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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XVII.

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No. I.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

DREAMS AND AWAKENING.

A memory stealing thro' the mellowed haze,
A bit of sunshine saved from vanished days,
Still lingers—with her heart-sung, soulful lays.

The echoes of a footfall, fancy-led;
A cry of startled joy, unmixed with dread;
Two arms about my neck—all fled!

The dreary days have dawn to drearier years,
All laughter's gone and sorrow's season nears,
And ne'er a transient day without its tears.

Long years ago! again I sit and trace
The dainty witchery of her fairy face,
The waving hair that clings to curves of grace.

But stay! a martyred love thro'out all life!
We dream—but may not love another's wife.

THE SEVEN STARRY CAVES.

G. W. GREENE.

The city of Shiu Hing, China, is situated about seventy miles west of Canton. On the maps it is generally called Shiao King, this being the Mandarin pronunciation of the two characters which make the name. It

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lies in a valley four to six miles wide and ten to twelve miles long. Along the southern border of this valley, near the foot of the mountains, runs the West River, from one to two miles wide. At the upper end of the valley the river comes in through a pass between the mountains, which would be much admired if it were not overshadowed by the grander pass at the lower end. This pass is six miles long, and most of the way the mountains rise from the brink of the river, sometimes almost perpendicular.

This pass is at the southeast corner of the valley. At the northeast corner, perhaps two miles away, is another pass, called by the Chinese the Dry Pass. Probably the highest point of this pass is not more than twenty or thirty feet above high water. In summer the river rises forty feet above low-water mark. It looks as if the river once ran through this dry pass; but some great convulsion of nature broke the mountains and rocks asunder and opened a deeper channel where the river now runs.

Near the upper entrance to this dry pass are seven remarkable masses of rock rising abruptly out of the plain, called by the Chinese the "Seven Starry Caves." Foreigners call them the Seven Marble Hills. The largest are about a quarter of a mile long, one-fourth as wide, and from four to six hundred feet high. The sides are nearly perpendicular, sometimes smooth, unbroken rock, sometimes diversified with broken boulders lying loosely around, and here and there a tree clinging to the side by long roots. The top, at a distance, looks like pieces of stalagmite from some limestone cave. They vary greatly in size, but in general appearance they are much alike. The color is nearly black. In the Alleghany Mountains I have seen large masses of rock lying

in level ground, but they generally presented the appearance of having fallen from the neighboring mountains. These have no such appearance. They look as if they had grown up out of the ground.

One of the largest I have visited several times. There is a cave going through this, perhaps two hundred yards from entrance to exit. The entrance is an archway, fifteen feet high and about the same width. The floor is paved with brick. A few steps from the entrance the roof becomes so high that the light does not penetrate to the top. Near the middle is a canal running across this opening, which is said to extend the whole length of the mountain, a quarter of a mile or more. This generally has water in the bottom, is dark and difficult to traverse, and so I have never cared to try it. A substantial stone bridge crosses this channel under the dome of the cave. A few steps farther you go up a flight of stone steps, pass by an alcove containing several altars—but the bats are more numerous than the worshipers—and reach the exit on the back side of the mountain. Just to the right, clinging to the side of the mountain, is a Buddhist monastery. The priest in charge meets visitors, offers them tea and presents a book for their signatures. The last time I was there I had a copy of one of the Gospels in my hand. I asked him if he had read it, and he replied in the affirmative. Soon he brought out a copy of the New Testament which I had given him on a former visit, and said he had read it through. Other temples and monasteries are scattered near the foot and up the sides of these hills. One near the top^s of this hill is now deserted. I climbed up to it once and had a fine view of the valley.

The marble of the hills is of various colors, and is

variously used. In Shiu Hing city they make beautiful white cups of it, and small images of dogs, lions and rabbits. Some that is black is used especially for making ink-stones. The Chinese pen is a brush, and the writer needs a stone on which to rub his brush, much as a painter uses his palette. The marble is shipped to Canton and Hongkong, and is used for mantel-pieces, tops for tables, bureaus and the like.

I have sent several specimens of the marble to the College Museum. Some of these I picked up at the foot of one of the hills. Near by, the road through the rice fields and fish ponds is raised several feet above the level country. Along this road I found several specimens, some of which I have sent. I have one still, weighing four or five pounds, for which I found no room. Dressed specimens were given me by a stone-cutter in Shiu Hing. He also gave me a specimen from another district, twenty miles away. I send also a curious specimen which I found in Canton. It is called *shek ko* (accent the last), which means "stone ointment." It is found near Canton and sold on the streets of the city. It is powdered and used for cleaning knives and other such things. It is also carved into proper shape and used for pillows to sleep on at night. It is so porous that I could not write on it with a pen.

I often see curious things here which I wish to put into the College Museum, or the Library, or the Society Halls, but freight rates, tariff laws and meagre purse prohibit what I should like to do.

Canton, China.

A WAR TIME POKER STORY.

“ELL.”

“See, here, Mose, I understand you have been making great speeches in church recently against these innocent little pictures,” said Colonel Beverly, carelessly shuffling a pack of cards in his hand, while his butler, Mose, “filled ’em up” for the party of four seated around the green-covered table in his library.

“Well, Mars’ Cun’l, you know ’s well ’s me dat I never ain’ meant no ’flexion ’gainst you gent’mans what plays a quiet, soshherble game ’mongst you’selves sometimes; but when you sees de wufless niggers o’ de presen’ ginyration a shootn’ craps an’ playin’ seben-up on eb’ry street corner, it’s mos’ time to talk agin it, suh.”

“Why, Mose, I thought you were a pretty slick hand with the cards yourself,” put in one of the quartette, slyly winking at the others.

“Well, ’fo’ I c’neted myself wid de chu’ch, suh, I is been ’cused o’ takin’ a soshherble game, ’casionally, wid my fren’s, an’ I ain’ nebber made no bones ’bout it neither; but now I’s riz to be a deacon in de chu’ch I’s boun’ to try an’ forgit all ’bout sech things, tho’ ’tis mighty int’restin’ jes’ to stan’ by an’ look at a game sometimes.”

“Bless my soul, Mose,” Colonel Beverly here broke in, leaning back in his chair and throwing the pack on the table, “tell the gentlemen about that poker game you played for me during the war. There, wet your whistle, you rascal, and talk fast, for it is nearly time for Nannie and the children to be back.”

The old darkey urged as excuses that it “sorter ’flected on his character,” and was “so long ’go dat I mos’ forgot,” but after encouraging words from the

party and a "taste" from that never-failing source of inspiration—the cut glass decanter on a convenient table—he began :

"Dem o' you gent'mans what knowed Mars' Cun'l 'fo' de war will all rick'lect how in dem days he used to be a sparkin' o' Miss Nannie, an' how, when he march off wid de res' o' we alls to jine de fo'ces at Richmon', dey had done promise deresel's to one'nur an' was gwine git married when de war bre'k up.

"'Fo' de fus' two years o' de war Mars' Cun'l he was in de very thickes' o' ev'ry fight, an' tho' I was allers a remindin' him o' Miss Nannie at home an' tryin' to 'suade him to tek more care o' hisself ('ca'se Miss Nannie she had done tole me 'fo' we lef' not to let nothin' happen to 'im), it 'peared to me like he was jes' tryin' to git killed on purpose, but some'ow nothin' never happen to 'im, 'twill a'ter while I jes' gin to b'lieve dat he was cunju'd an' dey couldn't no ball hit 'im.

"'Bout dis time 'twas repo'ted dat dey was a picket o' Yankees up at Finch's, what wa'n't mo'n seven miles from de place where we was a winterin'. So dey 'p'inted Mars' Cun'l—'case he was de lieutenan' den—to take a fo'ce o' twenty men an' s'prise 'em an' try to capture de whole bizness. Dey rid off 'bout ten o'clock one dark night an' tho' Mars' Cun'l useter carry me mos' ev'rywhere wid 'im, fo' some reason or nur what I ain' never foun' out, he lef' me behin' dat night, an' dey all rid off widout me.

"It 'peared to me dat I ain' no mo'n lay down an' shut my eyes a'ter dey'd gone 'fo' de tramplin o' feet out do's wake me, an' I runs out an' fin's ole Folly (she was de Cun'l's mar, an' dey ain' no pearter hoss never draw'd bref) at de stall do', all in a lather wid foam an'

sweat an' blowin' like she gwine bust. I seed right den dat sumthin' was wrong 'case Mars' Cun'l set mo' sto' by dat mar'n he did o' me, an' I know'd he wouldn't jes' tu'n her loose like dat widout callin' some'un to tek care of her. So I scratches my head, an' 'scides to let 'er in de stall widout takin off de saddle an' bridle, whilst I step roun' to de front o' de house to see if dey was any light in Marser's window. But ev'rything was as still an' dark as if dey ain' nebber been nobody there 'tall. So I keeps on to de fus' sent'nel an' axes 'im what was to pay. He said he didn't know no mo'n me, 'ceptin' dat he'd seed a white horse come tyarin' down de road, an' he had jes' es well's to try to stop de Rapperhannock river es to ketch dat hoss, he was goin' so fas'. Now Folly was es black es de ole debbil hisself, an' when I up an' tells 'im dat it was her he'd seed, an' she'd mos' run 'erself to deaf an' 'twas sweat what make 'er so white, he b'lieve dat I was *jes'* natcherly lyin' to 'im an' wouldn't b'lieve it nohow.

"Whilst we was standin' there a speckerlatin' on what had happen' we heeard sum'un comin' down de road like ole Satan was a'ter 'im sho' 'nough, an' 'fo' long Mist' Walter Pow'l draw up an' say how de Yankees had done got win' o' de raid an' was on de lookout fo' we all, an' 'stid o' dey bein' jes' fifteen or twenty, es was 'spected, dey was mo'n fifty. 'Pon dat I up an' axed 'im 'bout Mars' Cun'l, but Lawd, gent'mans, he ain't knowed nothin' 'ceptin' dat he heeard 'im holler fo' de boys to ev'ry one to tek care o' hisself jes' as soon as he seed dey was too many to fight. At dat I 'lowed I was gwine go an' see what was de matter, an' gits Folly an' lights out.

"I met a lot o' our men on dey way back, but co'se

dey knowed me, an' I never stopped to lose no time wid 'em 'ceptin' to mek sho dat Mars' Cun'l wa'n't 'mongst 'em. When I comes mos' to de house where I knowed de Yankees was, I got down an' tied ole Folly in a thicket an' commence a creepin' along, mighty cautious like, to see what I could see. I'd done got mos' to de house an' was jes' thinkin' what I'd better do, 'case I couldn't hear nothin' 'tall, an' I was skeered dat dey mout be some o' de Yankees a hidin' aroun' som'ers, when I stumble right slap bang over sumthin' sof', jes' like a bag o' cotton a layin' there on de groun'. I jumps 'bout fo' foot in de air, an' 'twas all I could do to keep from hollerin', I was so skeered, an' my ha'r was standin' up all over my head jes' like one o' dese here piny-wood-rooter hogs when you come 'cross 'em kinder sudden an' de bris'les is riz up all 'long dey backbone. But when dis thing ain' move an' ain' say nothin' I 'gin to reason wid myself dat mebbe 'twan't nothin' nohow, an' I comes close 'nough to 'xamine. Lor', bress yo' soul, gent'mans, I leant over an' see dat it war *somebody* a lyin' down there on de groun' an' dey mus' be either dead or 'sleep, 'case dey ain' move an' ain' say nothin' yit. So I takes a match an' kivvers it up good wid my ole hat so's nobody roun' couldn't see it an' den scratches it mighty easy-like on a little rock. 'Fo' Gawd, people, when dat little spark o' light bust out an' fall on de pusson's face an' I seed 'twar my Mars' Bev'ly I jes' forgit all 'bout de Yankees an' ev'rything else 'ceptin' dat dere lay my Marster an' he mos' likely war dead.

"I reached down an' hist's 'im up on my shoulder and starts to'ards where I'd lef' de mar, an' I sholy did feel terrified 'case I b'lieved he war dead. We'd mos'

got to de hoss when I felt 'im move a little on my shoulder an' groan so pitiful dat I lays 'im down an 'gin to rub his han's an' talk to 'im, an' 'tain't long 'fo' he 'gin to mumble sumthin' like he talkin' in 'is sleep, an' when I speak to 'im he ain' knowed me no mo'n he ain' never seed me. But pres'n'ly he open his eyes right slow and call me reel low, an' it sut'ny did come feeble. At dat I pitches in an' axes 'im if he hu't very bad, 'an tell 'im all 'bout findin' 'im an' 'bout havin' de mar close by. Den it all 'peared to come over 'im at wunst what had happen, an' he try to ben' 'is leg, but 'twan't no use, 'case de bullet 'ad done strike 'im right in de knee j'int.

“He say how he boun' to git away right quick, an' tole me to go an' fech Folly, tho' I never seed how he gwine manage to ride wid dat crippled leg. Es soon es I come back a leadin' Folly by de bridle he say fo' me he'p 'im on 'er, an' some'ow he manage to git in de saddle, but I knowed it hu't 'im mighty bad, 'case he groan so deep, an' I was skeered he was gwine faint ag'in. But he gather up de bridle an' tole me to git up behin' 'im, an' we start back to'ards de road. We had struck de big road what I had jes' come 'long an' I was 'gin-nin' to feel kinder easy in my min' 'bout de Yankees, when all of a sudden Folly she th'owed up 'er head an' snort an' jump' near 'bout ouden de road an' at de same time some'un hollered ‘halt’ right in front o' we all. Mars' Cun'l he ju'k out 'is pistol an' it 'peared to me dot he shoot five times quicker'n he could pull de trigger, but Folly was a rearin' an cavortin' so, wid some'un a hangin' hol' to de bridle, dat he couldn't git no aim, an' in a minute mo' dey had us done s'rinded.

“I knowed right den dat we was in torment sho' nuff,

'case dey carried us straight to de house where all de res' o' de Yankees was an' locks me up in a room by myself an' takes Mars' Cun'l off som'ers else.

"Free or fo' days a'ter dat dey comes a'ter me an' say how dey is gwine d'liver me 'n Mars' Cun'l to Major Mills at Orton. Now dis was our ole home, an' when I got to thinkin' 'bout how dey was gwine carry we all back home pris'ners like dat it 'peared to me like I'd run 'stracted.

"It tu'n out dat when Mars' Cun'l had got hit in de leg by dat ball dat he crawl out in de woods where I foun' 'im, an' den he jes' gin up an' faints an' couldn't git no fu'ther. 'Cose he wan't so's he could ride a hoss yit, so dey puts 'im in a amberlance, an' tho' I seed 'twar nigh 'bout killin' 'im, he nebber said a wu'd, an' I knowed in my min' dat he too war a thinkin' o' goin' back to we all's ole home, an' a pris'ner at dat.

"'Fo de war Mist' Needum Greg'ry, what lived jes' 'cross de river from we all's plantation, used to set up right smart to Miss Nannie, but 'case he was a Whig an' Mars' Cun'l he was a Dimercrat she ain' never had much use fo' 'im, an' 'bout de time de war bre'k out she'd mos' 'scourage 'im from comin' 'tall. So when de call come for so'jers' he j'ined de Yankees whilst Mars' Cun'l he taken de side o' de Rebels. Mars' Cun'l ain' never had very much use fo' 'im, 'case he wan't much quality nohow, but when it happen dat he was de one 'p'inted to take charge o' we all an' carry us back to Orton I see Mars' Cun'l kinder grip 'is han's togedder an' set 'is teef like a bad pain strike 'im all of a sudden, tho' he jes' lay back an' ain' say nothin' 'tall.

"'Twas de secon' day o' de march, an' we'd done stop an' eat supper an' mos' o' de men was a rollin' deyselves

up in dey blankets a fixin' to go to sleep, when Mars' Greg'ry walks over to where Mars' Cun'l was a layin', 'tendin' like he was 'sleep, an' says to 'im kinder sassy like, a'ter he' talked 'bout a lot o' things, 'I'se gwine see Nannie to-morrow night if nothin' don't happen, an' thought you mout have some message to sen' her.' He said dis jes' to aggrivate Mars' Cun'l, an' I s'pected to see 'im git mad as fire, but he ain' say nothin' 'cept 'I'se ve'y much 'blige, Cap'n Greg'ry, but dey ain' no message dat I care fo' you to d'liver'; but when dat feller kep' on callin' Miss Nannie by 'er name I seed 'is fis' grip togedder ag'in an' notice 'is eyes a shinin' jes' like one o' dese here little fice dogs when he's got a cat up on de fence an' can't git to 'im, an' I says to myself dat Cap'n Greg'ry 'd better let Mars' Cun'l alone.

"Den he go on talkin' 'bout all de folks he's gwine see at home, an' how he 'spec' to take tea wid Miss Nannie to-morrer night—tho' I allers did b'lieve he was a lyin' 'bout dat, 'case I doan 'believe she'd axed 'im—an' all dat sort o' thing, jes' 'case he knowed it pestered Mars' Cun'l so bad, an' he a layin' there an' couldn't he'p hisse'f. 'Bout den one o' de other off'cers stroll up an' say to Cap'n Greg'ry, 'Come on, Needum, an' le's git up a little game o' cyards, an' stop jawin' wid dat damn Rebel;' yassah, dem's 'is 'zact wu'ds, an' you jes' ought to a seed Mars' Cun'l. He riz right straight up, 'spiten his leg, an' tell dat feller jes' what he think of 'im, an' say how when he gits well he sho' gwine hunt 'im up an' make 'im take back dem wu'ds. He mos' sho'ly was mad.

"Cap'n Greg'ry he kind tu'n up 'is nose an' start off wid de other feller when he hear dat, but sud'nly he whirl roun' like he forgot sunthin' or nur an' say,

'P'raps Cun'l Bev'ly mout like to take a han' in our little game hisself,' an' den he laugh like he was mighty please wid 'is little joke, 'case he knowed Mars' Cun'l couldn't move a step, an' wouldn't a played wid 'im if he could.

Mars' Cun'l sot up once mo' an' say, 'You knows very well dat I wouldn't be kotch dat close to you, but,'—den he stop an' think a minute an' say, 'My sarvint here,' (meanin' me) 'will play wid you if you is so anxious fo' a game. I'se got de ole plantation,' he say, 'dat is, what you rascals is left of it, dat I'se willin' to back my nigger wid dat he can clean anything in yo' whole blame camp.' Mars' Cun'l sut'nly was bigity in dem days an' wouldn' 'low nobody to git ahead o' him, an' mos' specially dat Yankee what he ain' never had no use fo' nohow. Mars' Greg'ry kinder hes'tate a minute, an' den say, 'If I was sho' you meant it, damme if I wouldn' see de nigger beat jes' to have you took down a little,' an' den he laugh.

'Dat made Mars' Cun'l madder'n he'd been 'tall, an' he up an' say, 'I'se a gent'man o' my wu'd, suh, an' I'll stan' by anything I says, an' you knows it. If you fin's anybody in dis camp dat can beat my nigger playin' poker or seben up, den I'll tu'n you over de plantation an' ev'rything on it fo' yourn, but on de oderhan,'—an' he hes'tate a secon' like he mighty 'scited, 'if he beats, den you got to swear dat you ain' gwine to Miss Morris' house' (dat was Miss Nannie) 'whilst you is in dis here neighborhood.'

'Cap'n Greg'ry thought a minute, an' axed Mars' Cun'l some fool questions what he knowed already, an' den he slap 'is leg an' say, 'Done, by Gawd!' 'case he make sho' dat he was gwine git all o' we all's plantation. Well, suh, dey fixed up a box 'twixt us fo' a table an'

counts us out a hunderd catidges 'piece, 'case we didn' have no chips, an' den we 'gins to play. Dey was one cart'idge ante, an' 'twan no limit."

Here the old darkey cast an appealing glance at the decanter and coughed significantly. Colonel Beverly gave him the expected nod of permission, and after a "fo' finger" swig he resumed:

"De very fus' han' I helt up a big pair an' den draws anudder, an' I says to myself, 'Mose, you am sho' got de luck dis night;' but when it come time to show down an' de oder feller had free tens an' dey was sixteen o' my cart'idges gone, I fel' mo'n ever jubous 'bout dat 'ere game.

"Nex' time I ain' kotch nothin' 'tall, an' I thinks to myself dat I'll bluff 'im off, an' when he bets five I raises 'im ten. But he come to my raise an' den seed me ten higher. 'Cose I had to go an' git big den an' h'ist 'im fifteen mo', 'case I couldn't 'ford to lose my fifteen what I had already put up, an' den I b'lieved he was a bluffin' anyhow, but when he come back at me an' raises my bet twenty-five, den 'cose I'se 'bliged to drop out an' he rakes in de pile.

An' so it kep' on dat way, an' it 'peared like I jes' couldn't git nothin' nohow, 'case when I helt a pair den he kotch a better one, an' when I'd git free'ers den he'd hol' a full house or a flush, or somethin' o' de kin', only 'twas allers better'n mine when we quit bettin' an' showed down our han's. Mars' Greg'ry he was a standin' by a grinnin' like a 'possum up a 'simmon tree, an' it look like he couldn't a been no better please nohow, an' tho' he never say nothin' to 'im I knowed from de way he looked at Mars' Cun'l dat he mek sho' he'd good as got we all's plantation. I 'was gittin'

mo'n mo' oneasy, an' jes' couldn't he'p a thinkin' 'bout de ole place an' how 'twould be to go back a'ter de war was over an' see ev'rything all tu'ned wrongside out'ards an' Cap'n Greg'ry he a givin' orders from de fron' po'ch 'stid o' Mars' Cun'l, jes' like it had allers 'blonged to 'im an' he hadn't jes' won it on 'count o' dis wufless nigger, an' I sutn'y did feel 'skons'late.

“I had jes' sebenteen mo' cartidges lef' when I hel' up a pair o' two spots an' drawed anudder. De oder fellow he ain't 'skard no cyards 'tall, but jes' stan' pat, an' I tell you, gent'mans, I ain' knowed what to do, 'case dem free little two'ers 'peared mighty small an' it looked mighty 'spicious 'bout his not drawin' no cyards. He bets five, an' den I scratches my head an' sees 'im five better. I ain' no mo'n put 'em up when he says, ‘Look a here, nigger, how many mo's you got, 'case I'se gwine raise you de balance an' finish dis thing,’ an' he looks at my pile an' slams down seben an' gins to laugh like it's all over, an' I was mos' sho' dat he had done beat me sho' nough, an' I was mighty down in de mouf, I kin tell you, an' I could jes' natcherly see dat gal Nancy Ann o' mine how she was gwine look when dey tell 'er 'bout dat o'nery Yankee white trash beatin' me a playin' cyards an' me a losin' all ole Marsers' got.

“Jes' den some'un th'owed a light'ood knot on de fire an' it blaze up mighty bright, an' at de same time I glance up an' there on dat Yankee's breas' I seed some'thin' monst'ous int'restin', I kin tell you. He was a holdin' his cyards kinder in front o' 'im, like dis, an' there in de bright brass thing what helt his drum strops togedder I seed a 'flexion o' his han' jes' like 'twas in a lookin' glass, an' twan't so mighty, mighty much, neither. I looked agin', an' there it was, jes' as plain as

de nose on yo' face—dey was a pair o' fives an' a nine spot an' a king, an' some ur cyard dat I disremembers now, tho' I'se sho' it never made no pair. As soon as I seed dat, I knowed right den dat he was a bluffin', an' I drops my seben las' cart'idges down an' says, 'I calls you, suh; an' what is you got to beat dese free little two's?'

"Well, suh, you may not b'lieve it, but from dat minute it 'peared like de luck tu'ned, an' 'scusin' a few little pots what I 'lowed 'im to tek jes' fo' a blin', I wen' right study on, an' in less'n thirty minutes I had all dem ca't'idges, an' you kin bet yo' las' dollar Cap'n Greg'ry ain' see Miss Nannie on *dat* trip; an' dat feller Willis, he's a walkin' yit les' somebody else gin' 'im a hoss, 'case Cap'n Greg'ry ain't."

"But, Mose," said one of the gentlemen as the old darkey stopped, "didn't the Yankee suspect that you were looking at the reflection of his hand?"

"Why, nor, suh, boss, 'case I'd jes' peep at dat brass thing sorter onconscious like, an' he ain' knowed no better yit, tho' he did say I was burnin' a lot o' light'ood dat night, an'—hello! there's Miss Nannie an' de chillun a ringin' de do' bell now, an' I guess I better go an' tu'n 'em in."

A TOKEN.

'Tis only a rose bud, dry and sere,
 But the hallowed mem'ries clust'ring there
 Make my spirit mourn and my soul to sigh,
 And my aching, breaking heart to cry
 For her I loved so dear!

—D. A. Tedder.

THE HEROINE AS SPINSTER.

 N. M. K.

The great Roman satirist, Juvenal, addressing a friend on the eve of marriage, said: "You are going to get married, are you? I thought you used to be sane. Are you really going to become ensnared in the connubial coil, when there is such an abundance of hemp you could employ instead? When there are so many high and dizzy windows at your service; when the Æmilian Bridge is so close by, why are you going to insert your idiot head in the matrimonial halter?"

Do not imagine, however, that we fully concur in Juvenal's opinion upon the subject, or that we will dwell at length upon the relative advantages of matrimony and celibacy—a subject which

"You'd scarce expect one of our age,
To discuss in public, on the stage."

We should simply attempt a vindication of spinsterhood,—showing from numerous examples that a state of "single blessedness" is not necessarily, as many would have us believe, a failure—that the single woman is worthy of all honor; nay, more, that the real heroines are more often found among those who, from the most unselfish reasons, having forgone the joys of domestic life, have undertaken the "maiden pilgrimage alone," giving the affection which they might have lavished upon one to all the unloved, "dropping it, as one drops a tear, into the great ocean of humanity."

That women have given to the world more examples of real heroism than men is a fact which the majority of us will readily admit. There seems to be something in the nature of woman which demands that she immolate

herself either at the shrine of husband and children or in the service of humanity.

The heroines of the home, the presiding geniuses of the household, receive their meed of honor and praise. But "no partial penman paints the praise" of the dear, blessed old maids, the "unappropriated blessings," who, oftentimes thrown upon the mercies of the world, need and evince more heroism in struggling with the world, the flesh, and the disasters of life than their more timorous sisters who embrace matrimony as the lesser of the evils.

The ancients set us a commendable example in the respect whice they accorded single women. In the religion of the Greeks and Romans, the highest honors were paid to those goddesses who had taken the vow of celibacy.

Vesta, when wooed by Neptune, placed her hand on Jupiter's head and vowed perpetual virginity. In place of marriage, she was given the choicest portion of the sacrifices and was honored in all the temples of the gods. She was revered in all the Grecian towns, and statues of her were placed on every street.

Diana, the three-formed goddess, ruling as Selene in the heavens, as Diana on earth, and as Proserpine in Eribus, while still a child, begged her father's permission to lead a life of celibacy.

Is it not rather significant that Minerva or Athene, the goddess of Wisdom, was a spinster? At Athens, her name-sake, she was highly honored with the magnificent festival of the Panathenæa. The Romans also worshipped her with the most peculiar and striking adoration. Her statue was usually placed in every school-

room and each child was taught to love and reverence her.

But in the selection of our spinster heroines we are not confined to the domain of mythology. The greatest female teacher of all times is the ancient mathematician, Hypatia. She studied the philosophy of Plato and taught it to the children of Alexandria, a city so long noted for its magnificent schools. She was a woman of such superior endowments and such penetrating intellect that her opinion and advice were sought by the most celebrated men. She rejected all idea of marriage as threatening to interfere with her chosen vocation.

Conspicuous among more recent heroines is Joan of Arc, "the Maid of Orleans," who came forward at the moment of despair and filled the French soldiers with new inspiration, by leading them in person to victory after victory—yet doomed herself to fill a martyr's grave.

Elizabeth, England's greatest female sovereign, died a virgin queen. When asked why she did not consider the important question of matrimony, she answered, "I am wedded to my kingdom!" Sacrificing the inclinations of her heart to the interest of her realm, she was rewarded by seeing her country attain a hitherto unimagined degree of prosperity; and the Elizabeth era will be spoken of through the ages as "the golden age in English Literature."

I shall not weary you with references to the vast army of those heroines of philanthropy, the Florence Nightingales, Dorothy Dixes, and Clara Bartons, who, prompt at the call of duty, left the protecting influences of refined and cultured homes and took upon themselves duties which might well cause the bravest men to quail.

Without citing further examples of spinster heroism,

it is almost self-evident that, as contrasted with the married woman, surrounded with the love of husband and family, within the sheltering walls of her own home, the single woman requires more force in battling alone with the breakers of life, and greater unselfishness in that she diffuses her love upon all, without thinking of a return, and knowing that she is never to hold the first place in any heart. It has been well said,

“To love for the sake of being loved, is human,
To love for the sake of loving, is divine.”

It is urged that a woman's heart never attains its full perfection until she has found the complement of her being—the object upon whom she may lavish the wealth of her affection.

“Love,” according to George Eliot, “is the sanctuary of womanhood.” But every woman has her ideal of love; and is it not a purer and more ennobling adoration to worship the ideal than a less perfect reality? The most beautiful description of a wife was written by another who never had a wife. One of the most beautiful pictures of connubial happiness has been given us by a spinster who *never even had a beau*. The poet whose rapt vision fathomed the empyrean and the nethermost hell was blind.

Happy would be the woman who should find her ideal incarnate! Happy perhaps is she who finds even an approximation of it. But she who substitutes not the golden calf but a clay model in the form of a brainless, sap-headed dude, has chosen less wisely than she who, in the sanctuary of her womanhood, continues to offer her incense on the shrine of a nobler ideal.

Whittier gives us the following beautiful picture, not of an ideal but a real old maid—one who is a truer type of spinstership than our trite newspaper caricatures :

"The sweetest woman ever Fate,
 Perverse, denied a household mate,
 Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
 Found peace in love's unselfishness;
 And, welcome whereso'er she went,
 A calm and gracious element.
 Her presence seemed the sweet income
 And womanly atmosphere of home,
 For well she kept her genial mood,
 And simple faith of maidenhood.
 All unprofamed, she held apart
 The virgin fancies of the heart,
 Be shame to him, of woman born,
 Who hath for such but thought of scorn."

A thought of scorn! Why? Because you think the great cause of spinsterhood is inability to get married? Is it because old maids are usually so ugly and unattractive that no one would have them? When you convince me that all of your married acquaintances are paragons of beauty and attractiveness, I will accept this explanation. But, *are they?* I think we shall have to admit that cupid must be woefully blind and that Hymen isn't overly particular in regard to his devotees.

Let us then consider some of the motives which influence women to remain single.

Miss Muloch says that there was never a woman born who would not give her hand to the right man, at the right time, *provided her heart and conscience approved the choice.* We shall see that the motives which restrain her from this step are usually from the most exalted and honorable character. Often it is the demand for a higher standard of manhood than she finds in those from whom she has the opportunity of making her choice. She demands virtue, sobriety, honor, and intellect—all. This high standard is destined to be a great and important factor in elevating man and the human race. As long

as woman insists upon this standard, the society around around her is elevated, but let her cease to demand purity and honor, and the human race descends to a lower level. Lady Mary Wortley Montague says, "Marriage is a lottery in which 999 out of every 1,000 draw a blank." But the sensible woman will think before she draws at all.

A frequent cause of spinsterhood is the claims of parents or relatives. The true daughter appreciating the sacrifices and self-denial of her parents who, having spent their all upon the education of their children, are left helpless and poverty-stricken in their old age, will consider it a sacred duty to give up all considerations of self in the effort to render their declining years peaceful and happy.

A frequent cause of spinsterhood is loyalty to a dead love.

" If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven."

Irving says, "As the dove will clasp its wings to its side and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is it the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection."

Mrs. Browning was not right when she said,

" Unless you can die when the dream is o'er,
Then never call it loving."

It is a far nobler thing to live true to a blessed memory, hiding the pain under a brave, smiling face.

Still another class of spinsters are the heroines of literary work, of the school-room, and of philanthropy of every kind—women who, without a thought of self,

devote their lives to the cause in which they think they can do the greatest good to the greatest number.

Since there are more women in the world than men, all cannot be home-makes, and we cannot afford to be drones.

We do not doubt that many women have been appointed by God for a definite mission to humanity, and only in fulfilling this mission can they be true to themselves and to Him. The grandest vocation for each of us is that work, whatever it may be, whereunto we are called.

All honor then to the woman, be she spinister or matron, who places before all else that sublimest of all things—Duty!

A PAGE FROM LIFE.

ALBERT J. TERRELL.

Robert Singleton left the parlor with a white face and a set, determined mouth. He passed through the hall and out of the door without stopping, but at the gate he turned and glanced at the parlor window for a moment. Almost was he persuaded to go back and make up; he wavered a moment, and then the green monster—jealousy—took complete possession of him.

The night was perfect. The moon shone bright and clear, and only a few light, fleecy clouds drifted across the sky. The Milky Way, with its myriad stars, was never more resplendent; but the quiet, calm beauty of the clear frosty night was unnoticed by Robert. Fierce, bitter jealousy raged in his breast. Down the quiet, deserted street he walked rapidly. On, on he walked until he was miles from the town, and then remembering that he must be far from home he turned his steps, but not until the gray light which heralds dawn

came creeping over the earth did he reach home. Unlocking the door with his latch-key, he silently went to his room, threw himself on his bed and slept until long after his father had breakfasted.

He and Bessie Connelly, the prettiest girl in the little town of N——, and the prettiest, sweetest girl in all the wide world, as Robert thought, had been engaged for some time and were to be married in three months, when the engagement was suddenly broken. Robert was an only son, handsome and high-spirited; and Bessie was an only daughter, petted and spoiled. Since her parents moved to N——, several years before, he had been her devoted admirer. To say that he worshipped her would hardly be an exaggeration.

Only a few months before Mr. Mimms, a telegraph operator, had taken charge of the office there, and at once began paying Miss Connelly marked attention.

The day before he remarked to some of the boys who were loafing in the office that he had "cut Bob Singleton out," and that he did it just "for pure fun," that they were "thinking too much of each other." The remarks reached the ears of Robert, and that night he called on Bessie, and after explaining everything, begged her to cut the acquaintance of Mr. Mimms. Bessie grew angry, and declared that Mr. Mimms was "a gentleman and incapable of making such remarks, even in fun." Several times Robert repeated his request, until finally in a jealous rage he broke off the engagement.

At the breakfast table a servant handed him a package which had just been brought. A glance at the address told him it was from Bessie. With trembling hands he opened it and found that it contained her engagement ring, his photograph, and a number of his letters to her. He abruptly left the table and went to his room, at the

same time dispatching a note to his father stating that he would be unable to go to the store that morning.

Reaching his room he lighted a cigar—a man's never-failing comforter in trouble—and taking from his desk a package of letters, he drew up his chair before the glowing grate. First he consigned those letters written by himself to the flames; and then, letter after letter, written by a hand which he had loved so dearly, he tossed into the fire. When the last one had been consumed he again went to his desk, opened a secret drawer and drew out two of Bessie's photographs. He returned to his chair, gazed on the photographs until his face softened, until his determination almost forsook him. Then another mad wave of indignation and jealousy swept over him, the stern-set, determined look again stole over his countenance, and with an expression of pain on his features he flung the photographs and the engagement ring into the midst of the glowing coals.

He rose from his chair after a few moments of deep study, gathered a few articles of clothing and packed them in his valise. His packing completed, he went to his father's study and remained there until dinner time. When his father came home for dinner he found Robert seated at the table with his head resting on one hand.

"Are you unwell, Rob?"

"No, sir. Sit down and I'll tell you all."

His father sat down, and Robert told him that he and Bessie had quarreled and had decided to break their engagement. Poor fellow, his mother had died when he was a mere child, and his father was the only one to whom he could go with his troubles. His father listened to his story in silence until he finished, and then told him that it was "only a lovers' quarrel." "No, father," Robert replied; "it is more than a lovers' quarrel. I

have made up my mind to leave this afternoon—to go West. Maybe that there I can forget Bessie.” In vain his father plead with him to remain; that he was rapidly growing old and needed his son’s care. Robert had decided, and leave he would. That night his father went with him to the depot. The old man broke down and wept like a child when Robert bade him good-bye.

On a cloudy, gloomy day Robert stepped from the train at Denver, and in a few days, with two prospectors, was far up in the mountains mining. In their search they were successful, but Robert was restless. Although he seemed to have the power of Midas, although his ventures were always successful, he could not save his money. From one place to another would he drift. From Colorado he went to the silver mines of Nevada, and from there to California. But, wherever he wandered with his chum, Joe, whom he met in Denver and who had stuck to him through thick and thin, the sweet face of Bessie still haunted him.

Seldom did he receive a letter from his father, for the reason that he changed his location so frequently that he seldom knew where to address his letters. Robert, however, wrote regularly once a month, yet never did he inquire of Bessie, although he always thought of her when writing and would have inquired but for his foolish pride. Frequently he would mention her to Joe and tell him that he was almost persuaded to go home to see his father and Bessie, for he had told his chum about her and their quarrel, and when Joe would try to fully persuade him he would always say, “No, Joe, she didn’t love me as she should—not as I loved her—and she wouldn’t care to see me now.”

One evening when the mail had just been brought, one of the miners who was passing the shanty occupied

by Joe and Robert brought him a letter from his father. It contained the news that Bessie was very ill and not expected to live; that she had never been the same since he left, and furthermore, his father wrote that Bessie begged for him to come home at once. Twice he read the letter before he could grasp its full meaning, and then putting it in his pocket, he started down to the Rock Saloon, where Joe had gone to meet an old acquaintance, to tell his chum his news and his determination to start for home at once.

A miner's wife entered the saloon just in advance of Robert, and when he stepped inside he saw the poor woman begging her husband to leave the faro table and go home with her. Robert heard her say, "Please, Mike, go home with me. The baby is dying and I have nothing to eat and no fire. Don't gamble any more tonight, for the love of heaven. The baby will be dead before morning and I shall freeze if I don't get a fire." The drunken brute rose to his feet and, with an oath, struck her full in the face with his clenched hand. She fell to the floor in a heap, and as he raised his foot to kick the insensible woman Robert leaped forward. "Take that, you brute," he exclaimed as he struck him fairly between the eyes with a blow straight from the shoulder. It was a powerful blow and the scoundrel fell heavily on the floor.

Thinking the man incapable of doing him injury Robert stooped to raise the poor woman. As he bent over her a pistol shot startled the men who had gathered around them, and Robert pitched heavily forward. The drunken miner had risen on his elbow and shot him. In a moment the saloon was the scene of the wildest confusion and turmoil. Hardly had Robert fallen when Joe stepped forward and, before any-

body could interfere, emptied his six-shooter into the scoundrel who had so brutally shot his chum.

The men tenderly raised Robert and laid him on a table. He was conscious and knew that his wound was fatal; that he had but a short time to live, and so asked Joe to sit beside him. Joe sat down and Robert told him that he had just received a letter from his father begging him to return home, that Bessie could not live long. His strength was fast ebbing and he spoke with great effort. Great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. "Joe," he said, as he gasped for breath, "here's his letter. Write to him—and tell him that I died—as a gentleman—in the defense of a woman, and—tell him to tell Bessie that—God only knows how I—have regretted our quarrel—that I am sorry she has suffered. Tell him to give her—my love, and tell her to meet me—where there are—no quarrels."

The effort had taken almost all of his strength. He lay quietly, with his eyes closed, holding Joe's hand. Tears were trickling down not only the cheeks of Joe, but of the rough, bronzed, bearded faces of the miners standing around him. His quiet, unobtrusive manner had won for him the respect of them all, and his few words had touched their sympathetic hearts.

Slowly he opened his eyes and looking around him bade them all "good-bye," and again asked Joe to please write to his father and give him his dying message, and to send Bessie the little miniature of her which he had not destroyed with her letters and photographs, but had worn since they parted.

Again he closed his eyes and in a few moments with the words "Yes, Bessie; I—was too hasty. Forgive me—please," on his lips, he quietly passed away.

QUEEN VICTORIA: A RETROSPECT.

A. C. CREE.

Tuesday, the twenty-second day of last June, was the Commemoration Day of the completion of Queen Victoria's sixty years' reign—the longest reign in the long list of British sovereigns. On that day London, the metropolis of the British Empire, was the centre of loyal and enthusiastic rejoicings that may be said to have literally covered the whole earth. For, moved by the same cause, though in a different degree, all civilized people from one end of the world to the other sent up notes of thanksgiving and gladness. Moreover, it is no exaggeration to say that never before in the history of the world has any one human being in one moment been the centre of so universal a demonstration of love and loyalty as was Queen Victoria on her Commemoration Day. That day was more than a day of national joy; it was a day of universal good-will. While the cause of the commemorative exercises was the Queen's sixty years' reign; yet, without a doubt, the true cause of such universal joy, the spirit that called forth such world-wide gladness and good-will was that of Queen Victoria herself as monarch and mother of her people. While many fail to appreciate the constitutional monarchy of England, yet all the world praises and respects her Queen.

When Victoria first ascended the throne of England, doubts of the wisdom and permanency of her government were expressed. Many prominent in governmental circles and ripe in experience predicted that she would be the last monarch to sway the sceptre over England. These forebodings had good foundation on the records of her predecessors. Had she been a George or William IV,

doubtless before half her present reign had passed she would have been dethroned. The people, making wondrous strides in education, growing less tolerant of oppression and more desirous of freedom, would not be governed as they had been governed. Queen Victoria soon realized this and, with a wisdom beyond her years, saw that the hope of her government lay in a constitutional foundation. Not desiring arbitrary rule, if it had been possible, she formed a constitutional government, and has never sought to change it. The possessor of considerable executive ability, with quite a keenness of perception and a warmth of sympathy when the needs of her people engaged her attention, she has so ruled as to show the world that a constitutional monarchy is the best form of government. There is to-day no reformer wild and erratic enough to contend that England would be happier and more prosperous as a republic than under Queen Victoria. In fact, many Americans, who boast, as they have a right to, of their great federation, have declared that for such a monarchy and such a monarch they would even give up their republican form of government. Not only has Queen Victoria shown the wisdom of a constitutional monarchy, but she has also taught the other crowned heads of Europe a lesson hard for them to learn—the wisdom of trusting the people. Her government is far stonger to-day than when she ascended the throne in 1837. Her reign stands out as an example of wisdom and justice to both the republics and monarchies of the world. What an example, and what lessons to be learned from it! Is it wonderful that the whole world resounded with her praises last June? Nay rather, would not men of every clime have been bereft of all sense of gratitude, if they had

not joined with the sons of Britian in shouting "God bless the Queen!"

Queen Victoria stands as one of the greatest exponents and stoutest champions of Christianity of the nineteenth century. She built her government on the principles of the Nazarene, and the whole ambition of her life has been to be a good Queen. When at the age of twelve she was told of the possibility of her becoming Queen of England she said, "I will make a good one." On her return from her coronation she held that conversation with her mother and gave that command which has since won for her the good-will of the world. Retiring to her mother's apartment she said:

"I can scarcely believe, mamma, that I am really Queen of England. Can it indeed be so?"

"You are really Queen, my child," replied the Duchess of Kent. "Listen how your subjects cheer your name in the street and cry to God to bless you."

"In time," said her majesty, "I shall, perhaps, become accustomed to this too-great and splendid state. But since I am indeed soverign, it is my prerogative to command, so I command you, dear mother, to leave me quite alone for a long time."

And Victoria, retiring to her room, passed the first hours of her great reign on her knees before her God, beseeching heaven's blessings on herself and her people.

An African prince once sent an embassy to the Queen loaded with rich presents and valuable curios in return for which he asked of her the secret of England's greatness and England's glory. In answering this request Victoria made no reference to her immense army, her peerless navy, her world-wide commercial power, her

extended domain; but, handing him a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, she said :

“Tell your master, the Prince, that this is the secret of England’s greatness and England’s glory.”

In the foreign news column of the *Biblical Recorder* for June 27, 1897, is the following crisp little paragraph :

“The Queen’s Jubilee is being celebrated in London this week in a very extravagant manner. A great woman is Queen Victoria, but only a woman after all.”

The editor may or may not have meant to imply anything by the use he makes of that word “only;” but I am glad to note that he thinks of Queen Victoria as a woman. For that is what she is, a woman—a womanly woman. Her sovereignty does not affect her sweet, modest womanhood. She has no sympathy whatever with the “thing” we call “the new woman,” particularly those self-assertive, immensely progressive sisters, who refuse even to promise to obey their liege lords and masters. Just before the Queen was married to Prince Albert, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was to perform the ceremony, asked the Queen if she preferred to have the word obey omitted from the service. To which she replied with no little indignation :

“No, sir; I wish to be married as a woman, not as a Queen.”

The home-life of the royal pair was an ideal one. The purest love and fullest confidence existed between them. Many stories have been told and re-told showing the beauty of their life; but of all, I think the following, one that has gone the rounds of the British press, shows more than any other the strength of their love and the sweetness of their life :

One day Prince Albert, who was a very enthusiastic patron of the arts and sciences of his day, locked himself up in his room to study. The Queen, wishing to consult with him, sought admittance to his room. Finding the door locked she became indignant, and called to him that Victoria, the Queen of England, wished to see him. He immediately opened the door and attended Her Majesty to the drawing room, and there, seated on opposite sides of the room, they held for a while a very formal and unsatisfactory conversation. This constrained relation continued until the tender heart of the young Queen could no longer master its emotion, when she turned to her husband and extended her arms toward him, saying :

“Albert, it is your wife that wants you, not the Queen.”

Queen Victoria is noted for the plainness of her manner and the simplicity of her dress. Vanity is a vice that has found not even a lurking place in her nature. She scorns anything like show, and commends simplicity both in her family and court. This charming quality of the Queen's has given rise to many quaint stories. When she stayed at Balmoral Castle, her highland home, it was her custom to visit almost indiscriminately among the Scotch peasants and farmers of the community. Once on leaving, after having paid a visit to one of her poorest neighbors, the Queen expressed a hope that the poor old woman would no longer be afraid of her, but come and see her at the castle.

“Ah! ma'm,” was the quaint reply, “it's no yersel I'm frichtened at; it's they gran' servants ov yourn.”

It is the custom of people who have not the privilege of an interuiew with the Queen, and yet wish to catch

a glimpse of her, to stroll about the grounds of Windsor Castle in the hope of meeting Her Majesty as she is taking her "constitutional." One day a very fashionable lady from West Kensington, bent on seeing the Queen, was promenading the main walk leading up to the Castle. Early in her walk she passed an old lady, a middle-aged man and several children, whom she supposed to be visitors like herself. When she neared the Castle she met old John Brown, the faithful henchman of the Queen, of whom she inquired the best place and opportunity of seeing the Queen.

"Weel, ye maun turn back," said John, "and rin a guid bit, for ye've passed Her Majesty, the Prince of Wales and the royal bairns a guid piece back."

It is in her sphere as a mother that the fine womanly qualities of Queen Victoria show to their greatest advantage. The charm of England's home circle would indeed be lost were it without the mother. The Queen has a wonderful sympathy for young people. Between her and her children there has always existed not only the link of affection, but also that of the truest companionship. She has personally superintended their education and training on the one hand, and entered heart and hand into their sports and recreations on the other. The dignity and stiffness of her position as Queen of England has always been completely overshadowed and obscured by the bright, natural beauty of her life as a mother. To her children she has never been the Queen of England, but always mamma. Once Lord Palmerston had been summoned to Windsor Castle to confer with the Queen on important matters of State; and he was astonished as he approached the royal apartments to hear quite a loud

outburst of merriment proceed from them. So great was the noise that he entered unnoticed, and there saw the Queen with flushed face and dishevelled hair capering around the room with a young prince on her back and several other young princes and princesses romping behind her, laughing and shouting at the tops of their voices. Lord Palmerston was about to retire, when the Queen noticed him, and in her own sweet way said:

“Oh, please do not retire. This is not the Queen of the British Empire; it is only mamma and the children.”

THE WRECK OF THE “EVELYN HOPE.”

TOLBERT H. LACY.

“The barkentine *Evelyn Hope*, Norfolk to Boston, with lumber, went to pieces on Hell Gate reef* yesterday morning. Of the crew, Richard Montrose, of Norfolk, alone survived. He was picked up from a spar in the lower bay. The body of his brother, George Montrose, was lashed to the same spar. None of the rest of the crew has been found.”—*Morning paper*, Jan. 18, 1873.

The story of these Montrose brothers was a sad one. Richard had been a class-mate of mine at the University, and he told me all about it one time when I met him in Richmond, four years and more after his shipwreck.

They were the only children in a family which had been wealthy “before the war.” They lived in one of the old colonial homes on the Rappahannock river, down in tidewater Virginia. The parents died within a year, just before the war.

George had just graduated from the University when the war broke out. He was twenty-three then; Dick was only eleven.

George entered the Confederate naval service at the

*The United States Government has spent vast sums of money in removing this menace to navigation; but, for some reason, the work was stopped in 1885, and has never been resumed.—T. H. L.

beginning of the war. He served first as an able seaman on the C. S. S. *Albemarle*. After the wreck of the *Albemarle*, from which he escaped almost by a miracle, he was assigned to the *Alabama*; he held a high office on her quarter-deck until her luckless encounter with the *Kearsarge*. He was saved from drowning then only, to be sent to a Federal prison-ship.

When he was released at the close of the war he went home, and, by selling off all the ancestral property, which had been left to him in trust, he raised sufficient money to buy a fleet of coasting schooners and sloops, and the barkentine *Evelyn Hope*, named for his sweetheart. He entered the lumber trade from Norfolk and Wilmington. Soon after he married his sweetheart.

Richard had been a fine student during all these years. Evelyn had been his instructor, and she told George that he must send Richard to the University; so Richard went. He graduated in 1872. It was at the University that I met him and learned to love him.

Dick always was a funny kind of boy. He was generally full to the brim with all kinds of melancholy tales and songs. The old *University Magazine* owed many of its most interesting contributions to Dick's wierd imagination. Now, George wasn't like Dick at all in this respect. He didn't write stories when he was at the University; he was always too busy. In short, he was a business man. He loved his ships, however, as Kipling's steamship engineers love their engines; and his intimate friends could always see the vein of sentiment that was hidden from strangers behind the gravity of his business face.

But Dick was sentimental—worse than Sentimental Tommie. I suppose that is the reason I have always

loved so much to read his stories. When he was at home in summer with George and Evelyn, and little Harry, he used to amuse the little boy for hours sometimes with stories of the battles between the great storm gods and the sea, or with mysterious tales of the wanderings of the spirit of the South Wind. When Harry was bad, Dick could often frighten him into silence by the mere mention of that terror of terrors, the Banshee. And when the Sand Man came to see the little one at night-fall, it was Dick who must put him to sleep. Harry would have no one else. Often would the little fellow's big blue eyes open wide with sleepy wonder at the dreamy, drowsy tales that Dick told him of that Wonderland of all good children, the land of Nod.

But all this beautiful summer came to an end at last, and with it all the pleasure of life, so far as concerned these brothers.

It was in August, after Dick graduated, that he and George went with the *Evelyn* to Savannah, where she was to load naval stores for Philadelphia. George went for the purpose of establishing an agency there, and Dick went just for company's sake. I didn't learn why it was that Evelyn and the little one stayed at home.

It was on the night of the thirteenth of August that the *Evelyn* touched at Cape Henry and dropped the two brothers; she proceeded on her way to Philadelphia. George and Harry got on an excursion boat which was just ready to leave the Cape for Norfolk; they got to the Old Dominion wharf at midnight. They went to a hotel to spend the rest of the night.

When they got out to their home in Holt street next morning, one of their neighbors met them at the door. The woman's face was white, and her eyes were red.

She led them silently to Evelyn's room ; she opened the door, and then went back to the porch. Evelyn was dead, and little Harry was barely alive. Typhoid fever, the doctors said.

When the woman who was watching by Harry's bed was gone, George knelt by his dead wife and took her hand in his. He kissed her lips and eyes, and murmured a quiet prayer. "Oh God!" he said, "show me where the kindness of this providence lies!" And soon he kissed her lips again, and stood up; and looking at her with his head bent down, and with all the light of his blighted love shining through his face, he spoke once more, softly, gently, and this was what he said, "Thy will be done." Then he covered up her face, and walked over to his baby's bed, where Dick was rubbing those heavy eyes that were already closed in their last long sleep.

The brothers stood in silence, arm in arm, a little while, looking at the beautiful dead baby. Finally Richard broke the silence. "Brother," he said, "'Thy will be done' was never meant for me ; I can't say it." And George squeezed his hand in silence, and in silence they left the room, and parted.

They saw nothing of each other for a week after the funeral. But one day they came back by some fate, at the same time. They met at the gate. Dick's face was pale, and his eyes had big black rings under them. He told George afterwards that he had slept only nine hours during the week. George had not yet recovered his normal clearness of mind—in fact, he never did. But his heart rose in his throat when he saw his pale-faced brother.

"It's all right, Dick," he said. And Dick nodded.

They went up stairs together, and Dick lay down on a lounge, and fell asleep. George sat by him and held his hand for nearly an hour. Once he heard the sleeper talking. "Poor little Harry," was all that he could distinguish. George rose at last, and went out to the street.

He walked down to the harbor and looked out down the wide river. The *Evelyn* was coming up to her anchorage. George had made arrangements for a cargo of lumber for Liverpool, and he began the lading as soon as the *Evelyn* could get to the dock. He hurried the work all night and all the next day. He went home at sunset of that day, leaving the lading in charge of the skipper.

Dick had waked up in the early afternoon, after a nap of twenty-four hours, and had spent the rest of the day looking for his brother. They met at the corner of Main and Church streets, and went to the house together.

George had left word for a truck to come at nine o'clock for their seaman's chest, so they packed it up with their sailor clothes and sat on their porch for the after-supper smoke; but both had forgotten to eat supper down town, and there was nothing to eat in the house, so they went to bed supperless, after they had sent the chest away.

Next morning at three o'clock a sailor came and waked them and told them that the *Evelyn* was ready to sail.

George was up and dressed before Dick had found out that it was time to be awake. He went up to his dead wife's room, and knelt down by the bed where she had died. For just a few minutes he knelt there, with his face on his folded arms; and who can say what thoughts passed through his tired brain?

When he stood up again his face was white, he looked like a man who would be glad to die.

He walked over to the mantel and took down the picture of his wife and their little boy, and slipped it into his inside pocket. Then he called for Richard, and they left the house together, and went out into the lonely world.

* * * * *

It was Christmas eve, 1872, when the *Evelyn Hope* reached Norfolk again. It would take lots of time to tell of her wanderings, as a tramp of the ocean, during the years that had passed; but during all that time George had wanted to come back home, and Richard wouldn't let him. Finally, however, Richard agreed to his brother's wishes.

While George was looking around the busy town—busy with unconscious preparation for the great panic so soon to come,—and seeing everywhere reminders of his dead wife and boy, Dick was taking that fatal load of lumber. When he had finished his lading, he went up to the old house in Holt street. He was about to enter, when he noticed that people were living there. He rang the bell then, and asked permission of the little girl who came to the door, to get little Harry's shoe from the closet. The little girl thought he must be crazy, so she ran and called her mother. When this lady found out who Dick was, she went with him to the old nursery, and Dick found the shoe in the corner of the closet. He thanked her for her kindness, and then went back to his ship.

George had gotten his papers from the collector of the port, and had picked up a crew; so the *Evelyn Hope* sailed on her last voyage. That was the morning of the third of January, 1873.

They had been out only three days when a northeast

wind came up. It rained and froze and blew four days without intermission. When the storm broke Dick got the *Evelyn* back on her course, and they began again.

It was during the night of the fourteenth of January that the second gale sprang up. It was worse than the first. The *Evelyn's* foretopmast was blown overboard during the night, and two of her sprit-sails were snatched out of the bolt-ropes. The sky was clouded; rain and sleet fell almost continually until noon of the seventeenth. It cleared up then for about half an hour, and Dick took a reckoning. He found that they had been blown out of their course until they were only thirty miles southeast of Sandy Hook. The *Evelyn* was terribly strained by the wind and seas, and Dick proposed that they should put into New York harbor to wait till the gale should be over, for any novice might know that this noontide clearing was only temporary. George agreed to this.

It was about dark, near the end of the first dog-watch, that the gale began again in earnest; it had been playing with them all the afternoon. By the end of the second dog-watch (eight p. m.), a regulation three-day blow had set in. The seas were awful, but the night was clear. The cold was intense. Just before midnight the lookout sighted Sandy Hook light.

It was about two o'clock, the middle of the first watch, that a floating piece of wreckage smashed the *Evelyn's* rudder and rammed a hole clean through the sheathing of the starboard quarter, just on the water-line. Dick and George were standing together, by the stump of the foremast, when the shock came. They were talking about little Harry.

"Dick," said George, "do you remember how he used to love for you to tell him about the storm-gods that came and fought such battles with the sea?"

Dick was filling his pipe. It dropped to the deck as George spoke. Dick stooped to pick it up—and to keep his big brother from hearing the sob that he couldn't choke.

The *Evelyn* began to fill; she could not sink, however, owing to the buoyancy of her cargo. She drifted on, a hopeless derelict, completely beyond control, on account of her wrecked rudder.

When that endless night came to an end at last, the daylight showed the worn-out mariners where they were. Not three cable lengths off the port bow the billows were churning themselves to foam on the bare rocks of Hell Gate reef; and they were plunging on, drifting with the racing tide, straight to that certain death.

Dick clasped George's hand tight. "Brother," he said, "do you want to die?" And George looked straight into his eyes and said, "Yes." Just then she struck.

Dick seized a short coil of rope as she wheeled round on her nose. He and George went over the side with the first big wave; and the mainmast, wrenched from its socket and torn free from the shrouds by the mighty strain, came with the next. It struck George on the head, and his limbs grew rigid with a sudden spasm; then they relaxed, and he was dead.

Dick lashed his brother's body to the mast, and then fastened himself up. He was picked up by a boat from the pilot sloop *Henry P. Dickson*, and carried to a hospital. His brother's body was not recovered; it had slipped from the lashing, and the mighty deep had taken it.

When Dick told me good-bye that day, he asked me to come to see him at his home. I did so a few days

later, and when his beautiful young wife (she had been his sweetheart when he was at the University), came down to meet her husband's friend, I knew that he was happy again, and I told him so. He smiled sadly, and took from his pocket little Harry's shoe.

"Yes," he said, "the winter is past and gone, but the memory of its frosts abides with me still." And his smile was sad, in spite of the presence of his beautiful young wife.

THE WOMAN-HATER'S DREAM.

C. U. GUESS.

Man that attendeth a summer school is of few days, but full of trouble. He cometh forth in the morning and must be on a "dyke," and when noon-time cometh there is no cessation. When he approacheth the campus in the afternoon he must keep on his coat, though the sun waxeth warm. His collar must ever be around his neck and his tie in the proper fashion. His hat groweth old at the brim thereof by reason of constant tipping. Yea, verily, his vexation increaseth from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, for his evenings must be filled with sporting, and the night-time but increaseth his tribulations. Of making many calls there is no end; and much foolish chatter is a weariness of the flesh. Vanity of vanities! All is vanity, saith the woman-hater. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Love study and avoid the women, for this is the only safe course for man.

Something like these were the thoughts which trooped through the mind of the woman-hater as he lay beneath a spreading oak in a secluded corner of the college campus, mentally comparing his miserable condition

with that of the lonely prophet of old who rested in his flight from a woman to mourn the degeneracy of his times and dream beneath a juniper tree. Suddenly, however, he remembered himself and applied his mind with vehement energy to that altogether-charming collection of musty legal relics, "Coke upon Littleton," which had lain open by his side for several hours. But though the mind was willing the flesh was weak, so that gradually his new-born interest abated. Latin, French, and Old English words danced in soporific mazes, and soon he was out of the realm of "his present Majesty, the good King Edward," and naturalized in the Morphean Republic of Somniferous Free-thinkers. The last sight his eyes had rested on was a crowd of summer school girls in the distance, while into his sleepy ears there had drifted the words of their ominous song, "We're marching on to Canaan's land"; and then—he dreamed.

He was on a visit to his *alma mater* and was sprawled out on the grass beneath one of the old oaks, indulging in the luxury of day-dreams and youthful memories. He was aroused by the jingling of a bicycle-bell, and rolled over to see the approaching rider. He could hardly believe his eyes, however, when he saw—a woman (?), a *new* woman, with "bloomers" and all on (or, more properly speaking, "bloomers" and *nothing* on). Now, women of any kind were a rare article in the campus, as he remembered it; so much so that they were regarded and hailed as "angels" whenever they honored its shades with their presence. But this species was distinctly a novelty, a *rara avis* indeed (a "bird," in truth). And yet she sped along on her wheel as if she was perfectly at home. Darting a kind of contempt-

uous look at our friend, the woman-hater, she hurried on up towards the historic old dormitory. Lightly springing from her bike in front of the well, she shook her fist in a dangerous way at the innocent windows and wall. The old building was naturally a little surprised at this and gazed at her in a kind of a blank way—so did our friend. What was his feeling of sacrilege when he heard her cry: "Ah! you villainous, vile old dormitory! Long time you've kept my sex away. Long time you've jeered at us and barred your doors. But our turn's coming; and that soon, too. We'll get into your walls or we'll tear them down. Wake Forest must change or Wake Forest *delenda est!*" Then she sprang astride her wheel and went darting down another one of the paths, but slowed up enough to cry to a callow, sun-burnt youth as she passed him, "Your days and those of your kind are numbered, old boy. We're coming, and you seedy, gauky young fellows must go. Wake Forest has turned out enough of your kind. We are determined that she shall have women now—*new* women, if you please, and *certainly new men.*"

The sleep of our friend was so much troubled by this part of his dream that for a while nothing was clear to his mind. His first definite thought was that it was dusk. The wan and wasted moon and one lone evening star stood watching beside the crimsoned bed of the dying lord of day. It was the hour for thoughts of home—sweet, soft, saddening, but inspiring and ennobling. Yonder—look! What was that? Drifting down through the treetops, the twilight revealed, was a dainty, angelic form clothed in a soft, white, flowing robe. But someone else also had seen her coming, for when she alighted she was confronted by a heavy-set, buxom, red-

faced maid in short skirt and leggings, who came running up and demanded of the visitant, "Who are you?" in a harsh and masculine tone. The other seemed overcome with astonishment, and so repeated, "Who am I?" in a tone as soft and sweet as the memory of a lost but unforgotten love. "Yes; who are you? By what right do you come here?"

"I? Why I am a spirit, a memory, a hope. I come because I am used to coming. Since long before these buildings were here I have come with the twilight hour. I speak to the students in these old walls of home, of sweetheart, of love. I sing to them of the flower-covered cottage far away in their western hills. I bring a dream of a maiden there with deep, dark eyes and auburn hair, who sings and dreams of and longs and prays for her far-away student love, I——."

"Oh, well; you needn't be giving us any more of that. And you needn't trouble yourself to come here any more either; your time's over. We girls have taken charge now, and propose to run things as they ought to be. Your sickly sentimentality about country maidens and blushing damsels and gentle loves, and all such pooh-pooh as that might do in the old seedy days, but we don't need your services now. Your old goody-goody girls are antiquated relics in these parts now, and the sooner you clear out the better. You needn't be edging away towards my bike over there either, for I'll see to it that you don't get away with that. Just float on away on your snowy wings. We girls and boys don't need you. The imaginary, *idealized girl* ain't in it here now; we've got the genuine thing." [And it was a *thing*, too, for it was neither man nor woman, boy nor girl.]

Again the sleep was troubled, and a change came over the face of the dream.

A tall, spare, awkward-looking man, with three or four babies straggling behind him, came meandering down the walk. Our woman-hater thought that he recognized in him, despite the beard now white, one of his old professors, who had given him a training which he would not have traded for all the rest of his college course. As he approached, our friend arose and said: "Professor, I don't suppose you remember me. I graduated in the class of '—."

"Why, yes I do. This is Mr. —, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; it is."

"Well, sit down and let's talk awhile of those good old days that are gone."

"So you're not in love with this co-educational innovation, Professor!"

"No, no; I am not. I'll tell you, Mr. —, it will not do. Cupid has routed Minerva from our halls. We don't do the work we used to do. My boys now—and the girls are worse—go wild over these abominable, trashy newspaper jingles which they can quote in their never-ceasing little love notes, and fail to see anything beautiful in Shakspeare and Browning and Tennyson and Wordsworth and Keats. I'll tell you there was something wondrously sweet and dear in those old days when you were here—something almost poetic. And I can't help exclaiming sometimes with old Wordsworth:

'It is not now as it hath been of yore.'

and—

'I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.'

“Now, there comes old Tom—you remember Tom; it makes me sad to look at him. His days are gone with the old happy time.”

“And you say that's Tom?”

“Yes. Don't you remember him?”

“Remember him! I reckon I do, but I should never have recognized him. Come here, Tom.” And as the old negro drew near, “'Fessor, do you remember me?”

“Hit don't peers to me I do, boss. Yore voice sounds familiar-like, shore; but I can't ezactly place you, suh.”

“Why, my name is——, 'Fessor.”

“Why, yes suh, I 'membus you; kose I do. I 'membus you well as I do myself, suh. You wuz heah in dem good ole days. But law, boss, dem ole times is gone. Things done change a lot. Dey don't treat me now like youse all used to do, suh. Ise not 'Fessah any moh; Ise 'Ole Tom' now. Don't nobody notice me 'tall now, suh. My time's 'bout done, I reckon, suh. Ise jes' waitin' fuh de good Lawd ter come an' tek me now, 'cause things ain't what dey used ter wuz an' 'tain't no joy in stayin' heah longah.”

“Oh, Tom, you mustn't be so melancholy,” said our friend as he handed him a quarter. “But tell me; what is the cause of all this change?”

“Oh, suh, hit's all on 'count o' dese heah women. Dey's done upshot evehthing, suh. Dey don't do much wuk demselves, an' de young bucks don't do none 'tall, fuh a fac', suh. I tells yer, in de idy o' myself, boss, hit's a mighty pow'ful good plan ter keep de young bucks jes' as far away as possible from de young gals while dey's gettin' deir edgycation. One o' de fessahs, suh, 'spressed my opinion 'bout dis ezactly when he said 'bout dat fust summah school we had, suh, dat hit

wuzn't nuthin' 'tall 'cept a courtin' match. I 'tributes de fall of Wake Fahest, suh, to de comin' o' de gals."

And Tom started to leave; but for a moment everything was in a jumble in the mind of our dreamer, and then—he awoke. There lay the opened "Coke upon Littleton," but it was now too dark to read. There wasn't a summer school girl in sight, but the memory of how they had made other nights delightful (?) with their vocal efforts made him tremble for the coming—well—serenade. Still that, despite its invariably accompanying dreams of screaming frog-ponds and croaking ravens, would hardly be as bad as his vision had been; and, moved by the appreciation of this, he exclaimed, "Yes, mayhap the old order is changing, but, thank Heaven! Wake Forest is spared to us yet. Long live Wake Forest!"

“THAT CHASTITY OF HONOUR.”

R. A. L.

“When I was young? Ah, woful When!
Oh! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!”

—Coleridge.

When I was a boy—it seems ages ago, though in reality only a few short years have slipped away—my whole life was colored with fancy. The evening star, lingering after sunset, was, to my vivid imagination, a great torch held by the unseen hand of some spirit. There was a “fork” in an old oak here at home in which I would sit for hours, dreaming of things that I have never understood, nor ever can—nature, life, and God—though all in a diminutive way. Death was one phase of nature that I could never dream over. Only once did its cruel hand come among my playmates; and the sweetest soul sang with us no more. After that Death was too real. When the winds soughed through the tree tops and the sun was hid behind a cloud, my little friend was always near, calling me to her kingdom; and I would close my eyes to keep back the tears and wait for the cloud to pass. But when the sun shone again I was half sorry, for the spirit had gone, too. An idle fancy that I was king of the winds—I had never heard of Æolus—amused me while I sat in the same old seat with a twig in my hand for a sceptre and an aureole of sunshine for a crown. Happy days those!

Even now, in the quiet of evening or in the hush of a long summer day, a bit of the old dream-life will drift back, and for the moment I am a child again. But when I open my eyes again to reality, the trees and sunshine fade into the dreariness of four gloomy walls, the glamour

is gone, and I know that I am a child no more. Sometimes, but less often as I grow older, when the day is done, a song floating up from the yard below, the chirp of a flitting bird, or maybe the sob of an infant will bring back the dreams, and again I am sitting in my gnarled old oak ruling the winds and wondering at my star.

Last evening someone was whistling an old love-tune below, a song closely linked with all the past days, the same Russell and I used to sing at college. Poor Russell! Dead and gone these two years! A pang came to me as I thought how we had drifted from each other, each loving the same woman and feeling just a bit constrained when thrown together. When we parted after graduation we made one pledge each to the other: after ten years we should look each other up and share what comforts and pleasures we could. And here were the ten years and more slipped away, and Russell with them, and I did not know if his wife is alive or dead, living in opulence or penury. Twice I arose from my chair, after finding her name in the directory, and started to go to her; twice I sank back among the cushions, kicked up the lagging fire, and swore it would be presumption on my part to approach her. And then, it might not be fair to Russell. When last at her home I had sung the old love-song that had come up to me from the street earlier, had looked into her eyes and read, as I thought, pity and sorrow.

Then I ran over the days since first I knew her. She was a visitor at some college function and had been widely popular, I had loved her from the days of very presumptuous sophomority, when a haughty junior, and even when the honors of being a senior had made me a peer to—well, the next class below the angels, the local

municipal authorities, maybe ; and she had given what a boyish ardor considered a deep love in return. Then we became older, as people have awkwardly grown into the habit of doing ; my business did not prosper as we had expected ; and Russell had come with his dear old winning ways and prosperity. And I, nerving myself to the utmost degree, had said: “Marry him, dear, he is more worthy than I, and can make you happier. Maybe he loves you better, too”—though this last could not but be untrue. Well, to be brief, they were married, and I stood up beside Russel as best man, steeled to bear anything. Kate had smiled on me as we left the church, but more sorrow than joy showed in her face to me. Somehow I felt that it would be best that I should not mar their dream of happiness, especially when I saw the shadow in Kate’s eye. Russell often begged me to spend the evening with them, but I always found convenient excuses and stayed away. It is so easy for a man to forgive and even love his rival when the cause for rivalry has passed. As for me, I went South, where prosperity came, fleeing^{off} myself. When I returned they said Russell had ruined his business, and had not lived long after, dying with a broken spirit. Poor, poor boy!

My mind slipped over all these things as I paced rapidly up and down my room. The night was nipping cold, with a dark cloud rolling up from the west, yet I rang for the servant and left orders for my fire to be kept going.

“Marse Ralph, you’ll ketch yer def moppin’ ’round in dis here storm. But yer never would listen to no ’vice,” I heard him add, as I stepped out on my errandless mission.

Twenty minutes of brisk walking brought me to the number given in the directory. A sunny little cottage stood before me, almost repellent in its silence; but within was all that I held dear in this world or ever should. I pictured her again, as I took a turn or two before the house to still my heart, which had taken to an awkward thumping,—a trim little figure with golden hair crowning her fairest of faces, the same sweet mouth dimpled with smiles and laughing eyes. I boldly mounted the steps and rang the bell.

“Why, bless me! Ralph!—Mr. Leigh, I mean, walk in. I am delighted to welcome you from the storm on such a bitter night. Would you believe it, I have been thinking of you this evening!”

Could this be Kate? The elastic step had given way to a firm tread, I noted, as the matronly figure preceded me into the sitting-room. The twinkle was all gone from her eyes, and the crow’s feet made them cold; the mouth was hard and drawn at the corners; her hair had lost its golden glint, and I could swear there were gray strands among the faded coils.

“Well,” she remarked, by way of broaching the conversation, “You look well.”

“Seeing you looking so much like your old self,” I replied, “almost makes me think I am a collegian again, calling on you to the neglect of Plato, as I used to do.”

“Still gallant!” she exclaimed. “But tell me why and how did you come to look me up on this, of all nights. I have been looking over these old papers of Ralph’s, and see what I found!”

She was holding out an old, worn note-book, opened at this jotting:

“FRIDAY.

“We leave college to-morrow. Ralph and I have promised to be friends *always*, and, after ten years, even if a continent separates us, to look each other up and share life’s pleasures or pain. I know such pledges are often fruitless, but I have all faith in this one.”

“Why did you not come?” she asked simply. “He was ill then, and called for you continually.”

“Did you wish me to come?” I asked, and began to hum the old song.

She quickly divined my meaning, and sat, with clasped hands, gazing into the fire that seemed but the echo of the one I had left in my lonely room. I looked at her steadily, wondering if she cared for my loneliness—and hers. The light flickered unsteadily; outside, the city noises sounded in muffled contrast to the sharp tick of the clock; in the next room a child moaned in its sleep.

“I have always cared, Ralph, you know. You misunderstood me all through, and I never deserved to be treated so. You know I would have waited.”

Her sentences were coming jerkily, and after a pause, she asked, “Do you recall the promise you made me on the night of your graduation?”

The picture was before me in an instant, as I sat with eyes half closed: A vine-covered nook on a wide piazza; a glorious moon lighting up two trusting eyes of blue that glanced coyly into mine; a stray lock of golden hair shadowing her fair forehead; the graceful figure in red silk silhouetted against the light from an open window, through which drifted the song I had been humming all the evening. There we had made the oft-broke pledge: never to judge the acts of each other harshly until an opportunity had been given for an explanation.

Once my lips pursed themselves to whistle the tune

again, but another picture arose: The moon in shadow, while Russell and I stood with clasped hands and choking voices. His parting words echoed now: "Ours can be no false friendship. Whatever may happen, I shall trust and love you always, Ralph." Would I not be false to my truest friend if now I won his wife from the love of his memory? "Shall trust you always." Did someone speak those words again?

"Have you forgotten?" asked Kate again.

"Yes," I replied, arising to go, "I have forgotten."

A SHATTERED IDEAL.
—

Down the gentle slope of a half-wooded hill,
In the hush of the evening gloam ;
Where flowers bloom sweetly and wildly at will,
Alone, in their fragrance, I roam ;
And with heart overjoyed, and thought unalloyed
By the faintest foreboding of sorrow,
I breathe the pure air filled with perfume rare,
Thinking now of my love and the morrow.

From its thorn near my feet a tiny red rose—
Still fair in the fading light—
Half playfully nods, then falls to repose,
So sweetly perfuming the night.
“On the morrow,” I said, “little rose fair and red,
Again will I come to you ;
For then, full-blown, all your charms will be shown,
When decked with your jewels of dew.”

Long, long did I think of my rose that night,
And wished that the morn would break,
That again I might see in the day's glad light
The flower that had bloomed for my sake.—
All breathless from haste, a desolate waste
I found where the flowers grew ;
No rose was there, only rocks bleak and bare,
Where the cold winds wailing blew.

—*Hubert M. Evans.*

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Colonial Expansion.

During the past decade the imperial governments of Europe have made rapid strides in the accumulation of colonial territory. England alone has acquired nearly three million square miles, and the other Powers are good seconds in the race. The European mind, keenly alive to every chance offered for the extension of their dominions, have not neglected their opportunities.

This movement in Europe has given fresh stimulus to those of our people who believe in colonial expansion; and the revolution in Cuba, the agitation in the Hawaiian Islands, and kindred affairs, have furnished material for their theme.

Most of our people have favored the intervention of our government to stop Spanish atrocities in Cuba—a few have favored annexation. We are inclined to think that both these classes viewed the matter rather from a humanitarian standpoint than from that of international law or treaty obligation.

So far we have been content in the main with acquisition of contiguous territory—Alaska being the only

exception—and have devoted ourselves to the development of our internal resources. This work is still incomplete, and we think that our government should not venture on the stony path of colonial expansion until it is forced upon us by time or the exigencies of war. Our country is yet too large for our population—the fertile fields of the west are awaiting only the hand of the agriculturist and mechanic to become one of the richest sections of the world.

Is anything to be gained by annexation? Surely we cannot hope to raise our civilization or our type of citizen by the acquisition of the islands named. The most ardent supporters of annexation take only the low ground of pecuniary benefit and the possession of certain strategic points to be used in case of war. Now as to the first, under proper treaty arrangements the commerce of the islands must inevitably come to us. In the second, the possession of the Hawaiian Islands—some two thousand miles to sea—would not be of any advantage to us. Cuba cannot guard the Florida coast, nor can Hawaii control the northern Pacific.

The real truth is that we are too large. Elements of discord are already appearing in our midst. The introduction of a foreign element into the north is giving rise to dangerous forms of socialism. Our people are restless and dissatisfied. Even now too much territory has been admitted into our Union; one branch of government is now suffering in consequence. Do not let us introduce any new elements by the introduction of more foreigners and by becoming involved in international difficulties.

Washington and Jefferson were right: Let us annex no territory which is not contiguous. Let us uphold the Monroe doctrine; let us keep free from war; let us assist the cause of freedom.

Partisanship
in Education.

In an age when the public mind is being turned as never before toward popular education, and when the time seems ripe for great advances in the educational idea, any influence which would cause a permanent check to this impetus must be regarded as a public calamity, and removed. The time has come when education should not be retarded to further personal ambition, made the tool of partisan machines, or suffer from sectional differences. If this be true, it can be easily seen that, viewed in the light of recent events, education has received a serious blow—one from which it will not easily recover.

The recent action of the Corporation of Brown University in regard to President Andrews, and the removal of Prof. Ross of Leland Stanford University, on account of their economic expressions, is to be deplored, not only because the freedom of academic speech has been attacked, but because the material interests of their institutions and the cause of education in general must inevitably suffer. Nor is this the most serious aspect of this deleterious influence. The last Texan Legislature passed a resolution of inquiry relative to the economic views entertained by certain members of the Faculty of their University, the avowed object of which was the ultimate removal of the heads of those departments. Here we have the example of a great State seeking to make its University a mere partisan machine to grind out men whose views on finance would coincide with those of the dominant political party.

Although the trouble in Brown has been, in a measure, averted by the recent happy action of the Corporation, and the controverted questions involved settled, yet there is another evil in our educational system which will be

far more difficult to eradicate, and yet upon its dissipation hangs the future harmony of our people. Concerning war history, a fierce contention has arisen. In the South the books of southern authors, viewing the war in the southern light, have been, as a rule, adopted. In the North, the books of northern writers are used exclusively. Nearly all these works are highly sectional in their tone, and their use in our schools to-day is a potent agency in the development of a new kind of sectionalism—one not so bitter, perhaps, as that which has existed in the past, but one which will, nevertheless, prevent that unity of feeling among a people among whom a division in patriotic pride should be unknown. The Grand Army of the Republic and the Confederate Veterans have condemned these books. The true history of the late struggle is yet to be written, and upon its execution hang things of greater moment than we can now realize.

These disturbances must be removed. Freedom in speech must be assured; public sentiment must prevent politics in education; gross sectionalism must be obliterated. A reform of our press will do much toward the accomplishment of this much desired end.

Though the introduction of the dispensary into North Carolina has been of recent date, the results show that much practical good has been accomplished by the system. The last Legislature of our State established local dispensaries in various towns, and placed them under the supervision and control of the county commissioners, or other local officers. The reports from these dispensaries are most encouraging. They

The Dispensary in
North Carolina.

show a gratifying decrease both in the amount of drunkenness and the quantity of whiskey consumed. The number of arrests have also been materially reduced.

We have long been of the opinion that municipal dispensaries, under the control of *local* officers, is the best solution of the liquor question that can be obtained under existing circumstances. When the dispensaries are established by separate legislative act, and when they are placed entirely under local control, many of the objections to the South Carolina system are removed. Under this system the State, as a State, has no pecuniary interest in the sale of liquor, the profits accruing remaining solely in the towns and counties. In addition, the State constabulary, so objectionable to the people of South Carolina, will be removed.

The
Franco-Russian
Alliance.

The war of 1870 left France so devastated that she has never recovered, and to-day can hardly be ranked among the great Powers. It is therefore not strange that, in her endeavor to regain her position in the family of nations, she has sought to ally herself with one of the most powerful governments in the world. This desire has been consummated, and in the alliance between France and Russia we have the strange anomaly of offensive and defensive union between a modern republic and a modern despotism. The result of this union will be interesting in a study of its effects upon the political institutions of the two countries, and we cannot see how the long established, antiquated forms of Russian government can come in contact with the glories of the Republic without being converted into a more modern type.

France has much to hope from the alliance. Through

it she will undoubtedly gain fresh acquisitions of strength and dignity, and command even more serious attention from the diplomats than she has formerly done. As a present reward from the alliance, many of her people cherish the hope that the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, wrested from her in the German war, will be regained—indeed, the French Minister, M. Meline, has been so incautious as to express that purpose. It was only this hope that prevented France from coming to the aid of helpless Crète and striking a decisive blow at an opportune moment.

On the other hand, we do not think that Russia is over anxious to fulfil any of these hopes. Beyond fair promises, expressions of friendly interest and the entertainment of the French President, the Russian government and people have maintained a constant silence, while Paris went delirious with joy over the consummation of the alliance. Besides, Russia holds the key to political Europe, and has no desire to wage war with Germany. Conscious of her great strength, she does not desire to precipitate matters, re-open old wounds and involve herself in an international war to gratify the pride of the French people.

The German Emperor finds no comfort in the trend of modern events. Even his overtures to King Humbert have been rejected, and he, too, is in "splendid isolation." But it is reported that troops are being massed on the French frontier in numbers and positions, as though ready for war, and the Emperor is busy in his fall manœuvres. While the temper of the German people will not bear an increase in the army, still the Germans are jealous of their national honor, and should an attempt be made to wrest the provinces from her, a lively struggle may follow, England herself being involved.

The New York
Mayoralty.

Despite ex-Gov. Flower's assertion to the contrary, the experiment in non-partisan government in New York has proven a success. In one term of office Mayor Strong has succeeded in purging Tammany-ridden New York of much of the corruption which has preyed upon its political life. Upon his entrance into office, he found nearly all departments of the city government in the hands of hopelessly corrupt or incompetent men, and to bring law and order out of this chaos was the task set before him. In this, though hampered by pledges made to partisan forces who contributed to his election, Mayor Strong has been eminently successful. But no man in one term of office can transform a great city government from the corrupt to the perfect. This is true in all movements. Great reforms are the result of evolution by slow process, and while Greater New York has seen the dawn of good government, the noon is yet to follow.

The eyes of all lovers of good government are turned with interest and anxiety toward the first municipal election in Greater New York. The nomination of Mr. Seth Low, President of Columbian University, by the Citizens' Union, has been approved by over a hundred thousand voters, and has received the sanction of those who wish to see municipal government administered on a strictly non-partisan basis.

Concerning the fitness of Mr. Low, it is needless for us to speak. A man of spotless character, high integrity, well fitted by long service for the duties of his office, a scholar and a thinker, his election would be an advance in political government, his defeat to be deplored. Mr. Low will make a clean campaign and give to New York an administration free from all taint of fraud, and which will not be dominated by partisan influence.

Whatever may be said of the Citizens' Union, it cannot be denied that they are good politicians. In refusing to await the coöperation of the Republican element led by Mr. Platt, they have forced him to either accept their ticket or bear the odium of turning the city government into the hands of an ever-grasping Tammany. This same Tammany is not dead: the return of Mr. Croker means his own probable candidacy, and those who have observed his political career must know that corruption would follow upon the heels of his election. The burden thus rests upon Mr. Platt and the Republican party. The municipal election in New York will exert a potent influence in the next campaign,—not only in New York, but in every State in the Union. Here is the opportunity for Mr. Platt and his associates to rise above partyism and give to New Yorkers the good government which they richly deserve for their great city.

**Sunday
Observance.**

The tendency toward the enjoyment of a greater degree of liberty in the observance of the Sabbath has caused many of our Christian people to raise their voice against what they call "Sabbath desecration." This question, so prominently brought before our people on the occasion of the opening of the World's Fair in Chicago, has been renewed, and the demand has come that many forms of popular amusement, and many branches of industry which have heretofore been engaged in, must be suspended.

It must be admitted that the question is most complicated. A proper observance of the Sabbath is undoubtedly right and proper, and our statute books contain

laws, more or less rigid in their nature, directed toward this end. As a rule, these laws have been enforced, but the aggregation of large numbers of our people in our great cities has caused an increasing laxity in their enforcement. It is towards the correction of these evils in our municipalities that the present movement is directed.

The change in the stamp of our civilization and an increasing complexity in our social relations has made a Puritan Sabbath an impossibility. Our laboring people demand innocent amusement and recreation on the Sabbath, and their claims have some foundation. Yet, recognizing this as we do, we cannot but believe that this principle has been carried too far in some of our Northern cities. Our Southern people, conservative in all things, have taken what seems to us an eminently wise position on this question. The boundary must be the exercise of good common sense, and any effort on the part of political schemers to transgress the law should be quickly checked. A certain degree of Sunday liberty should be granted, but conservatism should prevail.

THE NEW Board of Editors in entering upon their duties feel it incumbent to call upon the Alumni and friends of the College for increased support and interest in our magazine. With this issue we begin the XVIIth volume of THE STUDENT. It is the earnest desire of the Editors to make the magazine better than ever before, and we shall labor unceasingly toward that end. But our work will be in vain unless our Alumni come to our assistance. A college magazine must be run on the same business basis as that of any other publication. To

do this we must have funds, and a part of these funds must come from our Alumni. If a College magazine is worthy of any support it is worthy of good support, and we appeal to you, gentlemen of the Alumni, to come to our aid, both with your active sympathy and, what is more, with your large contributions.

LITERARY COMMENT.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

“The proper point about a book—
Or be it praised or be it smitten—
Is not to ask how long it took,
But what it is when written.”



Some fashionable ladies, whose cherished ambition it is to read the latest novel immediately upon its publication, will have to give up in despair to their enormously increasing task. Novels are falling from the brains of the English speaking people like corn from a hopper, or chickens from an incubator.



A customer dropped into a book-seller's the other day, says an exchange, and asked for a copy of “The Lady of the Aroostook.” The clerk seemed to be in some doubt about the title, but after a moment's consultation with another salesman, he came forward and said blandly: “So sorry we haven't got ‘The Lady or the Rooster,’ but we can give you ‘The Lady or the Tiger.’”



We are glad to notice the publication and widespread adoption of several works on American literature. Ours is now the most promising literature in the world, and our youth should be acquainted with its past in order to make a truer estimate of its future. “We are at present living on our epic poem—the greatest the world has seen. But after this period of striving and conflict is past, our golden age will come; and, having time to listen, we shall perhaps encourage some Homer or Milton to sing.”

It seems that choosing a title is, with an author, half the battle. Such titles as these: "Ships That Pass in the Night," "Out of the Silence," "A Fountain Sealed," "The Well at the World's End," "The Choir Invisible," would insure an immense sale, even if the matter contained in the books was indifferent, as is certainly the case with the first mentioned novel.



Max Nordau and Dr. Herzl, the two great Jewish journalists, one of Paris, the other of Berlin, have so agitated the subject of "Zionism," that it has become very interesting. They claim that the prejudice against the Jews in Europe is unendurable, and that it is still growing, and their purpose is to arouse the Jews from all parts of the world to emigrate to Palestine and re-establish their ancient kingdom. It is a question worth the attention of the economist.



The Book Buyer for September gives a cut each of the cottage in which Hall Caine was born and the castle Greeba where he now lives, both on the Isle of Man. The former is poetical in its rustic ruggedness; but the latter, like Abbotsford, is verily "a romance in stone." Its situation commands a magnificent view of the mountains that rise in the background to the sky. Its gardens, pools, and fountains equal in beauty the famous villa of Pope. It is indeed a fitting residence for one whose imagination is his life.



H. Rider Haggard's novel, "The Swallow," and Marie Corelli's "Ziska" are just out. Both these authors are extravagantly imaginative; and as to the religion of the latter, behold, who can give it a name? There is a class of economists called "the eclectic school," the disciples which lay no claim to originality, except in the combination of ideas taken from the works of all great thinkers on the subject. Perhaps Miss Conelli is ambitious to found a new religious denomination to be called the "electric denomination." Surely, from the wide range of her beliefs, she must borrow from all creeds.

Numerous collections of Indian legends are being made nowadays. The compilers profess to get their material directly from the lips of old squaws and patriotic chiefs who take pride in perpetuating their shadowy history. No one can doubt the value of this movement to American literature. When these legends are put into permanent poetical form—perhaps an epic—by some of our on-coming geniuses, they will throw a glamor of romance over our country, which will serve as an admirable background for literary work in the future.



How strange is human nature! We need a gentle Addison to jest with us about going to extremes and restrain us from what is commonly called a "craze." In his day men would travel to Egypt to ascertain the precise height of a pyramid, when a difference of an inch occurred between two measurements. The fever of our day is the collection of rare manuscripts. The original "Lady of the Lake" sold recently for £1,290; "Old Mortality" for £600; and other books in proportion. There is great demand for original manuscripts of Stevenson, and the living authors, Hall Caine and Rudyard Kipling.



The Jubilee is almost a thing of the past, but the Klondike is with us yet. Some newspaper reporters have actually killed themselves on the former, and what will become of the latter, in a literary sense, who can tell? The Klondike is so far away, and so few of us can get there to see for ourselves, that the fertile brain of the story-tellers can put off considerable fiction upon us as truth, and rarely be detected. It is a great opportunity for rapid-selling and rapid-dying books. The ease with which some of these accounts are given reminds one of a remark a certain author made when some one expressed wonder at the accuracy with which he described life and scenery in foreign countries. "Ah, my friend," said the author with a wink, as he gobbled down his breakfast, "I can cram a continent before sun-up."

It is interesting and suggestive to notice how much ground Dickens has lost in public opinion within the last few years. The majority of great modern critics regard him no longer as the peerless "character painter," but as the creator of freaks. The humanity that figures in his novels is not the same that peoples this good old world of ours. His characters are crystalized: from youth to age they remain the same; no better, no worse; they have a fixed vocabulary—"Barkis is willin'," for example—by which they are known and which they never throw aside. This is not human life, the very key-note of which is change; by science and by observation we know that man is never at a standstill—he goes one way or the other every day. A few years ago, an author would have estimated a comparison with Dickens as the highest of praise; in a September Review a writer, in speaking of Richard Harding Davis, says, "He has even had the real misfortune to be styled the American Dickens."



"The Growth of Caste in the United States" is the subject of an able article in the *Nineteenth Century* for July. The writer shows how our democratic form of government, which allows the creation of no titled nobility, may still be neutralized by the influence of a social system far more tyrannical and exclusive than any in Europe. The high society in the cities of America is self-constituted aristocracy, about which little is said, but which all silently recognize and strive a whole lifetime, in some cases, to enter. The line of distinction is one neither of ancestry, nor wealth, nor position; many descendants of prominent Colonial families, millionaires, and even Presidents of the United States are excluded. The good society of Chicago, for instance, is composed of no more than forty families. This tendency toward caste, moreover, is rapidly extending itself to the smaller cities and even to the country; and, like "Zionism," it deserves the serious study of economists.



Some critic has recently advanced an opinion that the age of creative genius in literature is over; that the world has now as much as it can digest in all the tide of times; and that the age

of criticism and profound study has come. Strange what led him to this opinion, when the jolly, rollicking voice of Rudyard Kipling and the deep, melodious notes of William Watson are still in our ears! No bridge of barrenness will appear in history to span the distance between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in literature. Though the birth of a new literature is easily perceptible, yet the old and the new have dove-tailed, and are continuous. William Watson himself affords a very good answer to this critic's assertion, in the lofty strain which follows:

“The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer;
The grass of yesteryear
Is dead; the birds depart, the groves decay;
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear;
Song passes not away.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust;
The poet doth remain.”

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

T. H. LACY, Editor.

Mr. C. M. Staley ('97) is teaching at Sanford, N. C.

Mr. J. H. Smith ('94) has a fine school at Forest City.

Mr. T. L. Caudle ('97) is practicing law at Monroe, S. C.

Mr. R. H. McNeill ('97) is teaching at Wilkesboro, N. C.

Mr. E. P. Harris ('92) is teaching in Montgomery county.

Mr. W. F. Watson ('87) is pastor of the church at Edenton.

Mr. R. L. Moore ('92) is President of the Mars Hill Academy.

Mr. C. P. Sapp ('93) is editor of the Greensboro *Evening Sentinel*.

Mr. S. J. Porter ('93) is pastor of the Little Street church in Newbern.

Mr. H. H. Mashburn ('97) is pastor of the Tabernacle church at Newbern.

Mr. W. B. Morton ('84) is doing a good work in his new pastorate at Roxboro.

Mr. W. C. Allen ('85) has been elected principal of the graded school at Reidsville, N. C.

Mr. J. E. M. Davenport ('92) has completed the course at the Crozer Theological Seminary.

Eleven members of the class of '97 are at Wake Forest, preparing to go up before the Supreme Court.

Mr. R. N. Simms (Salutatorian, '97) is preparing for examination before the coming session of the Supreme Court.

Mr. W. H. Reddish ('92) has completed his course at the Crozer Theological Seminary, and has accepted a pastorate at Wilson, N. C.

Rev. W. L. Wright ('79), who has been ill during the summer, will next month take charge of his pastorate at Leigh Street, Richmond.

Mr. Frederick Kingsbury Cooke ('99) is repairing his injured health between the handles of a plow on the paternal estate near Louisburg.

Mr. E. F. Rice ('92) was at home on a visit during the summer. He has returned to Bismarck, N. D., where he has an important pastorate.

Mr. L. S. Cannon ('90) has taken his degree at the law school of Columbia University. He is now at Wake Forest, preparing for examination before the Supreme Court.

Mr. Gray R. King (Valedictorian '97) has the principalship of the high school at Rockingham. The best prayers of the STUDENT are always for him, wherever he may go.

EXCHANGES.

HUBERT M. EVANS, Editor.

The apparent untimeliness of reviewing in September the June number of the various college magazines which we receive seems a little ludicrous, even to the new editor of this department. And, too, the contents of the magazines on our table are certainly ludicrously untimely just now. Commencement news at the opening of the college session! But, as every one knows, college journals are not published during vacation; and this accounts for the fact that we have before us no magazine published since June.

Our table is so heavily loaded with exchanges that we see we shall be unable to examine them all thoroughly; yet such as we do examine we shall try to criticise briefly, frankly, and at the same time in the kindest spirit possible.

In its general appearance, *The Harrisonian and Eoline* is one of the neatest and most attractive of our exchanges. Unfortunately, though, this is one of those dignified semi-annuals whose coming is regrettably too infrequent. The number before us contains at least two good essays. In fact all the essays are very good in their way; but we do not exactly like their "way," considering that they appear in what should be a strictly literary magazine. Here, it seems to us, so much moral and religious teaching is out of place. Besides, it gives

the magazine a certain heaviness which some might think monotonous, especially when there are no stories and verses. But the very essays which we are criticising we find helpful and elevating. There is a sweetness of spirit reflected in them which is truly admirable.

In the *Vassar Miscellany* we find, among other things of interest, two contributions which would be a credit to any magazine: "Two Rebels," an essay, and "Iphigenia at Aulis," a poem in blank verse. This theme has been the basis of so many good things in literature that the name is almost a guarantee of excellence. From a number of short poems, we quote the following. There is nothing in it, but it is right cleverly done. And, after all, isn't this the kind of poetry that appeals to us most strongly—when we are in the humor for it?

When Phyllis gives a smile to me
 The sun bursts forth with brightest ray,
 The warblers sing in every tree,
 And sparkling, glorious is the day
 When Phyllis gives a smile to me.

When Phyllis gives a frown to me
 The sun is shadowed by a cloud,
 And light and happiness both flee,
 Then rain-drops come and thunder-cloud,
 When Phyllis gives a frown to me.

When Phyllis smiles or frowns at me,
 Howe'er she cast her magic spell,
 On this my heart and I agree—
 I ever love her just as well,
 Whether she smiles or frowns at me.

The *Roanoke Collegian*, like a great many of the magazines before us, contains very little reading matter

of interest to any one except a student, or an alumnus of the college. But this is almost unavoidable in this issue. We hope to see in the October number the usual amount of good readable matter.

The University of Virginia Magazine contains a good translation of a very pretty Christmas story by Max Bernstein, "Flockentanz," a story familiar to students of German.

Here is a little poem from the same magazine which we enjoyed, and now we give it to you :

TWILIGHT AND DAWN.

Twilight, and in the West
 The glory of the Past ;
 In those fair tints such as we love the best,
 Too bright to last.

Eastward, the moon is born,
 The stars appear ;
 The promise of the coming morn
 That knows no doubt or fear.

So comes the end of Days ;
 As the drear dark draws on,
 Faith lights her torch, and 'neath its rays
 All doubt is gone.

Across the shadowy stream
 The port in sight ;
 And o'er the dreary waste there comes a gleam ;
 The dawn of Morning light.

Editors of college magazines are often hard put to it to get suitable contributions; so, if occasionally an article of no merit whatever creeps into a magazine, its presence ought not to be censured too severely. But

what are we to do with *The Vidette* when it seems, from the amateurishness of its contributions, with one exception, as if it had been turned over to the freshmen. True this little magazine is published by an academy, not by a College; but we believe that with the proper effort the character of its contents could be greatly improved.

The *Bowdoin Quill*, though a very dainty and unpretentious looking little magazine, is, in pure literary quality, surpassed by few of the larger and more pretentious College publications. You will find nothing inside of its covers that is absolutely bad. Below we quote a sonnet which seems very appropriate just now, when the interest in the study of Omar Khayyam is being shown by the demand for so many new editions of Fitzgerald's translation, and finally by the new translation of Mr. Le Gallienne.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

A health to Omar in the crimson wine
 He sang and loved! What though the years roll on
 And Life's ripe leaves have fallen one by one
 Till thirty generations in each line
 Have felt the charm and music that were thine
 O Omar! Still with each to-morrow's sun—
 Though the brief memory of the world be done
 With Marmud and with Jamshyd—lo! a shrine
 Is yours wherever Human Heart hates care!
 Wherever in the spring a garden blows!
 And softly breathes the Spirit of the Vine,
 And sing the roses as they scent the air:
 "He gave an added beauty to the rose;
 He lent a fuller fragrance to the wine."

Speaking generally, the verse in college magazines must of necessity be poor; for it is written mostly by

fellows who have learned the knack of versifying without having been previously endowed with the true poetic conception. These versifiers know well the nature and quality of their work, and do not mean to impose on anybody else—and we doubt if they do; but their verses are sought and published by the managing editor because he can get no better.

But here is a little song from the *Yale Courant* which, in the beauty of its simplicity, the mere versifier can never approach. This is music, and its melody you will remember long after you have thrown this printed page aside :

DREAM TIDES.

The spirits are climbing the milky way,
Sing high, sing low.

The spirits are climbing the milky way,
The loon's laugh echoes from over the bay,
Where the moonlight gleams on the sandy brae
As white as the driving snow.

The spirits are climbing the milky way,
Sing high, sing low.

The spirits are climbing the milky way,
And the faint, sweet strains of a dreamland lay,
From the starry steeps through the upper gray,
Have come to the plain below.

The spirits are fleeing the milky way,
Sing soft, sing low.

The spirits are fleeing the milky way,
The dawn creeps out of the eastern gray,
And tints the frosted pane with its ray,
And wakes the world with its glow.

One who enjoys sonnets will find these far from bad, if he reads them carefully. They are from the *Harvard Monthly* :

In yonder valley where the snow-plains sleep,
 Dim evening, as the curfew-knell of old,
 Gathers each heart within the cottage fold,
 Where silent prayer and love communion keep.
 And I am not among them, and I weep
 High in the heartless mountain's twilight cold;
 Who but the wind-swept pines my heart may hold,
 Since for the love I sow, I sorrow reap?
 Yet sometimes think I that the mighty mind
 Of earth is pagan: I am only born
 To bleed unseen. Then speechless lips I find
 At one word of compassion when forlorn;
 And so, through the long darkness where I mourn,
 I pray for the stern pity of mankind.

AD PARNASSUM.

Unpeopled plains lie in the smoky west;
 Child of the evening earth, a traveler I,
 Pace onward silent where the shadows die
 In the vast mountain of my distant quest.
 This Occident, with strangeness ever blessed,
 Pervades the vision of the inward eye,
 And whispering of some nobler destiny,
 Leads from the tangled paths by man possessed.
 Out of the tents, out of the hearts of men,
 Unwearied fled I one forgotten morn;
 I left no word, I asked no right to ken
 The joy and pain behind me daily borne.
 I shall some evening gain my height, and then
 Survey the universe before the dawn.

—*Robert Steed Dunn.*

We receive no better magazine from any female college than the one which comes to us from St. Mary's, of Raleigh. St. Mary's is one of the best female colleges in the South, and her magazine does her credit. The June number contains several articles of genuine merit, among which we would especially commend "In Honor of Tasso," and "The Boy in Fiction."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

T. H. LACY, Editor.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT ROYALL are visiting Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Lankford.

MISS JANIE LACY, of Virginia, paid a short visit to her brother a few days ago.

PRESIDENT HOBGOOD, of the Oxford Seminary, was in Wake Forest September 11.

MISS ELVA DICKSON and Miss Minnie Gwaltney are spending their vacation at home.

MR. L. R. MILLS, JR., has gone to Franklin, Va., where he will teach during the coming session.

MR. AND MRS. ROY POWELL have returned to their home, after a visit to the family of Prof. Lanneau.

MR. WILLIAM ROYALL has gone to his labors in Raleigh, at the Blind Institution. Great is the grief of all true lovers of music.

THE GENTLEMAN who left the seat of his trousers on the top wire of the fence that encloses Prof. Johnson's vineyard, can recover the seat by applying to the business manager of THE STUDENT.

A TENNIS CLUB has been organized among the students. The membership numbers about twenty-five. THE STUDENT is glad to see this sport taken up with so much interest. It is a good thing; push it along.

MISSES FOY ALLEN, Mamie Brewer, Cosey Dunn and Ethel Taylor are at school at the Oxford Seminary. Misses Minnie, Nellie and Susie Holden are at the Lit-

leton Female College, where Miss Minnie will teach during the present session.

MR. PEED was so fortunate as to have his dwelling finished before the session opened. It is a handsome residence and a credit to the street, but the last "Newish" to lean against the fence reported fresh paint. The "Newish" has THE STUDENT'S sympathy.

THE STUDENT is exceeding glad that the work on Dr. Powers' new drug store is progressing more rapidly. THE STUDENT is compelled to wear wide shoes, and it is very inconvenient for him to pick his way between the piles of brick on the sidewalk in front of the building.

THE NEW Academy building is a vast improvement on the old one. THE STUDENT hopes that the school may take on an increment of success corresponding to its increased facilities, and may it long continue its good work of preparing boys for the polish that a man must take when he enters College.

AT THE MEETING of the Scientific Society, Sept. 14, reports were made on the work of the last meetings of the American and British Societies. Owing to the sickness of Mr. Terrell, his paper on "Recent Progress in the Study of the Minute Anatomy of the Nervous System" was not read.

IT HAS BEEN rumored that one of the students made a trial of a new style of flying machine recently. THE STUDENT wishes to correct this report. The fact is, that a certain "Newish" was awakened, about two o'clock in the morning, by the rats in the wall of his room. He thought the Sophmores were after him, and jumped from the second-story window, to escape the blacking-brush. Some one saw a gleam of white as he fell; hence the report. The "Newish" was not hurt.

THE STUDENT will be glad indeed when the College is again equipped with a good gymnasium. He cannot believe the Trustees will be so blind to the interest of the College as to neglect much longer this important matter; such neglect would relegate the College to the middle ages, when physical manhood was considered a detriment to the pursuit of knowledge. We are not fifteenth-century book-worms; we are modern college students, and we want systematic exercise of the body as well as of the mind. Give it to us, and perhaps the lives of new students may be made easier by the gift.

THE ATTENDANCE at the Youngsville-Wake Forest game, Sept. 11, was entirely too light. The student body seems to be not so much interested in base-ball as it was once. The game is the only College sport left to us, and we should keep it up by every means in our power. The game itself was only ordinary, but it showed that we have plenty of good material for a team. Everybody knows what Sams, Honeycutt, Norfleet and Williams can do with a base-ball. Edwards' work on second shows that he is the man for the place. Gwaltney will not be with us this season, but he has a worthy successor in Bradsher. Brewer and Bagley need to practice, but they are like the rest of the team in that respect. We ought to get in six weeks' good training during the fall term.

The score of the game under discussion was 11 to 3 in favor of Wake Forest. Batteries: Taylor and Gwaltney, Person and Jackson; umpire, Howard. Mr. Jackson was slightly hurt by a tipped foul.

THE STUDENT makes his bow with fear and trembling. He is afraid of two things: one is that he may not be

able to make the College Notes as interesting as his predecessor did; the other, the terror of his editorial life, is the pencil which his Chief wields so unmercifully. May that pencil show mercy to this issue, at least, on the ground that THE STUDENT is yet a novice.

THE STUDENT does not feel that he owes any apology for the use of the word "Newish." It has been a Wake Forest word so long that he thinks it may be safely introduced to such of the world at large as may be fortunate enough to peruse this magazine. The word is synonymous with "Freshman," and is, in the STUDENT'S opinion, as much entitled to recognition as the older word. May it meet with favor in the eyes of the fortunate ones mentioned above.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG—PERSONAL INCIDENTS. *

WALTER CLARK.

This is Sept. 17, and you ask me about the battle of Sharpsburg. Yes, I was there. Since then more than twice two hundred months have passed, but I remember it as if it were yesterday.

After the "seven days fights" around Richmond in July, 1862, when McClellan took refuge from utter destruction in his gun-boats it was resolved that we should return the unsolicited visit which had been made us.

A few weeks later, with blare of bugles and roll of drums, we set our faces northward. At Cedar Mountain we crushed the enemy, Chantilly saw our victorious columns and the field of Manassas a second time welcomed us to victory. When

"August with its trailing vines

"Passed out the gates of summer."

we were in full march for the Potomac, which was crossed simultaneously at several points, the bands playing "Maryland, My Maryland." Walker's division, to which I belonged, with two others recrossed the Potomac to surround Harper's Ferry, while the rest of the army, moving towards Hagerstown, was suddenly attacked, and falling back the hostile lines came face to face about noon on September 16, the Federals lining Antietam creek

* Written for THE STUDENT.

and the Confederates holding the village of Sharpsburg, hence the double name of this famous battle. For a similar reason the great battle known to the English speaking people the world around as Waterloo, is called the battle of Mont St. Jean by the French and La Belle Alliance by Germans.

The battle of Antietam (commonly known at the South as the battle of Sharpsburg), was one of the bloodiest of the whole Civil War. It was fought 17th September, 1862, between the Federal army commanded by Gen. George B. McClellan, and the Confederate army under Gen. R. E. Lee.

The Federal army was composed of six corps: 1st (Hooker's), 2d (Sumner's), 5th (Porter's), 6th (Franklin's), 9th (Burnside's), 12th (Mansfield's), besides Pleasanton's Cavalry Division.

On the Southern side were two corps: Longstreet's and Jackson's, with Stuart's Cavalry. The morning reports for that day of the Federal army show 101,000 "effective;" but Gen. McClellan, in his report of the battle, places his number of men in line at 87,000. Gen. Lee, in his report simply puts his force at "less than 40,000." Gen. Longstreet estimates them at 37,000, and Gen. D. H. Hill at 31,000. The best estimate of numbers actually in line would be 87,000 Federals and 35,000 Confederates. Of the latter, only 25,000 were in hand when the battle opened. The arrival of the divisions of McLaws and A. P. Hill from Harper's Ferry during the battle, raised Lee's total to 35,000; over a fourth of these were from North Carolina, which had thirty-two regiments and three batteries there.

The battle was fought in a bend of the Potomac River, the town of Sharpsburg, Md., being the centre of the Southern line of battle, whose right flank rested on the An-

tietam Creek, just above where it flows into the Potomac, and the left flank on the Potomac higher up. Gen. Lee had braved all rules of strategy by dividing his army in the presence of an enemy double his numbers. He had sent Jackson, with nearly half the army, to the south side of the Potomac to invest Harpers's Ferry, while with the other part of the army he himself advanced on Hagerstown. Gen. McClellan, who slowly and with caution was following Lee's movements, found at Frederick, Md., a dispatch from Lee to Gen. D. H. Hill, which had been dropped in the latter's encampment. This disclosed to him Lee's entire plan of campaign and the division of his army. With more than his usual promptness, McClellan threw himself, (on September 14), upon Turner's (Boonsboro) and Crampton's Gaps. These were stubbornly held till next day, when Lee fell back to



SHARPSBURG AND VICINITY.

