy. He use ter come to wha' we all war dancin' an' Jim war pickin' de banjo. Jim warn't much on de banjo, but he could pick sich chunes as 'Shoo Fly,' an' aliken dat. George was full of fun. He war allus havin' de boys on de place fightin'. He'd go coon huntin' any time. He use ter set right dar wha' you is an' fish. He

could catch 'em too. George war squar' in his dealings. He made de boys do fair when dey played cat. Dat boy loved me an' Sarrah 'cause we allus doin' sump'n for him. Sarrah use ter cook little pancakes for him an' bake apples. I use ter pick up de apples when he wanted cider beat, an' den beat 'em too. George neber did hurt none ob de boys. He war good to dem an' dey war good to him. I waited on George all de time, an' when he kep' spettin' up dat blood wusser an' wusser I got skeered, an' one day I seed him lookin' down at de flo' an' I axed him what he stedin' 'bout. He say, 'Nut'n much.' I say, 'Yes you is, I sees it in yo' face.' Den he say, 'Uncle Ant'ny, I feels sad 'cause I ain't got no time to stay wid you.' Den I tries to turn his min' from dat notion by sayin', 'O chile, yer is jist foolin', yer dun know what yer tawkin' 'bout!' Den de Doctor come an' I war skeered wusser'n eber 'cause he stayed er long time. I war out in de hall an' hea' de Doctor say to Pauline's ma dat dar ain't much hope, 'cause he's gettin' very weak.

"George stayed right quiet all dat day til late in de evenin' when he peartened up an' say sump'n to Pauline. Dat gal stayed right 'side George all de time an' fan him. George tawked like he war jist as happy as if he war down at de swimming-hole, but he changed an' den he tole Pauline 'bout how he love her an' had allus been dat way. Den I saw her han' in his han'. I neber seed nut'n so purty in all my bawn days. Pauline war jist as purty as one dem sunsets in de summer-time, when it is fair an' der am a few clouds in streaks 'cross de sky in de west, dat is, just befo' dusk when de clouds is er little red. George moved a little so dat he could res' better, den he tole Pauline dat he had to lef' her, but dat he war gwine to see his pa an' ma. Den George put his po' little white arm 'roun' Pauline's neck an' tole her dat dey'd meet ober on de happy sho', an' den Pauline say dey would. George neber say nut'n mo', for in no time he war dead.

“ We buried him by his pa an’ ma, an’ it war a rainy, bad day, but dar war lots at de buryin’. Pauline lef’ in er few days, an’ eber since she has tended to er ’partment in de ’sylum.”

“ You mean she has kept one of the wards in an asylum.”

“ ‘Zackly what I means. I specks to see George an’ Pauline on de happy sho’. Yer seen Pauline, aint yer?”

“ Yes.”

JOHN HOMER GORE, JR.

June 30, 1894.

LITERATURE—ITS TOILS AND REWARDS.

If, under any circumstances, I had the ability to treat this theme as its magnitude demands, it is certain that the short time devoted to it would not suffice for such an attempt. How shall I adequately convey to other minds even the feeble and indistinct conception which I have of it? Where shall I find either the language or the thought to bring forth the laboring idea within me?

Literature! What is it? At the mention of it a hundred indistinct thoughts and a hundred half-formed expressions rush to the mind, but only to confuse by their vagueness and obstruct by their number. The crowd of bygone men and the multitude of living authors gather about me, each bearing in his hands the labor of his life. And books and papers are strewn thick about me, each demanding clamorously to be included, as of right it ought, when this great theme is mentioned. How shall I bring order out of chaos? How reduce into one expression a name for all this number?