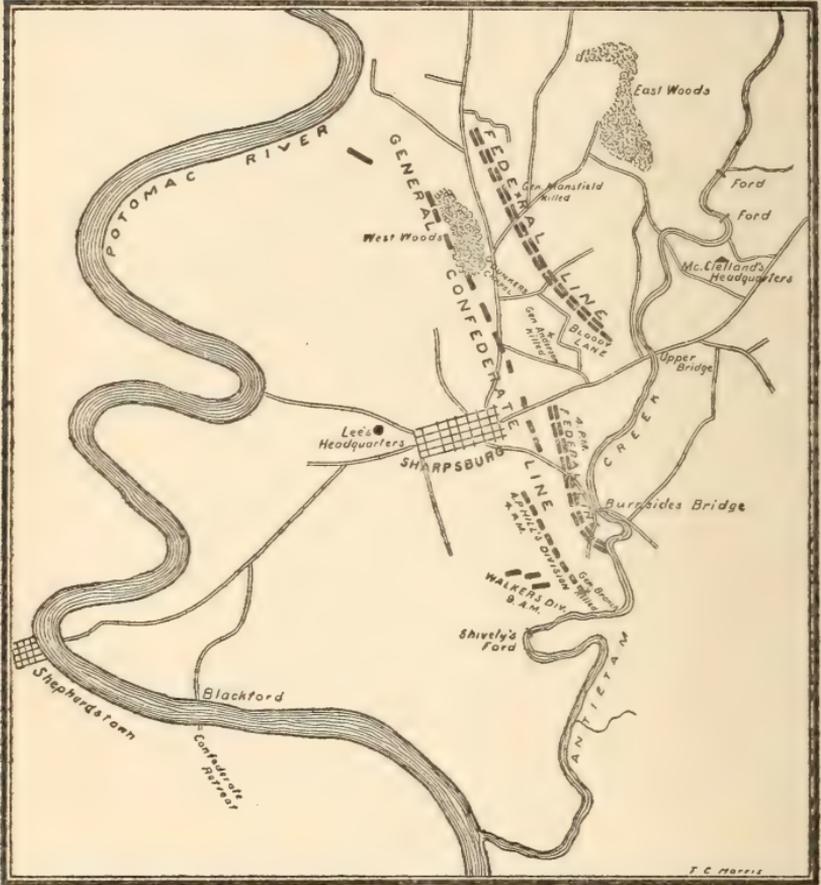
Sharpsburg. Fortunately for Lee, Harper's Ferry surrendered with 12,000 prisoners early on the morning of the 15th, releasing the besieging force. Of these, Walker's Division, with Jackson himself, rejoined Lee north of the Potomac, at Sharpsburg, on the afternoon of the 16th. McLaws and A. P. Hill joined him there during the battle on the 17th—McLaws at 9 a. m., and A. P. Hill at 3 p. m.—and each just in time to prevent the destruction of the army. With 87,000 men in line, as against Lee's 35,000, Gen. McClellan should have captured the Confederate army, for fighting with the river at its back any disaster could not have been retrieved. Besides, till 9 a. m. Lee had only 25,000 men, and this number was not finally raised to 35,000 till the arrival of A. P. Hill after 3 p. m. There were no breastworks and neither time nor opportunity to make any. Gen. McClellan was an excellent General, but his over-caution saved Lee's army. He greatly overestimated the numbers opposed to him. He telegraphed to President Lincoln during the battle that Lee had 95,000 men. Had he known that in truth Lee had only 25,000 men when the battle opened, the history of the war and Gen. McClellan's fortunes would have been essentially different. During the battle Gen. McClellan telegraphed President Lincoln "one of the greatest, and probably the greatest battle, in all history is now in progress."

This much has been said to give a general idea of the "situation" before and during the battle. I was Adjutant of 35th N. C. Regiment commanded by Col. M. W. Ransom (afterwards Brigadier General and U. S. Senator). The brigade was commanded by his brother, Gen. Robert Ransom, a West Pointer, and hence a personal acquaintance of most of the Federal leaders. The divi-

sion was commanded by Gen. John G. Walker, another old army officer. We were at the taking of Harper's Ferry, where our division held Loudon Heights, and we were the first to recross the Potomac and join Gen. Lee at Sharpsburg, on the afternoon of the 16th.

I was then a mere boy, just sixteen a few days before, and have vivid recollections of the events of the day. About an hour before day, on the 17th, our division began its march for the position assigned us on the extreme right, where we were to oppose the Federals in any attempt to cross either the bridge (since known as Burnside's) or the ford over the Antietam below it, near Shiveley's. Along our route we met men, women and children coming out from Sharpsburg, and from the farm houses near by. They were carrying such of their household belongings as were portable; many women were weeping. This, and the little children leaving their homes, made a moving picture in "the dawn's early light." On taking position, we immediately tore down the fences in our front which might obstruct the line of fire. About 9 a. m. a pressing order came to move to the left; this we did in quick time. As we were leaving our ground, I remember looking up the Antietam, the opposite bank of which was lined with Federal batteries. These were firing at the left wing of our army to the support of which we were moving. The Federal gunners could be seen with the utmost distinctness as they loaded and fired. Moving northwards, we were passing in rear of our line of battle and met constant streams of the wounded coming out. Among them I remember meeting Col. W. L. DeRosset, of the 3rd North Carolina, being brought out badly wounded, and many others well known in North Carolina.

All this time there was the steady booming of the cannon, the whistling of shells, the pattering of fire-arms, and the occasional yell or cheer rising above the roar of battle as some advantage was gained by either



BATTLE-FIELD OF SHARPSBURG.

side. Soon after passing the town the division was deployed in column of regiments. Around and just beyond the Dunker church, in the centre of the Confederate left, our line had been broken and was completely swept away. A flood of Federals were pouring in; we were just in time—ten minutes', five minutes' delay, and

our army would have ceased to exist. We were marching up behind our line of battle, with our right flank perpendicular to it. As the first regiment got opposite to the break in our lines it made a wheel to the right and "went in." The next regiment, marching straight on, as soon as it cleared the left of the regiment preceding it, likewise wheeled to the right and took its place in line, and so on in succession. That is, we were marching north, and thus were successively thrown into line of battle facing east. As these regiments came successively into line they struck the Federal lines which were advancing; the crash was deafening. The sound of infantry firing at short distance can be likened to nothing so much as the dropping of a shower of hail-stones on an enormous tin roof. My regiment wheeled to the right about 150 yards north (and west) of the Dunker church. In the wheel we passed a large barn, which is still standing, and entered the "West Woods." Being a mounted officer, I had a full view; our men soon drove the Federals back to the eastern edge of these woods, where the enemy halted to receive us. The West Woods had already been twice fought over that morning; the dead and wounded lay thicker than I have ever seen on a battle-field since. On the eastern edge of these woods the lines of battle came close together and the shock was terrific; here Capt. Walter Bryson of our regiment was killed, along with many others in the Brigade. All the mounted officers in the division instantly dismounted, turning their horses loose to gallop to the rear. It being the first time I had been so suddenly thrown in contact with a line of battle, and not noticing, in the smoke and uproar, that the others had dismounted, I thought it my duty to stick to my horse; in another moment, when the smoke would have

lifted (so the Federal line of battle, lying down fifty yards off, could have seen me) I should have been taken for a general officer and would have been swept out of my saddle by a hundred bullets. A kind-hearted veteran close by peremptorily pulled me off my horse. At that instant a minnie ball, whistling over the just emptied saddle, struck the back of my left hand which was still clinging to the pommel, leaving a slight scar which I still carry as a memento. The Federal line soon fell back. It was Gorman's Brigade, Sedgwick's Division, of Sumner's Corps our brigade was fighting. This was composed of troops from Massachusetts, New York and Minnesota, and from their returns they left 750 killed and wounded by our fire; this was about 10 a. m. A terrific shelling by the enemy followed, which was kept up for many hours, with occasional brief intermissions, caused probably by a wish to let the pieces cool. The shelling was terrible, but owing to protection from the slope of the hill, and there being a limestone ledge somewhat sheltering our line, the loss from the artillery fire was small.

In the brief intermission, after the Federal infantry had fallen back and before the artillery opened, I heard a cry for help, and going out in front of our line, found the Lieutenant-Colonel of a Massachusetts regiment—Francis Winthrop Palfrey, lying on the ground wounded, and brought him into our lines. With some reluctance he surrendered his very handsome sword and pistol and was sent to the rear. The sword bore an inscription that it had been presented to him by the town of Concord, Mass. He remarked at the time, he wished them preserved, and sure enough, after the war he wrote for them, and they were restored; he was exchanged and became subsequently General Palfrey. He has published a volume, "Antietam and Fredericksburg."

There was another intermission in the shelling about 12 o'clock, when we were charged by the 2d Massachusetts and 13th New Jersey of Gordon's Brigade, who advanced as far as the post and rail fence at the Hagerstown turnpike, about 100 yards in our front, but were broken there and driven back, leaving many dead and wounded. There was another intermission about 2 o'clock probably. Word was then brought us that we were to advance. It was then that Stonewall Jackson came along our lines; his appearance has been so often described that I will only say that I was reminded of what the Federal prisoners had said two days before at Harper's Ferry, when he rode down among them from his post on Bolivar Heights: "My! boys, he ain't much on looks, but if *we* had had him, we wculdn't have been in this fix." Stonewall remarked to Colonel Ransom, as he did to the other Colonels along the line, that with Stuart's cavalry and some infantry he was going around the Federal right and get in their rear, and added "when you hear the rattle of my small arms this whole line must advance." He wished to ascertain the force opposed, and a man of our regiment named Hood was sent up a tall tree, which he climbed carefully to avoid observation by the enemy; Stonewall called out to know how many Yankees he could see over the hill and beyond the "East Woods," Hood replied, "Who-e-e! there are oceans of them, General." "Count their flags," said Jackson sternly, who wished more definite information. This Hood proceeded to do until he had counted thirty-nine, when the General told him that would do and to come down. By reason of this and other information he got, the turning movement was not attempted, and it was probably fortunate for us that it was not.

During the same lull, our Brigadier-General (Robert Ransom) received a flag of truce which had been sent to remove some wounded officers, and by it sent his love to Gen. Hartsuff (if I remember aright), who had been his room-mate at West Point; but Hartsuff, as it happened, had been wounded and had left the field. Soon after our regiment was moved laterally a short distance to the right, and we charged a piece of artillery which had been put in position near the Dunker church; we killed the men and horses, but did not bring off the artillery, as we were ourselves swept by artillery on our left posted in the "old corn-field."

About 3 p. m. Burnside on our right (the Federal left) advanced, having crossed the bridge about 1 p. m., until which hour his two corps had been kept from crossing the bridge by Toombs' brigade of 400 men. Though it crossed at 1 p. m., Burnside's corps unaccountably did not advance till 3 p. m. Then advancing over the ground which had been abandoned by our division early that morning, utter disaster to our army was imminent. Just then A. P. Hill's division arrived from Harper's Ferry, where it had been parolling prisoners. A delay of ten minutes by Hill would have lost us the army; as it was, the division arrived just in time. The roll of musketry was continuous till nightfall and Burnside was driven back to the Antietam. Here General Branch of North Carolina was killed; General Anderson and Colonel Tew had fallen early in the morning at the "Bloody Lane," near our centre, and from which their commands had been driven back. About dark our brigade was moved to the right a half-mile, and bivouacked for the night around Reel's house near a burning barn. As we were moving by the right flank, we were seen by the Fed-

eral signal station on the high hills on the east bank of the Antietam. A shell sent by signal fell in the rear company of the 49th N. C. Regiment, just ahead of us, killing Lieut. Greenlea Fleming and killing and wounding sixteen men. It rained all next day. We were moved back that morning to our old position north of the Dunker church; neither army advanced. That night our whole army quietly moved off and crossed the Potomac, the passage of the river being lighted up by torches held by men stationed in the river on horseback. The army came off safely without arousing the Federal army, and left not a cannon nor a wagon behind us. On the 19th Fitz John Porter's corps attempted to follow us across the river at Sheperdstown, and was driven back with disastrous loss.

During the battle of the 17th, McClellan's headquarters were across the Antietam at the Fry house. There he had his large spy-glasses strapped to moveable frames, and could take in the whole battle-field; besides, from his signal station on the high hills, which border the Antietam on the east side, he could learn all the movements of our army. With this advantage and his great preponderance of numbers, 87,000 to 101,000 as against our 35,000 to 40,000, (giving the margin to each allowed by the official reports), it is clear that he should have captured Lee. The latter had committed a grave military fault by dividing his army by a river and many miles of interval in the presence of an enemy greatly his superior in numbers. Besides, he ought not to have fought north of the Potomac. Lee was saved from the consequences of his boldness by the opposite quality of over-caution in McClellan; the latter erroneously estimated Lee's force at 95,000, when it was a little more

than one-fourth of that number at the time the battle opened. Then, when the Federals fought it was done in detail. At daybreak Hooker's corps went in; he was wounded, and his corps badly cut up and scattered. Then Mansfield with the 12th corps came on; he was killed and his corps was driven out. Then Sumner's corps was launched at us and came on in good style; it broke our line, and was only driven back by fresh troops—Walker's division taken from the right, as above stated, and by McLaws division, just arrived from Harper's Ferry. Sumner's corps was driven back but fought well, as is shown by the fact that their losses which, were over 5,000, were more than double that of any other corps. When they went back Franklin's corps came up, but had small opportunity, as is shown by their loss of less than 500 in the whole battle. By 11 o'clock the battle on the left wing was practically over, except by artillery; on the other wing at 1 p. m. Burnside's corps crossed the Antietam over the bridge, but his corps did not move forward till 3 p. m, at which instant A. P. Hill's division, arriving from parolling prisoners at Harper's Ferry, met and overthrew it. The other corps (Fitz John Porter's) was in reserve and did not fire a gun, except some detachments sent to other commands during the battle. With six corps the weight of McClellan's fighting at any moment was that of one corps only. Had he, with Napoleonic vigor, dropped his four corps—full 60,000 men—simultaneously on our thin left wing of 15,000 men like a massive trip hammer, it must have shattered it. Had he moved his other two corps of 30,000 at the same moment in rear of our right, the fight would have been over by 9 a. m., and Appomattox would have been antedated two years and a half. The star of the Confederacy

would have set in night, and Sharpsburg might have taken its place in the history of our race by the side of Hastings and Flodden. The loss of that army, with Lee, Jackson and the other Generals there, would have been fatal. We know what happened when the same glorious army, even with smaller numbers, disappeared at Appomattox. From this fate the leadership of our Generals and the superb valor of our soldiers could not have saved us, had not McClellan singularly overrated our numbers. But he should have known that if Lee and Jackson had really had 95,000 men they would not have waited for him to attack; they would have taken possession of his army.

Thirty-five years after the event it is hard to realize the misapprehension which then existed in the minds of others as well as Gen. McClellan as to the size of Lee's army. As an example, read the following (copied from the Official Rebellion Records) from the war Governor of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin:

“HARRISBURG, PA., Sept. 11, 1862.

“*His Excellency the President.*

* * “You should order a strong guard placed upon the railway line from Washington to Harrisburg to-night, and send here not less than 80,000 disciplined forces, and order from New York and States east all available forces to concentrate here at once. To this we will add all the militia forces possible, and I think that in a few days we can muster 50,000 men. It is our only hope to save the North and crush the rebel army. * * * The enemy will bring against us not less than 120,000, with large amount of artillery. The time for decided action by the National Government has arrived. What may we expect?

“A. G. CURTIN.”

To this President Lincoln very sensibly replied:

“* * If I should start half of our forces to Harrisburg, the enemy will turn upon and beat the remaining half and then reach Harrisburg before the part going there, and beat it too when it comes. The best possible security for Pennsylvania is putting the strongest force possible into the enemy’s rear.

“Sept. 12, 1862.

“A. LINCOLN.”

The same day (Sept. 12), Gov. Curtin telegraphs the President that he has reliable information as to the rebel movements and intentions, which he details, and says: “Their force in Maryland is about 190,000 men. They have in Virginia about 250,000 more, all of whom are being concentrated to menace Washington and keep the Union armies employed there while their forces in Maryland devastate and destroy Pennsylvania.”

In fact, as we now know from the “Rebellion Records,” Lee, by reason of his losses at Second Manassas and from sickness and straggling, had only about 40,000 men in Maryland, and there were probably 10,000 more in Virginia and around Richmond, a total of 50,000 effective, while opposed to them was McClellan immediately in front with an army of 101,000 “effective,” 12,000 more Federals (afterwards captured) were at Harper’s Ferry, 73,000 “effective, fit for duty” were in the intrenchments round Washington, 10,000 under Gen. Wool at Baltimore—total, by morning reports, of 195,000 effective, besides the Federal and State troops under arms in Pennsylvania.

Such are the illusions and confusion which disturb even the clearest minds under such circumstances.

Singularly enough, too, Gen. McClellan gave as his

reason for not putting in Fitz John Porter's corps and fighting on the 18th, that it was the only force that stood intact between the Capital and possible disaster. Yet on that day 73,000 other soldiers were behind the ramparts around Washington. The publication of the "Rebellion Records" has thrown a flood of light on the history of those times.

RALEIGH, N. C., 17th Sept., 1897.

TO A MAIDEN WITH A GUITAR.

J. C. M.

O Maiden, singing at the moonlight hour,
Silently I worship at thy feet.
All joy, all beauty, passion, love, and power
Within thy music meet.

I worship; for my soul,—a breath of God,—
Is like a wanderer returning home,
Returning to his childhood's glad abode,
And sad that soon again his steps must roam.

All nature loves to hear thy simple lay :
The grass, the trees, with every darksome bough,
Wherein a thousand insects were at play,
Stand wrapt in solemn silence now.

Not in the blaring horn, nor blaze of light,
Nor on the polished floor for twinkling feet,
But in this still, small voice, this quiet might,
God and His creatures meet.

A HOLIDAY IN FRANCE.

J. H. GORRELL.

The early summer of the year 1789 was the beginning of stirring times in France. The oppressed people had determined no longer to bear the galling yoke of Bourbonism, and were coming to a realization of their power; the new and incompetent monarch had made his first concession by calling together the States-General, which in a short time was changed into the National Assembly, and set about remedying the abuses of the crown. A national guard had been instituted for the French capital; then the populace, conscious of a new might, rose as one man to throw off their ancient shackles, and with the cry, "To the Bastille!" rushed to the old prison which for centuries had frowned down upon a servile people. There was no resisting those infuriated Frenchmen; the defenders were destroyed, the prisoners liberated, eager hands tore away stones and gates and iron bars, and the Bastille was levelled to the ground,—the French Revolution had begun.

To the patriotic Frenchman, therefore, with his love of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, there is no day more sacred than the fourteenth of July, the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille.

Among the most pleasant memories of a summer spent in Paris are the novel scenes of the French national holiday. For days previous workmen were putting up tall green posts around the principal squares, and suspending between them all kinds of gay lanterns; gas-workers were arranging illuminating apparatus about the many public buildings, and the tri-color, in the

form of flags and bunting, was adorning the windows and balconies fronting on the boulevards.

Early in the morning of the fourteenth, I was awakened by the booming of the triumphal battery posted at the Invalides. With the eagerness of an American to celebrate his Independence Day, I made quick work of my frugal repast of bread and butter with *café au lait*, and hastened down town to see what there was of interest. All Paris seemed to have emptied itself into the streets, men and women decked in holiday attire, officers in dress-uniform with decorations, street-urchins running hither and thither, carrying flags and other national emblems; along the principal thoroughfares gayly colored booths were erected for the sale of beverages, and the streets were thronged with vendors of badges, medals, and all kinds of trinkets.

I made my way as well as I could through this Vanity Fair, stopping every few moments to watch the various regiments as they marched by to take their positions in the review, until I reached the Boulevard des Capucins, where a large crowd was collecting to watch the progress through Paris of the great statesman, Li Hung Chang, who had just arrived in the city from Russia. It was indeed a sight to remember, those superb French cavalymen, with waving plumes and polished steel bucklers, with drawn sword, dashing on their fiery chargers through the broad avenues, acting as a worthy escort for the distinguished Chinaman, who was seated in a carriage surrounded by dignified officers of the Republic; then followed another company of cavalymen, and the pageant vanished like a dream, made realistic when past by the distant clanking of the scabbards against the horses' flanks.

A light meal in the middle of the day gave time for rest before the long walk to Longchamps to witness the grand review of troops. Longchamps, a large, level plain, an ideal parade-ground, is situated about two or three miles from the city toward the west, and is reached by passing through the beautiful Bois de Boulogne. In this immense forest-park thousands of the poorer inhabitants of the capital were taking their holiday. The dinner for the day is packed in a large basket, always including the bottle of light, tart wine; there on the fresh, cool grass the cloth is spread; the meal is followed by the afternoon nap for the father and mother, while the children play around merrily among the trees. The avenue through the denser portion of the *Bois* is lined on both sides for perhaps a mile with these Parisian picnic-parties.

An hour's walk through the woods brought me to the outskirts of Longchamps, and I found myself by no means alone; thousands and tens of thousands were crowded along the foot-ways, while vehicles of every kind were carrying the rich and distinguished to the observation stands. The sound of music is heard, followed by the steady tramp of soldiers, and from all the avenues that lead out of Paris there pours a seemingly endless stream of infantry of the most diverse characters, from the brilliant uniforms of the Saint-Cyr cadets to the sombre decorations of the "pompiers," all marching with quick, elastic step for their positions on the field. A great cloud of dust and the heavy tread of horses announce the arrival of the cavalry, whose gleaming sabres seem to vie with the glitter of the bayonets of the foot-soldiers stretched in long, dark lines as far as the eye could reach. Then the heavy rumble of artillery is heard, as the numerous batteries dash upon the plain.

The arrival of between fifteen and twenty thousand troops is at an end, and the attention of the spectators is now directed to the coming of the prominent officials of the government, who drive by in their handsome coaches. A greater and more prolonged shout than before greets the President, seated in his carriage of state drawn by four splendid horses, and preceded by a dashing retinue of lancers. He disappeared in the immense crowd that pressed around the outskirts of the field, and shortly after I heard two pistol-shots ring out clearly from that direction. I wondered to myself whether anything unusual had taken place; but soon seeing the President emerge from the press and drive toward the reviewing-stand, I concluded that my fears were groundless. I may mention, by the way, this curious incident: I was near enough to hear the report of the weapon with which the madman Francois attempted the assassination of President Faure; no mention, however, was made of the extraordinary occurrence at the supper-table that evening, I heard nothing of it on the crowded streets that night, and it was read by my friends on the other side of the Atlantic long before I knew of it by the perusal of a journal late the next morning.

Already this account is becoming too long. In lingering over the memories of a glorious Independence Day of France, the enthusiastic American is apt to weary the reader. I therefore shall not attempt any description of the military manœuvres at Longchamps, and pass to the night scenes.

The entire city was illuminated; R. F. (Republique Francaise) was blazing forth on all the public buildings; along the boulevards the merry civilians were drinking, feasting, and revelling to the sound of entrancing music;

exultant crowds were assembled on the squares, shouting the *Marseillaise* and other patriotic songs, and at ten o'clock the gay populace was delighted with magnificent displays of fireworks along the Seine. It was really a spectacle worthy of an appreciative people,—those immense rings of fire, whirling around like gigantic mill-wheels and sending into the dark sky millions of red, blue, green, and purple stars. I felt in me a good deal of the naive enthusiasm of the soldier who stood by my side, and would greet every explosion with a resounding *tres joli*.

At last all was over; another *fete nationale* was past, and the crowds of men and women dispersed for rest or to enter upon the gross debaucheries of the night.

I wearily wended my way homeward, but before I passed from the streets I found a belated vendor of national emblems, and supplied myself with two pieces of the tricolor on which were to be read the motto, made vivid and intense by the scenes of the day,—*Vive la France*.

THE RELATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL TO SOCIETY.

J. S. SNIDER.

That society is to-day meeting with strong opposition in its efforts to develop the individual, is evident. It is meeting with evils coming not only from outside sources, but with those arising in its own ranks. Just what will be the result of this conflict remains to be seen, but we may, without assuming too much of the functions of a prophet, make some predictions, in the meantime keeping before us the elements that make society, and how these elements are being adjusted.

Guizot says that a society is a band of individuals, whose interests are, in some measure at least, identical, and who have the same idea about a thing which they want to maintain conjointly and even make prominent. The nature of the thing, or principle, that binds a number of individuals together forming a society, determines the character of that society; that is to say, if an organization is effected to maintain and make prominent a good principle, that organization will be a power for good; on the other hand, if a society, under any form, is brought about to maintain an evil principle, that society will be a power for evil.

The individual is the unit of society, and the way in which these units are adjusted has no little to do with the influence of society on the individual. Society begins with the family as its unitary form, and culminates in the nation, with every gradation between these extremes.

As population has increased society has become more complex, both in form and its workings. In the days

of Abraham, when the country was thinly peopled, when the people led nomadic lives, the different tribes had their own territory. But in the course of time the rapid increase of population brought about new conditions. The people were pushed by the increase of population to the border line of their territory, and then the different tribes began to form relations with each other. Since there is in man a desire for his own aggrandizement, fear and self-interest directed human action; the grasp of avarice knew no limit; then some power was needed to maintain rights, to punish fraud and violence; and then society began to be formed with larger proportions. So we may say that society, like government, is a necessary evil, brought about to do what the individual cannot do.

It is natural, then, to say that society is for the purpose of protecting common interests and developing the individual on certain lines. No society is stronger than the aggregate strength of its members, but it may become stronger after its formation, for society itself develops the individual on lines that contribute to its interest. Since society draws out the individual, and since the development of the individual gives to society a brighter complexion and raises its standard, there is in society a re-acting force working for the uplifting of the individual. The development of the individual and that of society are so closely related that they reciprocally produce each other. At the appearance of one we instinctively look for the approach of the other.

Society brings about this development of the individual, which in turn raises the standard of society by placing before its members some ideal or end to reach. It is that desire of continual progress, of reaching out

after perfection, that leads the individual, step by step, toward perfection, although he never reaches it.

Humanity, in all its social efforts, has always been governed by the idea of perfection, never yet attained. All human history may, in one view, be regarded as a series of attempts to realize this idea. This thought might be illustrated by the life of a Christian, whose duty it is to live as if he could become perfect; for, if he did not have before him this idea of perfection, his life would fall far short of what it is now, with the ideal of perfection.

As individual man can attain the ideal of perfection of his nature only as a rational being, by the harmony of all his powers with his reason, so it is equally clear that society can realize this idea of perfection only as a rational society, by the harmony of all its members with the purpose in view.

Society secures order for itself and protects the individual by restraining him, and also by leading him on to some definite end. It draws him out by putting before him something to be attained, and by bringing him in line with those whose interests are identical with his, and who are working to reach the same end. It restrains him, in that it has a government. Society naturally forms a government of some kind, and it is also true in the history of society that its government, as a rule, falls to those most competent to govern. When there is an army to be led into battle, the best versed in tactics is called upon to take the command; when there is dissension in the religious world, the ablest divine is looked to for advice. In this way the members of a society who are of a lower order, so far as intelligence is concerned, share the good coming from the wisdom of their

superiors. The inferior in society surrenders to his superior the right to advise, to dictate, to rule, conscious of the fact that it is better for him to follow the plans of his superior than his own. This is what Adam Smith would call "enlightened selfishness." The influence that society has upon the individual in this way might be illustrated by saying, a blind person walks by himself only at the risk of danger, but if he takes the hand of a man who can see, he will doubtless arrive at his destination as free from injury as his guide. I am frank to confess that this is theory rather than practice, yet such a relation does, to some extent, exist between the individual and society. I am also not ignorant of the fact that society of the present has become so corrupt and the principles of justice so usurped, that the blind is leading not only the blind, but those who can see; and of course the consequence of such an order of affairs in society may be looked to with fear and apprehension as to the future welfare of the individual.

If there is any one thing coming from society that has more to do with the individual in every phase of his life, it is public sentiment. Public opinion is the resultant of many opinions; it is several opinions focalized into one strong ruling power. This mighty power has its origin in society, and in society alone; for public sentiment is formed only when opinions clash together, and this does not occur except when the people come in touch with each other. The individual helps to form public sentiment, and when in society his opinion and those of others are transformed into one ruling power—public sentiment—he is then ruled by that power. I do not think it would be too extravagant to say that public sentiment is the mightiest power that governs the lives and

customs of the people. It determines law, the rule of action. When public sentiment puts its stamp of approval upon a thing, that thing will not fail ; but when it puts its stamp of disapproval upon a thing, that thing will soon end. A prominent editor in North Carolina said but a short time ago that, if all his subscribers would raise their voices against intoxicants, he would educate them to the extent that they would soon close every bar-room in North Carolina. I think this is a broad statement, yet it shows what a power public sentiment may become. Yes, creeds may rise and fall ; thrones may crumble to dust ; kings may lose their power ; but as long as society exists public sentiment will govern the lives and actions of men.

Notwithstanding the fact that we have society of every nature and in every form imaginable, there is a restlessness among the people, which to some is a prediction of bad results. This restlessness, however, is no proof that society will result in injury to the individual. It must be borne in mind that there comes from society an increase of knowledge, and that with the increase of knowledge comes a multiplicity of wants. Society, by raising higher standards and diffusing knowledge, shows the individual how far short he is of his possibilities, and also his relation to his surroundings. This causes him to become restless. When he has an increase of knowledge, life looms up before him with peculiar beauty ; new vistas of aspiration come before his mental gaze ; the horizon of ignorance that surrounds all knowledge recedes to a greater distance, yet he is far from being content. So we may say that the restlessness that has taken such a hold upon the members of the different societies now existing, is not only an expression of their

dissatisfaction with their present condition, but it is also an expression of their desire and intention to improve their condition and come nearer the limit of their possibilities.

The society in our country, especially among laboring classes in our large cities, is going through a severe ordeal. This trial is being brought about mainly, I think, by competition in labor, followed by a reduction of wages. As to how society is being injured by the reduction of wages, suffice it to say that the home is the first form of society—the school in which the first principles of society are taught—and when the laborer receives a meagre sum for his work he cannot provide for his home as it should be provided for, and a wretched society is the result where such conditions exist.

This serious relation between the individual and society, among the laboring classes, is due mainly to an influx of foreign population. It is a known fact that this influx from foreign nations consists chiefly of those seeking employment. Since there are so many out of employment; since the employer will secure labor as cheaply as possible; and since the foreigner can work for less than the native laborer, owing to the fact that he can live on less, and cares but little about education or religion, he gets the employment, while the native laborer is either thrown out of employment or compelled to come to the same level of living with the foreigner. As a usual thing he does the latter. In this way our order of society is being supplanted by that of other nations, and unless there is some regulation on this line the social order of our cities among the laboring classes will become even worse than it is now.

AT SUMMER'S DOOR.

 R. A. L.

“Love * * *
 Shrinks before the whelming storm,
 * * *
 Friendship * * *
 Gliding to eternity.”—*Bohn.*

Another season's surge of sin is o'er :
 The wasteful weeks had scarce begun before
 We reached the portals of mad summer's door.

'Tis past : I stand beside the surging sea,
 Despise the past, long for the Is-to-be,
 And wonder what it holds for you and me.

We hear the tedious tale that Rumour tells ;
 For some acquaintance rings the marriage bell ;—
 And in my heart a strong revulsion wells.

The curtain's down : ah, friend, we've seen the play ;—
 We walk again the paths of yesterday
 In just the same unchanged, unchanging way.

Why should we mourn dead days ?—for love must die !
 Unfaltering friendship, hail ! to love good-bye !

JIM AND JOHN.

—
J. C. M'NEILL.
—

John Benbow carelessly picked up a paper from his table, and in looking over it his eye fell upon the following advertisement: "Dark hair, brunette, tall, gray-eyed, some wealth, said to be handsome and attractive. Correspondence for matrimony solicited. Address C. H., No. 47, Camden St., Chicago."

He moved his chair back, lighted a cigar, and threw his heels over the mantelpiece. Here he mused and smoked, until apparently seized by some sudden determination he gathered his writing materials together and set to work. Next day he mailed a letter to "C. H., No. 47, Camden St., Chicago."

"Hello, Jim!" he exclaimed, as he ran into his friend, Jim Wheeler, on his way back from the letter-box.

"Hello, yourself!" Jim answered. "You seem unusually abstracted. Must be into something new, eh? No? Well, never mind; I'll walk up with you and cheer you up."

Benbow and Wheeler strolled on together, the former golden-haired, blue-eyed, and of fragile figure; the latter in every respect his opposite. In Benbow's room Wheeler made himself at home. He yawned and stared until his host was bored almost beyond endurance. But this sleepiness was only affected. He had caught sight of the paper above quoted from, and it was the very thing he wanted; but he was ashamed to ask for it, though he knew his friend put no value upon it. One resource remained.

Carelessly he threw his hand upon the table, and in stretching and yawning, his fingers clutched the object of desire; then sighing and wriggling, he finally managed to cram it into his coat pocket, and "Good morning, John," said he.

"Good-bye, Jim."

That afternoon Jim cautiously approached the letter-box, looked up both ends of the street, and then dropped in a letter to "C. H., No. 47, Camden St., Chicago."

Now these two young men had long been on the market for matrimony. Both were fine fellows, intelligent, not meanly educated, somewhat attractive in appearance, and blessed with enough property to support a wife in comfort. John loved Susan Hall with an ardor unequalled except by Jim's love for Jane Holcost. But in some way it became known that they were anxious to marry, and the ladies fled from them as from fire.

After the manner of human nature, this treatment added zeal to the purpose of Benbow and Wheeler, and so rapidly did their fervor increase that it resulted as we have already seen.

The ladies were surprised after a time that they were no longer dogged by these wife-seekers. Having formerly abused them for thrusting themselves uninvited into society, they now accused them of a lack of appreciation in staying away. Gradually, however, abuse gave way to silence; and silence, the father of a various brood, begot actual interest. The ladies of the town became interested in John and Jim, but the latter stood aloof. When passing beneath the window of Jim's room, where two big feet usually lay on the sill, one would say: "I wonder what's the matter with Jim;" and another: "I am going to find out."

So Jim and John found themselves invited into society by the very damsels that had tried so faithfully to expel them; and, to the amazement of all, they coldly repulsed every overture of peace.

Some months after the beginning of our story John Benbow took the train for nobody knew where. On board he was surprised to find his friend Wheeler.

"Hey, Jim!" said he, slapping him on the back. "Where are you going?"

"Just taking a little excursion. Old place got sort of monotonous. Glad to see you, though, old boy. Where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm about in your fix."

With this mutual evasion, conversation drooped and died, and night came and went with Jim and John still side by side preserving a moody silence.

"Confound this fool!" thought Jim. "He's indifferent about where he goes to, and he'll follow me like a cur."

"Drat the luck!" thought John. "This fellow will give me trouble."

And as the train drew nearer and nearer, and at last into Chicago, the thought of both had been realized. They alighted, and each took a policeman by the button, and afterwards started out the same way.

"I have some little private business to attend to," observed John.

"So have I," murmured Jim.

Thinking profane language they walked on together. John stayed with Jim and Jim with John. Then Jim, as a last resort, to the great delight of John, hailed a street car, and left his former faithful companion standing alone.

The car stopped before No. 47, in Camden Street. Jim strode along the gravel walk leading to the house, too much excited to notice, except by a general involuntary impression, the beauty of the place. The house stood back some fifty yards from the street, surrounded by a grove of ancient oaks and a carefully-careless profusion of flowers and shrubs. The place had that indescribable appearance of hospitality and good cheer which sends out a sense of comfort to all passers-by.

Jim pulled upon the knocker and was invited to enter by a most beautiful girl, whom he at once supposed to be "C. H."

"My name, Madam, is James Wheeler," said he, as soon as they had taken seats.

"And mine, sir," in a voice as sweet as honey, "is Catharine Hume. You know me better, perhaps, as 'C. H.'"

Jim was now at his ease. No words could express his delight at finding his betrothed—for his betrothed she was—so beautiful and elegant a lady. When he should take her back home, the contrary Jane would bite her lips with vexation, and he would make the mouths of his native townsmen water with envy. Cupid had prostrated him at the first shot. Catharine agreed to immediate marriage and they were to start—but some one was pulling upon the knocker.

In came Catharine, conducting—did his eyes deceive him?—the inevitable John! His natural courtesy in the presence of a lady forsook Jim; he could bear no more; his head swam with rage.

"John," he cried, making a rush toward him, "I've tried to shake you off ever since we left home. I told you I had private business. But, like a confounded cur,

you sneaked on after me until I won't stand it any longer!"

"You won't, eh?" yelled John. "You grand rascal, you can't follow me under such a guise as this. Find out where I'm going and be there first, eh? That's the trick, hey? See how you like this, and this, and another!"

A great fight was on hand. The combatants reeled about the room, crashing the furniture to splinters and making a noise like the voice of thunder. Catharine found all she could do in keeping out of the way. Blood bespattered the walls, and ashes rose in clouds.

But before they had done each other fatal injury, several policemen rushed in and tore them apart.

"We'll take you where you can get some fresh air," said the spokesman. "I fear these ashes 'll smother you, kinder."

And John and Jim, despite their vigorous explanations and apologies and abuse of each other, were hurried into the lock-up. There, through the night, they had sufficient leisure to make friends again. They went off to sleep at last and dreamed of being rescued from disgrace by the lovely creature whom both intended to marry.

Next day they were brought before the police court and fined for the disturbance a sum which completely emptied their pockets. But when they thought their discharge was at hand, the officiating officer cleared his throat and said:

"I have another indictment against James Wheeler and John Benbow. It is a suit for damages, brought by Catharine Hume, praying judgment for \$300."

Nothing remained but that Jim and John should work out that amount; and work, too, with no glorious dream of wedded happiness to speed the time. Their ideal was

shattered. They knew that Catharine, who had been heartless enough to put this burden upon them, could never be theirs.

In the meantime, the ladies at home had discovered the disappearance of James and John, and the fact aroused their curiosity not a little. No one was there to correct rumor, so the townspeople finally settled the question, that these two promising young men had gone to the California gold fields for adventure and fortune. How sorry they were that the boys had left home, and what a warm welcome they should receive upon their return! Susan and Jane began to realize a kind of romantic affection for the pilgrims, and the seeds of affection once planted grew almost violently.

When Jim and John, some months afterward, halted into their native streets, all scarred and ragged, their dilapidated appearance made them at once heroes. Of course, said the ladies, they had sustained injury in an Indian massacre or something of the kind.

This romance so tingled in the imagination of Susan and Jane as to increase their lately conceived love to fever heat. They were so decided in their advances toward reconciliation that John and Jim, tired of facing the ups and downs of bachelorhood, renewed their proposals and a double wedding took place the next week.

Philosophers say that no secret should exist between husband and wife; but for some reason Jim and John, now grown old, have never obeyed this principle. They think a mysterious romance more in keeping with the peace of their families than an open scandal, and, as proof of their wisdom, no merrier circles ever surrounded firesides on winter evenings than they with their wives and children.

THE LEGEND OF SILVER SPRINGS.

R. C. CAMP.

A Virginian by birth, I had often heard of the famous waters of Silver Springs in the sunny land of Florida, and when visiting there last summer one of the first places that I sought was the Springs.

The wonders of the spring are many—the immense size of the spring, the clearness of its water, the beauty of the scenery; but the thing in which I became most interested was the petrified woman in the “smoking-room.”

The guide had told me of the strange, weird beauty of the “smoking-room,” and of the being which rested in its depths, and as we neared the spot my heart beat with expectation not entirely free from fear.

Some may wonder that the name “smoking-room” should be given to a part of a spring, but if one visits Silver Springs and has the guide to explain the different parts, he is not surprised. Silver Springs is divided into five parts—each has its own name and so it is that one of the five great divisions is called the “Gentlemen’s Smoking-room.”

Lying prone on the bottom of the “smoking-room” rests what is supposed to be the form of a woman, changed into solid stone. The figure lies face downward, and appears to be dressed in a long, loose cloak. If one looks closely, however, he can easily see the hair on the back of the head, which seems to be twisted and looped up after the old fashion.

As I gazed through the depth of water a thousand weird fancies came trooping through my mind. The

grotesque figure of my guide, the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, the figure of the woman, and above all the intense silence, served to unstring my nerves, and I was startled by the voice of the guide—

“Ye wouldn’t like to hear how the woman come there, would ye, Boss?”

“Yes,” I replied, “tell me.”

The guide silently rowed the canoe to the bank and we stretched upon the luxuriant grass, and as we watched the smoke-rings curl from our pipes, my guide related the ancient legend:

About the year 1500, there lived on the banks of the Spring an Indian Chief, who by many deeds of valor had gained the applause of his people and received the name of Big Bear. Many of his tribe affirmed that he had killed more bears than any of the tribe. This was doubted by some of the old bucks, but the doubt was never expressed, for their chief was a man of resolute disposition and a temper which amounted to fury when aroused. In fact, the chief was feared by all his tribe, haughty man that he was; no one dared address him without his permission, and woe to the one who entered his tent. Yet Big Bear was affectionate to his family, and when viewed in the light of his home life, was gentle and considerate.

Big Bear had a daughter named Minoka. She was possessed of all the beauty which characterized the Seminole nation. No maiden in the tribe had blacker eyes, none had hair so long as hers, and it was for her physical beauty that her father loved her beyond his other children, and raised her up in luxury.

From childhood she had loved and been loved by a young buck, Kanápaha, who was several years her

senior. When Minoka reached womanhood, Kanápaha grew more ardent in his admiration, and was often seen in the dusk of the evening sitting with her before the door of the Chief. At length the old Chief noticed the frequency of his visits and the manner in which his daughter received them. Then the stern old man called his daughter before him, and by a few terse questions had discovered the love she bore Kanápaha. Then it was that the old Chief was angered, for as yet Kanápaha was young, and it was presumptuous in any buck who had not killed eleven bears to woo the daughters of a chieftian.

Big Bear ordered his daughter to see the young buck no more, and threatened her with imprisonment—the deepest disgrace to every Indian girl—if she disobeyed his mandate.

Now Minoka had inherited some of her father's strength of resolution, and although they heard his command with heavy hearts they resolved to brave the old chief and meet again. Through the kindness of a friend of Kanápaha, they managed to meet on the banks of the Springs, and usually sat on an old tree which overhung the crystal waters of the "smoking-room." Here they would meet and talk of the time when Minoka would come to Kanápaha's tent and share with him the rude Seminole life. Many happy hours they spent there, but that Minoka was happy in the meeting, yet her heart was often heavy though, and sometimes an expression crossed her countenance which caused Kanápaha to shudder. For he knew that, although his love was of a resolute disposition, yet he knew also that fear of her father was beginning to lay hold upon the girl.

They had been keeping up this meeting at the trysting

place about a month unmolested, but one day upon her return from a walk she was seized and imprisoned. No one of the tribe knew of this, save Big Bear and an old buck who was the chief's most trusted servant. She implored her father for her release without avail, and was kept in a dungeon where no one was allowed to have any communication with her. Even her mother did not know of her whereabouts.

The day after her imprisonment, Big Bear took his bow and a bunch of poisoned arrows. Telling his attendants that he was going on the other side of the spring to kill some game, the chief took a circuitous route and, reaching the spring, concealed himself near the old tree at which the lovers were accustomed to meet. There he laid so quietly that no sound came from the bushes to betray his whereabouts.

At the usual hour Kanápaha, who was ignorant of the imprisonment of his love, came strolling through the forest, singing one of those weird chants which were known only to the Indian.

Kanápaha, if he had been suspicious of danger, could have seen a face peering through the thick undergrowth, which smiled as he approached. But Kanápaha, not suspecting danger, walked out on the old tree, took his usual seat and commenced to sing their own peculiar song.

One noticing the spot where the old chief had concealed himself, could have seen the bushes move a little. By watching one could have seen an opening gradually appear through which a form afterward came. All was silent. Not even a ripple disturbed the glossy waters of the spring. Nature, as if a premonition of evil had been given her, was at rest. Not even a turtle could be

found upon the bank, and the alligators had sought the seclusion of the quiet depths of the stream.

There is the twang of a bow-string and Kauápaha falls backward into the water beneath. His body sinks to the bottom, and there lies, with the face upturned toward the happy hunting-grounds of the Indian religion.

Big Bear wends his way slowly to his tent, thinking that the secret of the murder was with himself. After placing his bow in its accustomed place, the chief, drawn doubtless by that fascination which causes criminals to visit the places of their crimes, decides to visit the prison. As he nears the dungeon the familiar form of his faithful sentinel is nowhere to be seen, and Big Bear hastens his steps, his mind filled with gloomy forebodings of evil. He enters the dungeon and rushes to her cell. He finds it empty. She is gone. Where? Upon the answer to that question much depended.

No sooner had the brave Minoka been placed in prison than she began to lay plans for her escape. The guard told her of the intended hunt of her father, and in those tidings she saw a chance for her escape. The sentinel resumed his post and began the monotonous watch. Hour after hour passed by and the guard was overcome by sleep. It was an easy matter for the prisoner to slip the keys from the old man's belt and regain the outer air.

Swiftly she sped on her way to the accustomed trysting place at the spring. But she listened in vain for the song of her lover. She thought he had been delayed in the hunt, for he was yet trying to kill the eleven bears requisite to honor in the tribe. Then she thought he might have been wounded in the struggle, and once she started along the shore as though she were going to

seek him. Then she retraced her steps and walked out upon the tree. As she did so her eye fell upon the silhouetted figure beneath. The look was followed by a cry of despair, and soon the clear depths of the stream was the tomb of another soul. Her body sank and rose twice—the third time it sank slowly, and when it settled it covered the body of Kanápaha. There her body rests to-day, just as it was four hundred years ago.”

The guide paused and refilled his pipe. A pause ensued. The guide was smoking quietly, and as for me, my mind was filled with the beauty of the romantic past. Finally the guide arose to go, and in the full glow of the sunset we set out across the lake.

“Tell me,” said I, “is there no other legend connected with the one just related?”

“Yes,” he replied, resting on his oars and pointing toward a large tuft of hair-like moss near the water’s edge, “it is said that when Minoka leaped from the tree her hair was caught in a branch and several strands left. This is the origin, so the legend goes, of all the moss in Florida. And this moss is daily spreading northward,” continued my guide as we reached the landing. “Notice it beside the railway when you return.”

EROS AND ARES.

E. L. WOMBLE.

The great day had come at last. The town of B—— took great pride in its military company, and this was the day on which the long-talked-of contest for the gold medal was to take place. The medal was to be awarded to the best drilled private in the company.

In the afternoon the streets and windows were thronged with people, eager to see the full-dress parade. The company had never looked better, as they marched to the time of lively music. Colonel Graham's heart swelled with pride as he heard the complimentary remarks made upon the company by the admiring people.

The large warehouse was filled to overflowing with an eager and expectant crowd when the hour for the contest drew near. Nearly every one had some friend whom they wished to see bear off the medal.

When the contest began there were three hearts that beat more rapidly than those of the rest. Frank Roland trembled with excitement as he felt the great brown eyes of Madge Graham fixed on him, seeming to urge him on to success. He felt that he was competent to do anything under the gaze of those eyes. Fred Lipscomb met the look of Madge with a confident and self-satisfied air. He had noted the look which she had given Frank, and with a jealous heart he determined to do all in his power to win the medal from Frank.

For a long time there were a great many contestants, but finally it narrowed down to Frank and Fred. Frank had determined to tell Madge of his love for her that night, and he was so anxious to place the medal around

her neck. Madge's face became almost white as she watched the close contest. She felt that her sympathy was with Frank, although both young men were her ardent admirers. Both of them had many friends who were encouraging them to do their best. The movement of the guns and the clear, ringing tone of Colonel Graham's voice, were the only sounds that disturbed the death-like stillness as all sat in breathless suspense. Suddenly there was a shout, and Madge's face flushed with pleasure—Fred had fallen out. Frank was overwhelmed with congratulations, but he was not truly happy until later in the evening when he placed the medal around Madge's fair neck and heard her promise to be his wife.

After Frank had led the blushing girl to her father, and received his consent, and while they were chatting over the events of the evening, Colonel Graham said if they would like to hear it, he would tell them how he won the title of Colonel and also his wife. Of course all were eager to hear it.

"When I was thirteen years old," said Colonel Graham, "the war commenced, and my father left his beautiful home and loving family to endure the hardships of war. I had heard so much of the wrong and injustice which we were receiving from the Yankees that my young blood boiled, and I would have gladly followed my father if I had been old enough. As it was, I was compelled to remain at home to take care of an aged mother and a sister.

"As we read the accounts of war, of bloodshed and murder, of devastation and rapine, my heart swelled with pity for our soldiers and their families. I longed to be old enough to carry a gun. I felt that I just must do something. Even the girls were sewing and knitting

socks for the soldiers, and I was doing nothing. It was my last thought at night and first in the morning—what could I do?

“Alice Webb was a near neighbor of ours, and often came over to spend the long winter evenings with my sister Maud. I liked Alice. I often imagined that I was a knight and that Alice was my mistress.

“It was reported that Alice’s father had fallen in battle, and as we heard nothing else from him we mourned him as dead. Alice’s grief was pitiable to behold. It seemed as if her heart would break. Young as I was, I felt that I loved her, and that when I became a man I would take care of her.

“Late one evening I was looking for the cows, and saw some Yankees approaching. I hastily climbed a tree, for I did not care to meet them, to be made sport of. Instead of passing by, what was my horror to see that they took a seat under a neighboring tree. From their talk, I gathered that an ambulance filled with wounded Southerners would pass some time during the night—I could not hear when, for they spoke mostly in low tones—and that they were going to capture it. As quick as a flash the thought flew into my mind: this is your opportunity. Warn the soldiers. But would I have time? I knew that my father, with his company, was lying twenty miles from that place. If I only could warn them in time! My heart beat so violently that I could scarcely keep from falling.

“After what seemed an age to me, in my impatience, the soldiers passed on. In my excitement the cows were forgotten. I rushed into the house as if I were wild. I tried to tell what I knew in one breath, and then rushed to the stable for my colt. Old Uncle

William said afterwards, 'Ef you'd a' been a nigger, I'd er been shore dem pateroles was arter you.' In a few moments I was mounted and dashing wildly out of the yard. Would I have time? In my haste, I had not noticed that a cloud had arisen, and that a stormy night was setting in. As I dashed along, the sparks flew from my horse's hoofs, the thunder rolled along the heavens, roaring like some demon, and the trees looked ghostly and queer during the flashes of lightning. After awhile the rain began to pour, and it was only by the lightning flashes that I was enabled to see my way. But I rode madly forward, praying only that I should be in time to save the wounded. I could hear my horse's breath getting shorter and shorter. Would he hold out? Yes, for I saw the camp-fires of my father's company shining through the darkness like beacon-lights. Not until I was halted by a picket did I feel the strain of that terrible ride, and then I fell exhausted in his arms.

"When I opened my eyes, my father was bending over me, and saying excitedly, 'What is the matter, my boy? Tell me quick!' In a few words I explained the situation, and then asked, faintly, 'O, am I too late?'

'No, my brave boy, for this rain has delayed the ambulance, I am sure.'

"What was my delight, when I had rested a little, to find myself on a fresh horse by the side of my father, leading the calvary. How proud I felt to realize that at last I was of service.

"The ambulance was moving slowly along, but that relieved very little the excruciating pain of the wounded, and when it went over rough places the pain was simply agonizing. All at once the terrified travellers heard the

command, 'Halt!' and the ambulance stopped. They realized that they were in the hands of the enemy. They prayed to God that they might die rather than be carried to prison, for they knew that the enemy had no compassion for wounded prisoners. The driver had cut the mules loose, when suddenly a Yankee called, 'Look out for the rebels!' and a volley of shot came whizzing and singing past the ambulance. The enemy beat a hasty retreat. Never had prisoners hailed their comrades with more delight. The whiz of those rifle balls was indeed music to their ears.

"My father carried me home, as I was exhausted, and put me in the arms of my anxious mother, saying, 'This is Colonel Graham, of the Confederate Army.' In a few moments the ambulance stopped at the gate, and a man was brought in. It was Alice's father.

"'Charlie,' sobbed Alice, 'you were not too young.' And she has loved me ever since."

A LOVE REALIZED.

Long, long years ago, ere love I could know,
 Or the thrill of its magical spell,
 In my fanciful mind the form I designed
 Of her I should love—oh, so well !

She was queenly and tall, and could hold me in thrall
 By a glance from her deep, dark eyes ;
 Jet black was her hair, and a face more fair
 Never blushed 'neath the soft Southern skies.

Of her I would dream, when down by the stream,
 Which flowed through the meadow so sweet ;
 In the spring I would go, in the sun's warm glow,
 And lie in my shady retreat.

The years passed away, but my dreams could ne'er say
 Where in truth I might find her I sought ;
 Or why, for so long, Love's lingering song
 For me its music had wrought.

* * * * *

She is not very tall, nor queenly at all—
 Just a shy little maiden, you know ;
 And her soft shiny hair, with radiance rare,
 Shows a gleam of gold in its flow.

I looked at her face, with its child-like grace,
 And her eyes of tenderest blue,
 And then with surprise, in this dainty disguise,
 My long-sought sweetheart I knew.

—H. M. E.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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C. H. MARTIN, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. C. LAWRENCE, Editor.

The Inter-
collegiate
Debate.

It is with much pleasure that we are able to announce that arrangements have been perfected for a debate, to be held Thanksgiving evening in Raleigh, between Trinity and Wake Forest. Three men, selected from the contestants in a preliminary debate held at each college, will represent their respective institutions, and the question, "Ought the systems of water-works, lighting, and street cars to be operated by the city for its people, or by private individuals?" will be discussed. The winning side will probably challenge another one of our State institutions to a debate to be held next Spring.

We take such contests as evidence of the fact that the athletic tendency has not militated against that spirit of intellectual contest which should characterize the literary work of a college, and that the best thought and brain in our colleges are to receive due recognition. The time has been when the product of the college was either a scholar or an athlete, and when there was no such thing as the student-athlete. We are glad to see

an increasing, earnest effort on the part of college authorities to develop the well-rounded man. Upon this development depends the hope of our country; and so it is that we believe that, in addition to the football team, there should be sent forth such men as will represent Trinity and Wake Forest in the coming debate.

In no State in the South are the literary societies better sustained than at Trinity and Wake Forest, and we can promise all who attend the debate that something highly entertaining, interesting and instructive is in store for them.

The Postal Savings Bank. A need, universally recognized throughout the country, is the adoption of some plan whereby the essentially agricultural sections can be offered banking privileges similar to those possessed by our centres of population. Another need is, that facilities be offered at convenient points for the deposit of smaller sums than is generally received by our banking houses at the present time. To meet this need such institutions as school and dime savings banks have been established in our cities, and it is to meet the same need in the country that the postal savings bank has been proposed.

This plan is now in successful operation in many foreign countries, and is not new to us; but the fact that the present administration is in favor of the scheme has given it a greater prominence, and the outlook now is that something practical may be accomplished along this line in the immediate future.

The plan, briefly stated, is this: The establishment of such banks at points suggested by the government, and the reception by these banks of deposits from any indi-

vidual to an amount not exceeding one thousand dollars. Any amount within this limit will be taken; stamps being received in amounts of less than one dollar. The amounts deposited are to be invested in government bonds, and State, county and municipal securities, and a low rate of interest paid.

The objections raised are, that the plan would interfere with legitimate banking; that it would be impossible to secure adequate security for depositors after a sufficient issue of bonds had been made; that it would savor too much of paternalism. It is on this last ground that the plan is being most fiercely fought.

These objections do not seem to us at all valid. The low rate of interest paid on deposits would preclude the possibility of interfering materially with legitimate private banking enterprises. In the second place, we believe that a non-partisan commission to control investments could find sufficient security to satisfy all that the depositors were entirely safe, and that they could realize the amounts of their deposits at any time they might so desire.

On the other hand, the advantages to be offered are many. It would afford a large part of our people an opportunity to invest their small earnings in an absolutely safe institution, backed by the entire wealth of the government and secured in the shape of government bonds. It will undoubtedly be the cause of the saving of much money that would otherwise be wasted; it would be the cause of thrift among our people, and do much to strengthen the government in the minds of the masses. If it will do this, then if it savors of paternalism, why by all means let us have paternalism.

The Supremacy of Russia.

With the accession of Nicholas II to the throne of Russia, vast possibilities of transformation, advancement and political supremacy lay before him. The last of European nations to adopt occidental civilization, and hampered by the selfish and short-sighted policy shown by a long line of Czars, Russia had made slow headway along social, industrial and religious lines; and the time was ripe when the transformation from the oriental to the occidental could be completed.

In a country possessing such vast territory, having such natural resources, and governed by a single unity, it is manifest that upon the policy of the ruling power depends the future of the nation. If by judicious concessions on the part of this power the great masses of the people are brought into thorough accord and harmony with the government, then the task of entirely altering and transforming a great government and throwing all its mighty influence on the side of justice will be much simplified and more easily determined.

Peter the Great was the first Russian Czar who recognized that, in the final analysis, the stability of a government depended upon the attitude of the people, and that without their co-operation advancement along many lines was impossible. It was to this end that he labored, and it was on this account that his name has been handed down as the greatest of all the Czars. The reforms which he accomplished did much for Russia, and a continuation of that policy will place her in the foremost ranks of the nations.

This policy has been adopted by Nicholas II, and no praise is too great to be bestowed upon him. Along all lines of the social, industrial and religious world of

Russia, the transforming power of a hand which is laboring to raise the Russian civilization, to give greater freedom to her people, and to prevent political abuse has been recognized. Nicholas II, in the abolition of transportation to Siberia, has become entitled to enduring gratitude on the part of his subjects. Nor is this all. In the regulation of working hours, in a greater liberty in religion, in the reforms given to Poland, and in many other ways Nicholas has shown that the influence of the Russian ruler is for the betterment of his people, the advancement of his country, and the glory of God.

The influence of such a policy cannot be overestimated. All Europe has recognized that a new star has risen, and that a master hand is guiding her destiny. To-day Russia holds the political supremacy of the old world. In the Dual Alliance a great power has been realized. Slowly but surely Russia has forged ahead, and when the great war comes she will be prepared, and when it is over Turkey will be hers. To-day the minds of European statesmen are fixed upon her, and her every move is watched. Germany is afraid, England is anxious.

The Primary Plan. In all sections of our country there is, among the masses of the people, a growing distrust of legislative bodies and an increasing desire to transfer much of their authority back to the sovereign power from which it sprang. It was this distrust that caused many provisions, purely statutory in their nature, to be incorporated into our State constitutions. The constantly increasing corruption in legislative bodies, and the growing political power of corporations and the money interest, seem to justify the demand that the legislative power should be

curtailed, and more authority vested directly in the people. This corruption has given rise to the phrase, "the menace of legislation,"—one which should not be used in a nineteenth century democracy.

Recent elections for United States Senators in Kentucky and Florida have demonstrated the great political power that lies in the free use of money, whiskey, free passes and hotel bills, and the discovery of the Triay letter in Florida is but the type of what exists, undiscovered, in other States. In both these States the election not only delayed useful and legitimate legislation, but cost the State a large amount of money and an unlimited amount of disgrace. In such a state of affairs it is evident that some provision should be made to prevent the abuse of political power, and the primary plan has been proposed.

This plan is the nearest to an election by direct vote of the people, without a change of Constitution, that can be secured. In short, a primary election is held under the auspices of the State executive committees of the various parties. In each case the person receiving a majority of the votes cast receives the nomination of his party. Of course, there is no statute compelling members of the legislative body to vote for the party candidate so selected, but there is a moral element which the party, as a party, would feel compelled to uphold, and the plan would undoubtedly cause the candidate to poll the full party strength.

While we favor the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people, we think that the primary plan is the nearest approach to that end that can be had under existing conditions, and we heartily favor it. The method has several favorable features. It abolishes the

tyranny of a nominating convention, and leaves the field open to any who desire to enter the contest; it crushes the greater part of the power of the party machine; it gives the people a chance to express their choice with the certainty that that choice will be the party nominee. Of course, the right man may not always be selected, but in that case the mistake will be that of the people, and not of their representatives. It would certainly shift the responsibility from the legislature to the people, and then if they err they alone must bear the burden of it.

The Problem
of the Convict.

Among the many problems that confront the State to-day, there is none more serious or more difficult of solution than that of the convict. Although there are nearly as many different systems in vogue as there are States in the Union, in no case has the one in use been found to fill all the requirements and serve as a model.

Besides the great expense incurred by the State in the maintainence of the convict in solitary confinement, humanity cries out against it as cruel and inhuman, and it is now used only in rare and extreme cases. The leasing of convicts to private individuals has been tried with success in Florida, but the recent scandal in Georgia shows the vast possibilities of shame and disgrace that may incur to the State under this system. In Tennessee, where the State has entered the field of competitive industry and engaged in mining on a large scale, the discontent of private mine holders and corporations is widespread and bitter.

The objection taken to the above leading methods seem to us well founded. We do not believe in exces-

sive punishment. We believe that the State should receive sufficient remuneration for work done by convict labor, and that it should guard the health, morality and life of those who come under its care. We are opposed to the entrance of the State upon the field of industry, either as a monopolist or a competitor.

The idea in imprisonment is, after all, more of reform than of punishment; and that system is best which enables the convict to go forth into the world with some means in his power to make an honest living and to regain the esteem of his fellowmen. We believe that every State should have its penitentiary, and that within its walls a sufficiency of all articles needed by the convict body should be made by convict labor. In the agricultural States, if there is a surplus remaining, they should be either worked upon farms owned by the State, or engaged in the construction of public roads under the direction of county officials. The agricultural industry is so universal that competition by the State bears lightly upon the individual, and no objections can be reasonably made on that ground. By either of these methods, the convict, by proper management, can be made self-supporting, and the end held in view by the State can be accomplished.

LITERARY COMMENT.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

“Rockefeller even controls poetry now.”

“How do you make that out?”

“A great critic defined poetry as a combination of sweetness and light, and doesn't Rockefeller control both sugar and oil?”



A new edition of the Waverly Novels in forty-eight volumes, similar to the Temple Classics, is in press. The reception of Scott's novels in his life-time was the warmest ever given any other writer, and his popularity has never waned. Men talk about Shakespeare and Milton; they read Scott.



The Canadians were somewhat displeased with Kipling for speaking of their country as “Our Lady of the Snow.” He refers to the criticism in “Wee Willie Winkee” as follows:

“There was once a small boy of Quebec.
Who was buried in snow to the neck.
When asked: ‘Are you friz?’
He replied: ‘Yes, I is,
But we don't call this cold in Quebec.’”



“Literary Values” is the title of a very interesting and suggestive essay in *The Dial* for October 1. The writer, Mr. Moore, has acute critical insight, together with a charming manner of composition. He makes a humorous thrust at the bigotry of New England authors. “Ever since that adventure in Boston harbor, there has been a flavor of tea in all New England literature.”



In the contest for the gold medal offered for the best production in philosophy, by the Royal Academy of Denmark, an

American, Prof. J. N. Baldwin of Princeton, was successful. There were no less than nine competitors—four writing in Danish, two in German, two in French and one in English. Prof. Baldwin's work is a comparison of the social and ethical development of the individual and the race.



"Familiar Features of the Roadside," by F. Schuyler Mathews, published by Appleton, is a most attractive book, copiously illustrated by the author himself. No volume could be composed under more pleasant circumstances. He tramps along the country roads and describes the varied wild life he meets with—insects, flowers and birds. So close is his observation that he even tries to construct a musical scale for the notes of birds, or rather attempts to reduce them to the limits of our scale. This is somewhat parallel to the incident in "Sons and Fathers," where they try to ascertain the tone of a waterfall. No doubt both Mr. Mathews and Mr. Edwards will find it difficult to reconcile the natural and artificial melody.



The greatest American magazine, the *Atlantic Monthly*, celebrates its fortieth anniversary in the October number. Perhaps no periodical in any country has held, for so long a career, such a steadfast and dignified course. Much of the best literature of the last half century was given to the world through its columns. It has never stooped to the policy of many other monthlies, in soliciting contributions from merely popular authors, unless they had something to say that would endure. Its first number contained essays from Holmes, Emerson, and other great writers of that period; its last contributions by James Lane Allen, Brunetière, Mr. Kenan, and others on subjects national and international. It is suggestive that the first was strictly American, the last cosmopolitan. North Carolina is proud to recognize on the editorial staff of the *Atlantic* Mr. Walter H. Page, one of her most brilliant sons.



Will English be the international language? That question has come to be interesting and important; for the ends of the earth have been brought so nearly together during the past cen-

tury that some common, world language seems almost a necessity. Without it commerce can never reach the highest development; we cannot hope to realize the long-cherished dream of "peace on earth," nor can civilization and intellectual culture find a deep, wide, and safe soil for growth. Many tendencies indicate the adoption of some universal language, and that language, say the great men of several nations, is likely to be English. It is now spoken by 125,000,000 people in all parts of the world; its grammar is perhaps the simplest of all modern languages; and it has behind it the support of a literature such as no other tongue—not even the Greek—can boast. Only one serious obstacle exists: the inconsistency between our spelling and our pronouncing. As one example out of thousands, take the words *through*, *though*, *bough*, *cough*, *rough*, and the like—all spelled by the same combination of letters and no two pronounced alike. A system of spelling has been proposed to remedy this difficulty, called the "Fonetik" system—that is, spelling according to sound. This, however, has its defects, as every sweeping reform must have; it is only by the gradual elimination of silent letters, etc., that we can hope to remove this impediment.



A recent collection of Byron's letters, hitherto unpublished, more than ever illustrate that poet's remarkable frankness. No mystery is here; every line is a confession, a self-revelation. I quote several extracts: "My life here has been one continual routine of dissipation. At this moment I write with a bottle of claret in my *head* and *tears* in my *eyes*. Sorry to say, been *drunk* every day, and not quite *sober* yet; however, eat no meat—nothing but fish, soup, vegetables—consequently it does me no harm. * * * Mem.—*We mean* to reform next January." "Oh! the misery of doing nothing but make *love*, *enemies* and *verses*. This evening a large assortment of jockeys, gamblers, foxers, authors, parsons and poets sup with me—a precious mixture! But they go on well together; and for me, I am a spice of everything except a jockey." In these the picture of his excessive debauchery is rather ludicrous than repulsive. Here is one in a different strain: "My Dearest Davies [Scrope Davies, his friend]: Some curse hangs over me and mine. My mother lies a corpse in this house; one

of my best friends is drowned in a ditch. What can I say, or think, or do? * * * Come to me, Scrope; I am almost desolate—left almost alone in the world.” In public and in private, it is characteristic of Byron that he was a self-revealer. Every considerable poem that he wrote had as its hero Byron himself. Shakespeare, in this respect, stands at one extreme; Byron at the other.



Unable to find anything conclusive as to the creed of Shakespeare himself, the tireless literary crank has turned his attention to discovering the creed of Shakespeare's father, confident that whatever this creed was it must have exerted a great influence over the life and work of the poet. This is characteristic of our age. Nothing, whether essential or non-essential, interesting or uninteresting, must be left in doubt; all things must be stripped naked. In scientific work this spirit is good, but not always so in literature. Shelley, in a note to *Adonais*, says: “As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic.” Nowadays the literary aspirant who has no original creative genius occupies his time by burrowing into mysteries of the past which can never be made clear. And even if it were possible, who would care to know the creed of Shakespeare or the sundry facts of his life? Many a man has a theory of Shakespeare's life, founded upon arduous investigation, who has never read one of his plays. Who and what Shakespeare was, is not so important as what he has to say to us. About the greatest figures in fiction, it has been said, there is something of mystery, some possibilities of the unexpected. We do not understand them thoroughly, any more than we understand our neighbors or ourselves. Goethe's *Hamlet* is the real one; but so is Coleridge's, and Hazlitt's, and Kean's, and Booth's, and Irving's, and yours and mine. However diverse and contradictory these different impressions are, they are all aspects of the one mighty and mysterious figure which is forever veiled from full view.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

D. A. TEDDER, Editor pro tem.

- Mr. A. F. Sams ('97) is teaching at Cary.
- Mr. W. H. Heck ('97) is teaching at Raleigh.
- Mr. M. Shepherd ('97) is teaching at Bladeboro.
- Rev. D. P. Harris ('97) is preaching at Bayboro.
- Mr. E. A. Griffin ('97) is teaching at Georgeville.
- Mr. G. R. King ('97) is teaching at Rockingham.
- Mr. C. D. Weeks ('97) is teaching at Vance, S. C.
- Rev. C. H. Fry ('97) is teaching in South Carolina.
- Rev. J. E. Johnson ('97) is teaching at Jonesville, N. C.
- Mr. R. N. Simms ('97) is practicing law in Raleigh.
- Mr. J. C. Watkins ('97) is practicing law at Winston.
- Rev. H. H. Mashburn ('97) is pastor at New Berne.
- Mr. W. R. Sykes ('97) is teaching at Grantsboro, N. C.
- Rev. J. M. Walker ('97) is preaching at Rutherfordton.
- Mr. W. F. Joyner ('97) is at his home at Franklinton.
- Mr. W. M. Stancell ('97) is teaching at Jackson, N. C.
- Mr. C. L. Palmer ('97) is teaching at Palmerville, N. C.
- Mr. C. M. Staley ('97) has a flourishing school at Sanford.
- Mr. L. J. Leary ('97) is practicing law at Morehead City.
- Mr. S. E. Hall ('97) is practicing law at Bean Shoal, N. C.

Mr. R. H. McNeill ('97) is teaching at Wilkesboro, N. C.

Mr. T. L. Caudle ('97) is a rising attorney of Monroe, N. C.

Mr. Albert B. Cannady ('97) is here, taking the Law course.

Mr. R. S. Dodd ('97) is married, and living at Wake Forest.

Mr. W. D. Burns ('97) is principal of Morehead High School.

Rev. C. B. Paul ('97) has charge of Vandemere Academy.

Mr. C. V. Holland ('97) is keeping a book-store at Statesville.

Mr. J. E. Yates, M. A., ('94) is now at the University of Chicago.

Mr. W. T. Carstarphen ('97) is at his home at Garysburg, N. C.

Rev. D. M. Pressley ('94-'97) is preaching in Montgomery County.

Mr. L. R. Mills, Jr., ('97) is teaching with his brother at Franklin, Va.

Mr. W. H. Stillwell ('97) is in business with his father at Savannah, Ga.

Mr. C. P. Rogers ('97) is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University.

Rev. C. M. McIntosh ('97) is preaching and teaching at Autreyville, N. C.

Rev. C. L. Greaves ('97) is preaching at Pittsboro, Sanford and Jonesboro.

Mr. L. A. Robertson ('97) is a medical student at Johns Hopkins University.

Rev. S. J. Beeker ('97) is teaching school and preaching in Davie county.

Mr. Steven McIntyre ('94) is a rising young attorney of Lumberton, N. C.

Rev. J. C. Gillespie ('97) is attending Crozer Theological Seminary, New York.

Mr. R. B. Fore ('97) is attending Columbia University, Washington, D. C.

Mr. J. E. Lineberry ('97) has charge of the Ashpole Academy, Robeson county.

Rev. L. R. Pruett ('87) is doing a great work among the suburbs of Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. W. L. McNeill ('89-'90) is teaching school and practicing law in South Carolina.

Mr. P. S. Vann ('97), the second of his class to marry, has found a bride at Murfreesboro.

Mr. R. J. Biggs ('97) has returned to Wake Forest, and is taking a special course in English.

Rev. G. N. Cowan ('97) is attending the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

Mr. J. G. Baskerville ('68-'69) is the popular train dispatcher of the Carolina Central Railroad at Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. John H. Gore ('96) is a rising young attorney of Wilmington, N. C. We were glad to see him on the Hill a few days ago.

Rev. C. V. Brooks ('94) has a flourishing school at Lemon Springs, in Moore county. He has named it The James Maske Academy.

Mr. Oscar Winburn ('94-'97) has made quite a reputation for himself in his new work at Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. D. Roy Britton ('94) was married October 5th to Miss Sallie Shaw, of Winton, N. C. THE STUDENT extends congratulations.

Rev. W. B. Morton ('84), of Roxboro, was married October 20th to Miss Annie P. Upperman, of Louisburg. THE STUDENT extends congratulations.

Rev. D. B. Rickard ('96), who is pastor at Bethel, N. C., has been married to Miss Willie Pulley, of Bethel Hill. THE STUDENT extends congratulations.

It is doubtful whether Wake Forest has a more loyal supporter than Mr. Thomas H. Briggs ('68-'70). Mr. Briggs is a prosperous hardware merchant of Raleigh, N. C. For several years he has been treasurer of Wake Forest College.

Rev. A. C. Dixon ('74) is pastor of Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Dixon is one of the most successful preachers who ever graduated at Wake Forest. For several years he has been doing a great work among the Japanese of Brooklyn.

Mr. John B. Brewer ('68), president of Chowan Baptist Female Institute, 1881-'97, is at present conducting the business of the Raleigh Spring Bed Company at Wake Forest. His family makes a marked addition to the social life of the community.

Mr. Robert H. Gwaltney ('94-'97), who played as catcher in such fine form on our baseball team, has a responsible position in the depot of the Atlantic Coast Line at Wilmington, N. C. Wilmington has also another of Wake Forest's sons of baseball fame—Mr. C. E. Taylor ('94). He is in a bank.

Prof. Thomas H. Briggs, Jr. ('96), is principal of a flourishing school in Elizabeth City. At college Tom was known as one of these "all-round" men—one who could do *anything*—yea, even from the scribbling of verse to the playing of baseball. Professor Briggs is also editor of a popular weekly paper.

One of the best preachers in the Baptist denomination in the South is Dr. Len. G. Broughton ('81-'84). After leaving Wake Forest Mr. Broughton attended the Louisville Medical College. For some years after receiving his M. D. degree he was Professor of Chemistry in that institution. He was ordained a Baptist minister February 28, 1892, and has been among the leaders in the denomination ever since.

The newspapers of North Carolina have been making wonderful advancement within the last few years. *The Evening News*, of Charlotte, N. C., edited by W. C. Dowd ('89), has, perhaps, the largest circulation of any afternoon paper in the State. Mr. Dowd was Senator from Mecklenburg County in the Legislature of 1895-'96. He is also editor of a semi-weekly paper, which has a larger circulation in Mecklenburg County than any other two papers.

Rev. Edwin M. Poteat ('81) is pastor of Calvary Church, New Haven, Conn., which church he has been serving for nine years. *The Baptist Union* (Chicago) has this to say of him:

Rev. Edwin M. Poteat entered upon the tenth year of his pastorate at the Calvary Church, New Haven, Conn., on October 3d. The annual church letter was read, showing seventy additions, including fifty by baptism, during the year. The present membership is 828, and the total amount raised for benevolent purposes was \$5,781. The Bible School numbers 711, with excellent prospects of growth.

Mr. J. W. Bailey ('93), editor of *The Biblical Recorder*, is one of the most talented young men the State has ever produced. His editorials are quoted by religious journals all over the United States. Though not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years old, he is already the best writer in the State. Mr. Bailey is also widely known as a speaker.

The Biblical Recorder of October has this to say of a graduate of the Class of '91:

Dr. E. W. Sikes has been engaged to represent Wake Forest College at our Associations until the meeting of the Board of Trustees at our Convention. He is a recent graduate, with the Doctor's degree, from Johns Hopkins University. As a speaker he is one of the ablest young men Wake Forest ever sent out. At college his love for the institution and his strong sympathies with the people marked him among his fellow-students as a promising leader. So he is eminently qualified for this position.

Referring to the late meeting of the Tar River Association, the editor of *Charity and Children* says the following:

Wednesday night we listened to the greatest preacher we have ever heard. The sermon was a beautiful and persuasive plea for Christian service in the home life. It was not a strained effort to be eloquent. It was so simple that a child could understand every word of it, but it was a grand gospel message that sank in every soul. The preacher was Dr. Vann ('73), of Scotland Neck. Where is there another like him?

Mr. Irving Hardesty ('92), of Wake county originally, is a Fellow of the University of Chicago, in the department of Neurology. He gave the summer quarter courses on the "Histology of the Central Nervous System and Sense Organs," and on the "Growth of the Brain," lectures, and laboratory work. The Annual Register of the

University for 1897 gives the following facts about Mr. Hardesty:

A. B., Wake Forest College, 1892; Associate Principal Wakefield Academy, 1892-'93; Graduate Student, the University of Chicago, 1893-'95; Student, Marine Biological Laboratory, Wood's Hall, Mass., summer, 1895; Instructor in Histology and Comparative Anatomy, University of Missouri, 1895-'96; Student, Bahama Biological Station, Biscayne Bay, Florida, summer, 1896; Fellow, the University of Chicago, 1896-'97.

EXCHANGES.

HUBERT M. EVANS, Editor.

The October number of the *Trinity Archive* comes to us with quite an imposing table of contents printed on its outside cover, and with some well-written articles printed on the inside, besides the various departments, which are well conducted. "Running the Blockade from Confederate Ports" is especially interesting. "Ruskin's Moral Teaching" is a good essay, giving a *resume* of Ruskin's work and influence. There is also in this number the first installment of a continued story—"Fidelis."

We cannot blame a man for not being able to write a story simply and naturally, and put life into it, for it is hard to do this unless you know how—and evidently the author of "Fidelis" does not know how. But there are some pitfalls in story-writing which are so plainly in view that, seemingly, any one might avoid them. One of these is prefacing a story with a lot of heavy, morbid, personal reflections which have nothing to do with the story, and only serve to annoy the expectant reader, and, most likely, drive him away before he has reached the real opening of the story. This will do for a sermon—and we all enjoy reading a good sermon if it is properly labelled—but it is out of place in a story.

Another common fault, which some of our college story-tellers hold on to desperately, is the labored use of grand-sounding words and phrases, in season and out of

season. This keeps the reader's mind so constantly jarred that he forgets the story and finds himself wondering, "What in the world does the man mean?"

Another fault, which is more difficult to get around than the two mentioned, lies in not giving the reader a pretty clear conception of your characters at the first opportunity. Only by doing this can you stimulate interest and sympathy on the part of the reader.

For these three things, at least, we take the author of "Fidelis" to task, not simply to be fault-finding—for these faults are manifest—but, if possible, to raise the standard of the college magazine story. This, it seems to us, should be characteristic and distinctive—something typical of college life.

But let us forget this disagreeable criticism now for a while, and enjoy a little ditty from *The Inlander*. It will rest us and do us good. Here it is:

SUNBEAMS.

Dance, little sunbeam, dance
 The trembling leaflets through;
 Smile on the bursting buds,
 Make rainbows in the dew;
 Hover my road beside,
 And leave me a gentle ray;
 Lingering feet shall be glad
 If thou but light my way.

Dance, dearest lovelight, dance,
 And glow in my sweetheart's eyes;
 Send to this heart of mine
 The light that never dies.
 Life is dark as it is,
 But bright indeed the day,
 If her dear eyes will but
 Smile my cares away.

The Bowdoin Orient is usually considered a good publication, and in fact it is; but we think it is a mistake to sacrifice the literary department for locals and personals. Of course a certain amount of this has to be done to stimulate local interest, and thereby to increase the subscription list—for the printer has to be paid—but too much of this lowers the quality of the magazine. The number before us contains very little literary matter—nothing worth mentioning, except a chorus translated from the *Baccantes* of Euripides. This is very well done.

The contents of *The Baylor Literary* are uniformly good, both prose and verse. Below we quote:

MEMORIES.

A hand swept o'er some trembling strings
 That hidden were from human eyes,
 And forth there throbb'd such echoings
 As sound at eve from paradise;
 There was such music in the air—
 It hung like censer's soft perfume,
 And hovered like an angel's prayer
 That floats above an infant's tomb.
 No other ears could hear the strains,
 No soul could listen but mine own;
 The melodies the notes contained
 Were those that came to me alone.
 My heartstrings were the trembling strings,
 Thy voice the hand that o'er them strayed;
 The long ago, the echoings
 And memories, the music played.

The Journal from the Southwestern Presbyterian University is a slim little magazine, but of good quality—and quality should come before size, anyway. “The Mistletoe” may not possess very much literary merit, but

we rather like it. It is one of those dreamy, fanciful things, and is written exactly in the manner of Oliver Schreiner.

The Lesbian Herald, which, by the way, comes from the Woman's College at Frederick, Md., is what one would call a "nice" little magazine; that is to say, it is well printed and has something about its appearance to attract one. But you would never guess from its contents—which are good, but heavy—that it is edited by a crowd of girls. The life of the schoolgirl is nowhere reflected in its pages.

Though the magazine contains no stories, this little skit in rhyme is an excellent thing to relieve the monotony:

THE AUTUMN GIRL.

I do not sing the maid of Spring,
 With golden hair a-curl;
 My heart—right servilely—I bring
 Unto the Autumn girl:
 The maiden fair,
 Beyond compare,
 More lovely than the pearl;
 I'll make my boast
 And drink my toast
 Unto the Autumn girl.

All for this maid, with eyes of brown,
 My banner I'll unfurl;
 The sweetest thing in all the town
 Is my dear Autumn girl.
 The man who sees
 Her arts to please
 Unmoved is a churl.
 Of her I boast
 And drink my toast—
 Kathryn, my Autumn girl.

The College Message is another one of our exchanges that is published by girls, and we have to make the same complaint against it that we made against the *Lesbian Herald*—it contains not a single contribution written by a girl. This should not be, no matter how good the articles are, or who writes them.

We are glad to be able to exchange with the *Western College Magazine*. It is handsomely printed on the very best paper, and rivals the standard magazines in its size and appearance, as well as in its contents. Its contributions are written mostly by college professors, and, since it is inter-collegiate, it has a large circulation, especially among Western colleges.

Here is a delicate bit of verse from the *Brown Magazine*, which we give to the readers of *THE STUDENT*, feeling sure that it will be appreciated:

THE BIRTH OF THE WHITE VIOLET.

I know a place where the violet blows—

A shadowy, silent dell—

And only the stream beside me knows

This spot where the violets dwell.

'Tis a nook where twilight fancies hide,

And sleepy shadows dream—

Where only the pale-eyed violets guide

The footsteps of the stream.

And a moonbeam lover guards the way

And quiets all alarms,

Till, lured by dewdrop eyes astray,

Is caught in her pearly arms,

And prest to her lips till weak and faint,

They die on the perfumed air;

And the violet, free as the light from taint,

Is the child of the wanton pair.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

T. H. LACY, Editor.

WHAT IS the matter with the Historical Society?

EVERYBODY IS glad that Mr. Edwin Allen is to continue to be assistant post-master at Wake Forest; that is, nearly everybody. Mrs. Timberlake took charge of the office Oct. 1.

THE EUZELIAN SOCIETY has elected its marshals for next anniversary. They are Messrs. R. C. Camp, C. H. Herring and G. P. Martin. The election in the Philomathesian Society has not yet taken place.

THE NOVELTY of coming back to school again seems to have worn away entirely. The students have settled down to the session's work with an energy that will have its effect some day. The Newish, too, has been thoroughly acclimated, and he no longer trembles under his table when he hears five or six sophomores coming towards his door.

SOME DAYS AGO great amusement was created at chapel exercises by the introduction to the students of Mr. E. W. Sikes; Mr. Sikes was "on" for a speech, but he was not present. Next day, however, Mr. Sikes attended, and we had our treat in the form of a short, but interesting and instructive talk on the manner of life and work at Johns Hopkins.

QUITE A NUMBER of Newish have expressed their disappointment at the delinquency on the part of the good people of Wake Forest in not giving a "Newish enter-

tainment." The sophomore class, however, seem to regret still more deeply the loss of this opportunity for enjoyment. Perhaps the good people remember the part taken by the sophomores in previous entertainments of this kind.

MR. T. NEIL JOHNSON was in Durham a few days ago. He went there for the purpose of making arrangements with the literary societies of Trinity College for the inter-collegiate debate which is to take place in Raleigh on Thanksgiving Day. Three speakers from each college will enter the debate. So far only Trinity and Wake Forest have agreed to enter the contest. The subject of the debate will be the question of municipal ownership of street car lines, electric lights and telephones.

THE OCTOBER MEETING of the Scientific Society was held Tuesday evening, Oct. 5. "Modern Alchemy" was the subject of an interesting paper by Mr. J. M. Brewer, Jr. Prof. Brewer gave a short supplementary talk on the subject. Over Mr. Terrell's paper, which was mentioned in the last issue of the STUDENT, Dr. Taylor and Prof. Poteat had an animated discussion, which was highly interesting and edifying to the Society. After this tilt Mr. Tedder and Mr. Evans discussed the paper at some length.

A FOOT-BALL TEAM has been organized in college; Mr. S. J. Honeycutt is manager, and Mr. P. J. Norfleet captain. We have had several very good practice games, but some heavy-weight tackle fell on the ball too violently a few days ago, and the ball came out next best. It was damaged beyond repair, and the college spirit seems to be unable to raise funds with which to

buy a new one. The student is very sorry for this ; he loves to play foot-ball, and he wants to see another team in the black and gold before he graduates—a team like that of '94. Boys, buy a new ball.

THE LAW CLASS of September, '97, was a happy set of young men on Tuesday, Sept. 28. Every one of them had passed a successful examination before the Supreme Court on the day before. The boys occupied the first row of seats during the examination, and not one question passed this row unanswered ; as usual, Wake Forest made the best showing before the judges.

It was at the chapel exercises on that Tuesday morning that the class presented to Professor Gulley a handsome cane. Mr. C. D. Weeks, of Duplin County, was the spokesman of the class, and it was a nice little talk that he made, too. Professor Gulley, in his response, spoke of the excellent work that had been done by the class. He said that such a class was an honor to him, and that he must thank them for the fine showing they had made, as well as for the cane—and he meant what he said.

ALL THAT OUR College needs to make it what we would have it be, and all that is lacking to make us a student body of which our College might well be proud, is a well-equipped gymnasium. The student has never yet known of a college that did not have at least a horizontal-bar, or a flying-trapeze, with which the students might take some excuse for exercise, but here we have not even a spring-board. Everybody knows that a body of students cannot do their best work without sufficient exercise to make them hungry sometimes. A man's muscles must be at least something harder than fat, if he wants to study Greek and Mathematics to good

advantage; and muscles that never work will never be hard. A well-equipped gymnasium offers, to the large majority of students, the only means of taking exercise. A few of us can play tennis, or foot-ball, or base-ball. What must the others do? Our professors do not give us time to walk six or eight miles a day, and good authorities say that when a man's only form of exercise is walking; less than six miles a day is insufficient. I wish the friends of the college would give us a gymnasium.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

IN LOUDON CEMETERY.*

I.

April with promise of early flowers,
And glimpses of verdure on sunny slopes,
Lures from the city's crowded haunts
Eager throngs to the wide, free fields.
Only the aged hither come,
Leaving the noisy ways of life
To gain awhile the peace of the dead.

Holy the Sabbath stillness here!
Only can fancy dimly catch,
From the brow of this far-gazing hill,
Failing sounds from the city's life.
Hollow and faint from the scene below,
Ghostly murmur of voices comes.

*In Loudon Cemetery—and there are few more beautiful places—the burial-ground of the Federal soldiers lies close to that of the Confederates. The difference, however, is marked and painful. The Confederate graves are almost wholly uncared for, and rarely visited. There was once a monument, but it was long ago shattered—perhaps by lightning, but more probably by the hands of Vandals. Some of the saddest hours the writer has ever spent were passed among the graves marked “Unknown.”

II.

Pause, oh son of the South, pause here,
And read with mournful, reverent eyes,—
Graven on these low, tottering stones,—
Names of the South's unhonored dead.
Here on the wind-haunted hill-top they lie,
Aliens in their own land! You flag
That flings its star-wrought folds to the sun,
Proudly over the gleaming ranks
Of stones that name the victors,—may wave
Never above these heroes' graves:
Rebels, traitors,—what not?—were they!

Cries not their martyred blood from the earth?
Crying against the shameless world
Trampling their dust, and the shameless sons
Calling to-day, what their fathers called
Honor and right—rebellion and wrong!

BALTIMORE, Sunday, April 22, 1887.

THE CHILD AS TEACHER.*

—
W. L. POTTEAT.
—

And blind Authority beating with his staff
The child that might have led him.

—*Wordsworth*: "The Prelude."

I purpose reversing the usual conditions. Let us, just for to-night, set the child on the dais and the teacher below, put the teacher to school to the pupil. Let us, with Rousseau, sit at the feet of infancy, and watch and learn. For such a course we have the highest of precedents. The college of apostles was put to school to a little boy in arms.

There has been, as you are aware, a new interest awakened in the child. Of course, from the beginning the child has always been interesting—that is, always interesting to the woman; and from the time that her superior insight and tenderness were able to impress her grosser and less penetrating mate, the child has been interesting to the father as well. But in later years this natural and universal interest has been quickened. We have learned at this late day to appreciate the essential beauty of nature unmarred by the touch of man; and so at last we have come to see the beauty of the child, which is the beauty of unperverted nature. The new interest lies also in his happiness, his freedom from perplexity. He is healthful and happy in the midst of the disillusion and complaint of the modern world, and so we love him.

* Condensed from the stenographer's report of the President's annual address before the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, 1897. Reprinted by permission of the editors of the *North Carolina Journal of Education*.

Besides this sentimental, there is also a scientific, interest in the child now-a-days, in which we may recognize two factors. The first you might call archæological. We have come to see that the child is an authentic specimen of man in his primitive state, and the primitiveness of the child makes him attractive and important. The second factor is educational. The child has come to be studied with the practical purpose of determining how best to educate him. There is now a new science of which the child is the subject. It is called Paidology, or more simply, Child Study. Child Study began in this country where most things begin—in Boston—in 1879, under the lead of a woman.* And who should begin it but a woman? The first endeavor was to ascertain the actual contents of a number of children's minds. The results, published next year in the *Princeton Review*, were made up largely of what the minds of children did *not* contain; for 33 per cent of them had never seen a live chicken, 51 per cent had never seen a robin. Even in Boston, not 30 per cent of the children who ate baked beans every Sunday, had ever seen the plant on which they grew, and one little girl answered that she supposed a cow was as big as her thumb nail; another said as big as a cat's tail. That was the beginning. The next work undertaken was the detailed measurement of children, their stature, and rate of growth. Then followed the study of exceptional or defective children. I may say it was discovered that a great deal of what teachers had been calling dullness and stupidity was really to be accounted for by some natural defect, which might or might not be corrected. For instance, in many cases, it was found that a dull child merely

* Mrs. Quincy Shaw.

needed a front seat because he was near-sighted. In the best city wards of some countries it is now customary for physicians to subject the entire school to periodic examinations, and the book in which these records are kept is accessible to parents. Questions like these are asked: How about this child's complexion? How about his muscles? His eyes? Is his digestion good? And, in all probability, the advice will be to take the child to the country, or to the dentist, keep him at home a few weeks, or let the family physician prescribe for him.

This scientific educational interest has spread very rapidly. In the congress held in Chicago, in 1893, the child-study movement was organized throughout the United States, and the American Association for the Study of Children was formed, with Dr. Stanley Hall, leader of the movement, as president. It has been organized in the National Educational Association, and at the Buffalo meeting last year an effort was made to organize local circles throughout the country for the study of the individual child. I commend that to all the teachers who are here. I would commend it also to parents; for if we are going to train our children, it would certainly be well to know thoroughly the material upon which we are to work.

But I am to speak of the characteristics of the child and of the lessons which we in our maturity may learn from him.

1. The first child characteristic which one thinks of is *innocence*. In this composite idea there are two elements. The first one is purity. The child is pure. Now, I see some learned theologians here; they will not bother me, for I am not talking theology. But if they do say "total depravity," I say to them, "Of such is

the Kingdom of Heaven," and leave them to solve the difficulty. Here is this childhood paradise of purity. We all soon get out of it somehow or other. We are all driven out. You, with your solemn face, say sin drives us out. How do you know? You would better say you do not know. You remember Max Muller's beautiful "Story of a German Love"? About this very problem the author says: "Is it sin that changes the caterpillar to the chrysalis, and the chrysalis to the butterfly, and the butterfly to dust? Is it sin that changes the baby to the man, and the man to the hoary head, and the hoary head to dust? And what is dust? Let us say we do not know."

But the child has that remarkable gift which Browning so beautifully describes:

God's gift of a purity of soul
That will not take pollution, ermine-like
Armed from dishonor by its own soft snow.

Even when the child seems to be corrupt, he carries with him this precious birthright. It is a beautiful picture Victor Hugo gives us of the street waif in Paris. If you should ask this great city, says he, "What is this?" she would say, "This is my little one." He goes on to say that he haunts the wine-shop, knows thieves, calls gay women *thou*, talks slang, sings obscene songs, but has no evil in his heart, because he carries with him this pearl of innocence, and pearls are not dissolved in mud. Unfortunately this is past us, as you know. All that remains to us is the privilege of recognizing and doing obeisance to it.

The other element in this innocence of childhood may be suggested, namely, ignorance. A child does know a great many things that we do not give him credit for

knowing. He is wiser than we think. Wordsworth says of him:

Mighty prophet! seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find.

I grant, nevertheless, that ignorance is characteristic of the child. There are many things he does not know, and which he makes no pretense of knowing. There is a lesson for us. We know too much in our day and time, teachers particularly. We have the temptation to which all specialists are subject, that of speaking with final authority on every question that arises in any way connected with our specialty. We know everything and assume the airs of omniscience. Renan said it took him six years of hard labor to discover that his teachers were not infallible. I was glad to hear one of the teachers say to-day that we hardly know anything. Berthelot remarked years ago: "There is now no longer any mystery." And yet, no matter to what point of the horizon we direct our eyes there sits a silent sphinx. In the investigation of nature, the fundamental question in which we are most concerned is precisely the thing that escapes our grasp, just at the moment when we think we have it. These physicists have surely hit upon one of nature's prime secrets; they have got something at last in these X-rays. But ask one of them what the X-ray is, and he will tell you he does not know. If you ask what life is, the biologist must confess that he does not know. Plato could have answered as well. "Behold we know not anything." The same problems which perplexed the ancient Greek mind are problems still, and I doubt very much if we shall advance very far beyond the point they reached in their solution. It will

help us if we can learn from the child to say we do not know. The spread of science has been so rapid and marked, and the conquest of the realm of the unknown has been so vigorous, that one is afraid he will not be thought quite up with the times if he says he doesn't know. It has come to be a test of one's veracity, particularly of a teacher's, whether he can say, "I don't know."

2. Another child characteristic is *simplicity*. You understand by that term freedom from artificiality, freedom from insincerity, from duplicity—naturalness, in short. Man, as normally constituted, is a compound of feeling and intellect, of impulse and reason; but the result of his development in civilized life is to suppress the one side of his nature and exalt the other at its expense. Very early in his history man acquired self-consciousness. I think theologians would call that crisis the fall. With self-consciousness he acquired the ability to look in on the operations of his own mind and to disturb with ulterior aims the natural and immediate promptings of his own spirit. He has put the impulses of his spirit under the constraint of his intellect, and the result is that civilization has come to be artificial and formal and mechanical. There has been a marked elaboration of life; it has got to be exceedingly complex; and, being complex, it is artificial and mechanical.

Artificiality is the weakness and menace of our civilization. I think the reason we have so few effective men and women is that there is too little of the savage in us. It has been educated out of us; we have got to be cultured and civilized and weak. In social life, for example, the manners—dear me, how formal our manners are! Take any little social event, or "social function," as it is called. You must wear a certain kind of

coat, whether you own one or not; you must do a certain way when you enter, the very speech you make when you leave is prescribed for you, and while you are there—I don't think I should lose, if I should lay a big wager for any conversation's lingering beyond ten minutes on any subject that might be raised. Everybody is so intent on making an impression that the mind cannot do its duty. The gentlemen cannot forget their ties and patent leathers, and the ladies examine now their belts and now the fluffy masses on their temples and foreheads, or occupy themselves with disposing to the best effect their self-conscious hands. And when, at last, the thing is over, you rush out into the wide expanse of the fresh, open air, and say, "Thank God, that's over with." Now, why should it not be pleasant for friends to meet? It was once the custom for it to be so.

And fashions—how artificial! They are not confined to women. We are all under the rule of this imperious authority, which is as deaf to the suggestions of nature, of common-sense, or of comfort as the dull, cold ear of death.

Observe also the artificiality in religion. How formal and lifeless its public worship often is. Once, in a little village on the Massachusetts coast, I went up a high green hill to see the sun set. It went down beyond the most beautiful stretches of water and a long low line of trees behind New Bedford. The whole scene—sun and water and land—was transfigured in a glorious serenity. I—I was in heaven and talked with God. In the gathering dusk I heard the bells calling the people to worship in the village below. I went into a beautiful church which had been built there by a rich Bostonian. The functionary at the farther end, in a dress that no

ordinary mortal wears, began to bow and turn about, and do this thing and that, and I felt the glow of the hill-top experience gradually die out of my heart. I felt chilled and indignant that anybody should intervene between me and the spirit world with genuflections and prescribed formalities. I am afraid I went out disgusted and intolerant.

Here is another thing, public speech. Elocution has come to be a science. In rare cases it is serviceable, but in the hands of many persons it defeats its professed purpose and degenerates into a ridiculous farce.

These are some illustrations of the artificiality which limits and enervates our whole life; and I think it is time we teachers, who are in part responsible, were recognizing and seeking to correct it.

3. Another characteristic of the child which we ought to imitate is *faith*. I do not mean what preachers mean by the term, that is, belief. I mean a large and intimate familiarity with the invisible, with the world of spirit. A familiar stanza of the great *Ode* from which I have already quoted, sketches our melancholy loss of it with increasing years:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the man perceives it die away
 And fade into the light of common day.

The advance of science and the consequent development of our industrial life have stimulated the growth

of the materialistic bias which is so marked a feature of the average man. Illustrations abound. I cite but one. There is a great clamor that education be practical; for is not this a practical age? In other words, man is first and last a bread-winner, and that reduced to its last analysis is, man is a stomach with certain accessory appendages. What a travesty upon human nature!

What is man
If the chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

4. Another characteristic of the child is *play*. Play is not what Herbert Spencer calls it, the overflow of surplus energy. It is rather the serious business of the child; and the meaning of infancy is that the child may have time to play. Play is the work upon which he grows. And so, if we could learn of the child, we should play while we work. It would be better, not only for the worker, but for the work. I doubt if any man does his best work until he reaches, as one has said, a play interest in it.

5. The last characteristic which I shall mention is *originality*. The child is original. It is a mistake to suppose that every generation starts upon the shoulders of its predecessor. Each child has to start afresh; he cannot inherit that thing of experience, or thought, or speech; but by the time he reaches maturity he has caught up with the race in the work which it has taken centuries to accomplish. But when that great achievement has been made he is found, alas! to have largely lost his individuality and to be of the type of men amongst whom he has grown—only one grain in the great democratic sand-heap of modern society. We lose our originality because, of all the virtues, society likes conformity best. Custom is its patron

saint. In politics, gross ridicule waits outside the party corral to beat back the first show of independent thought or action. If you dare express an opinion of your own, you are suspected, you are dangerous. It is time for teachers and all intelligent people who care for the future of our country to resist such domination and censorship of individual initiative. I am afraid our very systems of education are ingeniously contrived means for the suppression of intelligence and originality. Unless men were made in absolutely the same mould, with no peculiarities to distinguish them, what is the sense in putting them all through precisely the same course in precisely the same time? Men like Dickens and Tennyson and Darwin have rebelled against the system which was too narrow to meet their intellectual needs. A friend of mine told me the other day that on quitting Johns Hopkins University he resolved that he would go to work and educate himself!

Before education in the schools and contact with men have had time to swamp the child's originality, how beautiful and impressive it is. Rousseau, in his *Confessions*, tells of an experience he had with an eleven-year-old girl—a beautiful child—an experience, like so many of his experiences, not altogether to his credit. The next day he met her on the stairs, and he felt a strange embarrassment and confusion come over him. He asked himself why it was that a man who had never felt fear of kings should be intimidated by a little child. I think I can explain that in part. One reason for it lies in this matter of purity, to which I have referred. Awe and reverence possess us in the presence of purity, like the awe I felt awhile ago as I looked at that glowing planet; such as one feels "in the presence of any majesty or beauty

in earth or sky." I felt the same thing in the presence of a little child the other day. There was a pair of great, calm, mysterious brown eyes, round which smiles played like Wordsworth's fringe of daffodils beside a deep lake. But more; our awe and embarrassment are due to our recognition of the child's originality and independence. His intuitions are swift and just, and you stand or fall before them on your merits. No allegiance to any regulation of "propriety," no forecasting of consequences intervenes to delay or to modify the verdict. An acute French historian has said that no consecrated absurdity could have survived in this world, if the man had not silenced the objection of the child.

Walter Pater tells of the destruction of an old Roman bridge at Auxerre—how the people, as they stood on the banks of the river were horrified when, as the rubbish was cleared away, the skeleton of a child was found at the heart of the central pier. The ancient builders thought that the presence of a child entombed alive in the masonry secured the safety of all who should pass over the bridge. If we could put a living child into the social structure which we are building, as a nucleus about which it should gather and form itself, we might at least take some steps toward that old-time paradise from which we are now so far wandered.

THE POWER OF THE SCHOOL.

J. W. BAILEY.

Men prate of the power of the Press, the Pulpit and of Public Opinion; there is a significant silence upon the power of the infinitely greater forces of civilization, the Home and the School.

When a preacher comes into a community to perform the offices of his calling, the people do not hesitate to receive him as their leader, they do not measure the power they place within his hands, they do not fear him, if he be of their persuasion; his recognition as a preacher of their faith and practice they take as sufficient evidence of his worthiness. If a teacher comes, they receive him and commit to him their children, without measuring the power they thus give over to him, without fear, if his rates are low and he looks "sorter like a teacher."

The preacher takes to the pulpit, and with the Bible before him and in the hands of his hearers and the fundamental doctrines known to all to hedge him round about the Truth, tries to teach men and women of comparatively set views and established modes of thought. He cannot do much harm at any rate. If he be heretical, he will quickly be found out; if he have a weak moral character, it will quickly be discovered; if he is unsafe, his days as pastor of the flock will not be many. The teacher goes over to the school-house, leaving the people in their homes. There is no established standard by which he must be guided; no doctrines of Education upon which the people are unanimously insistent; he chooses his own books; he teaches and ministers to boys and girls in their plastic years. They cannot know

whether he is sound or heretical, not only in religious matters, but in civil, moral or in any respect. If they could know, there were little power to resist. And the parents, they have accepted him because some one or other got him to come there and some one else recommended him, and he "has been to" this, that or the other college or university. And if he conduct himself discreetly to the eye, he can damn some of their children to a degradation of heart and conscience, from which a thousand preachers can hardly rescue them.

Why not watch the teacher? He has more power than the preacher. Why not have convictions upon Education? It can uproot Religion. Why not guard with jealous watchfulness the School? It can shake the foundations of the Church. To look out for yourself, and leave your children to a man because he is "educated" and you are presumed not to be, is to be worse than infidel.

It is obviously demonstrable that the power of the School is at least as great as that of the Church—humanly speaking. It is patent that while men and women never cease to hunt heretics in Religion, they do not know an Educational wolf when he is among them.

The more one thinks about it, the more one wonders that thousands of men and women have so long been giving over their children to the School without convictions or standards or tests of the School's worth. If a mother will remember that the School can unmake her child's conscience or make it crooked or train it true, that the School can shake to its depths the foundation of her child's incipient Faith or build it up stay on stay, can determine the channel of her child's life; if she will remember that the teacher takes her place as mother, that

her child soon begins to think that the teacher knows more than the parents, she will have convictions, and as she honors God and loves her child she will cling to them.

If any one lays the flattering unction to his soul that teachers have always high ideals and noble principles, let him take a lesson from the teacher of teachers who recently plunged from the exalted throne of a Chair of Pedagogy immeasurably down into the reeking depths of a cigarette factory, or come to our General Assembly and watch the foremost educators employed by our State go in and out the lobby.

There are some people who so far forget the influence of environment and example as to think that nothing more than Mathematics, Grammar, Geography, etc., are learned in the School. They do not know that in every act or word the teacher gives a lesson in Justice or Injustice; and that ten times a day his conduct may inculcate faith in God or faith in learning or faith in shrewdness or unfaith in everything; that from him comes like rays from the sun a constant lesson in selfishness or unselfishness, of nobleness or baseness. In truth, the teacher has that same power with the child which the parent has. With good reason we call our School *Alma Mater*.

When the child gets out of the mother's arms, he enters into a new environment. From that day on, the life must be shapen by ten thousand influences, the most potent of which are those of the School; for they have power over all the others. Most of the evil habits and foul thoughts of men are first learned upon the playground. The teacher must guard against and counteract these. Suppose the teacher is lax? And many are. Suppose the teacher is teaching with an eye single to the money? And some are not above it. Suppose

the teacher is unjust or high-tempered or careless or unchristian?

From the Schools comes forth the Nation. And what the Schools are most of the citizens must be; and, in the lower schools at least, the teacher makes the School.

In the higher school where there are several teachers, the teacher's power loses itself in the School's power. In the lower school, where there is probably only one teacher, with maybe an assistant, the power of the School is in that teacher's hands.

The power of the School in the world is commensurate with the power of men and women for good or evil.

I do not undertake to say that God's Word should be a text-book in the primary school. That is unreasonable. But I will maintain that, that Word being debarred from the primary school because the child cannot read it or study it satisfactorily, there is all the more reason why the teacher should be a man of Faith, of thorough Christian character; and that when the child does enter a higher school, the Word of God should be first and most important in the curriculum which he must follow. The power of the School is vain, is dangerous, is damning, except it be of God and for God.

I am glad the people have come to esteem schools and to covet learning. But they will err disastrously if they do not place a proper estimate upon learning; if they do not discriminate between Culture and Faith as saving forces; if they place confidence in a teacher because he is a teacher or in a school because it is a school, or seek an education because it is called an education. There are goods and bads in everything; there are good and bad teachers, and a bad one is worse than none; there is good and bad learning, and bad learning is worse than

none; there is depravity by education as well as elevation by education, and educated depravity is the kind of which Satan himself is master. Ignorance and Faith and the fruit of Faith, Love, make a better man or woman than Culture and Infidelity and the fruit of infidelity, hardness. Better than all is Christian Culture with its fruits of Faith, Hope and Love, Righteousness, Joy and Peace. Give the people these and this old World will quit its racking restlessness and find Peace that lasts. They must come from the School.

DUTY OF OUR COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITY TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

—
C. H. MEBANE.
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I believe in a practical education of all the people, by all the people and for all the people, rich and poor, white and black.

As a matter of fact only about seven per cent of our children between the age of six and twenty-one years ever attend private schools and colleges. Now what is to become of the ninety-three per cent of all our children, where is their education to be obtained, who is to pay for it, and is responsible if this great host is not offered a practical education?

This education must be furnished in the public schools. The people must pay for it, and we generally say the people are responsible for lack of schools.

“The people” do this and “the people” do that. “The people” are aroused on this subject and “the people” are indifferent on that. “The people” furnish a place of refuge for the politician who is always the friend(?) of “the people,” and the people furnish an

excuse for want of activity and interest in public schools among our college and university men.

“The people who want an education will get it.” This was the argument of some of the opponents to the local tax last summer.

Our colleges and university should be the great fountains sending out living sparkling waters, refreshing and giving life to our entire educational system down to the humblest Public School in the darkest corner of North Carolina.

Is this our condition? Do our colleges and university reach down to our public school? Do these greater institutions even give the sympathy and encouragement they should to the public school?

Have not some of our college men been indifferent to the struggle of our public school system? Have not some even called our public school system a farce and ridiculed it instead of joining to give it support, and helping to make it what it should be.

Now why have the colleges and university a great responsibility in regard to the ninety-three per cent of our children who never enter a high school or college?

Our college men of course have their own special work, but a college professor has no right to shut himself in from the State and live within his own peculiar sphere among the Greeks and Romans of the past and not be seen and felt among other circles than college men and college work.

Our college men have a great responsibility for this large part of people, because they know the value and power of education, and the men who know the value of anything should be the ones to make this value known to those who know it not and who have it not. They

should be able to reach our people upon the subject of education as no other class of men can.

Every young man and young woman who goes out from these colleges and our university should be filled with the spirit of the brotherhood of man and with the spirit to give their power and influence for the upbuilding of our public schools.

Do our young men and young women come out with this spirit and sympathy for our public schools?

Do the public schools in the community to which these young people go receive any life and inspiration from the college from which they came, if not why not?

Our university is filled with students as never before in its history. Trinity College, Davidson College, Wake Forest College and all of our colleges, both male and female are in a more prosperous condition to-day than ever before, for which we are grateful and on account of which we rejoice, but there is a great gap or missing link between these institutions and our public schools. There is not a continuous union of our educational forces extending down to, and including the public schools.

Who are our graduates from the colleges to a large extent? They are professional men, lawyers, doctors, preachers, and teachers. What kind of teachers? In most cases engaged in high schools. Very few of these graduates are connected with public schools and colleges. These men ought to be making here and there a union of public schools and private schools in our townships. These graduates ought to create such interest in education among the people and these college men ought to be leaders of these schools, so that we can by and by carry a school election for our township schools. They should be the leaders of the schools and be in touch and sympathy with the progress of our schools.

Instead of having a large number of our graduates engaged in this work, we find that almost all of our public school teachers are furnished by the academies and high schools. All honor to our academies and high schools for what they have done for the public schools by sending out their boys and girls into the darkest corners of our State and creating a better sentiment for public education. The college men do not care to engage and take interest in and create a desire for public schools, because there is no money to pay men and women of talent. When our public sentiment is what it should be, on the subject of public education, we will have money, and not until then.

We have a right to expect that our colleges will help send out men and women who are in sympathy with and will at least be ready to do all they can to make our public schools worthy of the support of our best people. We have a right to expect more interest in our public school system by our college presidents and college men than has been shown in the past.

We have a right to expect more college graduates to engage in public school work. We want our high schools to send more boys and girls to college and send out fewer men and women as teachers. These high schools and academies have made our public schools, to a great extent, what they are. Let our colleges take a part in this great work of furnishing men and women for the public schools.

If our public school system was what it should be, we would have our high schools and academies full as feeders for our colleges and university and these colleges would send out the teacher for the schools instead of the academies.

Some will say that the colleges supply the men to run the academies and high schools, and therefore in the end the colleges make our public schools what they are. I admit this to be so, but this kind of making is at too long range; and again if our colleges indirectly make our public schools what they are, then surely it is a shame if the colleges are satisfied with what they have produced.

You college men, look at the 600,000 children in North Carolina almost wholly dependent upon the public school for what intelligence and enlightenment they have. Look at thirteen weeks school in a twelve months in which the enlightenment is to be obtained. Is this your product for the rising generations of North Carolina?

How many college men were silent as the tomb during the campaign for public education last summer? Will ignorant men and women fifteen years hence say, "If the college men and men who knew what education was would have done their duty, I would not be doomed to this ignorance."

Friends, think on these things.

EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

JNO. A. SIMPSON.

Schools for the blind differ necessarily from schools for the seeing in so many important particulars that, at first sight, the two seem to have little in common. Essentially, however, they are identical, their general aims and methods being the same.

The use of embossed books, large relief maps, special apparatus for writing, and other appliances adapted to the sense of touch, affects materially the practical details of teaching in institutions for the blind as to the apportioning of time, the size of classes, the manner of conducting recitations, and the like; and, in general, the peculiar needs and capabilities of the pupils lead naturally to an estimate of relative values different from that obtaining in the established scheme of co-ordination of studies. And yet, in spite of these peculiarities, the education of sightless children, as already remarked, is essentially the same thing as the education of sighted children, namely, the training of their common human nature into right relations to their surroundings.

This fact, in its twofold relation of necessary diversity and essential unity, is frequently lost sight of even by those directly engaged in teaching the blind, the tendency being on the one hand to over-specialization and on the other to the ignoring of obvious differences and difficulties. Many teachers, in their zeal for the so-called practical, forget that their pupils, are to live in the common world of those who can see, and that they need to be made familiar with its life and thought. They train them to peculiar habits of thought and peculiar use of

language, and thus add to the influences that constantly tend to separate the blind from the seeing. Others, in resisting this tendency to isolation, contend that sightless children, should be educated in ordinary schools; and that they should associate exclusively with those possessed of sight.

There is much to be said on both sides of this question; but, as we shall return to the subject later, it need not be discussed here. It is the general consensus that for blind children special schools are indispensable. After the blind student has learned to read and write with facility, and has so disciplined both body and mind as to be able to learn readily from the reading of others—able, that is, to bear the strain of protracted attention, to retain the matter read, and to adapt it quickly and intelligently to his own methods and resources, he may then continue his studies with advantage at college, or at the university. A few have actually done so, but the difficulties in the way are so great as to make it certain that the number can never be large.

Embossed letters, legible by touch, were first used in France by the Abbe Houy in 1784. Houy's Alphabet was greatly improved by Dr. Howe, some fifty years later. This improved alphabet, known as the Boston letter, is still in use, and is preferred by many readers, to any one of the "point" alphabets since invented. Two systems of point writing, the Braille, named after its inventor, and the New York point, invented by W. B. Wait, of New York, are now in general use. Either system enables a blind person to write either ordinary matter or music with ease. Most embossed books are now printed in one or the other of these point alphabets, so-called from the fact that the letters consist entirely of points or dots.

The older European institutions were, until recently, little more than asylums, or homes for the destitute. Their inmates were taught to make baskets, brushes, mats, ropes and the like, and were thus enabled, in the more fortunate cases, to become self-supporting. They were also taught to read, but little else in the way of intellectual training was attempted. Of late, however, a much better state of things prevails. Two European schools, "The Royall Normal College" at Upper Norwood, near London, and the "Ecole des Aveugles" at Paris, are probably the best of their kind in the world.

The pioneer in educational work for the blind in America was Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Boston, to whose wisdom, energy, insight and genuine philanthropy, we owe it that our American institutions for the blind were far in advance of those of Europe. We owe it to Dr. Howe that our institutions were truly schools. He did not fail to recognize the importance of industrial training; but he saw clearly that trained intelligence is the best substitute for sight—that, even when manual dexterity is the end aimed at, that end is best secured through intellectual training.

The opening of the school in Boston in 1834 was quickly followed by the founding of similar schools in New York City, Philadelphia and Staunton, Va. In 1845 a school for the deaf was opened at Raleigh, into which blind pupils were received, five years later. Other States soon followed the example of those just named in providing schools for the blind. There are at present about forty such schools in the United States. Of blind persons of the school age there are about 20,000, of whom only 30 per cent. are actually at school.

The North Carolina institution grew steadily in num-

bers and resources; and, like our public school system, was kept in operation throughout the four years of war. This was owing chiefly to the energy and tact of the Superintendent, Mr. W. J. Palmer, and to the deep personal interest taken in this school by Governor Vance. Even the Federal military authorities were induced to supply the Institution with army rations from the middle of April to the regular close of the term in the following June.

The school was reopened in February, 1866, since which time it has continued to flourish, adding new branches of study, better methods and improved apparatus, as circumstances would permit.

The course of studies in the literary department concludes a full English course, with the addition of Latin and (for special students) of Greek. Much attention is given to Mathematics, because of the great value to the blind, of the study of Geometry.

This branch is particularly healthful as a means of training the imagination; that is to say, it enables the blind student to picture to himself more clearly the objects described in conversation or in books.

The course stops with Trigonometry; but some students have worked through Analytical Geometry and the Calculus.

The course in music includes the study of the piano, pipe organ, guitar, violin, cornet and other orchestral instruments, lessons in vocal music to classes and to individual pupils, in piano tuning, harmony, counterpoint on instrumentation.

In the industrial department broom-making, mattress-making and cane-seating are taught to the boys, and plain and fancy needle work to the girls. It is the purpose of

the present management greatly to enlarge the industrial features of the school.

Of all pursuits open thus far to persons without sight, that of music is the most promising. In a recent report of the "Royall College" for the blind, it is stated that out of 125 self-supporting graduates of that institution, 110 belonged to some branch of musical profession. A large proportion of our own graduates are supporting themselves as tuners, music teachers, organists, violinists, etc. Some teach in the public schools, or in private families; comparatively few live by mechanical pursuits. Individuals here and there, several as farmers, merchants, preachers, agents or dealers.

The addition some three years ago of a kindergarten department greatly increased the efficiency of the school. Froebels views of education are worthy of thorough and earnest study by every teacher of the blind.

Whatever be the particular career to which a blind student may be destined, he should guard against making his training too narrowly technical. The gain from concentration is often more than counter-balanced by loss from lack of general intelligence, or power of adaptation to new conditions.

There is urgent need for the teaching of every handicraft that can be mastered without sight; but the utmost that can be done in this direction will be of little avail without trained intelligence. With it, almost any career is possible. Witness the career of Henry Faucett, member of Parliament and Postmaster-General of England; Dr. Matheson, of Edinburgh, one of the foremost preachers and writers of Scotland; Phillip Marston, of England, and Clarence Hawks of New England, poet; Lewis Carll, author of an able work on Calculus; Dr.

Milburn, chaplain to the United States Senate; and many able teachers, editors, lawyers, merchants, etc. I may mention with these Mr. — Simmons, of Washington, D. C., who has not allowed the loss of sight to put a stop to his professional labors, or to lessen his energy or courage.

The life and work of Francis Huber, the Swiss naturalist, whose well-known work on the honey-bee is a model of scientific accuracy and thoroughness, are full of encouragement and inspiration for the blind. His wonderful success in using the eyes of others to master the details of his most difficult subject should teach the blind everywhere not to shrink from any undertaking, however difficult, merely because sight is indispensable at this or that point in the work. It has been well said there is "plenty of unused eye-sight all about us needing only intelligent direction to make it of untold value." It is doubly true for the blind that "He that kens, is he that can, and he that can is king."

ARE GREEK AND LATIN WORTH WHILE?

 G. W. PASCHAL.

There have recently appeared in the *Cosmopolitan* two articles which attack with great vigor the teaching of Latin and Greek in our colleges. The writers were Mr. Grant Allen and President Andrews of Brown University, men whose ability and prominence carry authority in the eyes of many. According to Mr. Allen our system of classical training was all right for the monks of mediæval Europe for whom it was primarily designed, but has no relations to the problems of modern, every-day life and should be pursued only as the study of Sanskrit and Arabic by the few who have an abundance of time at their disposal. We hear much the same tale from Dr. Andrews. He claims that there are "certain grave intellectual and moral vices connected with classical training which debaters on this subject commonly overlook." Or to be more particular, time spent on classical prosody is downright waste, mythology had better be left unlearned, a knowledge of the classics in the original is unnecessary for a correct understanding of our literature and institutions, and the study of the classics is a positive obstacle in the way of acquiring an easy, idiomatic English style. Besides, much of the classical literature is immoral and unwholesome in its tendencies; these studies are unpractical in character and lack direct helpfulness to men living to-day. Hence they must give way to biology, social and political science.

Such are some of the charges made against the classics, and I rather suspect most readers give them hearty

assent. They have not, however been "mostly overlooked by debaters on the subject," as could have been easily found out by a little investigation. Many of these have already been put forth many times and as often refuted, but they continue to crop out anew. For it is very popular just now to give Greek and Latin a kick. Old college men advise boys coming to college to have as little to do with them as possible, since they imagine that they have derived very little benefit from them. College faculties, in many places, have caught something of the same spirit and "are hedging in the poor Greeks and Romans until they will be forced into quiet niches from which they can do no harm." It would be wonderful if the students themselves were unaffected. Many of them have a kind of indefinite notion that Greek and Latin do not amount to much anyway. They readily assent to the proposition that English, history, biology and the political sciences are more practical, because they find the studies less exacting, and progress in them, seemingly more rapid. And so they are often content to study Latin with only just enough zeal to maintain a creditable standing for the two years of required work, and let Greek alone altogether.

Now is this a correct view? Is a young man as well off without a thorough classical training? I cannot think so for many reasons. The chief reason is that it is practical—practical in its results. Now by practical I do not mean necessarily something that will make the quickest return in dollars and cents. College education is not so low in its nature and so selfish as that. But it does aim to make a man able to be successful in life and to do good in the world. And anything is practical that tends to make him stronger intellectually and to equip

him better for his work. And this is what the study of Greek and Latin does.

It gives a knowledge of words. About forty per centum of the words of our language are of Latin derivation; a smaller per centum are from the Greek. These words are met with every day. Every column, nay almost every line in our newspapers and other periodicals teems with them; so does every book whether it contain scripture, poetry, history, essay or oration. No matter what a person's vocation, be he farmer, merchant, lawyer or mechanic, if he reads, he will find these words everywhere and find it necessary to know exactly what they mean. What obscurities even a column of newspaper matter must present to one altogether ignorant of Latin! For there stand the long Latin words; they have no history for him, they suggest only half of their meaning. Besides, the ordinary reader, who has no time to be peering into dictionaries, may never perfectly understand a word and labor all his life with a nebulous idea of its meaning. "Well," says some one, "let him study a good word book." But word books won't do. They furnish only double toil and trouble. A real, lasting, accurate, knowledge of words comes from acquaintance with them in the living literature. This knowledge abides. The student gets it when he is beginning to do much work in composition, to make speeches in his society hall, and to read largely. He now gets correct notions of these difficult words which he will find of service every day of his future life. For though he may forget his Latin and Greek, his ideas of words formed on this knowledge will be steadfast. For he will see the words often enough not to forget. This knowledge is part of his stock in trade and stays with him until the end.

What I have said above has reference to the value of a knowledge of Latin and Greek in our interpretation of the words of others, but it is clear that this knowledge is just as important and valuable when we come to say or write anything ourselves. "Words are things" says Archbishop French. The young man who essays to write or speaks soon finds that this is very true. Words will bear no juggling, they cannot be jumbled anyway and fall into a clear simple sentence. There must be a builder who has accurate knowledge of his materials, and who is able to select just the words necessary to his thought. He must know words first, and to know words in our language he must know Latin. We may grant that our choice of words should be determined by the usage of the best English authors, but to gain anything in this line, even from English authors, we must read with enough knowledge of words to understand and appropriate. Nor will it do to object that we should use Anglo-Saxon words as far as possible. This may be true, but it is not always possible. It is almost impossible to use our language in any literary sense without using words of Latin derivation. Much of this talk about distinctions between Saxon and Latin is shown by Mr. Kellogg in his Rhetoric to be sounding nothingness. And how is one to distinguish the Saxon from the Latin unless he knows the Latin? One might, it is true, look out etymologies in a dictionary, but to one who had never studied the languages the etymologies would be almost as meaningless and difficult to remember as statements of problems in *maxima* and *minima*. The simplest, most expressive language is used by those well trained in the classics. Big words are most often used by people with only a vague idea of their meaning.

It is admitted on all hands that Latin and Greek offer the best means of learning grammar. And here we may notice what Dr. Andrews says on prosody. He is fighting windmills here. There is no time wasted in metrical composition; it has long ago been abandoned in this country. But teachers of the classics have found that a correct appreciation of a Greek or Latin poet comes only with ability to read metrically. This is no very difficult matter and so does not take very much valuable time. But the student must have this much prosody. Poets in any language defy translation; they must be read as they wrote.

Further, the study of the classics is a most valuable training of the reasoning powers. A deal is being said just now about the value of logic, and some go so far as to say that the classics must make way for more logical studies. A little consideration shows the shallowness of this view. It is necessary to know the principles of formal logic and to have means for thoroughly sifting argument. Three months is enough time to learn this. But it is exercise in these principles that strengthens and develops the mind, and this is furnished nowhere else so copiously as in the study of the classics. Take as a single instance out of a possible hundred the *qui* clauses in Latin. These meet the student of Latin on every page. He notices that some *qui* clauses have the indicative mood, some the subjunctive, and that each set has a peculiar shade of meaning. His way now seems clear but he soon finds it blocked. Here is a *qui* clause that has the subjunctive, while the sense requires the indicative. He is at a loss to reconcile this with his generalization until he learns that a new factor has crept in and that the subjunctive is due to indirect

discourse. But he is not yet free, he soon finds an indicative *qui* clause in indirect discourse. This requires explanation. He is not yet at the end, but we will follow him no further. Here surely is room for making inductions! this is scientific, here is a field for applying all of John Stuart Mill's canons of causation. This is practical logic and as surely has a practical every-day value as vigorous, clear thinking has a practical every-day value.

Bad style is another charge that Dr. Andrews, following many others, lays at the door of the classics. Now at the risk of hearing from some one "Physician heal thyself," I shall try to show the injustice of his strictures. It is hardly fair and is certainly out of accord with the logical spirit which he so much values to throw the whole burden of bad style among college graduates upon the shoulders of the classics. It might be well to consider that in a college education there may be other factors which may be responsible for this bad style, if it really exists. Should we look into the matter, we should very likely find that good classical students have as a rule the best style.

At any rate there is much in the study of the classics that tends to make a student's style better. The chief agency in effecting this is work in translation, which is now an important part of the work in Latin and Greek. And here I wish to say it is not fair to cast Milton's ponderous style into the teeth of the Latin teacher of to-day. Milton made good use of his Latin. He used it to answer Salmasius:

"In liberty's defence, my noble task
Of which all Europe rings from side to side."

But Milton learned to write Latin, to think in Latin, not to translate Latin, and so his prose style seems cumbersome, "field of cloth of gold" though it be. To-day, on the other hand, translation into good idiomatic English is insisted upon in all class-room work from high school to university. Much advance has been made along this line in the last ten years. Its force has been felt by the English departments of our colleges all over the country.

The value of this drill in translation can hardly be over-estimated. There is no "awkward structure of sentences in both the classical tongues." (Andrews.) But the abundance of inflectional forms gave greater liberty in the construction of sentences. So it was possible to distribute the emphasis very exactly and give a most delicate turn to thought. Greek had the further advantage of an abundance of short particles with which to modify the force of word, phrase or sentence. These rendered it possible for the Greeks to bring into their writings their wonderful versatility, vivacity and art, and so they produced those wonderful masterpieces of theirs.

Let the student turn to these great poems, orations, histories. Let him try to turn every sentence into good, clear English. He will find the benefits many. It will put into his hands a large number of synonyms and drill him in their use; it will teach how properly to distribute emphasis; it will give him practice in accurate expression. The Greek particles may give him occasion to complain of the poverty of his native tongue, but if he is faithful he will find English yielding more and more to his needs and at last it will become plastic in his hands.

This is the tendency of the study of the classics. It

is not claimed that all who take a college course in Latin and Greek actually do have a good style. Many have caught the infection and seem to regard it as a kind of virtue to slight this work or corrupt it altogether by the use of translations. Their time is too precious to waste in making translations of their own; they have something more practical to look after! There are unfortunately others with whom crudeness of style is innate, and as education is only a development and not a creation, they are not much improved by the most careful training. Prof. Gildersleeve well remarks: "It is certainly claiming too much for the classics to attribute to them the creation of the artistic faculty. It is enough to assert their moulding influence when the artistic faculty is there." Besides it must be remembered that Latin and Greek are not the only things that are studied in college. There is a department of English whose special province it is to teach a good English style. But the study of the classics is a powerful aid—an almost indispensable aid, as I have tried to show.

Examples are numerous. There is hardly an English poet of any distinction but was thoroughly drilled in the classics. It is evident to the most casual reader, that Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek" was much more than the average college student gets to-day. And here we may mention Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Byron, Wordsworth even, Shelley, Matthew Arnold and Swinburne. To be mentioned apart as being more popular is Tennyson. He everywhere shows the influence of Greek. In his Arthurian poetry we find many phrases, lines and periods modelled on Homer. His more analytical poems show besides perfect familiarity with the whole range of classical

poetry. Prof. Shorey says he has never found Tennyson wrong in an interpretation. So the Greek student was not surprised to learn from the new biography of Tennyson by his son, that for many years after leaving the University, he pursued the study of Greek.

It is the same with prose writers. Ruskin stands at the head of English prose writers, and he was a consummate classical scholar, as his writings everywhere show. Even John Stuart Mill, to take his own statement, owed much to Quintilian, though Dr. Andrews seems to be ignorant of it. But letting alone Englishmen, let us come to America. Here we have space to speak of only two examples. The first is Daniel Webster. He, as all admit, was the foremost orator America has produced. His works are freely quoted as models of style by all our principal works on rhetoric. Let the following note from his biography tell how much he owed to the classics: "Short as was his period of preparation, it enabled Mr. Webster, to lay the foundation of a knowledge of the classical writers, especially the Latin, which was greatly increased in college and which has been kept up by constant recurrence to the great models of antiquity during the busiest periods of an active life. The happiness of Mr. Webster's occasional citations from the Latin classics is a striking feature of his oratory."

The second is Dr. John A. Broadus. His style shows a marked Greek element; it is a model of chasteness, directness, truth and simplicity, and combines with all these, dignity. He must have caught it from the Greek with which he kept in such sympathetic touch.

But it will not do to gain our style from reading English authors? In a matter of such importance it ought not to be a question of what will do, but what is best.

But it really seems as if reading English authors will not do. As I have already shown, a vocabulary cannot be so well acquired from them. And where, let us ask, are the masters of style who have "given their days and nights to Addison"; or where are all those fellows that imitated Pope and the other great English poets? We cannot at all dispense with reading the best English authors—but our best modern writers have gone to the fountain source, to Greek literature for their inspiration. In epic poetry there is Homer; in lyrical, Pindar; in pastoral, Theocritus; in dramatic poetry Sophocles is excelled only by Shakespeare; in oratory Demosthenes stands at the head of the world; in philosophic treatise we have much to learn from Plato; of 'Thucydides' history of the Sicilian Expedition, Macauley has said, "It is the *ne plus ultra* of human art." A close study of all these will give a literary acumen that will be able to distinguish the true from the base. It did so for Matthew Arnold. It is because of his mastery of the classics that his critical essays on English poets have such authority.

The worth and character of the classics hardly need any defence. I must say, however, that the charge of immorality cannot justly be brought against any considerable portion of the Greek or Latin literature. It is sometimes bold, so is our Bible, so is Shakespeare, but the "trail of the serpent" is not to be found except in a very few authors, and they are not read in our schools. The Greeks were not Christians, but Socrates preferred death to disobeying the promptings of the spirit within him. But to begin to cite is never to finish.

We are told that translations will afford us all we need to know of the classical world. This advice savors very much of "unripe fruit plucked from the tree of wisdom."

One may learn much from translations, he may know the details of every battle and every event from a translation, but he never learns to know the Greek people through a translation. He still must see through a glass darkly; to see the Greeks as they were he will need the clear spectacles of Greek literature. Plato cannot be understood from a translation. No poetry of any language, let me repeat, can be translated. A poet may now and then catch the inspiration of a few lines. Tennyson often did this and added much to the charm of his poetry because of it. Take his translations from Lucretius in his poem of that name. They really breathe a Lucretian spirit—but there is wanting something; the poet himself seems to yearn for “the rise and long roll of the hexameter” of the original. Tennyson has also made many adaptations and some translations from Homer. The English world owes him a debt of gratitude for this—but even Tennyson has not attained. Says Mr. Andrew Lang: “Homer in the Laureate’s fragments of experiment, is still a poet but he is not Homer. * * *

Homer is untranslatable. None of us can bend the bow of Eurytus and make the bow string “ring sweetly at the touch like the swallow’s song.” The adventure is never to be achieved; and if Greek is to be dismissed from education, not the least of the sorrows that will ensue is English ignorance of Homer.”

As these are the words of a man who helped to make the best translation of Homer we have, they are of the greatest authority. Now what is true of Homer is true of other Greek poets. If we surrender the study of Greek, we must lose the best not only in Greek literature, but in the world’s literature.

Such are some of the reasons for studying the classics.

They have a practical value as great, surely, as any other line of college work; they have an artistic value greatest of all.

Agésilas advised that boys learn the things they will practice when they become men. We need hardly mention that he was a pragmatic Spartan. An Athenian would have modified the advice by making some provision also for the æsthetic side of human nature. Americans are becoming like the Spartans, too exclusively practical. The most of our artistic training is in the line of music, and we get precious little of that. Let us not hound the chief instruments of culture from our colleges. The subjects of political science and economy are so simple that we may study them with or without a college education. Our periodicals bring them before our eyes every day. But if Greek and Latin are not learned at college they are never learned. We cannot take them from our college requirements without giving up all hope of ever attaining any high state of culture, at least as far as literature is concerned.

YOUTH FAREWELL!

J. C. M.

Farewell, my boyhood days !
 Sadly we part.
Time bears to unknown ways
 My trembling heart;
And as we swiftly fly,
I strain with dimming eye
In vain, to trace
The fading features of thy face.
 Sadly we part.

Full many a joyous time
 Had we together,
In autumn's dreamy clime,
In summer's sultry weather.
How often hoped, how often built in air,
And climbed to fame upon a golden stair !
 But now 'tis o'er,
 Thou com'st no more; no more
 We'll be together.

Would we might meet again,
 Thou youth once mine !
To follow in the ways of men,
To roam in open field or fen,
 Thy hand in mine,
Far better than alone to soar
From height to height forevermore,
 O youth once mine !

But could we ever stay
 Here side by side,
 Romping like birds in May
 Far, far and wide,
 No smiling heaven could draw my heart
 With thee and thy glad self to part.
 Therefore, dead youth, calmly to-day,
 But sadly, we part.

TRYON'S PALACE.

C. S. BURGESS.

The migrations of North Carolina's capital, during the colonial period, is, indeed, an interesting feature of our early history.

Fierce and bitter were the struggles waged by the different towns to secure the governmental settings. Wilmington, New Bern, Edenton, Halifax, Hillsboro, Hertford, Fayetteville and other towns were constantly in a state of rivalry for this honor. This rivalry was continued with unabated ardor until it was permanently located, where it now stands.

Governor Arthur Dobbs conceived the idea of permanently locating it on his farm, on which is now the site of the county seat of Greene. Governor Dobbs entertained this idea for sometime, but ultimately failed in his long cherished dreams, and died upon the eve of embarking for England in 1765. However, the idea of a permanent location for the capital of the province was not destined to die.

Upon Governor Dobb's death, Lieutenant Colonel William Tryon was appointed Governor of the Carolina ony.

He immediately took up the work of his predecessor, but selected New Bern as the most suitable and accessible site for the government.

By strenuous and persistent efforts, he succeeded in obtaining its adoption by the assembly.

Also, he was successful in his attempt to fasten the burden of building the most magnificent palace in the new world, upon the very much poverty-stricken colony of North Carolina.

He was an adroit and shrewd statesman, and well knew how to get hold of the most influential men of the province. By this means he soon reached unbounded popularity with the leading men.

It is said that in his plans he was aided much by the women of his court. His wife was a member of the celebrated Wake family in England. She was a cultured and fascinating woman, as was also her sister, Miss Esther Wake; the latter of whom we have no authentic evidence that such a woman ever lived.

This, however, is in dispute; but almost all the evidence is against it. Correspondence with the Wake family has failed to give any knowledge of her. But, as this disputed point has nothing directly to do with our subject, we will omit it.

The location was an admirable one, being somewhat equidistant between the extreme northern and southern portions of the province.

The town of New Bern was founded by Baron De Graffenreid, a Swiss nobleman, in the year of 1710. It is beautifully laid out on the tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Neuse and Trent Rivers.

At the time that Governor Tryon selected it, the population numbered about eight hundred.

When the Legislature convened in the autumn of 1766, Governor Tryon began agitating the question of appropriating money for the consummation of his wishes.

On the 12th day of November, 1766, Edmund Fanning, the representative of Orange County, introduced in the lower house a bill "for erecting a convenient building within the town of New Bern, for the residence of the Governor or Commander-in-chief, for the time being."

It passed its second and third readings in the lower house on Friday, the 14th, and Monday, the 17th, respectively, of the same month.

It was then carried to the upper house, where it passed its first, second and third readings on the 13th, 17th and 24th, respectively, of November.

On Monday, the first of December, the bill as passed by both branches of the Legislature, was sent to the Governor for his approval.

Doubtless the heart of the stern warrior and statesman throbbed with exultant pride as he saw his cherished plan had materialized.

Five thousand pounds were at once voted to be placed at the command of Tryon with which to erect the afterward famous Palace.

The next questions were the architect and materials.

The first had been provided for before Tryon left England. He secured the services of Mr. John Hawks, grandfather of the late distinguished Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D. D., LL. D., pastor of Calvary Church, New York City.

Mr. Hawks contracted to superintend the building at an annual salary of three hundred pounds of "proclamation money," and to complete it "in three years from the laying of the first brick.

All the material was brought over from England.

Mr. Hawks immediately went to Philadelphia to employ his corps of workmen, because Tryon declared "this province affords none capable of such an undertaking.

The site selected was what is at present included between South Front, Pollock, Metcalf and Eden streets.

There were about six acres in the lot.

On the south, it faces the Trent, which meanders slowly by to empty its contents into the Neuse; while the avenue which starts at this point, running northwest, leads to the Neuse River, about one and one-fourth miles from the Palace.

The crossing of the river was called Cow-Point Ferry. It was just about opposite the present Federal Cemetery. This was the main thoroughfare between New Bern and Bath, where the first church in North Carolina was erected in 1705.

All possible expedition was made to begin the work of building.

In about four months from the final passage of the bill everything was in readiness. The first brick was laid the 26th of March, 1767. The enterprise was a stupendous one for ante-Revolutionary times.

It was a heavy burden for the sparsely settled colony.

The various industries were in their infancy.

Agriculture was the main source of revenue. The soil was fertile, but the expense of getting the produce to market consumed it; hence it was extremely difficult for the people to pay taxes.

Money then was worth almost, if not quite, five times as much as it is to-day.

Notwithstanding this fact, the Governor pushed on the work.

Soon the five thousand pounds was expended. He had no funds with which to finish the enterprise. By his skillful manipulation he succeeded in obtaining another appropriation of ten thousand pounds for the completion of the palace.

On the 23rd of December, 1767, this second bill passed its first reading in the lower house and its third in the upper house on Friday, January 1st, 1768.

This made a total of fifteen thousand pounds, which, according to its corresponding Federal money value, was about \$82,000. Owing to the difference in its value then and now, would to-day be about equal to \$410,000.

This was an enormous amount for the poor struggling province.

According to the contract, it was to have been completed in three years from the beginning of the work, which would have made it March 26th, 1770, but was not actually finished until about the beginning of the year 1771.

However, it was occupied during the summer of 1770.

The first knowledge of its occupancy is a letter headed: "Palace at New Bern, June 7th, 1770."

Governor Tryon went to Charlestown (present Charleston), South Carolina, to confer with Governor Bull of that province about some differences in regard to the boundary between the Carolinas.

He, after settling the dispute, immediately went to the Palace on his return by way of Wilmington. When he arrived in New Bern he found his distinguished friend, Sir William Draper, who had come to pay him a visit.

This noted soldier, "The conqueror of Manila," dedicated the building, and is said to be the author of the following beautiful lines, inscribed in Latin, over the principal door in the vestibule:

“In the reign of a monarch, who goodness disclosed,
A free, happy people, to dread tyrants opposed,
Have, to virtue and merit, erected this dome,
May the owner and household make this the loved home,
Where religion, the arts and the laws may invite
Future ages to live, in sweet peace and delight.”

Sir Francis is well-known for his futile attempt to repel the attacks made in the celebrated “Junius Letters” against his friend, the Marquis of Granby. In his defense, he completely failed and gave up the contest. Finally he came over to New York City and married.

The main building was eighty-seven feet in length, fifty-nine feet in width and two stories high. The rear of the structure faced Trent River, which was only a few yards distant.

From the front a broad avenue, the widest in the town, named for the Palace, ran direct to Cow-Point Ferry. The rear of the building was finished in the same style as was the celebrated Mansion House in London.

To the right, several feet from the front entrance, was another building which really formed the right arm and contained the Secretary's office and the laundry. To the left, the same distance from the front entrance was the left arm, the same dimensions as the right arm. It contained the kitchen and the servants apartments.

Both of these buildings were connected with the main building by a curviform colonade of five pillars each.

In front of the main building, and between the two arms, was an extensive and beautifully arranged court.

The total distance between the extreme ends of the outbuildings, Palace proper, and the colonades included, was one hundred and seventy feet.

A spacious stone pavement ran from the front door to

the avenue, about where Pollock intersects George street now.

The fencing which enclosed the palace lot rested on a stone base or curbing which was one foot high. The palace lot was well laid off into plots, which were adorned with beautiful shrubbery and flowers.

The chimney breasts for the Council hall, dining and drawing rooms, and the moulding of these rooms were of white marble.

“The chimney breast of the Council chamber was the most elaborate, being ornamented by two Ionic columns below, and four columns, with composite capitals above with beautiful entablature, architrave and frieze.”

Upon their entering the palace for permanent occupancy, the Governor and Lady Tryon gave what Maurice Devane (Atticus) denominated as their “Royal Reception.” It was a swell affair for those early days of the colony.

Money and skill were not spared that the pomp and magnificence might be enhanced.

There were five arm chairs, mahogany, covered or upholstered with heavy crimsoned silk of very rare value. Doubtless they were the finest and most elaborately finished chairs in America at that time. The one used in the Senate chamber was in the possession of Colonel John D. Whitford, of New Bern, until the late war.

In that mighty flood of destruction that swept over this fair land of ours, many a memento of other days and relics of departed glory, were lost to us forever.

Thus many a historic link, that would closely unite the present to the scenes of our early sires, was completely severed by the greatest conflict that ever blighted a free country. Two of the five chairs, however, were saved

from the wreck. They are now in possession of Mrs. Custer, of New Bern. The bell, which was used in the palace, is still in a good condition. Colonel Whitford, its owner, says its tones are just as clear and loud as they ever were.

The clock that tolled the funeral knell of departing hours for Governor Tryon, still continues its faithful work in the home of Hon. C. C. Clark, an old student of Wake Forest College, and one of the oldest and most respected residents of Newbern.

How true it is that "one soweth and another reapeth." Fate had decreed that Tryon should not long enjoy the fruits of his work. Even ere its completion the ominous sounds of the coming conflict were distinctly heard throughout the land. The germs of liberty were too deeply sown to be uprooted or their power extinguished. Tryon, by his harshness, had alienated a people whose affections he could never regain. All of his efforts at reconciliation signally failed, and in June, 1771, he left North Carolina, by appointment, to occupy the gubernatorial chair of New York.

He utterly failed in establishing himself in the hearts of the people and rectifying the wrongs which were so prevalent in the province during his rule. He had left in North Carolina a monument of his extravagance. The palace doubtless was without a rival in beauty, grandeur and costliness on this continent. The crash and noise of the Revolution cleared away and the work of rebuilding and consolidating the torn and bleeding fragments of the colonies followed.

Washington, who yearned so much for the welfare of his country, came to North Carolina, hoping thereby to influence the people of the province to adopt the Constitution.

A reception was given him at New Bern. Doubtless during his stay there he visited and greatly admired the far-famed palace. In 1783, Judge Martin, who is the author of a valuable work on the history of our State, visited the palace in company with the unfortunate Francisco de Miranda, the story of whose tragic life is so sad, especially when we remember that he was the Washington of South America.

General Miranda declared that it had no equal in South America. Possibly a word about Miranda would give us better conception of his ability to judge. He was born in 1754 in New Granada, and served throughout our Revolutionary War under Washington. The success which crowned the American arms inspired him to attempt the liberation of his mother country and the other Spanish American colonies. While Napoleon was at the zenith of his glory, Gen. Miranda left Europe, whither he had wandered for his native land. He boldly began his work, but the lack of co-operation by his fellow-countrymen led to failure. He was taken prisoner and confined in a Spanish dungeon, where his bold and liberty-loving spirit passed away in 1816.

Judge Martin's testimony is a high tribute to this piece of almost forgotten architecture.

As destruction and change are the inevitable concomitants of time, ere thirty years of its existence had passed into history, this magnificent structure, which would have been an object of great historic interest to-day, was doomed to disappear. The century, which had wrought the mightiest changes, was drawing to its close. Peace filled the land and an era of prosperity was drawing upon our people. The year of 1798 was ushered in without anything to disturb our people save some agita-

tion over State's rights, which drew forth resolutions from Virginia and Kentucky.

The 27th of February, 1798, was a day long to be remembered in North Carolina and especially New Bern. The sun had slowly crossed the heaven as if conscious of the coming tragedy. The light of noonday had faded into twilight. Among the servants at the palace there was a hurried movement to close up the toils of the day. An old colored woman, with torch or candle in hand, went into the cellar to collect the eggs. While thus busily engaged, unseen by the faithful old slave, a spark dropped into some hay. Not long after her departure a cry of fire was heard. All ears were strained to discover from whence the alarm came. The crackling of timbers and the lurid flames revealed the sad fact that the palace was on fire. A rush was made to drive the hungry flames from the object of their pride, but in vain. It continued its work until it had consumed the main building and the right arm.

What a few hours before had been the most splendid building in the new world, was now reduced to ashes. Nothing remained save the building to the left.

The debris was cleared away and "Palace Avenue," as it was then called, was changed to George street in honor of King George the Third.

It was extended directly through the center of the ground on which the palace stood. Of the main building to-day nothing is seen except some of the brick foundation. Some of the stone of the pavement from the front of the palace at the end of the "Avenue" is now to be seen in front of Mr. John Hugh's residence on the corner of Pollock and Craven streets, just opposite

the magnificent public building which has just been completed. The palace lot now forms two blocks of residences.

The building now standing is said to have been used by Tryon for a stable, but this is a spurious tradition. It is now in a good condition and is used as a residence. It is a plain two-storied brick building, with rather antique appearance. It stands back from the street about twenty-five feet. It is owned by Mr. F. S. Duffy, a prosperous business man of New Bern.

THE HAUNTED MILL.

EUSTACE LEWIS WOMBLES.

Many years ago, there stood upon the bank of Eno an old, weather-stained and time-worn mill. It was known, far and near, as the "Haunted Mill." And it did, indeed, look as if it might be the haunt of ghosts, as it stood there, its rough, grey walls exposed to the chilling north wind, as well as to the scorching July sun, save for the ivy that clung in the cracks and crevices, seeming as if trying to shield its own protector, from either extreme of the weather. As seen by the water-mark, the old mill had withstood many a freshet, when the water of the swollen river had dashed itself, with the debris which it had gathered, against its sides. But yet it stood grim and silent, save when the wheel turned merrily, as if laughing at the absurdity of the mill being haunted. The children as they passed, drew close to their parents, and cast many a curious and fearful glance backward as they crossed the old bridge, above the mill, and went to bed to dream of ghosts and witches. The

men, driving by at midnight, invariably quickened their horses, and heaved a sigh of relief when the mill was passed, and never failed to tell, when seated around the fire, of the strange noises which they had heard. No one knew when or by whom the mill was built. It had come into the possession of the present miller through many generations.

The miller—better known as Old Senate—was a rough, surly man, having hair long and tangled, and as white as the flour which covered him from head to foot, and thick eyebrows which almost hid his small, sinister eyes. A deep scar marred his cheek, and when he laughed, which he rarely did, he showed an ugly set of teeth. Altogether he was a fit inhabitant of a haunted mill. It was not surprising that the children who were brave enough to venture into the mill clung to their father's hand if the miller came near. The miller was believed by all to be a miser. Somewhere under the old mill they thought he had concealed great wealth—for what went with the money which he was obliged to have made there? Some said that the old mill had been the headquarters of a party of British officers during the Revolutionary war, and that one night as they were carousing, they were attacked by the grandfather of the present miller, and his party who murdered them and seized upon a large amount of money. It was the spirits of these soldiers which haunted the mill, and their cries which were to be heard at night. Others said that the miller was in league with the spirits of the dead, which met there nightly, for he spent nearly every night there.

Strange to say, into this haunt of ghostly and queer beings, and into the cold icy heart of the old miller, strayed one beam of sunlight—his little golden-haired

daughter. He loved her better than he loved his gold. She was the only being in the world he cared for. His rough, hard heart would soften as he watched her romp and play, all unconscious of the ghosts and goblins, and seeming indeed a ray of sunlight dancing in the old mill. It was indeed a pretty sight to see her, standing on the river-bank, the rays of the setting sun making her hair shine like gold, and the soft breeze tossing it about her sweet face, throwing corn into the water, for which the ducks would dive, and come to the surface shaking the water from their beautiful snow-white backs. Late in the afternoon the old man was to be seen, sitting in front of the mill, holding her in his lap, and while looking with cold eyes upon the world, he pressed her to a heart that was warm to her alone. The feeling of a past injustice done to the family rankled still in his bosom, and made him a misanthrope. All the love he had was centered in his child, and he toiled night and day that she should want for nothing from the hands of the cold world after he was dead.

As the miller grew older he seemed to grow more vindictive, and it was thought that he was losing his mind.

* * * * *

The water had been rising for three days. Such a freshet had never been known. The river went rushing and surging by the old mill, dashing against the heretofore impregnable sides of the mill, logs of wood, and beams of bridges that had been torn away by the mad rush of the swollen waters. During the afternoon of the third day, the storm increased, and all night long the wind howled and the waters roared. Children hid

their heads under the cover, and strong men cowered over the fire, too anxious to sleep. But what of the mill? Would it stand, as it seemed to have stood for ages? Was it to yield, at last, to an enemy that had ever sought its destruction, or was it to stand, and look down defiantly, as the mad waters spent their fury in vain? Alas, the sun as it rose the next morning in all its splendor, after the darkness and gloom showed to the eye a broad expanse of muddy water—the “haunted mill” was no more.

The news spread like wild-fire. People came from far and near to see the work of destruction. As the miller was missing, it was thought that he had rushed into the mill, his mind being deranged, to save his money and had gone down to a watery grave.

At the commencement of the storm, Charlie Ross, the mill-boy, had begged the miller to allow him to take little Grace to his mother, who, he knew, would care for the motherless child. Next to her father, Grace loved Charlie, and had found a warm place in his heart. She would put up her little lips to be kissed, whenever he showed signs of vexation at any of her many sly tricks, knowing well he loved her.

Grace was too young to realize her loss, but instinctively, she felt that some one who loved her had gone away. She missed her romps in the old mill, and cried heartily when they told her that the ducks had been killed. Charlie’s mother cared for the little orphan as a daughter after the miller’s death.

For a great many days after the water had subsided, people came to search for the hidden wealth which they were sure was either hid under the mill or near it. Every large rock was overturned in the hope that the

money was buried underneath, and some, more learned as to the places where misers hide money, came on moonlight nights and dug in the shadows of trees—but all in vain, the money was not to be found.

Charlie often sat on the bank, and planned what he would do, if he were to find the old miller's money. His one ambition was to be the miller in a roller-mill, built near the site of the old mill. He had worked in a mill all his life and had no taste for other work.

One mild evening in autumn, Charlie was rowing Grace up the river in his canoe. The trees had put on their autumnal foliage, and it was indeed a beautiful sight—every shade of green, red, and yellow, all blended into one rich profusion. The high, overhanging rocks, all covered with moss and vines, looked each moment as if they were going to topple into the river. Grace clapped her hands in delight as she saw all this beautiful scene imaged in the clear, still water. The sky above was clear and blue, and the stillness was not broken save by the cawing of a crow as he winged his flight overhead.

As they were floating silently with the current on their return, and while Grace was playing in the clear water, making minature waves, and Charlie was resting on his oars, entirely oblivious to the beautiful scene around him—his thoughts being upon the miller's gold—the stillness was broken by a cry from Grace. She had seen something which had the appearance of a box, caught under an old log near the bank. Charlie could hardly refrain from crying out when the idea of its being Old Senate's money flashed upon him. He hardly had strength to row to the place, and grasp with trembling hands the mud covered box, so excited was he. His

heart beat violently as he broke the lock; and brought to view—some letters. His first impulse was to throw them into the river, so great was his disappointment, but, upon second thought, he restrained himself, thinking that the will or some other paper concerning the money might, perhaps, be among the letters. Hastily looking through them, he failed to find either the will, or any mention of money, but he found a letter which made his hopes rise almost as quickly as they had fallen. The letter had been written to the miller a few days before the freshet, and was from a wealthy man, proposing to the miller, the building of a roller-mill. Charlie wrote to the man and before long it was settled that work should commence on the new mill. One pleasant summer night, Charlie and Grace were again on the river. Charlie had become the owner of the mill, and was rising rapidly in the world. Grace had developed into a woman, esteemed for her kindness and sweet disposition. It was a beautiful moonlight night. The slanting rays of the moon made the water glitter like silver, except where the trees cast their dark, sombre shadows. The two lovers were perfectly happy—they had plighted their troth. “Grace,” said Charlie “I once thought I had found a great treasure on this river, but to-night I have gained one far more precious—a woman.”

"GOOD-NIGHT."

Good-night, good-night! And now so still I lie,
And longing listen to a sad sweet song,
Which, stealing soft the stilly night along,
Breaks through my window with its melody,
And brings to me from dreamy days gone by
Dear memories of her I loved ; which throug
My mind, till, held by chains of thought too strong,
I cease to hear the song, nor wonder why.

Gone, gone! The present now comes back again,
The wandering singer's lonely voice is hushed ;
A sleepy silence falls from quiet skies,
And tells Earth that Night is on the wane ;
With roseate rays the Dawn is faintly flushed,
And sweet forgetful Sleep has closed my eyes.

—H. M. E.

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The South
Towards
Southerners.

To anyone who loves the South, and everything connected with her interests, it often gives a shade of sadness to see the indifference with which she treats her great men. Recently a Kentucky editor was boasting over the fact that Hon. John G. Carlisle, on account of his political views, had been obliged to leave his native State, and now it is said that a movement is on foot to compel a certain United States Senator to do likewise. Our treatment of our great men is such as to encourage those who have talent to seek other fields. One reason why so many of the most promising young men of the South leave their homes is the coldness with which she treats those whose virtues and services have made her what she is.

There is no State more culpable in this respect than North Carolina. We do not believe that she ever erected a monument to one of her sons. Other States have monuments to Thos. H. Benton and James K. Polk and Andrew Jackson, but North Carolina under whose bright

skies these giants first saw the light of day, knows them no more. Had Zeb Vance been a native of Massachusetts a costly memorial would long since have been erected to perpetuate his memory. A native of a distant State said to us not long since: "You Carolinians do have the strangest way of treating your great men! You work them to death and after they have yielded up their lives, you merely chuck their carcasses into the ground!" No true Carolinian can hear such words without flushing with shame. But that was not the first time the naked truth has hurt.

What is the cause of this neglect of their children on the part of certain Southern States? Several reasons might be given. It is due, in a great measure, to lack of State pride on the part of the great mass of our people. They love their State. Should duty demand it, they would willingly die for her. This has been proved time and again, but our people seem to have the idea that if we would find greatness we must travel a long distance.

Another reason is that we are too poor to be able to spend money on such things as marble shafts. We can elect a Legislature which will waste a hundred thousand dollars of our money, but we cannot afford to erect a monument to Vance!

A third reason is that we are not well acquainted with the great part Southerners have taken in the making of the Union. This is due to the scarcity of Southern biography. We have not even a Southern Biography of Washington. The lives of our great men are written by those who are not in sympathy with us. Happily the people are being better educated now, and we are coming to see more clearly what is for our best interests.

The Recent
Elections.

There is great rejoicing among Democrats over the result of the recent elections.

They point with pleasure to the fact that Kentucky and New York, which supported the Republican candidate last year, have returned to their Democratic moorings. The Democrats have made great gains in Iowa, Massachusetts, Ohio and Pennsylvania, and they take this to mean a free silver election in 1900. Undoubtedly the present indications are that the Democrats will elect the next President, but this is by no means certain. These are only State elections and not all who voted with the Democrats this time would support a free silver candidate for the Presidency.

Judge Robert A. Van Wyck, who has been elected the first mayor of Greater New York, is a South Carolinian by birth. He was educated at the University of North Carolina and fought on the side of the Confederates in the late war. He is said to be a very able man and will make an excellent mayor for New York.

Henry George, candidate of the Jeffersonian Democracy for mayor of New York, who died of apoplexy just before the election, was about sixty years of age. He is best known to the world through his works on economic questions, notably his work entitled "Progress and Poverty." Hon. William Jennings Bryan says of him: "He was one of the foremost thinkers of the world. His death will prove a loss to literature, society and politics."

**Compulsory
Education.**

At no time in the history of the United States has the subject of Education received so much thought as within the last ten years. Americans are coming to realize that if they would be a great People, they must educate, develop themselves. It is a notable truth that when one directs his attention toward an object, when he studies it, he seldom fails to come to more correct views about it. So it is with the subject of Education. At no period has America been so well equipped for educating her children as at present. At no time were the methods employed so successful.

In our opinion this is due in a great measure to what is called "Compulsory Attendance" laws: that is, those laws which declare that children between certain ages shall be compelled to attend School. Within the last ten years, no fewer than eighteen States have adopted this system, making a total of twenty-nine which have Compulsory Education. The principle is steadily gaining ground. Steps in advance are being taken everywhere. Argument and discussion have been gradually silencing opposition and public sentiment is slowly crystalizing in the direction of requiring by law all parents to provide a certain minimum of school instruction for their children. This tendency is unmistakable.

The systems of Compulsory Education are varied. Those in use in Massachusetts and Connecticut are the most successful. In Massachusetts, though the law is in its terms obligatory upon all towns, the system is practically a local option one, and is administered by the towns. In Connecticut, on the other hand, a more centralized system exists. The State executes the law

through its agents with the co-operation of the local authorities. It would seem that the latter method is the more successful.

Why should anyone be opposed to Compulsory Education? If it is necessary for the Government to provide schools and all intelligent citizens admit that it is, it is equally necessary for the Government to compel the people to avail themselves of the advantages offered. There are many who will not take advantage of these opportunities unless compelled to do so. Few parents and still fewer children have any appreciation of the importance of regular attendance at school. Often the parents neither compel nor encourage attendance. The child is kept at home to bring water and cut wood. We have heard of instances where the child was given permission to go to school or remain at home as he chose. This is indeed a sad state of affairs. Not one child in ten thousand would attend school regularly if not compelled to do so. The State is affected in this matter. She must protect herself. If parents will not see to the education of their children the State must do so in self-defence.

It is true there are objections to this system. There are objections to everything. Nothing is perfect. But let us examine some of the objections.

It is said such a system interferes with the liberty of parents. Not so, more than any other wholesome law. But we hold that it ought to interfere, when they are incapacitated by vice or other causes for the performance of essential duties as parents. Many other laws limit personal liberty. The requisition to serve on juries, or to aid the sheriff in arresting criminals, or the exactions of military service in the hour of the country's need.

These and many another good law do this. If a parent should beat his child unreasonably or should starve him, or should otherwise maltreat him the law steps in to protect the child. But to deprive a child of education, to cripple him for life by a lack of knowledge and of proper schooling is a more deplorable outrage, for it injures the child in his noblest attributes and disables him where he ought to be strongest and best. The child has rights which not even a parent may violate. The right of a parent to his children is founded on his ability and disposition to supply their wants both of body and mind. When the parent is disqualified by intemperence, cruelty or insanity, society justly assumes control of the children. Neglected children, when not orphans in fact, are virtually such, their parents ignoring their duties and thus forfeiting their rights as parents. The State should protect the helpless, and especially these, its defenceless wards, who otherwise will be vicious as well as weak. If the State may imprison and punish juvenile criminals it may remove the cause of their crime and its consequences of loss, injury and shame.

It is claimed that it arrogates new power to the Government. Not one whit more than do all quarantine and hygienic regulations and laws for the abatement of nuisances. Ignorance is noxious as the most offensive nuisance and more destructive than bodily contagions. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. The very existence of society is at stake. She must protect herself.

Compulsory Education is right in principle. The State taxes the citizen for the support of the public schools because universal education is necessary to the preservation of the State and of the institutions of civilization. This tax every property holder is compelled to

pay. He has no choice. Now, if the State has this right to take by authority the citizen's property, has not the citizen the right to demand that the purpose for which this property is taken shall be carried out? And that purpose is the education of all the children in the State. It is, therefore, the imperative duty of the State to do all it can to accomplish this purpose. It appears to us that to fail in this would be, on the part of the State, an exercise of bad faith toward its tax-paying citizens.

The death of a young Georgian from injuries received in a game of football, and the act passed by the Legislature of Georgia prohibiting the game in the State, have given rise to considerable comment. For several years opposition to this game has been gaining ground. Now it seems that football must go. It is well. Let the brutal game go; the sooner the better, for it is ungentlemanly and deadly, and the following quotations are sufficient to convince any reasonable person that it is not a game which any institution of learning and enlightenment should tolerate.

The St. Paul (Wis.) *Pioneer-Press* says of a certain game:

“The two teams fought teeth and toenail. * * * Beam was substituted for Anderson, who was hurt. * * * Coevhems was hurt, but refused to leave the game. * * * At this point Peele was hurt, and Joliffe was put in at left-back. * * * O'Dea was badly used up, and Traft went in at full-back.”

The La Crosse (Wis.) *Republican* says of a Minneapolis game:

“The savage cries of ‘Take him off the field!’ when a disabled young athlete lay writhing, might well have resounded two thousand years ago, when a slain gladiator encumbered the way of further slaughter.”

The *Kansas City Times*, reporting a game at Lawrence, tells this:

“In nearly every scrimmage some man with a yellow sweater was hurt, and much time was consumed in reviving the fallen. Hobbs, Iowa’s good full-back, was struck on the back of the head, near the base of the brain, after he lay on the ground after an attempted tackle. When it was seen that he was in no condition to continue, he was led off the field.

“As he lay on the ground, he became delirious. After being taken to the hotel it was found that his right arm and the right side of the body were paralyzed, temporarily, at least.”

A despatch from Wooster (Ohio) to the *Cleveland Leader* says:

“Broken collar-bones have deprived the different classes in Wooster University of two of their best players within the past week. Several other collar-bones broken are reported; and at Middleton, Conn., Kelly, of the Western University football team, had his thigh dislocated in the first rush in the game with Harvard, and was sent to his home at Dorchester, Mass. Yarrow fractured his cheek bone in a practice game this week, and will be unable to play again this fall.”

The leading papers of Georgia and New York, and, in fact, of the United States, are condemning the game. The following is taken from a recent editorial in the *New York Tribune*:

“Many serious and several fatal accidents on the foot-

ball field this year have led to a renewal of the movement for the prohibition of the game, and in two or three colleges it has recently been abandoned or forbidden. * * * Football news largely consists of descriptions of accidents and reports upon the condition and prospects of the players who have been laid up for repairs—whether or not they will be able to play in the next big game, and if so, how long will they last. Perhaps the most convincing commentary on the dangerous probabilities of the sport is the elaborate provisions for surgical attendance for the injured.”

The better class of citizens in every State are beginning to fight football. At Springfield, Mass., the five heads of grammar schools oppose it. The Young Men's Christian Association of Williamsport, Pa., have decided to drop the game. Mr. Vance McCormick, ex-captain of the Yale University eleven, in a recent lecture, deplored the roughness of the game. Rev. Dr. Chandler, President of the Methodist College at Oxford, Ga., says that football games “are worse than slugging matches, in that more pugilists engage in the fights, and they are damaging to a class of people never injured by the prize ring. When these things prevail at centres of culture, and find encouragement in colleges, we have a symptom that our civilization is beginning to die at the top. It is time for some authority to trim the tree.”

These are strong indictments of a game which ought to be condemned. We know we have taken the side which is not generally popular among college students; but we have no apologies to offer. We can only speak our convictions.

LITERARY COMMENT.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

“Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in doore or out;
With the grene leaves whispering overhead,
Or the streete cryes all about,
Where I may reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and old;
For a jollie good booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde.”



The new “Life of Tennyson,” written by his son, is creating a stir in the literary world. It is perhaps the greatest of biographies, or rather *Memoirs*, not excepting Boswell’s *Johnson* and Lockhart’s *Scott*. Tennyson was fortunate in his lifetime, and his good angel seems to guard his name after death. His son had consulted his wishes with regard to the book, and has bestowed an immense amount of work upon it. It is in two volumes; price \$9.



Compare “The Disuse of Laughter,” an article in the November *Forum*, with an essay on “The Plague of Jocularly,” which appeared in the same periodical some months ago. In the former, the author regrets very sincerely that with every passing day the hearty laugh grows more and more rare; in the latter, Americans are subjected to grave criticism because they see only the ludicrous side of everything. One writer is a resident in London, the other a German professor in an American college—which facts account for the different views.



Last year we had the pleasure of reviewing a volume of poems by a North Carolinian, which contained passages of no mean

quality. We prophesied that that little volume was only the harbinger of greater things; and the prophecy has been fulfilled.

"*From Cliff and Scour, A Collection of Verse by Benjamin Sledd*," is before us. Its hundred pages are filled with poems of great variety, in length, in metre, and in quality of thought; and as a whole it is strikingly original. It occupies in part the great field which has so long lain open in the South, and is unquestionably the best poetry published by any Southern man since Poe.

The Ballad of Otter Hill (pp. 1—6) tells the story of a wandering youth, who falls in love with a chieftain's daughter. The chieftain, however, opposes their marriage and the lovers are compelled to meet in secret. One night the maiden is followed, and in the efforts that she and her lover make to escape, we are left to infer that they perish among the surrounding precipices or tangled woods. The beauty of the poem, however, is not in the story, but in the somewhat Coleridge-like mystery that broods over it; it lies just on the boundary line between the real and the unreal, where the spirits of earth and air meet. Indeed, this "shining of the ideal through the sensible" is characteristic of all these poems. At the trysting-place, while the lover awaits his bride,

"He shudders and starts when a shadow flits
And the moonlight is suddenly blighted;
And he keenly hears how the north-winds go
With stealthy shivering tread,
Where the summer's leaves lie strewn below—
Rude spoilers amid the vanquished dead.
Nor may he banish from overhead
The strange bird uttering wail on wail,
As striving to tell some warning tale;
And his heart beats fast with nameless dread,
When his steed comes whinnying to his side
With mane erect and nostrils wide."

Surely this, with its rush of narration and quick, suggestive, and yet delicately complete description, its breath of mystery and liveliness of imagination, is a great and permanent addition to the ballad poetry of our literature.

The lyric poems present some of the most beautiful as well as the worst specimens of song in the book. In some of his quatrains the author fails to fit his thought, which is always good, with proper music; his expression seems rather labored. But in most of the lyrics the audible and inaudible melodies, beauty of thought and musical expression, blend admirably. For example, *Twilight*:

“A lost lamb from the meadows crying,
A lone bird through the shadows flying,—
Tears gathering for the day that is dead,—
A weeping heart that wills not to be comforted.”

—(p. 68.)

June Shadows, also, quickens the blood like a draught of wine:

“Why, love, when wandering clouds
The sun for a moment conceal,
O'er the sunlight of thine eyes
Will a shade of sadness steal?

“For, see, how the landscape brightens,
As the shadows eastward fly;
And the sunshine, swiftly pursuing,
Goes racing merrily by.

“Fresher the green of June
For the quickening moment of shade;
And brighter, too, are thine eyes
For the sadness that it made.”—(p. 8.)

The Little People of the Hill (pp. 14—22) is a charming poetical invention. It describes and tells a story of a race of little people who possessed the earth before the coming of man, and whom the Britons found in England. They fled before the ruder race, and yet it is said that

“Within the bosom of the hill
The little people wander still.
Listen, beside the sunless cave,
You hear but hidden waters rave!
Yet when the moonless nights are come,
And every sound of day is dumb,

The cave is aglow with pale blue light,
 The slopes with ghostly shapes are white;
 And when shrill music floats this way,
 The children hear, and, shuddering, say,
 'The Little People are at play,
 And feed their flocks on the hills to-night.'"

A party of pilgrims capture one of the little maidens and take her home. But she cannot be bound by the laws of mankind or nature, and

"At dusk she leaves her curious play,
 As if some spirit spoke her name:
 'Tis the winds that call me,' she will say.
 In vain does the clamoring housewife blame;
 The little maiden flits on her way,
 But turns, and lingers, and looks behind,
 As though she would not be unkind,
 Yet knows she may not longer stay."

One night was heard

"A cry through the darkness—a far, glad sound,
 Like a mother's cry when her lost one is found,"

and the little creature, in response, flew away never to return.

In beauty and richness of imagination, passages in this book have never been equalled by any American poet. Think, now, of some deserted and desolate battlefield, say the windy plain of Troy or the field of Waterloo:

"A ruined homestead's ghostly walls
 Stare over wastes of endless gray,—
 A land which knows not it is May;
 A lonely quail unanswered calls,
 And homeless winds forever wailing go,
 Beneath a sky forever dim and low.
 — Here once, they say,
 Through all a long, sad summer day,
 Man strove with man in battle's fray," etc.—(p. 56.)

As representative of another quality of imagination, I select a passage from the long poem, *Alice*. He sat in the school-house and gazed out of a window:

"Now would fantastic boats go sailing by,
 With elfin people filled who beckoned me;

And some there were who mocked me, prison-bound.
 Now flocks of sheep went wandering through green fields,
 Or mighty beasts would stalk majestic past,
 Pursued by hunters on wild, airy steeds.
 Never had sunlight seemed so wonderful
 As when a ray stole trembling through the roof,
 And glided, spirit-like, down the dark room,—
 A little world that teemed with restless life.
 Outside, how merrily would the cricket sing,
 As if the knave were drunk with sun and air,
 Which stupid tyranny denied to me!
 The birds would twit me with their liberty;
 And far across the fields, the low of herds,
 And cheery songs of those who reaped the maize
 Filled heart and eyes with bitter, nameless grief.”

Only part of this selection, it is true, is properly imagination. The last ten lines are direct description, but such description is rather rare.

To illustrate the author's powers in another variety of description, but chiefly for the picture of Southern life which the latter part of it contains, I quote some lines from *Beside the Chesapeake*. The poem is addressed to “J. F. C., of Charlotte Hall, Maryland,” and recounts the pleasures of a night spent there. The following verses refer to the images called up in the poet's mind by the music of a violin:

“For now had music with its rapturous power
 Wide open flung the portals of your soul,
 Thronging with fancies, joys, and hopes
 Imprisoned through a week of sunless days.
 The air was thick with flying shapes of sounds:
 Familiar melodies, by two's and three's,
 Went masquerading past, grotesquely dight
 In airy flourishes and curious strokes,
 Like letters from a cunning monkish hand;
 Weird echoes answered from the dusky walls
 To passing bells that tinkled low and sweet,
 And fairy horns that blew a slender blast
 Keen as the wintry wind at whistling eaves.

“Then far away the music seemed to die,
 Like voices on the wind. On well-known hills
 I watch the summer sunset's glory fail:
 The weary teams with swinging traces pass,
 Their ears pricked to the sound of opening doors,
 While loudly singing troop the negroes home,
 And from the well-curb dusky maidens go
 With dripping burdens poised upon their heads,” etc.

—(pp. 61-62.)

But do not think we have here a poet of graceful fancies and musical lines, who shuns the great problems of life, and time, and death. Occasionally, even in the lighter verses, we get glimpses, like a boatman on a chequered lake, of the deeps that lie about us; and sometimes he approaches them directly. Of the latter kind, *Waiting* (pp. 69-72) is an example. In the first stanza, notice the love for the old Earth-mother:

“Oh, calm, sweet autumn morn,
 Of earth not born,
 But from the eternal Sabbath sent
 To make the heaven-drawn soul content!
 Love, move me away from the blazing hearth,
 To gaze once more on the dear old earth—
 The dear, kind earth and thy strong, true face,
 Shall I long for them in that other place?”

The sonnets to Lazarus (“*One Come from the Dead*”), and *Life's Triumph*, also strike a deep note. *Out of the Depths* tells the old sad story of crime induced by want. The starving mother sells herself to get bread for her starving children, and afterwards suffers the keener, more deadly torture of a guilty conscience, which whispers her:

“Better they were dead,
 Than from the devil's hand, God's children should be fed.”

Wandering in the woods with his mother in his childhood, he discovers an overgrown grave (*The Mystery of the Woods*, pp. 49-50):

“The first of earth's dark secrets
 By curious childhood found,
 Much did I wonder what meaning
 Lay hid in that little mound.”

He inquired of his mother: "Death—what is it, mother?"
but she clasped him in her arms and sadly replied:

"Thou'lt find out by and by."

"For long, long years I waited,
The answer still I wait,
And hear but darkly murmur
The riddling lips of fate.

"When I joy in the strength of the morning,
And feel that life is good—
Lo, right athwart my pathway
That fateful mound in the wood.

"And when I sadly question
What way beyond may lie,
A silent voice makes answer,
'Thou'lt know all by and by.'"

The final quotation is from *The Valley of the Shadow* (p. 26):

"I knew the guiding wave still streamed
Beneath, and shades still closed me round,
Yet heard a promised dawn's far sound,
And felt sweet promises of light.
Then unremembered was the night,
The plain, the sea; as summer's green
Makes doubt that winter e'er has been.
Strong arms were stretched to clasp and save:
I saw beneath a new-made grave,
And heard a gentle whispered breath,
'Thy life begins, which men call death.'"

This poetry is worthy of life, and it will live. But it is sincerely to be hoped that since, as Poe expresses it, the author had "the misfortune to be born a little too far South," his recognition will not be delayed. The South has long hoped for a voice in the more select choir of English singers, and that voice has raised itself, clearly and with a new note; a note that will help the South take her place among the countries which produce new and great literature.

EXCHANGES.

HUBERT M. EVANS, Editor.

We are always glad to receive the *Baptist and Reflector*, since it brings us the news from our native State. And this is one of our best denominational papers, too; but occasionally Bro. Folk gets hold of something that is really too good for a weekly paper. Though he is not to be blamed for that, but rather to be congratulated.

These remarks have been provoked by reading in this, at best, not very literary paper an exquisite short poem by Mrs. Laura Burnett Lawson; who is, by the way, related to Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. If emotion and sentiment expressed rhythmically, musically, is poetry—and nothing else than this is poetry—we must say that these lines have the true poetic ring about them; and a delightfully pleasing ring it is. Not loud and harsh, like some of our sweetest musical notes so often become when sounded by one whose soul is deaf, but soft and gentle is her song—a tone of quiet melody pitched in a minor key. Her rhythm is so contagious that, if unconsciously we fell into iambs in the last sentence, we can hope to be forgiven; for Mrs. Lawson is responsible for the fault.

No one—except a Freshman—can fail to catch the charm of these verses. This consists both in the sentiment and in the easy versification. Do you think these verses smell much of the lamp? Well, if they do, what a sweet-scented lamp Mrs. Lawson must have!—

THE STORY SWEET.

In Love's sweet spring,
 It was thy won't to tell me I was fair ;
 To watch the gleam
 Of golden glory in my shimm'ring hair ;
 To tell me how
 The roses on my youthful cheek outglowed
 That queen of flowers ;
 To catch the laughter from my lips that flowed.

The summer came,
 And yet thou saidst that I was fairer still ;
 My wealth of hair
 But made a fitting crown ; that sweetest trill
 Of feathered songsters
 With my matron voice could not compare ;
 The holy glow
 Of mother-love but made my face more fair.

Now autumn falls ;
 And still thou seest with lovelit eyes ; here where
 The blighting frost
 Hath fallen on my crown of golden hair,
 Thy kisses fall.
 My withered cheek, where erst the roses played,
 Thou sayest now
 Hath just fulfilled Time's fairest promise made.

When winter comes,
 And shadows fall across my failing sight ;
 With only here
 And there a thread of gold among the white ;
 When age hath bent
 This form, hath dulled this voice, I shall be told
 The story sweet
 As e'er before ; for Love is never old.

Sometime ago the *Charlotte Observer* remarked that the WAKE FOREST STUDENT was next to the best college magazine in the South, being excelled only by the *University of Virginia Magazine* ; and we felt right glad to agree with the *Observer*. But since then the STUDENT

has been greatly improved, and now we doubt if this statement could be repeated with the truth which it so evidently carried at first.

We are led to say this—and with all modesty, of course—by the comments of the *Wofford College Journal*. This magazine, in reviewing the *STUDENT*, the *University of Virginia Magazine*, and a number of other publications, comes to this conclusion: “Of all the exchanges which we receive from different colleges and universities the *WAKE FOREST STUDENT* is entitled to hold first place.”

This is a broad compliment, and we appreciate it; but we cannot help thinking that maybe it is all a mistake—and then some of the sweetness has slipped away.

And now we turn to our friend, the *Trinity Archive*. The November number has quite a literary appearance with its wide margins and uncut edges; and we have an idea that, on the whole, its contents are better than those of the September number. Though we shall probably never be sure of this; for, to tell the truth, we can find time to read our exchanges only in spots, and sometimes in right small spots at that.

We are sorry to notice that through some carelessness, probably the printer's, the second installment of Mr. Hill's continued story does not appear in this number. But maybe he did not have it quite ready for the printer.

The *Archive* contains some splendid verse this time, but nothing short enough for us to quote. Some of the stanzas in “The Old Farm Home” are especially pretty.

The *Dartmouth Literary Monthly* is replete with good reading matter, both in prose and verse. Below we quote a poem which has a sweet and suggestive refrain. It re-

minds us of a poem we have read somewhere, "The World we Used to Know."

IN THE BEAUTIFUL, LONG AGO.

I wander by a stream, Marie,
 Where often we have strayed,
 When stars were rising in the east
 And smiling o'er the glade;
 The willows bending speak your name
 In accents pure and low,
 They breathe the words you taught them, Love,
 In the beautiful long ago.

The ferns wave soft on yonder log,
 Where oft we told our love,
 The wild grape rustles in the wind,
 The thrush calls sweet above;
 How many, many times we've sat
 And watched the moonbeams flow
 Across the river's sobbing breast,
 In the beautiful long ago.

I cannot bear that lonely spot
 They point and say you keep;
 I hate the cold, cold marble slab
 That watches o'er its sleep,
 For well I know you are not there,
 But here you are, I know,
 You walk the paths we two have traced
 In that beautiful long ago.

We congratulate the University of Tennessee on the Centennial number of its magazine, both for the reading matter and the splendid illustrations. It shows a patriotic spirit, and is a credit to the University.

Mr. M'Spadden, in his poem, "A Hundred Years," expresses a fine sentiment, but his phraseology is not always poetic. He tries to tell too many cold facts, and, for poetry, he is too explicit. In noticing too particularly the information he is giving, he allows himself to

fall into the purest prose, though it is perfectly metrical, to be sure. For instance, this—

“A few more years, and Statehood is conferred
Upon our land,

Or—

We cannot say that this great work is done
Within one hundred years, but well begun.

We must confess that this is tame, too tame for the theme. If these lines do not “limp” badly—well, we are just mistaken about it. But fortunately the poem contains some lines very much better than these, and it would be unjust not to quote some of them.

“The shock and jar of war is o’er :
The sun of peace shines forth, and nevermore . . .

Or—

Her sons will ever shine ; her mighty name
Will ever be within the niche of fame.

An anthology of college verse would be an interesting thing. It would be worthy of study by a man interested, for any reason, in the college student, his life, and his way of thinking. By reading a great many college poems, one might make some interesting, if not valuable, inductions. Even the comparatively small amount of verse in this number of the *STUDENT* will show some distinguishing characteristics. The same youthful spirit is always there, and the theme, you may say, is always the same—love. Sometimes it is a love that is real and present; sometimes it is only an echo from a love that was—or, perhaps, a wail from a love that was and even now is; and again, sometimes it is just a pretty little conceit, only a “make-believe.” The fact that this last is so often true is a source of real comfort and gratification to us sometimes; for, but for this, there would be

constantly a great drain on our sympathies when we read our exchanges. How often we should have to exclaim, "Poor unfortunate wretch!" While now we can enjoy his imaginary groanings, and smile to think how much his more recent flame appreciates them.

These verses from the *Brunonian* are a right good specimen of college verse, though probably no better than a poem quoted before them; and they are right pretty verses, too. They give us an agreeable whiff of that peculiar odor which lingers around rustic seats in the summer when the sun goes down.

A BIT OF THE PAST.

I found a withered rose to-day,
 Hidden away from the dust and light;
 The bloom of its petals has faded away,
 Its wrappings of tissue are stained and gray;
 And is it the flower she gave me that night,
 I wonder?

On a summer night in the long ago,
 It graced the wealth of her sunny hair.
 Young and foolish! Perhaps 'twas so,
 But I loved her—loved her. Did she know
 When she gave me the rose that is lying there,
 I wonder?

Now, with her gold and its purchased joys,
 'Mid the jaded throng that comes and goes
 Seeking new tinsel and seeking new toys;
 Wearied and worn with the sham and the noise,
 Does she ever remember the withered rose,
 I wonder?

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

T. H. LACY, Editor.

MISS MARIE LANKFORD is visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert Royall, in Savannah.

ONE OF OUR SENIOR CLASS has recently developed a passion for singing "Come ye disconsolate."

MESSRS. C. L. YATES, W. O. Speer, and K. B. Griffin will represent Mother Philomathesia as marshalls at the next Anniversary.

A MARKED improvement in the quality, and a like increase in the number of cigars smoked by some of us has been noticed since the fire. The STUDENT has to regret that he was unable to be on the scene himself; it almost makes him envious to see all the boys smoking free cigars.

FOUR OF OUR most enterprising young men have for some time felt the need of physical exercise. They decided some time ago that they would get enough at one time to last them for a week; and they did. It was about seven o'clock on a moonlight night that they started to walk to Raleigh and back. Train 402 picked them up at the union depot, and put them down at Wake Forest, a foot-sore quartet. I am glad to see that some of them are able to wear their shoes again.

THE STUDENT learned some days ago that the Faculty's committee on athletics is considering the advisability of laying off another diamond in the Park. Now this is a step in the right direction. I think that there

is plenty of room in the Park for another diamond, and one diamond is not sufficient to accommodate all the base-ball players here. If this new arrangement can be made, it will bring out all the base-ball material that we have, and will in that way raise the standard of excellence in the team. I may remark, by way of parenthesis, that the team of '98 will probably be in no respect inferior to that of '97.

THE GHOST of the cap and gown question is like that of the immortal Banquo; it will not down. It has been laid at every Senior class meeting in the memory of the oldest student here, the present class thought that the precedent which it set would, of course, settle the matter once for all; but I understand that the Junior class is agitating the matter of wearing the cap and gown at the commencement exercises of the session of '98—'99. This is quite a blow to the conceit of the class of '98; it seems almost impertinent for the young ones of the Junior class to take this matter into consideration so soon after its would-be final settlement at the hands of the Seniors.

THE FALL TERM examinations will begin about two weeks after the appearance of this issue of the STUDENT—December 16. The haughty Senior is beginning to doubt if his position is more enviable than that of the gay and easy Sophomore. When the Senior was a Sophomore, it was almost a matter of indifference to him whether he passed or failed on his examinations, he had two years in which to "make it up." When he became a Junior, examinations assumed a more serious aspect; he thought that it would perhaps be better to get through, if by any means he could. But now that he is a Senior, he knows that he must get through by all

means ; for if he fails in any examination, it will throw him back into that contemptible "next year's class." Truly the lot of the Senior of narrow margin is not so much to be envied, after all ; this thing of being a Senior is not what it is cracked up to be.

NEARLY EVERYBODY admires the beautiful complexion of our friend Mr. Cree ; in fact, we are inclined to think that it cannot be improved by the use of cosmetics. The young ladies of the Hill seem to be of a different opinion, however ; for Mr. Cree received a liberal application of starch at the Hollowe'en party. Another young gentleman of our acquaintance had his appearance improved by diving into a tub of water after an apple ; I refer to Mr. Early. Somebody said he enjoyed the experience very much, but that the water was rather cold. The party was a very enjoyable event. It was given by the young ladies of the Hill, at the residence of Mr W. C. Brewer. It would take too much space to give the names of the young people ; and we can understand that they are all anxious for Hollowe'en to come again, without knowing just who they are.

THE TOWN WAS terribly excited on the night of November 2, and it was not on account of Dr. Royster's lecture, either ; though that was quite an event in our peaceful lives. It was on account of the fire. The buildings occupied by Mr. Peed's general merchandise establishment were completely destroyed. The contents from one of these buildings, except a few hundred cigars, and some apples, were saved, but the heavy groceries stored in the other were all burned. The buildings were owned by Mrs. Timberlake and Mr. Brewer ; the loss was about covered by the insurance. Somebody said that a whole livery-stable of "ponies" escaped dur-

ing the excitement, from one of the rooms at Mr. Brewer's. The STUDENT will be glad to assist in returning them to their owners, if any one can corral them. A brown-backed "handy literal" to the Germania of Tacitus has wandered into the STUDENT'S collection, and is awaiting identification. Mr. Peed has re-opened in the building next to Mr. Holding's drug store; he seems to be as busy as ever.

REV. W. T. JORDAN, of Denver, Col., has recently contributed to the College museum a shot-gun brought from Germany to California in pioneer days. It is an interesting specimen, representing, as it does, an intermediate stage in the evolution of the modern breach-loader. It has three barrels, loaded at the muzzle, but "breaks" to put on the caps. It has no hammers, but is fired by means of an ingenious mechanism concealed in the stock.

Mr. Jordan graduated here in the class of '78. In the letter which accompanied the gift, he says: "In my western home I often think lovingly of my Alma Mater, and I hope the day is not far distant when I shall be able to do something for her which will more adequately express my appreciation of the benefits she has conferred upon me."

A RUMOR has been current for some time to the effect that Rev. W. R. Gwaltney intended to resign the pastorate of the church here. We had hoped that the rumor was groundless, but it was not so; Dr. Gwaltney tendered his resignation, to take effect June 1, 1898, on Sunday, November 14th. For seven years Dr. Gwaltney has been chaplain of the College, and by his sterling christianity, his faithful labor, and his evident love for his charge, he has won the reverence and love of all the students; and,

I take the liberty of saying it, of all the people on the Hill. His resignation is truly the occasion of deep regret to all the members of the church.

It is said that Dr. Gwaltney intends to occupy himself, after the termination of his pastorate here, in the Home Mission work. If this be true, the Home Mission Board will secure an earnest and faithful, and, we doubt not, a successful worker. In whatever kind of work he may engage, Dr. Gwaltney has the best wishes of the STUDENT.

DR. HUBERT ROYSTER, of Raleigh, gave a lecture before the Scientific Society on Tuesday evening, November 2. His subject was "Malaria." Malaria, unlike other diseases, is caused by an animal parasite, which infests the red blood-cells. This parasite is present in all forms of malaria. In the Tertian and Quartan forms, the parasites occur in connascent groups, which have a regular period of growth and sporadization. Tertian fever is that form of malaria in which a layman will have a chill every other day (every third day, counting both ends; hence the name). In this disease the parasites form spores all at the same time. The spores are distributed through the blood; each one enters a red blood-cell, and begins to grow. At the end of forty-eight hours each spore has developed into a full-grown parasite, has destroyed the blood-cell in which it lived, and has formed a swarm of new spores, each of which repeats its parent's life cycle. Now the chill occurs just about the time the spores leave the blood-cells in which they have been formed. It has not been explained just how they cause the chill; but it is supposed to be by means of a secretion which the spores make when they are first diffused through the blood. As everybody knows, the time to administer quinine is just before the

chill is due. The drug has its most powerful effect at that time, because the spores cannot resist its action with such advantage when they are free in the blood as when each has made a castle for itself out of a blood-cell. The pallor of the skin in all forms of malaria is due to the wholesale destruction of the red blood-cells, which impart color to the skin. This is a very incomplete outline of Dr. Royster's lecture. I am sorry that I cannot devote sufficient space to it to give a full account of it.

IT WAS IN October, 1896, that Dr. Royster lectured here for the first time. By a strange coincidence, the subject of his lecture then was "Muscle, and muscular exercise"; strange, because it was at the beginning of the College's history without its gymnasium. In this lecture Dr. Royster showed that muscles are an absolute necessity for all forms of mental activity; or at least for their expression. The whole lecture was devoted to showing the dignity of the part played by the muscles of the human body, and the necessity of sufficient muscular exercise. It was in this lecture that Dr. Royster said that, when walking was the sole means of exercise left to a man, he should walk six or eight miles a day. Now walking is the sole means of exercise left to most of us, and it takes two or three hours' time to walk six or eight miles; most of us have uses that the faculty consider more important than walking, to which we may, or rather must, devote our time. We can not afford to waste two or three hours a day in taking the exercise that we used to get in half an hour, when we had the gymnasium. My, how we do want a gymnasium!

I AM VERY sorry that the Alumni department of the STUDENT will not appear in this issue. This is due to

the boundless activity of my friend, Mr. Tedder, who had charge of that department in the last issue. Mr. Tedder seems to have worked up all the material for the department that was at hand, for the last issue; and I think that nothing has happened since that time which would prove of interest to the readers of the STUDENT.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

SPIRITS OF YULE.

J. C. M.

*Druid of the mystic days,
I see thee in the light
That shimmers from the Yule-tide blaze
This holy night!*

*A thousand years reach out to thee
Their white and ghostly hands,
And bind a thousand realms to thee
With golden bands.*

*Far over silent, frost-white fields,
And forests wild and bare,
From where the sounding ocean yields
Its secrets rare,*

*Through earth and air and steel-gray sky
Thine unheard voice hath spread,—
A voice that comes from lands unknown,—
Voice of the dead.*

*O Spirit of the Beautiful,
Dwell still with humankind!
Let us be once undutiful,
Let us be blind!*

*In all this cold and naked life
Grant us we pray one night
To see again the young world wrapt
In dreamland light!*

*Bring us the childhood of the past!
Bring us its mystery!
Dethrone proud Science, crush his crown
Of harsh reality!*

*Winds from the wide, still northern plains,
Sing wild, wild and strong!
Flame from the dying hearth, sing thou
A quiet song!*

*Druid of the sacred oak and mystic mistletoe,
Come near at Christmastide,
And while the world is clothed in snow,
With us abide.*

ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS.

G. W. PASCHAL.

The day which we call Christmas was called in the early church at Rome, *Natalis*, or *Nativitas Domini*, which of course means the Birth Day of the Lord. It is very probable, however, that the birth of Jesus did not take place on that date, and that the church at Rome was actuated by reasons of policy rather than actual historical data in fixing upon December the 25th for this festival. There are really very strong reasons against this date. St. Luke tells us that at the time of the birth of our Lord there were shepherds keeping watch in the field by night. This they could hardly have done on December 25th, for it was then at the height of the rainy season in Palestine. There are moreover several other circumstances, such as His birth in a manger and the flight into Egypt, that seem inconsistent with an inclement season.

The evidence of ancient writers is also against that date. No ancient writer whose works are extant says anything about it until Clement of Alexandria, who flourished about the year 200. He regards those as over-curious who try to fix the day, and says there was variance even in his time, some claiming that our Saviour was born on May 20th, others on April 21st or 22d. He does not mention December 25th at all. So we may be certain that Clement knew nothing of Christmas as we know it, and had never heard of its celebration at Rome. The churches in Egypt and in the East generally for a long time did not celebrate the birthday of Jesus, but celebrated the Epiphany, which occurs on January 6th.

Gradually they came to associate this also with the date of his birth.

On the other hand, it is claimed there is really some evidence in favor of December 25th. It is said that there are astronomical reasons in favor of it. As far back as we can trace the matter this date was accepted at Rome—but we have nothing authentic prior to the year 300. It is also claimed that there were archives of the Jews at Rome from which the authorities of the Church established this date. But this is hardly probable, for though there may have been archives there, it is not at all likely that they contained any reference to the birth of Jesus, who was in the eyes of the Jews no more than any other child.

What we do know is that the festival was observed at Rome with much ceremony in the early part of the fourth century, and was accepted in the East and became very popular there in the closing years of the same century. Chrysostom, who lived at Antioch at this period, says that a man would not be wrong in calling this the chief of all festivals; and Gregory of Nyssa, writing at the same date, says "Now is heard accordant throughout the whole inhabited world the sound of them that celebrate the feast."

It is necessary for us to keep in mind that Christmas was originally a religious festival. In early times nine elaborate masses were held in the churches on that day. Later it became customary to have masses or vigils on the evening and night before, as well as at daybreak on Christmas day. The midnight vigil was celebrated with the greatest pomp, for it was considered the hour of the birth. These services were very beautiful. They are kept up even now by the Roman Catholic, Anglican

and Lutheran Churches. For though some of them recognize that there is no certainty as to the day, they think it proper to separate one day for this special purpose. Even in the more evangelical churches we like to sing songs fitting the occasion, such as "Joy to the World," and always, when opportunity offers, hear Handel's "Messiah."

So much for the religious side of the festival. But what we have said takes no account of the festivities of a secular nature which everywhere mark Christmas. These had their beginnings long before the mother of Jesus lay in the manger. Among all nations almost from very early times this season of the year has been a time of relaxation and go-it-as-you-please. Very early at Rome was introduced the feast of the Saturnalia which was held on the 19th of December and the days following. It was intended to celebrate the golden age of the world, an age of innocence and happiness when Saturn ruled in Italy. All of Rome abandoned itself to revelry. Master and servants changed places and clothes, and gifts were exchanged much as at the present day on Christmas. The Emperor Nero added several days to the festival which he called the Juvenalia. It was perhaps to counteract the influence of this festival and to supersede it that the Church at Rome introduced Christmas, just as it introduced Lent and the worship of the Virgin to supercede other heathen customs. For it was easier to give the Saturnalia another name and intent than to do away with it altogether.

There was also introduced at Rome at an early date the worship of the sun, or Mithras Worship. In connection with this, at the time of the Winter Solstice the new birth of the sun was celebrated. Now it is probable

from some expressions of ancient writers that this had some influence also in fixing the date for the celebration of Christmas.

Among the Jews, too, there was a festival held about this season of the year. And so we find it among the Teutonic nations. This was called Yule, and is still so-called among the northern nations of Europe. Even in England it is sometimes called by that name, and it is very common to speak of Yule-tide, and the Yule log. It is from these peoples that we get the use of evergreens, the sacred mistletoe, and the holly, and the Christmas tree, and the plum-puddings, most of which were used in the ante-Christian feast. From them also came most of the games which make Christmas so pleasant to old and young. And perhaps we can trace to the same source the free use of the wassail-bowl at this season.

Whether there is something in the nature of man that requires an annual period of abandonment we cannot say. But it can readily be understood why Christmas should have become so early such a popular festival. When the heathen Romans and Teutons were converted they found the festivals in which they had so long engaged continued but now turned to the glorification of their Lord. Perhaps the church at Rome acted wisely. It is very sweet to have some night when we can feel that the air is full of angels who have a precious message of peace and good will to men while they and we can glorify God—some morn when we can revisit the manger with the shepherds,

“So hallowed and gracious is the time.”

A MEXICAN CHRISTMAS.

JANIE P. DUGGAN.

Christmas Day, with its accompanying holidays, immediately preceding and following, is in all Roman Catholic countries distinctly a church festival. Most of the interest of the season, extending from December 16th to the end of Epiphany week, in January, clusters about "the young child and his mother." During these weeks the churches are thronged with children who are making the tour of the *nacimientos*, as the representations of the Holy Family at Bethlehem are called in Spanish. The scenic effect of these representations is often very striking, when the whole curve of the apse may be given up to the scene manager's art. Sometimes a veritable, rough shed is erected, furnished with a real manger heaped with straw, and peopled by life-sized figures of cows and donkeys in wood, in close company with the Family in wax. Mary, Joseph and the Child are dressed in real clothing and posed in natural attitudes. The point in the Babe's young life, usually illustrated, is the time of the visit of the Wise Men from the East, and a blazing star of tinsel, or of real light, shines over the shed. The sprightly Child on his mother's knee outstretches eager hands toward the glittering gift of real gold, and silver, and jewels, offered by three richly-dressed men, prostrated before the young King. In snaller churches the *nacimientos* are less pretentious, occupying little space, and exhibited in simple bowers of evergreens.

At almost all hours, during these feast days, there are services in progress at the churches, and at no time are chapel and nave entirely empty of worshippers.

It may be said that the home Christmas of the masses, in Mexico, means nothing, as the attendance upon special masses before the altar, and the visiting of the *nacimiento*s, and the usual lounging about the streets peculiar to church feasts, are all that mark the day. Where there is money to be spared from the daily purchase of *tortillas* and beans, something may be done in the family circle in the way of merry-making.

To illustrate the home-Christmas of a wealthy family in the City of Mexico, I can do no better than quote at some length from Miss Hale's interesting story, "Mercedes," recently published by a Louisville, Ky., firm:

"It was the evening of Christmas Day. In Don Francisco's brightly-lighted dining-room a large party of children and young people were assembled, and among them were about two dozen people of middle-age.

"The whole city was keeping Christmas. But there had been no giving of gifts, no making of Christmas trees, no hanging-up of stockings in joyful anticipation of the coming of Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas. If you mention these to a Mexican, and explain to him that they give gifts to the children, and ask if the custom is the same here, he will reply in a vague way:

"'No, I don't know who you mean, unless it is the Holy Child; the *pastores* (shepherds) give gifts to him.'

"These saints are worshipped here, but not in connection with Christmas.

"For nine nights—that is, from the 16th to the 25th—there had been in the churches representations of Bethlehem, with Mary, Joseph and the Babe; and there had been processions, carrying the images of these personages from one part of the church to another, asking for lodging for them. This had been a favorite play in the

private houses, also. The procession, bearing the images before them, had gone from one room to another, or from one suite of rooms to another, if more than one family lived in the same house. Some of the inmates, to carry out the play, refuse them admittance, telling them there is no room for them in the inn. But happy the family which at last receives them, for presently will come along the gay *pastores* (a band of boys who at this season go about the streets singing and shaking their decorated staffs) and they will stop where they find the image and sing and recite poems, going through a simple theatrical performance, in honor of the Saviour's birth; and they will present gifts to the Holy Child.

"Now and then a man makes a vow that if he succeeds in this or that undertaking he will devote so much money to the training of *pastores* and to the buying of presents for the Holy Child, or it may be that he has committed a sin, and he does this by way of expiation.

"The evening before Christmas there was a gathering of friends at Don Francisco's house. They had dropped in after supper to wait with them for the midnight mass (the *Misa del Gallo*, the Mass of the Cock.) They had amused themselves with music and conversation, and the young people with games, had eaten the Christmas supper of *bunuelos* (a kind of cake) and syrup, and when the bells began to ring at twelve o'clock, they had gone to church and heard high mass till daylight. Then, the 25th being a fast day, this good Catholic family had kept it as such.

"A fast day in a Roman Catholic family reminds one of Mark Twain's description of a French duel. There are so many dispensations that everybody eats as much as he wants. If one does not feel well he can eat of for-

bidden dishes; children can, because they are growing, and need the food; those who work can, because they could not work if they did not eat.

This good family, therefore, having ostensibly done without breakfast, according to the manner prescribed for keeping the fast, had partaken of an elegant dinner, then they had fasted till supper-time, unless the dispensations were in their favor and permitted them the *merienda* (afternoon lunch).

But now the terrible fast was over, and to-night, as last night, there was a gay gathering in Don Francisco's dining-room. Those who came early, being for the most part elderly people, had supped with them, the remainder of the company having come in after supper. The festivities in which they had been invited to take part were more suitable for the dining room than for the parlor. The table had been removed, and extra seats had been brought in and placed around the walls.

Through the wide doorway leading into an adjoining room was discovered a gay and beautiful scene. Every visitor, after the usual salutations, passed into this room. It was illuminated by a hanging lamp, whose prisms sparkled and threw back many colored lights. The gay flowers of the carpet seemed to laugh into one's face for very joy. Around three sides of the room had been erected a sort of counter of two steps, and on these and on the walls above them, evergreens were skillfully arranged. Among these gleamed all sorts of toys so disposed as to represent various phases of life. These were country-houses, with their trees, gardens, fowls, horses, cattle, and servants engaged in their occupations; the family of little people were there also; there were lakes made of glass, with swans and ducks and fishes in them;

there were forests with animals in the shade of the trees, and bright birds, some of them singing-birds, in the boughs; there were towns with coaches and carriages and railway-trains; there were processions of pilgrims; there was of course in the place of honor, the Virgin on a donkey, with the Holy Child in her arms, and Joseph by her side; just below these were two large and beautiful French dolls, one of them a lady in a bright ball dress, who fanned and raised a bouquet to her nose, the other a gaily dressed man, who played the violin and 'really made music.' It was a children's paradise—this *nacimiento* made in honor of the birth of the Holy Child."

On Christmas Eve, Don Francisco had gone "with his little boys to help select the *pinatas* and candies for this occasion."

"One of these *pinatas* now hung from the ceiling. It was a great doll, a representation of a woman gaudily dressed in pink and blue tissue paper, with staring eyes and grinning mouth. The dress concealed a thin earthen-ware jar, and in the jar was a pigeon. This emblem of innocence was placed there 'to make the children innocent.' Each child, in turn was blindfolded, and after having been led about the room, until he was confused, struck three times at the *pinata* with a long stick. The blundering efforts to strike it afforded great amusement, and was attended by shouts of laughter. At last, one little fellow broke it, and the poor, little frightened pigeon, with its head badly bruised, fluttered off across the floor toward the group of ladies. Dona Flavia took it up in her arms and caressed it, and presently sent it out of the room. Out there in the dark, it suffered alone and perhaps died, having to the best of its ability fulfilled its little mission of 'making the children innocent.'

The succeeding games, however, had no such objectionable feature. Another gay and hideous *pinata* was hung up, this time a man. The jar which his gaudy clothing concealed was filled with candies. When the jar should be broken, and the candies should fall, the children were to scramble for them. All the children in turn had struck at it, then the young ladies and young gentlemen. At last Don Francisco's turn came, and it afforded great amusement to all that he should break it. Down came the fragments of the jar, and the candies were scattered on the floor. Don Francisco nimbly extricated himself from the crowd of children who rushed about him to snatch the candies. Another *pinata* was hung up and the children were striking at it. Magdalena tripped up to her father, and clasping her hands over his arm, said archly: 'O papa, you did look so funny and awkward when you were striking at the *pinata*.'

"'Ah, Magdalena, you are a naughty girl to say your papa is awkward,' he replied, patting her cheek."

A very different scene comes to my mind as I copy the above from "Mercedes." Missionaries do not often have much spare change in their purses, but at Christmas time it is one of their greatest pleasures to give a pleasant hour to the poor natives who have joined them in Christian work. One Thursday night, the Eve of Christmas, the little Mexican church met for the weekly prayer-meeting in the chapel of the mission-house. As they sang Gospel hymns, translated into Spanish, and prayed their earnest prayers, they may have wondered why some of the "pale-faces" were absent from the service, but not until they were invited into the court, afterward, had they a hint of the surprise prepared for them. It was

not much of a surprise after all, but the Mexicans enjoyed it. Old, blind Don Manuel could not see the colored paper lanterns lighted during the last hymn, and shining now among the tall plants in the deep, dark court, but the others saw them, and told him how it all looked. On the stone curbing of the well, in the center of the court, we had made little heaps of candy bags and bananas and oranges, for all the members, and the delight of those grown men and women was as touching as it was childish. Some had probably eaten no dinner that day, and hungrily devoured the sweets, while others stored their shares away under shall or blanket, for the little ones sleeping at home. High above the court, the stars gleamed in the square of dark sky roofing the court, while the nearer lantern-lights shone on the brown, eager faces bent in curiosity over the muslin bags of candy. The night-blooming jessamine shed its fragrance about us, and no one seemed to think of the chill of the damp paving-stones under foot, while the musical Spanish talk flowed on, and our guests lingered as long as they might.

AN ANTE-BELLUM CHRISTMAS.

Perhaps I can best comply with your request for a description of an ante-bellum Christmas in the South by editing certain old letters written from a country home in lower Virginia a year or two before the beginning of our Civil War.

It was in the twilight of the short winter afternoon that the writer of these letters dismounted at the door of the hospitable mansion of Otter Island in lower Ashland County. It was a large, square, brick building with piazzas wide and long on the upper as well as the lower story. Situated on an eminence, it overlooked portions of a fine estate of about two thousand acres which lay around the point of confluence of two tide-water rivers. Just below the place where these united was the island which gave the name to the estate. The fertile alluvial soil, cultivated by abundant labor under intelligent guidance, produced famous crops and an ample revenue for its owner, Col. Ashton. The youngest son of this courtly gentleman was about my own age and was my classmate at college. Very cheerfully had I accepted his invitation to be his guest at Otter Island during part of the holidays of 185---. Some hints as to how these days were spent are given in—and, even more, between—the lines of these faded letters:

OTTER ISLAND, Dec. 27, 185---

* * * Harry was at the station waiting for me. So was an excellent saddle-horse which a little darkey had brought for my use. The canter along the smooth,

level, cedar-lined avenues stirred my blood after the long journey on the cars. But it was pleasant to draw bridle at last, to relinquish my mount to the little monkey who had come *en croupe*, and to hurry in to the warmth and light of the house. Pleasant, but a little embarrassing, for I had found the hall and parlors full—as it seemed to me—of young people, a number of whom were strangers to me. But Harry was kind enough to hurry me through into the big sitting-room. There I paid my respects to his father and mother and Aunt Sally while thawing out, like Baron Munchausen's hunting-horn, before the great wood fire. Alas, we have no such fires in Richmond. When these greetings were over, Harry conducted me to my quarters. These were to be, I found, in the two-roomed "office" in the yard. I learned from my friend that provision had been made here for the accommodation of all the younger stags. I began to be able to solve the problem which had been puzzling me as to how even the elastic hospitality of the Otter Island mansion could accommodate the many guests whom I had seen on my arrival.

My long ride had whetted my appetite keenly for the excellent and bountiful repast that awaited us. I should be afraid to try to tell you how many varieties of bread were on the table, or to enumerate the kinds of meats and the more dainty delicacies. A lively meal it was, too. Quip and jest and anecdote and repartee rang up and down the long table, the occupants of which were, for the most part, young men and maidens.

Before bed-time, after the games that we had played together, not without some romping, withal, I felt pretty well acquainted with those of the guests who had been strangers to me before. * * *

DEC. 28, 185---

We had planned last night for a big bird hunt this morning. When we woke up it was snowing and we thought we'd have to give it up. But before breakfast was over the snow had ceased and as the fall was very light four of us determined to go anyhow. Harry had horses saddled and brought around for us, and we rode off down into the low grounds. A black boy was up behind each of us to hold our horses when the dogs found game. Harry has the two pointers that Dr. Chiles gave him, and they are right well trained. Down in the low-grounds, where peas had been planted between the corn, the dogs began to set the game. We dismounted and went on foot till a covey flew up. We blazed away, and not without results. Then we went on horseback to where the covey had alighted. This was repeated again and again until dinner time. Our bags were pretty well filled and it was first-rate sport, despite cold feet and blue noses.

* * * * *

It seems that we are in for a round of parties. Last night the Otter Island contingent of young people went to Dr. Merriwether's, four miles from here. A merry crowd it was. Some went on horseback, some in the family carriage, and the rest in two big farm wagons filled with low splint-bottomed chairs and a plenty of clean wheat straw. The cross-country road by which we went was very rough, but we managed to keep the girls from spilling out. Fortunately it was bright moonlight.

Social gatherings at the Merriwethers' are, as you know, notable occasions. This was no exception. There were more than a hundred of us in all. And, ah, the dazzling array of beauty. I verily believe that these

low-country girls are the loveliest in the world. No, I'm not in love. Not yet. But this is not because I am not susceptible. One is attracted in as many directions by varied and contrasted graces that fancy, undecided, can only hover and flutter. It was two o'clock in the morning and the moon was setting when we got back to Otter Island. To-night we are to go to a wedding party at Beechlawn.

OTTER ISLAND, Dec. 29, 185--.

A late and lazy crowd we were that straggled in for breakfast this morning. That meal, as far as the older people were concerned, was over, but on the table were abundant viands—cold turkey, sparerib, chine, and a round of beef, while at the fire were the big coffee pot and a steaming bowl of oysters. We helped ourselves and each other.

You cannot imagine how thoroughly at home all of us young people are made to feel at Otter Island. We are encouraged to go at any hour into the dining room, where, on the sideboard, are always to be found materials for tempting lunches.

Harry took me out where they had been killing hogs this morning. It was a sight indeed. Forty-two big, fat porkers, nicely cleaned and dressed, were hanging from long horizontal rails. A larger number had been killed, cut up, and salted down three weeks ago. All the little darkeys on the plantation were on hand to-day roasting in the hot ashes and gnawing the tails of the slaughtered swine. I guess we'll have brain omelettes and crackling bread now. * * *

DEC. 30, 185---

The Beechlawn wedding party was the event of the season. The guests were numerous, the young ladies radiant, the decorations tasteful. The hours sped by all too rapidly. For the first time I met Miss Rosa M——, of whose sparkling wit you have doubtless heard. We had a little word duel, in which, I need hardly say, I was sorely worsted. Nor was she the only bright girl with whom I exchanged good natured badinage. Such conversation stimulates me more than wine.

We have all been feeling the reaction to-day and yet I have seldom enjoyed myself more than I have since my ten o'clock breakfast. It is raining without and we young folks have been together in the parlors, in the library, in the wide hall. This hall, on whose walls are stag antlers, a sword and sabre crossed, rifles and guns, and a large spy-glass, is now festooned with berry-bearing holly and mistletoe. Under this last we can at least make the girls blush, and if there's anything lovelier in the world than the blush of a modest maiden I've never seen it.

One after another has been at the piano, and there are sweet voices here as well as deft fingers. There has been plenty of conversation, more quiet and subdued than hitherto. For are we not just a little jaded? Even Bryce Newton, the irrepressible tease, has been merciful to-day. On the whole, I find that I bring away pleasanter memories from a sober conversation with a sensible girl—and there are plenty of that sort—than from the flash and clash of the weapons of repartee. * * *

It would be easy to quote further from those rather rambling letters. They tell of a fox-hunt, of the har-

vesting of ice for summer use, of two other parties, at the last of which the young writer surrendered to a maid of wondrous brown eyes. The letter which relates thereof is embellished with many an adjective.

Such brave old days as those before the War can never come again. Better days in some respects we may—nay, we shall surely have. But the freeheartedness, the large and open hospitality, the retinues of servants, the semi-feudal position of the landed proprietors, the genuine patriotism have as truly vanished into the past as has the Christmas of 185---

A CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

J. H. GORRELL.

It has always appeared to me that the peculiar sanctity or, we may better say, sacred cheerfulness, that attends the observance of Christmas in the Fatherland, is due in great measure to the German's inherent love and veneration of that most beautiful of all institutions—the home; there is no word like *heim* to set his tender heart-strings in motion, and no stronger attraction to him than this little circle—the old grandmother sitting behind the immense tower-like stove, the good *frau* attending to the manifold duties of the household with a healthful cheerfulness, and his flaxen-haired little ones, all taught from earliest youth to bear the little burdens as well as share the simple pleasures of life.

It is therefore his home that the true German thinks of with special tenderness upon the approach of the hallowed season of Christmas-tide—*Weihnacht*, “holy night,” as he so beautifully expresses it. One time in the year at least there shall be a reunion of the family, one time every one shall be happy, mutual interchange of gifts, mutual surprises, mutual strengthening of the cords of love.

So it is no wonder that for weeks beforehand there is a strange bustle and activity in the town and in the country as well. The pastor adapts his sermons to the occasion and reminds his flock of the great Gift which it commemorates, so that for a time they should put away their cares and be happy. Wagons and sleighs make unwonted journeys to the thick woods and return laden with the choicest specimens of the fir and cedar; for

what is Christmas to the Germans without a Christmas-tree?

Along the most frequented squares of the towns are placed these products of the wood, and amid this miniature forest grown up in a day as if by the hand of a fairy, are erected little booths, where all things that delight the eye and the taste are artistically displayed under the glitter of innumerable candles. How the eyes of the children hang upon those wondrously beautiful dolls and hobby-horses and tin soldiers, and how their mouths water for those magnificent piles of *pfefferkuchen* so dear to the German heart!

But Christmas-eve, though slow in coming, at last is here. Even the poorest workman has, in some manner, been able to secure his evergreen, and in the best room there has been throughout the day a mysterious commotion; curiously-wrapped parcels have been hurriedly disappearing in the door, and perhaps, as is frequently the case, a box of presents from far-away members of the family has been carried within. The children all stand without and, although they would not for anything break into the doors, still they cannot restrain themselves from peering through the key-hole.

At last the bell is rung, the doors are thrown open and the children troop in. What a sight meets their eyes! Planted in the midst of the room and rising from a little mossy hill is the most beautiful tree in the world; above it is displayed a golden star or the hovering figure of the sacred *Christkindel* (Christ-child); a hundred or more red, blue and white candles are sparkling amid the branches which are laden with gilded apples and walnuts, and little nets full of candy and sweetmeats; and scattered around at its foot are all kinds of presents.

A great shout of joy goes up from every throat, and the children begin their dance round the magic tree, while the smiling father plucks off and distributes the gifts. Gradually the candles burn out, and then permission is given to strip the tree; they dash upon it with one consent, and it is not long before the last orange, nut and fig are in the hands of the little destroyers.

It is now the season to examine the presents and to taste of the sweets, after which the whole family indulges in cheerful games; and, before bed-time, the children must be told some of those wondrous stories of German folk-lore of which children of all peoples never tire.

After the younger members of the household are sent away to dream over the joys of the evening, the older ones seat themselves to the Christmas-eve supper, in which the ancient dish of carps stewed in beer plays an important part, followed by the Christmas cake, the sweet honey-made *pfefferkuchen*.

After supper the men light their curious porcelain pipes and, under the cheering stimulus of the redolent weed, talk over old times, while the women attempt to restore some order into the confusion of the evening.

At a late hour the different members of the family separate, hearty handshakes, "*Viel Gluech*," and many good wishes, and Christmas-eve is at an end.

BESIDE THE CHESAPEAKE.*

TO J. F. C., OF CHARLOTTE HALL, MARYLAND.

From groves of fragrant pine and moss-draped oak,
Where suns are ever warm and breezes soft,
My soul clasps hands with yours to-day, my friend,
Beside the wintry, storm-vexed Chesapeake.
I bless, and bless again, the happy chance
That made us inmates of that quaint old house,
Where the Patuxent widens to the sea;
Young dominies all eagerness to teach
The things ourselves had scarce, or never, learned.

I live again to-day the autumn morn,
When shivering to a sulking, sobbing fire,
I twisted rhymes to fit some new conceit.
Philosopher and poet too was I,
Yet scorning other sanguine youthful bards,
My lips that moment wreathed with pitying mirth
At hints let fall by you, of verses made.
The strident wails of laboring violin
Came fluttering through my room, and put to flight
A flock of glorious but unruly thoughts
Which even then were settling to my will.

I strove to lure again the frightened thoughts:
They came not, but instead came visions dire
Of broken meditations, sleepless nights—
A breath of autumn air for tingling nerves!
But stealing tip-toe past your staring door,

* By courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, we reprint this selection from the volume of poems, "From Cliff and Scour," by Prof. B. F. Sledd.

I listened: surely twilight's hush and gloom
Had lured some spirit from its secret place
In those deep walls so full of eerie sounds!
Or could it be the slender youth, whose art,
With gentle hands, drew me unwilling in?
You understood, nor ceased, but welcomed me
With eyes whose sober hue had filled with light,
As when a slip of moon, unseen till now,
Makes sudden life in evening's pale, gray sky.

For now had music with its rapturous power
Wide open flung the portals of your soul,
Thronging with fancies, joys, and hopes
Imprisoned through a week of sunless days.
The air was thick with flying shapes of sounds:
Familiar melodies, by two's and three's,
Went masquerading past, grotesquely dight
In airy flourishes and curious strokes,
Like letters from a cunning monkish hand;
Weird echoes answered from the dusky walls
To passing bells that tinkled low and sweet,
And fairy horns that blew a slender blast
Keen as the wintry wind at whistling eaves.

Then far away the music seemed to die,
Like voices on the wind. On well-known hills
I watch the summer sunset's glory fail:
The weary teams with swinging traces pass,
Their ears pricked to the sound of opening doors,
While loudly singing troop the negroes home,
And from the well-curb dusky maidens go
With dripping burdens poised upon their heads.
Lights twinkle through the cabin walls below,

Where sound of shuffling feet will soon be heard,
And laughter, high above the banjo's twang.

On fragrant porch wide opening to the moon,
We gather, old and young alike in pairs,—
For twilight brings to all the need of love;
And one takes down a creaking violin—
The battered idol of a boyish heart—
To scrape out discords which the pitying wind
Seizes and turns to tender harmonies.

Did someone speak? a low, sweet girlish voice,
And meant for me.—Ah no; 't was you, my friend,
Who, ceasing, gave your darling instrument
A gentle touch, and pressed it to your cheek
In loving approbation. Through the gloom
Our kindred souls reached hands and clasped—as now.

HIS SWEETHEART'S CROSS.

TOLBERT H. LACY.

Caroline came up from the post office one day early in December; she was in a wonderful hurry to get to her mother's room, for she had a fat letter in her hand. She knew, without studying out the post-marks with which it was covered, that it had come from her sailor brother, and she wanted to know its contents; but she was too dutiful to open it, because it was addressed to her mother.