Literature is the earthly shrine of genius and the Mecca to which its pilgrim children bend their wearied feet. It is in one sense their cloud by day, their fire by night, and they gather, in their journey under it, part of that manna which comes down from heaven. I shall use the term in its most

general sense; in a sense somewhat unusual and perhaps unwarrantable; but in the view I shall take of it it is a noble theme. It is all written human knowledge. It is the embalmed thought of man handed down from age to age. It is the great scroll upon which is written all human learning. It is the record of man's thoughts and doings. On this record are preserved all modes of writing—the Egyptian hieroglyphic, the Greek, the Roman, and the Indian letters—here are traces of the stylus and the pen. There, far up under the shade of fabulous times, we see the name of Cadmus, the inventor of letters, and Herodotus and Moses, and far along down, in a wearying line, with many a long interval, all the early historians, until we meet the more familiar names of Hume and Hallam and Prescott. And there, in a broad, parallel column, we indistinctly read the names of Homer, and David, “the sweet singer of Israel,” and Horace and Virgil, and our own Bryant and Halleck and Longfellow and the whole hosts of poetry. There is a column too for music, painting and sculpture, where Haydn, Mozart and Sully hold their places among the uncounted multitude. And science has its place, and Aristotle and Newton and Daguerre figure among its hosts. And here too woman, whose feeling heart and ready mind are always attuned to tones which sing of truth, love and beauty, has carved her honored name. Gazing upon this great record we stand silent and humbled, that we cannot even count the *names* of the children of Literature, to say nothing of their *works*.

Think of the untold books which have accumulated since the invention of letters. Who has seen them all? Who has heard even the names of them all? Alas! ten lives would not suffice to read them. Think of the famous libraries of Europe, the dust of ages gathered on their treasures brushed away only partially now and then by the hand of some devoted scholar. What harvests spread before us, and yet how few

go forth with toil and industry to glean the waving fields. Remember, too, that Literature holds in its ample embrace all now existing books, from the first slowly elaborated manuscript that was ushered into the world to the damp sheets at this moment leaping from the press.

Mountains have been swept from the face of the earth; nations have come and gone; cities have been built, flourished and decayed, and the places where they stood are either not now known or are the homes of every wild beast; and yet we have the writings penned thousands of years ago. What has brought down to us through the floods and burnings, wars and mutation of nature the writings of the earlier dwellers on the earth, committed as these writings were to the frail papyrus or parchment, or graven on wax or brass or stone? How wonderful that, while the voices of men echo no longer in the earth, while their very dust has been scattered by the winds of heaven and the earthquake's shock, we still continue to commune with them, their names are known to us, and their characters are familiar to us. We have their thoughts, their morals, their science, their religion, so many beacon-lights reared by them to aid us in navigating life's stormy sea.

Literature, like all our other most valuable blessings, in *this* country, at least, is free, bountiful and open to all—like the air we breathe, or the gushing water of the spring, it is every man's property. Nay, Literature rather crowns the poor, for, if you will look to the roll upon which are inscribed the names of those who have derived from it honors, riches and a pure fame, you will find oftener the youth who struggled with adversity, poverty and neglect, than the glad sons of plenty.

But it blesses them all, the pale student and the swarthy artisan, the sun-embrowned child of labor and the softer son of luxury. All are blessed in proportion to their application and their power—their power to see, to think, to know, to feel. All must struggle for its blessings; the slothful alone gain no reward.

The proclivity of the whole human family is toward ignorance; we are wedded to it, chained to it, so that neither reason nor nature nor self-interest nor pleasure produces any influence to break those chains. It is true there are here and there some bright shining lights, but they serve only to deepen the surrounding darkness, and it is to be feared that many of these are influenced more by the pecuniary reward flowing from their knowledge than by any love of it. The first great toil, the first great battle, therefore, is within us, to establish a taste, a love, a passion for knowledge.

It has been said that the human mind has a proclivity for truth; but, unfortunately, the facts do not sustain so pretty a theory. Let a new book be written, announcing some new science, or let a new theory be evolved, and the effort is to find out how *false* it is, and not how *true*; and at once there are a hundred mole-eyed oracles who are prepared to shake their sapient heads and cry "humbug!" Every science, every new theory, even those truths now most commonly known and believed, have fought their way into credit. Galileo was put to the rack because he asserted that the earth revolved around the sun, and there are sciences now struggling into confidence against the prejudice and stupidity of the human mind.

I have wandered somewhat from the line of my subject, but there will be gathered some of the general hindrances to the progress of literature.

The rewards of this toil after knowledge will be sure and simple. It will give power. The saying of Lord Bacon that "knowledge is power," is truer now than when he said it. History is replete with the triumphs of knowledge, and a detail of its results would alone be the history of the world and of man. The time was when brute force was the standard of power; when the strongest was greatest. That time has passed, or is fast passing away. Trace the sources of power in this day in any direction, and they resolve them-

selves into knowledge. The whole physical creation is yielding to its power. Man bids the water and fire unite to convey him, with the speed of thought, and sends the electric spark, his quick vassal, around the world. We only know that it is the application and manner of applying our knowledge that render it power. A whole library stored in the head is useless to this end unless it be brought to bear. I repeat, that it is the application of knowledge alone that renders it powerful—powerful upon nature—powerful upon the minds of men; and a man is *all-powerful* to the extent of his knowledge. The knowledge of man as it advances thrills the earth! The desert is becoming a place of beauty; the knowledge of man is piercing it everywhere; we have only to look at our railroads for a proof of man's power. Valleys have been exalted and mountains brought low, and the wild-woods daily echo the fierce breathings of their iron horses, and the undisturbed earth of primitive creation trembles under their powerful tread. What shall be the ultimate end of man's knowledge no one knows; but it thrills the soul with mysterious awe and pleasure to contemplate the advancing discoveries of men. Literature, in the sense in which I have viewed it, will give us a participation of this power.

The cultivated mind sees poetry and harmony, and love and beauty, and power in everything; "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." What to the dull mind is still and cold, to him is instinct with life. He sees a hand others do not see, he hears a voice others do not hear. Unseen angels visit him, that come not near to the slothful mind. He walks the earth, in it but not of it.

What though the epithet "book-worm" be flung at him—better be a book-worm, crawling among mighty truths and holy thoughts, than an earth-worm toiling through the dust of gold. His spirit communes with the great and the good, and he cares not for the ribald jest of the unthinking world. His pleasures are permanent—he has invested his labor

beyond the reach of adversity; no power, less than the arm of God, can deprive him of it. Riches flee away and give no real pleasure while they last. Houses are consumed by the mocking flame. Investments made in the mind are the only fast property—these alone will last.

The flowers of literature, sown in the fertile seed-field of the mind, only bud here on earth; they bloom in all their fragrance and beauty only beyond the dark winter of the grave.

C. E. TAYLOR, JR.

EDITORIAL.

IN CONCLUSION.

It has become customary to express, in the last number of a given volume of *THE STUDENT*, the farewell sentiments of the retiring board of editors, together with some suggestions to the incoming staff. Having sought in vain some college magazine without a "valedictory," the editor, upon whom the dreadful responsibility fell this year, was strongly tempted to leave out this much-abused feature and to write his last editorial on a subject less hackneyed, if not so appropriate. But custom demands a farewell bow, and in behalf of the editorial staff for '93-'94 we do herewith make it.

Of the work of the retiring editors we have little to say. Like all other editors, we suppose, they failed to do what, at the time of their election, they expected to do. Then it seemed an easy matter to get out a College Magazine abundantly supplied with entertaining contributions and strong, forceful editorials. But once their "hands to the plow," or, more correctly speaking, to the editorial quill, the enchantment so kindly lent by the three or four intervening months was strangely wanting, and thanks to the numerous other duties that the college boy has to perform, the time for editorial work was far more limited than one might have previously supposed. It may be said in passing, however, and without boasting, that the contributions of the past year have been above the average. The articles written by the alumni, while not, as we think, materially compromising the character of *THE STUDENT* as a College Magazine, have proved to be a very desirable feature. We recommend to our successors that they secure at least one contribution each month from the alumni of the College.

The value of the editorial departments will, as a matter of course, always depend upon the natural ability of the editors. And so we leave them with the single suggestion that in the future they be carefully, and, above all things, briefly and pointedly written. Better, by far, two pages in this way than four consisting of matter put in merely to fill up.