She and Mrs. Eastbrook opened the letter, and read it together. Caroline was seated on the arm of her mother's chair, with her arm around the old lady's neck. She was terribly impatient to get to the end of that letter; her mother's eyes could not skim the pages fast enough to suit the little lady's haste; but they came to it at last:

"I got my leave of absence yesterday; you know my apprenticeship is up to-day. Captain Mason told me, when he handed me my leave, that the *Columbia* would probably sail for New York about Nov. 15. He said that he would get me a passage home on her; so I reckon I may be at home Christmas. I'll be there, willy nilly, if it is possible."

Caroline did not read any more; that was all she wanted. For a little while Mrs. Eastbrook thought that she must have hysteria; she danced and shouted, and laughed, and cried, until at last she fell into her mother's arms. Then they held each other tight, and cried and cried for joy.

Charlie Eastbrook was the cause of all this excitement. He was a boy of nineteen, who had entered the

Navy as an apprentice three years ago. During all those years the mother and sister had not seen him; sometimes, when the *Constellation* was on a long cruise, months would pass without their hearing anything from him. And who will blame them for being almost crazy with delight at the prospect of being again in sight of this boy whom they loved more than all the world?

Mrs. Eastbrook had another son, Roy. Since his father's death, two years before, Roy had been running the engine No. 842, which his father had had from the time she left the shops until she killed him. Roy was firing the engine then. He had just brought the engine from the round-house, ready for her run south, with the vestibuled train. The north-bound through freight was due in forty minutes; she had passed the last telegraph station, and was running her best. The vestibuled train was running late. When the whistle sounded up the track, the old engineer was standing by the switch. The long train dashed up, running at least sixty miles an hour; the engine was completely beyond control. As the train flashed by, Eastbrook set the switch to the track on which his engine was standing, and signalled Roy to bring her up. As she passed, he boarded her, and jumped for the throttle; he pulled it wide open, and the mighty engine jumped, under the impulse of the steam, like a thorough-bred under the spur; then she went speeding smoothly down the long grade, after the runaway. After a ten-mile chase, they caught the wild train. Eastbrook climbed out to the pilot to set the coupler. Roy begged his father to let him go, but the old man would not.

As his engine struck the rear car of the runaway train, the old man set the coupler, and signalled Roy to reverse;

and then he fell under the wheels. The ponderous engine ground him limb from limb. When Roy stopped the runaway and backed up, it was hard to recognize the mangled body. But the old man had stopped the runaway, and saved the lives of numbers of people.

The company had, with some show of gratitude, given Roy his father's engine; and, though he was now barely twenty-one, he had for two years been the best engineer on the road. He had been at home several times during that time; the women were not so overwhelmed with joy when they learned that he was coming at Christmas to see them and Charlie.

While Caroline was counting the days till Roy and Charlie would probably come, the big white cruiser was fighting her weary way across the Atlantic. Charlie thought, at first, that her day's run was the shortest that ever a cruiser made. When he went up to the bulletin at noon, day after day, and saw such figures as "237," and "243," for the previous day's run, he began to wonder if she really would fail to get him home in time. But that was during a week of stormy weather; after the the first few days from Gibraltar, the weather cleared up, and the numbers on the bulletin at noon were increased by two hundred knots.

It was December 22. Charlie was on duty in the fore-top. He had been watching a little bank of cloud, due west, for about five minutes, trying to convince himself that it was a sail, when he happened to glance over to the north-west. There a little boat—schooner-rigged, Charlie made her out—was climbing up out of the water on the horizon. He signalled the officer of the deck, and that worthy climbed up to Charlie's perch. Together they watched the little schooner, till they could make

out the number, "17," painted in big black figures on her mainsail. Then the officer went down and got ready to pick up the pilot. Just then Charlie's "relief" came up, and he went below to pack up his chest. He was busy at this for half an hour; when he came on deck again, the big ship had slowed down and picked up the pilot, and was again speeding on her way. The little pilot-boat was bobbing up and down on the waves two or three knots astern.

Charlie hung over the rail by the little three-inch rifle that was his pet, and stared into the horizon straight ahead, till his eyes fairly ached. The pilot-boat astern had drifted away into the distance until it was a mere speck on the water, and still there was no sign of land. The boy left his watch when the mess-call sounded. He didn't want any supper, but discipline on the *Columbia* required that he should go through the form. When the tables were broken up he went back to his post by the rail and watched again for the wished-for land until he nearly froze. Then he went below and turned in, but he could not sleep. All night long one idea was ringing through his head: "I'm going to see Maisie; I'm going to see Maisie." Maisie was his sweetheart, and she had "promised" him when he went away. Since that time, except for a stray word now and then in Caroline's letters, he had heard nothing from her; sometimes he had almost forgotten her, but now that he was nearing home he could think of nothing else. At last he fell asleep, and dreamed that Maisie came to him at the old pasture gate at home and put her hands on his shoulders, and then she kissed him twice. Sandy Hook was looming up through the scattering fog when he got on deck at reveille.

Roy had come home by this time. He and Caroline came up from the home in Maryland to meet Charlie. Roy had a friend at the custom-house who had promised to let him know when the *Columbia* was sighted. When the pompous little brass-buttoned messenger-boy had gone away Roy and Caroline got a cab for the navy yard. A great crowd was already gathering when they left the cab at the gate. The big ship was not yet in sight, but soon she showed up over the water, way down in the lower bay. They watched her as she grew and grew, until they could distinguish the dark-blue knot of men, black in the distance, clustered around the bows; every one of them looked like Charlie.

The big ship looked like the Prodigal Son as she came reeling and staggering up the bay. She looked *so* tired from her long, weary way across the ocean, and her beautiful white paint was all grimed and soiled with coal dust and salt water; but the long, homeward bound pennant was streaming gaily from the fore-truck, and the very rifles on the deck seemed to be gleaming with satisfaction at coming home again. And how many hearts were almost choking their owners with throbbings of suspense under those coarse blue jackets! Nobody seemed to think of them; the silver-mounted binoculars on the dock were nearly all levelled at the group of officers gathered on the quarter-deck. There were a few, however, who were searching among the seamen in the fore-castle; and they were looking as eagerly as any of the hundreds whose people were officers.

Soon the three great screws ceased their revolutions; the pilot on the bridge pulled his signal-levers this way and that; the water foamed and hissed as the screws were reversed. Then, for just a few minutes, everything

was still as the big ship settled to her berth. The ropes were heaved off and belayed, and the gang-ways let down; then a perfect pandemonium seemed to have broken loose on the old dock. Sobs, and laughter, and shouts of joy rose on every side; the pent-up emotions of all those hours of watching—hours that had seemed like ages—were released at once. Sweethearts and wives, mothers, sisters and cousins—for they were nearly all women—were there to claim their loved ones come back from the deep; and they claimed them with every show of affection. This was a home-coming of thousands.

Caroline and Roy soon found their brother, and they were away through the crowd in a very few minutes, after Caroline's first rapture of joy was over. All of them had so many questions to ask that no one found time for an answer. They never knew how they got back to the hotel; Caroline did not get back to her normal quietness of manner until they were stowed away in the long south-bound train, on their way to Maryland. Then she began to answer Charlie's questions with some coherency. She told him all about Roy, and mother and herself, too. Roy soon grew tired of trying to get a word in sideways, and retired to his berth.

Caroline wondered why it was that Charlie did not ask her about Maisie; a nameless dread seemed to choke the boy whenever he thought to speak of her; and, although her name was the under-current of all his thoughts, he could not force himself to ask his sister about her. Caroline, too, dreaded the time when her brother's sweetheart must be named, for she knew that Maisie was asleep under the maples in her long home, down by the Potomac.

* * * * *

Christmas eve it was, and bitter cold. Mrs. Eastbrook had wanted to go in the carriage to the station, ten miles away, but she dared not face that freezing wind; so she was spending her time that afternoon between the fire in her sitting-room and the front porch. The telegram that had come with the mail from the station that morning had said that the "children" would be at home by five in the afternoon. It seemed to the dear old lady that the sun must have frozen, and all the clocks with him, time was so slow. She heard the carriage rumble across the bridge down the road, and she fairly flew to the gate. The carriage stopped, and Charlie was out and in her arms almost before she knew it. It seemed to her that her very heart would break in such an agony of happiness; she had not seen her "little boy" for three long, dreary years, and now she had him close to her heart. She prayed to God that he might never leave her again; he almost wished that he had never known of the navy.

They walked up to the house together; or rather the boys carried their mother, with Caroline darting from one to the other, squeezing their hands with her dainty little fingers, kissing them, almost pulling them to the ground in her delight at seeing them all together again. Supper was ready when they got to the house. Both the boys did ample justice to the meal, and Caroline made a partial success of eating, though she could not sit in her chair to save her; but the mother failed entirely. She could only sit and look at her boys, and long to have them both in her arms again as when they were both just little babies, so many weary years ago. Caroline and Roy did most of the talking; it was now Charlie's turn to wonder when he might have a chance to speak.

After the meal was over Charlie made them all go into

the parlor; he wanted Caroline to play for him. She played over some of his pet compositions—Nocturnes from Chopin most of them were, with here and there a sonata, or a song from *Il Trovatore* or from *Faust*. After a little while he asked her to play the Funeral March. She tried to play it, but she broke down in the attempt. She ran over to Charlie's seat and threw her arms about his neck, sobbing like a frightened child. Charlie tried to comfort her, but she only wept the more.

"Oh, it is too pitiful," she said, over and over again; "I can't bear it; it will kill me."

Soon, however, she recovered from the paroxysm of grief; but she could not play again. Long into the night they sat and talked; and when, at last, they retired, it seemed to Mrs. Eastbrook that she could never let Charlie go. She wanted to tell him about Maisie's death, but she dared not.

Charlie hung up a big "navy stocking" at the corner of the mantel in his room that night. "I wonder," he thought, "if old Santa Claus will think of me tonight;" and then his thoughts drifted back to Maisie waiting at the pasture gate, and he fell asleep and dreamed of her again. The little mother came into his room after a while, to kiss him "just this once more," she told Caroline, and she filled the stocking with oranges and nuts and candy; and then she went to Roy's room and fixed up one for him too. They had no end of fun over it next day.

After the late Christmas breakfast, Caroline took Roy off for a sleigh-ride, leaving the mother and Charlie at home alone; this was the result of a little conference between the mother and daughter.

Mrs. Eastbrook and Charlie were in the parlor together,

the little mother sitting on the boy's knee before the fire. She was perfectly happy then; not a sign of sadness marred the beautiful expression of her dear old face. She had forgotten that he must soon leave her again; well she knew the cause of Caroline's grief the night before, but that too had passed from her mind. She had her darling with her now, and she knew no past nor future; she was perfectly happy. They talked about everything for a little while, but soon Charlie grew thoughtful and silent.

"Mother," he said at last, "may I go to see Maisie this afternoon?"

"Can't you stay with me to-day, little boy? You know I haven't seen you before since I can't tell when." She was talking to gain time, and she was glad that Charlie did not answer. It had hurt her at first that he should want to leave her so soon, but her mother-love soon conquered that little twinge of jealousy, and all her pain was for him; but the pain was none the less real.

"Charlie," she said, after a little pause, "did you know that she had been sick?" Charlie spoke then. He must know all about it; when she was sick, what was the trouble, how long had she been well—for the truth did not even then dawn upon him.

"She did not get well, little boy; she died."—

"My God! Why did you keep it from me so long, mother?"

"—And just before she died she asked her mother to tell you that she loved you ——"

But Charlie was gone. Out across the yard, over the fence and through the woods to the little grave-yard by the river he went like the Wild Huntsman. When he found Maisie's grave, he knelt down by it in the snow,

and kissed the marble slab that stood above her head. How long he knelt there he never knew; ever and again he thought that he must be dreaming, and wished that he might awake; it was too cruel to be true. But soon the shock lost its freshness, and he began to remember things. That dream of a few nights before came to his mind and claimed his attention, in spite of himself, for a little while; and then came a vague remembrance of his mother's words—"and just before she died—"; it seemed to him that he must have heard them in a dream, but he wanted to know the rest. He went back through the woods and across the field to the house, and into his mother's room.

"Tell me all about it, mother," he said. And the little mother told him all—how Maisie had loved him, and had wanted to see him before she died; how she had sent him her little King's Daughters cross, and asked that he might wear it always; how she had told her mother to ask him to remember always that she loved him best of all, and that he must be good for her sake. When the brave little woman had finished the pitiful story, she went to her desk and took out a little silver cross, suspended on a blue ribbon, and gave it to her son. He hung it around his neck, and kept it there until the day of his death. But did he ever dream, in the depth of his own grief, that his mother had suffered as much from this experience as he had?

* * * * *

It was nearly two years after this Christmas that the crew of the *Columbia*, far away on the blue Mediterranean, were out for target practice. A handsome young blue-jacket, with the sadness in his eyes all banished by the excitement of rapid aiming and firing, was working a dainty little three-inch rifle. He stooped to pick up a

cartridge, and a little silver cross, with a worn blue ribbon, fell to the deck. He shoved the cartridge into his rifle, and picked up his sweetheart's cross. He glanced around to see that no one was looking; the powder on his face did not hide the look of unutterable sadness that dimmed his big black eyes as he pressed the little keepsake to his lips and murmured "*Maisie, my darling.*"

Just then the big thirteen-inch gun in the bows was fired, and the shock exploded the cartridge in the little rifle; the gunner had forgotten to close the breech, and the shell struck him on the left temple—Charlie had gone to join his sweetheart.

A FLOWERLESS GRAVE.

BY WILL ETCHISON.

It is natural for one visiting South Carolina's popular summer resort, Sullivan's Island, to take great interest in the points of historic importance associated with that island.

As you cross over from the city of Charleston to the island, you would notice Castle Pickney, commanding the entrance to the harbor, rising up in the distance. Again, you would mark the spot where the British vessels lay at anchor while they stormed that noble old fort of Palmetto logs during the Revolution. When you reached the Island, you would go to examine those famous forts, Moultrie and Sumter. As you passed over the fallen and moss-covered walls of that Revolutionary stronghold, Fort Moultrie, your attention would be attracted by a little mound surrounded by an iron railing beneath the gloomy walls of the fort. There by the side of the main thoroughfare of the island, merry parties pass day after day unmindful of that grave and of the once proud spirit and bold warrior resting beneath its sod. Let us pause at the foot of this grave, for there the remains of the Indian Chief, the wronged Osceola, lies. Let us see why Osceola lies buried here. Who was Osceola? We must go back to the Indian times, when the Seminoles tribe flourished amid the Everglades of Florida.

There the nation lived, peaceful and happy, and had lived for generations. As time passed on, many depredations were committed upon the Indians. The white people sold them "fire water," and while they were drunk, cheated them out of their possessions. Each

treaty ate away more lands and privileges from the ignorant chiefs. At last a few chiefs were beguiled into signing a treaty, agreeing to give up their lands, their homes and remove to distant quarters, Such a wail went up from all the nation!

It was not just. A strong government had taken advantage of the ignorant chiefs, and without consent of the nation, they agreed to leave. The tribe did not consent. That once happy, peaceful and prosperous nation had been oppressed again and again. More and more had been taken from them. The entire tribe were blamed for the iniquities of a few, their property destroyed, and there was no redress, for they were *Indians*. But now the end had come. Our government determined to remove them from their lands, "peacefully if possible, by force if necessary." Would they now quietly submit as they had done before? Would they give up their homes and forest hunting grounds of their fathers? Should they turn their backs on all that was dear and seek new homes in a strange land, throwing their traditions and national pride to the winds? Hear the Indian's prayer: "We appeal to our Great Father, who has often promised us friendship and protection, to shield us from the wrongs his white children seem determined to inflict upon us." They assembled. Should they leave?

Suddenly there arose among them one who was not of the age to speak in their deliberations, and exclaimed, drawing his knife: "The only treaty I will execute is with this." Young blood was wanted among them to lead. And who was this young brave? It was Osceola.

It is needless to enumerate the bloody battles which the Indians fought with Osceola as their leader. Let us pass over the deeds of cunning, treachery and deceit

practiced by the Indians during that year, for restraint had caused them to be restless, and wrongs had made them very revengeful.

I repeat, let us draw the veil around the suffering and misery, pain and want for the war was not over before it had cost the United States Government nearly four times as much money as the entire State of Florida was worth, and the loss of many a brave soldier on both sides. I say both sides, because I value and appreciate the bravery of those red-skinned warriors, who fell in the defence of their rights, fully as much as I do our own brave men who led in the battles.

It had brought sorrow to the hearts of many a widowed wife and destitute mother all over the United States. The Indians, shall not their sufferings be counted? The Seminoles, unlike Rome when Hannibal came, for he returned. Unlike Switzerland when the Austrians invaded, for she still lives. Unlike the colonies when England oppressed, for right ruled. But like Poland, unhappy land, her sons were imprisoned, her daughters outraged, and her lands divided.

Where is the Seminole tribe to-day, that once happy, and prosperous band of red men? Ask of the sod that lies over their heads among the swamps of the Land of Flowers! Seek, but they shall not be found! Knock, but their portals are closed! The strong arm of the white man was on one side, and the wronged and indignant savage on the other. The strong arm prevailed. Osceola, when he came to the camp of the American forces, although with a flag of truce, was made prisoner. Even the protection of the white flag was not allowed. He was soon after removed to Fort Moultrie in Charleston harbor. His fate was indeed melancholy. His spirit

was broken by defeat and imprisonment. All hope was gone. Banishment from his native land wore upon him until nature was exhausted. He died broken-hearted, away from home, in the white man's prison. He lost his cause, but died for it.

The treatment of the Indians is the disgrace of our government. Wrongs have been committed upon them in the name of justice that she would turn her back upon.

As I stood by the flowerless little mound of Osceola, I contrasted it with the monuments raised in honor of the white leaders who fell in that Seminole war, and alas! what a strange contrast.

As I stood there, I viewed with my mind this free and glorious country of ours, snatched from the hands of the Indians in the name of justice and of liberty, and I could not but think of the words of Madame Roland as she was led to the guillotine, "O Liberty! What crimes have been committed in thy name!"

"'T WAS JUST LAST NIGHT."

'Twas just last night, Sweetheart, at twilight-tide,
As slow we wandered 'neath its dreamy veil,
Or lingered long where fell its shadows wide,
I told to thee again Love's old sweet tale;
And thou, dear one—more dear than all beside—
Didst yield to me thy trembling lips so pale—
Last night! Sweetheart, ah we were happy then,
But when for us shall last night come again!

—E.

June 24, 1897.

EPHRAIM'S LIGHT.

W. C. PARKER, JR.

Harriet Beecher Stowe gained the ill-feeling of the Southern people by writing of the cruelties—cruelties alone—of the slave owners of ante-bellum days, and I am sorry that my little story happens to be connected with a cruel slave owner—a man that was detested by his neighbors and who came to a horrible death on account of his cruelty, which proves his case to be an exceptional one.

Mr. James Estridge was a comparatively well-to-do farmer living in Northampton County, North Carolina. Little is known of his ancestry. He was a bachelor and owned a large number of slaves. He made himself notorious in that community by his hard, wicked life; denying himself all personal comforts, and giving to his slaves only the scantiest rations and the barest clothing, and punishing them cruelly if they did not do full work.

He would frequently go from house to house two or three days at a time taking meals with his neighbors, and during this time he would make no provision for his servants. They, of course, were forced to beg for something to eat. Many times they had gone to neighbors' houses after night saying they had worked all day without food. He worked usually some fourteen hours a day, and sometimes a whole day would pass with their fast unbroken. For the slightest offence he inflicted the severest corporal punishment. He has been seen to whip them until the blood would follow every lash. The lives of his slaves were galling burdens to them, as they were allowed no privileges and continually maltreated.

They constantly feared that he would, in a fit of anger, kill them, and they had a just cause for such apprehension.

Finally, having borne until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, three of his slaves, Ephraim, Yates and Katherine, conspired to murder him.

Ephraim was Estridge's "foreman," and was more severely punished than any of his fellow-slaves. When he committed an insignificant offence Estridge would hitch him to a plow and cause him to pull it as a horse for several hours.

Yates was a mere youth, but realized fully his situation, and was ready to do anything that would free him from this tyranny.

Katherine was an old woman, and had been a very faithful servant until she was so imposed upon that her human nature began to rebel.

These three formed their plans carefully, and at once began to put them into execution. They entered Estridge's room one night in November, 1860. They administered several blows to him while in bed, and then dragged him out of doors and completed their murder. To avoid suspicion they carried his body in the woods where he had been accustomed to hunt and left his horse and gun near him.

It was several days before the body was found. When it was discovered it was thought first that he had killed himself. Upon a closer examination, however, they found no wound that could have been made by a shotgun, but instead bruises and a broken skull.

These three negroes were at once suspected, as they had attempted his murder once before in a hog pen. The suspicion gained ground from the fact that Ephraim

had disappeared. Yates and Katherine were tried and hanged.

Continuous searches were made for Ephraim, and in the fall of 1861 he was caught and very cruelly put to death. A chain was locked around his neck, and fastened to a staple in a tree. His hands were tied behind him, and his ears cut off and nailed to a tree. Then a pen of fence rails were made around him and fired at the four corners. Then came the most piteous cries and wailings. He begged them to shoot him, hang him, or cut his throat. He would go the full length of the chain, and butt his head against the tree trying to kill himself.

These slaves were not put to death to avenge the murder of Estridge, for everybody was glad he was dead, but as an example. Had Estridge's death been allowed to pass unnoticed it might have caused other slaves, with less provocation, to attempt deeds of violence.

Ever since this burning of Ephraim, there have been seen in that woods lights looking like balls of fire, and about as large as the head-light of an engine. Three lights were generally seen soon after the murders, and later, one was more frequently seen.

They appeared in the woods forty or fifty yards apart, and gradually came nearer together. When they were in twenty or twenty-five feet of each other, sparks began to fly from one to the other, and the closer together they were, the more rapidly did the sparks fly until they united in one big light and separated again into smaller, but distinct lights. They have also been seen to play in Mr. Estridge's yard, and run over the house, and up and down the chimneys.

For the last ten years, one light has most frequently appeared. It has been seen frequently, and by many

different people. A gentleman living in that vicinity told me that one night about ten o'clock he noticed that his yard was very bright, and looking out of the window saw this light. It moved off, remaining about three or four feet from the ground, and jumped on a freight train that was passing, and remained there a minute or two. It appeared to be about twice as large as one's fist.

Very strange to say, these lights cannot be approached nearer than forty or fifty yards. They have often been shot at, but without effect. They are universally called Ephraim Lights or Ephraim's Light.

Some of my statements may seem a little incredible, but it is a true story, and will be recognized by many readers of *THE STUDENT*.

The lights appeared oftener in wet weather, and from this fact, some have tried to explain them as phosphorescent lights. But why should phosphorescent lights travel about as much as these do, play over this house, emit sparks and do these other strange things? The natives say that they had never seen them until the occurrence of this tragedy, and in their minds the two are inseparably connected. "Did you see Ephraim's Light last night?" is a common question in that vicinity.

BRIDGE No. 27.

A. J. TERRELL.

The night was of that thick, inky blackness which presages a summer storm; that blackness which muffles everything like a pall, and seems so dense that it may be grasped by the handful. With a rumble and a roar the midnight freight came dashing down the long grade and into the bridge. As the engine entered the old covered bridge the whistle suddenly shrieked "down brakes." The damp, murky air gave the sound that of a ghostly shriek which the train crew long remembered.

The engineer reversed his engine, and the hiss of the escaping air could be heard as he applied the air-brakes. The brakemen, as they ran from car to car, could see between the cars the sparks flying from the wheels in continuous streams. With a groan and a shiver the train stopped.

Just as the engine entered the bridge the engineer and his fireman saw, at the same instant, by the head-light, a man lying across the track. Before the engineer knew what he was doing he had blown "down brakes" and was "working his air." A jar, a shiver, and a shudder, which to their dying days those two men will remember, and the engine had passed over the body of the sleeping man. The fireman seemed rooted to his seat with horror. His eyes were starting from his head, his jaw dropped and face colorless. The engineer kept his head, but by the dim light of the cab lamp his face, too, was of a ghostly pallor.

When the engine stopped he picked up his lantern and ordered the fireman to remain with the engine. He had

gone only a short distance when he met the conductor, who was anxious to learn the cause of the stop; for they were trying to make up lost time. The engineer told him the trouble briefly, and together, with a few of the trainmen, they started back to the bridge.

Near the middle of the bridge they found the body of a young negro man fearfully mangled. Evidently he had been sleeping with his head and shoulders on one rail and his feet across the opposite rail. His head and shoulders were crushed almost out of human semblance, while both feet were cut off.

The mangled body was taken up and carried to the train. At the station, which was only a mile or so from the bridge, they left the body, and the next morning it was identified as that of a young negro who had started home drunk the night before. Although there was some suspicion of foul play, it was generally believed that he had lain down in the bridge and gone to sleep.

Only a week or so afterwards, the same engineer saw, as his engine dashed into the old covered bridge, a body lying in the same place and in the same position as that of the negro he had run over. Again the whistle for brakes shrieked out on the night air and the shrill hiss of the air-brakes was heard. Again the engineer felt a jar, and the engine shivered and shuddered as a human being, and again when the engine stopped did they go back with pallid faces searching for the mangled body of the man whom the engineer was positive he had run over. But, to their surprise, nothing could be found. The strangest thing, however, was that the old blood-stains on the ties seemed only half-dried, and when the conductor touched one of the spots a blood-stain was left on his finger.

The engineer candidly admitted that he "felt creepy," and the conductor was nervous for a week after. Everybody knows how superstitious the negro race, taken as a whole, is, and the negro brakemen were no exception to the rule. Their faces changed to an ashy hue and their eyes were twice their normal size.

With pale faces and trembling limbs they went back to the train. Once, one of the brakemen dropped his brake-stick and all of them jumped as though some one had shot at them, and the conductor, who was of a nervous temperament, dropped his lantern. At the station they told the night-operator the story and he at once thought it a big yarn.

In a few days the story was known from one end of the line to the other. Some of the men hooted at the very idea of bridge No. 27 being haunted. The negroes, however, fully believed that every dark, thick, damp night, the ghost might be seen.

No. 513 was the number of the freight engine. She was a beauty, and Dan, the engineer, loved her as he loved one of his children. She was of the class which the railroad men term "Jacks," and steamed well. In fact, she was almost new, having been on the road only a few months.

It was over a month before the ghost was seen again. No. 513 was pulling the train again and Dan was engineer and had his usual crew. When they started down the long grade to the bridge he said to his fireman: "Look sharp, Tom." The night was very dark, and, as on the night on which the negro was killed, a rain storm was brewing. As they rushed into the east end of the bridge they again saw a man lying on the track just before the pilot struck him. A shriek rose which filled every nook

and cranny of the old bridge, and which echoed and re-echoed with a weird, ghostly sound.

Dan stopped his engine as soon as possible and he and Tom ran back to the bridge with the conductor and flagman. As before, nothing save the old half-dried bloodstains were to be found. While staring about them they were startled by the howl of a cat. Within a few feet of them sat a huge black cat on one of the rails. The conductor had his revolver in his hand in an instant and fired at the cat, but still it sat there with its greenish-yellow eyes gleaming like a demon's. But, even while they were looking at the cat, it gradually grew more and more indistinct until it disappeared.

The crew were thoroughly frightened. When they stopped at X— for orders, they again told the night-operator their story, and, as before, he refused to believe it. He even went so far as to tell Dan and Tom that they would be "seeing snakes next" if they were not careful. The story, however, gained credence next morning, when two boys, who had been fishing the night before a short distance below bridge No. 27, told the operator and several others that when No. 513 passed through the bridge, they heard a shriek which came from the bridge. They also said that they ran up the river bank when they saw the crew going back with lanterns, and hearing a cat howl and somebody shooting they became frightened and ran back down the river.

Dan declared that he would never run No. 513 again. Neither did the other engineers care to run her, and one of them grew very sick one night when called to take out the freight with No. 513. Another engineer, who hooted at the story, took his place. He, too, ran over the ghost, and when he reached X— his nerves had completely given

away and he was almost insane. He was carried to the hotel, and it was two weeks before he was again able to go on duty.

No. 513 was transferred to another division soon afterwards, because the men refused to run her. Since then, and that was five or six years ago, the ghost at bridge No. 27 has been seen no more.

This is the story, in substance, as Dan related it to me one dark night in the telegraph office while the freight train was waiting for the vestibule to pass. He said that a dark, rainy night, with the smell of rain in the air, always reminded him of bridge No. 27, and that it always brought before his eyes the picture of the negro lying on the track.

THE JUDGE, THE CAT AND SOL. KIMBALL.

J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

A mile or so to the northwest of Warrenton, North Carolina, the old stage-road emerges abruptly from a pine thicket and is broken by a small ravine: the line of fracture being the jagged course of a tiny stream across the basin of scarlet clay. Between this point and where the road swings, face-about to the left to enter the town, the guard used to bugle the stage's approach: a peculiar flourish, loud and long, if distinguished passengers were aboard.

About sunset of a winter evening nearly fifty years ago a little boy sat on the cap of one of the high gate-posts which opened the way to the inn's hostlery and drubbed his heels against the oak while his mother settled a mutton account from the back porch of the inn.

"There were exactly twenty pounds in both pieces, Mr. Hale. Is that right?"

"Yes, m'm."

"And you bought five gallons of brandy from Colonel Green the day before yesterday?"

"Yes, m'm."

"Let's see then: twenty pounds at six and a quarter cents will be,—six times nought is nought, six times— Oh yes, I was about to forget that I agreed to take the skins too. You said you'd let me have them for fifty cents,—six times nought is nought; six times two are twelve—"

"That's all right about that Mrs. Green. The Colonel and me both calculated that the mutton would come to a dollar and a quarter. The price of the skins added to it will make—"

“Never mind; I’ve got it all on my account book. Just wait a moment and I’ll go get it.”

Crash! came the sound of shivered china followed by the gurgle of liberated liquid. The boy scrambled down from his post and went speeding toward whence the noise came. He shied the corner of the house in time to hear:

“That nasty cat has broken my majolica bowl! You Israel; didn’t your pa whip you about that cat this morning? If she comes in that dining room to-night, I’ll make Uncle Alex. drown her in the ‘horse branch’ to-morrow.”

Unheeding of this direful threat, Israel was making a watchful and rapid search for the culprit, which he presently found crouching behind a box handy to the scene of disaster. He seized her and returned unscathed to his seat on the gate-post.

Scarcely had he done so when a boy of about his own age and size happened along the road and called to him.

“Israel?”

“What?”

“Len Kelly says your pa whipped you this morning ’bout knockin’ one eye out’n one of Mr. Sugg’s fox hound’s for runnin’ your cat.”

“He didn’t do no such thing.” There was a pause.

“I say, Israel,” he continued, “where do you keep your best hickory-stick horses?”

“Ump um, I can’t tell you.”

“Yes do.”

“Ump um.”

“I’ll give you my string harness if you will.”

“No *sir*, I wouldn’t tell nobody that.”

“Well, I don’t care if you don’t. I b’lieve your pa whipped you like Len said. You ain’t nothin’ but a’

old gal boy nohow, goin' aroun' nussin' cats." And then crooking a finger at Israel he began to call out:

"Yi, Yi, Nancy Endicotte
Get your petticoat."

"Boy," said Israel, as he began to descend, "you just stay there in that road 'till I get down and I'll stomp you."

While the affray was at its thickest the stage drew up at the inn door with more than wonted embellishment of manner and a gaunt looking man, who beetled above the men around like a pine above a black-jack, closely muffled in a long cloak stepped out.

"It is Judge Gray whom I have the honor of addressing, I believe," said the host, stepping forward from among the crowd of men congregated to catch a first glimpse of the Judge who was to hold court during the ensuing week. "Our hospitality, sir, is meagre, but in what we have your wishes shall be gratified to the uttermost. Come in, for I know you are cold after so long a ride."

He led the way into the parlor and bar, followed by the Judge and a few of the by-standers. Directly in front of the fire, with legs set astride and hands behind him, stood a fat elderly man. This gentleman had a large, flabby, rubicund face, and he looked out along the adjacent flanks of a bottle nose, so shiny that the firelight almost gleamed on its surface like it did on the heads of the brass andirons.

"Judge Gray, allow me to introduce one of our leading members of the bar, Mr. Lathrop," said the host; and the fat man stepped forward.

"It is always a pleasure to clasp hands with a true cast Democrat Judge," said Mr. Lathrop heartily. "I am most happy in the acquaintance."

The whole assemblage, and not the least Mr. Lathrop, were staggered at the Judge's reply.

"How d' ye do," he mumbled from beneath the folds of his muffler, and at the same time proffered a gloved hand. And then turning to the host, he said, "Landlord, I liked to 'a frez on the way, and if you'll excuse me, sir, (to Mr. Lathrop) I'll git to the fire."

For a few seconds there was a dense silence which was finally broken by a titter from Wesley Snuggs, a clerk in one of the stores of the village.

The host was the first to recover himself. "To be sure, to be sure," he ejaculated, and cleared his throat. "Henry, put on more wood and stir the fire."

"Yes," added Wesley, who was always ready with a quotation from his employer, "as Mr. Nelson says, 'there aint nothin' in here that heat 'll taint.'"

"Judge, won't you take something warm?" suggested Mr. Lathrop.

"Thank 'e, I b'lieve I will, since ye mentioned it."

"Gentlemen, come join me in a health to the Judge," said Mr. Lathrop. The health was drunk, but with no response from the Judge. A few efforts at conversation as to politics were made by Mr. Lathrop with signal failure. One by one the occupants left the room to discuss and circulate among the villagers their impressions of the Judge's boorish manners.

At supper, the Judge was introduced to the hostess, Mistress Green, but, dear soul, she was so intent upon her own role that she was unconscious of remissness in him.

"Judge, here are some mutton cutlets," she said passing the dish to him. I don't think you will find nicer in a month of Sundays. The lambs were of Colonel

Green's own raising. You know that if meat is to have a sweet, wholesome flavor, the animals must be well butchered, and these certainly were. Colonel Green prides himself upon owning the best butcher in the county.

"I suppose, Judge, that you know the Greens of Halifax?"

The Judge nodded.

"They are cousins of my husband: rather plain people. I visited them once and they afterwards said that I felt myself to be above them. Their only reason for saying this was that I never visited them again, but I did visit an uncle of Colonel Green who lives in Tennessee, and who is said to be rich."

"Do you know Colonel Coke, Judge?"

"Yessum."

"Don't you think him conceited?"

"Em-eh-em," interrupted the Colonel, clearing his throat, "Come, now, chick, don't be hard on the Colonel; you know he stopped with us once, and I have never had the pleasure of meeting a more thoroughly polished gentleman."

"A gentleman, I should say!" said Mistress Green scornfully.

"Judge, it wasn't that he did anything positively offensive that caused my dislike for him, but it was a way he had of treating you like you were a Grand Duke or a Prince, with a meaning so clear that he felt his superiority back of it, that it was positive insolence. He could no more play the gentleman than Sol. Kimball, with all his appearance of high birth."

The Judge started very perceptibly at this last statement and looked hard at the speaker and then at her husband.

“Tut, tut, Mag, I wouldn’t say that about anybody; and bein’ a man I wouldn’t say it if there wa’n’t no such thing as fighting.”

“Judge, he is the ugliest man in Warren County. Durin’ court here two years ago, two of our lawyers got into a wrangle in the court house one day, and the give and take got so hot on both sides that one of ’em popped up and shakin’ his fist at the other one hollered:

“Your honor, Kilby is a thoroughly unprincipled scoundrel: he is a liar and a sneak. His character is as hard fated as Sol. Kimball’s face! As soon as he said that last, Mr. Kilby jumped up and knocked him down with a law-book. He afterwards said that he could take a good deal, but he wa’n’t goin’ to let a man say he was like Sol. Kimball in anything.

“What my wife was referring to, though, is the look about the head of a Judge or an educated man, which some say he has. He is nothin’ but a cooper, though.”

The attention of all was suddenly drawn in another direction by the appearance of Israel in the doorway. Following, intuitively, the direction in which he was gazing, Mistress Green saw a sight that appalled her. Israel’s cat was crouching for a spring at the ribbon on the Judge’s queue, which was quivering tantalizingly behind his chair.

“You!”—before the sentence was finished the leap was made and the Judge was without his wig. Instantly he was upon his feet and had rushed for the door.

“Confound it,” cried the Colonel, as he hurled a chair at the fugitive, “It’s nobody but Sol. Kimball.”

VOICE TRAINING.

—
JOHN A. SIMPSON.
—

Real vocal culture has thus far received but little attention in this busy country of ours. Indeed, it is safe to say that not one American in a hundred, even among the educated, has any adequate conception of what the phrase signifies. Most of those who think of the subject at all, think of it as having something or other to do with singing lessons or elocution, and as being somehow responsible for certain performances that make the ordinary boarding-school commencement a bore.

Very few take time to consider that it is not culture, but the lack of it, that makes such performances possible. And yet, even without closely considering the matter, many must feel the impropriety of applying the term culture, with its necessary suggestion of refinement, to the sort of training just alluded to—training that leads school girls to howl themselves hoarse in ridiculous attempts to imitate the voices of men; that induces readers, no matter with what violence to good taste, to mimic every sound described or hinted at in the passage read; that permits immature amateurs to sing in public compositions written, many of them, to display the gifts and attainments of distinguished artists. How different all this from genuine culture, which owes its charm to its very simplicity and truth and which, though really the result of long-continued pains-taking, is yet so truly artistic as to conceal all trace of effort, and to seem—nay, to be, in the highest sense natural.

“Poets and prose writers through all the ages,” says a recent authority, “have sounded the praises of the

speaking voice, delighting in its power and beauty." The artistic nature of the ancient Greeks taught them to cultivate and to cherish speech, and to estimate its power beyond that of written language. The voice was trained from earliest infancy.

What, then, is real vocal culture, and how can it be secured? Briefly, it is such training of the organs of speech as will enable one to speak one's mother-tongue correctly, effectively, and agreeably. In its full development, of course, it has to do with singing and with public speaking; but its chief value lies in its power to add greatly to the effectiveness of speech in the daily affairs of life, and to enhance incalculably the pleasures of familiar and social intercourse.

Its object is to make the distinct and musical utterance of the elementary sounds of the language, habitual and easy, to render the speaking voice, no less than the singing voice, clear, full, resonant, flexible, and many-colored—to make it free from the "nasality" throatiness, harshness, irksomeness, and unwieldiness, that go so far to destroy the power and usefulness, and even the happiness of many a speaker. It seeks, further, to place this perfected instrument so fully at the command of its possessor as to make it seem what in reality it is, a part of himself, the most natural means of full and free expression.

A speaker with a defective voice has been compared over and over again to a musician whose instrument is badly constructed or out of tune. Everybody perceives the aptness and significance of the comparison; and yet how persistently we go on, striving to teach, to persuade, to move, to convince, to warn, to win our fellow men, and failing, because our feeble and ill-tuned voices will

not convey the message we long to deliver! Who can doubt that many of the failures of life are attributable to this one cause. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh," is true not only of the matter, but also of the manner of our speech. Courage, sincerity, firmness of purpose, and thoroughness of conviction, strive always to utter themselves in resonant vowels and clear-cut consonants; while sloth, indifference, vagueness of thought, fear, fawning and hate tend to mould and color the tune into a tell-tale drawl, whine, whisper, coo, or growl.

Among the bad effects of the multiplication of books and periodicals, not the least serious is the increased prevalence of silent reading. Such reading is usually done at so rapid a rate as to leave little or no time to think of sound or emphasis, to secure depth of impression or to appreciate the graces of style. The ability to catch the meaning of a printed sentence almost at a glance, is no doubt useful and, in these days of hurry and stress, even indispensable; but it is far from being an unmixed good. Mere print can never have the force and beauty of "words fitly spoken."

The higher forms of literature, those best worth reading, inevitably lose much of their power and charm when read thus hurriedly to one's self. True, if the reader is able, and will take the time, to imagine how the words should sound, he may derive exquisite pleasure from the melody of verse and the harmonies of good prose; but such readers are rare.

The habit of silent reading is responsible, too, for the general indifference to correctness of pronunciation. Even men of learning may be found who are not ashamed to mispronounce their mother-tongue.

“Consider, says a recent writer, how great an acquisition one person who is a fine and expressive reader, is in a household; how much he or she can do to add to the charm, to the happiness, and to the intelligence of the home. By fine reading, of course I do not mean pompous, stagy elocution, which draws attention and admiration to itself, and is felt by the hearers to be artificial: but reading so clear, so easy, so natural, that one may listen to it for an hour at a time with pleasure and that no word, no finer shade of the author’s meaning escapes, or fails to be conveyed to the mind of the hearers.”

The following cleverly constructed sentence shows what impression is made upon foreigners by the indistinct articulation of English prevalent even in England: “*Quando si parla Italiano, si deve aprive la bocca molto; und wenn man Deutsch spricht, kann man den mund auch noch recht voll nehmen; mais quand on parle le Francais, il faut faire la bouche en cleur; and when you speak English, you must not open the mouth at all.*”

SONNET.

T. G. P.

I wander through our youthful haunts to-day:
 Beneath the oaks that shade the sloping hill,
 Where songsters once my listening heart could thrill;
Across the same sunbrightened field of hay,
Where we, life-brimming children, used to play;
 Within the banks that bound the ruined mill,
 Whose rattling tune is now forever still;—
I walk alone since thou art far away.

O Love! 't was thy sweet voice unbarred
 The door to nature's music; now the stream
Sings no blithe song to me; the sky, all starred,
 The woods, the winds inspire no gorgeous dream.
My angel, hover near me, I implore,
And wake again the joys I felt of yore!

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The Iner-Collegiate Debate

The success of the joint debate between Trinity and Wake Forest, held in Raleigh on Thanksgiving evening, surpassed the anticipations of its promoters, proved that the experiment met the hearty approbation of the people of the State, and showed that nothing stands in the way to make the movement a permanent feature of college life. It was shown that an abundance of college enthusiasm could be manifested, and that people were more willing to attend such contests than other forms of inter-collegiate encounters. The occasion was marked by the utter absence of any ill feeling either between the contestants proper or the students of the respective colleges.

While we are naturally gratified in being the victors over such men as represented Trinity, still we are far more gratified to believe that the first debate will lead to a permanent movement in this direction among the college men all over the State. It is needless for us to say that such contests are in every way preferable to physical encounters, and that they are productive of genuine good,

not only to those who take active part in the contest, but to those who attend.

Expressions of approval have come from all quarters, and we believe that there is nothing to prevent the frequent repetition of such debates. Wake Forest will not be behind in this movement, and we will pledge ourselves to do all that we can toward the realization of this end. We already have in mind another debate to be held in the Spring between two of our State institutions.

Political Mormonism.

The recent utterance of President Woodruff to the effect that members of the Mormon Church must throw aside all former party affiliations and unite politically as Latter Day Saints, is significant. This sentiment emanating from the highest authority in the Mormon Church is strong evidence that Mormonism is about to reassert itself as a distinct political factor in Utah, and that it is the desire of the religious leaders to make the State subservient to the Church. Already the Mormon faction has control of the local Democracy, and even now the lines are drawn between Gentiles on the one hand and Mormons on the other,—no Mormon daring to accept political preferment without first obtaining the sanction of his church.

There is something deeper and more significant in this matter than the political control of Utah. That is but one phase of a seemingly growing sentiment which seeks to draw party lines in accord with religious creed, and which seeks to have the Church, as a Church, recognized as a distinct partisan and political factor. It is not a question of Mormon or Gentile rule, but it is a question as to whether any organization, be it religious or secular,

Protestant, Catholic or Mormon, shall exercise the organization influence in determining our political life.

We believe that this tendency is leading up upon dangerous ground; that it is deleterious to the progress of popular Democratic government and that it should be speedily checked. Should the time ever come when any church organization gains political ascendancy and usurps political power, the fundamental principles in our government will be overthrown and the stability of our institutions threatened. We can sympathize with our people in their desire to crush principles foreign in their nature, but we believe that it should be done by the exercise of individual prerogative and not by organized effort.

Nor is it a question of alien or native. Internal discord has sprung up, and among Protestants there is a desire to draw the line of cleavage along denominational beliefs. We believe that this is a more insidious evil than any which confronts us to-day. The American Protective Association is just as dangerous in its principles as the Italian Mafia; the rise of Catholicism means Protestant persecution and the abolition of free government; Mormon power means a political religion.

These evils must be corrected, even if governmental aid has to be invoked. Secular political bossism is bad enough in any case, but religious interference in the political world is even worse, and it is to be deplored. Free government should stand for individual freedom, unhampered by race, condition or religion, and the inculcation of any idea of government other than this is dangerous in its principle, and should be closely watched.

Our Cuban
Policy.

We had hoped that the President's message would contain some definite idea as to the policy of the administration in regard to Cuban affairs, and that the procrastination and hesitation which has marked our foreign policy would be determined in some way. Instead of this the President throws the whole question to the future, and the message is meaningless in its avowed intention to please everybody. It asks that time be given for the new Spanish Ministry to test its policy of conciliation and so-called "autonomy."

It seems to us that Spain has had every opportunity to crush the Cuban rebellion, and yet a protracted warfare finds the insurgents constantly gaining strength and sympathy, while Spain is confessedly weaker than at any time during the rebellion. In the recall of Captain General Weyler and in the proposition for autonomy, Spain confesses her insecure position; while in the rejection of any proposition other than absolute independence by the Cubans is evidence of their faith and confidence in the outcome. The measure of autonomy, as it gives Spain the virtual control of the upper house, and the Spanish Governor General almost unlimited powers, is repugnant to the Cuban patriots; while the Spanish loyalists would rather lose Cuba by war than to grant concessions to her.

Spain is in a bad plight. If she loses Cuba, she has wasted her strength and lost prestige among the great powers; if she grants autonomy she invites internal strife; if she grants Cuban independence she brings inevitable civil war, and with it the averthrow of the present dynasty. But that is not the question. While the American people sympathize with Spain in her position, yet they cannot forget the similar position which they occupied in

1776 and their hearts go out to the Cuban patriots and demand that the rights of humanity be recognized.

The war must go on. The sentiment in the United States in favor of recognition steadily grows, and the time has come when our duty to Spain and Cuba alike demands that some resolute stand be taken. It is to be hoped that Congress will give expression to the sentiments of the people at its present session.

Football in
Georgia.

The action of Governor Atkinson, of Georgia, in promptly vetoing the bill prohibiting football, meets our hearty approval. While we have the greatest respect for the motives which prompted the Georgia Legislature to enact such a law, and while we are sure that both public sentiment and humanity demand a modification of the game, we can but think that such a law would be inexpedient and unwise. The bill was offered immediately after the death of a member of a college team and passed before the representatives took a second look at the question.

This whole matter has been agitated extensively in this section, and we have read the opinions of several college presidents on the subject and they agree almost to a unit in saying that a modification of the game is necessary, but that college authorities can control the matter without outside intervention. Unlike other forms of national sport, football is confined almost solely to schools, and it is evident that the question can be solved without application to the Legislature for an ironclad law when any Faculty can accomplish the desired end.

We have always opposed legislation as a means to an

end when that end can be attained in any other way. A multiplicity of laws is not only confusing and harrassing to the individual but it is a poor sign of a good foundation in government. And thus it is that we feel that Governor Atkinson has done well in his action. Now let the Faculty act.

A Pardon-
Board.

The abuse of the power vested in the hands of the different Governors has led, in several instances, to the establishments of pardoning boards, to whom all applications for pardon must be presented, and whose action in each case is final. There is no doubt to our minds that there have been instances in which this power has been abused, and there are doubtless other cases in which the power has been used to the satisfaction of all, but it is evident that the only way to correct the abuses that exist is to create a permanent board and vest power in its hands. While we have no reference to the question as it exists in North Carolina, we think that the end of justice would be better served when the pardoning power is vested in a board in every State in this Union.

It is often the case that a large heart gets the mastery of a wise head, sometimes it is the reverse; and in both cases there is an evil to be corrected. The power of pardon is a great responsibility to be vested in one person, and we feel sure that any Governor would gladly resign the prerogative and escape the responsibility, anxiety and censure attendant upon it. Not only would it relieve the Governor of anxiety, but the masses of the people would welcome such a change.

LITERARY COMMENT.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

“ Give me a nook and a book,
And let the proud world spin round ;
Let it scramble by hook or by crook
For wealth or a name with a sound.
You are welcome to amble your ways,
Aspirers to place or to glory ;
May big bells jangle your praise,
And golden pens blazon your story :
For me, let me dwell in my nook,
Here by the curve of this brook
That croons to the tune of my book,
Whose melody waits me forever
On the waves of an unseen river.”



The loveliest picture of the season is a steel engraving of Tennyson's home, in the *Book Buyer* for December. Shakespeare says that all men become poets under the influence of music. If he had seen Tennyson's ideal realized in his home, he would have included all men who dwell in such a paradise of beauty as this. Any description would do it injustice. See the picture in my room.



Christmas is a glorious time in all the earth, but especially so in the hearts of children and editors of magazines. While the former, however, hang up their stockings on December 25, the latter celebrate their holiday in November. The editor who issues his Christmas number in December is regarded as first cousin to Rip Van Winkle, and as hardly worthy of living in this progressive age. After the earthquake in '86 an old negro gave as his opinion that the earth had been shaken forty miles north. Perhaps this explains why Christmas comes a month sooner than was its wont.

Of all the novels that pour from the press these days, the blood and thunder novel takes the lead. The ghost story has taken the role of a Psychological study; the society novel, written in a backward hand on perfumed pink paper, is losing ground; the novel descriptive of external customs and nature is beginning to be laid aside as a bore; but the blood and thunder novel is scaling the mountaintops. The American public runs wild over all kinds of narrow escapes and hair-straightening deeds of valor.

“A tale that is made up entire
Of thunder and blizzards and sea,
And muskets and cannons and sabers and shot
Is the tale that will satisfy me.”



Upon the Tree-tops, by Olive Thorne Miller, is a record of the author's observation on the habits of wild birds. Books of this kind are being published in ever increasing numbers, and the fact indicates that the demand for them is also growing. While the Biologist is dissecting the bird's carcass and examining its structure under the microscope, others prefer to wander through the woods as an eavesdropper and pry into the privacy of the songster's home. While the Botanist is tearing flowers to pieces, there are others who feel satisfied to let them stand as nature made them. The scientific investigator makes toward truth; the unscientific observer toward beauty; and, since, as Keats says, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," their end is the same. There are enough birds and flowers in the world to satisfy the claims of both.



With a purpose somewhat like that of the world-famous *Scarlet Letter* and *Manxman*, and written in a style of great pathos and power, George MacDonald's new novel, *Salted with Fire*, is likely to take a permanent place in literature. You remember he is the author of the epitaph of Martin Elginbrodde, which at first sight seems sacrilegious, but which represents the theology of thousands:

“Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde,
Hae mercy on my soul, Lord God,
As I wad do were I Lord God
And ye were Martin Elginbrodde.”

The present book portrays the struggles of a man who is guilty of crime known only to himself and the young woman that he had wronged, and who tries to lead the life of a Christian minister in spite of his biting conscience. But he cannot hold out in this course; justice must be triumphant; and he comes out boldly and confesses his guilt to the world.



It is always highly fascinating to read contemporaries' opinions of each other. To take down an old Edinburgh Review and follow Jeffrey's learnedly-easy criticisms on the newly published poems of Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats is more than a pleasant pastime. The letters of the wonderful Mrs. Browning contain many references to contemporary great men, and since they were not written for publication they have a charm far beyond anything to be found in Jeffrey. The following glimpse of Tennyson will teach you more about the man than whole volumes of formal essays: "One of the pleasantest things which has happened to us is the coming down on us of the Laureate, who, being in London for three or four days, spent two of them with us, opened his heart to us (and the second bottle of port), and ended by reading "Maud" through from end to end, and going away at half-past two in the morning. If I had had a heart to spare, he certainly would have won mine. He is captivating with his frankness, confidingness, and unexampled naivete! Think of his stopping in "Maud" every now and then—'There's a wonderful touch! That's very tender. How beautiful that is!' Yes, and it *was* wonderful, tender, beautiful, and he read exquisitely, in a voice like an organ, rather music than speech."

EXCHANGES.

HUBERT M. EVANS, Editor.

Yes, there is lots of pleasure in being Exchange Editor. We like to turn the magazines over and look at their pretty covers; and we even enjoy looking through them hastily and reading whatever invites by its brevity and smartness; but if we were compelled to *read* all of our exchanges, we should have a laborious and unending task on our hands. For instance, just now a stack of exchanges two feet high claim our attention. And what are we to do with them in this possibly two hours spared almost grudgingly from the work that overwhelms a senior at the close of a college term? Examinations?—Yes! Psychology?—Yes! Pass?—“Ay, there’s the rub.”

But over goes the pile of magazines, and the *Nassau Lit.* slides into view. And why shouldn’t the best one come to light first? Do you suspect that we assisted it in its “sliding?” Well, we will admit that we knew our friend from Princeton was in that stack, and probably our preference did have something to do with the way the magazines fell.

“Some Literary Smokers” is the name of a very interesting article in this the November number of the *Lit.* It is an attempt to show the influence of tobacco on our literature; and the writer has worked up the subject right well. He has something to say about a number of literary smokers, especially poets; and he gives probably a dozen quotations illustrating his point. We give the one

from Kipling; which, though not the most poetic, has the agreeable Kipling swing about it:

“Open the old cigar box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie and I are out.

We quarreled about Havanas—we fought o’er a good cheroot,
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.

Open the old cigar box—let me consider a space;
In the soft blue veil of the vapor, musing on Maggie’s face.”

“A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first-sworn vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I’ll have no Maggie for spouse!”

We said that the writer of this article had worked up the subject well; but we think of at least one literary smoker that he has overlooked. This is Mr. Henry Jerome Stockard, who published his first volume of verse only last spring. He doesn’t seem to afford the luxury of a Havana, but he smokes an exceedingly sweet and fragrant pipe. Below we quote:

MY PIPE.

When the summer breeze steals thro’ the trees,
And the sickle moon is low;
When o’er the hills the whippoorwill’s
Clear flutings come and go;
When the katydid, in the tree top hid,
Calls ever across the dark,
And down the marsh where the frogs sing harsh
The fire fly lights its spark,—

Then the crumbs of gold for me!
My pipe and reverie!
The voices grand from childhood’s land,
And the scenes that used to be!

When the days are cold, and o’er the wold
The winds of winter sweep;
When darkness falls, and upon the walls
The shadows dance and leap;

When the full moon shines thro' the snow capped pines
 Where the midnight witches brew,
 While embers die and the great owls cry
 Their weird "tu-whit. tu-who!"—

Then my pipe and the crumbs of gold!
 And the future's gates unfold!
 Thro' the lifting haze rise the braver days
 That the untried seasons hold!

There is something about these verses which makes them more satisfying than any of the verses that our Princeton friend quotes. But it is hardly the pipe; for a good cigar cannot be beaten. It must be the aroma of North Carolina tobacco that we catch. Ah, that is what it is! Mr. Stockard, you know, would hardly smoke any other kind.

But we stir among our magazines again, finding this time the November number of the *Bowdoin Quill*; and it is an excellent issue of this little monthly. "A College Episode" is a story well written; and there are some essays equally good. But we want to notice the verse especially, for the *Quill* always manages to get good verse—even if it has to go outside of the college to get it. The number before us contains three poems of uniform length, and all are of uniformly good quality. We can quote only one; and we doubt if this one could be called better than the others:

THE EMPTY BOAT.

Over the sunset sea
 Rises the evening star;
 Silver the path from me
 Leading to it afar.

Barren the sandy shore,
 Dreary the evening sky,
 Savage the ceaseless roar
 Of the billows nigh.

Say what is that afloat
Off the path to the star?
It is an empty boat
Drifting over the bar.
Slowly on to the shore
Drifts the boat from the sea;
In it a broken oar,—
Where can the oarsman be?
Battered by billow and bar,
Safe on the shore at last;
Whisper, O evening star,
Tell me what of its past.

—*John Clair Minot.*

You may say this is too vague and fantastical, and, because of this, a little unsatisfactory; but nevertheless, it is a very poetical little poem. But we must look into some of our other exchanges, and see what they are doing.

Next we find the *Polymnian*, a magazine published by the Presbyterian Female College of Charlotte. It contains some good contributions, and is in general well edited. We desire to return the fair exchange editor's "greetings," which we find nervously penciled on the margin in an angular hand; and we must say that we enjoyed her "Shock of Difference" very greatly.

Hampden Sidney is on hand this time in an attractive cover of light blue. This magazine makes a good show, but somehow its contents are not so good as they might be. One of the best things in this number is an essay on Burns; and even this is written by someone who evidently does not know much about Burns. The writer is perfectly orthodox in most of his statements, but he says one thing that is a little startling. "Burn's poems have passed uninjured through the severe tests of two hundred years." Burns must have been a contemporary of Dryden; but we had never thought of it in that way.

The verse in this magazine is fairly good. We quote the best thing, which is really good of its kind. And we do not mean to reflect on the kind. It is just such poetry as one usually finds in a college magazine—that is, love poetry.

LINES TO LOVE.

I wandered through a woodland fair,
 Light foot-falls echoed through the air.
 A thought—could Cupid really dare
 To lure my heart within his snare?
 A sigh—like zephyrs, faint and low,
 The evening breezes round me blow;
 The shadows slowly come and go—
 My heart, my soul, right well I trow
 Is gone!

We turn now to the *Vassar Miscellany*. Here we always find something good to read; and the number before us contains some very amusing stories. "A Girl to Love" and "The Unsentimental Clara" we find good for the blues. And Miss McKinney gives us two poems, one of which we must quote. This is a real contribution to our poetry of the sea.

ON BARNEGAT BAY.

But O to see the breakers crash again
 Along the milk white sands,
 And O to hear the songs of fishermen
 By marshy meadow lands.
 The salt sea-breeze comes whistling o'er the waves,
 The glossy sand-dunes glisten in the sun,
 The merry music of the ocean caves
 Is calling me to come.
 Down there beside the bright eternal deep
 Is everlasting joy.
 The breath of health, the balm of simple sleep,
 The life that cannot cloy.
 But O to see the white gulls dip and poise
 Above the silver foam;
 And O to hear the ocean's throbbing voice,
 The loving voice of home.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

T. H. LACY, Editor.

Mr. W. L. Foushee ('94) is pursuing his second year's course in Greek and Latin at Johns Hopkins University.

Mr. H. H. McLendon ('96) after taking a post-graduate course in law at Columbia University, has opened his office in Wadesboro.

One of the most able and vigorous pastors of the State is Rev. W. B. Oliver ('80-'82), who has been at Wilmington for the past five years.

Rev. C. T. Ball ('88-'92) has recently found a bride in Winston. He is preaching to churches in the vicinity of Wadesboro, and is also editor of the *Courier*.

Mr. P. P. Cannady ('91-'93) and Miss Beasley were married at Dutchville, Granville County, on December 9. The STUDENT'S best wishes for a happy life go with them.

Mr. T. R. Crocker ('90) is in the Indian Territory, travelling for a tobacco firm. Somebody said that he will visit the State during the holidays "on a mission of love."

Mr. John A. Oates, Jr., ('94) has for six years been editor of the *North Carolina Baptist*. He has improved his paper from year to year, and has made it a power in the denomination. It has now a circulation of 3,750.

I had hoped that Mr. G. R. King ('97) would live to be an eminent College President some day, but it seems that he has turned his attention to poetry recently. His first effort will appear in the next issue of the STUDENT.

One of the busiest lawyers in the State is Mr. Stephen McIntyre ('93) of Lumberton. Mr. McIntyre did not have the "starvation period" to contend with; he left College and entered at once upon a lucrative practice.

The Student went to Sunday School some time ago, at Mapleville, Franklin County. Mr. C. N. Beebe ('94) is Superintendent of that Sunday School, and, like Mr. Allen, he is a good one. Mr. Beebe is also Principal of the Mapleville Academy.

Mr. R. Bruce White ('91) is succeeding well in his church at Franklinton. He succeeded Professor Gulley as Superintendent of the Baptist Sunday School there. A recent issue of the *North Carolina Baptist* in speaking of him says: "If Brother Broughton doesn't look out there will be another Superintendent in the State equal to him."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

T. H. LACY, Editor.

MERRY Christmas!

THE Bible examination is over!

NIGHT and day the carpenters are at work on Dr. Powers' new drug-store. It seems that the Doctor intends to have some rooms to rent by the opening of the Spring Term.

IT is almost too late to mention the success of Wake Forest's debaters in the recent intercollegiate debate, but the STUDENT must add his congratulations to Mother Philomathesia and Aunt Euzelia on the good showing made by their sons.

FRIDAY night, December 3, was the date of the "Senior Speaking." Messrs. C. H. Martin, S. J. Honeycutt and G. W. Newell, from the Eu. Society, and A. J. Medlin, G. W. Beavers and A. C. Cree, from the Phi., delivered orations on that occasion.

QUITE a number of the students failed to recover from Thanksgiving in time to attend recitations the next day. This may have been due to extremity of rejoicing over the victory of the debaters at Raleigh; far be it from the STUDENT to accuse any man of celebrating too gloriously. But since Thanksgiving day certain Seniors seem to have learned the meaning of the word *ostracised*.

EXAMINATIONS are ancient history now, but they were still in the future when this issue of the STUDENT went to press. One might have thought at that time that Wake Forest was in the land of the midnight sun; lamps

burned later as the time until examinations grew shorter. The seller of kerosene wears the Christmas smile during the last few weeks of the term. There seems to have been a good deal of sickness in College, too, during the past few weeks; nothing serious, however, I hope.

NOT MANY days ago I heard the Mayor expounding to one of the property-owners of the Hill the law in regard to the sidewalk by his house; this is another step in the right direction. Red-clay walks are good enough for a college town during dry weather, but it rains sometimes even at Wake Forest—"on the just, etc." While I am under the head of walks, the deep sand in front of the Laboratory Building is a nuisance to the man who has to run through it when he is late for lectures.

THE BOARD has made the College two elegant Christmas gifts. One of them is a chair of History and Political Economy; the need of this chair has been felt here for a long time, and it is one of the greatest pleasures in life to announce its endowment. This pleasure is doubled by the fact that Prof. E. W. Sykes has been called to the chair. The other gift, and the one which gives us the greatest pleasure, is a gymnasium. Everybody ought to know that it has been the STUDENT'S highest desire to see the old College outfitted with a new gymnasium. I am sure that all the students will join me in hearty thanks to the Trustees.

MR. GRESHAM has arranged for the season of '98 the following games of baseball: March 25, U. N. C., at Chapel Hill; March 16, Trinity, at Durham; April 2, U. N. C., at Wake Forest; April 8 and 9, U. of Ga., at Athens; April 11, Mercer University, at Macon; April 12, Technological Institute, at Atlanta; April 14, Johns Hopkins, at Raleigh; April 15, A. & M. C., at Raleigh;

April 29, U. N. C., at Chapel Hill; April 30, Trinity, at Wake Forest. The games with Trinity are still in doubt; if they are played at all, however, they will take place as stated above. The third game with the University of North Carolina is to be played only in case the first two result in a tie. The team will probably play Princeton, Yale, or Harvard, at Greensboro, April 23. It was December 12, I think, that Mr. Gresham went to Georgia to make the final arrangements for the games to be played in that State. He reports a guarantee of something more than \$500 for the four games. The team of '98 is in excellent circumstances financially; Gresham is a high trump in the role of manager. I think I have stated the fact before, that the team is worthy of the best of management.

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OPEN-AIR MEDITATIONS.

W. L. POTEAT.

Friends and companions, get you gone;
'Tis my desire to be alone.

—*Anatomy of Melancholy.*

February 22.—It was past sunset, but I carried a small hoe, a tin bucket, and bottles. I walked down to the pasture along Cemetery branch. After a little digging for fern rhizomes, my eye was caught by a tiny hillock freshly upheaved on the sand, under which some sort of insect withdrew as I came near. Was it a mole-cricket making ready for his low home trill at the mouth of his burrow? I stooped to watch. Presently a pair of yellow clubbed antennæ came cautiously in sight, and I said it was some kind of beetle just emerging into the winged state. The antennæ swayed now this way and now that reconnoitring the situation. Then the black shoulders appeared, thrusting up the hillock a trifle higher. In a moment the whole body of a scarabid beetle was free, and, as if to take a first good view of the strange landscape, he raised himself on tiptoe in a nearly vertical position. It required but a moment to take in his new environment, and, dropping to business with a sudden movement which seemed to say, "All right," he crawled rapidly some eight inches from his

hillock, raised his wing-covers, spread out his membranous wings, and without hesitation or sign of weakness sailed away precisely as if that had not been the very first time he had undertaken that fine feat.

I thought we all, beetles and men, do best what we do not have to learn. That is, Nature is a better teacher than reason. But the things which Nature has been able to organize into nerve and muscle so far, are not after all the best things, and the work of reason, with all subtractions for uncertainty and error, is higher in quality than that of instinct. And yet, give Nature time, and she will make this higher rational work organic. May we not already recognize the earnest, if indeed it is not the crown, of her success, in the inevitableness of certain movements of the spirit in man, its attractions and repulsions? The feeling for beauty, for example, would seem to be as clearly organic as the winking of the eye on the sudden approach of danger.

After the flight of the beetle I turned my attention to the spring frogs in the marsh. There were whistlers and trillers, both in a high key, and between them they allowed the growing dusk no second of quiet. One peculiar note, lower and of different timbre, a single clear whistle, reminding me of the robin's startled call, sounded at intervals of a minute or so, and always from the same quarter. That, I said, is the precentor to the whole chorus. I stepped as carefully as I could into the midst of a group of whistles, for I could not see the whistlers, squatted down, and waited in hope that when they had grown accustomed to my unmoving bulk they would resume their suspended music, and I could recognize the musicians. But fifteen minutes did not suffice, and I could not well wait longer. I turned home

reluctantly, and saw the lights of the village already twinkling through the pines.

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May 5.—I have wandered from the hotel with its white-jacketed waiters and rattling dishes, from the railroad with its fizz and whistle of steam and its iron artificiality—wandered down the first path which I came to, past little cottages and their poor gardens, down into the pines, across a marsh, stepping on boughs and tree trunks to keep out of the wet; and I sit here in the sun on the trunk of a big cypress, fallen across the bed of a little stream. My feet hang over among the white flower-heads of a plant which pushes up six inches above the water, with three families of small water-bugs skimming in unresting gyrations on the surface, though they seem to be gliding all in one plane in the air, the water beneath them is so clear. Just beyond me, out in the middle of the stream, is a little island of verdure over which a thousand of those flower-heads on their barely visible stems seem to swim like stars in a placid sky, and out of the midst of it, a cluster of big, lily-like leaves springs up to add dignity to the island's grace without violating its peace. The current runs swiftly by, but so noiselessly that when my eyes are shut there is nothing to remind me of its movement except now and then the soft kissing of the waters as they meet again around a bramble that trails down stream its long lithe stem. Besides the flowing movement, the water gains a greatly enhanced vitality from the myriad wavelets which, though they show on the surface, originate in the irregularities of the bed. These irregularities are constant and the volume and velocity of the current are the same,

but the surface movements are ever varying. At a certain point a tiny whirlpool forms and floats spinning down, until it is extinguished in a clump of twigs that lie in its path. In a half minute it will be followed by two smaller ones which take a different path; and then I may wait five minutes before seeing another there. The water is a pale chocolate color, clear as crystal. There goes a squirrel in ten steps of me. His trim outline, the unerring arch of his tail, that ease and liquidness of motion which no unevenness of his path can impair, make one of the packed stanzas of Nature's poem of beauty. The wind swells and dies away in the trees, and for many minutes I hear nothing else except when the rustle of a leaf makes me look round for my squirrel again, or a bird note deepens the silence, as of the complaining peewee, or a partridge across the hill, or the elusive cuckoo somewhere in the trees above me. I have enjoyed this little paradise so long that I am afraid to hope longer against the intrusion of another human foot. That would shock and embarrass me, and I go away before it comes. *Later.*—I was not out of the pines before two men and a boy with fishing tackle passed me heading for my little stream, which for them had no meaning apart from the possibility of a dinner.

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July 21.—From my desk I turned toward the open window, and there, clinging to the cherry wainscoting, was a little gray tree-toad eyeing me with a quiet, inquiring expression in his bright black eyes and the curious poise of his head, and every now and then mending his hold with his suckered toes. He jumped to a fold of the lace curtain. I raised an edge to see him dis-

tinctly. He was disturbed by the movement and *walked* up the curtain rapidly. Some of his fellows are singing in the trees outside now in the cool damp midnight air—singing for joy of the rain. I wonder what my little visitor out of the night thinks of me. A clumsy, thick-limbed ogre that might eat him? How little he knows me! How little I know him!

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September 26.—To-day I collected at the Falls. In the afternoon the material was assorted at the laboratory and some of it examined with the microscope. A daintily beautiful plant—a *Staurastrum*—thrust upon me again the question of the origin and end of beauty in nature. In all likelihood, that microscopic bit of beauty, elaborately sculptured and in the last detail exquisitely symmetrical, has gone about its little business of feeding and reproduction for thousands, probably millions, of years, and not one eye out of a million has observed its exquisite structure or coloring. If the last two decades or so be excepted, one may say that it has been absolutely unappreciated. Another form of beauty awaited me outside the laboratory. The sky was overspread by a veil of white clouds, barely thick enough to hold together in the troughs of the gentle ripples which played over its whole expanse.

Is not harmony the essential thing in beauty? harmony between subject and object, between object and environment. And is not harmony the inexorable law of the universe, that which indeed constitutes it a universe? If so, its constituent parts must show due relation, order, symmetry; must, in short, be beautiful to the observer, who is himself within the system. What shall

be said, then, of the disorder and disproportion so often manifest to this same observer? These are undesigned and transient. They are the mistakes of Nature which in the long run she carefully eliminates. God enjoys beauty for its own sake.

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October 1.—The paper to-day brings news of great damage done by the fierce wind storm on the night of September 29. Apart from the levelling of some fences and the uprooting and breaking of a few trees, little harm was wrought here.

With all man's boast of supremacy over Nature and harnessing of her energies to serve him, when she does stir herself up, as at times she will, and, with these same energies yoked to her car, careers in wild delight among the works of man's hands, he forgets his pride, and, like his brother of prehistoric days, looks on in helpless awe. The fight against Nature is a hopeless fight. Her cyclone breath, the thrust and tug of her earthquake, her swift weapon the lightning, her final all-pervasive cold, are invincible. Man's safety, frail reed that he is, lies in yielding. Resistance can only intensify the shock of his inevitable overthrow. So much of his so-called struggle with Nature as has been successful, has been a struggle with himself—a struggle to discover what Nature demanded and to bring himself up to the point of obedience.

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October 10.—A balmy day. In the early morning I drew on rubber boots, and with the implements of the collector, struck out across corn and cotton fields the nearest way to -----'s pond. I waded leisurely in the

running water collecting algæ. At the mill a fine scene of serene inactivity, of suspended animation, presented itself. Not a ripple of life stirred the surface of things. There were tracts and wallows of the hogs, but they themselves were gone. The mill was silent and the gray miller sat in the sun at the front door. When I greeted him and asked, "You seem to be having a quiet time this morning?" He replied indifferently, "Mighty quiet." I went under the mill, across the forebay, up to the dam and across, and so began my return.

What does the miller think in his "mighty quiet?" An illiterate man, he probably sits idly by and watches the unrestrained flow of reverie through his brain. The drip of the water when the wheels are still must be conducive to a half-conscious passivity. But he may have friends among the mill mice and pets among his pigs; and when these do not occupy him, there is the shrill cackle of the king-fisher, or the slow wing of the great blue heron passing to other waters, or the liquid note of the wood-robin calling down the race—to guide his reverie to wholesome channels and hold him close to Nature's heart. Problems of the day—let them not be named to the miller!

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October 24.—The witch-grass in the campus strung myriads of crystal beads on its slender purple branches this morning, the contribution of last night's gentle rain. At a distance it was beautiful, but I can think of no word which adequately represents the delightful impression it made when seen near-by under the light of the early sun. You seemed in certain places to be looking on a layer of diamonds three inches deep, glowing throughout with a radiance at once intense and mild,

each gem with sharp individuality shooting its own spectral ray, crimson, amethystine, or golden, emerald, sapphire, violet, or crystal.

When for any eye that cares to see Nature contrives such a display as this of living truth and beauty, without effort, without noise, she makes a rich and ample atonement for endless wastes of dull clod and inarticulate stone. And so I can forgive her ruthless trampling into a common brown death of all the green pleasantness of oaks and elms and maples and sweet-gums, when I recognize how gradual and tender the process really is, and see in the glorious autumn woods the wealth of beauty which she calls out in the course of it. This afternoon in a ride across the wooded hills I enjoyed her skill and uncalculating generosity in the varied tints of a maple or oak or sumac along the road and in the great banks of color on the distant slopes.

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December 4.—The snow in the orchard hides the last green sprig of the young oats. I wonder if, as in the case of certain alpine plants, the independent temperature of the tender things thaws out a little space around them in the enveloping snow? If they could think, what rebellious and bitter thoughts they must have of this smothering avalanche of cold darkness falling from they know not where. And yet *I* know that the snow settled so softly that no slender blade is bent or bruised, and that it is a protection and a blessing.

We men look up through thronging troubles complainingly because we see no farther than oats under snow. We see far enough only to infer chaos and disaster, an indifferent or hostile Providence. A wider vision

would discern the perils from which these troubles shield us, the richness and strength of tissue which they spread in our nature, and the depths to which they send down its roots to lay hold on the abiding realities which are its nourishment and support.

The snow came from the north, and in that region is the Frozen Pole. Each snow storm is his herald announcing the slow but inevitable extension southward of his way of death. The prodigality with which he sends the flakes crowding in myriads upon one another, means that where they come from are more in plenty. And they will come in greater numbers over wider ranges. By and by they will melt in summer seas and chill them, choke the throat of orange blossoms in tropic islands, and weight down the wings of birds and butterflies that now glance in the sun of the equator; and by and by there will be no summer seas, no orange blossoms, and no tropic birds. The torrid zone itself will grow temperate, then frigid, and its riches of life and beauty will lie under the snow, which will not melt in any near or distant spring. Such a fate for this fair structure of the living world is sadder to think on than that which is looked for in the Hebrew eschatology. If it must needs fall and perish utterly, there would be something fine and fitting in the momentary fierce pang of a universal conflagration, death coming, if come it must, by the excess of that force upon which life depended. Science does, indeed, prophesy the secular increase of cold, but it cannot deny the possibility of a sudden access of "fervent heat" in which "the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

A DREAM OF THE NIGHT.

A. J. TERRELL.

It was midnight and outside the wind blew almost a hurricane. The old year was passing away and the winter wind howling and moaning, now rising to a blood-curdling shriek, now softly moaning and sobbing, seemed to sound a requiem to his departure. But, as the clock told the hour of twelve and the smiling New Year crossed the threshold; for a moment the noisy wind was silent and then, with universal accord, the spirits of the wind seemed to raise their voices in a glad shout of welcome. The moaning and sobbing changed to a joyous greeting.

The work of the evening was done, and the last recitation for the morrow conned. The student drew his large arm-chair before the bright wood fire, drew from his pocket a letter which he had received that afternoon, and lazily leaning back in the old arm-chair, re-read it. As we watch the changing expression of his face, we can almost guess the contents. With a sigh he replaces the letter, fills his pipe, lights it and gazes dreamily at the floating blue smoke. And, as he sits with half-closed eyes,

“dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before,”

who shall say, he seems to see a fair, sweet, girlish face through the curling, drifting, eddying smoke. The picture is so life-like, that he can even see her dark brown eyes and wavy hair; and, as she smiles, her coral lips part as if to speak to him. A moment only the picture remains and then slowly fades away. But, almost before it is gone, another picture takes its place.

It shows a cozy, comfortable, home-like sitting-room. By a dainty little table sits a woman doing some fancy work. She raises her eyes—and—can it be? Yes, it is the same sweet face seen a moment before which time has made more lovely and beautiful. Ever and anon she glances across the table at her husband. He is reading the evening paper, and the student wonders who he can be, and is curious to see his face. The paper, at last, is tossed aside. Amazed the student sees his own picture which time in his rapid flight has changed from those of a boy to a man. She lays aside her work, and they draw their chairs before the bright, cheery fire, and so, contented and happy, they sit and talk over the events of the day, and build air castles; for they are to spend Thanksgiving at the old home. An atmosphere of love and happiness pervades the whole room. It is the spring time of their married lives. The gentle zephyrs waft the perfume of the first flowers of spring to them, and all is joy and peace. Slowly the scene fades and another rises to take its place.

It is the same little sitting room, but somewhat changed. The floor is strewn with toys scattered by the dimpled hands of a busy little sprite whose will is law, and whose presence lights up their lives like a ray of sunshine from heaven. His face is almost a reflection of his mother's. Springtime is fast merging into summer and their pathway is strewn with roses, and the air is warm and balmy; but there are thorns hidden among the roses.

The scenes now follow each other in rapid succession. A summer storm is brewing, and the heavy clouds hang dark and lowering above them. Their little sunbeam is sick. Business cares are forgotten by the father, and he

and the mother, with dark forebodings, hover around the bedside of the sick child. Ah, they are finding the thorns among the roses. The child grows rapidly worse, and again the physician is there. As he comes out of the sick-room, the anxious father meets him, and the physician tells him that his darling child cannot live, that at farthest his suffering will last only a few hours longer. All along the father has hoped against hope, and prayed with an earnestness never before felt; but now he gives up to despair. He staggers into his library, drops into a chair and buried his face in his hands. As the evening stars come out, his wife glides into the room—sweet angel that she is—and tells him that little Charles is going fast and bids him to come and kiss him goodbye. He rises and staggering like a drunken man, follows her. Quietly and sadly they gather around the little sufferer to await the end. The father bends down and kisses the child again and again while the tears stream from his eyes and his manly form is convulsed with sobs.

The end has come; a few gasps for breath, a faint struggle, and the sunbeam which God sent to brighten their home He has taken away. The father with tottering footsteps again seeks the solitude of his library where he sits bowed down with grief through the remainder of the night. The mother's grief is too deep for tears. With a pale face, drawn and haggard from suffering, she faces her room until the sun peeps above the horizon. Then, thinking of her husband, she goes in quest of him and finds him in the library with his face still buried in his hands. She kneels beside him, throws her arms around him, and then the pent-up grief breaks forth in a flood of tears. For a time neither can speak, but the flood-gates have been opened and now she is

composed. They are the first tears she has shed. She tells him not to grieve, that the Father above in His all-seeing mercy has seen fit to take their sunbeam away, and that He does all things for the best—for our good. Oh, what a comforter she is, and she is dearer to him now than ever before. Her presence dispel the dark clouds which hang over him as sunshine after storm.

Another series of pictures appear. Their home is not the same; it is larger and more commodious, yet the same spirit of love pervades the atmosphere. It is now the Indian Summer of their lives and another of God's sunbeams has come to light up the dreary desolateness of their lives. Yet, how often when they look at his face and follow his every movement, do they think of his brother, and they are almost persuaded to believe that the kind, merciful Father has returned to them their boy. Again all is love, peace and happiness. The hazy atmosphere of the Indian Summer causes their past sorrow to appear less sharp and distinct, and it is blended with the happiness of the present. But Indian Summer glides swiftly into autumn with its wealth of autumnal flowers, its color and splendor.

Now the scene changes, and it shows them sitting before the fire as they were once long ago. These are the closing days of autumn. Outside the wind blows and the dead leaves are blown here and there, but the fire burns brightly and they talk of their boy's progress at college. It is his fourth year and he is at the head of his class. Beloved alike by teachers and class-mates have they not reason to be proud of him and to eagerly look forward to his future? It will soon be Christmas and their boy is to be at home for the holidays, and they are planning pleasant surprises for him.

Once again the scene changes and outside he hears

the howling winter storm raging. The air is thick with flying snow-flakes. The winter season of their lives has come. He, with silver hair, stooping shoulders and decrepit steps is still the lover, still the cavalier; and she, her dark, waving hair streaked with white, yet her face still lovely and angelic, is his sweetheart as of old. Her love has never wavered, has never changed, and to-day she loves him with the same steady, unwavering devotion that she loved him in the springtime of their lives. Hand-in-hand they are descending the hill of life—and they are almost at the foot.

His trouble is not all passed, however, and there are still heart-aches for him to bear. She who has helped him to breast the stream of life, who has stood by his side through sorrow and through pleasure, who has comforted him in the darkest hour, is sick. At first he is not uneasy, but she grows rapidly worse. The physicians have given up all hope. She is dying, and the old man and his son gather by her bedside. The old man falls on his knees by the bedside, buries his face in the cover, and prays in a broken, agonized voice that she may be spared. She feebly places her hand on his head, and in a voice already husky with death, bids him not to grieve; that their separation will be for only a short time; that she will wait for him across the river, and then they shall never again be separated. Even in her last moments she comforts and strengthens him. Slowly he raises his tear-stained face, clasps her to his breast and passionately kisses her lips again and again, while the tears chase each other down his cheeks, and he assures her that he will soon be with her. She feels the icy hand of death tightening its grip on her and stretching out a hand to husband and son, she bids them "Good-night, but not good-bye." Ah, what a comfort-

ing thought to them! Truly, it is good-night; for she has only fallen asleep.

The son leads the grief-stricken old man out of the room. Earth and home are now dark as "Stygian cave" to him. The old gray-haired man is bowed down with grief. His son comes up to his chair and placing his arm around him tells him, while the tears trickle down his cheeks and sobs choke his utterance, that he must not grieve so; that she is now far happier than she would be here, and is beyond the little cares and worries of life.

They are the last days of the winter season of his life. Outside the cold, dreary winter storm is raging with all its fury. The dark clouds obscure the sky and the wind rising and falling, yet never loud, sobs and moans plaintively, and it seems as though all nature sympathizes and mourn with him.

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Slowly and solemnly the clock struck one. The student awoke from his dream to find the fire dying and his pipe out. Shivering he rose from his chair, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and placed it on his table. He had lived a life-time in a few minutes. "What mean those strange visions," thought he. "Was it a dream, or can it be that old Father Time has at last heard my often repeated prayer and drawn aside the curtains that I might glance down the dim, shadowy vistas of the future?" "Was it a true forecast of the future?" Again and again the question arose in his mind, and, like Banquo's ghost, they would not down, until at last Morpheus triumphantly bears him away to the land of dreams, where he again sees the sweet girlish face, those brown eyes so deep and limpid, and her waving, dark hair, and again she coyly smile at him.

TUBERCULOSIS.*

S. P. HOLDING.

The subject which I shall attempt to present to you this evening is one, the importance of which, I think, is not generally recognized; and although special efforts have been, and are now being made, to disseminate knowledge concerning it, the progress made, it seems to me, is not what we should desire and expect. When we remember that *zoologically* tuberculosis is one of the most widespread of all affections, occurring as it does in various animals representing different degrees of development in the animal scale from the cold-blooded up to man; when we remember that *geographically* it occurs in all countries, and no race possesses immunity; bearing in mind that it is the most widely prevalent and fatal disease to which the human being is subject; that in one of its forms, *the pulmonary*, it causes about *one-fourth* ($\frac{1}{4}$) of all the deaths during the adult period of life, and *more than one-half* ($\frac{1}{2}$) of the entire population at some time during life acquire it, we begin to get some insight into the real importance of this subject, Tuberculosis.

It becomes my duty to-night to treat it in such a manner as to be instructive, if not entertaining to you; and in order to bring the subject clearly and definitely before you it becomes necessary to treat it systematically under the following divisions:

*Paper read before the Wake Forest Scientific Society January, 1898.

1. *Its nature and specific cause :*

Tuberculosis is a *specific, infectious* disease caused by the *Bacillus Tuberculosis*.

Its specificity was demonstrated years ago, and it is now generally recognized by all authorities the world over as due to the action of this bacillus. And let it be repeated with emphasis that *whatever may be the conditions under which the disease develops, the direct, immediate etiological factor is always one and the same agent, the Tubercle Bacillus*.

The history of the discovery of this bacillus presents many points of interest.

In 1865 Villemin conducted a number of inoculation experiments which seemed to prove the infective nature of the disease; and reasoning from the results of his experiments he believed that tuberculosis was due to a *specific poison* the nature of which was unknown. The experiments of Villemin were repeated by many observers, chief among whom were Cohnheim, Fräukel, Wilson, Fox, and others. These observers found that tuberculosis followed the inoculation of *cheesy material presumably non-tubercular*.

If this be true, then the conclusion reached by Villemin was incorrect, and in this difference of opinion arose a warm discussion.

Klebs pointed out that possibly the presumably non-tubercular material might have become contaminated by the tubercular virus, as at that time precautions were not very stringent.

Finally, Cohnheim and Salomonsen selected the anterior chamber of the rabbits eye as the point of inoculation, and with most beautiful experiments proved the infective nature of the disease.

While the light was now beginning to shine behind the cloud that surrounded with mystery the real nature of the infective agent of the disease, it still remained for some other observer to make himself famous in removing this cloud by the discovery of the direct causal factor of tuberculosis; and this lot fell to Robert Koch, that great German observer, who in 1882 demonstrated the presence and *invariable association of a certain bacillus in all tubercular processes*; this bacillus is the now well-recognized Tubercle Bacillus.

This organism is in the form of a short, fine rod, often slightly curved and with an average length of from three to four micro-meters (3-4 m.), or about one-half ($\frac{1}{2}$) the diameter of a red blood-corpuscle. It stains with the basic aniline dyes, and retains the dye after treatment with acids, a characteristic that distinguishes it from all known bacteria with the exception of the *Bacillus Leprosæ*.

The organisms can be cultivated on media containing glycerine, or blood-serum; also on potato.

They multiply by fission and possibly by spore-formation. It is probable that they do not multiply outside of the body, though they may retain their vitality for a long period of time.

As regards their distribution, external to the body, they are scattered far and wide; inside the body they are present in all tubercular lesions, varying in number, however, in different lesions.

In the rule, the bacilli are found in the cells of the Tubercle, especially in the giant-cells opposite to the nuclei. Now, as Tuberculosis is *always* the result of the action of these bacilli, it follows from what has been said, that whenever the disease is acquired, it must result from the

reception into the body of these living germs that have been discharged from a tubercular focus in an animal, or individual the subject of the disease; that is to say, Tuberculosis is *distinctly a communicable disease*. And this brings us to the second division of our subject.

2. *The modes of injection:*

The modes of injection number several.

(a) *Hereditary transmission:* A good deal of study has been devoted to this subject in recent years, and although the question is still *sub judice*, we may say in our present state of knowledge that in extremely rare instances is the disease congenital. While the rarity of hereditary transmission of the *disease itself* has been demonstrated, the *offspring of tubercular individuals* do present a *more or less marked predisposition* to the disease; the *power of resistance* in such offspring to the action of the bacilli is *diminished*; the *tissue-soil* is *better adapted* to the *development and multiplication* of the organisms. This fact should be constantly carried in mind, that we may, so far as possible, *relieve certain conditions that influence infection*. (Some of these conditions will be referred to later).

(b) *Inoculation as a mode of infection:* While *artificially* the disease may be transmitted by inoculation experiments, and while the infective nature of the disease was first demonstrated by such experiments, *naturally*, inoculation plays a very minor role as a factor in infection.

This mode of infection is sometimes seen in Pathological Anatomists, butchers, and handlers of hides. Other means of inoculation are rarely met with, such as washing the clothes of a tubercular individual, or the bite of

the same, through a cut by a broken spit-glass of a consumptive, and others.

(c) *Infection by meat and milk:* While the meat of a tubercular animal is not *necessarily* infective, the milk of such an animal plays no small role as a source of transmission of the disease.

It has been demonstrated abundantly by experiments upon the lower animals that the milk of a tubercular animal may contain the virus, *even when the lacteal tract is not involved*, and it is now generally accepted that the frequency of intestinal tuberculosis in children finds here its explanation. Indeed, so important is the milk of a tubercular animal as a source of infection, that some of our States have passed laws demanding that a competent veterinarian be appointed to inspect dairies, and slaughter all animals that give a positive reaction to the Tuberculin test.

(d) *Infection by inhalation:* This constitutes by far the most important mode of infection. It has been fully shown that the *expired air* of a consumptive is *not infective*; yet the *sputum* of an individual, the subject of *Pulmonary Tuberculosis*, may contain the *living, virulent organisms* in *enormous* quantities.

In illustration of the extraordinary numbers, it has been estimated that an individual with moderately advanced Pulmonary Tuberculosis may expel with the sputum from *one and a half* ($1\frac{1}{2}$) to *four and one-third* ($4\frac{1}{3}$) *billions* of bacilli in twenty-four (24) hours.

This sputum, when dry, becomes scattered now here, now there, now everywhere, in the form of dust in which the living bacilli are in suspension, and thus the sputum may become the source of danger to persons *at a distance*. While this is true, the point of *vital impor-*

stance upon which I wish to place *special stress*, and which I desire that you all carry in mind is the *real, actual, serious* danger which the tubercular individual becomes both to those in *intimate association* with him, and to himself—danger to the intimate associates—because the dust in the room and various localities to which the patient is a frequent visitor, naturally contains a *greater number of living, and more highly virulent* organisms—danger to himself—because he may, by *self-inoculation, greatly diminish his chances of recovery*. We come now to the third division of our subject.

3. *The conditions that influence infection*: The consideration of these conditions necessitates some repetition, which, however, will only serve to impress more forcibly upon your minds certain facts well worthy of recognition. Under this division of our subject, naturally comes the consideration of the *predisposing causes* of Tuberculosis.

(a) As conditions of secondary importance, may be mentioned *age, occupation, soil, locality, trauma, inhalation of impure air*, and various diseases.

As a general statement, we may say, that *all conditions, whatever may be their origin and nature, that impair the general process of nutrition, that diminish the power of resistance on the part of the tissue-cells, PREDISPOSE to the development of Tuberculosis*.

(b) *Catarrhal inflammation*: The *indirect* influence of nasal and bronchial catarrh in the etiology of Tuberculosis (Pulmonary) is of the first importance. This being true, the question arises as to how this catarrhal inflammation *predisposes* to the disease. A mother takes her child to the family physician, who makes a diagnosis of Pulmonary Tuberculosis :

What is involved in the mother's statement that this child has suffered with *catarrhal inflammation* for months, or years, and that *this present trouble resulted from a neglected cold?*

Did the cold, being neglected, *gradually develop* into the present condition of Tuberculosis?

No; the catarrhal inflammation has *diminished the power of resistance of the local tissue cells, has produced conditions favorable to the multiplication and development of the Bacillus Tuberculosis.*

(c) *Constitutional peculiarities:* For years physicians have recognized that individuals of a *certain habit of body, a certain physiognomy, the "habitus phthisicus,"* were specially prone to the disease; and while formerly it was believed that such an individual would *naturally, in the course of time, develop Tuberculosis,* it is now known that this habit of body is nothing more than an *indication of delicacy of constitution, and indication of a predisposition to the disease, a diminished power of resistance on the part of the tissue cells.*

The importance of the *character of the tissue-soil* has been admirably expressed in the following language by Osler, of Johns Hopkins University :

First : "There are tissue-soils in which the bacilli are, in all probability, *killed at once*—THE SEED HAS FALLEN BY THE WAYSIDE.

Secondly: "There are others in which a lodgment is gained, and more or less damage is done, but finally the day is with the *conservative, protecting forces*—THE SEED HAS FALLEN UPON STONY GROUND.

Thirdly: "There are tissue-soils in which the bacilli *grow luxuriantly, caseation and softening, not limitation and sclerosis, prevail,* and the day is with the invaders—THE SEED HAS FALLEN UPON GOOD GROUND."

Now, having considered somewhat in detail the nature and specific cause of the disease, the modes of infection, and the conditions that influence infection, we wish to know something of the action of the specific bacilli upon the tissues of the body. This brings us to the fourth division of our subject.

4. *The morbid changes produced by the Tubercle Bacilli:*

When these organisms have gained entrance and effected lodgment in the human body, *conditions favoring*, they begin to develop and multiply, and, *by their presence and growth*, set up a *productive, exudative inflammation*—productive in that they cause a *proliferation, a multiplication* of the tissue-cells; exudative—in that they cause an *exudation* consisting chiefly of *polynuclear leucocytes*; the *entire process* making itself evident in the formation of a *new body called a Tubercle*.

Once formed, a Tubercle undergoes two processes, the one—*sclerosis—conservative* and *healing*, because this process tends to *protect* the human organism against *generalization* from the tubercular focus, and indicates that the tissues have gained the upper hand; the other—*caseation—destructive* and *dangerous*; destructive because the advancement of caseation indicates that *nature has so far failed to limit the process*; *dangerous*, because the discharges from these *cheesy, softened tubercular foci* contain the *living, virulent bacilli* in varying numbers.

The *ultimate* result in any given case depends, to a large extent, upon which one of these two processes *dominates the scene*; and this, in turn, depends, in part, upon the *predisposition of the tissues to the action of the bacilli*; and in part upon the *number* and *virulence* of these organisms.

Again, any one or more Tubercles in which caseation has taken place may further undergo one of three changes: (a) *fibroid limitation, or encapsulation*; (b) *calcification*; (c) *softening with abscess formation*.

A careful study of the pathological changes occurring in each one of these processes, profoundly impresses upon one the fact that it is a matter of *vital moment* to the person affected as to which one of these changes takes place, for while *fibroid limitation* and *calcification* indicate that *nature is restricting the process*, *softening with abscess formation* as surely indicates that *nature has thus far failed in her battle*.

We come, finally, to the fifth, last and, from a practical standpoint, the most important division of our subject.

5. *The diagnosis, and prophylactic (preventive) treatment of Pulmonary Tuberculosis:*

An early and positive diagnosis of *Incipient Pulmonary Tuberculosis* is *all important*, both from the standpoint of *prevention* and *successful* treatment of the disease; and the difficulty of coming to a definite, positive conclusion concerning this condition is recognized and admitted by all practitioners, because the symptoms, *at this time*, are *few in number, not well marked, and not uniform*.

In view of the very great importance and difficulty in making a positive diagnosis of this form of the disease, I wish to call attention to two methods of diagnosis, the importance of which, as a means of reaching a *definite conclusion*, cannot be overestimated; methods which are very rarely used by the majority of the medical profession.

(1) *The microscopical examination of the sputum as a*

means of diagnosis: This constitutes by far the most valuable means of diagnosis, the simplicity of the method making it all the more valuable.

The sputum is carefully collected, and, having been prepared by a special process of straining, is mounted on the slide, and is now ready for examination.

What do we learn by this examination? *The detection of the Tubercle Bacilli in the sputum is an infallible indication of the existence of Tuberculosis.*

Given this organism present, we *recognize the nature of the condition with as much positiveness as you recognize your friend in broad daylight.*

And yet there is a source of error in this, for while the presence of this Bacillus is an infallible indication of the nature of the affection, the absence of this organism from the sputum does not *absolutely exclude* Tuberculosis.

This is true because, on the one hand, it sometimes requires *repeated* examinations to demonstrate the presence of this organism, while on the other hand, it may be that all attempts at demonstration of the germ in the sputum will prove negative in their results, and in just this class of cases we see the value of the second method.

(2) *The use of Tuberculin as a means of diagnosis.*—Tuberculin, in the form in which it appears on the market, is essentially a *glycerine extract* of the *soluble substances in a culture of Tubercle Bacilli*. It is probably the *essential toxine* (poison) resulting from the activity of these Bacilli.

Its action, when injected into an animal, or person, the subject of Tuberculosis, consists in a *transient* substitution of an *acute* for a *chronic* process.

While the improper use of this agent is not without danger, in the hands of *careful* observers, and in *prop-*

erly selected cases, it constitutes a most important means in diagnosis, and a *specific*, differential means of distinguishing Tuberculosis from all other affections.

Following the hypodermic inoculation of a dose of Tuberculin, a reaction occurs after a variable period of time, *if there be a tubercular focus at any point in the body*, a reaction characterized by a rise in the temperature, headache, pain in the back and extremities, general malaise, etc., and due to a *definite intensification* of the tubercular process, an *inflammatory change* about the tubercular focus. The phenomena are, I believe, *pathognomonic* (characteristic).

In conclusion, I wish to ask special attention to the remarks on the prophylactic (preventive) treatment.

When you are reminded of the fact, that Tuberculosis causes from *seven* (7) to *fifteen* (15) per cent. of the total mortality of the human race; that here in our own State of North Carolina, which is rapidly coming to be a *Mecca* for consumptives, at least *four thousand* (4,000) human beings *annually* succumb to this dreadful disease, the question of *prevention* knocks *seriously*, in the way of precaution, at the door of each and every inhabitant of this State.

The time, it seems to me, is now here, when it becomes *the duty of all*, not only physicians and sanitary authorities, but you as intelligent beings, to *arouse their dormant energies*, to awaken to a *sense of their responsibility*, and assume a more aggressive attitude towards this mighty foe which is constantly working evil in our midst.

Practically, the whole question of prevention resolves itself into *careful, scrupulous disinfection of the sputum*, and *legislative action demanding* that competent persons

be appointed to *inspect dairies* that supply our towns with milk, test the herds, and *destroy all cattle that give a positive reaction to the Tuberculin test.*

Tuberculosis being a *distinctly communicable* disease, it becomes a question worthy of serious consideration as to the wisdom of giving publicity to, and *isolating* all persons in whom a positive diagnosis of the *pulmonary* form of the disease has been made.

At the present time, this question is the subject of a warm discussion in many quarters of our country.

As a final word, I wish to correct an erroneous impression regarding the *curability* of this disease.

The widespread impression that Pulmonary Tuberculosis (consumption) is *almost invariably* fatal, is without foundation. On the contrary, the great majority of persons the subjects of this condition, *under proper conditions*, make a recovery. The *spontaneous* cure of the disease is a matter of *daily demonstration*. In a word, *incipient* Pulmonary Tuberculosis tends to recovery; its inherent tendency is towards a cure; *advanced* Pulmonary Tuberculosis almost always results in a fatal issue.

VANCE.

G. W. PASCHAL.

Great Vance, though these three years thy corpse has lain
On Buncombe's lovely hill, yet ever we
Still feel our loss, and yearn anew for thee.
Our State and thine is now in evil train,
Her name and sons have suffered sore; in vain
She tries to still the tongues of calumny,
For those she trusts have no sincerity;
She needs, a friend as once she had, again.

For thou didst love and serve with all thy heart—
For us in battle thou didst wield thy lance,
Didst find our heroes clothes and daily bread;
In highest Senate noble was thy part,
Till Death's voice called thee from thy post and led
Thee from us sorrowing, stout-hearted Vance.

NANSEN'S POLAR EXPEDITION AND ITS VALUE TO
SCIENCE.*—
R. C. LAWRENCE.
—

Interest in the polar regions was first created by the whalers of northern Europe when plying their vocation in northern waters. They made no scientific observations whatever on their voyages, and it was not until 1821, when Parry conducted his expedition, that any scientific achievements were accomplished. Since Parry's expedition many men have undergone hardship and some have suffered death in attempts to reach the pole; yet in spite of this the subject is claiming an ever increasing share of the public attention and expeditions continue to go. The latest of these is that of Nansen.

No better man could have been selected for the hazardous undertaking more worthy than Nansen. In his journey across Greenland in 1885 he demonstrated his ability and skill in the conduct of a polar party. A man of high scientific attainments, a skillful navigator, a man accustomed to hardship, toil and danger, he was preeminently fitted to lead this last attempt to explore the unknown world in the far North.

The failure of previous polar expeditions was largely due to a lack of proper appliances for the safety and comfort of the explorers. Nansen recognized this and gave his undivided attention to the work of making the best preparation for his long voyage. His ship, the "*Fram*," was built according to his directions, and when finished was the strongest ship that has ever been built

*Essays selected from those written for the Dixon Essay Medal, May, 1897.

in any land. Then picking his crew from hundreds of applicants, on the 14th of July, 1893, Nansen left Vardo on his memorable voyage of discovery.

When the subject of polar investigation began to be discussed, and when the earlier expeditions set out on their voyages, there was but one way thought practicable, and that way was by Baffin's bay. It was in the wandering channels of this route that the expedition of the lamented Franklin was lost. To Lieut. De Long of the American Navy belongs the honor of suggesting a new and better route to the northern regions. De Long's theory was that by a passage through Behring strait and by drifting with the currents of the northern seas, the pole would be reached. On this theory Nansen built, and it was by this route that he sought the northern lands.

His party had a quick and safe passage through the strait, and entering the polar waters were soon caught fast in the ice. They then began to drift. The first winter they advanced only one hundred and eighty miles, although they had drifted over three hundred, and Nansen saw that if they did no better they would not go further north than 85° , thus missing the pole by about three hundred and fifty miles. The next winter they had better seasons, but still their progress was not all that could be desired; so Nansen, accompanied only by his Lieutenant, Johnassen, started on sledges to penetrate the regions where the "*Fram*" could not go.

Nansen intended to travel north for fifty days before returning, but before he reached his limit it was evident that it could not be done. The snow piled higher and higher, making sledging almost impossible and imperiling the life of the explorers. More than this, their food

began to grow scarce and they were compelled to resort to killing their faithful dogs. In these severe straits Nansen showed the spirit of a true discoverer and instead of wasting energy and probably life in an endeavor to surmount insurmountable difficulties, he began to retrace his steps. But as the "*Fram*" was some two hundred miles away, and as her position was uncertain, Nansen began to push his way toward the almost unknown shores of Frantz-Josef's land. In the midst of the greatest difficulties these heroic men toiled on. Their dogs were killed one by one and when at last open water was reached but two remained to drag the sledge. Launching their boats they slowly and laboriously made their way through lanes of water, constantly narrowing with the increasing cold. Finally they were compelled to stop and winter where they were. Building a rude hut they calmly awaited the approach of the dreary arctic winter. Privation stared them in the face. Their food was poor and their clothing in rags, and to add to their difficulties their watches stopped and they had no way of determining their longitude. But they persevered, and when warmer weather came they left the hut and traveling southward reached Cape Flora. There they boarded ship and after an uneventful voyage again landed on Norwegian soil.

On his return Nansen was enthusiastically received by his people and nothing marred his happiness except that the "*Fram*" was still absent. And we may imagine his joy when she returned with the faithful Sverdrup and all the crew safe on board. They had drifted with the ice until the summer, when reaching open water they steamed homeward.

The scientific results of Nansen's voyage are very im-

portant. He found that instead of being shallow the northern sea was twelve thousand feet deep. This will make important changes in the theory of the former land connections and modifications in the shape of the earth's crust. He also found that the water a few feet under the surface was not arctic water, but was of a temperature a few degrees above the freezing point. He concluded that this was due to the influence of the Gulf stream. He also made some unimportant explorations in Frantz-Josef's land. It is to be deplored that Nansen had not sufficient geological knowledge to enable him to observe evidences of glacial action which is very important to geologists.

Taken as a whole, the voyage of Nansen was eminently successful, not only in scientific achievements, but in laying the foundation for more extensive exploration in the far north. With movements on foot to explore the Antarctic regions, and with Nansen ready to make a second tour, it seems that man has determined that no part of the globe shall remain undiscovered or unknown.

DENOMINATIONALISM AND EDUCATION.

R. C. LAWRENCE.

As our country is widening its influence and as our people are taking more and more interest in the cause of popular education, the question of denominationalism in our colleges and universities is assuming a serious aspect. Upon the solution of this question depends the future relations, not only of church with church, but of church with State. In ancient times when the church and State were closely allied, there was practically but one church, and education was of necessity under its auspices. But with the growth of Protestantism, the lines of cleavage between church and State have become sharply drawn, and with the growth of sectarianism has come a division along educational lines. This is the origin of the denominational college, and to-day these colleges are the well-springs from which flow a powerful influence.

It seems that to-day the old spirit of bitter sectarianism is dying out, and some fondly believe that a universal church is a possibility. But this is not true. The Parliament at the World's Fair did nothing toward the realization of this end, and the movement for Free Church Unity in England does not mean that the individual sects which enter into the composition of that body are willing to surrender their denominational creeds. It simply means that they are combining to repel the attacks of evil and to foster a friendly feeling between the component churches.

I do not think that a universal church is to be desired. Experience in the past has proved that no one church

can permanently control human affairs, and so long as all religious life is concentrated around one church, there is a tendency towards relaxation in religion and corruption in the church itself. Thus to my mind, denominationalism is to be highly desired. But the question as to whether any religious body shall set up colleges or universities with the avowed intention of inculcating into their matriculates their church doctrine is an entirely different thing.

An intense sectarian feeling such as is blind to the claims of any other christian church is to be deplored, but the fact remains that we must have religion, and that the youth of our land must be brought up under christian influences. The best way to accomplish this end seems to be the denominational college.

I do not believe that the young child in the preparatory school should have instilled into his brain the infallibility of the claims of any denomination. Principles instilled into a young mind are apt to grow until they cannot be removed without destroying individuality. But when a young man enters a college or a university, his mind is generally decided upon the question of religion, and it becomes a matter of christianity rather than of denomination. Nor is any young man confined to any one college. There is almost every State in the Union, colleges under the control of the leading denominations.

We have the case plainly before us when we see the difference between institutions of learning controlled by the State and those under denominational influences. Of course the State, as a State, can take no hand in the establishment of the principles of any sect in institutions under its control. Thus it is that during the time a

young man remains in a State institution, he may be entirely removed from anything like an organized movement along religious lines. As the character of the individual is undergoing formative changes while at college and as influences are being brought to bear which will dominate his whole life, the lack of organized Christian efforts is to be deplored. To those who cry for the downfall of dogma, we say that it is better to have some creed than none; that it is better that our young men should be brought up under influences distinctively christian than to pass the formative period without any religious safeguard.

Modern education is liberal in its nature. The day of narrow conceptions of the educational idea has passed away and in its place we have an education which prepares the way for a broader realization of life and the person of Christ. In the denominational college, creed does not overshadow christianity; religion is recognized in whatever form it appears. The only consideration is that men shall go from its walls christians instead of infidels or atheists.

Education and religion are two of the most potent factors which enter into modern civilization, and without either of them retrogression is the inevitable result. It is an imperative necessity that our colleges shall be maintained. Have not the great denominations, as denominations, done more toward giving an impetus to the cause of education than would have been accomplished by the men composing the denomination acting in their individual capacity? I think so. Religious denominations have exerted a powerful influence in modern education—an influence which cannot be disregarded. The inevitable result of a withdrawal of denominational sup-

port from our colleges would be their decline. The educational centres which would be established by private benefaction would not equal those in which the denominations have an interest.

Let christianity be given a place in our colleges; let christian influences be thrown around our young men and there need be no fear that dogma will overshadow christianity, or that the sectarian spirit will work harm in our land.

THE HERMIT OF THE LAKE.

—
R. C. CAMP.
—

There is hardly a lake or pond of any size in Florida but what has some legend or romance connected with it, and none of them have more than Watermelon Pond, unless it is Silver Springs, of which I have already spoken. The pond is in Alachua county, only a few miles from the station of Albion, and can be easily reached.

On my first visit to the pond with a friend of mine who had been living near it for several years, I was informed that an old man of some eighty years lived on the other side. This old man lived alone and no one knew whence he came, or who he was; nor was any one able to have a conversation of any length with him. After being told of this peculiarity, I was very anxious to meet him, and, if possible, talk with him. I asked my friend to drive around on the other side and give me an introduction to this "Gentleman of Silence." In an hour we found ourselves before his door. It took several vociferous yells to bring Mr. Lawshar out of his neat cottage; but at last he appeared in the doorway leaning on an old hickory cane. Upon inviting us in, my friend feigned business and left me alone with the hermit.

Mr. Lawshar took me in his house and requested me to be seatead as he pushed towards me a chair with deer-skin for a seat and live-oak moss for a cushion. He sat down and spoke no more until I said "Mr. Lawshar, I hear you have lived on the banks of this lonely pond for twenty years, and nobody knows who you are or your past history."

“ Well, I reckon that so.”

“ I would like very much to hear your story, whether it is sad or gay.”

The old man drew himself up, looked straight at me and then said:

“ Well, I reckon that’s so.”

I was much abashed by this retort and was going to speak again, when he continued:

“ You have lots of curiosity, but as my health is fast failing, I will tell you why I am here out of the world by myself and where I am seldom seen.

“ I was reared near Alexandria, on the Potomac, and led an uneventful life until I was twenty years old, and by attending the schools occasionally and reading much I was fairly well educated at twenty.

“ One day in the fall of ’51 my father came to me and said he wishèd me to take a raft of logs down to Norfolk. I was only too glad to go, so on the next morning I had my logs all chained and the tug was merrily pulling with her heavy load. All went well that day, and we made good time; but at dawn of the next day we observed a thick mass of black clouds gathering in the east. Then came a flash of lightning, a clap of thunder, a silent pause and the hurricane was upon us. The captain of the tug cut the tow rope and left me to get on the best I could. The waves washed wildly over the logs, but I held on for two hours. At last the storm grew too violent and I was thrown overboard.

“ When I recovered consciousness, I found beside my bed a young girl with blue eyes and brown hair. As I looked at her and started to speak, she placed her hand over my mouth and bade me keep silent. I lay there in dreamy admiration and then fell asleep dreaming of blue

eyes and brown hair. When I awoke this same girl was still by my bedside, but did not attempt to prevent me from speaking. She then told me why I was there.

“She was the only daughter of Colonel Ingles, of Shell Side; I was then in his house just recovering from a three weeks attack of brain fever. Colonel Ingles lived on the Rappahannock, where he had a palatial residence. He was what we call an old Virginia gentleman, and possessed all the characteristics which went to make up the southern gentleman of antebellum days.

“His tug was coming up the bay from Norfolk and found me on the bank near the mouth of the Rappahannock nearly dead. They applied the old remedy, and I was soon resuscitated; they then brought me up to Shell Side where I had been for some time.

“I recovered rapidly, and in a week was ready to return. But in the meantime Miss Lucile had been very attractive. During the first days I admired her greatly, and in the last ones I was much in love—so much that I was determined to return again as soon as possible.

“In a few weeks I returned and found Miss Lucile the same sweet girl. At the end of a week she had promised to be my wife, and said we could be married in the fall. But she mentioned that her father might object to our marriage, because I was the son of a laboring lumberman.

“On the next day when I called for Colonel Ingles and asked him for the hand of his daughter, he flew into a raving passion and ordered me to leave his place and never return again. As I was leaving the house I saw Lucile for a few moments, and we arranged for a correspondence. I was to send my letters to a young lady

of the village which was near Shell Side, and she in turn would send me Lucile's. Thus our correspondence was carried on, and the plans for our marriage perfected.

"At the appointed hour of two o'clock on the morning of the 22d of November, I was below the window of Lucile with two subsidiaries, hired to aid me in this stealing. Lucile descended quietly and I was leading her to the carriage which was waiting in the road just outside of the gate. But before reaching the gate a voice from behind commanded me to 'Halt!' As I turned to see what was the matter, I was shot in the left shoulder and almost thrown to the ground—recovering, I drew my revolver and fired at the figure in the distance. I heard a groan, and then saw the body fall forward. I returned to see who I had shot, and was horrified to find that I had killed the father of my sweetheart! I turned to see where Lucile was. She was looking over my shoulder into the face of her dead father, and, apparently, her face was changed into stone! I called to her to come, saying that we must leave.

"Looking at me, she pointed toward the carriage and said: 'Sir, leave this place! I will never do it with the murderer of my father!' She then walked towards the house, leaving me alone with the dead man.

"I soon realized my danger, knowing that Colonel Ingles was powerful both in the judicial and political world, and I also knew that most any jury of that country would hang me. A price was put upon my head, and I fled the State.

"Suffice it to say that in three weeks I was in Florida, and in another week I found myself on the banks of this melancholy pond, and here I have been ever since, watching the live-oaks as they reach up after the sun-

shine, viewing these placid waters, and wondering where Lucile is.”

Thus the old man closed his story of sadness, and left me to think of his life. Did I say left me? Truly it was so, for as I looked up I saw his hands clasping his face and his eyes looking toward heaven with the deathly stare. I knew he had crossed the dark river.

A BEAUTIFUL FIEND.

H. M. EVANS.

“This is a dreary night,” said Max De Armond, arousing himself from the listless reverie which had made a lengthening pause in our conversation. Then musingly, “It was just such a night as this. Ah, I remember it all so well!” and now he was silent again. Only the moans of the cold November wind and the sound of the falling rain could be heard.

Our cigars were about burned out, and the hickory fire, which earlier in the evening had burned so brightly in the wide, old-fashioned fireplace, was now only a great mass of glowing coals; which, by their continually lessening light, suggested the idea that they too had been overcome by the general air of drowsiness that now pervaded everything and were slowly falling to sleep.

For two hours my bachelor friend had held my attention by his continuous recital from the experiences and adventures of fifteen years spent in travels wherever his fancy led. He was one of those fellows who never pass by a thing without seeing it, and who never see a thing without being able to tell all about it; and he enjoyed doing this. But to-night he had gradually fallen into this quiet reverie, leaving me to find amusement in my vagrant fancies, or in studying the quaint and curious furnishings of this wanderer's room.

I had just been examining some rare Japanese vases, which stood on the mantel among a hundred other curios, when on turning to resume my seat, I was startled for a moment by a mounted rug, which glared at me from behind my chair with all the fierceness of a real

Bengal tiger. It was my involuntary exclamation that caused Max to arouse himself from his reverie; but he did not appear conscious of the fact.

“Yes, just such a night as this!” he said again after a pause. “Ah, I can see her now!”

“Why, Max, old boy,” I said, now recovered from my fright, and thinking to get him out of his moody spell, “there is not a woman in it, is there? Who would have thought that you had ever cared for a woman! Tell me all about it.”

Max walked to the window, looked between the heavy chenille curtains out into the inclement night; and returned to the hearth without answering me; then rather abruptly, “You cannot go out such a night as this; spend the night with me.”

It was getting late, but Max insisted on replenishing the fire; and again we sat down with the enjoyment of two freshly-lighted cigars before us.

“And you want me to tell you about this woman? Well, I saw her last just a year ago; at least I saw a woman whom they said was she; but I do not like to believe that it was. Imagine a narrow cell with iron bars, dark tangled hair falling wildly over a face of marble paleness, and great black eyes of shadowy depth staring at you with the expression of a hunted animal—yes, this was she, and beautiful still, but now her beauty was frightful.

“But to begin at the beginning, this woman that you ask me about figured very strangely in an adventure I had in France several years ago. Since you have asked me, I will tell you the story, though I have never told it to anyone else.

“It was after midnight when I reached Turenne; and,

as I said before, it was a very rainy, disagreeable night. But despite the blinding rain and the almost total darkness, I soon made my way to a hotel that had been recommended to me before I left Paris, only to find, though, that every room in the house—if the sleepy porter told the truth—was occupied. I had to have shelter, and insisted on staying, at the same time sending the reluctant porter to wake the landlord.

“This much disconcerted gentleman soon came down; and when I importuned him, as I had done the porter, to make some arrangement to give me a bed for the night, he finally admitted that he had one room that was not occupied. ‘But,’ he added, ‘I would not dare to put anyone in it. The truth is, that room has cost several people their lives.’

“I was too tired and sleepy for the suggestion of anything mysterious about the room to excite my curiosity or scare me out of sleeping in it; and without waiting to hear more, I asked to be shown up stairs at once; but my request was refused. ‘After I have told you more about this mystery,’ said my host, ‘you may sleep in the room if you still insist upon it’; and then I was compelled to sit down and hear what seemed to me to be a useless story.

“‘You must pardon my inhospitality,’ he said, ‘for under the circumstances I can not be otherwise than inhospitable. There is something strange about this room, which no one has been able to understand. For five years everyone who has slept in it has committed suicide during the night; usually by hanging himself to a large lamp hook in the middle of the ceiling. Its last occupant was a young Englishman, who came in on the late train, just as you have done, and, just as to-night, this was the only vacant room that I had.

“Through him I hoped to find out the mystery, but in this I was disappointed. Poor fellow, the next morning we found him, too, hanging from the ceiling a corpse.

“With his death I gave up all hope of solving the mystery, for it now seemed more certain than ever that anyone was doomed who attempted to pass the night in this room. And now,’ he concluded, ‘if you still want to run the risk of falling a victim, I will come to your door occasionally during the night and see how you are getting along.’

“At the beginning of this strange narration,” continued Max, “I attributed what I heard to superstition, but when I heard how one went to the room to solve the mystery only to fall a victim, I confess that I had some misgivings about undertaking a similar task. Yet I reasoned with myself thus: How shall I expose myself to any danger by sleeping here, since I have no intention of hanging myself, and nothing could influence me to do so. I had heard the worst there was to be heard; and though a little nervous, my resolution to sleep in the room was unshaken.

“The porter soon announced that he had made me a good fire, and that if I was ready, he would show me up stairs. In a few moments we were on the third floor. As we came to the end of the corridor, my guide opened a door, saying at the same time, ‘This is your room’; and the next moment I was left alone.

“I saw nothing peculiar in the appearance of the room, unless that it was furnished better than I expected to find it. I did not care to retire immediately, so lighting a cigar, I drew a large rocking chair up before the fire, and sat down to think over the situation.

“I had finished my cigar, but I still sat before the

fire. Presently, as one half-dreaming, I saw a peculiar light shining into my room; and when I walked to the window to see what caused it, to my surprise I saw just across a narrow court a beautifully lighted window. It seemed very close to me; and I knew from the appearance of the interior that this was a woman's room. In the dazzling light which overspread everying, there was a gorgeousness and profuseness in the richly blended colors of the hangings, which quite overcame me, and held me spell-bound. I felt that I had surely found the retreat of some fairy, or, at least, the private apartments of a queen.

“While I was wondering what the occupant of this marvelously furnished and brilliantly lighted room must be like, she approached the window; and as she stood there in that magical light, she appeared in beauty and form all but a goddess. When she moved around, she seemed to be floating through the air rather than walking. She stopped in front of the window, looked at me earnestly, pleadingly, and beckoned me to come to her. I was enchanted; I longed to go to her, but I knew it was impossible.

“She disappeared for a moment, but quickly returning, smiled most bewitchingly, and again beckoned me to come. I cannot describe the influence she had on me. I only know that I was perfectly frantic to get to her, and would have made any sacrifice to do so. She now drew aside a curtain that hung near, and to one side of, the window, and I saw the very image of herself dangling in the air; and I saw her pointing to it with a look of triumph on her face. Again she looked at me in that earnest way, and in her face I could read the words, ‘Will you come?’ She had shown me the way, and now

it seemed perfectly easy; for under the influence of that strange spell, I imagined that if my spirit were free from the body, then I could be with her. I was in an ecstasy in the thought that soon I should be standing by her side, by the side of that one being, I thought, who could fascinate me forever."

Here Max paused, took a long puff at his cigar, then sat in silence for several moments and watched the slowly upward-curling smoke. I was deeply interested, and was anxious to hear the end of this strange story; yet I dared not disturb him. Somehow, I felt that he had been telling me something that meant a great deal to himself. But at last an impatient "Well?" fell from my lips, and Max continued.

"Ah, I had forgotten. But all had changed now. I was no longer looking at my beautiful enchantress; it was daylight and I was in bed; but I had no idea how I got there. A burning fever was consuming me. While I was trying to recall the events of what I supposed was the night before, I heard my host say to someone in the room, the doctor, I suppose, 'Yes, the whole thing is a mystery; just as I opened the door he kicked the chair from under himself. I cut the rope as soon as I could, but I was none too soon about it; for when I laid him on the bed he was unconscious.' You can imagine how I must have felt as I listened to this ghastly conversation.

"A few weeks after this, when I was able to sit up, Thenadier—for that was the name of my host—came in one day, and noticed that I was looking rather intently at a large, gloomy-looking house opposite my room, and especially at the closed shutters of the window directly opposite mine. He saw that I was interested in the house, and unconsciously told me of her of whom I was think-

ing. He told me that a very aged couple lived in this house, all alone now, but that until a few weeks ago a half-demented granddaughter had lived with them. She had been married, but through some terrible mistake her husband had been unjustly hanged, and the young girl had lost her mind from grief. The old people could not bear to see her go to an asylum, so they had fitted up special apartments for her in their own house. They gave her whatever would please her wildest whim; but at last she grew so much worse that she had to be closely confined in an asylum for the insane.

“It is possible that a desire to avenge the death of her husband, coupled with some mesmeric power and her use of chemical lights, is the explanation of the mystery. It is frightful to think of such a creature, but I cannot forget her—that face, that pleading look. I cannot shake off the influence of that fiend in the guise of a beautiful woman.”

Long after we had retired that night, when at last I had forgotten the story that Max had told me, and was just losing myself in a dreamy doze, suddenly Max sat up straight in bed, and exclaiming, “There she is! Do you not see her?” fell back into a troubled sleep.

ON ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

J. H. RICH.

The green trees sing in the summer breeze,
A solemn requiem o'er the nameless dead,
The tombs are white in the morning light;
'Twas here they made their lowly bed.

The vista green leads far away,
The turf is shorn with careful hand,
But the beautiful sight which comes with the light,
Is the home of the patriot, beloved of our land.

It seems that his presence is guarding here
The sacred honor of a soldier's cause,
And in the great white mansion there
He still proclaims his martial laws.

The ground is covered with many a mound
And thousands of Northern men here sleep,
But no shaft we could raise would deepen the praise
Which the Northern dead forever will keep.

O honored dead, whose lot it is
To rest so near this sacred place,
Where the man of the mind so noble and kind
Left the fame of his greatness the place to grace.

It seems that there is resting here
Locked in the silence which reigns o'er all,
The Northern grief with the Southern hope
To wait in state for the judgment call.

A LEGEND OF EASTERN CAROLINA.

D. A. TEDDER.

It was the year 1583. The sun was just rising on the coast of a strange and newly discovered country.

Two vessels were lying at anchor in the harbor. One of these was a large ship, and well made for that age. The other was a small bark, of some ten tons. These small vessels were much used at that time on account of their conveniency for entering harbors and approaching the coast. The crews of both ships were long since up and busy preparing to leave the harbor.

"I'm sho' thankful the time has come for us to leave this consarned country." The voice was that of a big burly fellow, sewing up a rent in a sail.

"I am too, Burt, although this here's a fine country and the natives treat us white, still th' aint no place like home. I'm gettin' mighty tired cruisin' roun' the whole world and never gettin' no gold. It's bin nigh onto three year since I seen Alice and the young 'un. I think if I ever get back to England," he continued reflectively, "I'll spend the rest of my life to home, and all the promises of Sir Humphrey can't get me away. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's a good man—one of the best men I ever served under, but it do seem to me fate is agin him. It do seem that."

"That's it exactly," interrupted the other. "I do b'leve the powers be agin that man. Ever' time he goes on a voyage, he gits into trouble. There could n't have been a worse failure than that trip o' his'n in '79. Ever thing seem to go wrong from beginning to end. An' storms! You never seed the like. And this has been a

turrible stormy trip, too. It do seem that ever time that man goes to sea, the winds and the waves gits into a squabble. It may be they hate him, an' maybe they're jes jealous of him—he's such a fine fellow,—anyhow they squabbles evy time he sails."

"Yes, and bless my stars ef we aint agoin' to have trouble afore night. Look er yonder!"

Burt Brown, who had finished his task, glanced at the ominous sign as he arose. "I think I'll show that to the Cap'n and maybe he'll wait a day."

Kal Bridges worked on in silence. "Well I'm done sewin' my last piece of canvass, I hope," he mumbled at last. He had scarcely stood up when the order was given to raise the anchor. He met Burt coming out of the cabin. "Sir Humphrey may be right," he said, "but if I was him I'd do a little different. He's not only going to sail to-day, but he's going in the 'Squirrel.' Why that thing's not big enough to cross the ocean any time, much less this time o' year. But if he's willin' to risk his life that-a-way, let him do it. It's his business." Just then a half-drunken sailor swaggered by, singing in a coarse, heavy voice—

"We'll cross de oceand bol' an' free,
Ho boy! for de nuggets o' gold.
We'll find d'Eldrader over de sea,
'Tis Ho boy! for de nuggets o' gold.
"We'll swipe de Spanish—"

But his voice was lost in the bustle and din of the departure.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. The American coast had disappeared in the distance and the two ships were heading towards England. A brisk breeze

was already blowing, but a hurricane was brewing. Soon great, leaden drops of rain began to thump upon the be-lated ships. In fifteen minutes the storm burst upon them with the fury of a pack of demons. The larger vessel rocked and rolled from side to side, but kept steadily onward. The poor, little Squirrel squirmed and floundered and stumbled and careened as if used for a plaything by the waves.

“Cap’n! This creature can’t stand this much longer. I humbly beg you, Cap’n—I pray yer, get in t’other ship!” One of the old sailors was on his knees before Sir Humphrey. “Ef one of us should die, ’twould n’t make much difference—but wid *you*, Cap’n”—“No, Uncle David, I’ve sailed from sea to sea and from land to land, all over the world with this bark and these men, and I shall not desert them now. If we go down we shall go down together.”

The tempest grew stronger and fiercer. The sailors worked with the alertness of desperation. Suddenly the huge form of Sir Humphrey Gilbert appeared on deck. In his right hand he held a Bible. Steadying himself by holding to the railing, he waved the book aloft and cried in a voice louder than the storm—“Never despair, my men! We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land!”

About twelve o’clock a huge wave came rolling up out of the deep like the shadow of doom. It broke upon the deck, putting out every light and carrying away three sailors. One of whom was the devoted Uncle David.

Those on board the other ship saw the lights of the Squirrel go out and inferred that she had gone down, but nothing could be done in that sea, so they kept on their way. They finally reached England and reported the

loss of the Squirrel with her crew and Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

But the Squirrel did not go down. With a wracking, quivering jerk she righted herself, and as her helmsman had also been drowned, she drifted hither and thither as the storm willed. No one spoke in the dense darkness. The terrified seamen crouched, clinging to whatever was nearest at hand. Would the morning never come?

At length the storm abated somewhat and they could feel themselves being drawn forward in one direction: *which* direction they could not tell. Wet, cold, shivering, despairing, they waited and prayed for morning. At last it came, and thank God! They were beholding the sun once more. But instead of twenty-nine, as on the evening before, they were but fifteen now. Gilbert, with compressed lips and haggard eye, saw to the repairing of the bark. They did not know where they were, but decided to sail due west, hoping to touch land sooner by so doing.

On the thirteenth day they came in sight of what afterwards received the name "North Carolina." A landing was soon effected and the Squirrel, which was almost battered to pieces, was drawn ashore and her timbers used to build cabins. The fragrance was "as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers." They fell upon the ground and thanked God for their safe deliverance and then took possession of the land "In the name of Elizabeth, Queen of England."

The vegetation of the land struck them with wonder and admiration. The trees had not their paragons in the world; the luxuriant vines as they clambered up the loftiest pines formed graceful festoons; grapes were so

plenty upon every shrub that the surge of the ocean, as it lazily rolled in upon the shore, with the quiet winds of summer, seemed to dash its spray upon the clusters; and natural arbors formed an impervious shade that not even a ray of the suns of July could penetrate. The forests were filled with birds; and at the discharge of an arquebuse whole flocks would arise, uttering a cry which the many echoes redoubled until it seemed as if a "whole army of men had shouted together."

The gentle dispositions of the natives appeared in harmony with the loveliness of the scene. "The people were most gentle, loving and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the Golden Age."

Gilbert and his men eventually became quite friendly with the natives, living with them and teaching them better modes of farming. Sir Humphrey wooed and won the beautiful Cherona, the only child of the Chief Cahweechaw, and at his death became head of the tribe. Many of the other sailors married among the Indians; and to-day there is a tribe of very intelligent people in Robeson County, North Carolina, known as "Croatans," who speak with pride of their Anglo-Indian ancestry. And they tell the legends transmitted from father to son for generations and generations of the coming of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and his men.

Our friend Burt Brown thought so well of the Indians and their mode of living that he took unto his bosom three buxom maidens, instead of one as civilization would have allowed him.

But there was one man who lived sad, despondent and alone. His wigwam was apart from the others. Kal Bridges never married. He lingered out his days pining

for a young wife and little daughter beyond the seas who were waiting and watching for him. And when he died a lovely and silent young maiden, who herself died soon after, sang a song over his grave. And the "Song of the Lonely Paleface" is chanted by the tribe at funerals to this day.

THE CONTRABAND.

GEORGE A. FOOTE, JR.

When the civil war broke out, I was attending a Northern medical college, and immediately on the secession of my native State—South Carolina—returned home, and offered my services to my country as surgeon.

In our command was a young man, hardly white, and yet surely not a negro. I think he was the finest specimen of physical manhood I ever saw. Through subsequent developments I learned he was a runaway slave, but from his manly bearing and intelligent face, one would never have suspected it.

He became very much attached to me, and as I needed a person of some kind to assist in hospital work, I gladly took him into my service. A settled melancholy seemed to be ever present with him, and it was curious how he scanned the faces of the dead on the battlefield. I could never determine, though, whether he hoped to see a fallen enemy, or feared to find a friend. He never spoke unless addressed, and as soon as his duties were over, he would go out and spend hours alone. I was curious to know what he did on his solitary rambles, and one night determined to follow him.

Accordingly, soon after Ben (for that was his name) started out on his walk, I donned a light overcoat and followed in the direction he had gone. I had not proceeded over half a mile, when I heard a noise like some one weeping, in a clump of cedars on my right. Silently I crept towards the place whence the sounds proceeded, and listened. For a few seconds I heard nothing but some one sobbing, and then a voice, which I recognized

at once as Ben's, cry, as from the depths of his heart, "O, my Lucy, my darling Lucy, they have sold her, and now she's dead." He kept on in this way for a short time, though I could not understand what he was saying, and then his mood seemed to change, for occasionally I could catch snatches such as, "Curse him, he took my Lucy, but I'll have his blood for it." Meanwhile I had been racking my brain to think who was "Lucy," and who he was that he cursed so violently.

A moonbeam broke through the clouds at this moment, and I scarcely recognized him as my mild and gentlemanly servant, so distorted were his features with passion. "I shall thank God for the day when I shall find you, and then my Lucy, or your death shall be the penalty." Then I understood his anxious scanning of the faces of the dead and wounded soldiers on the battlefield. He had been talking constantly to himself since I had first heard him, but I was only able to catch a few sentences when the violence of his passion raised his voice. Up to this time I had been so interested in his wild talk, I had taken no note of how time was flying, but suddenly I remembered I had several patients that required attention very often, during the night especially, so I hastened back to headquarters. Next morning Ben was the same taciturn, obedient servant, with never a trace of last night's storm. I asked him no questions, thinking he would confide in me; but day after day passed without a sign of his confidence. Thus a week passed, and we had changed ground several times, when one night Ben disappeared. How he crossed the lines I never knew. At any rate he escaped, and remained away nearly a month and a half, till one night, as I was administering a soothing potion to a wounded soldier, Ben

stood in the doorway. He looked sick and careworn, but he had a satisfied expression on his face.

* * * * *

Poor fellow, I would have saved him if I could; but it was too plain a case of desertion, they thought, and Ben was ordered to be shot at sunrise on the following day. He heard his sentence with resignation, almost joy, I thought, and marched to the guardhouse with as firm a step as if he had been on some business of mine. In vain I petitioned the General to extend a pardon to him. "In these trying times we must have no more of this, men too scarce. Good example for the dastardly deserter," said the stern old commander. With a heavy heart I repaired to my tent, thinking of the cruel fate of this nondescript friend of mine. I had not been in my tent long before a message came saying Ben wanted to see me. I at once divined he was going to tell me all about his life, and as soon as I finished my duties hastened to the guard-house. Nor was I mistaken in my surmise, for no sooner had I entered the door than Ben exclaimed, "I'm glad you have come, I've been wanting to tell you for some time." I told him all right, I was glad to hear anything he had to tell me. He seemed, however, unable to tell me anything, and thinking perhaps he had changed his mind, I reminded him I was waiting to hear his story.

"Ah!" he said, fixing his piercing eyes on me, "I thought I saw Lucy all dressed in white, and an angel band around her protecting her from him."

He then enquired the time, and on being told, said, "Well, I've just a short time to live, and I believe I would die easier if I unburden my heart to some sympathizing friend." Without heeding an interruption I was

about to make, he went on in his dreamy way, "Yes, just fifteen years ago I first saw her, and we were happy in our love till this fiend took her from me."

Seeing that if left to himself, he would continue to brood over his injuries, I again asked for his story, and thus it ran :

"I have all my life been a slave, but to such a kind master that bondage never proved so irksome to me as to some others of my downtrodden race.

"'Massa' had a son two years younger than I am, but in wickedness and crime was many years older. We were half brothers, and the fact that I resembled old 'Massa' so much, was a constant thorn in his side, though 'Massa' always treated me kindly.

"When I was about twelve years old, 'Massa' bought a young girl just my color, and from the day I first saw her I loved her. We grew up together, and I used to try to lighten her work when out in the cotton and corn field, by keeping in the row next her and helping her, whenever the overseer's back was turned. Young 'Massa' Will saw me and Lucy together, and determined to punish me through her. One morning she was led to the post, tied, and beaten till the blood in my veins boiled, because she was accused of shirking her work. I was working in the corn field when I heard her cries, and disregarding everything, started for the place where she was. For leaving my work, I too was whipped. If old 'Massa' had been at home, this would never have happened, but he was down in Georgia, and had left the plantation in charge of young 'Massa' Will.

"After old 'Massa' got back, young 'Massa' Will left home, and went away somewhere. Not long after that old 'Massa' died and left the plantation and every-

thing with it to young 'Massa.' Just before he died he said that Lucy and me could get married, and as soon as he was buried, we were married.

"For a long time we were as happy as happy could be, until one day 'Massa' Will suddenly appeared, from nobody knows where, and brought with him a lady. Some said she was his wife, some said not. It wasn't long before he made trouble for all of us. He sent my poor mammy down to some rice swamp in Georgia, and when he saw me and my Lucy together, I knew it was all over with us, and though 'Missus' cried, and I prayed, and Lucy begged him with tears in her eyes and ran away, he brought her back and—took her."

"And what did you then do?" I asked, as he paused for a moment.

He looked anything but human, as he hissed through his clenched teeth—

"I half murdered him!"

And then with a look that showed how deep he felt the degradation, continued: "And the next morning they whipped me till I couldn't stand and sold me farther south."

"My new 'Massa' was kind to me, some knowledge of how I had been treated coming to him, and though I could never be happy, remembering poor Lucy, yet my master's kindness much softened the pain of separation.

"I stayed with him till the war broke out, and then one dark night I ran away, and went back to my old home. I found the old place deserted, except for an old negro couple living in one of the outhouses, who told me young 'Massa' had gone to the war. They knew nothing about Lucy; and with the recollection of years before, I placed my hands on the whippingpost and

vowed never to rest till I had found Lucy and killed him. I joined your company, hoping to find some trace of him, but I was not successful until I heard he was a captain in the Yankee army in General ——'s division. When I heard that, I left this camp—deserted you call it—and went to the place where I had been told he was. For several weeks I hunted in vain for him, until one evening about dark I saw a troop of cavalry ride into camp and recognized him as their leader. Ah, I thought, I at last have the villain.

“I waited for a good opportunity to accomplish my purpose, when there could be no danger of being disturbed, because I wanted to find where Lucy was before I killed him. My chance soon came, as one dark night from my place of concealment I saw him steal from his tent and go toward a dense piece of woods to the left of the camp. I followed him as silently as possible, and overtook him before he had gotten many steps in the shadows of the dark pines.

“‘Who are you?’” he demanded as I came up.

“‘One you have wronged,’” I answered, hardly restraining myself from killing him on the spot.

“At the sound of my voice, his guilty conscience made him a coward, and I could almost fancy I heard his knees knocking together, as he asked, “What do you want with me?”

“‘Say nothing and follow me,’” I commanded, leading the way farther into the woods. When we had gone far enough, we halted.

“‘Since the war broke out,’” I began, “‘I have been looking for you, and you know what for. Tell me where is my Lucy?’”

“‘I hope she is in heaven,’ he replied in a sad voice.

“‘What,’” I cried, “‘don’t tell me she’s dead.’”

“‘Yes, dead, and for your sake. The day you were sold she began to droop, and in two weeks died. We buried her under the little cedar back of the garden.’”

“For a moment I almost cried, but then I thought of my purpose in finding him, and continued :

“‘I sought you with a double purpose, first to find where Lucy was, and afterwards to kill you.’

“It was pitiful to hear his pleading not to kill him, as I said these words.

“But my mind was thoroughly made up, and gliding close to him, I drove my dagger in him twice. He fell back with a groan. Then I left him, and returned to camp the same night, to be condemned to death next day as a deserter. But I am content to die. Since Lucy is dead, there is nothing on earth for me, and my death will be but our reunion.

“I have told you this little story, thinking perhaps I should die easier if I unburdened my mind to some friend. I thank you for your goodness and kindness to a contraband, and in the morning you will see that a deserter can meet death with as much calmness as the bravest of the brave. Before you go I should like to ask you to do one thing for me. If you are ever in that part of the country where my Lucy’s grave is, please put a few flowers on it for me. That is all.”

The next morning, promptly at sunrise, the almost simultaneous crack of three rifles told that a soul had gone to meet its God.

WASHINGTON'S STATESMANSHIP.

D. F. FORT.

When confined to the statesmanship of our immortal hero, we can only mention our first incident demonstrating this art, as taking place about the twentieth year of his age. Though I do not think it out of place to notice a fact that is prevalent in the biography of almost every eminent man: the formation of a true and perfect character under the influences of a pure and devoted mother. Her first lessons to this cherished and honored son were frugality, diligence and virtue, to which he ever adhered and heeded.

His first mark of political power dates from diplomacy he displayed in clearing the landed estate of Colonel Fairfax of "squatters," French and Indians, who at that time held the land as if it had been their own. In the year 1757 Washington was elected to the House of Burgesses, though at that time absent in the Seven Years' War. He was re-elected to every succeeding session till the beginning of the revolutionary war. He was remarkably punctual in the performance of his legislative duties, though seldom taking any part in the debate, and never made a long speech; in this respect resembling Franklin and Jefferson. When his nephew was elected to the House of Burgesses he gave him this recommendation: "If you wish to command the respect of the house, the only advice I will give you is to speak seldom, but on important subjects, except such as particularly relate to your constituents; and in the former case make yourself perfectly master of the subject. Never exceed a decent warmth, and submit your sentiments with diffidence; a dictatorial style, though it may carry convic-

tion, is always accompanied with disgust." Such was the habit of Washington, himself, and it was the only plan consistent with his natural disposition and peculiar balance of mental qualities.

In April, 1775, Washington was chosen Commander-in-chief of the Continental Army. Very little or nothing is said of his statesmanship while he was leading to victory the American Colonists. The war closed in the year 1781, under the the immediate auspices and command of this illustrious general. Peace was negotiated in 1782, and Washington returned to his home at Mount Vernon, which he had visited only twice in the eight years of war. The period between 1783 and 1788, was more critical, with reference to the prosperity of the country, than war itself, however oppressive and exhausting. Washington now, commanding the respect and reverence of every British American, used all his influence towards the formation of a confederacy. He was the bond of the Union.

At a meeting of the body usually called the "Federal Convention," at Philadelphia, May 2, 1787, Washington was unanimously chosen its president. In anticipation of the meeting and the duties which might devolve upon its members, he read the history and examined the principles of the ancient and modern confederacies. Those analyzed in a paper of his own writing, are: the Lycian, Amphictyonic, Achean, Helvetic, Belgic and Germanic. The unequalled influence exerted by Washington now saved the colonies from internal dissension and made a long step towards the centralization of government. The convention remained in session about four months, and on the 17th of September, 1789, the result of their labors as embodied in the present constitution of the United

States was communicated to the Federal Convention, with a letter signed by Gen. Washington as president of the convention. This constitution, though not considered perfect, was regarded by him as the only alternative between anarchy and civil war. Tradition has it that when Washington was about to sign the instrument, he rose from his seat, and, after a short pause, pronounced these words: "Should the States reject this excellent constitution, the probability is that an opportunity will never be offered again to sign another in peace,—the next will be signed in blood."

The fourth of March, 1789, had been appointed by Congress as the time when the new constitution should go into operation. Previous to that time, the choice of the Electoral Colleges, and of the Senators and Representatives, who were to compose the first Congress, was to be held in theseveral States. By framed constitution two persons were to be voted for by the presidential electors as President and Vice-President, without designating for which of the two offices the candidates were respectively supported. The candidate receiving the largest number of votes was to be President, and the next largest Vice-President. The entire number of votes cast in the first election was but sixty-nine, and all of them were for Gen. Washington. But what is better he was chosen unanimously in the hearts of the people. John Adams was the second choice, receiving thirty-four votes. The private and confidential correspondence of Washington shows that he shrunk from office with unaffected reluctance, both as a candidate and after his election. He is probably the only person who has ever been called to the chair of state without having desired, and to some extent exerted himself to obtain, the nomination.

On account of the apathy of the country with reference to the new form of government, and the tardiness with which Congress convened, Washington did not take the oath of office, prescribed by the Constitution, till the 13th day of April, 1789. There were other statesmen who stood high in the estimation of the people, but the preference of Washington was absolute and unqualified. At the close of his first presidential term, though extremely desirous of retiring from public life, he yielded to the urgency of his friends to accept the office for a second period, and was again unanimously elected.

His administration, therefore, may be spoken of as covering eight years from the date of the new government. As the government was, in the leading features, a new political system, and all its departments were to be organized and put into operation for the first time, unusual difficulties attended his administration, for the lack of precedents to which he could look for guidance. Other perplexities grew out of the state of public affairs at home and abroad.

The main trouble abroad, was the failure to pay the indemnity of the war. In the meantime, important questions and interests divided opinion, and gradually led to the formation of parties at home: the assumption by Congress of the revolutionary debts of the States; the funding system; the location of the seat of federal government; the taxes to which resort had been had to create a revenue; the establishment of the National Bank; and, as the French Revolution advanced, the relation of the Union to the two great belligerents.

At the commencement of his first administration, he surrounded himself, in his executive office, with the most distinguished men of the country. Mr. Jefferson and

Mr. Hamilton, the respective leaders of the two great parties into which the country was long ago divided, received equal marks of his confidence; and when the first term of his administration had ended, they, with equal urgency, entreated him to accept a re-nomination. Had it been possible for any person to administer the presidential office, without the aid of party support, or rather to conciliate unanimous support by merits and services, which win the respect and gratitude of all parties, Washington was certainly marked out by the entire course of his life, and the history of the country, as such a man.

It was a matter of course, that after the adoption of the Constitution, the measures of the new government which tended to give it strength and efficiency, should be feared and opposed by those people who considered a strong central government with apprehension, as dangerous to the prerogatives of the State government and the liberties of the people. Among these measures were some, which, by their friends, were regarded as of vital importance to the government of the country. Mr. Hamilton, by whom they were opposed, and Mr. Knox on the one side, and Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Randolph on the other. Gen. Washington, with untiring assiduity and patience, sought to conciliate the opposite opinions, holding himself in suspense as long as public service would admit, as to the adoption of particular measures, and seeking advice with equal anxiety on both sides. It was distinctly a political measure, and a decision must either reject or adopt it. The President sustained the general views of Mr. Hamilton, and in this way, though standing aloof from all electioneering plans, became identified in public opinion with the party of which Mr. Hamilton was the acknowledged leader. For a long time his spot-

less character and great name shielded him from the assaults of party warfare. Party defamation, however, reached him by slow degrees and with moderation. He possessed a hold on the affections of the country too strong to be seriously loosened by newspaper diatribes. It was notorious to the whole people that office, so far from being an object of his ambition, was regarded by him as a burden.

As the United States was introduced into the family of nations, by the alliance with France, the very important question arose on the breaking out of the war between France and England, how far it was bound to take part in the contest.

The sympathies of America were naturally with France, and more especially so, since the conduct of England had caused such extreme irritation. Yet the sagacious Washington, from the first was determined to maintain the neutrality of the country. By a cabinet council, it was unanimously agreed that a proclamation declaring the neutrality of America would be the expedient issue. Yet on some other important points they were equally divided.

The whole country was in a general uproar, both parties favored France. Measures to this effect were introduced and passed in the House, but were lost in the Senate by a deciding vote of the Vice-President. In this critical state of affairs, Gen. Washington's firmness again prevailed, and he determined to take a decisive step to extricate the country from the embarrassment of being at variance, at the same time, with both belligerents. This step was the appointment of a special minister to England, and the selection to this important trust was the Chief Justice of the United States, John Jay. His

nomination was violently assailed by the opposing ranks, and barely passed the Senate. He succeeded in negotiating a treaty by which the principal points of controversy were settled.

On his arrival, and before the official promulgation of the treaty, it was violently assailed. It was barely adopted by the two thirds of the Senate, and on its official publication, became a subject of unmeasured denunciation. All the calumnies and defamation of Washington's public and private life were heaped upon him, talk of impeachment, and allegations that he had taken from the treasury more than his salary, was unblushingly asserted. This frenzy of the parties greatly afflicted Washington, but he did not swerve a hair's breadth from his purpose.

Among the other measures of the opposition, was the demand made by the House for the communications under which the treaty was negotiated; but contrary to common usage, the President, regarding this as a hostile attack on his administration, justly refused to communicate the instructions under which Mr. Jay had acted. He planted himself firmly on the ground that the treaty making power, by virtue of the Constitution, was vested in the President and the Senate, and it was not competent for the House to require the communication of the instructions under which the treaty was negotiated. No transaction of the civil life of the President throws more light on the firmness of his character and his resolute adherence to principle.

After the expiration of his second term, he could not be prevailed upon to accept a third nomination, but retired to his Mount Vernon home, there to spend his few remaining days in perfect tranquility.

In the possession of that mysterious quality of character, manifested in a long life of unambitious service, which, called by whatever name, inspires the confidence, commands the respect, and wins the affection of contemporaries, and grows upon the admiration of successive generations, forming a standard to which other men are referred, and a living proof that pure patriotism is not a delusion, nor virtue an empty name, no one of the sons of men has equalled George Washington.

A STRAND OF HAIR.

C. N. BAILLEY.

Willie and Mabel were engaged. There was no doubt about that; everybody said so, and what everybody says, must be so. Willie was twenty-five years old, while Mabel was twenty-two. Willie had a position on the street-cleaning force and was making a dollar a day, and expected in a short time to save enough money on which to get married. One Saturday Mabel, having been given a week's holiday from the store in which she worked, decided she could spend one day and night without seeing Willie. So on Monday morning she went out to Grassville, a little village about seven miles in the country, to spend the day. While she was gone, Willie made up his mind to give her a little surprise. So, on counting up the money he had saved, he found he had just one dollar and seventy-five cents, which was enough for a little present. He carefully placed this in his pocket Tuesday morning and, arrayed in his best clothes, made his way to a photographer's, where he had half-a-dozen photographs taken. On Mabel's return Tuesday evening, as might be expected from one engaged to another, the first question she asked Willie was, how he had spent Monday night. He replied, that on coming home from work to supper, he had remained there till bed-time and then retired, which reply was satisfactory to Mabel.

The following Sunday evening when he called, he brought one of those photographs with him, Mabel went into ecstasies over it. "It is just splendid," said she. "I never saw a picture more like anyone." It is needless to say that Willie spent an enjoyable evening.

The next day while Mabel was at dinner, she took out the picture for a look at it in the day-time. While she was looking, she saw a strand of hair on the lapel of the coat. There would have been nothing remarkable about this, if the strand had been black, as was Mabel's hair, but even in the photo, it had a glossy, red appearance, which caused Mabel to remember that red-headed girl, with whom Willie used to go. Mabel was immediately taken ill and did not return to her work that evening. When Willie called that night he was ushered into the parlor and there found Mabel in tears awaiting him. A quarrel ensued, in which Willie was given no opportunity to explain the presence of that strand of hair, and was given to understand, that his engagement with Mabel was at an end.

Willie could not explain to himself in any way the presence of the strand of hair. How could he remember that on the Tuesday morning on which he had had those photographs taken, he had carried a little deformed child across a crowded street, and that one of her hairs had remained on the lapel of his coat?

A month slowly passed after the night of Willie's dismissal, and although both of the lovers were sore at heart, their pride would not permit either to make any advances to the other. When they met each other on the street, they passed coolly by, and no word or glance of recognition was given. It was noticeable that Willie became particularly fond of red-headed people, and seemed so fascinated by the sight of one, that if he should be standing on the corner when a red-headed girl passed, he would follow after her until he could follow no further. Why he did this, he did not try to explain. He had given up his position on the street-cleaning force, and how he had

managed to live during that month, no one ever knew, and as for himself, he did not care. Every midnight he would stand for an hour or more, in front of Mabel's house, and this seemed to him to be the only pleasant hour of the night.

One day, while he was standing on the street he saw a little golden-haired child, carrying a toy balloon. This slipped from the hand of the child and slowly floated away. The child suddenly disengaged its hand from that of its mother and sprang out in the street after it, directly in front of a pair of horses drawing a heavy dray. No one ever knew how it happened, least of all, Willie, but in just a minute, the child was thrown to the side-walk, and Willie was lying bruised and bleeding in the middle of the street. He was carried hastily to a drug store and his wounds examined. It was found that his right arm was broken and that his head was severely bruised by the pole of the wagon. He was removed to a hospital and for two weeks he was in a semi-conscious state, during which time, he saw as in a dream, the sweet face of Mabel, and again he would see the little golden-haired girl for whom he had risked his life.

One morning he awoke to full consciousness and found Mabel sitting by the side of the bed. He had never realized till then what happiness was, or how much he loved Mabel. The six weeks after this passed without a murmur from him, though confined to his bed. His charming talks with Mabel, and the daily visits of Marie Byrd, the little maid whose life he had saved, made the days fly quickly by.

As soon as he was able to work, employment was found for him by Mr. Byrd, which was congenial and in which there was a chance to rise. In a short while, he and Mabel were married.

Four years have passed since these events happened, and now Willie has a good situation at a large salary, and owns a dear little cottage on the suburbs of his town. The cosiest little home in all that town, and the happiest person in the cottage is the father of little two-year-old, golden-haired Marie.

MATAMORAS, MEXICO.*

MAJ. S. M. INGRAM.

Matamoras is situated immediately on the west bank of the Rio Grande. The landscapes around the city are beautiful. Tall groves of palmetto with their bare trunks may occasionally be seen. There are vast amounts of Georgia cane along the banks of the river, which we found very good for our horses. The lands are very fertile, and cotton grows almost spontaneously. Hundreds of gay-plumaged birds may be seen flying up and down the river with songs as varied as their plumage. Flights of noisy jackdaws may be seen and heard screaming overhead.

The river is so crooked that it is hard for a bird to fly across it, and a cross-eyed man cannot begin to tell which side of the river he is on. The city is about ninety miles from the Gulf. Fort Brown, the American fortification, is opposite the lower end of the city; on the Mexican side is Fort Parades, which is built of brick and loose earth. There is a great sameness in the Mexican cities, and it was generally remarked among the soldiers that when you had seen one you had seen all. The city is laid out in regular squares with streets paved with brick intersecting each other at right angles. Many of the houses are two stories high with flat roofs. There is considerable trade going on in the city, and to a soldier who had been for months in the wild prairies, it was quite an agreeable aspect.

The orange, lime and other fruit trees are scattered through the city. On each side of the city are low huts

*Recollections of a campaign in Mexico.

built of reeds and stakes thatched with palmetto, and without floors. The wretched inhabitants bear all the marks of squalid poverty. Their principal food is garlic, beef and cayenne pepper that grows spontaneously along the brush fences which enclose their yards. Many of their houses are built of sun-dried brick.

As you approach the Grand Plaza, you meet with droves of mules and asses laden with charcoal, corn, green corn-stalks, and some so completely enveloped with hay that only their feet and eyes are visible. Water carriers are rolling their barrels after them by ropes looped over pins in the center of the head. Seperos with broad-brimmed sombreros, leather breeches, are passing to and fro, with their blankets around their shoulders. You may see numbers of badly-clothed women strolling about the streets.

The Plaza is a square of some three or four acres and surrounded by good brick buildings. The roofs are flat. The doors are large and the windows are grated, which give every house a sort of prison-like appearance. The cathedral is a very large building but in a dilapidated and ruined condition.

One cannot but be struck by the appearance of the hairless dogs to be seen in the streets of Matamoras. They were found in Mexico at the conquest. The Mexicans used them for food, and say they formed a very delicious dish.

Matamoras is quite a sickly place. Many of our men were prostrated and enervated by chronic diarrhœa, caused by the brackish water which we were compelled to use, and many were laboring under the effects of yellow jaundice, malignant fever, and diseases in all their loathsome shapes and forms. The sick-lists were increasing

from tens to hundreds. Scores who had hoped to win glory upon the battle-field were hurried off to untimely graves. I counted seventy fresh graves all in one row. It seemed that they had never been rained on. We daily buried our brave men, who would have bravely faced death in the hour of battle with unflinching courage. Hour after hour were heard the mournful, melancholy sounds of the dead march that accompanied some shroudless, coffinless soldier to his long home, wrapped in his blanket. He is committed to the earth without a tear, and the three rounds of musketry sounded over his grave tells that time with him is no more. This is more terrible than battle itself, for when the soul is nerved amidst the din of war and the blood is hot, it is easy to die ; but to face the monster, to feel the pulse grow gradually fainter, to know that their names are to be forgotten, and their bones to bleach on enemies' soil, is horrible beyond expression. The soldier from constant communion with scenes of death becomes reckless. He learns to look death in the face and to laugh over the grave of his comrade, although he knows the next grave may be his own.

Gen. Patterson inspected our regiment to see how many who were fit for duty could be passed. As we stood up for inspection I could scarcely credit that the few pale, amaciated men before me were all that were left of the once proud regiment that but a few months before had left Memphis so full of life and buoyant hopes. But strange are the vicissitudes of war. Of all the thousands that had left their homes glowing with bright hopes and burning with ardor to meet the foe, death has laid many of them low, and they are sleeping where the roar of the cannon, the thunders of battle nor the shouts of victory can wake them.

Brave and patriotic men, peace to your shades and immortal glory to your memories! Though they fell by disease, their names should be recorded on the pages of the history of the war, and their deeds of patriotism should live on the records of their country. They were their country's champions in time of danger. The weak and cowardly shrinks from the patriot's service; but he who stands the tug of war deserves the love and gratitude of his countrymen and of every patriot.

SANDERS M. INGRAM,
Company G, First Tennessee Cavalry.

P. S.—The following is a letter written while at Matamoris to my sister, Ann Ewing:

MEXICO, December 10th, 1846,
CAMP RINGOLD, NEAR MATAMORAS.

My Dear Brother and Sister:—It has been some time since I wrote to you, but not as long as it has been since I heard from you. It has been nearly eight months since I have received any intelligence from home.....

I have tried to give you a sort of history of the country and a description of our march to this place in some former letters. I think, as well as I remember, that I have given you a general account of our journey as far as the Nuesces river. We swam that stream which is about 150 yards wide. Our course lay down the river, and we followed for two days its various wanderings—the most beautiful valley I ever saw. We were now in range of the Cumanchee Indians. They were very fine hands to steal horses, and if the company is very weak they attack, rob and kill travellers. Our officers put out a strong guard, and I assure you it is unpleasant business standing guard about a half mile from the regiment when thousands of wolves are howling, panthers, bears, &c., to be heard all around, and in places almost every step you make you tremble for fear that the next step you make will be upon a rattlesnake.

We received news from the Texan Rangers that they could not accompany us to Matamoras, and that we must keep an eye out for Canales and his band, who probably would make an effort to intercept the regiment on our way.....We had forgotten Canales and

were chasing the deer, elk and wild goats, &c., over the prairies
The Colonel with the advance guard saw objects in front which disappeared before a spy-glass could be brought to bear on them. After going a little farther they saw a considerable force of men which they took to be the advance guard of the enemy. The Colonel returned in great haste, shouting at the top of his voice. "Mexicans! Mexicans! — —, boys, put yourselves in readiness as soon as possible, for he displays a formidable and belligerent attitude." About this time we saw hundreds of the enemy flanking us on the right and left about two miles distant. We got in fighting position, expecting the hardest sort of fight—our arms examined, our flints picked, and everything in order. Sick men were seen getting out of the wagons. Wagoners left their teams, and every man appeared ready for the contest. We marched steadily along, every moment expecting the enemy's fire, when our spies returned and informed us that the Mexican forces which we had seen flanking us consisted of thousands of mustang horses and elks, which were making their way out of the valley of Olmas creek and scampering away from the regiment. This was our first alarm, and as you may suppose, produced considerable excitement. We had a hearty laugh over the frolic, and called it the battle of Olmas creek.....

Next morning one of our boys, a lad of about sixteen, ran off after a drove of wild horses. His horse, being unmanageable, ran several miles before he could take him up. He was lost from the regiment about three days before we found him without either food or fire.....

We struck Taylor's trail and reached the Colorado on the evening of the 2nd of November. The water of the river was very salt and the stream about 250 yards wide. We found no flat and began making preparations to cross the stream. Several of us swam our horses across.....One chap thought he would cross dry-shod, and had concealed himself in the top of a baggage wagon under the cover. In order to keep the bed from floating off a rope had been tied over the top and down to the sides. The chap was in a tolerably close place, but made no noise. We drew the wagon into the river and the water began to come near the top of the wagon when he cried out lustily for the boys to cut the rope and let him out. We got the wagon, our arms, ammunition and provisions all over without serious loss..... Some of the men came very near losing their lives in the scrape. I was in the water nearly all day, and was taken sick a few days later and was unwell for several days.....

The Mexicans met Taylor on the bank of this river and told him

if he crossed they would fire on him, but "Old Rough and Ready" disregarded their threats and brought his men across.....

Remember to keep your children in school.

Your affectionate brother,

S. M. INGRAM.

[The letter, of which the above is an extract, was written by the 34th student enrolled at Wake Forest Institute in 1834, while in camp in the United States army during the Mexican war. He left W. F. C. in '42, taught awhile, and then went to the Mexican war. He is now living in upper Richmond County. He is a very old man but a staunch friend of the College.—N. H. SHEPHERD.]

ETERNAL YOUTH.

G. R. KING.

No more "Farewell"! we say
To youth's glad heart;
Time does not end thy day,
For still thou art.
And, tho' we swiftly fly
And many fond hopes die,
Others arise
And paint again for us bright skies.
We *cannot* part.

Full many a joyous time
We still shall see
When Christmas bells shall chime
And April's showers flee.
For what is life? if all the dreams of youth
Must fade and die before the hand of truth.
It is not so;
Youth has its true echo
In what shall be.

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The Situation in the East.

The sudden acquirement of a vigorous foreign policy by Germany, the departure of a fleet under Prince Henry for eastern waters, subsequent demonstrations, mostly of bluff, over the maltreatment of German missionaries, and the co-operation of Russia, has warranted much talk about the gravity of the eastern situation. The press treated us to our annual war scare on this subject and it was asserted that a Russo-German compact for the dismemberment of China and for the partition of her dominions between these powers had been made.

The boundless naval ambitions of the German Emperor and the recent humiliation of Hayti by the German power, combined with a fair measure of hate for England, are doubtless the motive forces of Germany's activity in this matter; while as regards Russia, anything which seems to promise increase of power and dominion is agreeable.

But the same forces which prevented the dismemberment of Turkey, the same reasons which made the blood

of slaughtered Armenians go unavenged, is going to operate to prevent the absorption of China by any power. The great powers are rent with too much envy, jealousy and hate to take any decisive steps; and when any ministry sees that any action taken in this measure will lead to a European conflagration, that measure will be withdrawn.

Japan and England will never consent to a partition of China, even though they should receive their share. England has already had enough experience in colonial expansion and has no desire to try further experiments in this direction. In this case trade interests and trade interests alone will prevent England or Japan from agreeing to the coalition. Besides, Japan insists upon enjoying the fruits of a legitimate victory, while English bondholders will not be allowed to suffer by a non-redemption of Chinese securities. The whole question is too far reaching in its results to be quickly decided upon by any power and a long series of diplomatic formalities must be completed before any battles can be fought even on paper.

We hope that good will come from the present revival of interest in the eastern question. A concentrated action on the part of the powers could force China to open all her ports free to the commerce of all nations and to the introduction of foreign institutions. Such reforms would mean much towards the progress of the Chinese, for the amelioration of their lamentable condition, and for the betterment of their ancient government.

Pensions. The increasing scandals growing out of abuse of the pension laws both by pension attorneys and private individuals, and the constant drain on the resources of the treasury

to satisfy foundless claims, have crystallized public opinion, and the people and the press demand that action be taken by the present Congress to correct these growing evils.

Although over thirty years have elapsed since the close of the war, the number of pensioners have steadily increased and it now seems that the "disabled survivors" will soon outnumber the entire number of enlisted men. Year after year the amount appropriated for pensions has steadily increased until the figures have reached an enormous sum—a sum even greater than is required to maintain the immense German army.

In view of an ever-increasing deficit in the national revenues, and for the honor both of our national government and of those honestly entitled to pensions, we believe that this imposition on a generous government should be checked, that modifications in the existing laws be made, and that the rolls be published yearly.

The evils in the pension system are not new. Ever since the creation of the article known as a "pension attorney" the abuses of the system have grown with astonishing rapidity and the government has been a partner to the frauds. The fear of losing the veteran vote has been a constant prevention of wholesome legislation—the average politician thinking his own re-election the best possible good that could befall the country. The pensions, like almost everything else, have been used as political ammunition and the country has been made the sufferer.

Recent expressions by the Grand Army of the Republic and by the Commissioner of Pensions, give hope that something may be done by the present Congress. We believe in pensions—would that the Southern States

were more generous in this direction—but let us have a system which will be an honor both to the government giving and to the individuals receiving. Let the rolls be published.

Public Libra-
ries in the
South.

There is a crying need in the South to-day for free public libraries. Although we are making great advances in public education in the schools, still we are at a standstill as regards public libraries—there being only three or four worthy of the name in the entire South. In the North nearly every town of any size has its own library and in every city there are magnificent libraries which makes the United States the foremost nation in the world in this respect. These are established either by private benefaction or by subscription, and are free to any who may care to use them. Even libraries owned by the different States have circulating features, thus reaching a large number of people and increasing their usefulness.

We know of nothing more conducive to the dissemination of knowledge among the general public than the public library and no field in which private generosity could accomplish more good. Every city in the South should have its library—small, it may be true, but nevertheless great in the influence it wields. And nothing stands in the way to prevent the realization of this idea, if some energetic men, or better, women, agitate this question in their own community. We dare say there is not a town in North Carolina in which sufficient funds for a small library could not be raised if the matter be laid before its people in the proper light and organized efforts made for this purpose. It is evident that books

in a public library, under competent direction and accessible to the public, will accomplish more good than the same number in private libraries.

Such a movement was started sometime ago in our capital city of Raleigh and we are sorry that the matter has not been pushed. If one town in our State would only set the example others would be sure to follow.

A School of
Politics.

The American press shows a disposition to ridicule the new school of politics which has just been established by the University of Chicago. We can understand why editors to whom the terms politics and corruption are indissolubly associated should offer objection, but we have failed to see any real objection offered by any exponent of the best thought in our country. We believe that there are many reasons why a great deal of good can be accomplished by faithful work done in this school.

We see more and more as the passing of the years brings increasing political corruption, the need of impressing upon the young manhood of our land the dignity of our political life as evidenced by American institutions. And by politics we do not mean partisanship; we mean the inculcation of the ethics of good government, of pure ideas as to the use of political rights, of exalted notions of statesmanship—in short, what it means to be a citizen. The time is at hand when the government is falling into the hands of the educated class and upon them rests the odium of a corrupt government. It is evident that lessons learned in the science of government, applied in the right direction, will be of incalculable good in the realization of high political ideals

and be beneficial not only to the government, as a government, but to each individual.

Boast as we may of our political system, we cannot deny that there exist more and greater evils in the exercise of our political rights than in many other countries. English politics are pure as compared with ours and the reason may be found when we remember that the educated Englishman regards politics as a science and not as a synonym for office holding and consequent spoils. And we believe that such a notion implanted, or rather re-implanted, on American soil would be an advance for the present and a boon for the future.

The establishment of this school is a step in the right and worthy of emulation by other colleges and universities. Anything which will serve to raise political methods from their present low plane and which will promise to our country purer and loftier political ideals will be a blessing.

There is nothing which affords greater
Curfew Law. occasion for alarm not only for the present, but for the future of our country, than existing crime among our youth. And when we reflect that the youth of to-day is the citizen of to-morrow, and that criminal proclivities unrestrained in the youth mean a still larger degree of crime in the adult, the problem assumes alarming proportions. The rapid increase in crime among the unoccupied youth in the tenement districts of our great cities and the subsequent moral effect, not only upon them but upon their associates, have given rise to many suggestions from benevolent societies looking to the betterment of these con-

ditions. The most feasible of these remedies seems to be the establishment of curfew ordinances.

A few years ago when this idea was first suggested and put into operation it was ridiculed by the press, and even by the very ones who most ardently desired the suppression of crime. But the unqualified success of the experiment has turned ridicule into hearty co-operation and to-day such ordinances are being enforced in over three hundred cities and towns in the United States. They simply provide that no children without written permission of parents shall be allowed on the public streets after certain hours—say eight in winter and nine in summer.

The establishment of reformatories is all right for crime already committed, but it seems to us that if the same energetic efforts were put forth to prevent the commission of that for the correction of which the reformatories are established, there would be more beneficial results obtained. We do not see how such ordinances can work hardship on anyone, and if the ordinance is productive of actual good then no amount of theory should prevent its adoption by every city in the land.

The Industrial South. In the face of the almost universal cry of hard times, the industrial condition of the South is most gratifying to those who are in a position to know the true state of the present and the outlook for the future. The financial stringency and subsequent depression in all branches of industry during the past few years is disappearing and we can again see a revival of the old time prosperity in the South. Southerners have awoke to the fact that the

development of our own resources and a policy of home living is the only method which can secure to the South that industrial prosperity which should be hers. The effect of this awakening, seen in the light of industrial advancement, cannot be overestimated and shows that a continuation of this policy is all that is needed to bring our home industries to a state of high development and to bring foreign capital within our borders.

We believe that the South is destined to become a great manufacturing center. In the North, despite a protective tariff, thousands of spindles are lying idle and a reduction in wages is being ordered all along the line. In the South a delightful climate, abundant water power, cheap labor, low taxes, freedom from strikes and proximity to the raw materials make mill stock one of the best forms of investment. The day of New England monopoly in manufactures is over; the effect of Southern competition must bring Northern industries to fields where they can be operated with greater profit.

The congestion of industry in the North is turning the attention of investors to the South as never before, and to-day immigration and capital are turning our way. Railroads are opening fresh fields for the forces of industry; under the impetus of foreign capital and energetic labor skillfully directed, new industries are daily springing up in new fields, furnishing employment for thousands of laborers and giving an impetus to trade.

We see a great future for the South. Possessing as we do all the natural resources that can be desired, and living in a favored section of a favored land, it rests with Southerners as to what the future shall bring to our industrial life. We can see advancement along all industrial lines; the outlook is very promising.

LITERARY COMMENT.

C. N. BAILEY, Editor pro. tem.

That place that doth contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsel.



The National Library of France is probably the largest library in the world, containing over 2,500,000 bound volumes and half that number of pamphlets.



A volume of short stories by Mr. Thomas Hardy may be expected from the press of Harper Bros. in the spring. Mr. Hardy is also said to be well-advanced with a novel.



"Rampoli" is the title given to a volume by the Rev. George MacDonald, just published. It contains translations in verse, mostly from the German, and one long original poem, entitled, "A Year's Diary of an Old Soul,"



It is proposed to issue Scandinavian, Dutch, Italian, Spanish and even Greek supplements to "Cosmopolis" during the year. There is a recent copy of this magazine in our library, and it strikes us that if a "pony" were issued in connection with it, it would not remain so much on our library table.



The manuscript of "In Memoriam" has been presented to the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, by the Hon. Lady Simon, to whose late husband, Sir John Simon, it was presented

by Lord Tennyson. The condition attached to the gift, in accordance with the wish of the late Poet Laureate, is that the variations in it from the published text shall never be printed.



Everybody has heard or read something about "The Workers." It may probably interest you to know that Chas. Scribner's Sons have in preparation a volume which will contain the first six papers of Mr. Wyckoff, describing his experiences in the East; and that, after they have appeared in the magazine, a second volume will be issued, giving his experiences in the West. Each volume will be complete in itself.



"Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy," by White, is a book which will be interesting to every Southerner, not only because it treats of an interesting subject, but because it treats it in an interesting way. It is a fine and not exaggerated tribute to Lee. The work has been written throughout from original sources and can be accepted as authoritative. The volume is not only a biography. It would be well worth preserving as such, but the author has combined biography and history in a pleasing manner. Every young man should thoroughly understand the political struggles which have occurred in this country—and we believe this work will be a great aid in understanding some of the causes which led to the Civil War.



The latest book of Dean Farrar is "Men I Have Known," and is an unique compilation. He has cultivated an acquaintance with the most prominent writers, scientists and preachers of his day. In this volume he has given us some of their choice sayings and works, with half-tone full-page portraits of twenty-five men. The whole contains reminiscences of fifty-six leading men of America and England, with whom he was personally acquainted. In addition to these, there is a *fac simile* reproduction of autograph letters which have been written by these men to the author. Although the book is strongly egotistical, it will be heartily welcomed by the reading public as giving information about those of whom we are always anxious to learn more.

Mr. Frederick G. Kenyon has edited a large collection of the letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and has done his work carefully. We do not think that Mrs. Browning would have wished these letters published, for certainly the reading public are not gainers by these volumes to any great extent. The best criticism has gradually lowered Mrs. Browning's place in poetry. These volumes of her letters throw little light on poetry but much on woman. They cause us to doubt if she had the greatest soul of the poets of her age. They throw light on her culture and show that in no sense was she learned. She seems to have taken no more interest and to have read no other works than those read by the general reading public. Her mind during her married life was occupied by two subjects—spiritualism and politics. On both of these subjects, her letters are distressing, When Mrs. Browning, in her last days, said, "Luther was a schoolman of the most scholastic sort, most offensive, most absurd, presenting an idea of old ceremonies to the uttermost," and "Kossuth is neither very noble nor very wise," we must think she showed very little nobleness of soul. On the whole, we cannot but regret that these volumes have been published, for they must lower her from the seat of nobility on which her poems would place her.



A prominent critic, writing to our English Professor, in speaking of the basis of criticism, says: "The North and West are simply getting a better *basis* for criticism than we are at present, but I think the times are looking better for us, too. The hope of the South lies in its young educators. As for Lew Wallace as a poet, God forbid that I should attempt to read him

Lew Wallace a bard is!
O Musa, quo radis?"



It has been estimated that the best selling book in the United States during the month of December, was *Quo Vadis*, by Sienkiewicz. At this rate there shall soon come a time when the people of our country will demand another Boccaccio. Is beauty and vivid description all there is to be desired in a book? We

think not, and we do not think that *Quo Vadis* is the right sort of a book to put in the hands of our readers and younger people. There are some descriptions in this work which are not conducive to the moral welfare of any people. You may say, "to the pure, all things are pure," but you cannot keep a man pure and fill his mind with impure words or pictures; and there are certainly many of the latter in the work mentioned.

EXCHANGES.

HUBERT M. EVANS, Editor.

WHITHER.

Fleece-cloud, floating down the sky,
Whither do you go?
Do you find a resting place
In the boundless depths of space?
Tell me, is it so?
If you vanish in the air,
Tell me, tell me, tell me where.

Dew-drop glistening on the rose,
Whither do you go?
When the sun has kissed your cheek
Hiding places do you seek?
Tell me, is it so?
Are they in the night wind's lair?
Tell me, tell me, tell me where.

Death-freed spirit of mankind,
Whither do you go?
Is it to a land of peace,
Where all cares and troubles cease?
Tell me, is it so?
Spirit, if you go not there,
Tell me, tell me, tell me where.

—*W. Tyler Olcott in Four O'clock.*

A CRY FROM THE NIGHT.

Blinded, I wander in a maze, and all in vain
I seek the end of life's mad, tangled skein;
The whence, the whither—all is swathed in night,
And only for the dead—the blessed dead—the light.

—*Davidson College Magazine.*

IN THE PALACE OF DREAMS.

Far in the land of Reverie, down by the river Seems,
Is a palace fair
Where increase of care
With the misty moonlight beams;
And the name of this magical palace
Is known as the Dome of Dreams.

Over the bridge of Fancy, where the sparkling waters play,
I gladly hie
While the shadows fly
From my soul as I take my way
To the bliss that is ever awaiting,
Too perfect for words to say.

For the visions that come in that palace
Are blent with the rustle of wings,
With a breath of prayer
In the hallowed air
As if a seraphim sings;
And the unseen presence of loved ones
A feeling of fellowship brings.

Yes, friends are all true in Dream Palace,
And love renders love back again,
And the Hall of Dreams
Is lit by beams
From the eyes we now sign for in vain;
Ah! the sweetest cup in the banquet
Is the one we never may drain.

But lo! how the shadowy presence
Fast wanes in Reality's sun,
And guests depart
From out the heart
Ere the revel is half begun.
Ah! would I might dream in that palace
Till this dream of my life is all done!

—*Southwestern University Magazine.*

ALONE.

In penitence and dumb despair,—

Alone—

Upon the altar's marble stair,
Enwrapped in agony of prayer,
The human soul with toil and pain,
Must crave its Eden back again.

Halting between the right and wrong,—

Alone—

And jeered at by the ribald throng,
Who hiss and shout their vulgar song,
The human soul must choose its course,
And bend its shoulders to the cross.

—*S. Stephen's Messenger.*

MOONLIGHT ON THE CUMBERLAND.

With deepening hue,

The roseate blue

Pulls down the star-gemmed veil of night;

The gentle moon,

Awakening soon,

Doth pensive shed her soft, wan light.

Hushed night is come;

We hear no hum,

Nor murmur, save of waters streaming.

All nature's fled

From her in dread;

Only the mystic moon is gleaming.

—*Vanderbilt Observer.*

SWEET SIXTEEN.

Her eyes are blue as summer skies,

Upon her face a frown's ne'er seen,

And she is somewhat dignified,

For she has reached just sweet sixteen.

Her hair reminds me of Klondyke,

She is a handsome little queen,

Her face is sweet, her dress is neat,

For now she is just sweet sixteen.

She looks so pure and innocent,
 You know she could do nothing mean;
 Of course you're not surprised at this,
 Remembering she's sweet sixteen.

She is the prettiest thing in town;
 Sometimes, alas, she can't be seen;
 You knock and wait expectantly,
 The answer comes, "She is just sixteen."

—*Houston Houser. 1900.*

AN IMPRESSION.

I met her at a dance one night;
 The exposure was a strong one,
 Although I must admit with you
 'Twas not a very long one.

The whole development was quick,
 I thought it was succeeding;
 But when I got her negative
 My hopes fell crushed and bleeding.

In doleful tones I plead with her,
 She looked up at me slyly;
 "A negative is but a proof,"
 She answered, laughing shyly.

—*Vassar.*

ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA.

A nymph there was in Arcadie
 Who owned a crystal spring;
 And there she'd wash, sans mackintosh,
 B'gosh, or anything.

A youth there was in Arcadie
 Who hunted o'er the brooks;
 He would not tote no overcoat,
 But traveled on his looks.

Though ancient Greece had no police,
 The gods did as they'd orter;
 To put them quite from mortal sight
 They turned them into water.

—*Columbia Verse, 1892-'97.*

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

HER ANSWER.

Within a bower two lovers sat,
 Silent, as lovers are;
 The silvery moon stole through the clouds,
 And here and there a star.

Then softly to the maid he said:

“My soul was born for thee,
 My heart is truly all thine own;
 Wilt thou give all to me?”

“Yes, in the summer time, so sweet,
 I'll be thy life, my love,
 And when the roses bloom again
 I'll meet you in this grove.”

And when those lips, as pure as snow,
 Touched lightly to mine own,
 The joy of love went through my soul,
 And I was left alone.—*King College Magazine.*

A QUESTION.

He kissed her 'neath the mistletoe
 And she great wrath pretended;
 He looked contrite and murmured low:
 “I'm sorry I offended.”

But when he caught her roguish eye,
 As she said: “I don't believe you,”
 He answered bold: “It was a lie!”
 And she said: “I'll forgive you.”

Now for which did she forgive him,
 The lie or the stolen kiss?
 Could you by aught relieve him
 Of his doubts in a case like this?

—*McMicken Review.*

TRIOLET.

Her lips were red and her eyes were blue,
 And we were all alone;
 And then she half-way dared me to,
 With her lips of red and her eyes of blue;
 The while from her eyes there shone
 A roguish light. What else could I do?
 For her lips were red and her eyes were blue,
 And we were all alone.—*U. Va. Magazine.*

CARDS.

They played at cards on the yellow sand,
 When the fields and trees were green;
 She thought that the trump was in her hand,
 He thought that he held the queen.
 But winter has come, and they both have strayed
 Away from the throbbing wave;
 He finds 'twas only the deuce she played,
 She finds that he played the knave.

—*Columbia Verse, 1892-'97.*

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Waters in the twilight gleaming
 Mossy trunks with shadows teeming;
 In the autumn gold, a-dreaming,
 Sat we silent, you and I.

Naught thought we of darkness sealing,
 Naught of nature's mute appealing;
 But of love, and love's sweet sealing,
 Silent siting, you and I.

—*The Wes. Lit. Monthly.*

IN OLDEN DAYS.

The scarlet poppies drowse and dream
 Against the lattice old,
 And honey bees steal in and out
 With wings of dusty gold.

The jasmine swings her dainty bells,
 The lawn's aglow with phlox,
 And down the path, like sentinels,
 Stand rows of holly-hocks.

"Oh! little love, with eyes of brown,
 Far busier than the bee,
 Come, put the weary bobbin down,
 And tread the paths with me."

"Dear heart"—the thread drifts to her feet;
 The wheel no longer hums—

"I love thee—wilt not hark, my Sweet?"
 She looks, she smiles, she comes!

—*William and Mary College Monthly.*

WAITING.

Slowly trickle the sands of life,
Through the glittering glass of time,
Slowly the days of this worldly strife,
Pass on for me and mine.

For the minutes are days and the days are weeks,
And hours of life seem years,
While the light of my soul, the love of my youth,
Is hid in a vale of tears.

For waving his hand, with a smile on his lips,
He sailed for a foreign shore,
And he and his bark were lost in the dark,
Mid the sullen ocean's roar.

As I sit and spin my eyes grow dim,
And I dream of that distant strand,
Where me and mine at the end of time,
Will be greeted when we shall land.

—*Richmond College Messenger.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

T. H. LACY, Editor.

Mr. Leonidas Williams ('93-'95) is engaged in a successful mercantile business in Charlotte.

Mr. Fred R. Morgan ('91-'93) has a fine position as book-keeper for the Henrietta Cotton Mills.

Mr. H. E. Copple ('87) has stopped teaching. He is doing a flourishing mercantile business at Monroe.

Mr. H. C. Dockery ('66-'67) has been appointed United States District Attorney for the Second District of North Carolina.

Mr. J. O. Atkinson ('90), recently Professor of Ancient Languages in Elon College, has been elected President of that institution.

Mr. E. J. Justice ('87) is practising law at Marion, N. C. His father is perhaps the leading lawyer of the county; Mr. Justice won an important suit over him recently.

Mr. R. B. Lineberry ('88) is fast bringing his paper, the *Chatham Citizen*, to the rank of a first-class county newspaper. Mr. Lineberry is also a member of the State Board of Agriculture.

Rev. M. V. McDuffie ('81), recently a pastor in Portsmouth, N. H., has accepted a call to the Prospect Street Baptist Church, at East Orange, N. J. Before going to Portsmouth, Mr. McDuffie was for some years pastor at New Brunswick, N. J.

Dr. J. E. Ashcraft ('82-'84), an M. D. of the University Medical College of New York City, is the most prominent physician in the town of Monroe. He enjoys an extensive and lucrative practice.

Mr. D. M. Austin ('84), after some fifteen years' work in the ministry, has stopped preaching, and has become a successful farmer. Mr. Austin will be remembered as one of the most powerful speakers of his day at college.

Rev. Walter A. Gilmore ('91) is having great success in his work at Brunswick, Ga. Since entering on his pastorate there, some four years ago, he has raised a debt of \$17,000 on his church. His excellent work has greatly endeared him to his congregation.

Mr. L. L. Paschal ('91), principal of one of the graded schools of Fort Worth, Texas, has recently presented the college museum with a fossil ammonite, and the head and skeleton of a large buffalo. The buffalo was captured by Mr. W. J. Myers, on the Staked Plains of Texas.

Mr. G. W. Blanton ('93) is cashier of a bank at Shelby. Mr. Blanton was captain of the foot-ball team of '92; he seems to put as much energy into his business as he used to put into the good old game when he was a student. Would we could get another captain like he used to be, and another team like that of '92.

After the name E. F. Eddins in the general catalogue are the following notes: "A. B. '85, W. F. C. Teacher 85-6 Franklinton. 86-7 Berea, Granville Co. Feb. 87, Palmersville, Stanly Co." Mr. Eddins has been, since '87, principal of the Palmerville school. He has, during those years, done inestimable good in preparing young men and women for twentieth century life.

Mr. John H. Mills ('54), of Davidson, was the Grand Orator at the late meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons at Oxford. He was detained at home by illness, but the address was read. The *News and Observer* correspondent says: "It was characteristic of the venerable father of orphan homes in North Carolina, bristling with cogent thought and valuable Masonic information."

Mr. Thomas R. Crocker ('90) came to the State some time ago on a "mission of love," as was noticed in the last issue of the *STUDENT*. The following is from the *News and Observer*, December 30, '97:

SMITHFIELD, N. C., Dec. 29,—(Special.)—Yesterday afternoon at 12:30, at the residence of the bride's mother at this place, Miss Cora Belle Fuller and Mr. Thomas R. Crocker were happily united in marriage. The impressive ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. F. Tuttle, pastor of the Baptist church of Clayton.

The bride is one of Smithfield's fairest and most charming young ladies, the youngest daughter of the late Sheriff D. W. Fuller, and a most popular member of a prosperous family.

The groom, a graduate of Wake Forest College, was, until a few months ago, Professor of Latin and Greek in Turlington Institute here. For the past few months he has represented the Brown Tobacco Company, of St. Louis, in the States of Ohio and Indiana, where he has met with an unusual success. He has recently been promoted, and for 1898 he will have the general superintendency of the State of West Virginia for the above named company.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

T. H. LACY, Editor.

WHAT'S the matter with the *Howler*?

ONLY ten days till Anniversary, boys; better have your hair cut before the rush begins.

NINETEEN newish, and none of them blacked. Green shoe-polish has been suggested as a substitute for the old-style Mason's blacking; it is easier to apply, and harder to remove.

THE Mayor's recent talk on the subject of side-walks has not yet had its effect. Red clay side-walks are a nuisance in rainy weather, and there is no excuse for their not being sanded, where sand is as plentiful as it is here.

THE second diamond mentioned some time ago in the STUDENT has been laid off in the athletic park. There are half dozen trees to be removed before the diamond can be used, however; better get them out of the way as soon as possible.

ABOUT that entertainment the night before Anniversary, it is going to be a fine thing, and it should be well patronized. It is to be hoped that enough young ladies will answer their share of the five hundred invitations in the affirmative to guarantee a "full house."

THE candidates for the team got in a little practice during the spring-time that came about the middle of January. It is astonishing to see how much some of them need this practice; one could almost wish that the

spring-time might last until the close of the season, so that the boys might practise more. The remainder of the team of '97 is in fairly good trim ; it is only among the new players that the deficiency is noticeable.

AT THE January meeting of the Scientific Society, held Jan. 11, Dr. S. Holding presented a paper on Tuberculosis. The paper was decidedly interesting, and instructive too. One fact that seemed rather astonishing was stated : At least one-half of the people you know will have been affected with pulmonary tuberculosis at some time, when they come to die. The most interesting part of the paper was the description of the various shifts that the system makes to get rid of this terrible enemy.

THE gymnasium which was mentioned in this department of the last issue of the STUDENT, is being fitted up in the dormitory, in the old Society halls. The partition between the halls is to be taken out, giving as large a floor as that of the old gymnasium. The work is being pushed, and it is to be hoped that it will be finished by the time of appearance of this issue of the STUDENT. A poor excuse for a gymnasium, such as this must of necessity be, is better than none at all. But the College needs a new building, with a large, well ventilated hall for the gymnasium, and bath-rooms attached ; and the gymnasium should have a competent director. Will nobody ever give the old College this building?

THE students owe somebody thanks for the great improvements in the College reading-room. A number of neat, well-arranged, and exceedingly compact shelves were put in on the south side of the room, for the accommodation of the Skinner library. At the same time the

newspaper stands were all lowered, so that a man may now sit in front of them instead of having to stand. Some of us, who are in the habit, kneel instead of sitting—you get closer to the paper that way. And, then, too, a rack for the magazines was put in a few days ago; this is a great improvement over the old tables, as one may get any magazine wanted without the necessity of moving ten or fifteen more that happen to be in the same file; that is, provided some one else has not already taken the magazine.

AT A meeting of the Athletic Association held Jan. 14, about forty dollars was pledged to the support of the team of '98, and a committee was appointed to canvass the College for more donations. Another committee was appointed to arrange for an entertainment to be given in the Memorial Hall on Thursday night, Feb. 10—the night before Anniversary. In response to an urgent call from the Association, Prof. Sikes gave us an eloquent, patriotic speech, in which he suggested that it was the duty of every member of the student body to do what he could for the support of the base-ball team. Everybody knows that Prof. Sikes was right; but somebody said that it would be a good idea for every member of the faculty to look at the pecuniary needs of the base-ball team in the same light. He was right, too.

“THE Wake Forest Book-buyers' Union; T. S. Grady, Manager.” This is a hustling concern. Grady purchased some days ago, from Miss Devereux, of Raleigh, an old family library. Among the rare and interesting books which I noticed are the following: “The Seaside and Fireside, by Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Co., 1850.” “Voices of the Night; Longfellow.

Cambridge: John Owen, 1844." "Ballads and Other Poems; Longfellow. Cambridge: John Owen, 1844." "Astræa; the Balance of Illusion: A Poem Read Before the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity of Yale, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Aug. 14, 1850; published by request of the Fraternity. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1850." "A Geographical Description of the State of Louisiana; by William Darby. Philadelphia: John Melish, 1816." "An Introduction to the Game of Chess, with a Collection of Poems by Sir William Jones and Dr. Franklin. Philadelphia: M. Carey & Son, 1817." "A History of Scotland in two volumes; Sir W. Scott. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea, 1830." "A History of France from the Earliest Times to the Death of Louis XVI.; John Gifford. Philadelphia: Bioran & Madam, 1796." "A Bible. Printed at Edinburgh by Assigns of Alexander Kincaid, His Majesty's Printer: 1784." "A Bible, with case. Cambridge: John Archdeacon, Printer to the University, 1796." A two-volume edition of Johnson's English Dictionary, with all the old man's original quaint humor; as Prof. Sledd says, "The genuine old Johnson himself." One of the most curious books in all the library is a "Song-book." It is bound in paper, and the songs are written, in a fairly legible hand, in ink; the date, 1797, is written in blue ink on the inside of the paper cover. As might be expected, many of these songs are never seen now, after a century of wearing out; but several of them, notably one or two from Burns, are known everywhere.

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HOW WE GOT THE CHARTER.

In these days of historical renaissance and personal reminiscence it may not be amiss to recall a personage who sixty-five years ago rendered eminent service to Wake Forest and to the cause of education in North Carolina. It is of William D. Mosely that I write and of the casting vote by which as Speaker of the Senate he secured to the Baptists of the State a charter of their college. There is in the annals of the institution no written or other memorial of him, and so far as I have heard the Baptists never made any public acknowledgment of their indebtedness to him. It is meet that even at this late day there should be a recognition, however tardy and imperfect, of the man and his courageous vindication of the rights of the Baptists to engage in the business of college education.

On the accession of Queen Anne to the throne of England dissenters from the State-church were subjected to severe persecutions. These persecutions were specially rigorous in the principality of Wales. So cruel and relentless were they that the Baptists of that part of the kingdom long observed the date of the Queen's death as a day of deliverance. Many of them and of other dissenters sought refuge in Holland. Among them were the ancestors of Mr. Mosely, and there, Jan. 4, 1711, his grandfather, Fully Mosely, was born. Having emigrated to Princess Anne County, Va., he was married,

1754, to Miriam Shipp. Matthew, the only child of this union, was born Nov. 9th, 1755. To escape the perils and losses of the war which was raging around Norfolk, he removed, 1777, to North Carolina and settled in Lenoir County. In 1783 he was married to Elizabeth Herring, Rev. Abram Baker, then one of the most prominent men among the Baptist pastors of the State, being the officiating minister. The young couple settled in a spacious and comfortable mansion about a mile from the present town of LaGrange. The residence was long known as Mosely Hall and for many years the station and village bore that designation. Mr. Mosely was a man of great energy and large business capacity, and wealth came to him rapidly. He was a Baptist, and the land on which the church at Bear Creek stood, about two miles from his residence, was his gift. Divisions and strife arising in the church over personal and other matters he withdrew and never afterwards identified himself with any body of Christians, though his interest in all religious enterprises continued until his death, which occurred on the 26th of October, 1820. His wife had died in 1812.

Of eleven children born to this pair, five sons and six daughters, nine reached mature age. William was the fourth son. He graduated at the University of North Carolina in 1818, in a class of which Bishop Green, Ham. Jones, Dr. Morrison, Hugh Waddell and President Polk were members. The college friendship between him and Mr. Polk continued through life. While studying law in Wilmington a chance meeting led to his marriage. Taking his accustomed walk one day he encountered a young lady on horse back. The horse shied and a handkerchief was dropped by the rider. The graceful courtesy

with which it was restored and the smiling glance with which it was received led to acquaintance and the rest.

He was a member of the Senate of North Carolina 1829-'38. While presiding over that body, 1834, the application of the Baptists for the charter of Wake Forest Institute created one of the most fiercely contested campaigns that the capitol had known.

It seems strange to us, looking back over sixty-five years, that there should have been any question or opposition. Certainly more and better educational facilities and institutions were needed. There was but one college in the State, the University at Chapel Hill ; and of that there were only thirteen graduates for each of the years, 1833-4.

There were no public schools and one in seven of the white population could neither read nor write. Under such circumstances it was to be expected that every effort to give the people better educational advantages would receive joyful and grateful recognition. As citizens, the petitioners had a right to the charter.

But before the bill to grant the charter had been offered, before it had ever been prepared, a spirit of opposition manifested itself and increased in bitterness as the discussion went on. The grounds of the opposition were diverse. It was new. Since the application of the Presbyterians for the charter of a college in Charlotte, more than sixty years before, nothing like it had been known. Novelty is always objectionable to conservatives, and North Carolina has always been conservative. Some friends of the University feared that it would be ignored by the rivalry of this new candidate for popular favor. But the opposition was fiercest and most unscrupulous among the friends and adherents of the Anti-

missionary Baptists—most effective also. One of them, a man of unusual ability and great force of character, though without culture, wrote a pamphlet over the signature of Clod-hopper ; had it printed at his own expense and copies of it laid on the desk of each member of the Legislature. Some persons still living will be able to recall the amazement with which they read the document after the occasion had long gone by : amazement awakened by its partisan spirit and its wild and unfounded statements. Those who did not know the relation of these people to the great body of the denomination were led to believe that the Baptists themselves were not agreed as to the bill which was pending and they feared to support a vote for it. The fight waxed hot, and in a few instances members who voted for the charter were defeated in the next election.

In the House the Baptists had considerable strength, and the struggle was soon over. But the opposition hoped to defeat the charter in the Senate, and its fate was doubtful even to the last moment. The report of the opposition had gone abroad and the denomination was greatly moved. Among others who went to the capital in that time, to see whether the legislators would refuse the rightful petition of the largest body of Christians in the State, then about 30,000 strong, was Dr. Stephen Graham, who was not only the most prominent physician but also the most influential Baptist in Duplin county. He was of New England stock, some of them Connecticut, which in colonial days was even less tolerant than Massachusetts toward the Baptists. George Graham was a popular and useful Baptist preacher in Lenoir county in 1760 ; how much earlier can not now be known. Some of the family came later and one of

them was a surgeon in the American army during the Revolution. Dr. Graham had been a member of the Legislature a few years before and his influence felt at once. When the vote was taken in the Senate it was a tie. Efforts were made to carry the speaker with the opposition, but he gave the casting vote for the charter and it was saved.

It is one of the curiosities of legislation that such a measure should have awakened such a storm of opposition and had so narrow an escape. But the agitation and discussion did grow in many ways. It quickened the spirit of education and showed the need of more schools. The opposition awakened in the Baptists an enthusiasm for their infant institution, an enthusiasm which has continued to this day. The University steadily increased in numbers and influence. Four years later the Presbyterians applied for a charter of Davidson College and it was granted without opposition. The other denominations have followed the example of the Baptists and Presbyterians, and for a good many years each of them has had its own college. But the Baptists in 1834 won the victory before the Legislature, and not only for themselves but for all the others, the right to carry on the business of college education in North Carolina. Five years from that time the system of public schools was established, which has since carried into every neighborhood and to every child the opportunities and facilities of elementary education. The Baptists had been brought prominently before the people of the State, and for several years there was an unusual number of them in the Legislature. Among them we read the names of the Dockeries, Wiseman, Samuel Sawyer, Pinckney Hardee, who was for many years the clerk and deacon

of the church at Kinston, and the Wootens, of LaGrange.

Mr. Mosely continued to represent his county in the Senate until 1838. In that year he removed to Florida, and after serving a term as Governor retired from public life, devoting himself to agricultural and professional pursuits, which were more in accordance with his tastes and his temper. The spirit of his ancestors, who had suffered so much for opinion's sake, was too strong in him for the largest measure of enjoyment or success as a politician. The college which he had saved was always dear to him. His son was for a while a student there.

Mr. Mosely died in 1863 at his home on the St. John's River, Palatka, Florida. He was a firm believer in the truths of christianity and thought to illustrate them in his daily life, but he never became a member of any church. North Carolina and the University have reason to be proud of him. Let his memory ever be green and fragrant in the halls of our *alma mater*.

J. D. Hufham.

HIS FIRST CASE.

Robert Graham, Attorney at Law, leaned back in his chair and, as his eyes took in the desk with its pigeon-holes, the dozen or so leather-bound books, his thoughts were of the serio-comic kind that sometimes come to one when he realizes the contrast between his hopes and the prospect of their attainment. He had resolutely hung out his shingle in his native town amid a dozen other lawyers with established reputations. Really it was not surprising that two months had passed with not a single case.

There was a knock at the door and in answer to the invitation, "Come in," an old negro man entered, removing his hat and bowing as he did so.

"Mornin,' Marse Bob!"

"Good morning, Uncle Phil. Come in. What can I do for you to-day?"

The old man took the proffered seat and, with hands resting on a stout hickory stick, replied,

"Well, Marse Bob, I've been thinkin' I'd come 'round an' ax you 'bout a little law matter. I knowed yer daddy mighty well. He used ter lib' 'jinin' us an' many's de time I'se 'companied him an' Massa on dere frolics an' I 'lows how you'd tell de truf' 'bout it. I'se skeered o' dese here lawyers, 'less I knows 'em mighty well.

"Missus, she died year 'fore last an' I kep' hearin' tell as how some furrin' feller had bought de place but I paid no strict 'tention an' went 'long jes' as I allaz has, 'cause Massa tole me I could hab de place 's long as I wanted ter. But here t'other day dis man come down an' tole me I'd hab ter git out an' lib' in dat ole cabin down on de creek, 'way, 'way from de house.

“You knows, Marse Bob, I’s e gittin’ mighty ole an’ I cain’t lib much longer, an’ dere up at cabin Sallie, she done buried. Right dere wuz whar I wuz raised, an’ me an’ Massa’s played dere many an’ many’s de time. An’ I alluz kinder wanted ter lay my ole bones dere side er Sallie an’ clos’ by whar Massa an’ Missus’ lyin’. So I jes’ kep’ a stayin’.

“Two weeks ago dis very day, Mr. Jackson,—he’s de constable or sump’n,—he come an’ read some papers an’ tol’ me I’d hab ter be at Mister Yates’ office de nex’ day. Dey had some kind er purceedin’ an’ I ain’t nebber knowed what it all meant. But here yistiddy Mr. Jackson come an’ moved out my things. De ole nigger hate mighty bad ter leave de home whar he’s done an’ lived all his life’ an’ I wuz a hopin’ you could hep’ me somehow ’rother.”

Graham asked a few questions and promised to do all he could. With many expressions of gratitude Uncle Phil bowed his way out.

For a while Graham sat thinking over this his first law case. Perhaps the best thing would be to look up Mr. Howard’s will, if he had left one. He soon found it at the court-house. After the usual preliminaries it stated that his property should go to his wife during her life and then to his daughter. But next came this, “Furthermore, wishing to reward Phil Howard, former slave of mine, for his faithfulness, I bequeath to him the house he now occupies and ten acres of the land surrounding, provided that he remain with my wife as long as she shall live.”

Next he would learn from Yates on what grounds Uncle Phil had been ejected. He regretted that he had to deal with Yates who was one of the overbearing kind and

would have little sympathy for a young fellow. In fact Yates had a reputation for the rough and ready use of ridicule and abuse. Others had frequently spoken cheering words to Graham, offered him the use of their books, and shown an interest in his success. Not so with Yates. In fact Graham doubted that Yates knew of his existence or cared for it.

He found Yates in his office and abruptly opened the subject.

"Mr. Yates, Phil Howard says that he has been turned out of his house by Mr. Atwater and that you were counsel in the matter. He has asked me to look into the rights of it and I would like to know on what grounds the ejection was made?"

"Why, my dear sir, on the grounds that the owner can do as he pleases with his own property!"

"But you don't know perhaps that Mr. Howard's will gives this house and ten acres of land to Phil?"

"I am perfectly aware of the will but, omitting other considerations that enter into the case, even under the words of the will he is not entitled to anything, for he did not remain with Mrs. Howard and refused to go with her to Richmond."

"But do you think it is right, Mr. Yates, for him to be turned out on such a pretext as that?"

"Right!" Yates growled back. "Young man, one of the first things you should do is to study your law books more and other things less. Whatever is law is right."

Graham returned to his office a little disheartened and wholly mad. The more he thought of it the more he felt the injustice. The more he studied the greater difficulties he saw. Several other things outside the will

came in to make it more complicated and it seemed to him that there could be no case involving more unfamiliar points.

Despite all this the docket in the clerk's office in a few days bore this entry,

“Howard vs. Atwater.”

He was now committed to the fight and gave to it all his time and energy. He accepted the invitations of his fellow lawyers and ransacked authorities and decisions for something to aid.

There were several visits to Uncle Phil and together they walked over the estate while Phil in his quaint way told touching tales of the happy days before the war, of how he had gone with “Massa an' Marse Graham” on fishing frolics and 'possum hunts, of the anxious days during the war when “Missus” looked on him as her right-hand man, of “ole Massa's” death and burial, and here the old man well nigh broke down as he tried to tell of that last talk with his master, when the sick man reached out and grasped the black hand of his old slave, saying, “Good bye and God bless you, Phil!”

Graham caught sunny glimpses of the bright side of slavery and his heart swelled with the resolve that Uncle Phil should live again in the old cabin and be buried at last not far from his old master to whom he had been more of friend than slave or servant. His own personality was put aside. It was no longer a chance to make reputation for himself but there was a wrong to right, injustice to correct, and he could put his every faculty into the fight without a reservation.

For two months he studied nothing else. He pictured the trial in every aspect. He dreamed of it at night and during his waking hours was continually on the hunt for

something bearing on the case. Col. Askew, who had retired from practice, manifested quite an interest in the case. He dropped in frequently, talked over new points, and gave much good advice. Especially well did Graham remember his parting words one day, "Put up the flight of your life, Bob. You may see bad places ahead, but keep going. I have always found that with undoubted right on my side whatever the difficulties, something would happen to help me out."

One of the chief contests would be over the words of the will, "provided he remain with my wife so long as she shall live." Would the court hold that "remain" meant stay on the plantation, or go with the wife? If this should be decided in his favor, he would have at least an even chance.

Court met. *Howard vs. Atwater* was set for Thursday. Every proceeding was closely watched by Graham, on the lookout for helpful hints. The celebrated Mr. Leslie was there in an important case and his graceful ease and courtliness appealed to Graham as did nothing else.

On Wednesday as he sat in his office at the close of the day's session, he felt his youth and inexperience more keenly than ever. He could not read or study, but sat with thoughts running ahead in anticipation of to-morrow. An express package was brought in. He had forgotten about ordering the next Supreme Court Report to be sent as soon as printed. Almost unconsciously he turned to the index under the head of Wills. In a moment he was rapidly turning the leaves. The case sought was read twice before he moved, and then, leaning back, he said, "I've got it. Col. Askew was right."

"Call the next case, Mr. Clerk," ordered the Judge on Thursday morning.

"Howard against Atwater."

"Are the parties ready for trial?"

"Ready, your Honor," responded both counsel, and the fight was on. Many of the lawyers kept their seats from curiosity to hear Bob Graham in his first case. Over on the right sat Col. Askew wishing good luck to his young friend, and beside him was Mr. Leslie.

Graham put the will in evidence and then called Phil Howard to the stand. The old man told his story with a straightforward candor that impressed all. On cross examination he admitted his refusal to accompany his mistress to Richmond, and would have explained, but Yates so interrupted him with questions and commands that the old man knew not what to say. For a quarter of an hour Graham grew more and more indignant as he saw Yates abuse and threaten the gray-haired negro, but after it was over, he simply asked,

"Uncle Phil, tell the Court how and why it was you did not go to Richmond?"

"It wuz jes' dis way, Marse Bob. Missus, she come one day an' say as how Miss Mary's writ for her to come an' live wid her an' she want me to go, too. But I tole Missus I wuz gittin' too ole ter move 'round and dat I wouldn't be worf a cent dere in de city. I couldn't lib much longer an' kinder hated ter leave de ole place whar I wuz born and raised an' it'd be better fur me ter stay an' kinder look ater things de bes' I could."

On this Graham rested his case. Immediately Yates arose. "May it please the Court, I move to dismiss the action, since on the plaintiff's own testimony he is not entitled to recover. His failure to fulfil the condition in the will makes it void."

Graham thought he was through and started to reply, saying that Yates' contention was without foundation,

that if it ever had been law, recent decisions had changed it, but Yates interrupted, "You will wait, sir, till I get through. Why, your Honor, the fulfilment of this condition is a prime essential. It is the gist of the whole matter. The very idea of anything else is absurd! Why, sir, this young man would have you change the very ground-work of law! No doubt youthful inexperience will palliate many errors, but he should remember that there are those whose lives have been spent in its study, who have grown to know and reverence the old landmarks, and no Court will dare touch them."

Indignation had taken away every trace of nervousness from Graham. "Your Honor please, to the charge of youth and inexperience I must plead guilty, but I hold it more excusable than age and ignorance. With regret I confess that I have not such intimate acquaintance with the old landmarks as I would like, but still, your Honor, I would remind opposing counsel that there is in law the new as well as old. I deeply regret the necessity of disturbing one of the old landmarks which he reveres so much, but I have to submit the case of *Doe* against *Roe* in the —th Report which has just been published. It is exactly parallel, and the Supreme Court holds that the word 'remain' means to stay on the plantation and not to move around with the party named."

There could be no doubt of it, and as Yates yielded in evident chagrin, several smiles of satisfaction passed among the lawyers present.

But the case was not lost to him yet, for he had much evidence in his favor on other points, and when it was all in, no one could have foretold the outcome. Yates' speech was good and forcible. Graham could see that it was having an influence on the jury. Still a glimpse

of Uncle Phil's earnest face helped him as he rose to make the final argument.

It was more of a talk than a speech. There were no flowers or fireworks. It was just a man telling to men what in his heart he held to be just and true. He reviewed all the evidence, explaining here, condensing there, and weaving it into a continuous whole with all the favorable points well to the front. It was not long before he was over close to the jury telling them the life story of Uncle Phil, of boyhood companionship when master and slave had played together, of the confidence shown when wife and child were left in his charge during the war, of his faithfulness in all things, and of later times when he had kept his place, working as in former slavery days.

The judge had stopped making notes on his charge to the jury and was thinking of his old black "Mammy" who had nursed him in infancy. The busy clerk had forgotten his hurry and with pen in hand was intently listening. Even Mr. Leslie was leaning forward in his chair to catch better the quiet accents of the speaker. Not one of the jury moved. Not a sound in all the room, for the simple little story with its burden of love and pathos was raising echoes in their hearts. And when the speaker softly told of that last good-bye between master and slave, of the dying man's "God bless you, Phil!" many in the room held down their heads to hide the honest tears.

The old man's race would soon be run. "Massa an' Missus" were lying on the hilltop. His body, worn and spent, must soon seek its last resting place. The days would be few and short. and it would be sweet for him to spend them amid the old associations.

“Gentlemen, it is in your power to say where they shall be spent. It is yours to say that he shall not return, that he must live and die far from the old home, but that you will, I do not believe, I cannot believe !”

His Honor consumed some time in arranging his notes and then with judicial calmness read the charge. It was only a short time before the jury returned and handed up their verdict. The judge read it.

“On the verdict of the jury the plaintiff, Philip Howard, is entitled to the land in controversy. Mr. Graham, you will write up the judgment and I will sign it. Court is now adjourned for dinner.”

Graham hardly realized it all. The judge, as he passed out, shook his hand. Mr. Leslie offered his congratulations. As for Col. Askew, he was simply overjoyed. “Why, I wouldn’t take a hundred dollars for it !” But best of all were the heartfelt words of Uncle Phil. “Gawd bless you, Marse Bob. You ’se been a sho’ nuff friend to the ole man. He cain’t do much, but he ’ll be settin’ over yonder in de ole cabin prayin’ de good Lawd ter take keer o’ you.”

R. Bruce White.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE
MONASTERIES ON EDUCATION.

The ruins of great buildings have made England a pleasant place for the traveller to loiter and spend the summer visiting these famous places. These ruins all covered with ivy are majestic. They recall the days when monks praying and laboring built them. The monasteries were useful in England. They were the links that united the barbarian West with the classic southern Europe. The monasteries represented intelligence and industry where men cared only for fighting and crusading. The monks were the model farmers of England. They made the desert places flourish and the vine to come up instead of the thistle. The monks were the historians of the middle ages—both of Church and State. They were also the teachers. Each monastery or nunnery had its corps of teachers. The children of the neighborhood were taught grammar and music without charge; in the nunneries the girls learned to read English and made some advance into Latin; they were also taught to labor, were given an opportunity to acquire skill in industry. The monasteries furnished a suitable place of retirement for those who wished to study. Their libraries were well-ordered and kept. With much painstaking labor manuscripts were copied and illuminated. In a word, through the ages of darkness the monasteries kept the light burning.

But institutions, like men, serve their day and generation and give way to the new. In the sixteenth century England was breaking the bonds that bound her; with a leap and a spring she was bounding forward; her restless energy drove her mariners to unknown seas,

under strange skies. The New Learning struck mediæval ideas and tumbled scholasticism out of the way. In ecclesiastical affairs England under Henry VIII had seceded from the papacy and made good that secession. Henry VIII was a despot, but the peculiarity of his despotism was that it was legal ; his was a despotism under the color of law. Parliament never frightened him, for he could manipulate it. The barons had been the champions against royal supremacy, but they had fought among themselves till they were no more. The Church still remained as the last barrier against the King's despotic rule. This power Henry VIII prostrated.

After the pathetic fall of the devoted Wolsey Th. Cromwell became Henry's advisor and chief minister. Cromwell's policy was to place the King beyond all control of legislature or people. Between him and this stood the monasteries. Their immense wealth gave them power and political influence. The mitred abbot was a politician. Toward this wealth of the Church greedy eyes had long been looking. The hungry courtiers that ever lag at the heel of royalty were anxious to despoil this fair vineyard. It was no new idea when Th. Cromwell advised the dissolution and destruction of these monasteries. Wolsey had secured papal approval for the confiscation of certain church properties for the purpose of founding schools. Henry VIII now conceived the plan of destroying all the lesser monasteries on the ground that they were hot-beds of vice and licentiousness. Commissioners were appointed to visit and in their report they recommend that the monasteries be destroyed. Henry was too wise a statesmen to venture to condemn all in one fell stroke, but in a few years the larger monasteries followed the lesser. The vestments

were taken from the altar, the plate from the table, the lead from the roof, and the stone from the walls, and sold. With ruthless hand the monks were turned out into the cold. Their homes were destroyed and their lands appropriated by the King. This is why England is marked with such majestic ruins.

Henry declared that the purpose of this wholesale destruction and confiscation was educational; that he meant the proceeds to endow schools, to a continuance of the policy of Wolsey. Henry VIII had broad ideas. He intended to create nineteen bishoprics in each of which there was to be not only an endowment for divinity students, but for scholars also. Thus it was designed to pay "a reader in humanity of Greek £30, Hebrew £30, civic law £30, physic £20, and sixty scholars 5 marks each year." When Henry VIII's courtiers were asking for more land he replied, "I judge no land in England to be better bestowed than that given to our universities." Henry's good resolutions died aborning. Though some writers have dared to say that the fall of the monasteries was an impetus to education, and that the confiscated monastic funds were made endowments for colleges, I have been unable to verify this statement. *The proceeds of these monasteries did not become an educational fund; they never found their way to institutions of learning.* Henry, Cromwell and Cranmer believed that the best use to which ecclesiastical funds could be put was for the extension of knowledge. Cromwell recognized the political necessities of the times and advised Henry to sell the lands to the courtiers "cheap." Henry quickly exhausted all the resources on his courtiers and nothing was left for education.

The dissolution of the monasteries crippled the schools then in existence. The universities felt it sharply. Monasteries and convents had supported scholars at the universities, but now they were no longer feeders. Prestige abroad diminished, the number of students declined and the outlook was not hopeful. Poor men's sons no longer attended; the monasteries had befriended them, for the church in the middle age was democratic. To take the place of the monasteries, clergymen of more than £100 living were enjoined to support one or more scholars. But this had no more influence than did the injunction on the new owners to keep up hospitality. The immediate effect of the dissolution was the degredation of knowledge. The libraries were scattered and destroyed. The manuscripts, which represented so much work, were used for the most menial domestic purposes. The rich covers were torn off the books and men bought them to rub their boots and to polish candle-sticks. Bale laments the despoiling of England's most noble antiquities. Wyclif's and Occam's works were burned and the library of Merton College destroyed.

Some of the public schools were swept away in the tide of the dissolution. The school at Evesham was not restored till the time of James I. Female education was set back for years; there was no place left for girls.

All these misfortunes were intensified by the rise of rent and other goods. Latimer laments that "there is no one now to help the poor scholars." There were many high schools in England at this time. The thirty years previous to the Reformation had seen many of these schools founded, but the short reign of the young Edward VI is distinguished by the formation of thirty grammar schools, and even under his sister Mary, "bloody Mary," Trinity College was founded.

The truth is that Henry VIII permitted the proceeds of the dissolution to be wasted in "riotous living, in dice-playing, gambling and banqueting." Indirectly education was advanced by the dissolution. Before this time all education was under monastic influence; the ideas of the church were too ecclesiastical; the dissolution of the monasteries set education free. It passed the narrow confines of the monastery and the close shell of ecclesicism, and went out into the world. Though the schools suffered, education was freed.

Walter Sikes.

THE TRAMP.
—

Dreamer of dreams am I—

A dreamer of idle dreams,
Midst the sultry hum of the droning fly
That basks in the summer beams.

Why should I not dream dreams,
Feel music, and dwell in light
More sweet than the murmur of gurgling streams
Or the twinkle of stars by night?

Work? Ah, no! No work,
For work brings money to me,
And money leads on all the demons that lurk
In the train of misery.

To come and go at will
Toward evening or morning star,
To mix with men, or on twilight hill
Watch the dust of the city afar,—

That is the life I love:
But men say I live in vain,—
Poor brutes who can only crowd and shove
And groan with a fevered brain!

Yet oft from my heart arise
Vague longings for sympathy;
For what is the dream-light of earth and skies
If no one can share it with me?

J. C. M.

A RUINED HOME.

In Henderson county, in the western part of North Carolina, and not far from the little town of Hendersonville, there stand the remains of a farm-house, which ten years ago was one of the happiest and most beautiful homes in the county.

This house is situated in a large and beautiful grove of oaks about fifty yards from the public road, and there are few people in the neighborhood who wish to get any nearer the house than the road, for it is rumored among the rural population of the community that this house is "hanted."

While hunting in the neighborhood of the house last summer, I was told that every night as darkness approached, these spirits of the other world begin their work, and that at midnight anyone in the road might hear wafted upon the night breeze the sound of drunken curses, screams, and, mingled with these, the sound of a sweet voice in prayer. I was told that very often after these sounds ceased, a pistol shot would ring out sharp and clear upon the night air, and that after this, nothing more could be heard. The farmer with whom I stopped for the night told me that the people stood so much in fear of the house that no one dared even hunt anywhere near it.

I was never a believer in ghosts, but I must admit that as I sat there that night and listened to these stories told me by one whom I knew to be truthful and honest, I began to wonder if there was not some truth in them after all. While retiring for the night I made up my mind that I would get up before dawn, visit the old house and find out for myself if there was any truth in these reports.

I awoke about four in the morning but as the old farmer's stories came up fresh in my mind, I compromised the matter and decided that it would do just as well for me to wait until daylight before going to inspect the old house. As soon as I saw the first rays of the rising sun pictured upon the mountains to the westward, I started out upon my mission.

As I approached this sad and desolate old structure, it seemed as if years had passed since a track had been made around it. The weeds were thick and unbroken, and as I drew near to what had once been a beautiful summer-house, a rabbit jumped up within a few feet of me and ran off through the weeds. I was at once convinced by the queer sensation that came up in my throat, that no matter how much I might boast of being free from superstition, there must be a little of it somewhere in my nature, if a rabbit was able to produce such a sensation as I had just experienced.

After examining the premises, I found that this place must at one time have been a rich and magnificent home. The house itself was of stone and two stories high. It contained twelve large rooms with numerous closets and extending nearly all around the building were large porticos, the banisters of which now in many places had fallen down. As I walked through the house I could smell a damp and musty odor, and the plastering overhead was entirely off in some of the rooms. After examining thoroughly all the features of the place, and bearing in mind the sad story of the family who once resided there, I came to the conclusion that if there were any spirits who would like to make their headquarters here below, they could do no better than cast their lot with this old farm-house.

And this is the story, which I know to be true, even if the ghosts and spirits with which the place is said to be infested are all a fake.

In 1880 John Dalton was the prosperous owner of this now deserted old house. He had inherited it from his wealthy and aristocratic ancestors, who boasted that they could trace their origin back to the royal blood of the Tudors.

John Dalton had inherited all the vast wealth of his father together with a passion for strong drink, which could be traced back all through the Dalton family. He was one of those men who are all right so long as things run smoothly, but who cannot bear the thought of facing misfortune and disaster. A few years previous to the opening of our story, Dalton had married a beautiful woman in the city of Asheville,—a woman whom he found to be as good and pure as she was beautiful. They had only one child, Maud, who bore her mother's name and also her features.

Dalton and his wife lived happily for a few years, but soon those troubles came which John Dalton had never learned to face as a man should. His first blow came when he learned that there was a mortgage on his home, but being quite wealthy, he paid this off very easily. After this disaster fell upon him, he got into the habit of leaving home for several days at the time, telling his wife that he had business in Asheville.

His wife finally found that he had become addicted to drink and that these trips were not for business, but for the purpose of gratifying his inherited appetite. It went on this way for about a year. Mrs. Dalton would plead with her husband to leave off drink and he would make promise after promise to do so, but no sooner were they

made than broken. Still the wife lived in the hope that her husband would yet reform. Little did she know that there was another agency still more loathsome than drink which was throwing its links over her husband. If so, she might have been in time to save him. Sometimes he would be in the highest of spirits and seem to be a very happy man. During these periods of brightness he would make all kinds of plans for the future. But it seemed as if every one of these periods of cheerfulness would be followed by a fit of despair and gloom.

After he had come home one night from an unusually long stay in Asheville, his wife had occasion to open a small grip which she found in his room, and it was in this grip that she discovered the cause of her husband's fits of cheerfulness followed by the periods of melancholy. Lying there in the grip was an innocent looking little instrument, which at first she could not name, but upon closer inspection, she found that it was an epidermic syringe, and then she became convinced that her husband was a victim of the morphine habit. With throbbing heart, she went to him and pleaded as only a tender and loving wife can plead, but with curses he pushed her away, and it was only by the interference of little Maud, that he was kept from striking her.