Not to neglect further the principal purpose for which this editorial is written, we would like to insist upon a greater interest on the part of the students in their college paper. This may seem out of place from one who has already based one or more editorials upon a like subject, but we are willing to run the risk of having this considered stale if by so doing we shall be able to create one iota more of concern in the welfare of THE STUDENT. THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is easily among the leading magazines of the South. This with its present slack support. If every student of Wake Forest would put his shoulder to the wheel and work for its improvement, it would be without an equal. We choose to believe that the general tone of the Magazine is steadily improving, but what impetus would be added if everyone concerned should display the proper degree of interest in its prosperity!

About the pecuniary condition of the Magazine we speak with fear and trembling. Appeal after appeal of the most heart-rending kind has been made to the alumni and to the Trustees for assistance, but with such discouraging results that we deem it unnecessary to repeat them. There are, however, two sources of support which, rightly utilized, are enough to keep THE STUDENT on safe financial footing. They are the subscriptions from the students which, under the present system, are reasonably sure; and the funds proceeding from advertisements. We have heard of college papers whose advertising receipts were sufficient to pay all expenses of printing, mailing, &c. It ought to be so in the case of THE STUDENT. As we have observed in another number, there is not a merchant in Wake Forest who cannot well afford to

keep a half-page advertisement in *THE STUDENT* the year through. Should one of them see this we hope he will read understandingly, and have his advertisement in readiness for the October number.

So much, not with the belief that our advice will be very highly esteemed, but simply from a sense of duty to the Magazine for whose maintenance we have patiently labored and of whose prosperity in the future we shall always hear with swelling heart.

R. W. H.

THE DEARTH OF LITERATURE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

All lovers of literature deplore the lack of literary enthusiasm in North Carolina. We have been so long given to other matters that we have always frozen out what little talent there happened to be among us. We are not speaking of literary production in the highest sense of the word. No State can have a great literature unless it has great institutions as a nucleus around which it may cluster. Nor can a State produce literary men of any high order without such institutions. Where was the cradle of the great literary men whom England has produced? Under what influence did they grow up, and from whence came the forces that moulded them into great literary men? Where were they endowed with the learning, which, added to their native genius, made great men of them? Undoubtedly, the great universities have been the underlying forces of all of England's great literature. Likewise with other countries. The great men of letters have clustered around the great institutions, and have been fostered by them. That is why it is said that no people can have a great literature without great institutions of learning. Where have the literary men of America come from but from under the domes of New England colleges and universities?

So, then, in reference to North Carolina's lacking literary enthusiasm, we mean a lack of appreciation and encouragement of what we might and ought to have. Now and then an author of fair talent is found among us, but he must either languish or seek other fields for his talents. Simply because there is no encouragement or appreciation of any such effort. He has no incentive to do anything. When one of our North Carolinians does anything worthy of note, words of commendation come from without the State rather than from within. For instance, when Professor Charles Lee Smith published his "History of Education in North Carolina" he received three letters of commendation from North Carolina, while eight or ten came from without the State, most of them from New England. A Mr. Duggan, of Western North Carolina, recently published a unique book, which depends for its excellence entirely upon its uniqueness and not on its literary value, and we never heard of it until it was given a page review in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of New York. And very few of us will know anything about the book now. We simply don't care. *The Charlotte Observer* has devoted several columns to a reproduction of Mr. Bok's review. Had Mr. Duggan's effort been the most choice bit of literature, the result would not have been different.

Who are responsible for this state of affairs? It is hard to tell whether the newspapers or their readers are most to blame. The readers have never cared for or paid much attention to such matters, the papers have not undertaken to teach any such thing, because there was no demand for it. They have run their papers according to the law of supply and demand, and have given what was demanded. But there is no longer cause for such a state of affairs. Intelligence has become more widely distributed, people now read more than ever before, and are willing and anxious to read more than ever before; it now remains for the papers and other public teachers to set about to see if they cannot influence public taste so that there may be created a demand for good literature.