From this night on it seemed as if the shadow of death hovered over this once happy and cheerful home. Even beautiful little Maud, who was now twelve years of age, seemed to realize that it was only a question of time when she should see her father go down to his grave from the effects of whiskey and that still more deadly poison morphia, both of which had now fastened their coils around him in a manner impossible for him to throw off. She was also old enough to know that the blank look on

her mother's face, the pitiful expression of the eye, and the thin white lips that had now ceased to brighten the lovely face with smiles were all caused by a heart which was breaking for the want of a husband's love and care.

Let us quickly carry the reader over the next two years of the history of the Dalton family. They were years full of sorrow and gloom to the wife and little daughter of John Dalton; for instead of bettering his condition, he was sinking deeper and deeper into the slough of dependency and utter ruin.

It was now one of those typical June evenings in 1890. For two weeks the heavens had been dimly veiled with smoke, and the hazy air brought the odor of burning woods. The sun, sinking behind the mountains to the west of the Dalton homestead cast a halo of brightness upon everything around. The scene was one well fitted to arouse the most dormant breast to a realisation of the beautiful landscape which stretched out from the Dalton farm-house. The dusky air was filled with sweet, yet sad sounds. The voice of the whippoorwill in the grove and the lowing of cattle in the barn-yard, blended with the sweet perfumes arising from the honey-suckle and hyacinth made one forget the cares of life and only wish that he might forever rest, wrapped in this mystic veil.

It had been just one year from this evening of which I speak since Mrs. Dalton had discovered the little instrument that was sapping the vigor and life-blood from her husband. He had gone on from bad to worse; and now on this evening little Maud, her brow scorched with fever, lay dying. Her chamber was as still as death, and her bed had been drawn up by the window on the west side of the house. When the doctor had given up all hope of recovery, she requested them to carry her there

in order that she might view for the last time the mountains and her flowers, which were then in the height of their beauty. Little Maud had, from her earliest infancy been a great lover of nature and all that was beautiful and pure.

The father, after having been told that Maud could not live through the night, thought to find comfort in an over-dose of morphine. His system had now become so accustomed to the poison that he had to charge the little instrument with all it could hold in order to feel its soothing effects. Although Dalton loved his daughter dearly, he could not endure the thought of death, and he remained in another room with his face buried in his hands, suffering such hellish pangs of remorse and melancholy as only the after effects of morphia can produce.

Sitting by the bedside of little Maud was the grief-stricken mother, whose once beautiful face was now almost as broken and furrowed with grief as was her husband's from his two deadly enemies.

Suddenly the child rose up in bed and it seemed that her mind was cleared from delirium. She looked around and murmured, "Mamma, I must now leave you, but don't be grieved; there will come brighter days after I am gone. Oh! mamma, I know that it can't go on this way always."

The stricken mother made an effort to speak, but only grasped Maud's hand tighter and cried, "Oh! darling, don't, don't leave me! You are all I have now, and after you are gone—Oh! God, let me go too!"

"No, mamma, God will be with you; he is even with us now. Look at those flowers of mine, mamma, they are the eyes of God watching over us. I do so much wish it was as it used to be, but don't cry, mamma, I am—

now going—to see—God. Please call—papa,—I want—to speak—to him—before—I—go.”

The mother gave a shriek of anguish that seemed to split her heart in two, and fell in a dead faint upon the floor. The husband, hearing the scream, came staggering into the room, and as he stood there and viewed the fruits of his work, he only uttered curse after curse. The eyes of the little sufferer looked around the room until they fell upon her father and then she stretched forth her hand and cried, “Oh! papa, don’t—don’t. I am—going—now. I will—tell—God—to—help—you. Take care of—mama. Good—bye—pa—.” Before the last word was uttered, she tried to rise up in bed, but fell back in the repose of death. The spirit of Maud was then in heaven, but oh! in what a miserable condition had she left her father and mother.

As she fell back dead, the father left the room, uttering the words, “I will do it!” and in a few moments a shot rang out through that chamber of death, and the father was at last freed from his two deadly enemies.

Servants tried to revive the grief-stricken mother, but without success. Before the morning dawned, the prophecy of her darling had been fulfilled, and she had found “brighter days” with little Maud.

William P. Etchison.

FORMALDEHYDE, A NEW DISINFECTANT.*

The gaseous compound, Formaldehyde, has been known to chemists ever since 1867; so that we cannot claim for our subject to-night all the chemical interest of some newly discovered element, but we do claim for it a very great interest, and this interest lies in its valuable applications. Strange to say, the discovery of these is a recent thing, and in this respect formaldehyde is something new.

This gas was accidentally discovered by Prof. A. W. Hoffmann, a German chemist, in 1867. In heating a platinum spiral over the flame of an ordinary laboratory lamp burning methyl, or wood alcohol, he noticed that a gas was produced, and this he called formic aldehyde, from the fact that the aldehyde would oxidize easily and form formic acid.

Not until 1888, more than twenty years after its discovery, was it known that formaldehyde possessed anti-septic properties; and it was only in 1892 that A. Trillat, a French investigator, gave to the French Academy of Sciences the results of his experiments on its germicidal properties. This served to awaken an interest in the subject, which has continued to increase up to the present. The investigations of the past two years, especially, carried on both in the United States and abroad, have demonstrated the fact that, for many reasons, formaldehyde is superior to any other known disinfectant. In fact, we have no other disinfectant that is perfect, and that can always be used satisfactorily. This is important when we remember the nature of disinfection,

*Condensed from an address read before the Wake Forest Scientific Society, February 1, 1898.

tion, and its controlling influence over the spreading of various infectious diseases.

The qualities sought in a disinfectant are a deodorizer, a germicide, and at the same time a substance that can be handled easily, and can be used in disinfecting various things, as furniture, wearing apparel, etc., without injuring or discoloring them. The first, the deodorizing quality, is important, but not fundamental. Bad odors are usually a good sign that bacteria are actively present, and this reminds us of the need of disinfection; but it often happens that in imperfect disinfection we merely remove the odor, and the germs of disease, though probably in an inhibited condition, are uninjured and are only waiting for an opportunity to get into our system, where by their growth and multiplication they may produce their deadly poison. The germ theory of disease has been too well established for us to doubt that in infectious diseases the disease-producing agent is a living organism; and that the deleterious physiological effect of these organisms, bacteria, spirilla, bacilli, etc., is due to certain poisonous chemical compounds which they elaborate in the human system. These are usually called toxins, and the explanation of their production is just as simple as that of the production of alcohol. We all understand that but for the tiny little yeast plant there would be no alcoholic drinks; and just as yeast makes alcohol from sugar so these other organized ferments produce their toxins.

Infectious diseases can be treated successfully with antitoxins, but evidently it is more desirable to destroy the organisms before they enter our system. To do this is the primary purpose of disinfection. But how shall we accomplish this when we remember that these micro-

scopic organisms are everywhere in the air, that they rise from dusty floors by the thousands under the influence of the slightest jar. For instance, how would we disinfect a bed room; that is, the atmosphere of the room, the furniture, and possibly delicately colored draperies; the latter without injuring them? Evidently this could be done only by using a gas, as nothing else could penetrate all parts of the room, and insinuate itself into all the draperies and furnishings. Hot steam is a good disinfectant, and has been used for this, but the objection to its use is manifest. It could be used only in an unfurnished room, and even then the walls of the room would be ruined. But admitting that steam could always be used conveniently, another objection to its use is the surprising fact that steam, at the temperature of boiling water, is not a perfect germicide. There are bacteria which do not succumb when exposed to hot steam for a considerable time, and the spores of some bacteria are not killed by steam at all.

Sulphur di-oxide, made by burning sulphur, used to be employed universally as a disinfectant, especially in disinfecting houses and ships. It is the oldest disinfectant known, and was used for years before it was known that steam had disinfecting properties. Sulphur di-oxide is a good disinfectant, but it is a better bleaching agent, which fact renders its use as a disinfectant, impracticable. The walls and all colored articles in a room would be damaged more by sulphur di-oxide than by steam. Chlorine was once thought to be as good a disinfectant as sulphur di-oxide, but one has only to remember the wonderful chemical activity of this element to see that its use would be more destructive than that of sulphur di-oxide, or steam. Chlorine not only bleaches fabrics, but destroys all fabrics of animal origin.

It seems peculiarly fortunate that just when the study of bacteria had forced us to realize the true significance of disinfection, and its absolute necessity, that we should discover that formaldehyde possessed disinfecting properties superior to those of either steam or sulphur di-oxide; that it could be used with great facility; that it would penetrate bedding, curtains, carpets, upholsterings, etc., and thoroughly disinfect them without injuring fabric or color. That this is true has been established by series of careful experiments made by a number of investigators.

Formaldehyde has been tested as a germicide both in the gaseous form, and in solution in water. And I may say that commercially, we always find formaldehyde on the market as a 40 per cent. solution of the gas in water, or wood alcohol. This solution is called formalin; and if used as a liquid disinfectant, it is diluted to a one or two per cent. solution. Experiments have shown that a one per cent. solution is sufficient to destroy fresh virulent cultures of typhoid, cholera, anthrax, etc., in fifteen minutes. This solution is also a fine deodorizer, and is sometimes used just to remove bad odors.

Formaldehyde gas may be obtained from formaline by exposing the solution in a large, shallow vessel, when the gas will be liberated. Though in this way a room may be thoroughly disinfected, for some reasons it is best to get the gas in another way, of which I shall speak presently. It was once thought that formalin, thus exposed in a shallow vessel, would give up all the gas held in solution, but the truth is only a small per cent. of the gas is liberated. Besides, in this method a quantity of the formaldehyde is changed to paraformaldehyde, and is found deposited around the edge of the vessel as a

white soapy looking solid. This substance is now known to be polymerized formaldehyde. It is insoluble in water, alcohol, and ether, and is valueless as a disinfectant until heated, when the gas is given off.*

For purely economical reasons formaldehyde gas for use as a disinfectant is seldom obtained from formalin. It is made now by the partial oxidation of methyl alcohol, just as it was first made by Hofmann, though the formaldehyde lamp in use now is a great improvement over his. Several lamps have been devised, but the best one probably is that of Professor Robinson, of Bowdoin College, Maine. This lamp is similar to a student's lamp in its construction, and will generate gas in sufficient quantity to disinfect a room of more than ordinary size.

Dr. Alvah H. Doty, health officer of the port of New York, gives in a recent article some interesting results of several series of experiments which he performed to test the germicidal properties of formaldehyde. His

*Formaldehyde, CH_2O , is what chemists call an unsaturated compound; that is, a compound that can combine with other compounds without losing its own identity. In this case there is no change in the molecular arrangement, and the compound formed thus is called a molecular compound. Polymerization means simply that an unsaturated compound, in the absence of other substances, with which it might combine, suffers a change of atomic weight and forms another compound, but one having the same molecular arrangement as the original compound. Thus, while the formula for formaldehyde is CH_2O , the formula for the solid, paraformaldehyde, is $(\text{CH}_2\text{O})_3$. This compound, when heated forms three molecules of the gas, CH_2O .

Sometimes the odor of formaldehyde is removed from a room by means of ammonia gas, with which formaldehyde forms the molecular compound $\text{CH}_2\text{O}\cdot\text{NH}_3$. This is a white solid, and is odorless. Though good ventilation usually removes the not very disagreeable odor of formaldehyde, and this ammonia process need not be used.

experiments were performed on cultures of plague, anthrax, diphtheria, and cholera, in a room of a thousand cubic feet space. With these cultures he inoculated small pieces of a thick woolen blanket, in each case rubbing the culture well into the blanket. After exposures to the gas for varying lengths of time, these cultures were placed in suitable culture media; and their subsequent growth, or failure to grow, gave the result of the experiments. To make the test more severe, Dr. Doty, in some of his experiments, sealed up the inoculated pieces of blanket in envelopes, or wrapped them in towels, newspapers, etc. After performing these experiments in various ways, making the exposures for varying lengths of time, and burning varying amounts of alcohol, he reached the conclusion that a pint and a half of alcohol burned in the aldehyde lamp, with twelve hours' exposure, will thoroughly disinfect a room of a thousand cubic feet space. In no case did he find growth, either in plague, anthrax, diphtheria, or cholera, after the cultures had been subjected to these conditions.

He obtained similar, and equally conclusive, results from experiments with formalin, in a room of the same size; but an objection to the use of formalin, besides the one already mentioned, is the fact that the solution, formalin gives off the gas very slowly and irregularly. Paraformaldehyde, when heated gives good results, but this is an expensive process.

The gas, liberated in any way, always has the same properties so deadly to all forms of bacteria; though, if possible, its action seems more powerful when the gas is in the nascent state. This fact, together with the desirability of being able to control its volume, makes it advisable to get the gas directly from the aldehyde lamp.

The use of formaldehyde as a disinfectant is now recommended by boards of health generally, and it seems to be destined to reform all our methods of sanitation. Should its use become universal, should town and city authorities require its systematic use, our liability to contract contagious and infectious diseases would be reduced to the minimum, and epidemics would be unknown. This is only a suggestion of the important part destined to be played by formaldehyde in the prevention of disease. With its use, no disease need ever be contracted from handling imported articles of commerce, as now not infrequently happens. In buying furs and rugs, we need no longer fear that they conceal in their soft, downy recesses the living spores of some deadly bacillus, which may inoculate us with a fatal disease. This has been a not unusual cause of the spread of disease. A number of pathogenic organisms are fatal to man as well as to more than one kind of animal; and when an animal dies while afflicted with one of these diseases, living spores of the particular pathogenic organism can be found in the animal's fur, for months after the hide has been dressed and put on the market, probably in the shape of a rug.

Formaldehyde dissolved in water is also used extensively as a preserving fluid, and, for some reasons, it is better for this purpose than alcohol. An objection to alcohol as a preserving liquid is its tendency to dissolve any organic substance. This difficulty is overcome in the use of formalin, even a two or three per cent. solution. It has been found that specimens preserved in this weak solution retain their color better, and that the delicate structure of the tissues is preserved better, than when the specimens are kept in alcohol. Add to this the fact that it is cheaper than alcohol, and you recognize at once the value of formalin.

It seems also to be useful in preserving foods, especially milk, being used for this purpose in the proportion of one part to ten thousand. But it is doubtful if its use in this way is to be advised. The properties of formaldehyde are such that it is not safe to take it internally even in this small amount ; though, so far, no bad results have been noticed from its use. It is possible that a small amount of it is not injurious, but it is more probable that its effect on the digestive ferments is anything but the best.

So much for formaldehyde with the knowledge that we have of it at present ; but the end is not yet ; and with continued investigation, it is almost certain that the next few years will see wonderful results accomplished by its use*.

Hubert M. Evans.

*Formaldehyde has furnished chemists with an interesting field for study, and it has chemical properties of very great interest. To speak of these has been beyond the scope of the present paper. But the thing of special interest about formaldehyde is that it has given us a seemingly accurate theory concerning the process by which chlorophyll-bearing plants are able to make sugar from the carbon dioxide which they inhale. The theory is that carbon dioxide is first reduced to formaldehyde, as an intermediate step, and that this is then transformed into starch and sugar. This belief is based on the fact that in the laboratory formaldehyde is readily converted into sugar. Of course, we shall probably never know exactly what chemical reactions take place in a green leaf, but the theory is interesting, and is likely to lead to still more interesting discoveries.

THE ANNIVERSARY DEBATES: A GLANCE BACKWARD.

For more than thirty years the Literary Societies of Wake Forest College were content to celebrate their birthdays by the delivery of orations at night and a reception immediately after. The former were delivered in the old Chapel (now divided into the lecture-rooms of Profs. Gulley, Cullom and Sikes), and the latter was held in the Society Halls on the fourth floor of the same building.

The afternoon debates, which for twenty-six years have proved a pleasing feature of the Anniversaries, were inaugurated mainly through the influence of Mr. Robert Samuel Pritchard, who had graduated at the head of his class in 1868. After spending two years at the University of Virginia, he was accepted by the Foreign Mission Board in Richmond as a missionary. While he was making preparations to join Dr. Yates in Shanghai, China, and was eagerly looking forward to a life of usefulness in his chosen field, his health began to fail. He spent the winter of 1871-72 at Wake Forest, bravely struggling, by active out-door labor, to regain his strength and establish his impaired health. It was during this winter that Mr. Pritchard urged upon prominent members of the Societies the inauguration of the debate, at least as an experiment. After much discussion, joint action was taken by the Societies. The first debate was held on Feb. 14th, 1872. But before this Anniversary Mr. Pritchard had passed from earth to heaven.

The writer of this article has been interested in looking over the records, faithfully kept, of the twenty-six debates. At the first, Mr. J. H. Garvey of Ashe county

was President. The first record is as follows : "The afternoon debate being a new feature in the Anniversary celebration, the resolutions under which it was held were read." The question was, "Is Increase of Knowledge Increase of Happiness?" This was discussed by Messrs. F. R. Underwood of Johnston county, M. D. Burney of Alabama, A. R. Jones of Wake county, and R. S. Vann of Hertford county.

What impresses the reader of these records more than anything else is the gradual improvement, after the first few years, in the character of the questions selected for discussion. These were at first, for the most part, hackneyed and outworn subjects, though many can bear testimony to the fact that they afforded occasion for genuine oratory and brilliant rejoinder.

The second debate in 1873 was upon the old, old question about Napoleon Bonaparte. Each of the men who took part in it have made their mark in the world—three at the bar and one in the pulpit. They were H. R. Scott, A. C. Dixon, D. A. Covington, and Bruce Williams.

In the years immediately following were discussed such questions as these :—"Is the Sword Mightier than the Pen?" "Which Is the Cause of More Evil, Ambition or Intemperance?" "Was Calhoun or Clay the Greater Statesman?" "Was the Career of Henry the Eighth Beneficial to England?"

It was not until 1882 that questions involving practical, economic factors and the public policy of our own country began to get their innings. The first of these, in regard to "Universal Suffrage," was discussed by Messrs. Ferrell, Beckwith, Hilliard, and T. Dixon. It is still remembered as an exceptionally bright and vigorous dis-

cussion. In 1883, the bone of contention was furnished by "Foreign Immigration," in 1885, by "England *versus* Ireland," and in 1886, by "Free Education by Taxation."

The more recent tendency in the choice of themes for debate seems to be a further development in the same direction. The following are some of the more recent subjects:—"A United States Railroad Commission," "Henry George's Plan for Single Tax," "Election of U. S. Senators by Direct Vote," and "Government Ownership of Railroad and Telegraph Lines."

Such questions as these certainly require more thought and study than was needed during the first decade of the debates. They are certainly more profitable, also, to the large audiences that hear and enjoy the speeches, being stimulating to thought and distinctly educational.

There has been a gradual improvement, not only in the questions, but also in the debates themselves. More pains are taken to secure full and accurate information. More stress is now laid on essential than incidental features. There is better taste exhibited in the personal references in the second speeches.

All these changes for the better are some of the outward indications—as they are the results—of the gradual expansion of the courses of study and the general improvement of the work of the whole College. This being the case, there is ground for hope that at the end of another decade the Anniversary debates will be even more instructive and attractive than they have ever been. But who can forecast the questions of our twentieth century debates? They are likely to arise from conditions yet unborn.

LOSING A DEER TO WIN A MAID.

It was a jolly crowd that got off the train on the evening of May 31, 1892, as it stopped at Jonesville, a little village snugly hidden in a valley of the Rocky Mountains. There were eight of us in the party, including our half-Indian guide. We had left New York a week before to spend some time in the West, hunting, sight-seeing, and having a good time in general. On arriving, our guide conducted us to a large, but rather barn-like house, before which swung a huge board on which, in large letters, was printed "Blackmore Hotel." Here we passed the night very comfortably.

Early the next morning we mounted the horses which our guide had procured, and each in full hunting suit and armed with a Colt repeating rifle, we set out for a wood some ten or twelve miles distant, where it was said we should find plenty of deer. We rode for two hours, then our guide stopped, and, taking the dogs with him, posted each of us at a stand where he thought the deer would probably pass. My position was near a large rock, and there I stood for an hour or more without hearing a sound, save the gurgling and splash of the water as it fell over a rock, or, now and then, the distant note of some bird as it whistled to its mate.

But at last in the distance I caught the faint sound of the dogs, then it became more distinct. They seemed to be coming right toward me. I grasped my rifle tighter and stood with my finger on the trigger intently waiting. I did not have long to wait; soon I heard a stick break and looking in that direction saw a fine buck come bounding down the mountains. He appeared to be coming

right to me, but when about a hundred yards from me he turned a little to the left and was passing within thirty steps of me, when I fired. He jumped into the air and fell head-long, but, greatly to my sorrow and chagrin, he scrambled to his feet again and continued his course, though not so fast as before and leaving a trail of blood as he went.

I knew he would not be able to go far, so I followed him in a run. Heedless of where I was going, I followed the marks of blood, as fast as I could, for half an hour, when I came upon the deer lying dead. But just as I was examining my victim with feelings of pride, I was roughly seized from behind, bound and blind-folded almost before I realized what had happened. My captors then led me away I knew not where. I tried to remonstrate, to tell them I had not offended any one, but it was useless; they spoke not a word, and when I tried to stop, the one from behind struck me such a blow that I was glad to move on. Finally they stopped and I heard a heavy door swing on its hinges, and my hands were untied and pushing me down some steps they shut the door, and I heard the grating noise made by sliding the fastenings into place.

I snatched the cloth from my eyes and looked around. I was in what seemed to be an underground chamber dug in rock and dimly lighted by a hole in the upper portion of the wall, about eight inches in diameter. There was no furniture except a kind of bench in one corner of the apartment. I listened and heard the retiring footsteps of my captors, but no other sound disturbed the stillness. I yelled for help, but my voice died away, leaving complete quiet. I tried to find the door, but in the darkness everywhere solid rock seemed to confront

me, and in despair I gave it up and sat down on the bench to collect my wits.

Just how long I had been sitting here I do not know, when I heard, at first in the distance, then plainer, a sweet girlish voice singing. The singer approached, as it seemed within a few steps of me and was passing, when it occurred to me that the possessor of such a soft, sweet voice could not be an accomplice of my unjust imprisonment. So, in the most persuasive tone at my command, I called:

“Young lady!”

The song ceased and I heard her stop as if listening. I called again.

“Who is it that calls and where are you?” she asked.

“I am here in this cave, imprisoned, for what and by whom God alone knows.”

She approached the cave and, putting her face to the window, looked in. Never shall I forget her face as I saw it then; its image is indelibly stamped upon my heart. It was the face of a girl of eighteen, with black wavy hair, lustrous black eyes that softened with pity as she looked, a face exceedingly fair and as perfectly chiseled as a sculptured Venus. Such a charming picture did she make, that it was a moment before I could reply to her question as to what my name was and how I came to be there. But I finally succeeded in telling her and describing the manner in which I had been captured.

She then told me that her name was Marjory Rosemond, that she had been captured, six months before, by these men who were a band of outlaws that caught and put into that stone cave to perish every man that came within ten miles of their dwelling. They had taken her and her father together. Her father had perished and

she had been spared only to become the wife of one of them, whom she was going to be forced to marry the next week. The thought of this beautiful girl being mated to an outlaw filled me with horror, and I resolved to save her, if possible, from that awful fate. But she was thinking of some way to liberate me. After a moment's hesitation, she said:

"I am going to steal the key after they go to sleep tonight and come and let you out. Be ready when you hear me coming."

And before I could speak she was gone. It was then about sunset; so if she succeeded in getting the key I would not have long to wait.

In about three hours I heard quick footsteps as of some one rapidly coming toward the cave. My heart stood still with excitement, but the step was too light for a man; it must be she. She came up and I heard her slip the key in and the bolts grate as they slipped back. Then in a low tone she said:

"Push."

I put my combined weight and strength against that part of the wall and the door swung open.

"Hurry and get away," she whispered, "they might wake." But I could not go before I had kissed the hand that had saved me, and swore that I would come back to rescue her. Then I left her.

I set out for Jonesville, as nearly as I could guess which way that was, and went on for an hour without any interruption. Then I heard some one hallo. I answered, and in a few minutes we met, and I found, to my delight, that it was one of my party, who, he told me, had been looking for me ever since they had learned that I was not at my post. We soon called in the rest of our party,

and having regained my horse, we set out for Jonesville, I telling my experience on the way.

On reaching town I related my adventure to the commander of some soldiers stationed there. He placed a detail of men at my disposal, with orders to take the outlaws dead or alive. At the head of these men I rode back to the woods, and, falling upon them just before day, captured six of them and killed the other two.

On arriving at Jonesville the next day, I decided that I was sufficiently amused with sight-seeing, and that it was absolutely necessary for some one to accompany Miss Rosemond to New York, where her people lived. So, notwithstanding the taunts of my companions, that I had gone wild over a girl, when the train for New York pulled out the following day, I was aboard, sitting by Marjory Rosemond, and under the influence of her beautiful eyes I realized, as I never had before, the truth of those lines of the Scotch poet:

“Luve, Luve, is a dizziness,
It wan’na let a body gang about his business.”

T. D. Savage.

"AS ONE WHO STANDS ALONE AT EVENTIDE."

As one who stands alone at eventide
On some far-circled hill, and, far away
Adown the vales, looks through the gathering gray
Of twilight's deepening shades, and sees them hide
The distant view away, till far and wide
A darkness falls o'er all; and that last ray,
Which for a moment in its futile play
Shone through the folding gloom, has dimmed and died,—

So in the twilight of this century,
Standing upon its loftiest peak, and iced
About with doubts, in vain we search the gloom
Of faithless years; for buried hopes we sigh,
And through the dark, across a rayless tomb,
We cry: "O God, where is our light, the Christ?"

Hubert M. Evans.

THE SECRET DRAWER.

“What must I do! O, what must I do!” exclaimed Evelyn, as she threw herself, sobbing, upon the bed.—George had been again insisting upon an answer, and she had again detected the scent of whiskey upon his breath. “Mother says I shall be a drunkard’s wife, if I marry him, but he pleads so earnestly, and says that I am the only one who has any influence over him, and that if I turn him away he will ‘go to the dogs.’ Yes, I am sure that by love and devotion, I can win him back. What will not love accomplish! They do not know how much I love him, when they coldly tell me to refuse him.”

The old homestead, which had come into the possession of the present Judge Simpson through several generations, stood some distance back from the road in a beautiful grove. Immense, white posts supported the porch. This was overrun with Virginia-creeper, which had run from it and covered nearly the whole of the front of the house. The house was built in the old Southern style, and was suggestive of wealth and plenty. As you entered the wide hall, your eyes fell upon a large deer’s head, with huge, sweeping antlers. Other trophies of the hunt were suspended upon each side of the hall. A large brass lamp stood upon a stand at the foot of the wide, winding stair-case. The whole house was furnished elegantly, but there was one piece of furniture which I shall describe minutely. It was a mahogany side-board, which shone like glass. The feet were huge lions claws, and the whole was beautifully carved with fruits and flowers. This piece of furniture had been

given to Mrs. Simpson by her father, who discovered to her a secret drawer, which was known to him alone. She, thinking it might be of use to her sometime, had told no one of it.

Wide, gravelled walks extended in several directions from the house, winding around between the huge oaks, whose entwined limbs made a perfect canopy overhead. Broad fields extended for miles behind the negro cabins, which were a short distance from the "big house" and had the appearance of a settlement. Such was the home of Judge Simpson, the father of Evelyn.

George Granville, who was an orphan, lived with his uncle, within a few miles of Judge Simpson. George and Evelyn had been sweethearts since children. But George had gone to college, and, unfortunately, had sought wild companions, spending the greater part of his time in gambling and drinking. When he returned, he pressed his suit, and by promising to do better had been allowed to continue his visits. Evelyn's parents were opposed to the marriage at first, but, witnessing Evelyn's grief, after George's last proposal, and upon his promise to live differently, they yielded.

For a while, it seemed to Evelyn that her love had won George, and that he no longer had any desire for his old life. The sun had never seemed to Evelyn to shine so brightly during the day or the moon to shed its silvery beams more softly than when she and George walked beneath the grand old oaks, and she felt his strong, protecting arm thrown around her. But, alas, the demon of drink had too firm a grip upon him to be shaken off so easily, and he slowly drifted back, forgetting the love of Evelyn, home, and all sense of honor. Evelyn plead with him, but all in vain. One night he was brought

home by his companions. Evelyn had never seen him wholly under the influence before, therefore the shock upon her sensitive nerves was terrible, prostrating her for a while, stealing the bloom and freshness of youth from her face, and the elasticity from her step. Then did she remember, with sorrow and agony, her mother's prophetic words, "You will be a drunkard's wife."

Among the jewels of the Simpson family were two diamonds, which had been brought from the "old country" and had been given to Mrs. Simpson by her father. She had intended them for Evelyn, who knew nothing of them, upon her bridal-day, but had not given them to her yet, on account of George's course.

Upon the birth-day of her grandson, Mrs. Simpson put the diamonds in the secret drawer, saying that no one should have them while George drank, and that Hubert, her grandson, should have them if he did not follow in the footsteps of his father.

After a few years, Judge Simpson died. George went from bad to worse. At times he seemed to be doing better, but they were only feverish spells. He soon wasted his fortune at the gambling-table, mortgaged the old home, and one sad day, not being able to meet his obligations, the mortgage was foreclosed and his home sold. The grief of Evelyn was pitiable to behold when she realized that the home of her childhood, the home around which hovered so many sweet recollections of the first happy months of her marriage, and, more than all, the home of her parents. It was a hard battle for Mrs. Simpson not to sell the diamonds at this time, but she knew that they would go, as all had gone, for drink. She knew, also, that she had enough to keep poverty from the door. They moved to a neat cottage, taking none

of the furniture, except the side-board, which Mrs. Simpson insisted upon keeping in the family.

But it seemed that fortune was determined not to allow them to enjoy even this retreat long, for the war commenced and Hubert had to go. Oh, the suspense of that mother! Many a night she did not close her eyes, thinking of her boy, and praying God to preserve him to her. She trembled at each paper she saw, and read the list of the dead in breathless suspense.

One cold, wintry night, when the wind was howling around the house, there was a knock at the door, and in a few moments Hubert was among his loved ones. He hastily took some papers from his pocket, and requested that they should be hid, saying, excitedly, that his life depended on their not being found in his possession, and that he feared that, even then, he was hotly pursued. His grandmother took them into the next room, and with trembling hands put them into the secret drawer. At about eleven o'clock, there was heard the galloping of horses, dashing along the frozen ground, and drawing nearer and nearer each moment, every clang of the hoof seeming to pierce the heart of the mother, as she thought of the peril of her son. When the officers walked into the room, and demanded the surrender of Hubert, they saw only the two women, and a grey-haired negro who, after putting some wood on the fire, and casting a terrified glance upon the officers, shambled out. The officers demanded to be allowed to search the house, either for Hubert or for the papers. After searching in vain, they went to the negro cabins, and after satisfying themselves he was not there, they bade the old negro, who was hovering over the fire, to take a lantern and lead the way to the barn. After a fruitless search, they stationed senti-

nels around the house, and went to sleep. Early in the morning a sentinel, hearing some one approaching, called, "Halt!" but perceiving an old grey-haired negro with an axe upon his shoulder, he allowed him to pass. A few hours afterwards a grey-haired negro walked into the Confederate camp, presented some important papers to the general, and received the hearty thanks of the general for the daring deed, and his praise for the complete disguise which had alone enabled him to succeed.

When the war ended and Hubert returned home, it was a trial for him to pass and repass their old home, and feel that it should be his.

Among others who lost all during the war was Colonel Jones, the purchaser of the Simpson place, and he was forced to offer it for sale. Before the day of the sale, Hubert sought in every possible way to devise some plan for buying the place. His grandmother, seeing how earnest he was in his wish for the old place, and wishing to surprise him, said nothing about the diamonds, thinking that she would present them to him on the day of the sale. Owing to the unsettled state of the times, she had them still hid.

As Hubert was leaving the supper table one night, he heard something fall heavily, he ran in the direction of the sound, and found that his grandmother had slipped and fallen. In falling she had struck her head, and was unconscious. They cared for her tenderly, but she never regained her right mind, and soon died.

The day before the sale, old Aunt Harriet waddled over to see young Marster and Misses. "La, Marse Hubert, how dis nigger wish you buy de ole place. Hit don't peer same sence ole Marse done lef hit." She declared that she and others would be glad to stay with

him, if he bought the place. While Aunt Harriet was talking, she caught sight of the mahogany sideboard. "Laws a massy, if dere aint that ole sideboard whar de Misses use ter pull er drawer out, when she thot nobody want looking, and run her hand way in dere—way dem tew tings did shine ! jes like dem rings wher Miss Sallie's got."

Hubert, not knowing what to think of Aunt Harriet's strange talk, went, nevertheless, to the sideboard, and pulled out the drawer she indicated. He ran his hand in the opening, and after pressing against the sides he felt something yield to his touch. His heart beat wildly. His hand trembled so he could scarcely draw out the box which he felt. When he did, he opened it before the rest, who were too astonished to speak, and brought to view the diamonds. At the bottom of the box was found a note to Hubert, saying, "For Hubert, to buy the old home." The diamonds did not shine more brightly than did the sun for Hubert that day.

Eustace L. Womble.

DEY WA' N'T TWINS.

The other evening when Uncle Jack came up to bring us fresh water—but probably some of my readers don't know Uncle Jack. To those unfortunates, let me say that he is the paragon of all house-servants and now serves us boys in "Paradise." Indeed, he is such a delightful servant that it is almost a pleasure to be called by him at half-past seven o'clock for breakfast. As I started to say, one evening when Uncle Jack came up, I stopped him, as I often did, for a little conversation. During this I happened to mention the similarity between two boys here at college. This seemed just to start him and he sat down and told me this incident.

"Well, Boss, le'm'me tell you sump'in 'bout dem boys favorin' each udder. W'en dis hotel was fus' opened an' ole Boss hired me to w'u'k, I come 'ere one Cheusday mawnin'. I went in one ob de boy's room to care some fresh water an' I woke 'em up. He axe me w'at my name is, an' I tole 'im. Den I axed 'em w'at his name was, an' he tole me his name was Jones. I recollects his name berry well, ca'se Boss, I tell you dis is w'at makes me recomember it so. He roiled out ob de bed an' gin me a quarter, an' said he wanted me to fetch his trunk up. Ca'se Boss, I didn't know presactly how we an' de boys was gwine to git along, an' dis made me think, dat if dey all gwine to do like dis one had, we all gwine to git along pretty well. So, soon as I could git off, I went down and fetched his trunk up. W'en I come back, I took a good look at dat boy so's I know 'im next time I seen 'im. An' all day long I kep' thinkin' 'bout dat boy an' I jis' knowed he had good people, ca'se dey'd raised dat boy right."

“Well, Uncle Jack, what connection does all this have with those who favor each other?” said I to him.

He looked up and said: “Boss, dat’s jis’ w’at I’s gwine to tell you nex’. Dat evenin’ I hearn ’em all talkin’ ’bout anodder gem’men gwine to come ’ere to board wid ole Boss. So nex’ mawnin’ I goes up again to care Mr. Jones some water. You see, I cares ’im water an’ makes ’im a good fire fus’, ca’s’e he gin me dat quarter de udder mawnin’. What I was gwine to tell you ’bout is dis, as I said, w’en I went up to care de water de nex’ mawnin’, I goes to Mr. Jones’ room an’ makes ’im a fire. Den w’en I comes to de udder bucketful to care in dis udder gem’men’s room, dar he was a settin’ up dar in a cheer, ’fore de fire. An’ fo’ de Lawd, Boss, I’s gwine to tell you w’at’s de trufe, dis ’ere gem’men looked so much like Mr. Jones dat I thought he done moved, and dat dis gem’men’ w’at’s jis’ come in, done took Mr. Jones’ room; so I says: “‘How you feelin’ dis mawnin’ Mr. Jones?’ Den he looked ’round at me an’ said he reckon I must be mistook in de man, an’ tole me his name wa’n’t Jones but Parker. Den I looked at ’im again an’ thought he was jis’ tryin’ to fool me, but I didn’t say nothin’ but jis’ picked up my buckets an’ went out. An’ w’en dey come down to breakfas’, dis ’ere gem’men come in fus’, so I walked up to ’im an’ say: Mr. Jones, you wan’t coffee dis mawnin’?” Den he turn ’round an’ say ‘I done tole you one time, my name wa’n’t Jones.’ Bless de Lawd, Boss, I didn’t know w’at to say. I ’gin to think I was gwine blin’ or dat ole nigger dat lived ’cross de street, done conjured me, I didn’t know w’ich. After awhile, I went in de kitchin’ to fetch in some biscuits. I thought dis gem’men mos ’bout through eatin’. An’ while I was gone, dis man Parker lef’ an’ Mr. Jones

come in. An jus' as I got in de dinin' room, he turned over his plate. So I said to myself, 'Lawd 'a massy I b'lieve dat man gwine to kill hisself; he done moved his seat an' started agin!' I stood dare an' looked at dat man eat, jis' like he hadn't a mouthfull for a week, an' I walked away thinkin' dad ole Boss gwine lose on dat man if he keep up eatin' dat way. So de nex' time I went in dar, he look like he was jes' gettin' in a good way ob eatin', ca'se he done eat longer dan he did 'fore he took de second plate. So I jis' stood dare and thought if dat man gwine to swap plates all round de table, I better go to washin' dishes. I'd hearn tell ob de ku-klux in olden times, drinkin' seven buckets of water at a time, an' I thought he mus' sho be one of dem. So, w'en I thought he was jis' 'bout through eaten' at de secon' plate, I goes up to 'im an says, 'Boss, hope you'll 'scuse me for callin' you Mr. Jones, but I reckon I'll git you gem-mans straight ater-awhile.' Den he says to me, 'Uncle Jack, w'at you want me to scuse you for? You aint done nothin' w'at ought to be scused.' Den I felt like a fool an' I said to myself, '*dat nigger sho is worked his roots on you.*' Den I went in de yard an axe de Boss, how many ob dem Jones' was dey 'ere. Den he said dere wa'n't but one Jones 'ere. Den I tole 'im all 'bout w'at had happened. Den he said to me, 'Jack, you're an ole fool, dat's all.' I said, 'Boss, I 'spec's you'se right, ca'se I never felt so quar in all my life.' An' den my temper riz, an' I said I gwine to kill dat nigger dat very night, jes' sho as de Lawd'd let me lib. Den de boss tole me how it was; dat dey was two men, one ob dem named Parker an' one named Jones an' dat dey both was jes' like each odder. Boss, I tell you, dey jes' much 'like as two black-eyed peas; jes' as much 'like as dey *could* be.

An' eben after dat I knowed dey was two, I couldn't tell 'em apart to save my life, cep' dey wore diff'runt kind ob clothes. Mr. Jones, he mos' ginerally wore one ob dem stewed-biled white shirts, like you gem'mans wears dese days, while Mr. Parker he wore one ob dem streaked shirts. Dem boys stayed here togedder for three years, de bestest kin' ob friends an' dey alluz roomed togedder. Boss, lem'me tell you sump'in," and Uncle Jack smiled, in anticipation of his delightful stretch of imagination. "One mawnin' I went up dere wid a note fer Mr. Jones, an' dey wa'n't out ob bed yit. Dey wa'n't no way for me to tell which was t'other, for dey hadnt put on dere shirts yit. But, anyhow, I woke one ob 'em an' he passed by de lookin'-glass an' looked in an said, 'Uncle Jack, you done gone an' woke de wrong man.' An' wid dat, I woke de odder one. An' w'en he look in de glass, he clar 'fore de Lawd, he was de odder man, too. Well, Boss, to tell you de truf, I dunno which one I woke, but I lef' dat note on de table an' went out an' lef' dem to settle 'bout it demselves. Dey mus' 'a settled dat thing, for w'en dey come down to breakfus' one ob 'em had on a white shirt, an' de odder a streaked one; but I dunno, for de life ob me, whedder dey settled de question right or not.

Well, Boss, dem boys used to play a heap ob tricks on me. Mr. Parker'd git me to do little jobs for 'em; an' den trade shirts wid Mr. Jones. An' w'en I went to git de money, ob co'se Mr. Jones wouldn't know nuthin' 'bout it.

Boss, I jes' wish I could stay up here an' talk wid you all de rest ob de evenin', but I got to care some water to room No. 22. You speakin' 'bout dem boys favorin' each odder, jes' brung back to my min' dese 'ere two

boys. I didn't know whedder you heard 'bout it 'fore or not. So, reckon I'll have to go now."

"Hold on a minute, Uncle Jack," said I. "How did the girls tell them apart?"

Uncle Jack bent over and looked out of the window at the sun and said:

"Boss, I ought to go, but I 'clar I got to tell you a little sump'in 'bout dat. Mr. Parker had a girl w'at was comin' 'ere anniversary, so one night Mr. Jones thought he'd have some fun; foun' out dat Mr. Parker gwine wid her dat night. So he went up in his room an' got on one ob Mr. Parker's streaked shirts an' went up to de hotel whar dis lady was, 'fore Mr. Parker got ready, an' tole her he was ready to go. Mr. Parker done tole Mr. Jones he standin' in pretty well wid dat lady, but he don't like her much. An' Mr. Jones he think she's a mighty sweet gal an' he kinder sweet on her hissself. So dey went to de hall dat night, an' w'en dey was goin' home, Mr. Jones up an' tole her all 'bout de trick he'd played on Mr. Parker, an' de lady didn't 'pear to min' it much. After Mr. Jones got home, he foun' dat Mr. Parker done played dat same kind ob trick on him. An', clar 'fore goodness, Boss, 'twa'n't long 'fore Mr. Jones done cut Mr. Parker slam out an' Mr. Parker done cut Mr. Jones slam out. An' I heard after dat, dat dey bofe done married dem two same gals, dat dey swopped for here. Boss, I jes' got to go. I'll tell you mo' 'bout dis some ob dese days. Ca'se if I don't go now, dat little gem'man in No. 22 won't hab no fresh water to drink to-night.

Ellun B.

THE DAY AFTER DEATH: A MYSTERY.
—

Not long ago, while in conversation with a chance acquaintance who had traveled much, and had been thrown among people of many nations, I had related to me a very remarkable incident which has ever since caused me much perplexity. This gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. Brown, was a rich, well informed and a sound-minded New Englander, whose fortune had been made for him by his ancestors in the whale fishery. As he had a fondness for travel, and the means of freely indulging his inclination, it is not surprising that, by the modern means of rapid transit both by land and sea, he should have become quite cosmopolitan while yet a young man. Those who love to hear, as who does not, of the many strange lands and peoples which they may never hope to see, and to hear these things from the mouth of one who has actually witnessed what he relates, could nowhere find a more interesting narrator than this gentleman proved to be. And withal he thoroughly impressed one with a sense of his truth and candor. After relating much that was interesting of the countries and the people he had seen, he told me the following strange story :

It was, he said, while in India, that he made the acquaintance of a Major Campbell of the British service, whose regiment had been sent out on a period of garrison duty to relieve other troops that had been subjected to the enervating influences of that tropical climate for the full length of time that troops are usually kept on foreign posts. The Major, whose family dated back to the time of William the Conqueror, was a man of the times, and one who laid aside the haughtiness of aristocratic ancestry for the democratic sociability and good fellow-

ship of the present time. So that between him and my new-found friend, Mr. Brown, there sprung up almost from the moment of their first meeting, a mutual regard which ripened, during the several months of their association, into the most familiar friendship. And mentally they had so much in common that it was readily seen they were congenial spirits. Although they were both practical men, yet each of them was inclined to take a lively interest in things reconдите and speculative; so that their conversations were frequently turned in these directions. Such dismal subjects as "The sensations of the dying," and "The day after death" were, with all their gloominess, discussed by them with much interest and seeming pleasure, and the conclusions which might possibly be reached, were pursued with a keen zest.

One evening, after some interesting speculations along the line of the latter of these subjects, it was agreed between them that they should keep up a correspondence by mail after the departure of Brown, which was then to be made within the next few days, and that each should communicate to the other any new thoughts or facts which might throw further light upon this question. Several months after this, Brown, who in the meantime had been taken by steamer across the Indian Ocean and landed at Liverpool, whence he had gone to New York, found himself, a few days after his return to the United States, in Chicago, that great capital of the North-West. And hardly had he begun receiving mail at his new address, when among his letters he noticed one bearing many foreign post-marks. Not till he had carefully looked through the other part of his mail did he take up this most noticeable of his letters. It was as if he had a presentiment that when opened it would for some-

time claim his best thought, fully and uninterruptedly. Here is what he found written within :

MADRAS, INDIA, June 9, 1895.

MR. FRED. BROWN, Chicago, U. S. A.

Dear Brown :—As you intended reaching Chicago by the latter part of this month, or by the first of July, and will doubtless be there before this mail, I write now to tell you that I had no idea how greatly I should miss your kindred spirit till you had gone, and the days came on dragging their slow length along. I have to-day a presentiment that, in accordance with our agreement, I shall soon have something to communicate along the line of our speculations. Just now I am unusually moody and gloomy, with a feeling that some strange experience is to be realized by me at any moment. My thoughts are intensely concentrated on the "beyond," as if in special effort to peer through the veil that hides the unseen. Ah! revelation comes at last. I see——

This was all of it. But this fragment was accompanied by a note from my friend's executors, stating that Major Campbell, while writing, had been stricken with heart failure, and had expired suddenly, leaving the enclosed communication unfinished, and that they had forwarded it to the address indicated, believing this to be the right disposition to be made of it, and feeling that it would be a gratification to me to know that my friend's thoughts had turned to me in the last minutes of his life.

How is it possible to describe the feelings with which I finished reading this last, and disappointingly incomplete, message from my departed friend? My grief at his sudden death was deep and sincere. And to this was added an almost intolerable disappointment that the solution of the great mystery in which all the ages have been concerned should have failed in the very moment when its accomplishment was apparently at hand.

I placed the unfinished page upon my desk and stared at it. No other subject could find place in my mind, and if for a few minutes at a time I should turn my gaze away from the sheet, which seemed yet to be almost ready to satisfy my questionings, my eyes would come again to rest upon it, as if in hope that something might be learned from yet another reading of it. As the hours passed other important matters claimed my attention, and for the time necessarily turned my thoughts in other directions; so that when I came to retire the peculiar impressions of this subject seemed to have almost passed away. Tired out with the events of the day I fell asleep at once, and slept soundly, I think, till near day. It could not have been far from day-break when I heard the voice of my deceased friend, Major Campbell, calling me. I seemed to wake thoroughly; and looking toward my writing-desk, saw the form of the Major, just as I had known him, seated and writing in his usual rapid manner. The shock to my nerves must have been such that I swooned. In no other way can I account for it. The sunlight was shining brightly into my room when I awoke next morning. I had only partially dressed when recollections of the night caused me again to look at the unfinished letter on my table, when to my surprise, and almost horror, I found it no longer unfinished, but completed and subscribed with my friend's own signature. After the first shock I examined the writing, and my surprise was increased on finding the hand writing was apparently the very same throughout. I ought, however, since I want to treat this whole matter with the fairness its importance seems to demand, to say that, as both the Major and myself wrote a bold business hand, there was no very striking difference in our penmanship. What I found added, immediately after the word "see," was:—

—down a seemingly immeasurable vista, first, an opaque belt of the surrounding atmosphere which impresses me as being the limit of earthly existence; and beyond this a scene of dazzling light and beauty, in which I see bright beings in glorified human form, draped in shining gauzy attire. These I see advancing, bearing in their hands other garments like their own; while through this opaque boundary disembodied human spirits, in ethereal, and transparent nudity, are dimly discerned passing in a continuous line, into the light beyond. And these, I see, are met and welcomed and clothed with the attire that is ever being brought this way; and at once they assume the glory of the others. My spirit has now such a longing to join the throng that ceaselessly crosses into the beyond that I feel that it can not linger much longer here. I doubt no more. I fear no more. I am going before, and you too will also come, to enjoy that higher life, and to join in praises to the beneficent author of our glorious immortal being. Till then, farewell.

As ever, your friend,

CAMPBELL.

Thus, as I have said, the letter was no longer fragmentary, but complete; and apparently written, in all its parts by the same hand. How is it to be accounted for? I know that my one door was locked through the entire night, and that no one had access to my room during this time. I have thought that, possibly, the spirit of my friend was permitted to dominate me during the hours of sleep, and that I was compelled by it to rise and write at its dictation. This theory would find some support in the fact that we wrote somewhat alike. But it would also be offset by the further fact that in the whole range of human knowledge there does not exist the slightest evidence of anything of this kind having ever happened before. And to this I may add that the most careful inquiry fails to discover a single instance of somnambulism in anyone even remotely related to me. And yet if this

theory should be rejected the only apparent alternative is to hold that I have been favored, as there is no authentic instance of a mortal having ever before been favored with a genuine written revelation from the life which is beyond this life.

That the letter was completed after coming into my hands, and with these added lines written so nearly like what had preceded as to defy the discovery of any difference in the penmanship of the parts is a palpable fact. I carefully preserved this mysterious writing, after having submitted it to the closest inspection of noted experts; who are generally agreed that it must have been written throughout by one, and the same, hand. And yet the proof is as clear and indubitable that it was fragmentary when it was mailed to me, and when I received it, as that it is now finished.

The effect upon me of the inexplicable fact that this communication was finished after coming into my possession, and in a part of the world which is the very antipode of that in which its beginning was written, has been very remarkable; as might reasonably have been expected. The mystery haunts me; and persistently obtrudes itself into my thoughts and employments, forcing me to continued efforts to find a reasonable solution of the mystery.

From my knowledge of my friend, taken in connection with all the facts of this most astounding event, I am compelled to accept the statements of the first part of the letter, which is known to have been written by himself when alive, as his own sincere and candid record of his mental impressions at the time. And I do not see how I can escape the conviction that, amidst other scenes, his spirit in some inexplicable manner, indited the con-

clusion which it had been in his mind to have written. And yet I do not hold that this would be inconsistent with the supposition that his impressions while yet alive may have been mental hallucinations.

I shall be grateful to any Psychologist, or other student of esoteric science, who may give me any assistance in my feeble and puzzled efforts to unravel this greatest mystery of my experience. But till further light shall be thrown upon this matter I shall not feel altogether sure that it will do to accept so much of mystery as conclusive evidence of real facts as to spiritual existence. But, rather, I must suppose that, from the rationalistic standpoint, the problems relating to a future life must be held still to await solution.

Above I have written out my fellow-traveller's story as he related it to me. After its recital I felt that he had given me all that was in his mind upon this curious subject, and as he seemed oppressed by the weight of the mystery with which he stood so closely connected, I refrained from asking him any questions during the short time we were together. Also the conclusion which he reached seemed so reasonable that it commended itself to my mind, and I readily accepted it as my own.

But the mystery of the added writing still remains.

George W. Newell.

FEDERATION OF THE WORLD*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : It is with a degree of hesitancy that I attempt to address you on a subject like this, and especially so when I remember that I address an audience composed principally of North Carolinians, for they are known in the world as fighting men.

As was said by an orator on this rostrum on one occasion that whatever North Carolinians undertake to do that they do; whenever they undertook to fight, every Charlotte became a hornet's nest, and whenever they undertook to run, all the tar that ever exuded from their native pine trees was not sufficient to stick them to the field of battle.

All glory and honor to the man who fell asleep in his country's harness, because next to my love for the noble womanhood of my country is my love for the man who bared his breast to the deadly bullet and met in his manhood the conflict of arms. I would not rob their crown of glory of one gem; no, I would not pluck one daisy from among those which stand guard around their silent tombs.

Many a battle field has been glorified by sublimest courage and self-sacrifice. Many a soldier has been made heroic and magnanimous in the deadly crisis of bloody conflict. But war has never made a hero out of a paltroon nor a saint out of a sinner. A brave and virtuous man will be a brave and virtuous soldier, but there is no power of alchemy in bloody strife to transform the base metal of truculence into the gold of real courage. Besides, whatever scope war may give to chivalric and heroic deeds, peace gives a wider scope for the development and exercise of true virtue.

* Anniversary oration by the orator of the Philomathesian Society.

No land is worthy of liberty that ever suffers the memory of its heroic defenders on the fields of blood to be forgotten, and it is unworthy and incapable of continued existence if it does not produce contestants on the bloodless fields of peace whose virtues are quite as high as those which shone with tranfiguring splendor amid the murky clouds of battle smoke. War dethrones reason and exalts brute force. We cherish the hope that the time is coming when grim-visaged war shall smooth its wrinkled front, and we shall hang up its bruised arms for monuments of a repeated folly.

War introduces and propagates opinions and practices as much against heaven as against earth ; it lays our natures and manners at waste as our gardens and our habitations ; and we can as easily preserve the beauty of the one as the integrity of the other under the jurisdiction of drums and trumpets.

It is when diplomats, sovereigns and politicians get at loggerheads that they drive the people into war.

It is the men who know nothing about war that are ready to go to war. Such men are like an artist who described himself in a great battle, and said "I was there, I was there," and he began to look for himself in the front ranks. He could not find himself, but finally in the rear behind a huge tree ; but you see he was there.

The natural and moral tendency of mankind is toward unity of thought and interest and action. Human progress is advancement toward the realization of this unity throughout the entire race. It does not involve the destruction of national individuality any more than the unity of the family involves the destruction of the individuality of its members. The law of the universe

is diversity in unity. The individual man completes himself in the unity of the family ; the family completes itself in the unity of the nation ; and the nation completes itself in the unity of mankind. The Federation of the world is not the mere dream of a poet, but the certain goal of a great and inevitable sociological tendency and movement.

Society is the product of the intellectual and moral development of men. It is not the result of geographical relation, but of spiritual affinities which spring from the unifying force of love. I love my mother, but I do not hate any body else's mother ; a man loves his wife, but he should not hate any other man's wife. Now, I am an American ; I love my country ; I love it better than any body else's country. I think I have a right to do so ; but, my friends, it does not follow that because I love my country I should hate any body else's country. Man is a social creature ; he is dependant upon his fellows, both for happiness and true progress.

The brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of nations is evident.

The memorable Washington said, "As a member of an infant empire, as a philanthropist by character and, if I may be allowed the expression, as a citizen of the great republic of humanity at large, I cannot help turning my attention sometimes to this subject, how mankind may be connected, like one great family, in fraternal ties." In his great tractate on "eternal peace," that wonderful essay written a hundred years ago, which is prophecy and plan of that Federation of the world for which we are striving, Kant said that there should be a system of international right founded on public law, joined with power to which every nation must submit according to

the analogy of the relations of individuals to the modern state. I believe a true view of this tribunal, created for Federation, should, as the evolution of history goes on, bear the same relations to the whole world as the Supreme Court of the United States to each state of the union. The evolution through which we are passing is an evolution to a great state of nations, a complete Federation of the world, which will have a political and an administrative unity as truly as the permission would secure to it some sort of judicial unity. But universal peace will come only with the universal republic, because republican institutions lead, by their very nature, to habits of peace and law. The united force of all republics would drive war from the face of the earth.

An old darky down in Georgia, holding a protracted meeting, became very much interested in the people, and one night in his prayers he asked the Lord to send down an earthquake shock and shake up the people; about that time the earthquake shock came, and when it shook a lamp down, the old negro raised up his head and said, "Dat 'ill do, Lord, this house is mighty shaklin."

All the kingcraft and thrones of the world are quaking to-day under the idea of our republic. This government carries the hope of the human race. Put out the beacon that lights the portals of this republic, and the world is a drift again. But establish the beacon light of this republic over the troubled waters and one by one the nations of the earth shall drop anchor and be at rest in the harbor of universal liberty.

We hail the signs of the times, we unfurl our flag bordered with white, the emblem of the pacific spirit of the nation, and we gladly greet the gracious comity which extends a life signal.

Truth and reason are the weapons which shall reach the conscience and heart and intellect of men, and as by a sword of light sever the garments of pride and prejudice and hatred, which hang like a pall over the world. Over the waters it would send forth the dove with the olive leaf in its mouth to speak, in the language of symbol, the truce for which the nations sigh.

The common people of every nation are sighing for a truce, a federation which will not only settle international strife and wars, but one to settle local affairs. We need a federation to put down evils, which have never and can never be settled by martial war. It is not altogether the sound of the drum that causes terror and uneasiness; but it is the sound of an empty bread tray, the empty crucible, the neglected home.

There is strife between the ruler and the ruled, the poor and the rich, capital and labor, temperance and intemperance, Protestantism and Catholicism, truth and error, ignorance and learning, and Christ and Satan.

The world needs men of honor and industry and benevolence far more than it needs disciplined and skillful soldiers. The faithful citizen, the wise philanthropist, the patient scholar, the diligent artist, the devoted servant of the public good, all these are needed on loftier and grander fields of action than were ever swept by the armies of Napoleon.

The nations of the world are realizing more and more their needs.

It takes men to stem the flood. The statesman who loves partisan politics more than country can not stand. He must be a true statesman, a true philanthropist. The right men have the support of the people. I be-

lieve in the people, the common people. The laboring, the true and honest people of every country are uniting. And they know in unity there is strength. Through the common people all reform must come. They are law abiding, they believe in right, they believe in chivalry, they believe in a republic.

Every general that led an army looked to the common people's support. They can be depended upon; they could be depended upon at Lexington Heights and Bunker Hill. And they can be depended upon to wipe out war and establish peace, law and order throughout the world. They know that it is better to compromise. I believe in compromising. One morning Annie, being asked by her mother why she and Harry quarreled so in the parlor the night before, replied, "We were discussing who should take the big rocker." "And how did you come out?" said the mother. "Well," said Annie, "we compromised, and both took it." That's compromising.

The people and great-hearted men believe in universal brotherhood. One day Abe Lincoln was passing through a hospital in New Jersey, and his attention was attracted by the beckoning of the pale hand of a dying soldier boy. Going to the bedside, the boy said, "Mr. Lincoln, will you sit down here and write my mother a letter and tell her how I appreciated her Bible, and what a brave soldier I was, and that I met death like a hero?" Mr. Lincoln gladly wrote the letter, and then said, "My boy, is there anything more that I can do for you?" The boy said, "Yes, sir, will you please place your hand upon my forehead and hold it till I am dead?" and Mr. Lincoln, the ruler of a great nation, stood there in that hospital and held his hand upon the head of the dying soldier boy till he was dead. That's brotherhood. That's

brotherhood when the heart in the palace can sympathize with the heart in the hovel.

Commerce and labor organizations are linking the nations of the world together. Commerce has been described as a big checker-board on which every man has a move.

The development of science and the invention of the telegraph and steam engine have made the nations of the world "next door" neighbors. They are entering into each other's wants and into each other's pleasures.

The World's Fair was a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, moving about among the nations of the world, leading them out from ideas of war and disorder into ideas of peace and order. And brings

Shapes and hues of art divine,
All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce,
Brought from under every star,
Blown from over every main,
And mixt as life is mixed with pain,
The works of peace with works of war.

The people of the nations are exchanging ideas. And men everywhere have a different idea of achieving glory. They know that public opinion demands a different idea. They know there is more glory in a live philanthropist than a dead captain. There is more glory in a *living man* than in a *dead soldier*. Cæsar and Pompey wrote their names high with the sword on the pillars of fame; but what did they do for the advancement of civilization, of morality, of religion? Jasper won his glory by climbing through battle smoke, and clash of arms, upon the breastworks, and placing back the staff with the shattered flag; but the next Jasper will win his glory by

placing the staff of life in reach of the hungry. Sir Walter Raleigh won fame by throwing a velvet cloak in a mud hole for the Queen to pass over; but the next Raleigh shall win his fame by placing clothes around the indigent world. The time has been that glory and honor were placed upon those whose fathers or grandfathers had a war record; and there were few who obtained glory and honor. But, thank God, the *channel* has changed and honor belongs to the man who will paddle his own canoe.

That day is coming and now is when statesmanship, philanthropy and manhood shall not be founded upon war records. A statesman is not known by the size of his pocket-book, nor by the fact that his "grandpap fit in the Revolutionary war."

The world is looking for a man that can do something now and not one that "used to could." It needs living men, not dead men; it needs conservative men, and not fighting men. We do not need faltering men. One day there was a young lad sitting by the road-side crying; an old man came along and said, "My youngster, what are you crying for?" The boy replied, "My sweetheart has kicked me." "Well, cheer up, my boy, there is just as good fish in the sea as was ever caught out." "Yes, but I am such a poor fisherman." The world does not need aristocracy; it has enough air in stock; what it needs is *man* in stock, principle in stock.

Universal education shall lift the masses from the slums of ignorance and superstition and barbarism, and place them above brute nature and give them respect for law and order.

Here is a boy from the rural district; he leaves the plow-handles, and bidding all farewell at home, he makes

his way to college. When he rolls off the train at the depot, he asks where the schoolhouse is. He is conducted to the president's office. And as the president addresses him, he looks longingly and discontentedly out of the window. He has on a hat which has covered his head for many summers; he has on a collar thrown on as if it was never made to wear; his coat was cut when the tide was up; he has not a place suitable for his hands, and his arms look like the spindles to a wind-mill; his pants lack three weeks touching the tops of his socks, and his shoes are No. 10. He is a green one from your heart. But wait till four years have passed; see him stand with a keen eye, a stern look! Why he looks like a lord, and nothing but God and education can make him look like a lord. I do not believe, because my hands held the plow handles, that God Almighty stamped my brow with ignorance. Yes, when the hills and the valleys in every country shall re-echo the sound of college and school-house bells, tolling the plow boys and factory girls to the class-room; then you can place your war vessels on the dry docks and hang up your arms as monuments of a repeated folly. That is universal education.

Philanthropists are the only order of nobility recognized and honored by the empire of humanity.

As from the mount on which Christ sat and preached his immortal sermon, it looks off upon the great world in the pathway of his eye and with the pulse of his heart. It looks from such a lofty point of vision that the boundaries between nations seem but the narrow streets of one great city, not walls to sunder its habitations; from such a height it can not or does not notice whether the faces on one side be black and on the other white or a shade

between. To its ear the human voice has but one language; the human heart but one divine fashion of sensibility, the human soul but one stamp of origin and value. That is Philanthropy.

When Epaminondas was in public life, the king sent his cohort to find out how he stood on certain questions. His reply to the king's men was, "If the king wants me to do anything for my county I will do it without a bribe. But if he wants me to do anything against my country his kingdom is below my price." That is Statesmanship.

The Christian Student Federation is an index finger pointing to complete Federation. The Woman's International Temperance Union has come to contribute its part in the Federation of the world. I'll tell you the mothers of every country are becoming tired of rocking cradles to feed the whiskey saloons. I should like to be able to pluck some of the roses of Sharon and gather some of the cedar of Lebanon and weave a chaplet and place it upon the brow of the woman who has womanhood enough to turn her back upon a walking whiskey barrel.

This is America's mission, and could I climb upon some height and get the ear of my country I would make one proposition, that America should propose to all nations to disarm and summon them into that final congress,—the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World. Will America fill her mission or will she not?

I believe she will, for if that man who freed the shackled demoniac, who turned a whole school of fish into the net of the discouraged boatman, who owned all the mansions in which the heirachs of heaven had their habitation, who owned all the olive groves and all the

harvests which shook their gold on the hills of Palestine, who poured the Euphrates out of his own chalice, who held the ocean in the palm of His hand like a dew drop in the vase of a lily, who owned the stars and moons and suns and galaxies which marched on age after age, shall reign supreme, then America will have performed her mission.

I have seen the light that gleamed at midnight from the headlight of some giant engine rushing onward through the darkness, heedless of opposition, fearless of danger, and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light come over the eastern hills in glory, driving the lazy darkness like mist before a sea-born gale, till leaf and tree and blade of grass glittered in the myriad diamonds of the morning ray; and I thought it was grand. But the grandest thought that ever arrested the human mind, or bathed the human soul, is the thought:

“When the war drums throb no longer
And the battle flags are furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world;
Then the common sense of most
Shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber,
Lapt in universal law.”

John D. Larkins.

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The rule adopted at the present term of our Supreme Court, that all applicants for license to practice law in the future are to stand written examinations, was a much needed reform. This State has been filled with lawyers and for the last few years they have been running over the brim to other States. The oral examination was so close kin to a game of chance that many applicants yearly presented themselves before the Court and passed successfully who would never have attempted a written examination. Of course this rule will put more work upon the Court, but it will relieve them as far as may be from the charge of injustice so often brought against them by those who fail. It will certainly reduce the number and elevate the quality of our lawyers.

The celebration of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence in Charlotte on May 20 should be heartily encouraged by every citizen of North Carolina. People who do not reverence their ancestors will not take much thought for posterity. Our State has a history of which

her sons need not be ashamed; at times a glorious history. And the chief secret of her backwardness to-day lies in the fact that we do not proclaim our heroes and their deeds with flying banners, drums, orators, "and the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife" as our sister States, for example Virginia and South Carolina, do. Our youth grow up with the impression that this is Sleepy Hollow, the domain of the Castle of Indolence, where none but fogies dwell and where high ambitions can never be attained. This impression would soon disappear if every town in the State, of any historical significance whatever, would follow the example of Charlotte and shake the drowsy Tarheels up until they become the most active people in the South. Brass bands, horse races, fights, orators, poets, singers—that is what we need; everything that will stir things about, like the floods of the Nile, and give us a fresh start with new blood in our veins.

The American Forestry Association has for its object the preservation of the forests and native animals of the United States. The Caucasian has driven out the Indian; cows graze on the plains formerly occupied by buffaloes; English sparrows regularly encroach upon our native birds; and the great abundance of our forests leads us to destroy them with extravagance. Within a few years the supply of yellow pine, which once seemed inexhaustible, will be practically consumed. America will be largely an extension of Europe, bearing the stamp of little natural individuality. The Association has done nothing as yet and perhaps never will do much, since its only mode of operation is appealing to land-owners, and it is not the custom of land-owners to allow their hearts

to be melted by appeals of this kind. It may become in the course of time, however, influential enough to induce Congress to exercise its right of Eminent Domain for the preservation of American forests.

A Department of Medicine at Wake Forest would be of as much benefit to the College and the State as the Department of Law now is. Since ours is a denominational college it should work to strengthen the denomination that owns and supports it, and in no other way can it do this more efficiently than by supplying all the towns in North Carolina with professional men. The towns are for the most part the strongholds of other denominations: the great hosts of Baptists live in the country. To get the towns we must have influential representatives in them, and no citizen exerts a wider influence in his community than the doctor. Many looked doubtfully upon the establishment of the School of Law here, but all will agree after watching its success for the past two or three years that it was one of the best things ever done for the college. Dozens of Baptist boys every year resort to the University and to Davidson who would prefer to study at Wake Forest if they could find here the course in medicine which they desire. Our trustees should supply this demand.

Zionism, or the emigration of the Jews to Palestine, is one of the most fascinating problems of the day. Gentiles hate Jews, and Jews hate Gentiles, for the same reason, I think, that the common people hate aristocrats. If a long line of ancestry is the mark of an aristocrat the Jew is the aristocrat of the world; and even when taken

captive and beaten and bruised he has always shown that he feels the nobility of his birth as one of the Chosen Race. Nearly his whole history is a record of persecutions, to which even the humanity-loving and peace-preaching nineteenth century has added its full share. That the Jew is a good citizen is almost everywhere admitted; but in some nations the two races cannot dwell together, and for the Jews of these nations it seems that Zionism is a necessity. But universal Zionism, such as many of the Rabbis advocated at the great convention at Basle, is impossible. The Jews of America, for instance, are too happy to risk a change of condition. The movement can make headway only in those countries where anti-Semitism is still at its height.

I heard a young man remark the other day that the South and North ought to shake loose from each other; their interests are so dissimilar that it is like tying together the tails of a 'possum and a wildcat. An old man standing by made answer: "Your daddy had that idea pretty strong about thirty-five years ago, didn't he?" It is significant that the young man thought he had found something new. The two sections have grown so much more closely together in these few years that the cause which occupied the whole thought of America and for which our fathers warred is beginning to be regarded as a subject which occurs only to original and reckless thinkers. The tendency toward centralization is very apparent. During the past year our Governor has been thwarted time and again by Federal judges, and this affront to the sovereignty of the State, which would have raised a storm of protest when States' Rights was uppermost in the mind of every citizen, gave rise only to quiet discussion and

not a great deal of that. It is the old story of the absorbing of the individual States by the national government, and whether this centralization is desirable or not is another question.

The letter written by W. J. Bryan for the *New York Journal* and copied extensively in Democratic papers all over the country is a strong and clear argument for bimetallism. He seems to fear that the issue is growing cold and he desires to keep it alive and warm. Of course the letter contains no new argument, but only old matter presented in a new and striking manner. For instance, he says that the Republican party practically repeals the Declaration of Independence when it feels bound to depend upon the co-operation of European governments in remonetizing silver. He also tries to impress the fact that he does not hold up Free Silver as a cure for all ills, but simply as the "entering wedge" to start us in a way of reform. As a whole, the letter covers the subject concisely, clearly, and impressively, and is as good argument as can be produced in favor of bimetallism.

LITERARY COMMENT.

R. C. CAMP, Editor pro tem.

The lower courts have dismissed the contest over the will of William Sampson, which bequeathed \$500,000 to Yale. The case will be carried to the Supreme Court.



The Cuvier prize of fifteen hundred francs, offered by the French *Academie des Sciences*, for the best work in geology or the animal kingdom, has been awarded to Prof. O. C. Marsh, of Yale.



The trustees of Harvard University have elected Mr. William Coolidge Lane as librarian to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Justin Winsor. Mr. Lane graduated from Harvard in 1881, and since then was the assistant librarian under Mr. Winsor.



It is interesting to note that the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York estimates that the amounts expended for the maintenance of the war and educational departments vary from 17 to 1 for war in Russia to 4 to 1 for education in the United States.



Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics": Second Series, contains poetry of the Victorian age. Some of it is from poets seldom known to the average student. O'Shaughnessy for instance, who is quoted. A great many of the pieces are taken from Tennyson, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, and it seems that he has selected those most popular with the public at present—such as "Crossing the Bar," "The Light Brigade," "Revenge," etc. Mr. Palgrave has said that he put twice as much work on this volume as on his first. He is rewarded by giving us one which exceeds the other by far.

It is said that Mr. H. G. Well's ideal way of writing is to spend a year in writing a book, then burn it, and devote another year to rewriting it. Perhaps some of Mr. Well's works have not been written—certainly they do not contain evidence of such.



Prof. Adolph Cohn, of Columbia University, is at work on a history of the United States, to be written in French. It will be published by a house in Paris. Our French students would do well to secure copies of this work, both for pleasure and study; for the excellent French and for the American History.



Our library has just received "Dixon's Subject Index to Prose Fiction." Judging from the name one would imagine that it was an index to fiction only, but it is not. The book contains an index to almost everything that has been written in modern languages. A better name would probably be, a Universal Index. The book is neatly bound. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.



A London paper, commenting upon the enormous sales of current popular novels, says that at the most the newly published novel has but a short sale. It states that sales of Tennyson's works are diminishing, while Browning and Swinburne are on the advance. The writer draws from this that our literary taste is not being vitiated. Americans will hardly agree that the reading of Tennyson will vitiate our literary taste.



"Social Life in Old Virginia," by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, is a charming essay, or I might say, history of Southern Life, and Times before the War. We are told how the master and mistress were, and the attitude of the slaves toward them. It is well told, but of little interest to a Southerner who has heard the stories and descriptions of ante-bellum days since he could hear anything. Therefore it interests us much less than those who know nothing of our life before the war. Mr. Page is now writing his first long story, Red Rock, which is running as a serial in Scribner's.

Prof. Montrose Ramsey, of Columbia College, has just published as a further addition to his Spanish stories, *An Elementary Reader*. The volume contains several stories, some poetry and a splendid novellette. The notes are good and the vocabulary excellent. This book is illustrated by Anna Lee, but judging from the illustrations in this work she is in the primary class. It exercises her utmost skill to outline an elephant or la llama. The book is tastefully bound and published by Henry Holt & Company. Price \$1.00.



Mr. Davis certainly gives us a unique story in his "Soldiers of Fortune," which equals, if not surpasses, his "Princess Aline." We are at once struck with the charming manner of his first character, who is assuredly the ideal character of the modern New York society woman. Nor could we be presented with more thrilling scenes than those excited by a South American Revolution. Mr. Davis surely knows how to write the modern society story, and they cannot fail to please. The book is illustrated by that master of illustrating, C. D. Gibson.



No book of to-day has been more praised than Rudyard Kipling's "Captain Courageous." Possibly it deserves it, but I cannot see how contemporary critics bestow such praise upon an ordinary sea-faring story. We are presented with the same kind of characters as other sea stories give us. The conversations are entirely too long and do not possess the vivacity that makes the *Jungle Books* so delightful, still no one can find fault with Kipling's style. He has the most easy, flowing style of any writer of the day, and it can be excelled by few in the past. The public is anxiously awaiting a great novel from Kipling.

EXCHANGES.

C. N. BAILEY, Editor pro tem.

It is a pleasure to a college student to read the magazines of any other college, because then he can realize how the work of the magazine is done, and can easily appreciate some articles which in after years he may forget how to appreciate.

Anticipating such a pleasure, we picked up *The Davidson Magazine*, and we were not disappointed. In looking over the contents, however, we notice that four articles, in addition to the Editorials, were written by one man. Does this show that there is the proper feeling of pride in "our" magazine, and a feeling that it deserves "our" best support? The articles are good but no one man, in our opinion, should monopolize a magazine which is credited to the students as a body. A good story might be written from the plot of "An Echo of '61," but the writer has failed in developing his plot. We didn't know whether to respect or to hate the hero until the writer told us, near the end of the story, that he was "a demon whose soul should enter the Paradise of Heroes." "Psyche" is one of those poems which appeal to that solemn side of man, reaching way down in his soul and making him think things too deep for utterance. The poem is on the order of E. A. Poe's writings.

By the way, we believe that all the articles of the magazine of any college should be really written by the

students of that college and that the magazine should never be filled up with poems copied from our larger magazines or newspapers.

The *Guilford Collegian* does not quite come up to its previous issues. We agree with the editors when they say, "too much space cannot be given even to the *best* fiction without injuring the symmetry of the magazine." But we don't exactly know where their limit of "too much fiction" begins. If their magazine is an example of the extent in which they wish fiction to be indulged, we are afraid we will have to differ from them; for the last copy of this magazine does not contain a single story. It contains, however, two really good essays; one of them on "The Public Libraries in America." A very good article on a similar subject may be found in a recent number of *The Bookman*.

The next magazine to attract our attention is *The North Carolina University Magazine*. It is a very neat looking magazine, and, as usual, is very good. It strikes us, however, that, if the University took as much interest in the literary development of her students as in their athletic development, this magazine would be issued at least more than four times a year, and each issue would contain more reading matter than it does at present. Surely, with such a large number of students, there must be many who have literary talent. Without doubt, the finest thing in the copy before us, is "Neighbors of Mine." It is very difficult to write on nature, but a well-written article on this subject appeals to us all. Not all of us can really and truly appreciate what *love* is, but nature is right at our doors, and we must necessarily know something of that. Other articles are very well written.

The last issue of the *Eatonian* is quite a lively little number. It contains some work which shows real literary talent. "The First Woman President" is a charming bit of prophesy. We are sorry that "The Judgment Day" was not completed in this issue. We were reading along and enjoying the essay very well indeed until we saw the hieroglyphics "To be concluded." To say the least, this did not add to our relish for the essay. We quote the following from the *Eatonian*:

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE YEAR.‡

I wonder what the new year holds
Of sorrow, gladness, joy for me;
How many fruitless hopes enfolds,
How many smiles and tears to be—
I wonder, ah I wonder.

I wonder if the sun will shine
For me as bright as it has shone;
Will light with bliss this heart of mine
As in the days that now are gone—
I wonder, ah I wonder.

I wonder if you'll love me still,
Will give me answer sigh for sigh;
Will let my heart adopt your will;
Will feel my presence ever nigh—
I wonder, ah I wonder.

I wonder if it please our God
To let us live through this new year;
To let us loveful trod earth's sod,
And to each other be anear—
I wonder, ah I wonder.

The William and Mary College Monthly has some very good articles in the last issue; not the least of which is a "A Letter from a Young Man to his Father Two

Months after Entering his Junior Year." "Character of Modern Disbelief" is a very good essay. We quote the following from this magazine, not as an example of the work done in it, but as something at least original :

QUATRAIN.

There is a theory some contest
That the north pole used to be out in the west,
But the sun went down there every day,
And warp'd it, so they took it away.

The Vanderbilt Observer is one of the best magazines on our table. It is full of good articles and some very interesting little sketches. The editorial work, also, is very well done. The number before us contains no very good verse, but we quote the following, which is a pretty little thing :

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

There are lily-white pearls in the sea,
There are sunsets that golden the skies,
There are flowers that bloom o'er the lea;
But how sweet are thy laughing blue eyes!

There's the violin's mellow refrains,
There's the nightingale's silvery songs,
There's the soul-melting harp's liquid strains;
To thy voice, Sweet, my spirit belongs.

MY VALENTINE.

Oh, maiden, with the laughing eyes,
And pouting lips rich-red as wine,
I ask but this for happiness,
Be thou my valentine.

Could I but bring a wistful gleam
Soft o'er the sparkle of thine eyes,
Then winter's light would be more bright,
Than smiling summer's skies.—*Ex.*

BASE-BALL.

Our prospects! That is beginning to sound like an old story. We have heard of nothing in the base-ball line but "our prospects." "Our prospects" seem to have been discussed by every one and from every possible standpoint; and so it is with no hope of startling originality that the writer again takes up the subject.

Our prospects are good. Every year this is said of every team we put in the field, and even if it does sound like an old, old story, it is usually true. Our outlook is encouraging—at the beginning of the season. It takes just about three or four defeats to dampen the ardor of us few optimistic individuals who always are so hopeful at the start. But our prospects are really good, and there is no reason to suppose that we will meet with any defeats this season.

At the beginning of the year, when we were confronted by the apparent lack of any enthusiasm, even the writer of this article could find little to go into raptures over. But things are beginning to change. The number of candidates in the field are beginning to show a steadily growing interest—and interest among the candidates for positions on the team is far better than the proper appreciation and support of the college when the players themselves have no enthusiasm.

But what we need at Wake Forest is a combination of a large amount of both, and why can we not have it? The base-ball season has seldom opened with a brighter outlook, and why can we not make these chances still better by going to the athletic field and cheering the

boys, and giving them every possible encouragement! Perhaps we cannot throw, or catch, or bat, ourselves, but we *can* heartily support and encourage the boys who do. It would do our players untold good to show them that every man in college was in sympathy with them, and were backing them with their loyal support. Indifference among the student body is the greatest drawback that a team can have. May this year work a turning point in the stagnant tide of interest in athletics.

Let us realize that the season for base-ball is no longer a vague future but a living present. It seems a most appropriate time for us to look back on our successes and failures of the past, and with wisdom born of experience, and loyal determination to bear once more the victor's palm, to turn again to the undecided questions, the unfought battles, the uncertain victories of the season before us.

It is, unfortunately, becoming more and more prevalent among our Southern colleges to take on their athletic teams men only nominally connected with the college,—men induced to come merely for the pecuniary benefits. This is, of course, due to the great rivalry and intense interest taken in the teams by the college men. But no matter to what it is due, or by whom it is done, it cannot but lower the athletic standard of any college that resorts to it.

We want a winning team. It is only natural that we should. But even though we do complain, and justly, perhaps, when with such good material and brilliant prospects the team turns out poorly, I firmly believe that we all, from senior down to freshman, do not wish a winning team if it is not a *genuine* Wake Forest team. When such a team goes down in defeat there is certainly nothing unsportsmanlike to regret.

Let us consider briefly what goes to make a winning base-ball team. A ball-team is an organization. As such it is composed of various functions, each closely related and acting in harmony with the others. The functions in base ball are fielding, base-running and batting, and when these three elements work in harmony the result is a perfect base-ball nine. As a first class team contains these three parts, so a first class ball player must possess these three qualifications: he must field his positions well, must run bases with judgment, and must hit safely.

This, then, is the standard which all players should strive to reach and should have constantly in mind. It is not enough to be a good fielder if you never hit the balls, nor will it avail you much if, after making a "clean hit," you are "put out" by stupid base-running. Therefore, it is seen what a close relation each one of these factors bears to the others. To excel in these three lines constant and faithful practice is essential, and any one who has the least capacity for base-ball can, in the course of time, develop into a first class player.

So much for the individual player. Now, a team may be composed of nine "stars" and yet be a weak team. Team work or co-operation of all the players is essential to the success of any team. This can be obtained only by hard, conscientious work.

Every organization must have one member who directs or controls the movements and actions of the other members. In a base-ball team the captain is the person. On him rests the responsibility of defeat or success, and for this reason his directions are to be followed out cheerfully and without question. Discipline is as necessary for the success of a base-ball team as it is for an army,

and this fact must be borne in mind by all candidates for the team. It is immaterial that the candidate is a good player, or that he played on the team last year. The captain and manager are agreed that discipline must be enforced at any cost.

A number of our last year's team have not returned, and this fact should encourage every man trying to make the team. It is the intention of the manager to develop new material to take the place of those who leave college for any reason.

Only the best players will be selected to compose the team, and any of these will be welcome from any class, from the humble "freshman" to the "lordly" senior. Too much is at stake to permit personal favoritism to enter at all in the selection of the team. This being the case let all who have any natural capacity for base-ball come forward as candidates, and you may rest assured that if you train faithfully you will be given every opportunity to win a position on the team, and that your own merit, and not influence or favoritism, will have most weight in selecting the team which is to represent Wake Forest this year on the diamond.

L. N. G.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

T. H. LACY, Editor.

Who can't umpire half a game of base-ball? Lacy.

DID you ever see a boy sit and swing a ring of keys on a chain for fifteen minutes without looking up, and with no noise save an occasional sigh? Howard in the reading room, after Anniversary. "His mind was in the Klondike, cool as you please," but his heart—*quien sabe?*

MRS. RALEIGH T. DANIEL gave manager Gresham a crisp new five-dollar bill for the base-ball team when she was here Anniversary. As usual, it takes one of the fairer sex to set a good example of generosity in the support of a good thing. I must add my personal thanks to those of the team and of my fellow-crankers for this act of grace on the part of one of Carolina's fairest daughters.

THE recent change in the schedules of the two great railways of the State was hailed with delight by the students; particularly by those who live on the line of the Southern Railway. The regular passenger trains connect each way at Raleigh on both the Seaboard and Southern since this change, doing away with the trouble of waiting for the next local freight in that town; that is, if the passenger trains are run on time, and the trains of the S. A. L. are seldom, if ever, late. I think the same may be said of the Southern.

BASE-BALL? Oh, yes; only three weeks till the first game now. It is heart-rending, however, to go to the

park on a day like St. Valentine's was, and find thirteen candidates for the team and four newish on the grounds for spectators and players. We have at Wake Forest the material for the best college team in the State. What can a base-ball crank editor say when only a score or so of men out of two hundred students, and not one member of the faculty, attend the practice games? And when almost the only practicable man to play as catcher has a chemistry quiz to-day, and a law examination day after to-morrow, and another on French or political economy, or something else, next week, the crank editor feels like tearing his stringy hair in despair. What can the poor boy say? But wait until next time and see.

ANNIVERSARY has come and gone. It almost seems like a dream of a night of last summer, with its excitement and enjoyment, and its scores of beautiful women. Somebody said that the prettiest girls in the State always attend the Wake Forest Anniversaries. If I could not quote one or two instances which violate this rule, I should almost be compelled to believe it universal. At any rate, pretty girls were too numerous to mention in particular. The debate was excellent. It would never do for me to undertake to decide who made the best speech; they were all good, as better judges than myself have testified. Every body knows that the speakers were Messrs. Burgess and Cohoon, of the Phi. Society, and Messrs. Hamilton and Owen, of the Eu. Society. Messrs. Hamilton and Cohoon had the affirmative of the query, "Should all government appointments be subject to civil service regulations?" This seems to me to have been the easier side of the question; for surely such arguments as the negative produced could not have been repudiated

by a vote of 152 to 41, had the voters been unprejudiced. The orations in the evening attracted a larger audience than the debates, probably on account of late arrivals. Mr. T. N. Johnson, of the Eu. Society, was the first speaker; his subject was "Our Civic Mission." The speech was a masterly presentation of the problem offered by the lives of the workers in our cotton mills; in the end Mr. Johnson offered some exceedingly practical suggestions as to the solution of the problem. Mr. J. D. Larkins represented the Phi. Society as orator; his subject was the "Federation of the World." This man seems to have the faculty of making people laugh, or cry, as the case may be, at just the proper time; he certainly showed evidences of this faculty in delivering the speech which he had prepared. In short, he is an orator. But aside from all emotional effects, his oration was full of truth which needs but to be heard to be believed, and more than one mind which was probably *tabula rasa* in regard to the subject before, received the impression that the federation of the world is a consummation of peace devoutly to be wished for, and bound to come some day. One of the most enjoyable features of the great occasion was the concert by the Durham band, during the social gathering in the Society halls. This band is "little, but loud;" its selections were up to date, and well rendered. Alack a-day! It is the Senior's last Anniversary.

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TALLEYRAND, THE PRINCE OF DIPLOMATISTS.

The complexity of European politics makes it essentially dramatic. To France history has ascribed the leading role in this drama. Of the many actors who have played their parts so well and so conspicuously, none has surpassed in length and variety of distinguished service Charles Maurice Talleyrand. No actor ever interpreted his part so strangely as he. Living at a time when the old order was changing, giving place to the new, when France had cut loose from her ancient moorings and was entering upon that course which was to be her glory and her ruin, he had no established policy to pursue, no accepted canons to guide him in the devious pathway he was destined to tread. Exploration, not excavation, was the task of the hour. Beginning his career before the revolution of 1789, and extending it down to the time of the citizen king, Louis Philippe, he served in all eight known masters, besides the hosts of others in whose employ he was said to have been at different times. In diplomatic affairs and skill, contemporary opinion held him the first man of his period, which is to say one of the first men of Europe for fifty years. In public affairs no minister since has had more influence, unless possibly it be Bismarck.

The evil that public men do lives long after them, and the French historians have seen to it that Talleyrand's was not interred with his bones.

When he was a very old man, serving Louis Philippe, Alexander Salli wrote his "Impartial History of Talleyrand's Political life." On the title page was this motto: "The incarnate lie, the living perjury, impenitent Judas, annointed with the sacred oil, he opens his career by betraying God himself. Alike at the altar and at the court he treats the State as he treated Church, the double Apostate."

But these harsh criticisms may be tempered by an examination of his early life, and the influences which surrounded him.

He was born in 1754 at Paris, of ancient and honorable parentage. His father had been a soldier under Louis XIV., and his mother a member of the royal household. Society was such at this time that domestic affections were tabooed. Soon after his birth, he was sent to the country with his nurse, where an untoward accident happened to him which chequered his whole career. Through the careless inattention of his nurse, he was one day dropped and received a fearful fall. Not till four days afterwards was it discovered that his ankle had been injured. Talleyrand himself says that at the age of four he fell from a cupboard and dislocated his ankle, and that his nurse did not make it known till several months afterwards, when his grandmother expressed a wish that she might see him. His other foot, from having to bear the extra burden, was weakened, and thus he was lamed for life. Like Mephibosheth of old he was lamed as to both his feet. Another version of his lameness is that his nurse one day wishing to flirt with her sweetheart left him alone in the field, and that pigs came and dined on his calves.

In his memoirs Talleyrand has little to say of his early

life or his parents. They showed very little regard for him. Paternal care had not yet come into fashion. However, of this visit to his grandmother he says: "My appearance pleased her; she acquainted me with feelings hitherto unknown to me. She was the first member of my family who displayed any affection toward me, and also the first who taught me the sweetness of filial love. God bless her for it. To this day her memory is dear to me. Many a time have I bitterly understood how priceless is the sincere affection of some member of one's own family." He spent much time with his grandmother, and came in contact with the humble peasants who lived around the castle on the lands of his ancestors. Talleyrand says that to these early years he is indebted for the general spirit of the conduct of his life, affectionate and tender feeling without familiarity, pride without haughtiness, love and respect for old people.

At the age of eight he was brought from the country to Paris and placed in school. He says he was disappointed in not being conducted to his father's house, that he was eight years old and that the eyes of his parents had not yet rested upon him. But he was told that the hurried arrangements were due to unavoidable circumstances. He says in his memoirs he got along very well, liked his school-fellows and cheerfully submitted to his new position. Very soon he fell a victim to small pox, but after having undergone the murderous treatment that killed many, he recovered without being scarred. He says that "during the time of my convalescence the peculiarity of my position shocked me. My heart was full at the little interest manifested in my illness. I felt myself isolated and shut up within myself. I do not complain of it

now, for I believe that my cheerless childhood accustomed me to think more deeply; these first trials taught me to bear misfortune and disappointment with indifference.”

But in the meantime a family council had been held to consider the reputation of its name—not of the individuals. They decided that his lame foot rendered him incapable for military service and that therefore he must be passed over for a younger brother with less sense but a better leg. The cruel habits of this pampered caste added to his infliction the deprivation of his rank. He must necessarily enter holy orders, as no other career was open to one of his rank. In order to give him a high and tempting idea of the profession marked out for him, he was sent to Rheims, the chief archbishopric of France. He says, in his memoirs, written years afterward: “My parents did not send for me before I left the city. I repeat this here, and hope never to think of it again. I am perhaps the only man of distinguished birth and belonging to a numerous and esteemed family who did not for one week enjoy the sweetness of his father’s roof.” He detested everything at Rheims, and considered himself in but an ill-disguised exile. While here he read the memoirs of Cardinal de Retz and the life of Richelieu, the reckless conspirator and the wily statesman, ecclesiastical politicians both. From this place he went to St. Sulpice College. The idle, lively, reckless boy now became studious and taciturn, and determined to wrestle with an adverse fate. He formed no intimacy, was cross, had a grudge against his masters, his parents, and asserting the inalienable right of a student grumbled at the institution generally, but especially at that sway of social propriety to which he saw himself obliged to yield. He

spent three years here, and in the meantime read the productions of great historians. 'Twas in the study of the lives and times of men that the youthful aspirant for an honorable career found his pleasure.

He left college and was at once elected by the province of Rheims to represent them in the assembly of the clergy. In this assembly he saw the true spirit of the clergy. Ambition represented in various disguises. Religion, humanity, patriotism, philosophy, each had their so-called supporters. He saw that the clergy in the management of their temporal affairs made no concessions to the spirit of the eighteenth century. He observed that not a day passed but what some work was published concerning the abusive practices of one order, and the uselessness of another, that for twenty years not a single clever pen had defended the Church.

After this session was ended he entered the Sorbonne, where he spent two years engaged in anything but theological studies, for pleasures occupied most of the time of the young graduate. He had been steeped for three years in the waters of Styx at college and now he was glad to be free.

After leaving the Sorbonne he was appointed to the Abbey of St. Dennis, where, he says, he collected a library, and where he gave special attention to the commercial, political and administrative news of the day. A public career being now opened to him by his appointment as agent for the clergy, he took advantage of every opportunity. He made it a rule to meet all the distinguished people, all who might be of any service to him, especially those who shone on the scene where ministerial appointments were disputed. As agent for the

clergy he attempted many reforms, especially such as would bring himself into prominence. He seems to have become reconciled to his ecclesiastical position, saying that the beauty of theology was its elasticity ; it permitted him to give a reason for anything.

Observing that an advantage might be gained by criticising some one in high rank, he deliberately selected M. Necker, attacked his views on finance, ridiculed his personal appearance and what he called his feebleness of mind. By his witty sayings, which soon became common talk throughout Paris, he won the attention of the King and by facetiously observing that women were easier won in Paris than abbeys, was appointed bishop of Verdun; but he was a bishop without virtue or faith or morality.

But the tide of politics was leading toward the great upheaval of 1789. The States-General was summoned—and Talleyrand was elected to represent the clergy from his district. Now begins that long and brilliant public career; the great periods of which are, (1) the Constituent Assembly; (2) the first years of his co-operation with Napoleon; the later years when he resisted but was still able to influence Napoleon's aggressions; (3) the Vienna Congress; (4) the last Mission to England.

In the Constituent Assembly, he it was who led the clergy to fuse with the Third Estate, and the nobility could but follow them. It was Talleyrand's judgment that the King should dissolve the States-General, but his advice was thought too risky; it would have been an act of force, and there was no one about the King to wield force. Convinced of royal impotency he thought the most reasonable course was to yield without being forced, and thus maintained some influence. In this

assembly he played no passive part for fear of the violent torrent formed by ignorance and passion. He opposed the creation of paper money, and the reduction of the interest on the National debt; urged the suppression of tithes; proposed to apply the wealth of the clergy to the needs of the state; prepared an address to the people to secure calmness; caused the adoption of a law for the unification of weights and measures; charged himself with the report on public instruction, thus laying the basis for popular education; proposed to consider the Jews as citizens, and many other useful changes. So popular had he become that he was elected president of the Assembly over Siéyes. The nobleman who had been deprived of his birth-right and forced into a hated vocation was striking down that ancient regime and fighting in the ranks of republicanism.

In an address to the clergy he carefully separated reforms, practical and expedient, from those visionary and dangerous. Talleyrand favored a Constitutional Monarchy, but he saw the temper of France and saw the dangerous cataract and saved himself. On a secret scientific mission, with a passport in his pocket from Danton, he went to London—far enough to be out of danger, near enough not to be forgotten. Only a few months before he had gone with a letter from the King, hoping to secure an English alliance. He remained in England but a short time, when he received orders from the English government to leave the country within twenty-four hours.

Like hundreds of other exiles without countries, his eyes turned toward America. At once he went aboard an American vessel which set sail, but encountered a severe storm in the channel. On one side he could see France, but he dared not land for fear of losing his head; on the

other was England, from which he was expelled. "However," he says, "we landed at a small English town. The inn-keeper told me that one of his lodgers was an American general. I asked to meet him, but my questions seemed to annoy the general. I ventured to request letters of introduction to his friends in America." "No," he added, "I am perhaps the only American who cannot give you letters to his own country." He dared not tell me his name. It was Gen. Arnold. "I must confess I pitied him, for I witnessed his agony."

Just before his vessel landed at Philadelphia, another vessel was met sailing for Calcutta. He asked to be taken aboard, but there was no room. So he was forced to land. In America he spent most of his time in travel—generally going far into the country, into the very woods. He became acquainted with Alexander Hamilton, and in his memoirs makes frequent mention of him. Washington refused to receive him though Talleyrand presented letters from prominent statesmen of England. America, he thought, must be an agricultural nation; and also would ever be the ally of England. He gave himself up to speculative philosophy and planned out a new system of international law. But his speculations in philosophy yielding no funds for his support, he changed to speculation in trade. Just as he was fitting out his first vessel, an invitation reached him to return to France, which he at once accepted.

Returning to France he began to coquette with Barras the Director and was soon appointed Minister of Foreign Relations, giving as his reason for serving this new master "that *that which is produces that which shall be*, by declining official posts in time of upheaval one affords greater facilities to the enemies of public order; in all things the end should be considered."

But he saw the need of France. He despised the directors whom he was serving. The young Corsican was then winning unfading laurels in Italy. Talleyrand began a regular correspondence with him, though he had never seen him. He felt that France needed a military arm and he knew where to find it. If principles could not regenerate a nation, a man might. That man was the dashing young soldier Bonaparte. Talleyrand began the careful preparation for a Coup d'Etat. He won over the leaders by his blandishments; he prepared the way and asked Napoleon to go, and Napoleon went. Talleyrand then became his Foreign Minister and intimate councillor. He accompanied him everywhere, in all his journeys, to all his conferences. He left no opportunity unattended to enhance the power of the First Consul and then of the Emperor. He advised Napoleon to make Austria his ally and not his enemy. In the council to consider the question of divorce from Josephine, he favored the divorce and claimed that only Austria could furnish the princess to be the bride. In these days when Napoleon's star was so rapidly rising, he reposed the utmost confidence in his minister, and many times was he persuaded to change his plans. Talleyrand reconciled Napoleon with the Pope and secured the passage of the Concordant. Napoleon procured a brief for Talleyrand's secularization, the Pope saying, "Ah, Talleyrand. May God have his soul; as for me, I am very fond of him." Talleyrand tried to dissuade Napoleon from injuring the ancient ally of France—Spain, but all in vain. To him as much as to Napoleon was due the formation of the Confederacy of the Rhine. Napoleon was now the first man in Europe and Talleyrand was the second.

As to the foreign policy of France they had been at

one, but Talleyrand began to see that the brilliant victories of his master were but the prelude of his country's ruin. After the Peace of Tilsit a change came over the political attitude of Talleyrand, and the Emperor noticed it. An estrangement of feelings ensued, and Talleyrand retired to Benevento, of which he had been made prince. He gave up his Ministerial Budget, but was still a councillor. Napoleon was suspicious, but could not trap the wily politician. Talleyrand says, "During all the time I had charge of the management of Napoleon's foreign affairs, I served him with fidelity and zeal. As to the Emperor he adhered for a long time to the views I suggested to him, which were to secure established monarchy for France within proper limits and to spare Europe that the powers might pardon France for her achievements and her glory." Talleyrand always advised peace; there was no jingo policy with him. "I do not want to be a pest to Europe," he said to Napoleon. Though he resigned his position, Napoleon occasionally summoned him to his council, where he treated him with severest harshness and heaped upon him the most flagrant insults. All these Talleyrand bore with the utmost indifference and limped away, saying, "A clever man, but so ill-bred." But he was biding his time. Like an American Congress, "masterly inactivity" was his policy. Napoleon sought in vain to regain his favor or to secure convincing evidence of his guilt.

Talleyrand became the centre of anti-Napoleonic plots, and even when summoned to perform some negotiation for Napoleon, he took the opportunity to gain the favor of the allied powers. When Napoleon insisted that Talleyrand should accompany him to the Erfurt interview with Alexander of Russia, Talleyrand went. He was Napo-

leon's intimate adviser, but when the interviews were over, he sought another with the Czar. Napoleon was surprised to find the Czar so intractable. All his fetes, his gorgeous ceremonies did not seem to over-awe him. Napoleon poured his tale of woe into the ear of his confidant Talleyrand who then went to dine with Alexander, over whom he had gained a strong influence. Of this occasion Talleyrand calmly remarks, "It was the last service I could do Europe while Napoleon reigned." His moral sensibilities had become so atrophied that to him there was no obliquity in betraying the master whose confidential adviser he was.

When in 1814 allied Europe had hounded the wounded lion to his lair, it was Talleyrand who dictated the terms of the deposition, and it was Talleyrand who invited the exiled Bourbons to ascend the throne again. Alexander the Czar said, "I had no choice, I referred to Talleyrand. In one hand he held the Bourbons; in the other the Bonapartes. I accepted what he offered."

The question uppermost with Talleyrand now was how to save France from spoliation at the hands of the exultant conquerors of the vanquished Napoleon. At the Treaty of Paris he urged that French territory should remain as it was in 1792; that the troops of the allies should be withdrawn, and that the multitude of art treasures of which all Europe had been despoiled should remain in Paris. All these claims were secured.

Then followed the great assemblage at Vienna to re-arrange the affairs of Europe. Talleyrand took his way toward Vienna, there to meet the great powers intoxicated with victory. It was here that the great diplomatist won his worthiest triumphs. He went to Vienna with instructions written by himself. At this

time he was as much the good genius of France as Thiers was later. He was the representative of a throne propped up by the bayonets which had won it—a prostrate country, no army to back him, and all Europe crying for vengeance. In that great council were Metternich, Stein, Nesselrode and Wellington apportioning the spoils without reference to Talleyrand or even admitting him to their conferences.

He stood alone against Europe. With no military force at his call he could not cry “blood and iron, blood and iron.” With no navy on the sea he could not say “thus far shalt thou go and no further.” But in a few short months he had secured his country and saved many others from partition; had disconcerted the allies and sown the seed of dissension among them. Having no material power to support him he fell back upon a moral principle which took the place of the weapons he lacked. This force he sought and found in the principle he so loudly proclaimed of “monarchical legitimacy,” which was a scheme for the restoration of legitimate monarchy over all Europe. He who had been the agent of a Danton and a Napoleon, now spoke like a minister of Louis XIV. The republican had been strangely metamorphosed into a monarchist. It is one more homage rendered to necessity. Europe was tired of bloodshed and uncertainty, tired of the revolutions which had taken hold of the public mind. To Talleyrand must be ascribed the credit of understanding the imperious character of this general sentiment.

He made his king the representative of order and a living protest against usurpation and violence. What the respect of his arms could not gain for him, he made a principle do. He became the ruling spirit in the

Congress, and France regained that position of respect which had always been accorded her.

But Talleyrand had not calculated on the return of Napoleon and the Hundred Days. There was great confusion in the Council of Vienna, and frightened Ministers were hastily returning home. But Talleyrand, with bland complacency, remarked, that after a congress, "a Minister's first duty was to look after his liver," so he went to Carlsbad. There he remained till the storm had passed. Louis XVIII had never liked him. His duplicity was too well known, and, too, he had eaten bread with publicans and sinners. Louis did not want him to sit at his council board again, but the Powers had recognized his ability and insisted. Louis said, "he has done me too much good that I should speak ill of him, and too much harm that I should speak well of him."

Talleyrand did not retain his position long, for disgusted with the King whom even adversity could teach nothing, he gave way to the Polignacs and to other sycophants of legitimacy. For fifteen years he disappeared from the scenes of European politics, and retained only the office of Grand Chamberlain, whose sole duty was to stand beside the royal seat on ceremonial occasions. This duty he performed with the most scrupulous exactness, despite the frowns of the king and the scowls of the courtiers.

However, this sagacious statesman knew where royal obstinacy would lead, and began to prepare for the change. At his feet Guizot and Thiers learned the art of revolution. From Talleyrand the opposition press of Paris gained its inspiration. When the hour came he wrote hastily and secretly to Louis Philippe, "come to

Paris, accept the lieutenant generalship, the rest will follow." And it followed. The royal purple fell from the shoulders of the elder Bourbon, and he went into exile. The younger donned it and became the citizen-king.

This dynastic change wafted Talleyrand into power again, and he became Louis Philippe's Minister to England. The news of a revolution in France and the dethronement of a legitimate monarch shot like a thrill through all Europe. A word from Wellington and the scarcely lulled hostilities would begin again. England's favor must be secured, or the tempest of war would break upon Europe again. Talleyrand proceeded at once to England. How different the reception given Talleyrand in England now. Fortress guns sounded his arrival and the great paid him obeisance. The earliest object of his official life had been to cement an alliance with England, the most solid guarantee for the happiness of both nations. Win England from the coalition and all would be won. Now began a series of the most delicate diplomatic movements, and Talleyrand won the game. England's alliance was secured, and the "July revolution" was saved. This French Warwick had made another King and served his eighth master.

Age warned the octogenarian to retire from the scenes of political activity. His resignation was accepted, and he retired to private life and prepared his memoirs, which he willed should not be published till thirty years after his death. On 17th May, 1838, he died.

Few characters in history have been painted in darker colors than that of Talleyrand, and that, too, by Frenchmen. Common fame has regarded him as a second Machiavelli, as little understood and as ruth-

lessly slandered. Napoleon called him to his face, "a silk stocking filled with filth." "He changes his principles," said Carnot, "as he changes his linen." Mirabeau called him "a vile base trickster, who for money would sell his soul, but he would be the gainer thereby, for it would be trading muck for gold." Chenier, who had him recalled at the instance of Madame de Stäel, said "this limp foot is like a sponge which sucks up every liquid into which it is dropped, but unlike the sponge, never gives anything back." He was anarchist, Orleanist, and not Robespierrest, because he would not have him. The poems of the day allude to him as "the lame artificer of fraud and lies, the limping priest with mitered head and cloven heel." Few men ever spoke well of him. Though on his last mission to England his reception was worthy of a crowned head, he was bitterly attacked in the House. Wellington, however, made a spirited reply in his behalf, saying that he had held official relations with him in times of crisis and never had he met a man more vigorous and skillful in protecting the interests of his own country, or more upright and honorable in his dealings towards others. The next day the aged diplomat was found reading the report with tears in his eyes. He said to his visitor, "I am the more grateful to the Duke, for he is the one statesman in the world who has ever spoken well of me."

His great crime against political morality lay very lightly on his conscience. His venality was notorious. Napoleon often upbraided him for it. Louis Bastide has made out a table of his bribes, which amount in all to full thirty million francs. For a large "gratification," as he termed it, he would grant favors to the ministers of other countries. When the United States

Commissioners were seeking recognition, Talleyrand kept them dancing attendance on him many days before he would grant them an audience. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars gratification was demanded, but their reply was, "millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Like Metternich, he intended that posterity, that a new generation, should pass judgment upon his course, so he wrote his memoirs and made arrangements for their publication thirty years after his death. In these he makes a defense of his course. He says he never deserted an administration till it had deserted France; that he served not this or that government, but his country; that he never considered the interest of any party—his friends or his own—before the true interests of France, that at Vienna in the armed camp of the enemy he preserved the integrity of his country and restored her to a leading place in Europe; that he deserted Napoleon only when Napoleon's ambition blinded him to the welfare of France.

Such is the man who Sir Henry Bulwer says "was the most important man in the Constituent Assembly after Mirabeau, and the most important man in the Empire after Napoleon." To govern others, he learned to govern himself. Excommunicated by the Pope, he became no recalcitrant churchman, but lived to die in the odour of sanctity.

Exiled from France, he returned to become her savior. The stone rejected by the builders became the head-stone of the corner. A leading man in France before Bonaparte's star had yet begun to rise, his hand was still guiding the destinies of the French people long years after Napoleon had eaten out his heart at St. Helena.

Walter Sikes.

LITTLE ROBBIE.

While the Federal armies, scattered through the South, were on their homeward march after Gen. Lee's surrender, those people who lived on the public roads by which the companies passed were protected from pillagers by United States troops stationed along the route. Those who lived further back in the rural districts were not so fortunate, however; their property fell a prey to squads of soldiers who purposely avoided the principal divisions of the army to obtain booty. And woe to a farmer's still-house! the soldiers played havoc with them wherever found—for stills were plentiful in those days.

A small band of Confederates was organized to distress these plunderers, which was soon known far and wide as "Wheeler's Brigade," taking its name from the leader whose name was Wheeler. Many heroic encounters took place between this brigade and the Yankees, the "Rebs" being almost invariably victorious.

The little farm of Mr. Clay was situated about fifteen miles from the nearest town, and consequently lay in the path of the Yankee plunderers. The family consisted of old Mr. Clay (better known by the neighbors as old man Joe), his aged wife, and their daughter-in-law, whose husband had not yet returned from the battlefields. She had one child, a bright-eyed little boy, named Robbie.

A beautiful coal-black colt, with a milk-white spot in his forehead, a round arched neck, fiery, yet gentle when petted, had been bought for Robbie and he named the colt Jeb, because of his admiration for that famous cavalry leader, Jeb Stuart. He was kept in the pasture with

the other horses, and every day Robbie went down to the pasture gate to watch him caper and gambol with them.

One warm sunny afternoon, while the wind was quietly sleeping in its nest, not a murmur, not a motion from the lofty trees, while the birds sang their sweet carols in the oaks which shaded the yard, old man Joe went out to look after the hogs, and little Robbie started as usual to the pasture to see his favorite Jeb, when, behold! an unexpected sight met his gaze. There were those much-dreaded Yankees coming up the lane towards the big gate; and he knew too well that their visit was for no good purpose. Some of them halted at the still by the old spring, which was in sight of the house, while the others scattered about in disorder, entered the spacious yard, and came lazily on towards the house. Robbie admired their blue uniforms with their bayonets and brass buttons gleaming in the sunlight.

Those who stopped at the spring, disappointed at finding no brandy, (for the still at this time happened to be empty) soon joined the band.

Robbie stood still and awaited their approach; and though he knew that there was no one to defend the place, his youthful pride was aroused. The foremost soldier, an officer who appeared to be their leader, thus accosted him:

“My little Reb, are you the defender of this place?”

A little angered at being called a “Reb,” he boldly replied:

“Sir, if I had been old enough to carry a musket I would not have been here as you see me, but I——”

“Enough of this catering nonsense,” interrupted a large, burly soldier; “save your patriotism for another time, and tell us where you keep your brandy; for searching yonder still we find none.”

Old man Clay walked up at this juncture, leaning on his stick, and the same soldier commanded him to bring out the brandy, but he repeatedly denied having any, and the incredulous soldiers could not be satisfied.