This can be done if the more influential and able papers will take the initiatory step. It may be true that there is a long road to travel and a deal of work to be done, but it may be done. We are sincerely gratified at the work that the *Wilmington Messenger* and the *Charlotte Observer* have commenced and are carrying on. Dr. Kingsbury writes with great ease on literary subjects, and is a man of excellent literary tastes. He is making a strong and valiant effort to arouse an interest in literary subjects in the State. For a long time this was the only paper in the State which paid any attention whatever to such matters, but we are glad that the *Charlotte Observer*, with characteristic enterprise, is now doing a good work "along this line." The Sunday editions of this paper are magnificent specimens of journalism for North Carolina. In filling the function of a general newspaper it devotes much space to literary subjects, mostly by contributors. We do not know the persons who write for this paper under the pen names of "Dick Minim" and "The Invalid," but their productions are excellent. A literary tone is thus given to the paper which is very pleasing and instructive. May these examples be followed by the remainder of the press of the State, with as much attention paid to North Carolina talent as possible.

R. F. BEASLEY.

A CRISIS.

In the minds of some of the most hopeful, the riotous condition of affairs around Chicago and throughout the Northwest bears little significance. Optimists still paint in glowing colors the present and future condition of the American government. The over-hopeful fall into their way of thinking and conclude—in spite of all indications—that *our* government is firm and unshaken as the rock-bound hills. Such a delusion must be short-lived. Of course, time only will

reveal the actual portent of it all. But to the deeper thinker the widespread and calamitous strikes that occur daily, and the march of United States troops to the regions of disorder, the financial panic now upon us, the recent Coxe movement, and many other things of less marked character, bear a deep and grave significance. True, they may not be much in themselves, but they index the actual condition of our body politic as accurately as the quickened pulse does the condition of the patient. It may be that the real storm has not come. It may be only the start of the mercury in its downward course, these turbulent happenings. But the tempest will come apace. The indications of a revolution were not stronger at the storming of the Bastille than they are at present. That deep dissatisfaction and unrest now brewing in the United States must ripen into something, but what feature it will assume the future only knows. What the outcome of it all will be, not the most far-seeing can venture to say.

In the past when the "old ship" was threatened, a steersman has arisen with the storm and made himself equal to the occasion. In such times great heroes, men of principle and purpose, conscientious men, have not been wanting. But at the present crisis not a sail appears on the horizon, not a light upon the shoals. It may be that with the tempest the steersman will come, but we look now in vain. Never was there a greater need for a hero. Never was there a greater need for men, unselfish, God-fearing, patriotic men—men who love right and justice and who will serve the interests of their country before they will their own.

It is absolutely sickening to look over the country and see the number of men—and a large per cent. of them, too, the so-called leaders and representative men—who are utterly devoid of backbone. A man whose guiding star is popular applause, whose highest purpose is self-promotion and whose conviction (?) varies as policy may dictate, is a disgrace and menace to government, church and society. Yet how many

such men pose themselves as leaders and representatives! No great attempt was ever made to break the power of any oppression, but some puny self-seeking traitors were ready at the wink of the party in power to espouse the cause of the oppressor and lend a hand to bind their fellows. Such men are common in these days. When important issues come before them, matters involving great and far-reaching changes, they consult, not right and equity towards all men, but policy and future political probabilities. How long will such disgusting creatures be tolerated? The age of invertebrates is past. Let men—men of consecrated conviction—rise and crush the slimy, self-seeking, invertebrate office-seeker. The parasite has been endured long enough, and already much too long for the good of the host. The National Government, the State, the vast multitude of restless humanity, need men. Justice calls for men of courage and conscientious conviction to come forth, who will do her behests in the face of all opposition and offer themselves upon her altar. Only by such men can America be saved.

J. E. YATES.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor.

IN THE initial number of THE STUDENT for '93-'94 we had something to say of the Baptists of North Carolina. Then we spoke of them somewhat disparagingly, and made the assertion that Baptists do not generally manifest the same denominational pride and loyalty as do their brethren of a different faith and order. Indeed, just at that time, the Baptists of the State did seem negligent of their own interests as involved in the welfare of the institution of learning that had

a right, if any institution had, to expect their patronage and support. Since then we have had reason to change our opinion, an opinion which was, perhaps, too hastily formed, and, in this the last number of *THE STUDENT* for the scholastic year, feel it incumbent not only upon the editorial staff of the college magazine, but also upon the host of Baptist youth all over the State of North Carolina, to offer a sincere tribute of praise to the Baptist people of the State for the enthusiastic interest that is marking their course toward Wake Forest.