As was their custom the soldiers went on to the house and ransacked it, taking everything desirable, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of old Mrs. Clay and Robbie's mother to leave them. One cruel soldier, snatching up a firebrand, threatened to burn up the house because nothing very valuable had been found, but he was restrained by the leader.

But the worst was yet to come, for, to be sure, the pasture was found, and a heartless soldier having brought up Jeb before the door, trimmed his long mane and tail and mounted him. The pony pranced around, impatiently champing his bit, and never before did he appear so lovely as then, mounted by a soldier in uniform. They watched their favorite leave, guided by the soldier, never, as they thought, to be seen again. They now longed for Wheeler's guerrilla band that it might effect a rescue.

The soldiers were gone. The last sound of their departing footsteps had died away in the distance. The shadows of evening were lengthening as the rays of the sinking sun grew fainter and fainter, and night seemed to intensify the gloom which reigned in the home of Mr. Clay. No tidings had yet reached them from Robbie's father, though they were expecting him home soon.

The little stars began to peep forth from the canopy of heaven and seemed to bid them to be patient and have hope. The full harvest moon slowly rose, and, soon reaching her zenith, smiled on sleeping nature and

filled the earth with her mellow beams. Robbie went to his chamber that night with a heavy heart. Sleep would not come to him. He lay quietly looking out of the window at the beautiful night, listened to the homely katydids and the rich notes of the whippoorwill, but these things had no charm for him now. Other thoughts were passing through his mind. His own Jeb was gone and he must have him back at all hazards. Had not heroic deeds been done by little boys like him, and was not this an opportunity to prove himself a hero? Such thoughts were passing through his mind.

Robbie well knew that the soldiers were camping not very far away, and possibly he might steal away the pony while the soldiers slept, and he determined to try, not knowing the danger of the undertaking. So about 12 o'clock he was up and dressed and without the knowledge of any one traveling briskly through the woods. After traveling several miles he came to an old mill, to which he had often been, and walking along cautiously he saw in the moonlight horses standing under a large tree and at a little distance from them he recognized his own beautiful Jeb, and he knew that here was the soldiers' encampment, and that they were asleep, perhaps drunk. But they had a sentinel standing guard, lest they should be unexpectedly attacked by Wheeler's men, for many times these daring men unexpectedly appeared, put the Yankees to flight and mysteriously disappeared again.

Little Robbie knew that an attempt at rescue now would be futile, as the moon was still shining; so he waited till it changed its place that there might be darkness. Very soon the moon was hid behind a cloud, and Robbie slipped behind a bush which made a long shadow, and thus was nearer the horses. But he was barely

concealed when the moon came into view again. He was now only a short distance from the sentinel, and he began to realize his danger. His little heart began to throb more violently, and he feared that his breathing would be heard.

The moon soon hid behind another darker cloud, and a little form crawled along in the shadow to another bush, and befriended by the darkness he was enabled to get in the midst of the horses; and while looking around for his colt he heard a low whinny which he recognized to be Jeb's, for he had seen his little master. Robbie was now exultant at being so near his horse again, and was determined to escape with him as soon as possible.

But other forms were seen moving along the edge of the wood, stealing from one tree to another, and suddenly a command, "Halt!" came from the sentinel, and Robbie was seized with terror, for, having moved a little, he was sure that he was discovered. The challenge was quickly answered by a musket which belched forth fire from behind a tree, and the sound echoed through the forest and over the river. Then followed a shot from the sentinel's musket and another from the woods, in rapid succession, and then a deep groan was heard, and a Yankee lay dead under the pine, never again to see his Northern home.

The whole camp was immediately aroused, and resistance being ineffectual, the Yankees rushed to their horses and a cry of "Wheeler's brigade!" rent the air. They fled precipitantly in every direction, some on foot, others on horses, followed by the fire of the "Rebs." All the Yankees escaped, except three or four who were shot in the retreat.

But there was one who had not fled. Quietly standing

by his horse a little distance from the scene of action, too frightened to move, was discovered a little boy; and one of the rescuers walking up said, "Hey! what have we here?"

"Father!" was the response from a sweet, childish voice, and little Robbie Clay was snatched up and pressed to his father's bosom—his own dear father who had returned home, and the little fellow's joy had no bounds. He was truly a little hero.

J. I. Earp.

A VACATION IDYL.
—

Come sing to me, Muse, as I sit in the gloaming—
The sunset's soft radiance around me is thrown—
Of that still summer evening when we two were roaming
'Neath the moon's magic beams, with her hand in my own.

How well I remember the tuberose she gave me !
With hand light and dainty she plucked it and said,
"A rose for somebody,"—her voice made sweet music.
"Let me be the one," and I bent low my head.

We paused; mid her dimples quick blushes played truant;
The last ling'ring sunbeam lit up her dark hair;
While her breath fanned my face—a zephyr more fragrant
Than Arabie's balmy and spice-laden air.

Methinks I still hear it,—that musical murmur
Of words that were low like a far-away song !
My spirit though fettered still seeks to be near her,
As the tide of rich memories bears me along.

J. H. Rich.

THE MOUND BUILDERS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

It is with the relics of a remote and unknown age that we have to deal when we approach this subject. That the Mound Builders once existed in North Carolina is scarcely known. Still less is it known that in Western North Carolina have been made some of the most important and curious discoveries of this race of people in America.

The Mound Builders are so called, not merely because they built mounds, but because these are the only vestiges of their work which remain. So much is this true that we have to follow the footprints of a buried people in tracing their history; and these footprints are their graves.

This race of people began to live, as nearly as investigation can tell us, not long after the beginning of the Christian era, and lasted no more than a thousand years. The last vestige of them must have disappeared before Columbus set foot on this continent.

Excavations show that they were a more cultured people than the average Indian. Traces of canals may be seen where they led the waters of neighboring rivers through the country, furnishing communication from stream to stream. Their mounds were built for defensive works, sacred enclosures, temples, altars, graves, and sites of dwellings. They are more or less circular or symmetrical. In building their mounds for fortification the Mound Builders displayed excellent judgment. Forts were erected on places naturally fitted for them, often on heights all but inaccessible. These defensive enclosures are always of regular form, square or circular, more rarely the shape of a polygon or an ellipse. All the figures are

perfect; all the angles correct. These fortifications were no weak, temporary works, but the walls were strong, being several feet thick and capable of withstanding a long siege. The work of erecting them must have been great and the time long. These defences sometimes contain 500,000 tons of earth, which, with the rude facilities of the Mound Builder for doing such work, called for an incalculable amount of energy and perseverance. They seem to tell us that war has ever been the heritage of the human race, and even among these rude aborigines it was no new or untried thing.

The mounds which were built for the sites of dwellings offer a very curious study. Several different layers of charcoal and broken and burnt bones can be traced as we descend into the mound. The homes of the Mound Builders doubtless became in many instances their graves and these successive layers show the number of families who have lived upon each mound. The mound was built higher and higher as each home was burned. They had a regard for the affection of families, for the child was buried at its mother's side near the household hearth. The chief of the tribe was buried in the centre of the mound, with sometimes as many as twenty or thirty of his warriors around him. Mica seems to have been a sign of distinction, as this is generally found on the heads of the chiefs. Other relics, such as pottery, pipes and a kind of stone chisel, with a number of quartz or stone arrow-heads, are frequently found in the tombs near the skeletons exhumed.

The mounds intended for altars are invariably situated in enclosures and all show signs of intense heat. Under one of these altars there were found thousands of quartz and manganese arrow-heads of admirable workmanship,

all broken by the effect of the heat. Under another mound more than six hundred hatchets were found presenting an analogy to a certain kind of European hatchet. Indeed many of their relics seem to show that in some remote age the Mound Builders came in contact with European civilization. There have been found bracelets of silver, and ornaments of copper and brass in the shape of a cross of no mean workmanship.

Cremation was commonly practiced. In many instances the action of the heat has been so intense that all traces of a skeleton except a skull have disappeared. Frequently the ashes of the rest of the skeleton are found in the skull. If we are to judge from certain crushed and broken bones exhumed, and attach to this circumstance its natural interpretation, we must conclude that cannibalism was not unknown among the Mound Builders.

In the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, near the centre of the building, is a low circular table upon which are modelled the results of an excavation of the Mound Builders in Caldwell County. This is one of the most interesting objects in the whole of the wonderful collection there. It represents on a small scale (1 to 9) the exhumed skeletons of several of these Mound Builders just as they were buried. They are the skeletons of a people not less than seven feet tall. The mound is known as the T. F. Nelson Mound, and is situated in the bottom lands of the Yadkin, about one hundred yards from the river. This mound, which hides some very important mementoes of the past, would scarcely attract any notice. It is eighteen inches in height and thirty-eight feet in diameter. The excavation by the Smithsonian Commission was assisted by Dr. J. M. Spainhour of Lenoir. It showed that the original constructors

had first dug a pit thirty-eight feet in diameter and three feet deep and then placed the corpses in conical tombs built of cobble stones, others unenclosed, and after covering them up, had raised a slight mound above the pit. In the centre of this pit, covered by a soapstone slab, was the tomb of the chief, built high enough for the body to be buried in a standing position. On his head we find, as marks of distinction, many thin sheets of mica. Grouped around this central tomb are several others, built just high enough to admit the body in a squatting position. All the faces of the squatting skeletons are turned away from the standing central one. All the tombs show signs of heat, but it is evident that this mound was never the site of a home of the Mound Builders. Near the skeletons were stone chisels and disc-shaped stones and pipes. No doubt, as with the Indian, there existed in the minds of these rude men ideas of a happy hunting ground where they would smoke the pipe of peace and engage in the pursuits most congenial to their nature; so at their death their implements were placed beside them.

Many other excavations have been made as interesting and as mysterious as the Nelson Mound. While in the Nelson mound quantities of burnt earth were found in little mounds near the skeletons, and black paint in little shells; in the Nelson Triangle, seventy-five yards north of the Nelson Mound, were found two bodies pinned down by heavy stones placed on their arms and legs. We can fancy here a burial alive; or was this one of the means this rude race had of keeping an ostracised victim from the happy hunting grounds? Bracelets of shell and a copper cylinder were found in the Nelson Triangle. It is in the shape of a perfect triangle. At

one part of the triangle there are ten skeletons. One principal personage is distinguished by the number of beads on his body. In his hands are stone chisels and a knife. Under the heads of his companions are engraved shells. All the bodies seem to have been buried at one time. This reminds us of a custom in India, where the dead kings were buried and their living wives with them. A curious circumstance is that the skeletons are found almost always lying northeast and southwest. Old Masons who saw these excavations say, to their minds there are signs about them which indicate beyond a doubt, that Masonry was not unknown to the Mound Builders. Not only the skeletons of men, but the skeletons of animals are found in these mounds lying not far apart. Wild indeed must these men have been if they kept companionship with the wild animals even in their graves. In Wilkes County the skeleton of a bear was exhumed in the same mound with human skeletons.

To the seeker of ancient relics and to the Archeologist these mounds furnish a rich field for investigation. Knives made of quartz and shell, engraved in the most fanciful figures, are found in their most ancient tombs. Nor are they confined to the Western part of the State. There is a mound not far from Weldon and a group of mounds twenty-five or thirty miles north of Wilmington. All over the State these ancient "landmarks" of an extinct race may be found by those who have an observing eye.

Who was this ancient people who dwelt on our hills, whose very mounds furnish a beautiful site for many of our homes, and who smoked the pipe of peace along the wooded banks of our streams in the time of the "forest primeval?" Were they a distinct race of people whom

the red Indian drove from the forest, or were they but the predecessors of the Indian, differing from him in degree rather than in kind? We can find many marked resemblances between the Indian and the Mound Builder. In their implements is this likeness especially seen. The hatchets and knives and ornaments of both are much alike. The Mound Builder advanced no further toward civilization than the most cultured tribes of Indians. He did nothing which we cannot conceive of the Indian as doing. To deny this conclusion and to accept another which ascribes these remains to a mystical people of a different civilization, is to reject a simple and satisfactory explanation of a fact in favor of one that is incomplete, and this is neither scientific nor logical. Accepting this theory the Mound Builder is still shrouded in mystery. The interest in the mystical signs and silent indications around the mounds of this people will continue many years before either their origin or disappearance is understood. For when we burn with desire to question these indications further, like Macbeth's witches, they make for themselves air into which they vanish.

J. H. Rich.

“AGNES OF GLASGOW, 1780.”

When my father settled in that beautiful section of South Carolina known as the piney woods country, I was a lad of some fifteen or sixteen years. It was late in the autumn of 1832 when we were well established in our new home on the outskirts of one of Carolina's most historic towns. The place was not a large one, for that was a time before the Southern aristocracy had been levelled by war; and on all sides were the stately country mansions of the great planters.

The people who lived in the town were a peaceable set of folk, very hospitable and friendly. But the most interesting personage of all to me was an old man who appeared to be more than eighty years of age, and who had fought through the Revolutionary War. This old man was my ideal of a hero: for he still clung to the knee breeches and brass buttons, and moreover he was never without his trusty musket which he always kept clean and shining; in addition to all this a large scar across his cheek gave him a grim, not to say fierce and warlike appearance.

He lived alone in a cabin of two apartments, at a short distance from the county court-house, at the southern extremity of the town. Often have I sat at his knee and listened with deepest interest to his thrilling stories of blood and plunder, fire and death. He never talked much except with those to whom he had taken a fancy, and I think he liked me very well.

One day when I had finished my lessons I went to his cabin, which was not far from my father's house. I met him at the door, and, when he had greeted me kindly, he told me that he was going hunting and that I might go

with him if I liked. Of course I “liked,” and we at once went into the wood in the rear of his house. We found several squirrels, which he shot with his musket, and at length we sat down on the bank of a small creek to rest. While we were gazing through the clear swift water, the old man began soliloquizing and seemed entirely to forget my presence. “Ah! Agnes,” he said, “fifty years have passed since I saw your beloved face.”

He gazed into the water once more, and putting his hands over his face, seemed to be in deep meditation. I dared not disturb him in his reverie, so I remained silent, until, turning around, he seemed suddenly to remember that I was near. I was deeply interested in the old man and kept my eyes intently upon him. He saw the look of interest and sympathy on my countenance, and it seemed to me he had never looked so kind. A tear stood in his honest blue eye, and whispering to me, “My boy, would you like to hear the story of a soldier’s love?” he sat down by an old oak a few yards from the stream.

“Yes, sir,” I stammered out, for I thought that he was about to relate to me what he had never told anyone else.

“To begin,” said he, “I was born in Perthshire, Scotland, about twenty years before the American Revolution. My parents were a good old pair, who lived long after I had become a man. I was always adventurous as a boy, and when I became seventeen I concluded that a Scotch farm was too quiet a place for me. So I ran away, and walking most of the distance, arrived in London; and after waiting several days I embarked on a ship bound for India.

“It is the same old tale, a cruel captain, a green cabin-boy, and a score of cuffings a day. But I was a sturdy lad, and since there was no escape I bore it.

“At length we reached Bombay, where all the ship’s crew went ashore for ten days, during which time our captain loaded the vessel with spices and other articles of trade purchased from the Eastern market.

“Instead of going back to London, we sailed around to Glasgow, and here it was that I determined to make my future home. At this time I began to feel keenly the pangs of remorse, and more than once was I on the point of going back to my poor old father and mother and, throwing myself at their feet, and begging their forgiveness for my ingratitude. But I was young and foolish, and thinking that the good old folks could have no forgiveness for so wayward a son as I had been, I gave up all hope of ever seeing my father’s fireside again.

“I obtained employment with a farmer near Glasgow, and remained at this occupation until I was twenty years old.

“It was at this time that I first saw her about whom I am telling this story. She was the daughter of a well-to-do neighbor, and often when the day’s labor was over, did I drown my troubles and melancholy thoughts of home in the charm of her company. I loved her when first I saw her, and that love increased daily. I made frequent visits, and at length I gained her pledge of love and faithfulness.”

Here the old soldier paused and shaded his eyes for a moment as if he would gladly give vent to his emotions in a flood of tears.

“Ah, I knew not then what constancy there was in my fair betrothed! I knew not that we would soon be separated forever; but, as fate would have it, I determined to enlist in the British army. I bade her a loving farewell and went once more to London. I served faith-

fully for two years, and at the end of that time I had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant in his Majesty's service.

“The next year Independence was declared, and five months later my regiment was ordered to cross the Atlantic. For four long years did I serve under the flag of old England, but seeing that the ‘rebels’ were fighting in a just cause, and reflecting that I was helping to deprive a downtrodden people of that liberty which I myself so cherished, I resigned my commission and went over to the American side.”

At this point of his narrative the old man looked me steadily in the eye, and I felt that my respect and love for him had increased in the moment; he to whose advantage it would have been to have remained on the stronger side; he, a native of neither England nor America, and involved in the struggle merely because of his profession, he had that spirit of magnanimous patriotism which we are proud to style American.

“Up to this time,” he continued, “I had heard nothing from my long lost love. I had written repeatedly, but owing to the unsettled condition of the world at this time, and also to the slowness and irregularity of communication between England and America, I never knew whether any of my letters reached her. But I had confidence in my betrothed beyond the seas, and continued to hope that some day I would get some tidings from or about her. But still no tidings came.

“I joined the troop of Francis Marion, who had already become famous as the spirited and dashing commander of a band of patriots no less noted than himself. Although, on account of their smallness of number, these men seldom contended in open battle, nevertheless, by

the push and courage of their leader they performed some of the most daring exploits of the war, and did efficient though irregular service.

“The home of this brave band was in the swamp, and the ‘Swamp Fox,’ as Marion himself was called, had his headquarters from the forests which skirt the Santee to the marshes around Charleston harbor.

“This life was one of continued excitement, and it was singularly charming to one of my roving disposition. But I had been reared in the hills of Scotland and it was not long ere my constitution succumbed to the dreadful swamp malaria. I was brought to this town to be cared for during my illness. For a time my life hung by a mere thread and death seemed inevitable. But the vigor of youth, combined with a hardy frame interceded for my recovery, and I began to improve. Before I became entirely well I was one day startled by the deadful sound of the village church bell, as if chanting the funeral dirge of some forgotten being.

“I inquired of my attendant the cause of this solemn knell, and learned that it was for the funeral of a young woman. She had come all the way from Scotland to visit the bedside of her lover who was reported ill in the interior of Carolina. My attendant then told me that this hapless lady had landed at Charleston and sailed up the river in a bateau rowed by an Indian. She had searched in vain for her lover, and hearing that he had died a few weeks before, had come to this town. Luckily she found a kind old woman who generously took her in until she should be ready to go back to her native country. Brooding over the loss of her lover, and being enfeebled by exposure on the river, she too had fallen ill and died the day before.

“Oh, how my heart throbbed when I heard that story,

important as it was to my destiny! Of course I knew that young woman; and though still in a feeble condition I hastily went to the place where the procession was already beginning to move.

“One look at that pale face in the coffin was enough, and explaining that I was the lover whose bed of sickness she had sought, I asked those in charge of the coffin to allow me the right of designating a spot for burial. I determined to lay the remains to rest near the house in which I had recently been so ill; for I remembered a grassy spot near the bank of a small stream in the rear of the house which I thought would be suitable for so sacred a charge as mine. And,” pointing to a fresh, green plot a few feet from the stream and overhung by a drooping willow, “there she lies.”

My companion gave a deep sigh and his breast heaved, and despite his utmost efforts the tears trickled down his aged cheek.

“Soon afterward I rejoined my command; and from that time a change came over my life. I did not return to this town until some years afterward. I was so changed by the exposures of war that no one recognized me, and I made my abode in the cabin I now occupy, and in which I had spent seven weeks of illness during the Revolution.

“Yes, fifty years have passed, but I have remained true to my first love, my fair-haired Agnes of Glasgow.”

* * * * *

The next day I went to the sacred spot he had shown me, and I saw him kneeling over the grave with a little Bible in his hand. When he left I stole down to the stream, and near the beautiful weeping willow I saw a small slab of granite, and on it the pathetic story, “Agnes of Glasgow, 1780.”

Harry Trantham.

VICTOR HUGO AS A POET.

“Victor in Poesy, Victor in Romance,
 Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,
 French of the French and lord of human tears;
 Child-lover.” —*Tennyson.*

“Thou art chief of us and lord,
 Thy song is as a sword
 Keen-edged and scented in the blade with flowers.”
 —*Swinburne.*

France has no nobler name and holds none dearer than that of Victor Hugo. For more than half a century he was the grandest figure in French literature. In him was reflected the spirit of his generation. He has left on record two ideas of general emancipation, first in literature, “the revolt against convention, in the name of Truth;” and second in politics, “protestation in the name of Right.”

Hugo is to France what Shakespeare is to England, what Goethe is to Germany, what Dante is to Italy: the greatest name on the roll of literary worthies of his nation.

At the age of thirteen the “infant sublime,” as Chateaubriand called him a few years later, wrote his first verses. At fifteen he competed for a prize offered by the French Academy in a poem on “The Advantages of Study.” The young Hugo received honorable mention. He would have won the prize had it not been for the following statement in the concluding couplet of his poem:

“And though the thronging scenes of life I shun,
 For me three lustrums scarce their course have run.”

He wrote three prize-winning odes in the years 1818, 1819 and 1820.

Hugo's literary career commenced under what is known as the Restoration. At that time there was naturally a Royalist-Catholic current of literature. It was in this current that Hugo's talent for poetry began to develop.

The "Odes and Ballads" were composed mostly between 1820 and 1825. There is nothing remarkable to be said of his earlier odes; yet they are sufficient to indicate the great promise in store for French literature. They show genius in imagination. In the later odes the poet has better conception and finer skill.

Not until we come to the Ballads do we get anything of a real refined quality. In these he has more fully mastered his material. The style is delicate. He is more competent with his imagination as well as with the word. His ballads deal principally with medieval history and legend. In them we get one of the basal elements of Hugo's talent—"the power of expressing the physically grand without labor." In treating legendary history he reminds us somewhat of Milton.

Next we find Hugo's romantic fancy leading him into the Eastern world for themes. He had a high conception of a great poetry of the East. In his preface to the "Orientales" he tells us that it seemed "a great power shone for us afar off there." His conception differed from that of Goethe and Emerson in that he admired the East for its riches and coloring, while they looked at it in its relation to civilization. He had never visited the East. Spain had given him an idea of it. "Les Orientales" appeal for Grecian liberty. The favorite sultana, pirates, the Greek boy, lovers, the Djinns, dialogues between pasha and dervish, ballads, old ocean—such are

some of the themes of this work. The "Orientales" show him to be a true poet-artist.

In the "Feuilles d'Automne," the "Chants du Crépuscule," the "Voix Intérieures," the "Rayons et les Ombres," the "Contemplations," the poet becomes more personal and profound. Here we have man with his joys and sorrows. Love for liberty, pity for the miserable, admiration for Napoleon I., affection for his mother's memory, for his wife and children, "l'orgueil des anciennes victoires";—all find expression in these poems.

In the first poem of the "Feuilles d'Automne" (The Leaves of Autumn) the poet speaks most tenderly of maternal love: "O love of a mother! love which no one forgets! marvelous bread which a God divides and multiplies." The most magnificent poem of the work is "The Universal Prayer," dedicated to his daughters.

" At eve the babes with angels converse hold,
While we to our strange pleasures wend our way,
Each with its little face upraised to heaven,
With folded hands, barefoot kneels down to pray,
At selfsame hour with selfsame words they call
On God, the common Father of them all."

Hugo has been called the greatest epic poet of the nineteenth century. "A la Colonne" in the "Chants du Crépuscule" (The Songs of Twilight) is a real epic, and still more so is "Napoleon II." It is one of the most animated poems ever written. Napoleon, holding his son in his arms, exclaims, "The future is mine!" Not so, says the poet, the future belongs only to God. Nothing can ever gain

" Power over the Morrow from the Lord of Time."

Napoleon's fate was hard. In his island cell

“Two things—a portrait and a map there were—
Here hung the pictured world, an infant there;
That framed his genius, this enshrined his love.”

What occupied the conqueror's thoughts? Not glory's
red degrees,

“No—'twas an infant's image, fresh and fair,”

in whom all his thoughts had been centered.

Professor Fortier says that nowhere in the French language can we find greater lyric poetry than in “The Leaves of Autumn” and “The Songs of Twilight.” He continues: “The poet is now the acknowledged master of the Romantic School; he has not only ‘renovated French imagination,’ but also French verse.” The poet makes use of all kinds of rhythms, using the “enjambement” (overflow) freely. His verse is correct and has remarkably rich rhyme. “He pays attention to form, but not without ideas.” He uses words that the Classic School had banished. The Romantic School greatly influenced French poetry. This is shown in the works of Leconte de Lisle, Sully-Prudhomme, Coppée, and even of more recent writers of verse.

The most touching poem of the “Voix Intérieures” (Inner Voices) is the XXII, dedicated to children. What can be prettier than that magnificent poem “La Tombe Dit à la Rose” (The Grave said to the Rose)?

As an example of Hugo's song power, we may take the love song of Gastibelza from the “Rayons et les Ombres” (Lights and Shadows). The lyrical inspiration runs through this poem “in one molten current.” It is “the very breath of ecstasy and passion, yet com-

bined with crystalline clearness and delicacy of expression."

"Les Contemplations" are full of graceful and pathetic verses. The work is divided into two parts, "Autrefois" and "Aujourd'hui" (Then and Now). In the preface the poet tells us that the "Contemplations" are the memoirs of a soul. "They are the record of a human existence in its passage from the cradle to the grave. The beginning is a smile, the continuation a sob, and the end a blast of the trumpet of the abyss." Cappon thinks the above words too heavy for the "Contemplations." He says the blast from the abyss is not there, nor the smile. There are some beautiful love poems in the work. Take, for instance, this stanza from the second book:

"Speak, if you love me, gentle maiden!
Or haunt no more my lone retreat,
If not for me thy heart be laden,
Why trouble mine with smiles so sweet?"

"Les Châtiments" are political satires against the Second Empire. They are cries of hatred and vengeance proceeding from the heart. Hugo brands Napoleon III. with infamy. In this work the poet has almost the scathing satire of Juvenal.

The 'Châtiments' are invectives against the 'coup d'état.' Just so "La Légende des Siècles" (The Legend of the Ages) is an invective against everything that makes a 'coup d'état.' The poet passes in review the different ages of humanity from Eve to the French Revolution, and shows us man always marching from darkness toward the light. It is the best poetical work of Hugo. The style is simple, the language sober, and the

verse supple. The thought is profound and varied. The conception of the work is grand.

It is often said that France has no great epic poem. True, French literature has no work that compares with the "Iliad" or the "Ænied" or the "Divine Comedy." The nearest approach to these is the "Song of Roland" in old French. But when we consider that the 'Legend' is a collection of epics, may we not put them together and remove the reproach from French literature that France has no great epic?

In the first part we have Adam and Eve in Paradise. Cain slays his brother and flees before Jehovah, but the fratricide always sees a great eye staring at him through the gloom. He can not escape. He digs a vault and goes down into it alone,

"But when he sat so ghost-like, in his chair,
And they had closed the dungeon o'er his head,
The Eye was in the tomb and fixed on Cain."

Daniel subdues the lion, Ruth sleeps at the feet of Boaz, Jesus calls Lazarus from the dead, and Balaam prophesies. Then follows the decay of Rome which is represented by Androcles and the lion. Hugo practically passes over Roman civilization, because he thought that Rome had no great spiritual element that would survive. Next comes "Islam" in which we have a fine picture of Mahomet as his death draws near. Of the legend of Sheik Omar and St. John there is nothing worthy of mention.

We pass from these into the middle ages, the spirit of which Hugo has very truthfully expressed. He treats of the relation between the ruler and the ruled. Among the most interesting of Hugo's characters of this time we

may mention Roland, the Cid, Eviradnus. In "Aymerillot" Charlemagne returns from Spain with his army, having avenged the death of the twelve peers at Roncesvalles. A young man handsome as a girl agrees to attempt to take Narbonne. He is successful. This story is excellently told.

Roland and Oliver fight on an island on the Rhone. After three days and nights of hard fighting the duel is ended by Roland consenting to marry the beautiful white-armed Aude, the sister of Oliver. As first published the Cid makes no great show, but in the new series of the 'Legend' published some years later the Cid becomes more conspicuous. Roland appears again and rescues the little king of Galicia, about to be betrayed by the 'infantes' of Asturias.

Probably the poet's greatest success in the 'Legend' is Eviradnus, an old knight, the model of bravery and purity. Eviradnus goes to the lone abandoned keep of Corbus. The keep has a large hall with only one door, one table with a place for a single guest and near it a solitary chair. It is lighted by one chandelier—

"Brought from hell
By Attila Archangel."

This great hall has a high arched vault and huge pillars, between which are ranged a long line of iron knights on iron steeds. These knights are ancestors of Mahand. The table is loaded with cold viands. It is the night for marchioness Mahaud to sup in Corbus, since she claims the marquisate.

Eviradnus quickly takes in the situation. He sends away his page, and immediately takes down one of the iron knights and mounts to the empty saddle, becoming

to all appearances, a statue like the others. Soon he hears voices, footsteps and laughter, and the loveliest love-song of France, a part of which I quote as an example of Hugo's lyric fancy:

“Viens, sois tendre, je suis ivre,
O les verts taillis mouillés !
Ton souffle te fera suivre
Des papillons réveillés.
* * * * *

“Allons-nous-en par l' Autriche !
Nous aurons l'aube à nos fronts;
Je serai grand, et toi riche,
Puisque nous nous aimerons.
* * * * *

“Tu seras dame, et moi comte;
Viens, mon coeur s'épanouit,
Viens, nous conterons ce conte
Aux étoiles de la nuit.”

Mahaud enters followed by Sigismond and Ladislaus. Supper over, the marchioness falls asleep. Her companions throw dice for her kingdom, the winner to have the marquisate and the loser the marchioness. They plot the murder of Mahaud, and just as they are about to throw her into a deep pit concealed by a trap-door Eviradnus dismounts from his horse and rescues the sleeping marchioness. Having choked Ladislaus to death, he quickly dispatches Sigismond by means of Ladislaus' dead body. Eviradnus hears their bodies falling to 'depths profound.'

Mahaud awakes. Eviradnus approaching salutes her with a smile and inquires—

“Madam has your sleep all pleasant been?”

In the next section Hugo carries us again into the East and pictures the corruption of Mohammedanism.

“Italie-Rathbert” is a description of Italy in the middle ages. The story of the old warrior and his little

granddaughter is pathetically woven into this gloomy history.

Next comes the "Renaissance Paganisme," which carries us into the sixteenth century. The characteristics of this century are given in the story of a satyr. He is taken to Olympus to be judged. By means of a wonderful song he astonishes the gods. As he sings the gods begin to recognize in him a being greater than themselves. The satyr finally loses his 'Silenus-appearance' and declares himself Pan, the moving spirit of all things. It is probable that the poet has borrowed something from Virgil's beautiful legend of the surprised Silenus.

In the next poem, "La Rose de l'Infante," we have the parable of the broken Armada in the scattered fleet of drifting petals. The bright innocence of the infant princess is wonderfully and finely contrasted with the evil misruling Philip II. "The Reasons of Momotombo" is on the same subject. The spirit of the 'Legend' changes now from a gloomy to a lighter strain. In "The Song of the Sea-Adventurers" the music of the poetry seems to keep time to the sweeping of the oars. In "The Swiss Imperial Guard" we have pictured the mercenaries of the seventeenth century.

In the part called "Maintenant" we come to the present epoch. In this legend (?) and in the vague representation of the twentieth century, Hugo is not so happy in expression. It is too difficult to get any conception of the legendary aspect of the present or of the future.

While there are faults to this "Magnus Opus," Hugo is original in his conception as well as in language and style. Cappon says that the style of these poems is that of a great master, clear and simple, "capable of rendering at a stroke every turn of the poet's fancy. * * * His (Hugo's) methods are the finest and most suggestive;

no others can hope to compass the vastness of the materials here."

In the "Chansons des Rues et des Bois" (Songs of the Streets and of the Woods) the poet treats of light and playful themes. They are "gracieuses pastorales." "La Voix de Guernesey" stigmatizes the Mentana expedition and consoles Garibaldi under the defeat which he has sustained from the Pope allied with Bonaparte. "L'Année Terrible" (The Terrible Year) is a narrative of the sad history of the war and seige of Paris, and at the time of publication was one of his most powerful books. Into "L'Art d'Être Grand-père" (The Art of Being Grandfather) the poet has thrown the fullness of his genius and the freshness of his soul. It was called forth by his great affliction on account of the death of his daughter and his two sons. Nowhere does the poet appear to better advantage than in this brilliant work. In the "Quatre Vents de l'Esprit" (Four Winds of the Spirit) we have some of Hugo's finest satire, satire on the corrupt condition of modern society.

In his later poetry Hugo is unequalled for sincerity of speech and depth of thought. He becomes prophet-like. The fecundity of the poet did not abate with age, but like Tennyson he was a great poet to the end.

In spite of his faults Hugo remains one of the greatest lyric poets and one of the most original; as a writer of verse he is "absolument merveilleux." His dramas and novels have been criticised severely. Whatever may be said for or against Hugo as a novelists and dramatist, posterity, no doubt, will rank him among the greatest lyric poets the world has ever seen—"one of those masters who will always impress most deeply the human soul."

S. J. Honeycutt.

THE BAR-MAID.

“Hello!”

“Who’s there?”

“Stranger.”

“Well, get down and lead your horse to the trough.”

These words were spoken to me in a gentle manner which assured me that I was welcome. I alighted, and led my horse to the barn, where he was at once taken by an old negro man who was very agile for one of his age.

I then introduced myself to Mr. Arlington (for such was his name) and told him that I would like to obtain lodging for the night as I had many miles to travel before reaching my prospective destination. He immediately replied that I should have the best entertainment that his hospitality could afford. I knew that this meant a fire to dry my clothes—for it had been raining all day—and a soft bed to sleep on. The old man led me into his own bedroom and left me to amuse myself for a time. I noticed that the room was unusually neat for one who lived on the Blue Ridge Mountains and I might say it was sumptuously furnished, for it contained an antique set of mahogany furniture which looked truly luxurious when compared with the ordinary ceiled walls.

I was well warmed when Mr. Arlington came and announced supper—an announcement which was very pleasing to me, because I was completely worn out with my day’s journey, and my appetite was well whetted by this time.

Mr. Arlington led the way into the plain but neat dining room where he introduced me to his wife who sat at the head of the table in a rather dignified way. Soon I was in familiar conversation with them, discussing the

topics of the day and local politics,—a subject in which all the mountaineers are much interested.

While we were thus talking the side door was opened and a young lady about eighteen years of age entered. On observing me she somewhat faltered and then came forward in a queenly manner for one who had been reared in the mountains of Western Virginia. Her look of ease at once struck me. Her handsome, but not beautiful, face would attract attention anywhere on account of its purity and showing above all a nobility of character seldom seen in one so young. Her hair was chestnut, her eyes dark brown, and showing a depth of soul and passion. Mr. Arlington rose from his seat and introduced me to his daughter Winifred, who, he said, had just returned from school at Richmond.

Miss Winifred took her seat beside her father, saying nothing, but acknowledging the introduction in quite a fascinating manner. Nor did I say much more, for I was enchanted with her silent loveliness and because her face brought back to memory a small daguerreotype of my mother, taken when she was a girl.

After supper I was ushered into the small parlor, which was fitted up with exquisite taste. Soon Mrs. Arlington came in and then Miss Winifred. When Winifred entered, the parents bade me good night and said that Winnie, as they called her, would entertain me until I was ready to retire. It is useless for me to give the substance of our conversation that night—suffice it to say that I was completely captivated by this mountain fairy. For I found her polished in manner, delicate in taste, thoughtful in selection of conversational topics, and well educated. I was indeed sorry when morning came, because I realized that the dream which had filled my mind that

night must vanish, for it was necessary that I should reach my destination before nightfall of that day, to transact some important commercial business. By sunrise I had started on my all-day journey, and as I went jogging over the high mountains my mind naturally turned to the events of the past few hours, and all day I was dreaming of Winifred.

I thought she was charming,—certainly she was if I judged from outward appearances, and it was all I had at that time, nor did I care for more. She was sufficient for me then.

I reached Bluefield just at sunset, and how well I remember the sentimentality that was contained in that sunset for me! How lovely were the clouds as they were lit by the dying scarlet rays reflected by the fading sun!

As my horse wearily pulled up the last hill before reaching the inn, I thought my heart would burst with emotion at the thought of Winifred, for during the day my love of the night was increased to a frenzy. During the next two days I attended to my business in a sluggish way and sold only two bills of goods. How glad I was when the time of my stay terminated, for I knew in a short while I would again see her who was to me the only woman in the world.

Early on the third day after my arrival in Bluefield, I was again returning, and where? To the house of the one whom I now adored and worshipped; to the home of the one who was life to me. Merrily I sang all the day—love songs of Burns—thinking only of Winifred and of the time when I should clasp her in my arms and plant the first kiss of love upon her lips. To say I enjoyed the day would not express my happiness. To say I was in ecstasy is putting it mildly.

When I came in sight of her home my heart almost ceased its beating, so great was my expectation—just the realized hope of seeing her was too much for me, and I almost fell from my horse as she ran to open the gate for me, with her hair flowing gently over her well-shaped shoulders. A few stray strands were caught up by the wind and wound around her beautiful neck, half hidden and half shown.

The parents seemed more delighted than Winifred to see me. At supper we all talked as if we had been knowing each other for years, and it was not long before I had told them all about myself, my home life in Baltimore, my early home and my school life. They seemed interested in all that I said. So kind were they to me, and so loving the modest Winifred, that I decided to spend two days with these hospitable people of the mountains. These days flew as only the days of love can fly. The hours seemed minutes, and the day but an hour. So great was my ardent passion for Winifred that I believe I would have remained longer had I not received a telegram urging me to return to Baltimore at once as it was necessary for me to take the territory of a drummer who had just died with scarlet fever in the South. I left with a strong determination to come again if possible.

Of course, Winifred and I wrote often. I wrote the most devoted and ardent letters of the lover who thinks of only one thing, and that is when she will be his wife. The days of our correspondence were the happiest in my lonely life; the letters always bringing sunshine into my darkened soul, making me more ambitious and nobler in every way. She wrote for two months, but at last the day came when the mail brought no letter from Winifred. I passed it by lightly, thinking it would

come to-morrow, but to-morrow brought me no letter, nor did it come the day after. By this time my nervous system was highly excited at the keen disappointment of not receiving any news of Winifred. The doctor advised me to rest, but I wanted no rest, for the more excited, the more contented was I. I am not saying that I was contented. My soul burned within me, sometimes with anger, then remorse, then my great love arose and mastered all passions, good and bad.

I went this way for a month and yet no letter came—no tidings of the one who possessed my very being—for I had no soul. I thought God must be unjust to make a man love and then forsake him. The manager of our house “phoned” me while I was at breakfast one morning that it would be necessary for me to go to Richmond to sell a large bill of goods to a firm which made a specialty of fancy silks. No one of our drummers ever went to Richmond, but as this was a large order, the manager deemed it expedient to send a special man, and I was the one selected. I was glad of this opportunity to visit Richmond, for there I might learn something of Winifred, because she had been to school there.

On arriving in Richmond I went at once to the College and called for the President. I questioned him concerning Winifred, but was astonished when he told me that no girl of that name was ever with him in college. I strolled back to Murphy’s, wondering why that deception had been practised. Once I asked myself if I had been duped. I ate supper, thinking little of my business, but still in doubt about the mountain maid who had stolen my heart. After supper I lit a tampioca and leisurely strolled up main street. As I passed Reed’s saloon somehow I felt as if I wanted a beer, and without thinking pushed the closed doors aside and entered the

magnificent saloon. As I glanced behind the counter I saw a face which looked familiar, yet I knew I had never seen that same face before. I looked more closely searching for some recognitory mark, and did see one as the face turned in full view. There she stood behind the bar, pushing whiskey glasses to the crowd as they gathered around her and called for drinks, and now and then one would pat her on the cheek, calling her a pretty bar-maid. She did not look my way for some time, but at last, as the cashier noticed that I had not been waited upon and called to her, she started to my end of the counter, but all at once she threw up her hands and cried, "My God, it is Horace!" Recovering her self-control she turned and rushed to the back door of the room. I followed close behind. But too late. The door was locked from the other side, and I was separated from her.

I went at once to my hotel, knowing that I would not find her that night, but resolving to do so on the next day. In the morning I went to Reed's and asked about the bar-maid, who had been there on the previous night. They told me that for some unknown reason she had not come that morning. She was usually very prompt and attended to her duties well, paying little attention to the customers and giving them what they called for, and never entering into conversation with them. They did not know where she lived. In no way could I find out more about her, and I have not to this day.

I went back to her home, but the house was closed. The neighbors said they had moved away to Wheeling, and that the girl had gone back to school in Richmond, but I knew better than this. Where the old folks *are* I do not know. Where the girl *is* I do not know; where she *was*, I *do* know.

R. C. Camp.

ON SOUTHERN SHORES.

“Now, gentlemen, we may talk without fear of interruption,” said the tall, gray-bearded, distinguished-looking gentleman who sat at the head of the table.

It was after midnight, and we three, Señor -----, another distinguished gentleman, and myself, had met at the house of the Señor. I could easily give you the names of these gentlemen, but owing to the fact that they are so high in the estimation of their countrymen, both in society and in the political world, I shall not implicate them in what follows. We three had met by previous engagement for the purpose of discussing the situation of affairs in the rebellion of Cuba against the Spanish government.

Our host was a true-blooded Spaniard who held an important place under the Spanish government, and for the sake of distinguishing him from others, may I be permitted to call him by the title of Señor? The other gentleman present was a Spaniard, but resembled a Frenchman more than a Spaniard, so may I not call him Monsieur? I was a full-blooded American; not a cross with any differing race, with the possible exception of being descended from Pocahontas—for you must know I was born in Virginia, and every Virginian claims to have descended from Pocahontas.

The house in which we had met was one of those remnants of the “good old times,” and was situated at some distance from the main avenue of Havana. The approach to it was through a long carriage-lane, dark with over-hanging boughs, and I well remember how a shuddered as I walked up this lane in company with Monsieur. The huge halls and massive structure of the building might well carry one back to the architecture of the be-

ginning of this century. In the library was a small table, upon which were placed wine and cigars. Around this we were seated, when our host said: "We can now speak without fear of interruption, and I want each one of you to give your ideas concerning the plan, of which we have spoken. Col. Chamberlain, what do you think of it?"

Now the question which we had discussed was, as to the desirability of committing some flagrant act in direct violation of international law and fixing the guilt on the Cuban rebels, and by doing this give to them smaller chances of securing aid from the United States or any other nation.

I may as well explain, here, my part in this plot, by saying that I have an innate love of self, and that by entering these plots I thought it was probable that I might become rich enough to live in comfort the remainder of my life. I remember when I was a child I never loved to play with other children because they would so often hurt my feelings. When I was at college, I never earned the esteem of any special friends, for I never considered anybody's interest but my own. I had worked for several years on the staff of a large newspaper as corresponding reporter. That explains my presence in Cuba at this time. Here was a chance for a struggling newspaper man on a small salary to make a strike, and by entering into a plot with these Spaniards, make a few extra thousands of dollars.

To-day the United States battleship, *Maine*, entered this harbor. Years ago when I was at college, in my class there was a man who seemed to be opposed to me in everything I did. When I ran for valedictorian he, by bootlicking the professors, managed to get the place.

In a competitive examination for entrance to the Naval Academy, I stood first, but owing to physical disabilities I was not allowed to enter. *He* took my place. Several years later, he won from me, by unfair treatment, the dearest girl who has ever lived. To-day I have learned he was aboard the *Maine*, as one of the commanding officers.

So when the *Señor* called on me, I explained to them my situation. I told them about the *Maine's* arrival and suggested that if we were very careful and secret in our movements, it would be a good plan to blow up this battleship by means of submarine mines and to fasten the guilt on the Cuban rebels. I saw that, with much labor, we could place these mines in such position that we could render the battleship entirely unfit for service. And by placing the guilt on the leaders of the Cubans, we would cause the United States to look with disfavor upon the rebellion. Besides this, I felt sure, that if the ship were destroyed, that man who had so cruelly wronged me in the years gone by would be killed.

Monsieur and *Señor* agreed with me as to this being the very thing for us to do. And we then entered into a discussion as to the means of carrying out the plot to its best advantage. The *Senor* and Monsieur were to furnish five tried Spaniards and an experienced diver, while I was to oversee the work. We appointed the next night to look over the situation by moonlight.

During the day, I took particular note of the position of the battleship in reference to its surroundings, and prepared myself so as to be able to avoid running into it in the darkness. That night, a little past twelve o'clock, *Senor*, Monsieur, and myself, with one Spaniard, entered a small skiff which I had secured from one of my Ameri-

can friends, ostensibly for the purpose of taking a moon-light ride. This was the night for the full moon, but happily for us, a thick cloud covered the sky, so that everything around us was quite indistinct and huge shadows loomed up in the distance. With our oarlocks muffled we carefully pulled with the tide near to where the battleship was moored. We wished to see if it would be easy for us to approach it without being observed. After pulling out to near mid-stream, we permitted our boat to drift with the tide, sculling silently with one oar, as the occasion demanded, until we reached the anchor-chain, and there we held for several minutes, quite elated at not being discovered. Then we turned loose and shoving off with our hands from the battleship, we let the skiff drift gradually past. Then we turned and rowed up against the tide, and then I took for the first time an opportunity for looking around. Everything was dark. No lights showed save those on board the steamers in the harbor, and now and then, the search-light of the Maine would show a hazy light across the darkened sky. "Yes, my friends," thought I, "you had better be looking for enemies close at home rather than way off in the distance." Our object being accomplished, we soon returned to our starting point and there locked up our boat, feeling confident that we should be able to carry out our plot successfully.

We had found out that we could get in under the wharf near which the Maine was anchored by entering an opening some distance from the battleship. So, the next day we got our tools and diving apparatus ready, and with our men, on the following midnight, we made our way to the wharf. Of course, absolute silence was necessary for this, and we only permitted one boat to go

at a time. Finally we all got safely under the wharf and there we spent the rest of the night preparing a kind of a raft on which we could work. Several nights were occupied in this work, and on the third night we sent down our first diver. After this we soon found the exact position of the ship, and in a little while had made all our preparations for the explosion.

On the fifteenth day of February, if everything is favorable, this disastrous work will be done. I have already prepared, in accordance with my instructions, letters signed by some of the Cuban leaders authorizing this plot and encouraging their men to do it, and will place them where they will be found.

Now, I am completely satisfied, for besides getting enough money out of this job to give me a comfortable income, I shall have avenged myself of the man who has most cruelly wronged me. And now I only wait the completion of this plot before leaving for my home.

* * * * *

On the fifteenth day of February the *Maine* was blown up. The body of Col. Chamberlain was found and was identified only by papers found in his clothes. On searching the belongings at his house, the above was found, and with it a note, which read as follows:

DEAR UNCLE: I have just learned that you are in Havana, and called to see you this afternoon, but you were out. If I can get off in the morning, I will be in to see you again. Everybody at home sends regards to you.

Your nephew,

LIEUT. B——.

On board the *Maine*, February 15th, 1898.

It is supposed that, on receiving this note, Col. Chamberlain hastened on board the *Maine* to prevent his nephew from sharing in the fate of the remainder of the

crew of that ill-fated battleship. Be that as it may, it is certain that he was killed before he was able to dispose of the letters which he had written and attributed to some of the prominent Cuban leaders. These letters were found in his pocket, unopened, after the explosion. His nephew was only slightly wounded in the explosion. But when he learned of the treachery of his uncle, he left the body of the latter to be buried at the expense of the community. And to this day, no one knows the full name of that lieutenant, although, of course, there are many surmises as to who he is.

C. N. Bailey.

A MODERN MYSTERY.

It was our summer vacation, and Jack Pendleton—my college chum, and I had planned to spend a week in fishing on some little quiet stream.

The place that just suited my fancy was an old summer resort, of the kind fashionable in the South "fo' de war." This old building chanced to be in the line of Sherman's famous, or infamous, march through this State, and the Yankees with their usual rapacity had partially succeeded in destroying the old place; but several good rooms remained intact, and I thought it would be an ideal place to spend an idle week with a jolly companion. Of course it had its haunted chamber—as all old houses do, where a young girl, after a quarrel with her lover, had been shot. The story runs, that one summer this young lady met a very entertaining and pleasing gentleman at the springs, who became very much attached to her. She, not suspecting so ardent a feeling on such a short acquaintance, treated him kindly, attributing his attentions merely to friendship. One day a very handsome, dashing young man drove up, and engaged rooms at the hotel. In some way it reaches the first young man that this new comer is engaged to the girl, and almost wild with jealousy writes a note demanding to see her. She, suffering from a headache, was unable to see him then, but said she would meet him in the upper parlor after supper. At the appointed hour Miss H—— appeared. He told her of the report he had heard, and asked if it was true. On her replying that it was, he accused her of being a flirt, and leading him on merely to drop him at the last moment, and then drawing his revolver, shot her through the heart. In the

general hubbub that followed he managed to escape, and was never heard of afterwards, but the victim of his jealous rage died next day. This happened just before the war, and in the trouble and anguish of the next four years little thought was given to haunted houses; but after affairs had become settled, the report grew till finally people actually refused to sleep in that chamber.

Now, a house of this kind was just suited to our romantic natures, and, with many good wishes and warnings not to let the ghost catch us, we set out. Of course we intended to catch enough fish to supply the wants of a whole family, but as a precaution in case of emergency, I had made arrangements with an old "anty," who lived about a quarter of a mile from the house, to cook for us.

Brave as we were, we felt just a little relieved—though neither would confess it—when we found that the haunted chamber had not been prepared for us, but one in the rear of the house.

A beautiful lake, with barely a ripple to disturb its glassy surface, lay stretched out before us, and flowing round from the north was the little stream in which we intended to try our luck at angling. We had purposely chosen a time when the moon was at its brightest, first, that we might enjoy rowing over the still lake at night; and, secondly, though I had not told Jack so, to see how much truth there was of a ghost. Our first night passed uneventfully enough, except for the hooting of an owl, which, sitting on a limb just above our window, seemed determined to make our first night pleasant with his sweet serenade.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, we set out for the little stream, and though we "spat on the hook," and tried other expedients, never before known to fail, we re-

turned home with no more fish than, as Aunt Dinah contemptuously remarked, "she would eat, scales, fins, and all." Our first day's sport had made us feel that sleep would be preferable to rowing on the lake, or even watching for the ghost, so we retired almost before the deep red glow of evening had left the West.

We awoke much refreshed, and nothing disheartened by our previous day's ill success, determined to try again in a hole which Joe (Aunt Dinah's boy) had declared "jes fine." Our catch that day so much exceeded our expectations that we scarcely felt wearied at all by our long walk, and decided to enjoy a few hours on the lake. The night was perfect, the moon, "the silver-footed queen," rose calm and majestic over the barely rippling water, and myriads of shooting stars seemed to be chasing and crossing each other in the blue canopy of heaven above us. Now and then the squeaky notes of the night hawk, mingled with the deep, guttural voices of the frogs on the other bank, were wafted to us on gentle zephyrs, a night that makes one feel, "would that it might continue forever!" We had been drifting over the lake here and there for some time, and on Jack's reminding me of the lateness of the hour, we put about and quickly came to shore. So enchanted had we been while gliding over the lake that no thought of the ghost had entered my head, till, just before we reached the house, Jack suddenly stopped and said, "Look!" I looked, but only the window dimly gleaming under the shadow of a limb caught my eye. "I saw it right there in the window," Jack excitedly cried. I, of course, pooh-poohed the idea of seeing a ghost on such a beautiful moonlight night, and said that they only went about on dark stormy nights, (though I had heard that this

ghost could be seen by moonlight). After searching the premises we returned to our room and pretended to go to sleep, but I am quite sure Jack didn't sleep over fifteen minutes the whole night.

On telling aunt Dinah next morning about the ghost, she became very much agitated, and strongly advised me to let "sperets" alone, that if "yo' once meks a ha'nt mad, yo' better look out." I wondered why the old aunty became so much alarmed when she told Jack about a ghost, but thought perhaps it was only the characteristic superstition of her race. So I dismissed it from my mind, and ran ahead to overtake Jack on his way to the creek. Our success that day was fairly good, and we heard no more of Aunt Dinah's remarks about "eating fins and all."

After our customary row on the lake that night, we were returning home, when immediately in front of us some animal rose up with an ugh! ugh! and rushed off into the woods. This gave our nerves a shaky feeling, though we knew it was only a hog, and I should not have been much surprised to see a ghost at any angle of the path the rest of the way. Just as we reached the house a dark bank of cloud drifted across the face of the moon, rendering everything around the building dark and sombre. We stood for a while and looked for the ghost, but seeing nothing resembling one, we retired.

The next day passed in much the same way as the day before, except when night came we felt a good deal more tired than the night before. I had tried by all manner of ridicule, to dispel the idea of a ghost from Jack's mind, but without success, he only saying, "If it wasn't a ghost, 'twas a person." I had read that sailors at sea, sometimes, on a fair, clear day could see the image of

another vessel, reflected in the sky above, and I thought (though there is not much connection between the two) that perhaps the moon, in some unaccountable way, with the aid of the lake, which lay directly in front of the house, might produce our outline on the walls in the room, if we stood immediately in front of it, and with this theory filling my mind we left the lake that night. I tried all that day to make my idea clear to Jack, but I do not think he had much confidence in it, though he seemed to acquiesce in my belief.

Anxious to test the result of my theory we hastened on, and coming in front of the window, sure enough, there stood two sombre, spectral figures.

“There, you see I am right,” I began, “and there stand your ‘haunts.’”

We stood and viewed our ghostly selves for a while, making numerous gestures to prove our identity, and I had started to leave, when a sudden grasp on my arm forced me to turn. Jack simply pointed in the direction of the window, and to my horror and surprise, a third figure stood in the room! I shall never forget the picture. The figure, enveloped in a long cloak, remained a moment in view, then slowly glided out of sight.

I knew that the last comer at least was no ghost, and determined to sift the matter to the bottom, hastened to aunt Dinah’s cabin to procure a lamp to search the house. When I mentioned ghosts this time, and told aunt Dinah my purpose, she became alarmed more than ever; but despite her entreaties to let “hants” alone, I took a lamp and hurried back, she following behind. Our search through the “haunted chamber” revealed nothing, but when about to leave the room, a door which had hitherto remained unnoticed, attracted my attention, and

quickly reaching it, I threw it open. The chamber, as revealed by the dim flaring light, appeared to be the bedroom of a lady, and seeing nothing resembling our ghost, I had turned to leave, when the gleam of a flashing jewel struck my eye, and then I noticed in the farthest corner, a crouching figure. As Jack and I approached, a woman arose, her hands, throat and ears glittering with flashing gems. A sad, eager voice said, "Do you know where Richard is? He went out driving this morning, and has not returned; but," and her voice grew sad again, "I know you have not, for he has gone never more to return." And the poor creature broke into such a mourning that we left the room, and as soon as we were out of hearing, I asked aunt Dinah who she was.

The story was quickly told. Several years before this, she and her husband, just married, were driving through the grounds, when the horses took fright at some pigs rooting by the road, became unmanageable, ran away and killed her husband. Better far had it killed her too, for, on regaining consciousness (she had been slightly hurt), and being told of her husband's death, she lost her reason, and refused to leave the place where he had died. As all entreaty proved unavailing, the unhappy parents decided to let her remain in the old building. A room was prepared, and aunt Dinah put in charge of her, and for nine years had faithfully performed her duties. The lady, after being shown her room never manifested any desire to leave it, and only occasionally wandered about the chamber and looked out of the window, as on the night we saw her.

As to the other figures, I will attempt no further explanation than the one given, and leave it to older and wiser heads to decide whether the theory advanced be correct or not.

George A. Foote.

EDUCATION IN HAWAII.

To those who have not had the privilege of reading the very elaborate discussions of Hawaiian questions which have come out in some of the magazines recently, a few facts gathered here and there on Hawaiian education may be interesting.

These islands are of peculiar interest to us on account of their proximity to our borders, their rapid progress in civilization, and the place that this people is destined to occupy among the civilized nations of the world. There is even a strong sentiment among our people in favor of annexation. Whether or not this is a wise policy is an open question, and will be alluded to further on in this paper. But the rapid progress that this people has made in the last decade has commanded the wonder and admiration of the world, and it is interesting to notice the forces that are at work to bring about such marvelous changes.

It was very fortunate for the Hawaiians that the missionaries who went from our shores to those islands were lovers of knowledge. About their first work, and work, too, which has yielded, perhaps, best results, was the establishment of schools. As early as 1840 the privilege of establishing schools was granted by the government to communities where as many as fifteen children could conveniently attend.

The king and chiefs were afraid of this new learning at first, but a little later on political preferment was shown to those who were availing themselves of these opportunities.

The Free-school system was adopted, and ample provision was made by the government for the prosecution

of the work. The schools are under the supervision of a minister and six commissioners, two of whom are ladies. The commissioners are appointed for three years, the term of two expiring each year. They have control of all schools, both public and private. It is their duty to employ teachers and remove same from office when necessary, to visit schools and give directions and make suggestions to teachers in regard to their work, and to establish schools where they think it advisable.

Education in Hawaii is compulsory. Parents are compelled to send their children to school while they are between the ages of six and fifteen. They are required to send these children during the whole term, which is about ten months now. The result of this compulsory school law is that 98.4 per cent of the children are in school ten months in the year. Not only this, 84 per cent can read and write. This shows up favorably for the Hawaiians, when we remember that 85 per cent of the children in North Carolina do not attend the free schools at all; that a much smaller per cent. of them than of the Hawaiian children can read and write; that the children in North Carolina who attend public schools at all, attend only about two months in the year.

The teachers in Hawaii are well qualified for their work and well paid. A great many of them have graduated from the leading colleges and universities in the United States, and have prepared themselves especially for this work. The average salary is \$650 per year. Those doing higher work, of course, get better salaries. A house is furnished to a great many teachers at the expense of the government. Teachers have long

tenure of office. Many of them spend their lives teaching in the same school, immoral conduct and inability to do the work being generally the only things that deprive them of their positions. This long tenure of office enables the teachers better to adapt themselves to the peculiar circumstances, and therefore to do their work more efficiently. The English language is the basis of all education in Hawaii. Of course, when training is given in any other than the mother tongue, education is at a disadvantage. But this, and the fact that out of four hundred and fifty teachers in Hawaii two hundred and sixty-four were born, raised and educated in the United States, suggests to us that American civilization and culture is moulding the character of that people.

But there are other obstacles in the way of education in Hawaii. The low degree of civilization among the older ones, suspicious and strange beliefs which get into the minds of the children in very early life, deprive them to a very great extent of the *refining* influences of education. The homes from which the children come are, for the most part, very rude; the manners of the older ones are rough and uncouth. On this account foreigners are largely excluded from the homes of the natives. Teachers meet the children only at school. The progress of this work is, therefore, much slower than it would be if the home environments were more favorable. Perhaps the greatest difficulty in the way of education in these islands is that loathsome disease, leprosy, which they have there. Although the government has provided a place for these unfortunates, and is doing perhaps all it can toward colonizing them, yet some of them are kept concealed from the officers; and often children who have this disease in its earliest stage are in

school. Of course teachers who are not natives have to be very careful not to come in contact with this malady.

As these difficulties are gradually removed we look for education to take a stronger hold on the people generally and lift them to a higher plane of moral living.

T. H. King.

Resolutions of Regret.

WHEREAS, the Philomathesian Society of Wake Forest College has lost by death one of its best and most dearly beloved members, Miss Evabelle Simmons, a lady of high and broad culture, a devout Christian, and a member invariably loyal to our Society, be it

Resolved, 1. That the Society offer to the bereaved family its most heartfelt and tender sympathy, in this the greatest grief that the human soul can feel; and we pray that God, who alone holds life and death in His hands, and who alone can heal wounds such as this, will shed the sunshine of His comfort and assurance into their hearts.

Resolved, 2. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Miss Simmons, spread upon the records of the Society, and published in the *Biblical Recorder* and THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

J. C. MCNEILL,

G. M. BEAVERS,

J. B. JACKSON,

Committee.

March, 12, 1898.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

In these uncertain times it is difficult for the editor of a monthly magazine to follow so safe a course and to use such cautious language that no matter what takes place before the day of publication he will seem to have predicted correctly. Few, since the ancient oracle of Apollo, have been able to do this. Before April 1 the fleet of Spain may be at the bottom of the sea, while all America is shouting with the joy of victory, and while Cuba, freed from her tormentor, is trying once again to recover her bearings and make a fresh start. It may be, however, that the United States will stand firm in its policy, and let Spain and Cuba settle the issue as best they can with no external interference to harass them.

It is strange that in a Democratic government the cry of the people should go so long unheeded. Our national representatives have been dallying for several years with the Cuban affair and are still undecided, while the little island is struggling for its very life. It is true that the American people are heartily in favor of universal peace,

but that can never be attained so long as there are widely different degrees of civilization among the nations; universal enlightenment, and then universal peace. In a case like this, where war enters in simply for the sake of humanity, it becomes not a sin but a duty. Armed interference in behalf of Cuba would be an exception to the statement of Sherman that "War is hell!" Indeed, if the Golden Rule applies to nations as well as to individuals, war would be an instrument to carry out the will of heaven. There can be little growth for the spirit of world-wide brotherhood so long as one people stands and watches passively the wholesale slaughter of another, which is fighting for a just cause.

President McKinley has received and deserved much praise for the dignified course he has taken under pressure of national excitement. Our abler journals have not stinted themselves in giving him credit for his coolness and steadfastness, and it is not likely that any right-minded Democrat, though warmly opposed to him in the last campaign, would deny the President the claim to a high order of statesmanship. While this is true, however, it is never the wisest and most just policy to laud one man at the expense of another. Influential journalists, who profess to be non-partisan, take occasion to congratulate the nation on the wisdom of its selection, and in order to enhance the effect of their words they contrast what might have been the woful condition of our country had Bryan been elected. The *Outlook* for March 12, in an editorial on "The President," says: "Serious evil might have been done to America by the free coinage of silver; from the Republican point of view, serious evil would have been done by the abandonment

of a protective tariff; but neither the free coinage of silver nor the abandonment of the protective tariff could have wrought the evil which would have been wrought by a needless and unjust war, into which a weak and passionate President might easily have brought the country." McKinley deserves honor and receives it because his action as head of the nation has shown him worthy of it; but it makes his glory none the brighter to speculate that his policy is wiser than would have been the policy of another who never had the opportunity of exercising his powers in the same position.

This is the year of years for our farmers to plant wisely. If we should have a war of any considerable duration the demand for army supplies will run prices up, especially the price of food products. Of course the value of cotton would also be increased, but it would be almost nothing in comparison to the value of grain, which is subject to much more rapid consumption. In any event, nothing can be lost on a heavy grain crop, for even if peace continues to smile upon us, its smile will be all the sweeter to those who have barns bursting forth with plenty. Let us hope that this year may break down the despotism of King Cotton.

The good church people of North Carolina seem to be in much distress over the introduction of Mormonism into the State. It has been recently announced in some of our State papers that there are fifty more Mormon missionaries in North Carolina than all the Presbyterian preachers put together, and that in Rockingham County there are two organized Mormon churches. It is very likely that the number of missionaries has been largely

exaggerated. They are itinerant, and no doubt, like a farmer who tries to estimate the number of a litter of lively pigs, the people who oppose Mormonism have counted each missionary three or four times. In reality their doctrines have made comparatively no progress except in the very ignorant districts, and the "Holiness" preachers will meet the Mormon missionaries there next summer, and between the two they will so gorge their unlearned disciples with conflicting religions that the latter will become disgusted and turn again to the cool atmosphere of the good old way. Besides, when Mormonism enters North Carolina it is shorn of its greatest charm; for our laws do not allow polygamy. The opportunity of being a church-member in good standing and at the same time surrounding himself with a flower-garden of beautiful wives made up of every variety of beauty, might tempt many an impulsive youth to go astray. But, this being impossible, there is no ground for uneasiness.

The trial of M. Zola in Paris was the trial of the Jewish race, and that race may expect the same treatment at the hands of the French nation as Zola received at the Parisian court of injustice. Such a trial, the scene of orations delivered from the witness stand, of uproarious expressions of approval or disapproval from the on-lookers, of good evidence ruled out and incompetent evidence ruled in, would be inconceivable in any country except France. Right in the tracks of that fearful Revolution, in which the whole country bled for the establishment of political equality, the French have become alarmed at the financial success and organization of the Jews, and are determined to render the Jewish money-kings harm-

less. Zola says that anti-Semitism is only Socialism in disguise; that the old cry against the capitalist is the same as the new cry against the Jew. M. Drumont, a leader of the agitation against the Jews, says: "In the English press the Jewish side of the situation passes current because the Jews control all the channels of publicity. Before the Revolution there was no anti-Semitic feeling in France, because the Jew was treated as an enemy of Aryan and Christian society, and was kept in his place. Now everything is changed. The old unity has been broken up, cohesion has gone, and the Jew, with his race solidarity, his genius for organization, his disciplined mind, and his sharpened wits, has taken advantage of the chaos of opinion and social order to make himself master of France." He predicts an uprising against the Jews, which will end either in proscription or massacre. The writers from the Jewish standpoint, on the other hand, hold that the sole cause of the bitterness of feeling is the success of the Jews. Their debtors among the peasants, the jealous commercial classes, the politicians with private ends to attain, are all led on by the Roman Catholic church in this war of anti-Semitism. Taking all things into consideration, the condition of French Jews is vastly worse than that of the Cubans.

The Ellsworth Newspaper bill, which is pending in the Legislature of New York, provides for a *quasi* censorship of the press. The State already has laws against personal libel and against obscene and immoral publications, and the bill under discussion seeks to supplement these laws. "It provides in general terms that editing, publishing, or circulating any paper which has a ten-

dency to corrupt, deprave, degrade, or injure the minds or morals of the public is a misdemeanor." But it does not indicate what class of matter has such a tendency; and leaves that question solely to the judgment of the authorities. Now it is evident that there are a thousand points of view from which a publication may be regarded as having a tendency "to injure the minds or morals of the public." Democrats might take that view of Republican papers; Protestants, of Catholic papers, and so on, *ad infinitum*. It would depend entirely upon the peculiar opinions of the authorities at any time to say what should be punishable and what legitimate. And, moreover, the bill provides that the objection to these papers of evil tendency shall be raised, not before, but after their publication. The editor will have nothing to guide him; but after his paper is already issued, and in the hands of its readers, where it has already done all the harm it can do, the poor fellow is arrested and punished for a misdemeanor. The bill seems to be indefensible.

LITERARY COMMENT.

C. N. BAILEY, Editor pro tem.

That book in many's eye doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.



The correct Polish pronunciation of the name of the author of "Quo Vadis" is Syen-kyà-ritch.



Mr. Kipling's new story, "The Burning of the Sarah Sands," is described as a stirring historical tale of maritime adventure.



M. Zola's "Paris," translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, will be published, on March 1, in New York, Paris, London and Toronto, by the Macmillan Co.



The autobiography of Charles H. Spurgeon, compiled from his diary, records, and letters, by his wife and his private secretary, is announced by the Fleming H. Revell Co.



"A Desert Drama," by Dr. Conan Doyle, is announced by Messrs. Lippincott. Dr. Doyle carries his readers up the Nile and shows them some fighting and love-making of a new order for the creator of Sherlock Holmes.



"Soutien de Famille," the novel which Alphonse Daudet completed just before his death, will be issued simultaneously in Paris, London and New York. It will be published in this country by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.



Harper's Magazine for March contains several good articles, among them: "An American Army Manœuvre," by Franklin Matthews, "Reminiscences of Eminent Lecturers," by Joel Benton, "Stirring Times in Austria as Seen from the Parliament at Vienna," by Mark Twain.

“When a private in the ranks is praised by a general he cannot presume to thank him, but fights better the next day.” That is the way Rudyard Kipling acknowledged a compliment from Lord Tennyson, according to testimony set forth in the latter’s biography, recently published.



Mr. Justin McCarthy has two volumes nearly ready for the press: One entitled “England’s Nineteenth Century,” to be issued in the Story of the Nation Series; the other, reminiscences of distinguished Europeans and Americans whom Mr. McCarthy has known. The title of the latter he has not yet decided upon.



The March number of the *North American Review* contains: “Do Foreign Missions Pay?” by Rev. Dr. Clark; an article on “Personal Morals and College Government,” by Chas. F. Thwing, which is peculiarly interesting, as its name denotes, to college students. Besides these, there are other good articles in the Magazine.



A friend of Ruskin says the great critic still takes his daily walks, sees his personal friends, and spends much time in reading. He directs his own business, but is obliged to decline correspondence, and cannot reply to the many letters which still come asking for his intervention in public or private advice and assistance.



A good serial is running in *McClure’s* on somewhat the same order as “The Worker.” A true life story of how a fireman of an engine ascended the ladder of prosperity. Every man can write at least one book; that of his own life, provided he tell the truth, and provided he notice those small things that go to make up the great things of life. It is to be hoped that we will have more of this class of literature.



Mr. Davis’ new serial, “The King’s Jackal,” which is to begin in *Scribner’s* in April, illustrated by Mr. Gibson, is full of the characters Mr. Davis particularly delights in—a banished king in need of funds who organizes a daring plot to get them;

a young American girl with a great deal of money, a modern prince with mediæval notions, an adventuress, and a dashing newspaper correspondent who has been everywhere, knows everything, and can slap kings on the back. The scene is laid in Tangier.



Most of the complete novels which appear in *Lippincott's* are really good. I remember reading one some months ago (Poor Chola) in which a thunder storm was described as going on, while some of the characters were at supper. The scene impressed me so forcibly that when my supper-bell rang, I instinctively seized an umbrella, although the sky was perfectly clear. The story in the March number, "An American Aspirant," does not elevate the standard of the magazine, indeed it does not quite come up to the average. What mars the story more than anything else, is that it is rather disconnected. The short stories of the magazine, as usual, are good.



There are several good articles in March *Scribner's*, as "The Moments of Clear Vision," by Octave Thanet, and an installment of "The Story of the Revolution," by H. C. Lodge. But the most striking article in the magazine is the paper, or the first part of a series of papers on "The Worker—The West." Mr. Wyckoff has before dealt with his experiences in the open country where employment was to be had for the asking, but now we find him in Chicago, a congested labor market, where he learns by experience what it is to look for work and fail to find it. He begins to treat of that half of the world of which few of us know anything. Because the characters with whom Mr. Wyckoff is brought in contact are of a lower class than those we mingle with, this part of his experience is not as interesting as others. However, too much can never be written on this subject. No true man who has a knowledge of how the other half live can go through the world without trying to help this class. The trouble is, that men of to-day know little and care less about the terrible situation. *Scribner's* is to be congratulated on having started this movement of writing on the real things of life.

EXCHANGES.

T. D. SAVAGE, Editor pro tem.

Nothing gives us more pleasure than looking over the many sister magazines that come to our table. We like to glance through them, stopping now and then to peruse something which strikes us as above the ordinary. Sometimes we go through with but few pauses, but oftener we find much worth our attention. It interests us also to compare the magazines, and from the appearance of the magazine, we to a great extent form our opinion of the institution.

The first one that attracts our attention is the *Tennessee University Magazine*. We are glad that it is on top, for in our opinion the February number is creditable. It has some good fiction interspersed with verse much above the ordinary. We especially liked one little poem which we quote:

SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

O'er lakes of ice and fields of snow,
From my Northern home, to the South I blow,
The song I sing is the song of death,
There is no life in my chilly breath.

I kiss the flower, its bloom lies dead,
I whistle through trees, whence the leaves have fled,
I call to the birds, they fly away,
And alone I sing my icy lay.

Aud then again in a sportive mood
I check the rush of the river's flood,
And with a breath, I freeze it fast ;
Then onward go, with hurricane blast.

Where ice and glaciers ever stay,
Around the Pole, I hold my sway ;
Now from my realms in the freezing cold,
Winter's lord eternal and king behold!

The neat and attractive cover of the *Vanderbilt Observer* next presents itself to our notice, and the contents justify the opinion formed from its external appearance. The editorials are especially good. We cannot but regret, however, that the *Observer* has decided to discontinue its Exchange department. For though we are fully aware that to edit this department requires, sometimes, some tedious and uninteresting work, yet it causes an intimacy and exchange of thought between our college magazines which cannot be obtained otherwise, and which, in our opinion, is beneficial.

The *Messenger* of Richmond College appears as we slide the magazines about, and we greet it with pleasure. The February number has some verse in which there are some touches of real poetry, and the editorials are well written. But we were surprised not to find a single piece of fiction in this issue. Would it not be well to omit discussions of such dead questions as the "Execution of Charles I." and supply their place with a good story?

The February *Seminary Magazine* has quite a number of interesting and helpful articles. Especially did we like the one entitled "The Power of a Passing Thought." "The Preacher's Person" is good, but verges on the idealistic.

The College Message is before us, and it is a credit to its editors. But, though we would not criticise the girls, the fairest of earth's creations, whom we all love, a little lively fiction would, in our opinion, add greatly to their already attractive magazine.

We welcome with pleasure the March number of the *S. W. P. U. Journal*. It is good as usual. We quote from its "Clippings":

A LITTLE WHILE.

A little while,
To walk together down the field of life;
To pluck the sun-sweet flowers at our side,
And scarce to feel the thorns their petals hide,
Or hear the echo of the far-off strife.

A little while,
To hold your warm, caressing hand in mine;
To wander in the soft sunlight of love;
To feel it pulse within my soul, and move
My sluggish blood with its pure flame divine.

A little while,
To share alike life's smile and blinding tear,
To bow our heads beneath a common grief
And ever thus to find a sweet relief,
A blessed peace, from every pain and fear.

A little while,
And then at last our ashen morn to find
That in the darkness we have strayed apart;
To feel the warm sunlight from my heart,
And through the mist to struggle poor and blind.

A little while,
Ah, such a little while! So soon the night!
So lone, so tired, I long to sink to rest,
Childlike upon the great Earth-mother's breast,
To wake and find you in God's fields of light.
A little while. A little while.

The *Wofford College Journal* for March is before us. "Uncle Alex" is a piece of fiction of high order. The dialect is well done and the story is good. Such fiction adds decidedly both to the interest and literary merit of a magazine.

The College Rambler (Ill.) is a very creditable magazine, but we think more space given to editorials would be helpful. We quote:

MARGARET.

Margaret trim, Margaret neat,
 Margaret with shapely feet;
 Margaret fresh, Margaret fair,
 Margaret with golden hair.
 Margaret dazzling, all but bold;
 Margaret shaped in Venus' mold.
 Margaret, tyrant of my heart,—
 Just to meet and then to part!

Margaret!

Margaret, oh, to twine thy waist!
 Margaret, oh, thy lips to taste!
 Margaret, 'twere to be blest
 To lay my head upon thy breast.
 Margaret, oh thy love to know!
 Oh, Margaret! Cans't thou tell me no?
 Thou knowest, Margaret, I am thine;
 I'd give the world to call thee mine,—

My Margaret.

Margaret, tripping down the street,
 Can I help but dog thy feet?
 Margaret, how I crave the bliss
 To know thy love and feel thy kiss!
 Margaret, the languish in thine eyes
 Whirls my soul to Paradise.
 Be mine, oh, Margaret, and enjoy
 The love, the ardor of a boy.

Oh, Margaret!

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

WILL ETCHISON, Editor pro tem.

Mr. G. A. Norwood ('50-'51) is the leading banker of Goldsboro.

Mr. Ivey Taylor ('95) holds a position as druggist in Wilmington.

Mr. W. P. Shaw ('90-'92) is a thriving lumber merchant of Bertie county.

Mr. James Long ('88-'92) is pastor of the First Baptist church of Goldsboro.

Mr. J. B. Harrell ('80-'85) is pastor of a thriving church near Wilmington.

Mr. Howard L. Jones ('89-'90) is pastor of a Baptist church in New York City.

Mr. R. W. Haywood ('90-'92) continues his work on the *Wilmington Messenger*.

Mr. Lee Battle ('87-'90) is Cashier of the Atlantic National Bank of Wilmington.

Mr. Roy Britton ('90-'92) is one of the most successful and prosperous farmers in Bertie County.

Mr. William B. Oliver ('80-'82) has resigned as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Wilmington, and has accepted a call to Virginia.

Mr. John W. Norwood ('81-'84) is President of the Atlantic National Bank of Wilmington. Under his successful management this has become one of the largest banks in the State.

Mr. Thomas L. Blalock ('85-'90) continues to hold a high position with the Standard Oil Company, and is located in Canton, Maryland.

Mr. Solomon D. Swain ('84-'89) has resigned as pastor of a Wilmington church and has accepted a call to Mocksville, where his labors as pastor are being crowned with great success.

Mr. A. M. McGlamery, who studied law here during the past summer, is practicing law at Mocksville, N. C. This gentleman is also editor, express agent and operator, with bright prospects of becoming Mayor of his town this Spring. His work shows that there are exceptions to the old maxim—"Jack at all trades and good at none," for this gentleman is successful in all of the above vocations, and is shunning the "starving period" usually undergone by those of his profession.

The life of Dr. D. R. Wallace ('47-'50) has been filled with good work and great success in his profession. He was born at Greenville, N. C., November 10, 1825. He graduated from Wake Forest in 1850. In 1853 he graduated from the University of New York with the M. D. degree. He taught from 1850 to 1860, first in Warrenton Institute, N. C., afterwards as Professor of Ancient Languages in Baylor University, Texas. He was Deputy Surgeon in Texas during the Civil War under General S. B. Maxey, afterwards United States Senator. He was the family physician and trusted friend of the great Sam. Houston, of Texas. His State called him to the superintendency of the insane asylum at Austin, Texas, in 1874. He retained this position until 1880. The State again called him into service by appointing him commissioner in 1883 to locate and establish the North Texas

Lunatic Hospital. He superintended the erection of this hospital at Terrell, Texas, and became its president in 1885. He remained in charge of this hospital until 1891. In recognition of Dr. Wallace's distinguished learning and extensive erudition, Baylor University conferred upon him in 1875 the L. L. D. degree. He stands at the head in the medical profession in Texas.

Our College and also our State mourn the death of Miss Evabelle Simmons, ('84). She was the only female graduate of Wake Forest College, and at the time of death was a teacher in Union Female College, of Eufaula, Ala.

Miss Simmons' death was caused from sudden congestion of the lungs, and her friends and relatives in North Carolina did not know of her illness until they received the sad tidings of her death.

She was the daughter of the profound scholar, the late Professor William Gaston Simmons, of Wake Forest College. Her ambition was early directed towards the achievements of the life intellectual. From the day she left the class-rooms until she received the only degree ever granted by Wake Forest College to a woman, she led her class.

From the classic walls she went forth to teach, possessed not only with an education of the broadest and most liberal type, but also possessed with the genuine teacher's heart—kind, simple, pure, and sympathetic.

After teaching for a few years in this State, she accepted a position in the faculty of the Eufaula Female College, which she held until her death.

It was Miss Simmons' intention to become better prepared for her life-work by taking a course in one of the larger universities. "Man proposes but God disposes,"

and in His allwise providence He has seen fit to cut off the life of one who was doing a great work not only as a teacher but in providing for the needy out of her own resources. After her death, it was discovered that Miss Simmons, during her spare hours, not only taught classes composed of the factory girls of her town, but supplied their needs from her own resources.

The life of this true disciple of Him who sympathized with the lowly is ended, but her work still lives, and will continue to live long after the bodily life of Miss Evabelle Simmons is forgotten.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

T. H. LACY, Editor.

COGGINS says that base-ball is a very old game, being of almost ante-diluvian origin; for did not Noah put the dove out on a long fly before the waters had subsided from off the face of the earth?

THE PHI. MARSHALS for Commencement, '98, will be Messrs. J. C. Dockery, W. M. Autry, and F. Ed. Thomas. Messrs. W. C. Parker, Jr., J. N. Bradley and G. B. Justice will do the honors for the Eu. Society on that occasion.

THE WORK on the walls of the Phi. Hall is nearly completed. The finishing of the wall has given a great deal of trouble for the past two years. It had to be removed and a new finish put on. As everybody knows who has ever been to Wake Forest, the decoration of the walls of the Phi. Hall was superb; the new decoration will vie with the old in point of taste and elegance.

ONLY TWO more months of the session are left now. Already the Senior is strutting about the campus with his chin in the air and his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, imagining vain things of the glory of his coming alumnushood. The newish, too, is rejoicing in the prospect of being a sophomore soon, and is laying plans for doing up in fine style the work of his second year at college—but I must not say what that work will be.

THE BASE-BALL ground was overhauled about March 10th, and is now in first-class condition, or almost first-

class. If the work had been done last fall the ground would have had time to pack completely even before the team began practicing. The second diamond has been laid off and is in fairly good condition. The Invincible Ironsides use it every day. Mr. John C. Dockery is the captain of this team, and Mr. C. H. Herring is manager.

THE SADDEST DUTY that has yet fallen to my lot on the staff of the *STUDENT* is that of chronicling the death, after a long and terrible sickness, of Mary, the eight-year-old daughter of Professor and Mrs. N. Y. Gulley. Dear little girl, it was like a gleam of sunlight on a cloudy day to see her on the street with her beautiful flaxen curls blowing about her face, and her deep blue eyes smiling at a poor boy who was thinking of little sister at home. Her death is a source of grief to more than one student in whom the simple sight of her in her dainty innocence was enough to arouse a sentiment which was a mingling of love and reverence.

MESSRS. EVANS, Carlton, Snider, Britt, Lawrence and Reavis were the Seniors who addressed a large audience at the small chapel on Friday evening, March 18th. The occasion was "Senior-speaking." As usual, it is hard to say who made the best speech; opinion seems to vary between Messrs. Carlton and Evans, with predominance probably in favor of the former. To the students I think that the most delightful part of the program was the interludes on the piano by Miss Julia Brewer. We all owe somebody eternal thanks for asking Miss Brewer to play, and we owe Miss Brewer still more eternal gratitude for consenting to play, and for playing so beautifully.

ONLY WAKE FOREST men know what a "marshals' set-up" is; but all Wake Forest men have enjoyed

them. The set-up Tuesday night, March 15th, was one of the most enjoyable in the history of the College. Short addresses by Messrs. Martin, McNeill, Hamilton and Larkins were made for the purpose of adding to the good time, and they served their purpose well. Mr. Martin's diagnosis of the student body was especially humorous. Prof. Sikes followed these gentlemen with a stirring speech for athletics. When he had finished, the audience began with one accord to call for Williams, the big captain of the base-ball team. Amid deafening cheers the long one approached the rostrum, and when he could make himself heard he added some forcible remarks to Prof. Sikes' talk. The result was visible in the unusual attendance on the base-ball game of March 19th. The peanuts at the set-up were better roasted than usual, and following the precedent set by the marshals of '97, Messrs. Gresham and Brewer, only Duke cigarettes were disbursed. The cigars were awful, but the apples were excellent.

SUPERINTENDENT HOWARD reports that the average daily attendance in the reading-room is one hundred and thirty men. Out of this number at least fifty read regularly and carefully the ten different daily newspapers and the twenty-five weeklies; thirty-five make a rush for magazines, such as the *Century*, *McClure's*, *Strand*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, containing continued stories, or dig through the reference library, to locate out-of-date subjects; some twenty-five more will toil with laborious care through the theological treatises of the Skinner library, while most of the remaining twenty are scrambling for a seat near one of the illustrated weeklies—*Puck* is the most popular of these. By the time an issue of *Puck* is four days old, the Newish

has a fair chance to get in his look at it, and the amount of open-mouthed enjoyment that he gets out of it is amusing. The conduct of students in the reading-room has been excellent during this session. The attendance has been, on the whole, larger than ever before, probably on account of the fact that the room is open for four hours a day, instead of for two as heretofore.

THE FOLLOWING statistics concerning the Senior class have been compiled by the president, Mr. J. C. McNeill, from lists of questions answered by each member of the class: The average age is 22; height, 5 feet 10 inches (pretty long); weight, 150 pounds; number of shoe, 7; number of hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$. The prevailing color of hair is black; color of eyes, gray; the majority of the class have good eyesight, use tobacco, and are church members. All are Democrats except three—one Populist, one Republican, one Independent. The favorite study is English; favorite novel, *Ivanhoe*; favorite poet, Tennyson. Messrs. Medlin, Rich, Larkins, Snider, Cree, Britt, Burgess and Johnson will preach (D. V.); Messrs. Carlton, Bryan, Fort, Lawrence, Martin, McNeill, Newell, Stallings, Reavis and Tedder will practice law; Messrs. Biggs, King, Honeycutt, Moore and Smith will teach; Messrs. Houser, H. Sams and Terrell will be physicians; Mr. Lacy, steamship engineer; Mr. Gresham, electrician; Mr. Brewer, chemist; others are undecided.

WAKE FOREST vs. A. and M. College: Wake Forest, March 19, 1897. Score, 21 to 4 in favor of Wake Forest. The game was not very interesting, because at the end of the first inning Wake Forest had a lead of nine runs, and the game was to all intents won. However, it was a good practice game, and it got the team together in good shape. The best play of the game was

probably Buffalo's running catch of Honeycutt's long fly to left field, The score:

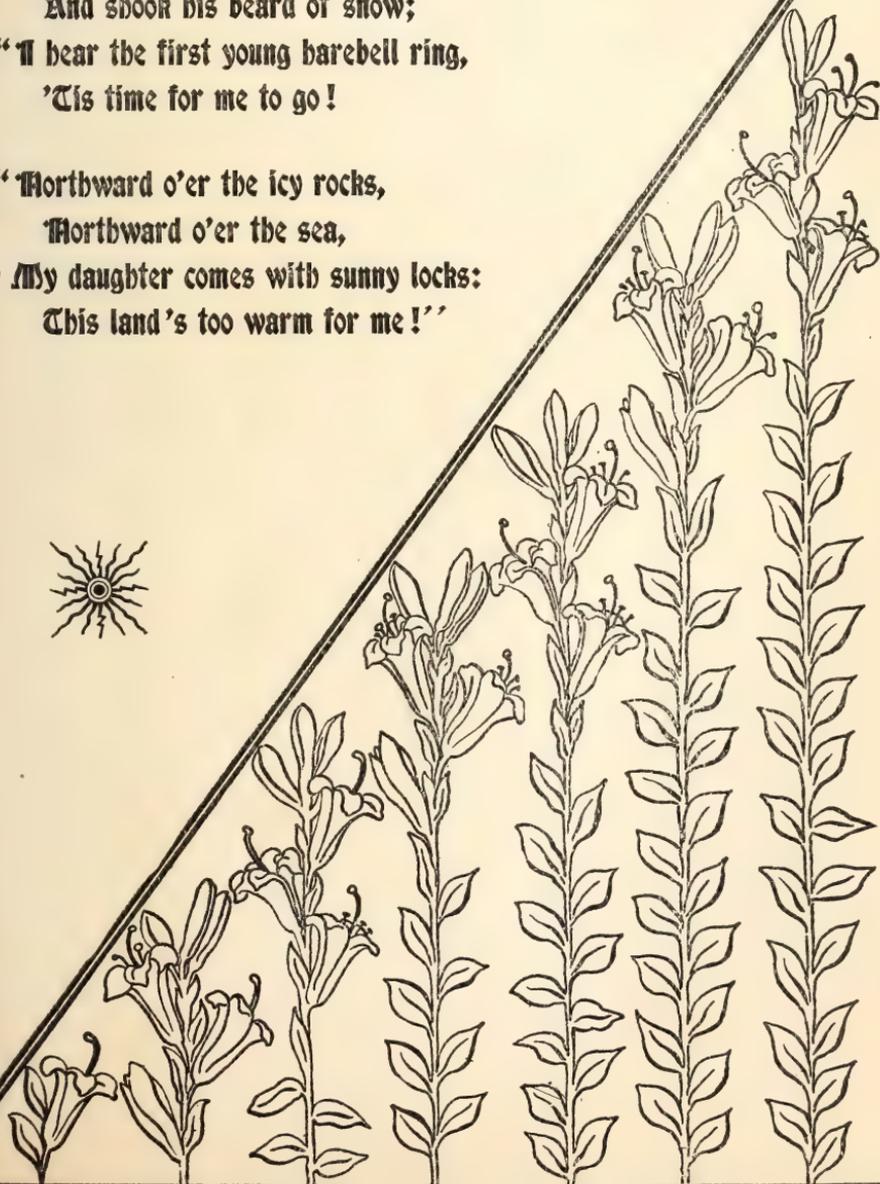
A. & M.							WAKE FOREST.						
	B.	H.	R.	P.O.	A.	E.		B.	H.	R.	P.O.	A.	E.
S. S., Asbury,	5	3	0	1	1	1	R. F., Honeycutt,	7	3	3	3	0	0
C. F., Casserly,	5	1	0	1	0	1	C., Reid,	7	4	1	6	1	0
3 B., Bryson,	4	0	0	2	2	3	2 B., P., Edwards,	6	2	1	3	4	0
1 B., P., Watkins,	4	1	0	3	2	0	P., 2B., R.F., Coggins	7	2	2	4	4	0
C., Moore,	4	2	1	6	0	1	1 B., Norfleet,	6	3	4	8	0	1
2 B., Sloan,	4	1	1	3	2	1	C. F., Williams,	6	2	3	0	0	0
P., 1 B., Harris,	4	1	0	8	1	1	R. F., Sams, H.,	5	2	2	0	0	0
R. F., Morton,	4	1	1	0	0	1	3 B., Sams, O.,	6	2	2	2	2	1
L. F., Buffalo,	4	3	1	3	1	0	S. S., Camp,	6	3	3	1	1	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	P., Foote,	1	0	0	0	1	0
Total,	38	13	4	27	9	9		—	—	—	—	—	—
							Total,	57	23	21	27	13	2

Struck out: by Edwards, 2; Coggins, 3; Foote, 1; Watkins, 4. First base on balls: off Watkins, 4; hit by pitched ball, by Coggins 1, by Watkins 2. Two base hits: Casserly, Watkins, Buffalo, Honeycutt, Norfleet; three base hits: Sams, H., Edwards and Coggins. Earned runs: A. & M., 1; Wake Forest, 6.

The team on the right of the score above is probably one of the best college teams in the South, and possibly it is the best in the State. All of them are born baseball players. Edwards displaced Tate as first base of the Richmond College team three years ago; Reid, Honeycutt, Sams, Coggins and Williams played during the summer on the Asheville team, one of the strongest teams outside of the big league. The whole team, except Reid, Coggins, Norfleet and Edwards have been brought up, as it were, on the Wake Forest diamond, and there's no use in talking—*they're hot stuff*.

Arose the wild old winter-king,
And shook his beard of snow;
“I hear the first young harebell ring,
'Tis time for me to go!

“Northward o'er the icy rocks,
Northward o'er the sea,
My daughter comes with sunny locks:
This land's too warm for me!”



MAY DAY.

Sweet melodious Spring-time,
First-born of light and love.

While the origin of May day observances, like that of many other festivals and customs, lies veiled in the mists of long ago, they doubtless grew out of the sympathy of early mankind with the glories of opening Spring. For our prehistoric ancestors felt a close kinship with Nature of which we in the foremost ranks of time know little. We have teased from her the secrets that have made us powerful over her, we have bound her in fetters of brass and put her to grind. She is our messenger, carrier, weaver, forger. Nothing is more wonderful than man! is the thought that flatters us. But those simple sons of Nature who held communion with her visible forms in forest and in mead, in mountain, vale and glen, were more reverent. They heeded the voices of her various language, their hearts responded to every cord as she swept the diapason. With Æschylus they looked to the earth as a kind mother, with Virgil they regarded the snow-capped, forest-clad mountains that lifted their heads above their humble homes with "a passionate sense of their fatherhood and protecting power," and sympathized "with their joy in their snowy strength in heaven and with the same joy shuddering through all the leaves of their forests."

But no natural phenomenon has ever dwelt more in the thoughts of men, more delighted the human heart, and more charmed the human soul than the advent of Spring, when Nature

"Strikes through the thick blood
Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs are glad
Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird
Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers,"

as we read in Tennyson's lines adapted from Lucretius. The poet Thomson as well felt "the infusive force of Spring on man," and continues:

"When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being and serene his soul
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature?"

Men of our day may forbear, perhaps men of Thomson's day forbore, but in the youth of our race men did not forbear. When the balmy West Wind had passed and sprinkled all the ways of the forest with a profusion of sweet odors and bright colors, youth and maiden felt the intoxication of the "swete season." This feeling took form, just how we do not know, in a festival of celebration. In Greece and Sicily it was called the *Anthephoria*, or Flower-bringing. In Rome it was known as the *Floralia*. This feast was sometimes celebrated with lascivious rites, but in other respects it had much in common with May day, the day of its observance being the same. Its popularity has continued even to this day. The great gods of the Pantheon are dead, but a harmless devotion to flowers still lives among the beauty-loving Italians.

Festivals of like nature arose very early among the races of Northern Europe, and very likely among all Aryan peoples. Even "Bonny Scotland" was no exception, but she took care to kindle a fire in her "observance for a month of May." The festival still lives in much popularity in Norway and Sweden and in Denmark, but has almost died out in Germany.

It was probably brought to England by the Danes and Saxons, and it was called May Day from the day of its observance. Some have claimed that the English festi-

val was only an adaptation of the Roman Floralia. We have good reason for believing it was of independent origin, though it afterwards borrowed some of the observances of the Roman festival. Be that as it may, it early attained such popularity that Besant, in his book on *London*, says: "Perhaps the greatest festival of the year was May Day." This importance it maintained till it received almost a death blow from the Puritan Revolution. Before this time May Day was a frequent theme with the English poets. Almost every poet of note from Chaucer to Milton has made use of it. From them we can learn much of the nature of May day observances. Says Chaucer in his *Knights Tale*:

"it fell ones in a morwe of May
 That Emilie, that fayre was to sene
 Than is the lilie upon his stalke grene,
 And fresher than the May with floures newe,
 Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
 She was arisen, and already dight,
 For May wol have no slogardie a-night,
 The season priketh every gentil herte,
 And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte,
 And sayth, arise do thin observance.
 This maketh Emilie han remembrance
 To don honour to May, and for to rise.
 Yclothed was she fresshe for to devise,
 Her yelwe here was broided in a tresse,
 Behind hire back, a yerde long I gesse.
 And in the gardin at the sonne uprist,
 She walk eth up and down wher as hire list,
 She gathereth floures, partie white and red,
 To make a sortel gerlond for her hed,
 And as an angel hevenlich she song."

Again, in *The Court of Love*, Chaucer refers to May Day:

"On May day whan the larke began to rise,
 * * * * *
 And forth goth all the court both most and leste,

To fetch the floures fresh, and branch and blome,
 And namely hauthorne brought both page and grome
 With fresh garlants party blew and white,
 And than rejoysen in their great delight.

Eke ech at other threw the floures bright,
 The primerose, the violete, and the gold,
 So than as I beheld the royal sight,
 My lady gan me suddenly behold,
 And with a trew love plited many a fold,
 She smote me through the very heart as blive,
 And Venus yet I thanke I am alive."

Spenser also has some beautiful and sympathetic lines describing the day. Perhaps the following from the *Shepherd's Calendar* are most to the point:

"Is not thilke the mery month of May
 When love lads masken in fresh array?

Young folkes now flocken in everywhere
 To gather many buskets and smelling brere,
 And home they hasten the postes to dight
 And all the kirk pillars ere daylight
 With hawthorn buds and sweet eglantine
 And girlonds of rose and soppes-in-wine."

I must add a description of Queen Guiniver's Maying from quaint old Sir Thomas Mallory's *Morte D' Arthur*, true poetry in everything, except versification is lacking:

"So it befell in the month of May, Queen Guenever called unto her knights of the Table Round, and she gave them warning that early upon the morrow she would ride on maying into woods and fields beside Westminster.—And I warn you that there be none of you but that he be well horsed, and that ye all be clothed in green, either in silk, either in cloth, and I shall bring with me ten ladies and every knight shall have a lady behind him.—So as the queen had mayed and all her knights all were bedashed with herbes, mosses, and flowers in the best manner and the freshest."

I have given these passages at some length because they give us the true flavor of May Day in old times. A few observations may not be amiss.

The participants in May day celebrations were chiefly the young. Though in the passages cited the court goes maying on two occasions, and though Henry the Eighth and all his court often did the same, still the general rule was in accordance with Spenser's "love-lads" and "young folkes." Queen Guenever seems to have been a chaperon and a court may take liberties not accorded to the people. Delightful old Samuel Pepys tells how he kept to his usual business on May Day while the maids were dancing.

Early rising seems to have been essential. How sadly May day would be out of place around our colleges! "For May will have no slogardie a-night." Bourne in his *Antiquitates Vulgares* tells us that the May day revellers "were wont to rise a little after midnight," and we recall what Spenser says about decking the pillars "ere daylight." However there were a few drowsy heads in those days, for all of Chaucer's fine talk. Robert Herrick, charming old soul, has let the cat out of the bag in fine style in his *Corinna Going A-Maying*. "Get up, get up for shame!" he drawls to the maiden called Corinna, "Get up sweet slug-a-bed." Doubtless Corinna took with a rather large grain of salt, his reason:

"Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May."

Yet we may take it as true.

After they were arisen forth they went to some neighboring wood, sometimes led by a priest in early times, and accompanied by music and blowing of horns. Here they gathered flowers "To make a sotel gerlond for the hed," and bedecked themselves with great profusion. Then they gathered other flowers, especially white hawthorne, and returned to deck the town. Herrick gives us a picture of this.

“Each field turns street, each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees;
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is
Made up of white thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were cooler shades of love,”

The remainder of the day was spent chiefly in dancing around a tall pole called a May-pole which stood in the village common from year to year. The various villages vied with one another in the height and decoration of their poles. One as high as 130 feet is mentioned. Addison mentions the May-pole. “It is at this time,” says he, “that we see the young wenches in a country parish dancing around a May-pole.” But no May-poles are mentioned by Chaucer or Spenser as far as I have found. Of course this may be accidental. It is certain, however, that not all dancing was around poles. Pepys, in the place above cited, says, “May 1st. To Westminster, in the way meeting many milk-maids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them.” The dance around the pole was led by a May King, or Lord of May, or Robin Hood, and a May Queen or Maid Marian. Of the two the May Queen was much more in honor. We all remember Tennyson’s *Queen of the May*. She was dressed in light blue and waited on by two maids. She was probably chosen before the day of the festival.

Then there were Jacks-in-Green, simple personages led about by a crowd of small boys who made all manner of unearthly merriment over their charges, the nature of which will be readily understood by any one familiar with a small boy’s doings at a base ball game.

So these jolly, roystering, dancing people made a

“Merrie England” of it. But the Puritan Revolution came and alas for May day! The government of Cromwell put a stop to May games and burnt the May-poles. These things smacked of Rome; so the Puritan preacher said, and with the English peasant what his preacher says is law. And the May-poles were characterized as especially wicked by the preacher: “the rude rabble set up their Ensign of Idolatry and Profaneness even in Cheapide,” and “If Moses was angry when he saw the people dance round a golden calf, well may we be angry to see people dancing the morrice about a post.” Against such denunciations as these it was vain for the Restoration to try to re-establish the former festivities. The English peasant had come to believe they were wrong, and though he was greatly attached to them he was attached to his religion more. Occasionally May-poles have been seen since, but the old time festival is gone never to return. Gone are the merry dancers and their Robin Hood, and the Maid Marian. There remains to us the disposition to gather flowers, and with the young the pleasure of love making, For they made love too at the ancient festival. “It giveth unto lover’s courage that lusty month of May” (Mallory). Let him that doubts read what Chaucer says about the danger of lovers pelting one another with flowers, or take these lines of Herrick (still to that “sweet slug-a-bed,” Corinna) for it.

“And some have wept and woo’d and plighted troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth;
 Many a green gown has been given,
 Many a kiss both odd and even,
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eyes, Love’s firmament;
 Many a jest told of the key’s betraying
 This night, and locks pick’d yet w’are not a-Maying.”

G. W. Paschal.

TRANSFORMATION.

All dreary were the meadows, gray and bare,
When, some surcease of dulling care to find
And fancies sad, which filled his weary mind,
A poet wandered, meditating there,
Who, glancing down, beheld a vision fair,
For nature's robe it wore, surpassing art,—
A graceful flower, complete in every part
From golden heart to petals spread in air
New-born from mold, a miracle complete!
A bird's wild song trilled forth in accents sweet
And, with its joyous notes, sad thoughts took wing
While in their stead came feelings bright and meet,
Revealing beauties new in everything,
Sweet revelations of the gracious Spring.

E. T.

GEN. THOMAS PERSON, OF GRANVILLE.

I purpose writing a short, but necessarily very imperfect, sketch of the life and public service of a leader in North Carolina in the last century. The chiefest citizen and most conspicuous actor in Granville county was General Thomas Person, who resided upon his very extensive farm at Goshen, some twelve miles northwest of Oxford, and now known as the old Thorpe homestead. It is a roomy, handsome house, with very lofty and large pillars in front, and with an avenue of immense trees before it. He was not a native of that old county, erected in 1746, as but few of the foremost men of that day were. As it had not been formed yet thirty years when the din and clash of arms resounded throughout the land, the builders of the county, the men of mark, with but few exceptions, came from Virginia. Judge Richard Henderson, John Williams, John Penn, the signer of the National Declaration of Independence, were born in Virginia.

General Person was born near Littleton depot, at Person's Ordinary, as it was then called—since known as Little's Ordinary, where the head of that family, who was a relative of Gen. Person, long resided. It was in the upper part of Halifax county, very near the Warren county line, as it now is. I am unable to give any particulars concerning the ancestry or boyhood of our hero. Doubtless his forefathers, like the forefathers of many of our "first families," were plain, honest, industrious, substantial people, without pretence or sham—the very people to have meritorious, intelligent, and useful children. He had been prominent in the county many years prior to the War of Independence. His year of birth is

unknown to me. He died at the home of his sister, Mrs. Thomas Taylor, in the county of Franklin, in perhaps the year 1822 or 1823, at an advanced age, possibly eighty. He was probably born not later than 1643. He did not represent the county of Granville in the Legislature for several years in this century, as I first supposed, and once wrote, being misled by others. Gen. Person was buried at Personton, five miles from Littleton depot, but whether in Halifax or Warren counties, I am not informed. If anything is known of his birth, parentage, childhood and early manhood, it is confined to his relatives, many of whom still reside in Granville, Franklin, and Warren counties. He was a land surveyor prior to the Revolution, but whether he was an expert or not I cannot say. It is well known that but few tracts of land whose boundaries and plats were made in that remote day, will bear the test of accurate surveying now. Gen. Person became very rich. He was a large slave owner and his landed estate was immense. He is reported to have owned some 70,000 or 80,000 acres of land. He was a man of courage, indomitable will, great energy, and consistent principles. He had an active, well-balanced intellect. His manners were frank, simple, direct. His conversation was easy, entertaining, and plain—without pretention or display. He was a small man, of compact, well-knit frame, with a piercing dark eye. In his old age he was singularly careless in his dress, wore rather shabby clothing, and both winter and summer was never without his inevitable old straw hat. He was a man of mark with all of his plainness and seeming poverty. Like Nathaniel Macon, he had superior judgment, a great dislike of display, a certain power over men—the peculiar art of attracting and impressing men.

People who never knew Mr. Macon have inferred that he was vastly overrated as a statesman. But John Randolph and Thomas H. Benton, who knew him well and served with him for many years in the Senate, regarded him as a man of great wisdom, sagacity, and patriotism. Gen. Person was not an orator or writer. There are no literary remains to attest his culture or power, his accomplishments or eloquence. He was not a great man, but a sincere, ardent, and true man, and a genuine patriot. He believed in the people, and was for maintaining their rights, and sympathized with them in their oppressions. The people of Granville, as did those of Orange and other counties, suffered much at the hands of court officers and tax oppressors.

The oldest paper extant in North Carolina—certainly the oldest of which I have knowledge—protesting against the high-handed oppression and tyrannies of officials under the British Crown, is the paper signed “Nutbush,” (a section of Granville), and to be found in Wheeler’s History of North Carolina. I do not know of its authorship. It is not improbable that Thomas Person was cognizant of it, and may have inspired it. He was evidently one of the early Regulators, and may have been stirred as early as 1765, against the unrighteous acts of British representatives in North Carolina.

Mr. Person, for such he was before the war of the Colonies, an untitled man of the people, was long before the public eye before the strike for liberty and independence. He represented his county several times in the legislature—in 1787, as Senator; in 1788, 1790, 1793, 1794, 1795, and 1797, as a member of the House of Commons, if we are not misinformed, and was in the deliberative assembly, as everywhere else, among the leaders,

and zealous for the welfare of North Carolina. But he was not in the Legislature later, and not in this century if Major Moore is correct in what he says in his "History of North Carolina."

He states in his Preface that it was a nephew who represented Granville, from 1804 to 1814, (dates according to Wheeler) and that he follows "the family records as to his death, and cites Drs. William and Benjamin F. Green, of Franklin, blood-relations of the deceased statesman, for the truth of his statement." I had the pleasure of knowing Dr. William Green from my boyhood. He was a most estimable and honorable gentleman, a man of intelligence and highest character.

I have said above that Gen. Person was not a great man, and, so far as I am informed, he was no orator. He never excited popular applause by reason of any intellectual displays. And yet, his career both in the county and in deliberative assemblies proves him to have been an earnest, wise, well-poised man—one who possessed a certain personal magnetism that drew men to him and gave him influence and consideration. Surely, when in his prime, he exerted much influence in Granville and in the various legislative bodies of which he was so often a member. All his life he hated tyranny absolutely, and loved liberty with his whole soul. He was essentially a Democrat in his politics, as well as a Republican—he believed in a free government in which the people are the masters, and in zeal, patriotism, and power stood foremost among the men in North Carolina in the last century. He was greatly in advance of most of his co-laborers in the formative period of our history. He was the fast friend of education, and at one time gave \$2,000 in silver to the University of North Carolina. It was this

uncommon donation for the times that caused to be erected the well known *Person Hall*, which still stands at Chapel Hill. It is said that he offered 20,000 acres of land to the State for the benefit of the University in case it should be located at Goshen, his residence in Granville. *Person County*, erected in 1791, was named after him, and one of the thoroughfares of our beautiful and prosperous little capital city bears his distinguished name.* His first appearance in public life was in 1760. In that year he was appointed Sheriff. He was re-appointed in 1761. In 1771 he was a member of the Provincial Assembly. In 1774 he was appointed a Justice of the Peace by the Governor. He was chosen a deputy to the first Provincial Congress that met in Newbern on August 25th, 1774. This was a very notable body and contained many men of distinguished name and high gifts—men of large experience, of trained intellectual powers, of varied attainments, of incontestable versatility—men like Harvy and Hooper and John Ashe and Willie Jones and Allen Jones and Abner Nash and Caswell and Thomas Person and Samuel Spencer and Robert Howe and James Iredell. Major Moore, viewing this most memorable body of revolutionary statesmen, says of the distinguished delegate from Granville: "Thomas Person was another notable figure in this historic body. He was not eloquent, learned, or polished in his demeanor, but in his brave adhesion to principle, his large wealth, and great popular ascendancy in his own portion of the province, he perhaps carried as much real weight to the Whig cause as any man in all the Congress."

*If I were to follow the fashion of some I would write "named for him." There is no authority for such usage. The innovations in our language are rarely the work of scholars. The Bible and Shakspeare say "named after him."

In 1775 he was chosen one of the delegates to represent Granville in the third provincial Congress which met at Hillsboro on August 21st of that year. That body created a "Council for the Whole State," composed of thirteen members. Thomas Person was a member of this Council. In 1776 he was one of the committee of three sent to Virginia by the Provincial Council of Thirteen, "to devise measures of concert and union." He was again elected a delegate to the fourth Provincial Congress that met at Halifax on April 4th, 1776. He was appointed by that body a member of the Committee of Seven "to take into consideration the usurpations and violences committed by the King and Parliament of Great Britain." He was a second time appointed a member of the Provincial Council of Thirteen. He was also appointed one of the six Brigadier Generals created by the Provincial Congress. Granville again honored itself by sending him to represent her interests in the fifth Provincial Congress which assembled at Halifax on November 12th, 1776. He was selected as one of the Committee to form a Bill of Rights and a Constitution for the State. This Congress appointed him also one of the seven Counsellors of State—a very important and responsible position. No county ever had a better citizen, a more faithful public servant. He was a true man in every position—devoted, conscientious, unfaltering, pure, and incorruptible. But I must dwell with more particularity both upon his political principles and the fruit they bore.