In the first editorial we wrote simply as an outsider, attempting to discuss a single feature of the Baptist denomination—"with charity for all and malice toward none." So now, it is not, we think, too much to say that the general opinion of every fair and impartial observer, regardless of denominational affiliations, is that Baptists have responded most generously to the calls which have been made upon them for the promotion of higher education.

As much as they have already done, however, they have scarcely begun in the great work that circumstances have placed in their hands. To guarantee the Baptist young men of North Carolina the advantages of a college education without placing them under the necessity of sacrificing their self-respect by the acceptance of gifts from the State or other source, is an arduous task, carrying with it most onerous responsibilities, and an undertaking that should call into active exercise all the latent energies of the denomination. An arduous task, we were saying, and yet an exalted privilege. Chance, or some other directing power, has so ordered it that Baptists are in the forefront of all reformatory movements. Just now they are engaged in the inculcation of a principle that is of as vital importance as the freedom of the press or the separation of church and State. To be chosen for so great a work, to have scope for the display of that characteristic vigor which has marked them since the days of Roger Williams, is certainly no mean privilege.

Of course, other religious sects are no less interested in the popular acceptance of the principle in question than the Baptists, and it is to be hoped that they will not allow denominational jealousies to prevent their hearty co-operation in the promotion of the great cause.

FOR THE past hundred years the belief has been fostered that nineteenth century folks are far, far in advance of their ancestors, particularly so in possessing the ability and the courage to think for themselves. Fourth-of-July declaimers and patriotic orators generally have discoursed upon the freedom of thought and freedom of expression which are supposed to go hand in hand with the possession of bodily freedom until one might almost believe that the millenium is on the point of dawning. But as much as freedom of thought and freedom of expression are boasted of, both, and the former more particularly, are, in reality, comparatively rare commodities. A great many people derive their opinions, ready formed, from the local newspaper. Many also hang upon the words of the magnates of their acquaintance, and pass them, the words we mean, from mouth to mouth as if they were precious gems of wisdom second in value not even to those of King Solomon.

For a practical illustration of the truth we are here trying to establish, namely, that freedom of thought is not the indisputable possession of any and everybody, a prominent lawyer of this State, on being requested to read "A Plea for the Voluntary System in the Higher Education," replied: "I can't read it with an unprejudiced mind." What conclusion is one to draw from this frank statement, except that the person referred to had his opinions already cut and dried for his use, in other words, was not free to think as he chose?

Oh well, we are not pessimistic enough to believe that free

speech and free thought are altogether wanting among our people, but it is well to bear in mind that mankind, even the nineteenth century species, are sadly imperfect beings, and that the ideal man who thinks for himself, who speaks what he thinks, who is bound by no church, clan, or political party, exists only in the minds of dreamers and will find corporeal encasement only in some "Araby of the Blest" where circumstances and environments are quite different from those of the present.

AMONG THE most grateful people in the world are, or should be, those students of Wake Forest College who avail themselves of the Bostwick Loan Fund for the payment of their tuition. They should be grateful for two reasons. In the first place, because the fact that they do not receive their tuition free of cost relieves them of being beneficiaries upon anybody or in any sense. The transaction is purely a business one, and no one will refuse to admit that the student who gives his note at reasonable interest in payment of his tuition, experiences a feeling of far greater satisfaction than one does who accepts his tuition as a clean gift. Gratitude is due, furthermore, from the class of students of whom we are writing, because, but for the Loan Fund, many of them, unable to meet expenses with tuition included, would be compelled to remain out of college.

It will be conceded, we may not doubt, that recipients of the advantages accruing from this excellent and, at the same time, honorable means of settling tuition fees should be profoundly grateful to the institution that affords them such unusual educational advantages, and should cherish the name and memory of the large-hearted Christian philanthropist whose splendid beneficence makes it possible for them to avail themselves of those advantages. But gratitude is an active emotion and the recipient of a favor is not truly grateful who

does not put himself to some pains to prove the sincerity of his gratitude. Now there is no better way for the students who have enjoyed the favors already mentioned, and the writer happens to be among the number, to display their gratitude than to pay off as promptly as possible their indebtedness to the Fund. If every graduate and old student who has been favored would pay up by next commencement, there is no doubt but that the institution would take on new life, additions be made to the Faculty, and the enrollment of students be made larger than ever before. The future success and prosperity of the institution is, in a measure, in the hands of those of us who owe for tuition. So let every one give his first and most strenuous efforts for the settlement of the claims of the Bostwick Loan Fund.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ROWLAND BEASLEY, Editor.

BOYESEN, with the unpronounceable given name, says that Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new book, "Marcella," is by all odds the best that has appeared in English fiction since George Eliot gave Middlemarch to the world. The delightful thing about the book is its modernness. It is taken, live and quivering, out of the heart of reality, and is, therefore, apart from its literary value, a sociological document which the future historian of Great Britain in the nineteenth century cannot afford to ignore. But "Marcella" is a love story and a most charming one, and Mr. Boyesen thinks that there cannot be found in modern fiction a character that is more charming than Aldous Raeburn. "He is individualized with such delicate art that he attains from the very start a hold upon the reader's affection and faith which never fails to the very end."

"SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT," by Beatrice Haraden, is a small book worthy of passing notice. It furnishes one excellent entertainment for three or four hours. The heroine, a young woman filled with enthusiastic ambition to excel in literature, works in entire oblivion to everything else save her one great idea, till her health is broken down. She goes to a health resort in Switzerland and there meets an invalid, the "Disagreeable Man." The latter is in every way worthy of the name. But he finally thaws out under the influence of the young girl, and in turn reconciles her to the fact that she must give up her schemes of ambition if she would regain health. The whole interest of the book lies in the opening of these characters to each other. They finally fall in love, but the girl is killed before he declares his love to her.

"THE ASCENT OF MAN," by Professor Drummond, bids fair to be read as widely as "Natural Law." It is a remarkable book. The themes of some of the chapters are: "The Ascent of the Body," "The Scaffolding Left in the Body," "The Arrest of the Body," "The Dawn of Mind," "The Evolution of Language," "The Struggle for Life," "The Struggle for the Life of Others," "The Evolution of a Mother," "The Evolution of a Father," and "Involution." It is impossible to give a synopsis of the book. "The scientific foundation for all religion and for all virtue Professor Drummond finds in sex and its resultant motherhood."

"TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW," by Walter Mitchell (\$1.25. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a story of crime told in a new and unusual way. It is a forgery case in which a poor curate proceeds in an erratic manner to save his reputation and keep inviolate a bestowed confidence. The story is amusing and the book printed with the usual excellence of the firm.

LEO IS AN artist who writes parables for the newspapers. He is in love with Rose, who jilts him at the last moment for

a rich rival. In his despair he rebounds into the arms of an actress who has redeeming qualities. Then comes the remorse of his first love and his death. It is not a pleasing subject in some of its details, but the plot and the moral are obvious. We are not so black as we are painted and we must not marry for riches. The movement is swift and easy. All this is contained in "A Moral Blot" by Sigmund B. Alexander. (Boston: Arena Publishing Co.)

THE UNKNOWN LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST.—This is a curious narrative. It has the air of truth throughout, and is told with the closest attention to dates and other details. But the learned world does well to suspend its judgment, because the author and traveler has brought back nothing which serves as a visible evidence of the truth of what he says. No way can be found to certainly prove or disprove save the way suggested in the book itself—that parties visit the region and monastery described, and examine into the matter. Until that be done, it is useless to discuss the contents of the alleged Buddhistic writings.

The book is the work of a Russian writer who claims to have made a visit in the late fall of 1887 to Thibet and Ladak. Two or three quite long chapters describe the journey into these regions with realistic power. The mountains and the people are painted in vivid colors. At Leh, the capital of Ladak, he found a convent with an ancient manuscript which was, after much solicitation, read to him. He filled his notebooks with the thoughts contained in the manuscript, and transcribes them in the present volume.

In brief the statement is made that the manuscript contained the life and deeds of Saint Issa, who was born in the land of the Hebrews, and after reaching the years of early boyhood, disappeared at the age of fourteen from his native land and traveled and taught and studied through the lands of the East. Finally, in after years he went back to the Land

of Judah, suffered and died. It can be seen that here is a chance for romance which has hitherto been unnoticed. The present volume has a fascination of style and thought about it which makes it attract and hold attention. Whether the book be more than a finely executed piece of fancy work must be left for the future to decide.

COLLEGE NEWS AND EXCHANGES.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor.

A VERDANT freshman at another institution translates the Latin phrase "*Nunquam animus sed ignis via.*" "Never mind, but fire away." Rather literal, but a noble sentiment.

COLLEGE ORATOR, in melting tones: "The red man is slowly but surely being driven back on the setting sun." College Wit: "All very well for the Indians, but pretty rough on the setting sun."—*Ex.*

IN A recent public debate between Yale and Harvard Universities, the question was decided in favor of the latter. The topic of debate was:

"*Resolved*, That full membership in the House of Representatives should be given to members of the Cabinet."

We doubt if there was quite as much interest manifested in this struggle of brain as there was last football season in the contest of brawn that took place between the two institutions.

THE COMMENCEMENT number of *The Georgia Tech* is one of the very few exchanges that have reached our desk this month. It is admirably gotten up and reflects credit upon the editors who, six months ago, undertook to establish a college paper with the avowed intention of making it "one

among the first in college publications." The contributions in *The Tech* are not engrossingly entertaining, it is true, to those who are not especially concerned in technology. Still we feel sure that "Car Wheels," "Scattering Reflections," and the like, are carefully composed and give evidence of originality of research. We beg leave to express the hope that the board of editors for next year will uphold the fine record made by their predecessors. One of the alumni of the institution of which *The Tech* is the organ is Assistant Professor of Mechanics and Applied Mathematics in the A. and M. College of our own State.

A MAGAZINE of tender years like *THE STUDENT* might be considered presumptuous if in its columns anything except favorable criticism should be passed upon so old and settled a paper as *The Harvard Advocate*. We won't make the attempt, at any rate. *The Advocate* is published fortnightly, presents quite a refreshing change from the less pretentious generality of college periodicals, and is well filled with disappointing bits of fiction, the monotony of which is relieved now and then by a short strange poem. We quote from its columns the following, which, we think, betrays signs of progress: "Daily work at Harvard is going to count more and more, and examinations are dwindling into significance." There are one or two strong arguments in favor of final examinations, but the weight of argument is against them. Americans, and more particularly college Faculties, have a profound regard for precedent, however strongly they avow the contrary. But as soon as the point is reached where custom may be disregarded, we may expect to see the barbarous finals abolished, and a system of daily grading established which will be far more satisfactory. Cornell has already set the example among the Northern colleges. In North Carolina that institution will be hailed as most progressive which is the first to follow the example of Cornell.

“WHY AN Exchange Department, anyway”? some disheartened editor plunging about in the depths of editorial misery, with two exchanges on his table, asks himself. Not for the delectation of the subscribers, surely, for they are little enough interested in those departments that are more directly addressed to them. For whose benefit, then? For the comfort and consolation of the editors themselves, we reply. Why, one of the happiest moments of an editor's life is when he sees the first favorable criticism upon his work. No matter how insignificant the notice, no matter how inappropriate the praise, your knight of the quill is on his head forthwith, sits him down straightway and proceeds to administer “taffy” most freely by way of recompense for the “kind and flattering notice,” and so on, *ad nauseam*, any one but himself might think. And, then, how an exchange editor's blood can boil, and what biting words flock to his call when he has noticed some unkind remark about his journalistic efforts. Not until then does he learn that he has such an unusual command of invective and is such an adept in the art of abuse. At once he has a more exalted conception of the possibilities that are within him, and woe to the man who inserted the uncharitable criticism. So, whatever else is eliminated from the college magazine, let the Exchange Department remain.