Probably of all the men who acted a prominent part in North Carolina from 1764 to 1790, General Thomas Person was the most devoted, the most influential, and the most earnest and invincible friend of *the people*. He

was essentially a true Democrat—a true Republican, as I have said. So firm, so zealous, so constant was he in his advocacy of the cause of *the masses*, that he might well have been distinguished above all his associates as THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE—*amicus humani generis*. Others might be the unyielding and strenuous champions of the cause of independence, but Thomas Person, faithful and intrepid, whilst as eager to sustain every measure that looked to a firm and prompt resistance of British aggression and to the final separation of the colonies from the mother country as any others, he was, above all the men of his times, the most active and steadfast supporter and defender of the rights and privileges of *the people*. Says Jones, in his valuable and strong “Defence of the Revolutionary History of North Carolina,” with Willie Jones of Halifax, and Thomas Person of Granville, “the establishment of a *democracy* was an object of superior importance to the independence of the country. Without the hope of consummating this darling project, their zeal would have abated, and even the independence of the country have been surrendered, as not worth a struggle, when the certainty of *an American aristocracy* was before them.”

The well versed student in Greek history remembers that there were two parties in Greece during a long period of its eventful and instructive existence. Solon’s famous constitution gave *power in proportion to wealth*, and hence, was called a *Timocracy* (from *time*, rating, and *kratos*, power). In the time of Cleisthenes, the constitution of Athens had been greatly changed in some very important particulars. More power was given to the people. In fact, very great power belonged to them now. Hence, it was no longer a *Timocracy*, but a *De-*

mocracy, or a government of the people (from *demos*, people, *kratos*, power). The aristocrats, the nobles, the wealthy, opposed Cleisthenes of course. They went from home and sought foreign aid, loving authority more than they did liberty, and themselves more than the people or country. But the people triumphed over enemies at home and abroad. They gained brilliant victories and preserved their liberties. We learn from the historian that "the spirit of the citizens rose high," that the *democratic* form of government "had abated the rivalries of the rich, and the *poor* saw that they had a share in the State." They determined to have no more tyrants, from within or without, and Athens, we are told, "was more at one with herself than she had ever been before." Now Gen. Person was not ignorant of those lessons that are taught by the experiences and trials of nations. He knew how other peoples had been oppressed, and how swift tyranny was in its exactions of the helpless. He understood the moral of that saying of the great Dramatist, that "fishes live in the sea, as men do a-land ; the great ones eat up the little ones." He was not, therefore, the friend and partisan of that form of government, called by whatever name, in which *wealth* has the controlling power, but he was the staunch and stern friend and advocate of that kind of government in which the people—*all the people*, are the sovereigns. Hence, he opposed from the first those gentlemen who lent towards a Timocracy—who favored a strong government, who seemed to fear the people. I believe in this he displayed the virtue and boldness of a patriot, and the prescience and wisdom of the statesman. From that day to this year of grace there have been strong advocates of the government of Solon—of a Timocracy—of a govern-

ment in which the rich and powerful should rule, as best suited to our land. There have been those who feared the people, who loved power themselves, and who would rather "rule in hell than serve in heaven." *Beware of centralized power.* It will be wise in the American people to stand firmly by the rights of all—to uphold at every cost a pure, simple, constitutional government in which the democracy rule—in which they themselves are the masters, not the servants. History repeats itself—let us be watchful and wise and faithful.

Gen. Person, from the beginning of his career, appears as the unfaltering and zealous friend of liberty; but it must be a liberty that secures equal blessings *for all*, and not a liberty that brings peculiar privileges and benefits to a select *few* only, or to a mere caste or class. Hence it was that he stood so firmly by the men of the Regulation, when so many of his compeers and acquaintances took sides with the tyrant and the oppressor. Jones says of him—and the tenor of his whole life fully sustains the statement—"In the sagacity and intrepidity of this extraordinary man, *the principles of liberty*, and not the principles of party, found a fearless and efficient advocate. He was the champion of the Whig principles"—*i. e.*, the principles that were in direct antagonism to the claims of Kingly prerogative, aristocratic privileges and immunities, and Tory ascendancy—"he was the champion of the Whig principles of North Carolina, from the passage of the Stamp Act"—in 1764—"to the termination of the Revolution, and *adhered to the cause of the people in every emergency.*"

When the Regulation war came on in 1771, he stood resolutely by the cause it represented, and was indeed the ablest and most influential leader. He did not try

to inflame the passions of the people, but he espoused their cause, as he held it to be just, and firmly resisted the encroachments of the bad men who were protected and countenanced by the representatives of the Crown. He was not at the battle of Alamance, but it was no fault of his that he was not. It was his purpose to have been with the patriots on that memorable day. The friends of liberty had suddenly met in large numbers, but, it appears quite clear, not so much for warlike measures, as for consultation, remonstrance, and moral influence. Doubtless some of the more violent meant to precipitate a conflict if it should appear advisable, but a large proportion evidently hoped that by gathering in force they would be able to bring Governor Tryon to favorable terms, and to secure those necessary and salutary reforms they so earnestly demanded, and without which there could be no security or prosperity. They either met at an earlier day than Gen. Person expected, or he was prevented, from some cause not known to me, from arriving in time to participate in the fight. He did not, however, escape the beaks of the vultures. He was captured near the battlefield and taken a prisoner to Hillsboro', and put in jail. Rev. Mr. Micklejohn, then residing at Hillsboro', an eccentric, intelligent and true man, and a worthy minister of the Episcopal Church, (the Established Church of the State), became an active friend of Gen. Person in the hour of adversity. Parson Micklejohn, as he was distinguished, was highly esteemed by many gentlemen. As early as 1768, some three years before the battle of Alamance he had displayed the strength and kindness of his Christian character, for though English born he saw clearly into the merits of the complaints of the Regulators of Orange and

other counties. It was the good parson who acted as mediator and peace-maker when the insolent and hateful Fanning had called out seven companies of militia to use against the Baptists at Sandy Creek. It was Parson Micklejohn who induced the sheriffs and vestrymen to promise to meet at Hillsboro on 20th May, 1768, to hear the complaints of the friends of regulation. He proved himself to be the firm friend of Gen. Person at a critical moment, which will now be related. It was Gov. Tryon's purpose to send Gen. Person to England for trial, after the Alamance affair (disastrous to the Regulators), as he was a wealthy, earnest, bold patriot, and a man of wide influence in the northern counties. Mr. Micklejohn interceded in his behalf, obtained his release from prison, and took him to his own house, he becoming responsible for his safe-keeping. It was during this period of confinement that Gen. Person performed his famous night-ride to his home at Goshen and back to Hillsboro. Gov. Tryon, bent on transporting his prisoner across the ocean to England, and having him tried for treason, where he would have no friends and but little showing, determined to send a detachment of troops to Goshen and search the premises for evidence against his distinguished victim. Mr. Micklejohn, on the alert for his friend, ascertained that the troops had left Hillsboro, and would encamp that night about half way between that place and General Person's home in Granville. He at once communicated this intelligence to his friend. The information greatly excited the General. He said to the kind parson, "Why, sir, there is enough evidence against me among my papers to hang me a dozen times, if I had as many lives." He soon resolved upon his course. Parson Micklejohn had a very fine-blooded English mare. As soon as darkness

had come, Person mounted this noble steed and made the ride referred to. The troopers of Tryon were encamped on the road; Person saw their fires and made a wide circuit and by midnight was at Goshen. He quickly secured his treasonable and other precious papers and secreted them in a brick-kiln, and before "the next day broke from underground," he and his faithful steed were safe at Hillsboro, he having ridden nearly or quite sixty-five miles. The Hon. Josiah Turner, in an interesting account of Gen. Person in the *Raleigh Sentinel* of many years ago, referring to the ride, says of Parson Micklejohn:

"The old man is said to have dodged the truth on one occasion when his friend and patron, Gen. Person, was in prison bounds and boarding at the house of Micklejohn. He was asked if Gen. Person had not left his prison bounds the night before. The answer was, 'I supped and breakfasted with the General.' The truth was that the General had ridden the parson's fine gray mare that night all the way to Goshen and back to Hillsboro, after hiding his deeds and valuables in a brick-kiln."

There are some errors in this account. Micklejohn was not then, in 1771, an "old man." He lived some years into this century, and preached at two or three places in Granville County—at Williamsboro and at a half-way place (where Mr. Daniel Stone lived until death more than twenty years ago), on the Oxford and Henderson road by way of Taylor's Mill and Cheatham's Mill. Gen. Person's horse had been captured, and he rode the parson's English blooded mare. He went to Goshen not to save "his deeds and valuables only," but to hide his treasonable papers. At that time Gen. Person was not his "patron."

Governor Tryon being foiled in his plan to obtain evidence against Gen. Person from his own private papers,

finally abandoned his purpose of sending his prisoner to England. General Person was, not long after, released when he returned to his home. He found that Tryon's soldiers had broken open his desk with a hatchet in their search, mutilating it considerably. The desk is still preserved by his relatives in Warren. It was in the possession of the late Dr. Thomas E. Wilson, who married a grand-niece of our hero.

Gen. Person never forgot the timely services and kind sympathy and devotion of the Episcopal parson. He gave him a valuable plantation in Granville County, which is called even to this day, the Glebe, that being the name given in England to lands belonging to a church. Mr. Micklejohn held it in fee simple. It was some three miles from the old Revolutionary post-town, Williamsboro, and some ten miles from Oxford.

Mr. Turner says "the Glebe" was near Goshen. I think not. From what I can learn, it was not over three or four miles from Williamsboro. There is a farm in that section bearing the name, and the parson preached at Health Seat not many miles distant, where there was an Episcopal church.

So it seems that if Gen. Person was not a participant in the battle of Alamance, he did not fail to receive his full share of abuse and injury from the "minions and understrappers of Tryon,"* because of his invincible devotion to liberty, and his unflagging fidelity to the cause of a down-trodden people. I may mention that the troops plundered his dwelling and ravaged, to some extent, his large estate. But all this did not lessen the ardor of his patriotism. His courage remained as high, his fortitude as great, his devotion as decided. His hatred of wrong, his defiance of tyranny knew no abate-

* Jones' "Defence."

ment. He bore himself through the years that succeeded with the high spirit and inflexible manliness that always distinguished him under every trying ordeal, "still maintaining," as Jones avouches, "the consistency and dignity of his character."

At a subsequent time, such was his magnanimity and forbearance, when he had it in his power to visit due punishment upon the tools and emissaries of the tyrant Tryon for their spites and robberies, cruelties and devastations, he nobly withheld his hand, and forgave them. Prompt and bold at all times in his defiance and resistance of extortion and tyranny, whether enforced by Royal edict beyond the great ocean, or by an arrogant or superserviceable ruler representing British power in the colony, or by gleaming bayonets and brave men, he was full of the true forbearance and clemency that mark the good and heroic. First, a stern resister of the Stamp Act, which was the useless, ill-timed, ill-advised, and oppressive work of the British Parliament; then the faithful ally and defenders of the Regulators, who would not bear longer the high-handed extortions and bare-faced corruptions of the Royal Governor Tryon and his pliant, zealous instruments; and lastly, one of the leaders in the Revolution whenever and wherever found, he is on the side of the people and of liberty, opposing with all his might what was wrong and upholding what was right.

Although during Gov. Martin's term of office, who succeeded the able and vindictive Tryon, a sort of "veil of oblivion * * * was drawn over the past unhappy troubles" that had so vexed the good people of the upper counties, together with "all the animosities and distinctions which they created,"* still there were among the

* Jones' "Defence," p. 73.

representatives of the popular branch of the Assembly a class who now and then would assail the characters and endanger the interests of the men who had borne the name of Regulators. Gen. Person never failed to meet the calumny or the threatened danger by a prompt and vigorous defence. He never turned his back upon the cause he espoused because it was unpopular in official circles, or had arrayed against it the leading gentlemen of the State, with a few notable exceptions. He stood squarely, resolutely by the people and their cause, and a monument of native granite should be erected at Oxford, or at Raleigh in the Capitol grounds, sacred to his precious memory, on which his great and singular devotion to popular liberty and popular equality should be commemorated by the chisel:

“ And thro’ the centuries let a people’s voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people’s voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame,
 A people’s voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander’s claim
 With honor, honor, honor to him,
 Eternal honor to his name.”

—*Tennyson.*

If General Person had been a Roman citizen he would have been a Tribune of the people. Had he lived in those stormy times he would have suffered, if need be, with Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney, or have followed the fortunes of Pym and Hampden and Cromwell and Waller. His great heart yearned for genuine liberty, and every pulsation was true to the best interests of his countrymen.

In 1771, Gen. Person, then a member of the House from Granville, was chiefly instrumental, with the as-

sistance of Richard Caswell and Samuel Johnston (both afterwards Governor), in having repealed a very offensive and oppressive law that had been long in force, by which the most burdensome taxes and duties had been levied upon the people. This did not please the Royal Governor, so he vetoed it. But this only caused the House to declare "that the aforesaid taxes and duties had served the purposes for which they were imposed." Upon this the irate Governor dismissed the Assembly at once, and ordered his officers to disregard the action of the legislative body and still to execute the obnoxious and oppressive Acts of 1748 and 1754. Gen. Person and his coadjutors were thus driven into more decided opposition to the Royal Government, and soon began to threaten its very existence in the Province of North Carolina. This, be it remembered, was the same year in which the Regulators defied Tryon on the fatal field of Alamance.

"Where tyrants conquer'd and where heroes bled."*

Wherever popular liberty needed a staunch advocate it found it in Granville's distinguished citizen. Jones aptly refers to him as one of "the two idolaters to liberty, too pure to be gained either by the flatteries or bribes" of Royal Governor Tryon, or his successor, Josiah Martin. Neither the fascinations of beautiful and accomplished women, the blandishments of courts, nor the enticements of office could ever allure Thomas Person from the thorny path of patriotic duty, or silence his voice in behalf of a despoiled and prostrate people. He hesitated not to prefer all that awaited him who trod the rugged and dangerous way of honor and justice and right, to

*From the late S. W. Whiting's Gray-like poem "Alamance."

those gilded pleasures and flower-strewn walks that ended in oppression and wrong.

I have said that he lived at Goshen, twelve miles northwest of Oxford. The late Benjamin Thorpe, who died at a green old age some years since, was a nephew of Gen. Person, and from him inherited the fine estate of Goshen, which still remains in the possession of one of the family. Gen. Person was married when a young man to a Miss Thomas or Thomason. She having died early, he continued a widower during the remainder of his very long, eventful, and useful life.

Mr. Turner gives an account of Gen. Person's providential deliverance from the dagger or bullet of an assassin, which is too interesting to be omitted. He says:

"He narrowly escaped assassination, being waylaid on the road between Hillsboro and Raleigh. A considerable sum was paid him in Hillsboro by his debtors, at Faddis' hotel. The money was put in his gig box, and after some delay he started for Raleigh. A desperate character who knew the road he usually travelled to Raleigh, and knowing the large amount of money in his gig box, lay in ambush to take his life. There are two roads from Hillsboro to Raleigh. On this occasion the General concluded he would take the one not usually travelled. It was a lucky choice, for the robber lay in ambush on the other road. We have forgotten the name of the highwayman. He was subsequently hung in Tennessee, and under the gallows made the confession of his intention to murder and rob Gen. Person."

He adopted his nephew, William P. Little, who afterwards represented Granville during many years in the Legislature. His uncle sent him to the famous school at Williamsboro. When he had obtained his majority, his generous and considerate benefactor presented him with a deed for 8,000 acres of good land, the most of which was in original growth. Mr. Turner, in his entertaining sketch, gives the following:

"Chief Justice Henderson always spoke of Gen. Person with the fondest affection, and often declared he was one of nature's noble-

men. Judge Henderson wrote Gen. Person's will, but the will was never found after his death. Notwithstanding the severe treatment he received from King George, through Gov. Tryon, in 1771, as a Regulator, he was again ready, in 1775, to take up arms against the King, and peril life and fortune in the cause. In 1781, when Cornwallis had retreated from North Carolina,* Gen. Person entertained a whole Virginia Regiment for several days at his Goshen home in Granville. Among the rations furnished were fifty beef cattle. He had at this time a hundred unbroken colts and horses. The Virginia regiment is said to have left Goshen well pleased with North Carolina hospitality."

This is pleasing, and shows how generous was the hospitality of one of Granville's citizens, and how he honored those who had just delivered battle in defence of their country at Guilford Court House. It is not necessary that I should apologize for detaining the reader with this long and imperfect sketch. The boldest and most devoted patriot of Granville, and one of the real leaders of the people and champions of popular liberty in the State, he richly deserves a more elaborate sketch than I am able to give. I trust that much additional material concerning him may be gathered. Surely, he has left some memoranda or documents that could be profitably used.† Among his relations there must be many anec-

*Doubtless Mr. Turner means "retreated from Guilford C. H." upon Wilmington. The battle of Guilford C. H. was fought March 15th, 1781. Lord Cornwallis did not leave the State for some months thereafter.

†Gen. Person was not alone in his espousal of the cause of the Regulators. Granville was all astir. A large majority of her leading men were in strong sympathy with the movement. The people of the county had been greatly outraged by Tryon's minions, and her foremost citizens fully comprehended the significancy of the effort to redress grievances. The Taylors, a large and very influential connection, the Eatons, the Inges, and others that might be named, were in full accord. Other members of the Person family were also the friends and supporters of liberty as represented by the men of the Revolution—

"The first free martyrs of a glorious race."

—Whit

dotes and facts that would interest all, and throw light upon his career and character. He was too true a man—too sincere a friend of civil and religious liberty to be soon forgotten. May the memory of his conspicuous public services, his devotion to the cause of the people, and his thorough consecration to liberty, remain a perpetual inheritance to the people of North Carolina!

Theodore Bryant Kingsbury.

NOTE.—The author may mention that Granville was the leading county in the movement. In the northern part of the State where the meaning of the Regulation is understood, it is regarded as not without honor to be descended from one of those men who stood up in that hour to resist unjust exaction and oppression, or who met the tyrant on that “first-fought field of freedom, Alamance.” Husbands said that the movement originated in Granville. If the critical reader should discover a want of symmetry, of close coherency, or anything of repetition in this attempt to pay a belated tribute, however unsatisfactory, to one of the masterful men of North Carolina in the eighteenth century—those tragic and boisterous days that “tried men’s souls,” let it be borne in mind that it has been written in part at three different times—in 1876, in 1877, and in 1898, without time to go afresh into the historic and biographic material, and with but little opportunity for research or careful literary authorship. The main fault lies in not relating services in sequence as to dates.

Dr. Tom Wilson died many years ago. He was a Virginian, but long practiced his profession in Warrenton, N. C. He was an excellent, refined and admirable gentleman, and a successful physician. His most estimable widow, I suppose, has the table referred to, or it may have passed into the hands of her son, Mr. Peter M. Wilson, of Washington City. It is a very interesting relic of the past.

NOTE SECOND.—We omitted at the right place mentioning an important fact in the life of Gen. Person, and one that did him very great credit, and adds no little to his sagacity and genuine love of freedom. In common with such patriots and gentlemen of high character and distinction as the celebrated Willie Jones, of Halifax, Dr. David Caldwell, Timothy Bloodworth, of New Hanover, and Col. Joseph McDowell—“all men of great and abiding influence,” says Moore, vol. 2, page 381, Gen. Person was strongly opposed to the adoption of the Federal Constitution as first promulgated. That it

should have been defeated or rejected is made plain by subsequent events. That it was so defective, so full of centralizing powers, so hostile to or in distrust of the people is made clear by its being afterwards amended, twelve articles being added to protect the people in their rights. Gen. Person was bitterly against it and censured Washington, who was a Federalist, for signing it. The Federalists, who favored the adoption, were badly beaten in North Carolina in 1787. This is not the place to argue the question, but in 1898, over 110 years after the event, I believe that Person was wise, patriotic and sagacious, having true political prescience, when he stood in bold opposition to the new Constitution so loaded with danger to the people. Gen. Person was not of that number who favored a Strong Government after seven years of war to throw off the best monarchical government on the earth. He was, as Lincoln said in his now famous Gettysburg speech in 1864, borrowing his saying from a New England school reader published in the thirties, in favor of a Government of the People, and for the People, and by the People. All honor to the men who saw the "cloven-footed satyr of despotism" in the production in which Hamilton's influence was felt so much in its shaping. All honor to Thomas Person and his noble compatriots who thought and acted with him in the early attempts at nation building and constitution making.

OUR SOUTHLAND.

To meditate upon a castle wall
Long fallen to decay and overrun
With tangled vines, circled by silent hills
Frowning and bare; to view a battlefield
Where long ago forgotten heroes fell,
While fancy re-creates the olden life
And makes the battlements alive with men,
The smoke of war to roll among the hills,
And the broad plain to glitter and resound
With burnished broadsword and sonorous shield,
Only to sink once more to lifelessness—
This dust of by-gone glory awes the heart
With the long sad solitude of death.

But underneath the Southern summer's sun
In deep primeval woodland, where no wars
Have left their sense of horror, where the songs—
Not of the nightingale, or lark, or plain cuckoo—
But of a thousand unpoetic nameless birds,
Burst out in bold confusion: this is where
The blood bounds quicker with the joy of life.
Here, though the days of chivalry and pomp
And thunderous knighthood pass, and fade away;
Though fauns and nymphs lose all their power to please,
These stately oaks that have no settled tale
T' intrude on weary ears, bring restful peace.
Yet few there are who know this lonely haunt.
No pale musician, with dark shadowy eyes,
E'er knew the concord of these tumbling streams
And soothing winds; else, like the mockingbird
Now perching silent on that leafy twig

Listening to catch the deepest secret art
Of every woodland choirister, then fly
To his own nest and freight the air
With all his stolen pipings, would he come
And learn of music in its elements.
No painter ever saw this cascade wild,
Leaping and sparkling as a thing of life,
Else, like yon glassy rock, he would reflect
Its native beauty. Nor hath poet sung
This glorious sunset, goldening the woods
And fading slowly in the deepening haze,
While quiet grows the forest, save the streams,
And save the line of flying waterfowl
Far overhead, whose cries now die away
Until the glistening stars o'erspeck the sky.

Land of the South, where nature stooped to spread
With wide and lavish hand her richest store
Of flowers, fruits, and sunshine, birds and bees,
Of luscious skies and fleecy clouds that make
The lazy loiterer dream the strangest dreams,
Think shapeless thoughts, see sights invisible,
And feel soft whispers of a vague delight!
Would I might live a thousand careless years
To drink each cup of pleasure thou canst give,
And learn sometime within far distant days
To sing in thy great name a worthy song.

J. C. M.

RURAL LIBRARIES.
—

“So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn,”

—*Wadsworth.*

In respect of well nigh all of the conveniences and privileges of civilized life the town is in advance of the country. This fact is to be explained, not by supposing the town to develop a livelier intellect and a higher quality of manhood, for the advantage here probably lies with the country, but by the simple matter of the respective sparseness and density of the population. Many people packed elbow to elbow in the restricted area of the town are able to push forward their common interests and provide for their social, intellectual, and religious needs to an extent which would be quite beyond their power if they were dispersed over an area fifty times as great.

The isolation of families in the country is a physical barrier which does, indeed, seriously hinder their development in certain directions. But it may be fairly questioned whether we have not taken it for granted that this barrier is insurmountable, surrendered outright in its presence, and so excused ourselves from any effort to improve and brighten rural life. The graded-school, for example, is the hope and pride of the town, but for the country it is impracticable; so runs our conclusion, registered before debate or trial. A system of lectures is in high favor for the town, theoretically so at least; but who thinks of it as feasible in the country? What a delight and stimulus is the town reading club; but a country reading club?—of course this is a failure before

it begins, and so it does not begin. A town that is alive to its higher needs would as soon think of excluding market wagons as giving up its library. But a public library in the country? Preposterous! Whoever thought such a contradiction in terms could be realized in fact, except perhaps certain visionaries in Iowa and the well-meaning but unpractical enthusiasts who, I understand, will presently make us a report on the subject?

I. But something must be done to quicken and lead out the intellectual life of the country. And that—

I. *For the Sake of the Country Itself.*—In the beginning “the Lord God,” so we read, “formed man of the dust of the ground.” Though so exquisite in the complexity of its architecture, though so refined in its substance, the human body cannot break with its past. Its “dust” lineage is ineffaceably written in the symbols of its chemical composition. It is akin to the pure, sweet earth, and reaches its best estate in close association with it. Permanently estranged, it pines and, set upon having its way, withers down to its native dust. Now, this physical structure is not all there is of us. Upon it rest the upper stories of our nature. These spheres of mind and spirit, although they have a forward look to their ultimate independence of material conditions, yet touch the sphere of matter and are largely conditioned by it. And so it happens that both our lower and our higher selves attain their best development in kindly and sympathetic relations with external nature. Body is halest and mind sanest grown on the soil amidst the standing corn. This is true of the individual. It is true likewise of the race. I have thought that the toughness of fibre, the large and well-balanced virility, and the love of freedom which characterize the Anglo-Saxon and insure to

him the supremacy of the modern world are due in large part to the attachment of his Teutonic ancestor to the soil from the time of his first appearance on the page of history. "The English," says Mr. Froude in one of his delightful volumes of colonial observations,—“the English should not come to New Zealand to renew the town-life which they leave behind them. They will never grow into a new nation thus. . . . Fine men and fine women are not to be reared in towns among taverns and theatres and idle clatter of politics. They are nature's choicest creations and can be produced only on nature's own conditions, under the free air of heaven, on the green earth, amidst woods and waters, and in the wholesome occupation of cultivating the soil.”

And yet, with all this natural adaptation to the production of what is of most worth in manhood and womanhood, the country wants the power to hold what it produces. It is ever emptying its wealth of original strength into the lap of the town. This is well enough for the town, but for the country it is prodigality and must end in poverty. It is a settled truth among farmers that, if all which the soil produces is taken off and no part of it in any form is returned to it, the soil sooner or later loses its power to produce anything. Now, this constant losing of its best material is an index of the existing poverty of country life, as well as the cause and prophecy of still deeper poverty to follow. Our civilization would, I fear, be discredited if a test proposed by John Burroughs should be applied to it. He says that country life is perhaps one of the best tests of civilization. “Where country life is safe and enjoyable,” he proceeds, “where many of the conveniences and appliances of the town are joined to the large freedom and the large bene-

fits of the country, a high state of civilization prevails." Our country life is safe enough, indeed, but is it enjoyable? When "their useful toil" is interrupted, what "homely joys" have the farmer's family to brighten "their destiny obscure"? what escape from the dull pressure of *ennui*? The great Chinese traveller thus characterized the Englishman: "He says, It's a fine day. Let's go kill something!" Do not the young men of our farms too often say, "The ground's too wet. Let's go drink something!" Against this dreary alternation of labor and *ennui* or dissipation there must surely be some provision. And here we come in sight of some of the special needs of country life.

The first of these needs which I mention is a widening of the horizon and a larger outlook on human interests. The penalties of specialism are nowhere more manifest than amongst farmers.

A second need of country life is the elevation of its sole business by putting more intelligence into the conduct of it, so that we may come to feel it to be as creditable to one's mental abilities to succeed on the farm as to succeed in the office. A better fertilizer than "Owl Brand" is brains,—which contain, I believe, a high percentage of phosphorus. When the calling is so dignified, it will not be so difficult to retain on the farm the boys who are ambitious of intellectual distinction.

But the great need of country life, to make it attractive and resourceful, is intellectual food and intellectual companionship.

These needs ought to be recognized and met, not only for the sake of the country, but also

2. *For the Sake of the Town.*—I need not dwell upon the great world movement of population from the coun-

try to the town. True, it dates from the time of Cain who "went out from the presence of the Lord" after killing his brother, "and builded a city"; but in the present century it has been more active than ever before, and in the decade from 1880 to 1890 outran the record for any previous decade of the century. I dare not hope that the census of 1900 will show any abatement of it. The depressing statistics of this drift are generally accessible and are probably familiar to you. I mention but one item. Even in quiet old North Carolina, during the ten years preceding 1890, there were as many as 190 townships, about 22 per cent of the whole number, which actually decreased in population. Many serious questions emerge from this state of things, but my only purpose now is to call attention to the stream of humanity which is pouring out of the country into the city.

Says the charming out-door essayist already quoted, "God made the crab, but man made the pippin; but the pippin cannot propagate itself." And so it may be said that God made the country, man made the town; but, in spite of life conveniences, polish, and a certain smart knowledge of the world which now and then verges upon superciliousness, the town has not sufficient vitality to perpetuate itself without the help of the stream of fresh arterial blood from the country. The artificiality and tension of town life use up men and women. Families waste and die out. It has been said that when New York was buried in snow by the fearful blizzard of 1888 there was hardly food enough in the city to last it more than four days. But that great Vanity Fair of flashing lights and gorgeous spectacles, with its whipped-up nerves and fierce fight for gain, is no more dependent upon rural communities for food than for reinforcements of its jaded physique and languishing moral and mental vitality.

It is manifest that the problem of the country is largely the problem of the city also. If we can succeed in imposing any check upon the tendency of country life to deterioration and demoralization, we shall at the same time purify the sources of town life. This brings me to the consideration of—

II. The Function of the Library in Rural Communities.

Americans are sometimes said to be a reading people. But there are two modifications to be made of that general statement. In the first place, most of this reading is done in the towns and cities. In the second place, what reading is done in the country is, on the average, confined to the Bible and the newspaper; and it is well if the Bible can hold its own in the competition. I fear that it rarely can. Probably nine-tenths of the time which the average farmer gives to reading he spends over the newspaper, and I do not hesitate to say that the bulk of it is reading which would better not be done at all. With many honorable exceptions, the newspapers of the country, to the extent of their large influence, by their avowedly one-sided interpretation of public affairs effectively discourage independent inquiry for the truth, and by their flippant vulgarity inevitably relax the intellectual and moral fibre and degrade the taste of the community. Furthermore, I believe the language of a leading Western paper to be entirely justified when it says, "The daily newspaper has become the most efficient school of crime and criminal methods in the world." It is time that those who care less for long subscription lists than for vigorous minds and high character in the coming generations were recognizing and protesting against this pernicious infection.

1. One function of the rural library, accordingly, would be to occupy a portion of the space now improperly filled

by the newspaper, to recover the wasting strength of faculties which have been brought up on its weak diet, and to cast out the love of life's froth and scum, low ideals, and temporizing policies by cultivating the taste for the true, the great, and the lasting.

2. A library selected with care will, moreover, prove a boon to those who already love books, but who, in the deluge of printer's ink which threatens to overwhelm us, are bewildered and need a guide to profitable reading. For there are books and books, and one should no more think of reading any book which chance may drop into his hand, than of making an associate of the first man one meets in the road. The book is no more than the man who wrote it. Some books, like their authors, are positively bad, others are simply unpleasant, or trivial, or of low nutritive value. We will have none of these, for where they do not inflict upon us a positive injury, they "cannot nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature." In a library such as we contemplate, limited as it must of necessity be, the choice of what is worthy is already made. It will not only guide the reading habit already formed, but form and establish it where it does not exist.

3. Again, the library in the country, as elsewhere, is the means of culture. The college and the university cannot go to every man's door, but this circulating library may, and has not Carlyle said that a collection of books is the true university of to-day? Mr. Woodrow Wilson tells somewhere of a youthful acquaintance of his who, in the obscurity of the country and with no help from the schools, grew up to a large and beautifully unconscious culture by the incorporation into himself of a few great world books. There is, to be sure, a certain

type of culture attainable by contact with men and affairs. The Arab, for example, finds in the tent a kind of school always open, where, says Renan, "the meeting of well-bred people gives birth to a great intellectual and even literary movement. Delicacy of manners and acuteness of mind have nothing in common in the East with what we call education." Even so. But you observe that the men who constitute this bookless university of the tent are well-bred and acute. Such qualities do not meet in every man, and when they do we may not all have the privilege of close intercourse with their possessor.

And what is this culture? For there are some persons among us who affect to despise what they in derision call *culchaw*, as being necessary, indeed, in the make-up of a transcendentalist,—whatever that may be,—but as quite out of accord with this practical end of the nineteenth century. This most precious thing of which I speak is no other-world sort of refinement afraid to soil its ethereal robes by contact with inferior natures. It is "the ability to see things as they really are," and so knows its place and does its work in the world with the highest efficiency. It is the ability to recognize and enjoy the good, the true, and the beautiful wherever they may appear, in nature, art, or literature. It is not so much acquirement as power. It is not mass of information so much as a state of mind; not quantity of learning, but quality of spirit and taste which has ripened on the use of it. It is the condition of the harmonious maturity of all the elements of our nature nourished and developed by association with the best and highest members of our race.

4. But I must add a concluding word on the library as a well-spring of joy, a solace in solitude, a refuge from

carking cares, and refreshment of spirits depressed by the drudgeries of life. I confess to you that this view of the little library in the humble home where mother and daughter, father and son have little to break the dull monotony of labor, and where the rare visitor is only a commonplace person like themselves,—the view of the library as a blessed invasion of the good and the great of all time to illumine and cheer the home, is to me after all the most affecting. Here is Homer with the light of the morning world on his great brow and on his tongue that matchless story of the happy time when nature was so close to man and man to God; when no taint of that fatal nineteenth century disease of “problems” marred its generosity of impulse, its strength of passion, or energy of action; when men as elemental and resistless as the sea they loved, crowded upon their destinies with fierce joy and squandered the riches of their natures with a glorious liberality in pursuit of their ends of vengeance or of fame. Homer heads the procession of the kings of thought and feeling who pass the lowly threshold and take up their abode, now at last no respecters of persons and always accessible. As said Frederick William III. at the founding of the Berlin University, here is established the nursery of better times.

W. L. Poteat.

April 1, 1898.

THE BROOK IN SPRING.
—

Its waters are glancing,
Its ripples are dancing
 Over the pebbles,
With mystical glimmer,
With musical murmur,
 In sharps and trebles.

The cowslip and daisy
Peep shyly from mazy
 And mossy covers ;
The willows are budding,
The hazels are nodding,
 Like merry lovers.

I followed its flowing
Past maple trees growing
 And leaving laurels ;
'Mongst branches all swaying
The birds were a-Maying
 With joyous carols.

Round green islets gliding,
Where cresses are hiding,
 It loiters along—
On, on to the ocean
With unwearied motion
 Still singing its song.

J. H. Rich.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

It was sunset-time on Purgatory mountain; sunset-time in May. A little thunder-storm, with all the wind and rain that usually accompanies such a phenomenon, had just passed over the hills (for Purgatory mountain is very much dignified by its name), leaving the air cool and sweet with the fragrance which the moisture soaked out of the flowers. The hill was covered with mountain ash and wild honeysuckle, and violets and daisies and wood-pansies grew in the woods. The sky was blue beyond all comparison, and the clouds were banked up in the south-west half way to the zenith. As the sun sank below the hills across the little valley, and lighted up the mass of wind-tossed clouds, they flamed up in all the gorgeous colors of a mountain sunset; it was a sight that can rarely be seen in the foot-hills of Virginia, and as such it might have been appreciated more than it was.

But the little boy and girl who were sitting in a two-acre clearing on the slope of the hill were not in a condition to enjoy the beauties of nature. They had run away from home—they lived side by side in the little village at the foot of the eastern slope of the mountain—to gather wild flowers, and to have a little picnic in the woods. Luckily Robert had raided the pantry just before they started, and had stuffed his pockets with anything that he could find to eat; but his pockets were empty now, and they were both hungry again. They had been tramping all day long over the mountain, and they were *so* tired; then, too, they were both drenched in the rain that had just passed, and poor little Jessie was scared half dead at the thunder. Add to this that

they were lost, and knew not how to find themselves, and one can imagine their sorry plight. Jessie was leaning her tired little head with its wet, tangled golden hair against Robert's shoulder, and crying softly; soon she fell asleep.

Now the big boys and girls—Jessie and Robert were still too young to belong to this class—had all gone that morning across the mountain to the lake to fish for bass; Robert's heart was sore with indignation because his big brother had refused to take him and Jessie, and he had schemed this runaway as a kind of revenge. He was sorry now that he had been bad. As he sat holding Jessie's dirty little hands in his—she had dropped her flowers long ago—and hearing her peaceful breathing, a sense of utter loneliness came over him; he wanted to be at home in the dining-room eating supper with Jessie. While the little girl had been awake, he had managed to keep up a show of manliness for her sake; but now she would not be frightened if he cried, and he gave vent to his anguish of spirit in sobs that shook his breast till the little sleeper there must have been awakened, but for sheer exhaustion. Soon, however, he stopped crying, and began to wonder again what he must do. Probably he reached some solution of the problem, for he took Jessie's arm from his neck and let her little body slide to the ground; then he bent over her beautiful, tear-stained face and kissed her, and whispered softly that he would take his little sweetheart home.

As he rose again and turned away, the rattling of a wagon caught his ear; and it was not so far away after all. It was nearly dark, however, and he was afraid to leave Jessie alone and asleep; he thought he might not be able to find her again. So he picked up the little

sleep-soaked figure in his tired arms and started to run in the direction of the sound. He came to the edge of the clearing and plunged into the woods, where it was already dark; he stumbled over a root and fell, waking the little girl, but he gathered her up again in his arms and ran on until at last he came to the road and saw the dim outline of the wagon and team. Then he sat down in the wet red mud of the roadside, with Jessie still clinging to his neck, and waited. He hailed the driver when the wagon came up, and the old negro took them up and started on again; the wagon belong to Jessie's father, and was going home.

Long before Robert finished telling big Joe about his adventure and Jessie's, both the children were asleep on the good-natured negro's lap. He carried them to Jessie's home, and her mother put them to bed without waking them; sending Joe a few minutes afterwards to tell Robert's people about it.

Robert was an orphan, with no kindred alive except his brother Roland, who was then some seventeen years old; Robert himself was eleven. The two brothers lived together at their old home, with a young married couple, who had been their father's friends, for tutor and housekeeper. The tutor was also their guardian. Their father, who had died when Robert was only a little fellow, left them an independent fortune, according to the standard of the neighborhood.

Jessie lived just across the village street from Robert's home, and the two children were to each other almost as brother and sister, though sometime Robert insisted on calling her his sweetheart. Strangely enough Jessie agreed to his whim after their escapade on the mountain, and after a little while she would sometimes call him sweet-

heart too. Robert's little heart nearly jumped out of his breast for sheer delight when she first gave him that title; for you must know that this boy-love is very foolish, and takes great pleasure in such silly words.

It was in the autumn after the run-away that Jessie's folks went away to live in Richmond. Just a few minutes before they left Robert ran up to the front door of their home, where Jessie was standing alone. She smiled that wonderful smile of hers when he stood before her with one little hand resting on her shoulder, and looked down into her blue eyes. In his other hand he held something which he slipped into Jessie's as he she turned to answer her mother's call. But before she went into the house she kissed him, and told him that she would never have anybody for her sweetheart except just him; and then Robert ran away, so happy and so sad that he needs must go away to the woods by himself and spend the rest of the day picking hickory and maple and sweet-gum leaves. When Jessie opened her other hand she found that it was Robert's diamond ring which he had left with her, and which had been his mother's. It was too large for any of her dainty little fingers, so she slipped a string through it and tied it around her neck while her mother was not looking; and that was the only secret that she kept from her mother until her wedding day.

No one knew how much Robert missed Jessie. Roland was away at school when she left, and he didn't come home again until the next summer, when the little boy had grown used to keeping his own counsel; for he was afraid of his tutor and guardian, and the house-keeper was so much engrossed in the care of her own twins that she left Robert to himself far too much, so that

he grew up to be silent and thoughtful, and given to dreaming day-dreams. He was passionately fond of music, and long before he was old enough to go to college he had a whole room full of instruments of various sorts—a piano, two or three guitars, mandolins, violins, banjos, an Italian harp, and others too numerous to mention. And he learned to play them all, with the assistance of an old German musician who eked out a smattering of a living by giving lessons on various instruments. He was especially proficient with the piano and violin.

When the question came up as to where Robert should go to school, it was decided that the military institute at Lexington was the best place for him to be shaken out of his dreamy good-for-nothingness; neither Roland nor the tutor approved of his musical propensities, and they thought that four years of cadet life would sufficiently reduce them. So off he went to the V. M. I., leaving all his musical instruments at home, in charge of his German friend.

For more than a week before his departure he did nothing but haunt the old places where he and Jessie had played together in the golden years ago. His last day at home he spent going over the old mountain upon which they had been lost once; he came just at sunset to the little clearing where Jessie had fallen asleep with her head on his shoulder. The clouds were not like they had been on that eventful day; he remembered vividly the whole scene, and he was comparing it with the one before him now. It took him only a few minutes to decide that Jessie's absence made all the difference between the living glory of the then and the dying splendor of now.

His four years at Lexington were like those of most other cadets—a humdrum mixture of drill and study,

with a dash of enjoyment, sometimes, at a hop, or in the camp. Every summer he went to his home, carrying one of his friends with him; a boy his own age who had no home. Mason his name was on the company rolls, but Robert called him George; it was a sign of special endearment to use a man's first name at the V. M. I. They spent most of the summer camping on the lake across old Purgatory. Robert had a cabin built there, with two rooms, and furnished it for a dozen occupants; frequently it was filled, too, for all the cadets loved to camp with Robert; he was such a good cook, and withal was so good-natured and quiet that everybody loved him. But in spite of the monotony of existence at the V. M. I., in all the years that Robert spent there the glamor of his childhood did not wear away; he still thought and dreamed of Jessie—Jessie with her hair of tangled gold and her deep blue eyes and soft, red lips, his little sweetheart. He never gave up his hope of seeing her again some day, and claiming her for his own.

At last he graduated. As he was of age then, he decided to go next fall to Boston, to resume his study of music; and after his two weeks' camp in August, he went.

* * * * *

Little Jessie of the days gone by was a young lady now; tall she was, and slender and lithe, and stately with all the unconscious dignity of womanhood at twenty. Not much like Robert's little sweetheart did she seem, as she sat on the steps of the piazza of her father's house in Richmond, with one slender arm around her mother's neck. The tangled, curly yellow hair of childhood had changed to a ruddy gold, that shimmered like polished bronze in the warm May sunlight. The lively little face, too, was dreamy and shadowy; that might have been due,

however, to the fact that she was dreaming—day-dreams, you know—of a May-day ten years ago, when she and Robert ran away to gather flowers on the mountain. Then her reverie ran on to another day, when Robert kissed her, and slipped his mother's ring into her little hand, and the laughing blue eyes, too, grew sad and dreamy then, and she sighed as she looked at her mother's face.

"Mother," she said, "do you remember a little boy who used to live near us at home?" They had traveled much during the past ten years, and they always spoke of the village in the mountains as home; it was on account of this much wandering that Robert had not been able to get letters to Jessie.

"You are thinking of Robert again, are you? Don't you suppose he has forgotten you before this? You know it has been a long time since you saw each other, and you were just little children then." Mother had other views for Jessie then; in fact, she had never lost an opportunity to erase all recollection of the old days from her daughter's mind, but it was all in vain. Jessie would still think, and talk, of Robert.

"Oh, well," she said, "I don't care what you think about it; I know we'll meet again some day, and then you'll see. Let's go see Auntie next week." Auntie was her father's sister, and she lived in their old home in the mountains.

"I had been thinking of that myself," said the mother. "Your father will have to leave for Germany Friday (that was Monday), and he will probably be there all the summer. We had spoken of taking you, but he decided that it will be best for him to go alone. We might spend all the summer with sister, if you think you will not be tired of it after a few weeks."

So they set out on Monday of the next week, to spend at least a week at home. The week lengthened itself, the stay was so enjoyable, to more than a month. After a few days of riding and tennis, and a few evenings, when they had callers, Jessie's cousins (they were a girl of her own age, and two young men) proposed a week in camp on the lake. So a party of eight was formed, and they set out on Tuesday morning, to stay until Saturday; they proposed to use Robert's cabin, but Jessie said that she wanted to camp in a tent, and tent it was. They pitched the two tents on the beach about a quarter of a mile from the cabin, and spent the whole of the first day getting settled.

Now Jessie's mother had heard of Robert's departure to Boston, and she had been informed that he intended never to come back again; so that she thought she was safe in allowing Jessie to visit in her old home. Her information was correct; Robert did intend never to come back again, but then—

Spring was late in Robert's new home. He had rooms in a private house in one of the suburbs of Boston, and he never left them except to go to his lessons at the conservatory; that is, such was his habit in winter. But at last it grew warm and shimmery out of doors, and Robert began to walk about. One day he wandered far into the country, and came back to his rooms only at sunset. He had eaten at a little restaurant around the corner; so he sat on the west piazza to enjoy a smoke. As he sat and smoked, the old reveries came floating through his mind again—Jessie on the mountain, Jessie in the grape-vine swing, Jessie in the door-way at home, kissing him good-bye, and promising—always it was Jessie, with her tangled yellow hair and her deep-blue eyes, and those

soft, red lips. For days and days the southwest wind, balmy, fresh, and warm, had been blowing the spring-time northward, up from the far-away southern Gulf; that day he had noticed a few robins, and some blue-birds, come back to find their old nesting-places in the woods; he had heard, too, a mocking-bird—strange visitor so far north. While he sat dreaming of Jessie, the twilight had come and gone, and now it was dark; far away in the dim southwest the crescent moon was swinging low over the tops of the budding trees; that ceaseless wind, laden with all the laziness and longing of the whole glorious springtime, was blowing about his face whispering to him of the old mountain home in Virginia, of happy days spent there with little Jessie, who had kissed him so long ago. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and walked out into the street and down to the telegraph office on the corner. He wrote a telegram to his friend Mason: "Come to B—— on 64 Thursday—my expense." Mason was at work in a town not far from the old home.

Robert walked on to the ticket-office then, and bought a ticket to Washington, which was as far as he could go without change of cars; then he went back home and packed up, and settled accounts with his landlord. At midnight he was speeding away southward.

Mason met him according to orders; they soon got in their provisions and set out in a wagon towards the old camp. It was dark when they got in, so that they had no time to make acquaintance with the other campers, whose tents they saw gleaming in the light of their evening fire. After they had their supper, they sat on the log in front of the door and smoked and talked.

"George," said Robert, "did you ever have a sweetheart when you were a little boy?" He was still thinking of Jessie.

“No; what makes you ask that?”

“Well, you ought to be shot for a sorry cur; now I had a sweetheart when I was a young thing, ten years ago, and I haven’t gotten over it yet. She has been haunting me like a dream ever since I saw her last, and I can’t get rid of her; and I wouldn’t, if I could. I don’t know where she is—haven’t heard of her since I saw her ten years ago, and still I remember her; did you ever hear of such a case? Well, she promised me then that she wouldn’t ever have any sweetheart except just me; I wonder if she remembers me.” And a sad, sweet smile spread over his handsome face; Mason laughed.

When they got out next morning the campers near them were gone. They fished in the lake until dinner time, and while George was taking his after-dinner nap, Robert stole away to spend an hour on the mountain. He supposed that he might run across the people of the tents there, but that did not trouble him much. He wandered over the hill until his hour stretched to two, three, four. He noticed the clouds piling up in the southwest, and he knew that a thunderstorm would probably be in before sunset; that was just what he wanted—and if Jessie could only be there too!

Jessie was there. Her party had set out before sunrise that morning for a day on the mountain, and somehow she had been separated from them about the middle of the afternoon. She, too, saw the signs of the thunderstorm, and she was thinking of another day, just like Robert. She wandered on and on, not thinking of her friends, until at last the storm broke. The party had deputed one of the young men to search for Jessie, and had started back to camp, about five o’clock. This young man searched in vain until the storm broke, about half-past six; then he went back to camp to get help.

Now that thunderstorm lasted perhaps half an hour; when it ended, Jessie was sitting on the ground in a little clearing; she was drenched to the skin, and very miserable, for Robert was not there to take her home, and she knew not what to do. As she sat thinking, the clouds broke away in the west, and the setting sun lighted them up with a glory that she had never seen before, except that one time, and then—Robert was with her. She heard a step, and looked up; a young man, tall and erect in figure, his dark, handsome face framed in long, wavy brown hair, was standing, hat in hand, behind her. The startled look in her eyes died away, and little by little a glad smile came over her face; then she rose to her feet. Robert could scarcely believe his eyes. Was it Jessie that he loved who was standing before him, with the same dainty white dress and blue ribbons all drenched in the rain? But it must be Jessie, for no other eyes on earth could smile like those blue eyes. He stretched out his hands, and she gave him hers in his.

“My little sweetheart,” he said, “have I found you at last?” She stepped closer to him, and drew one of her hands from his.

“Have you found me at last? and isn’t the sunset glorious?” She glanced away to her left, where the clouds were gleaming. “Just like it was so long ago.” Then she looked at his eyes again, and—but where was Robert’s other hand?

“You were my sweetheart then,” he said; “won’t you—be my sweetheart again, now that I have found you? I have loved you ever since, and—I love you now.” Closer and closer to him she nestled; the wind had begun to blow again, and it was so cold, with her dress all wet. And then, as he bent over her face, and kissed her again

—“I have always been your—Jessie,” she said, with another smile, and a sigh that was half a sob. And hand in hand together, they went down the sloping hillside to the valley below, and across the level to the camp by the lake.

Tolbert H. Lacy.

AN EXCITING RIDE.

At the foot of the Blue Ridge, where the railroad begins to wind its sinuous way up the mountain and through the tunnels, there is an engine and crew stationed to help heavily loaded trains over the mountain. Steam is kept up night and day and the crew are always ready when called.

When a child I frequently went with the engineer to the "Top," as the top of the mountain is called by the railroad men, where the "Helper" is uncoupled from the train and returns to the foot of the mountain to be ready for another trip. It was on one of these return trips that we had a race for our lives, a race that was indelibly stamped upon my childish mind. Even now, after a lapse of twelve or fourteen years, I can close my eyes and the events of those few moments come back to my mind as vividly as if they had occurred only to-day.

It was a beautiful spring morning. All the way up the mountain I leaned from the cab window watching the birds as they flew deeper into the woods, startled by the rush and roar of the train. Now and then a saucy squirrel would scamper up a tree and sit barking angrily at the train for interrupting his frolic. A little creek which flowed for several miles by the side of the railroad sparkled and gleamed in the bright, warm sunlight as the water splashed and dashed over the rocks. Its merry song could be heard above the rumble of the wheels. On the cool, shady northern side of the mountain grew innumerable ferns and the beautiful rhododendron, which was then in full bloom.

When we reached the "Top" and "cut loose" the operator came out and handed the engineer his orders.

The "Helper" was to run ahead of an extra freight which had some twenty loaded coal cars. Even while the engineer was reading his orders we heard the whistle of the extra at a station only two miles distant from the "Top." The orders were signed and the operator returned to the office with his copy, while we began our return trip.

Vacuum brakes, which have now gone almost entirely out of use, being superseded by air brakes, had just been fitted on the engines of that road. Frequently they refused to work, and this was almost always the case when they were most needed. Probably the reason was that the engineers were not familiar with their mechanism.

We had gone only two or three miles down the road when we heard the whistle of the freight train. Again the signal was repeated. The engineer listened attentively and when it was repeated the third time he turned to his fireman and said, "Bill, throw in some more coal. Old man has lost control of his engine, and we'll have to move lively if we keep out of her way."

The engineer opened his throttle wide and dropped his reverse lever back a little. Our speed increased visibly, and a moment afterward we saw that the freight, as it dashed around the side of the mountain above us, was undoubtedly running away. What made matters even worse was that the extra had left Asheville with only two brakemen. During the moment the train was in sight we saw the brakemen with the conductor and flagman running over the coal cars and applying brakes.

A set, determined look came over the face of the engineer while the fireman, who was a negro, turned ashy and his eyes grew larger. But the quick, terse command, "Keep her hot, Bill," set the negro to work. Hardly would he close the furnace door before he would again

open it and throw in two or three scoopfuls of coal. The engine was running backward, as it always does on the return trip, which increased the danger of jumping from the track, but the engineer continued to drop the reverse lever back, notch by notch, and to open the throttle. The black smoke rolled out in volumes and we could feel the engine spring forward each time the throttle was opened.

The road winds up the mountain in a series of loops, one above the other, and in several places you can stand on the track above and toss a rock on the track below, while at many points you can see the road at several places.

Each time the freight train came into view above us we could see that it was gaining on us, and steadily, too. The engineer drew his watch from his pocket and after watching the runaway for a few seconds, muttered to himself as he returned it to his pocket: "If Old Man don't gain control of his engine pretty soon she'll catch us before we reach home. Throw in more coal, Bill."

The engine was running then so fast that when we would shoot around a sharp curve we could feel the outside wheels rise and fall on the rail with a jar that shook the whole engine. The engine rocked and rolled as a drunken man, and each time the throttle was opened she would quiver and then leap forward as though endowed with life. The engineer's face was white and set. He well knew that the engine was liable to leap from the track at any moment, which meant certain death on the mountain side below, if the speed was increased; but he knew, at the same, that unless speed was increased the runaway would strike us, which also meant certain death. He pulled the throttle wide open; the engine

quivered for an instant, as a blooded horse when struck with a whip for the first time, and then sprang forward at an increased speed. The engine lurched from side to side, threatening to leap from the track every moment. I was sitting on the fireman's seat and it required all of my strength to keep from being thrown from it.

On we dashed, around curves, through cuts and tunnels, over fills and trestles at an undiminished speed, and still the runaway gained on us. It was so close that, when on a straight stretch of track, we could see the engineer working on his vacuum brake. The two engines seemed animate things; the one determined to save us, the other putting forward all its energy to destroy us. The coal cars of the runaway swayed from side to side, and every moment the long, swaying line of cars threatened to leap from the track. About a mile and a half above the station at the foot of the mountain the freight engineer suddenly found that his brake was in working order. The freight train, however, had such momentum that it was difficult to slacken its speed. Our engineer still kept his throttle open, and now we were clearly gaining on them. The fireman drew his keys from his pocket and prepared to leap from the engine to unlock the switch as we passed it. But the engineer decided to pass the upper end of the switch and run in on the lower end.

With a rush and a whirl we passed the depot, and as we neared the lower end of the switch the engineer applied his vacuum. The large driving wheels slid, and from the track, beneath the wheels, flew a stream of sparks. The fireman leaped from the step, unlocked the switch and the engine coming to a stop the engineer reversed it. The next moment we were seemingly creep-

ing from the main track on to the switch, although in reality we were moving rapidly. It was a narrow escape, for the tender had barely passed the "clearance post" when the extra dashed past us; the engineer was unable to stop his train at the depot. As the engines passed both engineers blew their whistles. To me the whistle of the runaway sounded like a hoarse cry of baffled rage, while the whistle of our engine was a joyful shout of triumph. Our engine, No. 17, seemed to know that it had nobly done its duty.

Albert J. Terrell.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

A writer in *The Nation* for April 7 argues with much heat not only against intervention by arms but also against extending charity to the starving Cubans. "We are acquainted," he says, "among modern women, with that type of mother who seeks to fulfil her mission by assiduous attendance upon clubs for the improvement of other women and other women's children, and meanwhile neglects her primary duties to her own children and home, and we justly ridicule such conduct. But are we not fast coming, as a people, to exemplify that type of conduct among nations? . . . Shocked by the photographs of starving Cubans, we lavish our money to buy food and appropriate millions to make war for them, while the thousands of starved and oppressed creatures within a stone's throw of us, in New York and Chicago, beg for help in vain."

His general argument against meddling in international affairs and against sitting as dispenser of righteousness for the nations of the world is impressive and largely sound; but it takes only a glance to detect the fallacy of

the view set forth in the words above quoted. Because a woman is inattentive to her own children and home, it is poor morality to shut her out from doing good in other directions; though all admit that her first duty is to her own children. If by any means charity does not begin at home, it is better to have it begin somewhere else than not at all. The United States should first relieve the destitution of her own people; she should exhaust every resource known to Political Economy to destroy the fearful scourge of pauperism. But as a matter of fact she does not choose to follow this course, and therefore, according to our writer, should desist from all other deeds of charity.

That is the position taken against contributions to the relief of Cuba: a very false position. Out of one blood God made all nations, and when famine and distress cry out for relief a Christian people should recognize no differences of relationship and nationality. The act of the United States in extending a hand of encouragement and sympathy to the Jews oppressed by the Czar, to the Venezuelans struggling against Great Britain, to the Armenians and Greeks trod down by the Turks, and to the Cubans inhumanly slaughtered by the Spaniards will shine as one of the brightest gems in all the crowns of national glory: a whole commonwealth acting as if by the impulse of one good man.

Some Spanish papers have pleased themselves and their readers by predicting that in case of war the Southern States will take advantage of the opportunity once more to rise in arms against the Union. This is a very plausible prophecy for Spaniards, whose government is well-fitted to keep alive the bitterness of party spirit,

and who do not understand the conditions that prevail in America; but with us such a suggestion produces only a wise and quiet smile.

In going to war with a foreign power, one of the greatest results we hope for, though of course little is said about it, is the final and complete reconciliation of the lately discordant sections of our country. The prejudice that exists between the sons of the Confederacy and of the Union is growing faint, and when they march together under the same flag against a common enemy, their good fellowship will be completely restored, and this, together with the centralizing forces that have for some years been at work, will grapple all sections together "with hooks of steel." The day upon which Spain hopes to see the United States rent with civil war is the very day when Americans expect to hear party cavilings and sectional strife drowned out by the general shout of patriotism.

The conduct of President McKinley during the last month has been violently censured on one hand and hotly defended on the other. And as is always the case in warm discussions both sides have gone to extremes. The anti-McKinleyites denounce the President as a tool in the hands of Hanna and other capitalists, as helpless as were the "Do-nothing Kings" in the hands of their Mayors of the Palace; and, besides that, they say he is a weakling, unable to cope with the present enormous responsibility; a corrupt, selfish politician. Those who assail him thus bitterly are either carried away by their passions and prejudices, and should be held irresponsible for their language, or they have seized this great crisis deliberately to stir up popular hatred of the President for

future political purposes, and should be put in the penitentiary; none except the basely ignorant (but their name is Legion) will be much influenced by these extremists.

The majority of American patriots, however, have supported McKinley, some with unreasoning heat, others mildly, and it is hardly necessary to say that the latter class have been the more influential. But even some of our conservative, dignified journals have allowed their ardor to sweep them a little beyond the secure harbor of reason. "It is safer," says *The Outlook*, "to intrust this question in the present exigency to his [McKinley's] determination than to that of Congress; because an individual is less liable than a body of men to be swept into a rash course by a sudden passion." If he had said that the present crisis, in view of the horrible state of affairs in Cuba, demands speedy action, and since an individual can act with more promptness than a body of men, it is advisable to intrust this question to the President, the truth of his position would have been unquestionable. But to say that one statesman is less liable to rash action than a body of statesmen in deliberation is contrary to the most fundamental principles of our democracy. Our Congress, we hope, is not a wild and senseless mob (though one or two of its members have been disorderly); it is composed of the wisest men the land affords. "By wise counsel thou shalt make thy war: and in multitude of counsellors there is safety." We believe that an assemblage of America's ablest men, skilled in the science of government, and representing every possible interest within the bounds of the nation, is more to be trusted in the management of the Ship of State over this stormy sea than any one man, though he be the greatest man of the century.

Last month the *Student* expressed the opinion that there is no immediate danger of the conversion of North Carolina to Mormonism. Since then an event has occurred in a town of the State which strengthens this opinion. Two Mormon missionaries called upon a gentleman's wife while he was away, and, although she protested with all the proverbial feminine fervor, they wedged in a few words favorable to their doctrine and upon withdrawing left a number of their tracts scattered about in the room. No sooner had the husband returned and heard this news than he again sallied forth in search of the sowers of evil seed. He encountered them down street and beat them in a manner more befitting an "infidel Mormon" than a faithful Christian. After all the blood that has been shed in the name of religion, the object of which is the peace and happiness of humanity, a very little breeze serves to fan up the spirit of persecution even in North Carolina. If the Mormons persist in canvassing, they had better clothe themselves in armor, or at least in leather jerkins; for all the wives of Brigham Young would not be sufficient force to protect their backs from the wrath of one indignant Tarheel.

LITERARY COMMENT.

R. C. LAWRENCE, Editor.

“They please me not—these simple songs
That hint of sermons covered up—
'Tis time the world should heed its wrongs,
But in a poem let me sup,
Not simples brewed to cure or ease
Humanity's confessed disease,
But the spirit-wine of a singing line,
Or a dew-drop in a honey cup!”

—*Paul Lawrence Dunbar.*



The first chapters of M. Leon Daudet's review of his father's life and works have appeared in the *Reoue de Paris*.



The present Lord Tennyson is engaged in writing Notes to certain of his father's poems. They will be published in a new edition of Tennyson's Works.



Southerners will be interested to know that Miss Winnie Davis, “The Daughter of the Confederacy,” has written a new novel, *A Romance of Summer Seas*, which will be published by the Harper's. This is her first effort at literary work since *The Veiled Doctor* appeared some two years ago.



Judge Albion W. Tourgee, once a resident of this State, and now a successful novelist of New York, has published a volume of short stories under the title of the “*Man who Outlived Himself*.” Those who have read Judge Tourgee's admirably done sketches and tales will find much pleasure in this volume—especially in those that treat of the Southern life that Judge Tourgee knows so well.

Captain A. T. Mahan, well known as the author of the *Influence of Sea Power*, is now at Genoa. While there he will continue his labors on his forthcoming volume on the War of 1812.



Dr. Henrik Ibsen's literary friends celebrated the great dramatist's seventieth birthday by presenting to him an illuminated address signed by the foremost literary men of Norway, Sweden and Denmark.



Massachusetts is the banner State for free public libraries. The recent report of the State Library Commission shows that only ten towns in the entire State are without free public libraries. In one town (Amherst) with a population of only 4,800, there are four libraries with a total of 115,000 volumes.



Zola's recent trial will apparently result in the heaping of new honors upon his head and in the wider popularity of his works. The Court of Cassation having quashed his sentence, Zola is free from both fine and imprisonment. His admirers are now liberally subscribing to a handsome medal to be presented to him in recognition of the manly stand he has taken for truth and justice. The world awaits with interest new developments in this affair.



No poem since Kipling's "Recessional" has been received with so much favor as has the following poem from the pen of Mr. Alfred Austin. The poem is interesting not only because it is from the pen of the Poet Laureate, but because of the sentiment which it expresses and the genuine poetry it contains:

What is the voice I hear
 On the wind of the Western Sea?
 Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
 And say what the voice may be.

"'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a people proud and free,

“And it says to them, ‘Kinsmen, hail!
 We severed have been too long;
 Now let us have done with a wornout tale,
 The tale of an ancient wrong,
 And our friendship last long as love doth last, and be stronger
 than death is strong.’ ”

Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,
 And blood of the selfsame clan,
 Let us speak with each other face to face,
 And answer as man to man,
 And loyally love and trust each other as none but free men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,
 Shamrock, thistle and rose,
 And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these,
 A message to friends and foes,
 Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever the war wind
 blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
 For wherever we come, we twain,
 The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake
 And his menace be void and vain,
 For you are lords of a strong young land and we are lords of the
 main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale,
 “We severed have been too long;
 But now we have done with a wornout tale,
 The tale of an ancient wrong,
 And our friendship last long as love doth last, and be stronger
 than death is strong.”

—*Alfred Austin.*

The article by William Watson upon the poetry of Mr. Stephen Phillips in *The Outlook* for March 26 is well worth reading. Mr. Phillips, it will be remembered, was awarded the prize of the London “Academy” for the best original verse published during 1897. Words of commendation from the author of “*Lachrymæ Musarum*” will carry great weight in the literary world and

prevent, to some extent, unjust criticism by ill-disposed critics. We shall read Mr. Phillips' poems with interest for it may be that this little work of his may be but the prelude to a grand burst of full-throated song.



The late Civil War is a source for a never-failing supply of short stories. The latest attempt in this direction is a volume of sketches entitled "Southern Soldier Stories," by George Cory Eggleston. We must say that we like this sort of thing. Thomas Nelson Page in his "Burial of the Guns" thoroughly prepared us for the reception of more work of this kind. And Mr. Eggleston's work is well done: only simple tales, told without a moral, containing picturesque landscape, genuine Southern character and some very original plots.



Mr. W. T. Stead has recently published his brochure on political New York under the title "*Satan's Invisible World Displayed; or, Despairing Democracy.*" This volume follows nearly the same lines of thought that are shown in "*If Christ Came to Chicago.*" Both of these monographs deal with moral and political ills in two of our large cities. We do not doubt that Mr. Stead's book contains a vast deal of truth and that, placed in proper hands, would awaken the slumbering moral sense of those serious persons who are as yet blind to the political evils of American life; but we think that the only practical result will be to give the English people a wrong conception of American life—the conception of a "Despairing Democracy."



Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is getting the full benefit of all the ill-will that a critic can show toward an author. Mr. Le Gallienne's recent paraphrase of Omar Khayyam has been resented as an insolent trespass upon the field in which, as the critics say, Edward Fitzgerald should reign supreme. The following shows the spirit:

"Boy, I dislike a paraphrase of Omar
 Done into English second-hand from Persian;
 Roses distilled with patchouli's aroma
 Are my aversion.

Give me instead the feast once faithful drew to,
Trumpeted forth by neither 'Star' nor herald;
That loaf of bread, that jug of wine, and thou, too,
Rare old FitzGerald."

We have no patience with that criticism which condemns because the field has already been previously covered. We know nothing of the merits of Mr. Le Gallienne's work. But we do think he should be received without malice aforethought on the part of the critical world. There has ever been too much of a tendency to decry contemporary verse on the theory that the masters have gone to return no more. Something good may yet come out of Nazareth.



A new star has arisen in the East. Again the Egyptian tomb has released its captive, and after twenty-four centuries of imprisonment the poet Bacchylides comes forth to shine with a lustre undimmed by long captivity. The changes of time are great: In the sixth century before Christ, Bacchylides was born at Keos. There he lived and breathed in poetic strains the life of the ancient people. A poet was he, a rival of Pindar. Time passed away. A language and a people passed from the stage of action and sank into a mere memory held of the past by the present. The literature of the past was in part preserved: Pindar, the singer of peace, gained immortality by his noble strains and was read by other tongues and other peoples. Only 107 lines of Bacchylides were preserved. And it is a little short of a marvel that after this lapse of centuries a new voice should be heard—a voice speaking to the present from out the fullness of the past, telling to the modern world the life, the manners and morals of an ancient world and throwing new light upon the literature of the period in which he flourished. No discoveries of recent times are of more importance than that of the new poet and that of the celebrated "Logia." Even in the span of the seven centuries which separates these writings a new religion had been given to the world. Bacchylides celebrates in triumphant strains the Olympian Games in honor of Zeus, the god of his fathers. The Logia recites the story of "The Unknown God,"—the story of Christianity.

We shall be delighted to secure a translation of the twenty odes that have been recovered. In bulk they cover thirty-nine columns and are written on a papyrus roll fifteen feet in length. They are now deposited in the British Museum. The tombs of Egypt are yielding a rich harvest to the explorer. Within the last eight years three discoveries of signal literary value have been made here, and further search may reveal priceless treasures to literature and religion.



"American Contributions to Civilization" is the title given to a volume of miscellaneous magazine articles by Chas. W. Eliott, President of Harvard University. This volume, coming as it does from the heart of a great American University, is significant in the key note that it strikes. From cover to cover the volume breathes the spirit of a healthy, hopeful and aggressive democracy, and of a democracy that is neither provincial nor continental but distinctively American. Mr. Eliot takes the optimistic view of our democratic institutions and reviews social conditions from this standpoint. The Essay on "The Forgotten Millions" is especially to be commended as giving a delicate touch to the opposition between the life of the country and of the town, with a hidden warning that a recurrence to basal principles is necessary for the preservation of a perfect democracy.

In the leading essay Mr. Eliot sums up the distinctively American contributions to civilization under five heads: international arbitration, the acceptance of the widest religious toleration, the development of a manhood suffrage nearly universal, the diffusion of well-being and the welcoming of newcomers to our shores.

EXCHANGES.

H. M. EVANS, Editor.

AN IDEAL IN COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

It is a miscellaneous and heterogeneous heap of magazines that collects on the Exchange Editor's table during a month; and, presumably, each one realizes in some measure the ideal of college journalism to which its editors would attain. But these various ideals are strangely inharmonious, and unfortunately so.

While college journalism is so much at variance with itself, its development will be hampered. There is certainly enough energy in our college editors; but what is accomplished by them is not commensurate with the amount of energy they expend. It is like an innumerable number of forces acting at the same time in as many directions. True, there is a resultant; something is accomplished; but one always thinks of what the result might have been if all the forces had acted together in the same direction.

What must be the result when so much of our energy is lost in the conflict of the distinctive forces that dominate our editorial chairs? One editor will find his ideal in a magazine whose most prominent feature is its department of puns and jokes; and if, on the sly, he can make his jokes a little profane or obscene, he is pleased the better. Another editor will exert himself to make his magazine of "local" interest; and he does become distressingly local and personal. He wants a magazine that deals strictly in the everyday trifles of college life;

nor must the deeds of the invincible Freshman go unexploited. Other editors with loftier, though questionable, ideals give prominence variously to long political essays and editorials, historical essays, which are too often puerile and without any originality whatever, and essays mostly moral and written in a second-hand Emersonian style.

Evidently such work, unless interspersed liberally with articles of literary and educational interest, is beyond the sphere of college journalism; but when so many college periodicals exaggerate these things that are beyond the sphere of college journalism, it has such an effect on the general current that we find ourselves wondering what is the sphere and function of the college journal.

We seem to have subordinated very largely the real function of the college journal to things that are merely incidents in its existence. To print what will amuse the students is not the ideal aim, nor is the predominance of the political or religious essay. The ideal of college journalism is to reflect all that is best in college life and work; and every college journal should reflect especially the life and work of its own institution. This would give college journalism the greatest and most healthful freedom; and every college journal might become the speaking personality of its institution. The individual "college spirit" of an institution would be recognized just as easily from the printed page as from personal contact with the students.

If we could all recognize in common that this is the end to be desired, if we could all see the same ideal, we would be in a better condition to reach it. Then all advancement would be of mutual value. We need just such a general working policy instead of the changing

whims of yearly-elected editors. It is seldom that a new board of editors respects any traditions. They want to do something new; and when they have begun to see their mistakes and are learning how to avoid them, the fate of the magazine falls into the hands of another board. Proud of their charge and zealous for the work, the new board makes one grand rush at the magazine, and their work has begun. They have adopted a policy all their own, and their successors find themselves editors of a new magazine.

Of course some changes are necessary, but they become necessary only as a result of the natural development of an institution. There will be developed new phases of college life, new fields of thought and investigation, and legitimately these must be given expression in the college magazine; but they need not change its policy. Rather will they be found to be in perfect accord with its fixed policy—*i. e.*, to reflect the life of the institution. As an example of what we mean, we mention the development of the scientific spirit at Wake Forest. In recent years this has naturally found its expression in the *STUDENT*; and it has had a wholesome effect on the general tone of the magazine, besides showing an interesting phase of the work at Wake Forest.

It is only by pursuing this definite policy that we may reconcile the conflicting policies of our magazines and avoid abnormal and artificial growths; and when we have done this, then will the college magazine be a true and adequate expression of our college life.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

T. H. LACY, Editor.

RAH! Rah! Rah! *Converse!*

COGGINS has nearly finished his narrative of the humorous side of the southern tour of the team.

MISS MARY TAYLOR and Miss Mamie Brewer have been at home since Easter, after a sojourn at the Oxford Seminary.

MISS FANNIE GREEN, of Franklin County, was the guest of the Misses Brewer during the first part of April; everybody was sorry that her visit was so short.

MISS ANNE BRUCE BREWER was away from home for a week during the middle of April, visiting relatives at Franklinton. Somebody said that the town seemed half dead during her absence, and the leaves wouldn't begin to grow until she came back.

O. SAMS' old song of "hard luck" was revived at the game with the Techs. at Atlanta; they do say the boy captured seven warm ones at third and placed them on a line in his little brother's hands at first, and all without an error. It is "hard luck" for a batter when he tries to get a hit past Sams at third.

THE Trinity-Wake Forest game at the park here Friday, April 22, was too late in the month for a full account of it to appear in this issue of the STUDENT. The games on the southern tour resulted as follows: Technological Institute, Atlanta, April 8; Techs. 2,

Wake Forest 13. Mercer University, Macon, April 9; Mercer 4, Wake Forest 4; April 11, Mercer 6, Wake Forest 4. Wofford College, Spartanburg, April 12; Wofford 1, Wake Forest 7. The games with Furman University and South Carolina College were cancelled.

MR. J. D. LARKINS, of Pender County, was the successful contestant for the Senior orator's medal in the Phi. Society. Miss Brewer again graced the occasion with her music; it is only on rare occasions that Wake Forest students have the privilege of hearing good music, and when the opportunity does come, they never fail to show their appreciation of it.

COGGINS patted Reid on the shoulder just before the first game with Mercer, and announced, in the presence of all the assembled spectators, that "the Chaplain was death on pop fouts." Fifteen minutes later the jocund catcher was crashing through the wire screen of the grand stand, straight after a high one; he failed to get it, but after that anything in the foul fly line that fell within fifty feet of the batter was sure death to the man that hit it. The chaplain is a high trump behind the bat.

WILLIAMS says that he has seen managers and managers in his base-ball experience, but that Mr. Whitney, of Mercer (and Mr. Gresham, of Wake Forest), are the ideals. A letter from a member of the faculty of Mercer University came to Wake Forest a few days after the return of the team, congratulating the College upon the gentlemanly deportment of the ball-players. Now Wake Forest base-ball men are always gentlemen first and ball players next, but the boys say a dozen Hottentots would become gentlemen under such treatment as Mr. Whitney gave them.

THEY say that Spartanburg is the only place in the world, except Macon, for Wake Forest ball-players to have a good time, and that Converse College is the best place in Spartanburg. North Carolina womanhood is well represented at Converse, and all the Carolina girls are true blue, according to the reports; the old gold and black of Wake Forest was fluttering all over the grand stand during the game, and Wake Forest was cheered at the top of the soprano voice whenever occasion offered itself. And Wednesday evening at the reception at Converse—well, there never was just such a reception in all the annals of history. All the Seniors on the team are half resolved to fail to graduate this year, just so they may have the privilege of going to Spartanburg again next spring, and attending another reception at CONVERSE COLLEGE.

EDWARDS pitched the game of a life-time at Macon against Mercer University; he struck out fifteen of the thirty put-outs, and gave only five hits to the other fifteen. Harry Sams, the doughty little first base, just wouldn't be out-done in any such way, so he came to bat in the ninth inning, with two men on bases and two men out; after sawing desperately at two low balls, he tightened his grip on his bat, and a smile flashed across his face as he saw the high in coming, for which he had been hoping so long. "Oh, well," he said, as he smashed a hot one through the left in-field, "all pitchers look alike to me." When the dust cleared up, Harry was hobnobbing with the baseman on third, and the two men on bases when he came up had tied the score.

FOR the following special occasions during the month of May the Seaboard Air-Line will offer tickets from all

stations to the points named at the rate of one fare for the round trip.

Baltimore, Md.; Quadrennial Conference of the M. E. Church, South; tickets on sale May 2-4, final limit May 31.

New Orleans, La.; National Order of Elks; tickets on sale May 7-9, limited to fifteen days. General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States; tickets on sale May 17-19, final limit June 4.

Charlotte, N. C.; Celebration of Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence; tickets on sale May 16-19, and tickets at the rate of one cent per mile, within a radius of two hundred miles, on sale May 18-19, final limit May 23.

Norfolk, Va.; Southern Baptist Convention, American Baptist Educational Society and Woman's Baptist Missionary Union; tickets on sale May 2-6, limited to fifteen days. This will be the occasion of the running of the "Baptist Special," one of the finest extra trains ever run in the South, leaving Atlanta at noon, May 5. A chapel car will be attached, in which services will be held during the trip; the singing will be conducted by Mr. Wolfsohn, who is associated with Dr. Broughton of Atlanta. The management of the S. A. L. has issued a handsome thirty-page guide-book to the Convention, which can be had upon application to Mr. T. J. Anderson, Portsmouth, Va., or to any representative of the road.





STAFF OF EDITORS AND BUSINESS MANAGER:

“ And what is so rare as a day in June ?
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be true,
And over it warmly her soft ear lays.
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in his chalice ;
And there’s never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature’s palace.”

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 9.

THE PROBLEM OF ARTIFICIAL FLIGHT.

I am well aware that the attitude of the popular mind on this subject is one of pronounced skepticism; that those who have seemingly wasted their time and energies, and have exhausted their ingenuity and their resources in ambitious attempts to mount the air, are regarded as little better than lunatics—or at least as decidedly daft.

Perhaps most of us recall from school-boy days—and take as typical of this class of enthusiasts—the case of poor Darius Green with his ill-constructed wings, as “he crashed upon the floor in the midst of his wreck of sticks!”

However, our college classics furnish an illustrious offset. We know from Grecian lore that in early times there lived in Athens a rare genius—Dædalus—the reputed founder of the arts of carving, sculpture and carpentry: that killing a rival in skill, he fled for safety to the island of Crete: that he there built the celebrated Labyrinth in whose mazes a victim became hopelessly bewildered: that for some offense King Minos imprisoned him: that constructing wings for himself and for his son Icarus, they escaped by boldly flying through the air: that Icarus, in youthful ardor, flew too high, too near the sun, which melting the wax by which his wings were attached, he fell and was drowned in what was af-

terward known as the Icarian Sea: but that Dædalus continued his marvellous flight some three hundred miles, reaching safely either Italy or Sicily!!

Not to mention Archytas with his wooden pigeon, 400 B. C., and like myths of the early centuries, it is at least matter of record that in the 15th century John Baptiste Dante, of Perugia, succeeded in flying across Lake Thrasymene; and afterwards, at Perugia, while high in air, a wing giving way, he fell upon the roof of a temple—breaking his leg.

It is also recorded that in 1742 the Marquis De Bacqueville, in Paris, announced that on a certain day he would fly over the river Seine, some 600 feet, to the Tulleries on the other side: that at the appointed time he appeared on the balcony of his palace overlooking the Seine, with wings attached to his hands and to his feet, and springing from the balcony flapped his way through the air a distance of some 120 feet, when, his strength failing, he fell to the deck of a washerwoman's barge out on the river—and broke his leg!

Fortunately, such crude attempts at artificial flight were arrested and held in check for nearly a hundred years by Montgolfier's invention of the balloon in 1783—this new device largely engrossing the attention of aeronauts. But the balloon, rising easily and swiftly to great heights, is not adapted to horizontal motion *at will*. The most successful one, "La France," constructed by the French War Department in 1885, and provided with *propellers*, can develop a speed of only fourteen miles per hour. It therefore can make no headway against moderate winds of fourteen or more miles per hour.

Recognizing this essential defect of the balloon, aeronauts in recent years have revived the Problem of Artificial Flight, and with promising results.

I propose to present and to discuss briefly just a few of many instructive achievements.

In 1870 Trouvé exhibited before the French Academy of Sciences his Mechanical Bird—a marvel of ingenuity. Let me indicate (Fig. 1) merely the two essential parts of the mechanism: a Bourdon bent tube, $a b c$, the peculiarity of which is that when inflated with air it tends to straighten, throwing the ends, a and c , apart or outwards. It terminates at either end in the wings $w w$.



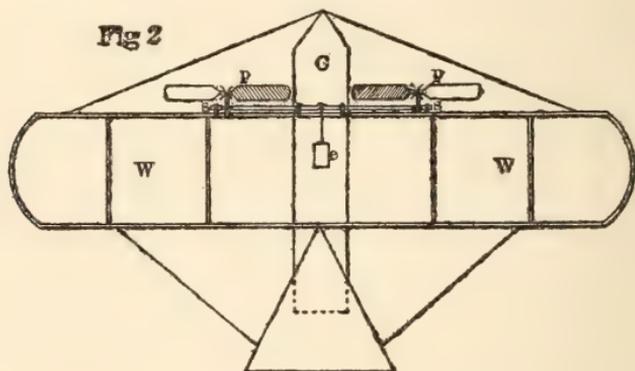
The second essential part is a revolving barrel, R , loaded with twelve cartridges. The adjustments are such that when the wings are elevated, as in Fig. 1, a hammer is released, which explodes a cartridge, forcing gas into the Bourdon tube. This, as just stated, gives an outward thrust to the ends, a and c , and consequently a vigorous downward beat to the wings. Quickly the elastic tube returns to its normal position, $a b c$, expelling the enclosed gas, lifting the wings, and thus exploding a second cartridge, causing a second downward stroke of the wings. And so each cartridge in turn effects a vigorous downward beat of the wings, and the bird glides on swiftly until its percussion motor is exhausted. Its flights were, in general, about eighty yards. Trouvé's method of starting his bird was no less ingenious than the mechanism for its flight.

But we need to notice next Tatin's Mechanical Bird. It was thoroughly tested at the French military establish-

ment at Calais-Meudon in 1879. Though different in every particular from Trouvé's bird, it was equally successful.

In this device, Fig. 2, the power is condensed air stored in a cylinder, *C*, some 5 inches in diameter and 33 inches long, its forward end cone shaped.

Attached to this on either side are silk-covered wings, *W W*, each 3 feet long and $1\frac{1}{3}$ feet wide. These do not flap, but are fixed in position, at a slight angle upward, and are stayed by light guy wires to the cone in front and to a kind of tail in rear. A small engine, *e*, above the cylinder, operated by the condensed air from below,



rotates a shaft, *s s*, along the front edge of the wings; which shaft, by suitable gearing, revolves two screw propellers, *PP*, $1\frac{1}{3}$ feet in diameter, the vanes of which are of thin horn. These, when revolved, tow or pull the machine forward—as a ship's propeller drives it forward. The whole, weighing only 4 pounds, mounted on light wheels was placed on a circular platform 46 feet in diameter, each end of the cylinder attached by a light cord to a ring around a central stake. When its speed around the platform reached 18 miles per hour, it rose into the air about 6 feet above the platform and sailed round and round until its stored energy was exhausted.

In each of these successful devices, Trouvé's and Tatin's, the power of the motor and the weight it sustained in the air, were known.

Thus, Tatin's motor developed 1-27 $\frac{1}{2}$ of a horse-power, and it sustained in the air 4 pounds. Multiplying by 27 $\frac{1}{2}$, we see that it would take a full horse-power to sustain 110 pounds; or nearly a 2-horse-power to sustain 200 pounds. It thus appears that a man with wings weighing in all only 200 pounds, must exert nearly 2-horse-power to sustain himself in the air.

But in fact, even in rowing a boat, when his muscles act to best advantage, a man can exert not more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of a horse-power. It is therefore demonstrated that a man cannot sustain himself in the air *by his own energy*.

In a word, man is too *weak* to fly.

It is interesting to note that, in general, the heavier the animal the less, in proportion to weight, is its muscular strength. Using suitable means to determine their muscular power, it is found that:

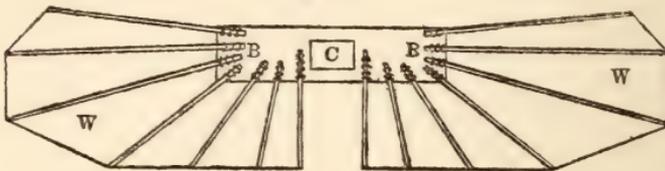
A sparrow weighing 2 ounces exerts 1-384 of a H-P.—that is, at the rate of 1-48th of a H-P. to 1 pound of weight. A pigeon weighing 2 pounds exerts 1-29 of a H-P.—that is, at the rate of 1-58 of a H-P. to 1 pound of weight. A duck weighing 10 pounds exerts 1-15 of a H-P.—that is, 1-150 of a H-P. to 1 pound of weight. An Albatross of 25 pounds weight exerts 1-10 of a H-P., or only 1-250 of a H-P. to 1 pound of weight. A man of 175 pounds exerts, say, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a H-P., or just 1-700 of a H-P. to 1 pound of weight. A horse weighing 1,000 pounds exerts, say, 1 H-P., or only 1-1000 of a H-P. to 1 pound of weight. The sparrow, we see, exerts 1-48 of a H-P. to 1 pound of its weight; the horse only 1-1000 of a H-P. to 1 pound of its weight. In proportion to weight,

then, the sparrow's muscular strength is more than 20 times greater than that of the horse! Thus the "secret" of the bird's flight is its relatively great muscular energy.

Man is handicapped by his relatively small muscular energy. And obviously, if by the aid of some motor he would fly, he must first study closely the flight of birds. This has been done, and well done, by many patient and astute observers. In 1881 Mouillard published his "L'Empire de l'Air," the result of his 30 years' study in Egypt of the *soaring* birds—birds that circle and soar like our familiar hawk and buzzard.

His conclusion being that man can successfully imitate the soaring birds, he selected as his model the Tawny Vulture: its weight about 16½ pounds; supporting surface of its spread wings, 11 square feet—thus presenting 1 square foot of surface for each pound and a half of weight. While on his farm in Algiers, in 1865, he put his theory to the test.

Fig 3



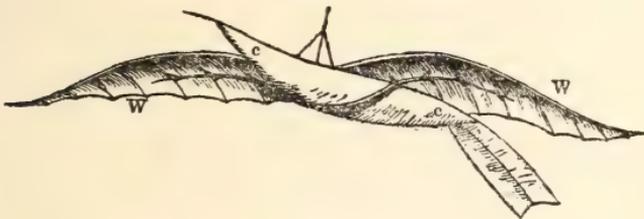
To a thin board, *B B*, Fig. 3, about 10 feet long and 2 feet wide, he attached ribs of light agave wood upon which cloth was stretched, forming wings, *W W*, each about 12½ feet long and 5 feet wide. That is, from tip to tip was about 25 feet, the supporting surface 125 square feet. It weighed 33 pounds. He stood upright in the opening *C*, the board, *B B*, under his arms, and fastened by straps to his shoulders above and to his body below.

Thus equipped, on a slightly windy day, facing the wind, he leaped from a roadway some 5 feet high across the side ditch 10 feet wide; was borne by the wind and his own impulse, and *sailed*, at no great height above the ground, a distance of 138 feet. His many subsequent tests need not be detailed.

In 1867, another Frenchman, Captain LeBris, who had long watched with admiration the tireless flight of the Albatross over southern oceans, reached a conclusion similar to Mouillard's.

The extended wings of the Albatross measure from tip to tip 15, sometimes 17, feet; and the wing in its broadest part is only $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide! This remarkable "king of sea-birds" was LeBris' model.

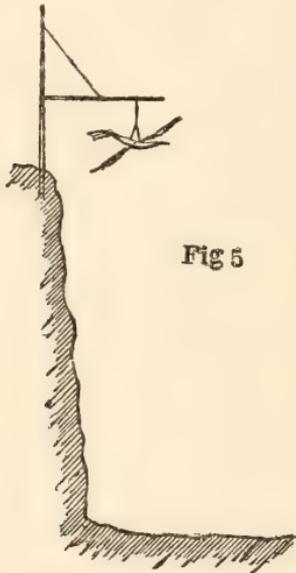
Fig 4.



He built of ash ribs a canoe-shaped body, *c c*, Fig. 4, 13 feet long, greatest width 4 feet, and covered it with water-tight cloth. The wings, *W W*, were each 23 feet long; so measuring across the body from tip to tip 50 feet. The whole, light for its size, weighed 92 pounds. The wings were made permanently outstretched, but LeBris, standing in the canoe and working a lever, could change their angle vertically—elevating or depressing their front or air-cutting edge. As a first test of this artificial Albatross, he mounted it upon a cart, to which it was held, temporarily, by a slip-rope. Standing in

the canoe-body at the wing lever, and giving the word to the driver, cart and contents moved briskly down the road against a gentle wind. Pressing the lever until the wings caught the wind with force, he quickly slipped the rope, and—his bird rose with him steadily in the air to a height of 300 feet; advancing, meanwhile, *against the wind*, in the direction of the road; and finally and safely coming gently to the ground some 600 feet from the place at which it rose into the air.

In a second test initial velocity was gained, not by a rapidly moving cart, but by dropping from a height. On the brink of a deep rock quarry opening out toward the sea, LeBris erected a stout mast from which jutted out over the quarry a yard-arm. From its end, through a pulley, depended a long rope.



Standing now in the canoe-shaped body at the bottom of the quarry, and attaching it to the rope, it was hoisted to the yard-arm nearly a hundred feet above. See Fig. 5. When the wings, suitably adjusted, caught the fresh in-

land breeze he tripped the hook sustaining his bird, which dropping in a curve—as a bird from its perch—soon glided forward, seaward. But midway of the quarry's length, meeting, perhaps a wind-eddy, the bird toppled forward too quick for LeBris' adjusting lever, and fell—but righted before reaching the bottom. The shock, nevertheless, broke his leg—which seems to be the bold aviators' unlucky member!

I have cited these four achievements, Trouvé's, Tatin's, Mouillard's and LeBris', not only because of their general interest, but because they are truly instructive.

Trouvé's mechanical bird with flapping wings, and Tatin's with outstretched wings, prove that artificial flight analagous to that of the flapping birds, and also analagous to that of the soaring or sailing birds, can be effected by the aid of an *adequate motor*; while Mouillard's imitation Vulture with outstretched flat wings, and LeBris' imitation Albatross with outstretched curved wings, each prove that artificial flight analagous to that of the soaring or sailing birds can be effected *without the aid* of any power other than that furnished by the man and by the wind itself.

This striking paradox—involved in both Mouillard's and LeBris' partial successes—namely, that a current of air, under certain conditions, furnishes a motive power *counter to itself*, is a reality easily demonstrated—as will be shown presently.

It however at once suggests that effective study of bird-flight requires knowledge of the physical reactions of the air. In a water-course there are eddies, counter-currents and lateral inequalities. In the subtler air-current we may expect greater anomalies and more complex reactions. The study of these atmospheric reactions in re-

cent years, has brought to light not only some of the aerial paradoxes, but also not a few of the useful reactions of the air—reactions to be utilized in solving the problem of artificial flight.

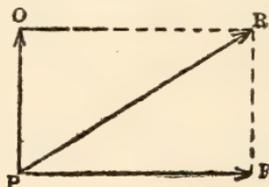
Thus, by carefully conducted experimental investigations, Prof. Langley, the able Director of the Smithsonian Institute, has discovered a number of these useful reactions. Among his results, perhaps none are of greater moment than those which Chanute shows *establish* the long-sought "Law of the Angle."

It is expressed, substantially, by Duchemin's empirical formula—

$$p = P \frac{2 \sin a}{1 + \sin^2 a}$$

Of this it is enough to say here that, given the velocity of the wind and the angle, a , at which it strikes a surface, one may easily compute the wind's pressure normal to that surface as so many pounds per square foot. This "Law of the Angle" is now the invaluable KEY to all air-estimates in aeronautics.

Fig 6

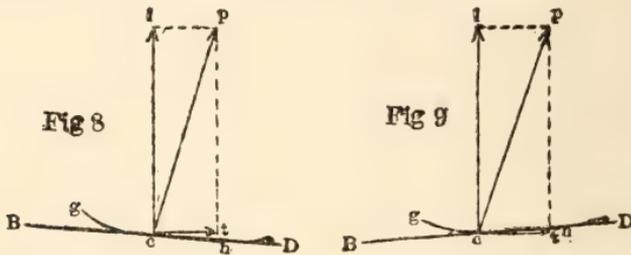


Let us now consider briefly some reactions of the air which so admirably serve a bird in free flight.

It will be helpful to note first the action of the wind in propelling a sail-boat in almost any direction—in even a partly counter direction—to within at least "four points" of the wind, as a sailor phrases it.

Recall a simple law of forces. If two forces at right angles act at a point, P , Fig. 6, one represented by the

of a bird in ordinary flight, its head, D , slightly depressed. Though the wings' upper surface, ng , viewed edgewise, is mainly level at the beginning of each downward stroke, the elastic feathers by reason of the stroke bend upward at g . Hence the reaction or upward pressure of the air slants forward, as indicated by the arrow p . And this force p , constrained by gravity, divides into the vertical force l , which sustains the bird's weight, and the level force t , which drives it forward in its flight.



Again, when its head is slightly raised—as in Fig. 9—and turned towards the wind, its wings simply outstretched, the bird either soars higher or sails forward; according as by the wind's strength the vertical force, l , exceeds or only equals the bird's weight. In either case, the level force, $c t$, drives it forward.

To realize that a bird *can* sail in any direction, merely consider the often noted upward, wheeling excursion of a bird—say a sparrow-hawk—as it soars in a graceful spiral, leaning with the wind, and then glides swiftly down and back, against the wind, to its start point.

Not only can the bird fly in any direction, but certain birds—as the English Kestrel, a small hawk which preys on field mice—can *stop* in mid-air and *remain poised* while scanning the field below. See Fig. 10.

For such a reconnoitre the Kestrel faces the wind, its body nearly upright, its wings overhead motionless, or

sometimes their tips only fanning up and down. The "lift" just balances the hawk's weight. The "level force" which would drive it forward is checked by its outspread tail. Its spread of wing more or less, adjusts the lift to a nicety; as the spread of tail just answers to check the tendency forward—and thus the keen-eyed bird *stands* in airy equipoise, master of the situation.



Fig 10

We may now quickly note the action of artificial wings. If supplied with motive power by steam or otherwise, by which the wings beat the air—as in Trouvé's model—the sustaining and driving forces result from the reactions of the air precisely as in the case of a bird in ordinary flapping flight. Fig. 8. Or, if the artificial wings are not arranged to flap but remain motionless, forming a flat surface—as in Tatin's model—the *sustaining* force results from the action of the air precisely as in the case of the sailing bird, Fig. 9; while the driving force, *c t*, is supplied by the motor. The motor, in this case, usually actuates an aerial screw, which drives the machine through the air just as a vessel's screw propeller drives it across the ocean.

Or the motive force—soon expended—may be simply the impetus gained by a run and jump, as in the case of Mouillard with his imitation Vulture; or gained, as in

LeBris' first test of his imitation Albatross, by the rapid driving of his cart; or gained, as in his second test, by dropping from a height.

That the dropping from a height furnishes an impetus for flight, is illustrated when a bird leaves its perch. It drops—instantly spreading its wings. The yielding feather-tips curve up in rear, as usual, and therefore the resisting air-pressure upward inclines *forward* as indicated, Fig. 8, by arrow p ; but divides into l , the lift against gravity, and t , the thrust forward for flight.

The most successful application of these principles—using no motor—has been made by Otto Lilienthal, of Berlin, who, like Mouillard, had given years of attention to bird-flight, publishing his able work on the subject in 1889.

Among his conclusions are:

1. Hovering or stationary flight without forward motion cannot be compassed by man's unaided strength. This mode of flight would require him to develop at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power.

2. With an ordinary wind man's strength is sufficient to work efficiently an appropriate flying apparatus.

3. With a wind of more than 22 miles per hour, man can perform soaring or sailing flight by means of adequate sustaining surfaces.

4. Sufficiently strong apparatus can be built of willow frame and stretched fabric to provide a sustaining surface of 107 square feet, with a weight of about 33 pounds.

5. A man with such an apparatus would weigh, say, 198 pounds, and would therefore have a little over $\frac{1}{2}$ square foot of sustaining surface per pound—or about the proportions of large birds.

6. The framing and spars of the wings should be at

the front edge as far as possible, and the front should have a sharp cutting edge.

7. The best shape of flexure for large surfaces must be determined by experiment.

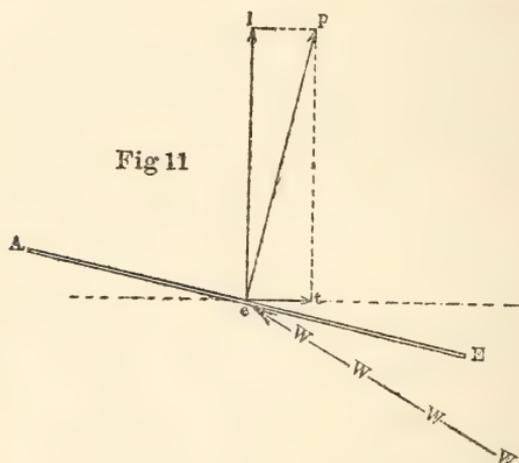
To experiments, begun in 1891, Lilienthal devoted the remainder of his life. He practiced with curved wings spreading some 25 feet from tip to tip—with more than 150 square feet of surface—the weight of himself and wings amounting to about 200 pounds. Taking running starts from an elevation, he often effected sailing flight to some distance, and at times, soaring flight—sometimes circling around the conical hill from which his starts were made. But last fall when testing a new device for steering, his apparatus was suddenly checked in its flight, and toppling fell to earth, killing him. His work, nevertheless, survives in his able follower, Percy S. Pilcher, who last June succeeded in soaring and sailing a distance of 250 yards.

We may now recur to the paradox alluded to in connection with air reactions. Namely, that under certain conditions the wind actually furnishes a considerable motive power in *direction* counter to itself; a power sufficient to drive an aeroplane in a direction reverse to that of the wind. The FACT is undeniable. It is witnessed daily on southern oceans in the flight of the Albatross with extended, motionless wings wheeling about at ease and sailing steadily for many leagues in the very face of a gale, or even of a storm of 40 or 50 miles per hour. In such winds it speeds along at no great distance above the surging waters, meeting the oblique air-current deflected upward by the weather-face of each successive wave.

The peculiar effect of the oblique wind-forces meeting the Albatross is essentially the same as in the case of a

simple aeroplane driven counter-wise by a similar wind. And on the land, such winds obliquing upward over broken or undulating ground, are not uncommon.

Suppose a wind, $W W W$, obliques upward at an angle of 15° , Fig. 11, and meets the aeroplane $A E$ tipped downwards 5° . The wind pressure normal to the plane, $c p$, divides into $c l$, the "lift" sustaining the plane, and $c t$, the "thrust" which, observe, drives the plane in a direction *counter* to that of the wind! If the wind, $W W W$, blows 25 miles an hour, it is easily shown that



its pressure, $c p$, normal to the plane $A E$, is more than 1 pound per square foot; that consequently the "lift," $c l$, is also more than 1 pound per square foot, and that the counter "thrust," $c t$, is about 1-10 of a pound to the square foot. This last seems to be a very small force. But it is that much on *each* square foot. If the surface whose edge is $A E$ has, say, 2,000 square feet, then the total "thrust" is 2,000 times 1-10 of a pound, or 200 pounds! Moreover this 200 pounds thrust opposes a wind of 25 miles per hour, or of 2,200 feet per minute. It amounts, therefore, as a simple calculation shows, to

an energy of more than 13 HORSE-POWER driving the plane counter to the wind!

Of course no aeronaut would *rely* on such winds. Their service to him—lightening the work of his motor—would be only occasional, at least outside the region of steady trade winds.

Thus far what has been presented, the last item expected, relates to artificial flight by an individual, not to air-ships of magnitude. For the lesser problem must first be mastered.

On any scale, the problem's complete solution as shown is absolutely unattainable until there can be produced an adequate motor: that is, a motor of great power and little weight. These conditions seem incompatible.

Our best locomotive engines weigh at least 200 pounds per horse-power. And it has been shown that 110 pounds is all that can be sustained in air by one horse-power. Our best locomotive, therefore, could not sustain its own weight in air, much less any added weight.

An electric motor is inapplicable; for, to be light enough its current must reach it along a wire fixed at the ground end. Undaunted by repeated failures, various special motors, lighter and lighter in proportion to power, have been built from time to time.

Final success has been won in recent years by Hiram Maxim—the inventor of certain electric devices and of the famous automatic rapid-fire gun, firing 700 balls per minute. His steam motor with liquid fuel weighs only 8 pounds per horse-power! Note the advance. Our best locomotive, 200 pounds per horse-power—Maxim's, only 8 pounds per horse-power.

At an expense of \$50,000 he has built his trial air-ship. Its sustaining aeroplane is 110 feet long and 50

feet wide. Its wondrously light and effective motor is of 300 horse-power. Its spread of surface is 5,500 square feet, and its total weight 6,000 pounds—while its power is sufficient to sustain more than 50 times that weight.

A writer under date of London, Sept. 12, 1893, gives an account of his ride on Maxim's air-ship, as follows:

"I mounted the platform, made of light matched boards so thin they seemed scarcely able to bear a man's weight. Prior to the start a rope running to a dynamometer and post was attached behind, to measure the forward impulse or push of the screws. The action of the screws caused very little shaking through the whole machine, and this was a surprise to me, comparing the tremendous force with the delicate framework.

"Behind the ship, ten feet away, two men were shouting from the dynamometer and indicating the degree of push on a large board for the engineer to read. The index quickly marked in succession 400, 500, 600, 700, and finally 1,200 pounds of push, and then the commander yelled, "Let go!" A rope was pulled, and then the machine shot forward like a railroad locomotive, and with the big wheels whirling, the steam hissing, and the waste pipes puffing and gurgling, flew over the 1,800 feet of track. It was stopped by a couple of ropes stretched across the track working on capstands fitted with reversed fans. The stoppage was quite gentle. The ship was then pushed back over the track by the men, it not being built, any more than a bird, to fly backward."

The same writer quotes Mr. Maxim as saying concerning his air-ship: "Propulsion and lifting are solved problems; the rest is a mere matter of time."

Thus, while artificial flight has so far been effected only on a very limited scale, or on a larger scale to a very

limited extent; still as I have attempted to show, in recent years very great *progress* has been made in the solution of the problem—and on a strickly scientific basis.

In conclusion, a brief analysis will indicate something of the extent of the progress made. There are at least 8 leading factors in the problem:

1. Air-reactions; 2. Motive power; 3. Means of propulsion; 4. Means of support.

These four as separate problems have been practically mastered, as we have seen. The remaining four:

1. Maintenance of equilibrium; 2. Effective guidance; 3. Mode of starting; 4. Mode of alighting, are yet to be solved. This remaining four present difficulties certainly great, but, it is held, not insuperable. They are in the hands of earnest workers: such men as S. P. Langley and Octave Chanute in this country, Trouvé in France, Pilcher in Germany, Maxim in England; foremost men in physical science, practical engineering and inventive genius. They are confident that success is in sight, that the problem of artificial flight will be solved.

Doubtless some who scan these lines doubting, will nevertheless see the day when the Empire of the Air will submit to man's Will, and be added to man's Dominion.

J. F. Lanneau.

A MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

“The President would be glad to see Mr. Lenvers at his office.”

The statement was without significance to the majority of the students of the College, but to the members of the Adelpian Society it had a peculiar import, for it was known to them that that the Trustees had decided that no more secret organizations would be allowed in the College, and that this summons was one of vital importance. And so as soon as “prayers” were at an end, the members informally assembled in Lenvers’ room to discuss the situation. Nothing definite was decided upon, however, but when Lenvers left the room the boys with one accord cried, “Never give up, Fred!” and with these words still ringing in his ears, Lenvers sought the President’s office.

The conference between the two was long and earnest. The old President talked freely to Lenvers, telling him how much he regretted that it was necessary to enforce the rule recently passed by the Trustees. “But, Mr. Lenvers,” he said, “since the matter remains as it is, I feel it my duty to tell you that the rule will be rigidly enforced, and I therefore give you notice that no more meetings must be held, and that if your charter is not surrendered by next Friday afternoon, you, as President, will be alone held responsible and suffer the consequences. I need hardly say that it would grieve me exceedingly, and I am sure that I speak for my colleagues when I say that we should be sorry to expel such a man as yourself from the University.”

Lenvers bowed and passed out. He did not return to his room but walked along the crowded street and tried

to think. The fraternity was dear to him, all the tenderest associations of his College life were clustered around it. But he knew the President was firm and that either he or his Society must go. Then he thought of his parents at home; he knew they would misunderstand him. What did his poor old father know of Societies! And then the boys! What would they think of him if he gave up and submitted meekly? His plan was formed and he returned to his room.

Late that night the lights in the Chapter Hall burned dimly, and as Fred Lenvers took the chair, all noises were stilled and every one gazed intently at him. He rapped for order, and the Secretary read the formal letter from the Faculty to the Society.

“You have heard the letter. What will you do with it?”

A dozen members sprang to their feet, clamoring for recognition.

“I move it be laid on the table.”

“I second the motion.”

Lenvers was pale as he took the floor. He said simply: “I saw the President this morning. He informed me that the Faculty were firm in their decision, and that I alone would be responsible to him for the future acts of the Society.” He paused. The memories of all the scenes and the boys who had once filled the dear old hall rushed into his memory. He continued: “But, fellows, I have considered the matter thoroughly, and have decided that so long as the fate of the Society remains in my hand, its honor is assured.”

A long debate followed. Lenvers was easily the most popular man in College, and the members were unwilling that he should suffer for all. But he was firm, and

upon his motion the letter was tabled, and the Society adjourned to meet in regular session.

The next day Lenvers saw the President, and informed him of the Society's decision.

"If the meeting takes place on Thursday night, Mr. Lenvers, you may consider yourself suspended for one year," said the President.

"Very good, sir," and with these words Lenvers bowed himself out of the President's office, and going to his room he wrote to a distant relative, telling him of the circumstances and stating that he would be glad to spend the time at his house, and asking him to make no mention of the affair to his parents. On the next mail came the reply, urging him to come and assuring him that his stay would be made as pleasant as possible.

The Society held a love-feast on Thursday night, and Friday morning they went in a body to the train to bid their President farewell. The train came, and, with a last good-by and with the applause of his comrades still ringing in his ears, Fred Lenvers left ————— University to spend his year of suspension.

The journey was a long one, and before he reached his destination the inevitable reaction came, and when he stepped off the train at the dreary little country station, he was about as blue a man as one could imagine.

"You ain't seen nothin' of de man whar I'se gwine to carry to de boss?" inquired a dilapidated looking old darkey.

"Why, I'm sure I don't know. Who is your master?" returned Lenvers.

"Why, Massa Goodwin, sah. I thought everybody knowed dat," answered the old negro with an injured air.

Lenvers assured the old darkey that no offense was intended, and entering the rickety old phaeton was soon on his way to his relation's plantation. His spirits sank lower and lower as the country spread out before him, and were not bettered when the weather-worn residence of his relative shone through the ragged oaks.

He received a cordial welcome from Mr. Goodwin and his wife, and under the influence of their cheery talk, he soon recovered his spirits, and began to enter with enthusiasm into the plans which they had planned for his entertainment. He inquired as to the neighborhood and found that the country was thickly settled, and that they were for the most part good-natured, honest, sport-loving people.

"An' I'll tell ye, Fred," exclaimed Mr. Goodwin, slapping him on the back, "we've got the prettiest, smartes' lot o' country gals you ever laid your eyes on. Now thar's a young gal over to Squire Faulkner's, 'bout six miles from here whar's jes clean out'n sight. I'll bet my hat you fall in love with that gal in less'n two weeks. Ain't that so, wife?"

His wife responded in the affirmative, as the amused Fred took a candle and departed to explore the garret which he was to inhabit.

The next Sunday Mr. Goodwin ordered the phaeton hitched and in company with Fred left for the monthly preaching at a neighboring church. They arrived as was customary long before time for service, and Mr. Goodwin with some pride introduced Fred to the farmers, not neglecting to state that he was a University man, and that he "had a heap o' sense." He also introduced him to the ladies, and Fred was making himself agreeable to a good-looking maiden when the last

bell rang. In company with the young lady he entered the church and was preparing to follow her down the aisle when his relative plucked him by the sleeve and told him in an awe-struck whisper that "mens and wimen folks allus sits on diff'rent sides." This was a revelation to city-bred Fred Lenvers, and the staid old country people in the interior were shocked at the hearty peal of laughter which came from the door, and when Fred entered the church he found himself the cynosure of all eyes, and in that uncomfortable predicament he remained during all the service. The sermon was a long one, and during the whole hour, in whatever direction Fred turned his eyes, he found that part of the congregation staring at him with remarkable persistence.

The service was at an end and the masculine portion of the congregation was still standing in front of the church when an old lady and a rather good-looking girl started to their mule and prepared to start home. But as the mule was tied to a swinging limb and as the knot was refractory, they looked appealingly toward the group of country swains around the door. Then Fred could stand it no longer, and he gallantly went to the rescue, and with an amused expression on his face he soon untied the knot, assisted the ladies into their conveyance and received somewhat unexpected thanks from the old lady.

"You've got a heap o' politeness, young man, and as me and my old man are goin' to give a little dance over our way nex' week, you mus' be sho to come."

Fred thanked her profusely, and on the way home told his uncle of the occurrence.

"I tol' you so! That old lady was Squire Faulkner's wife, and the young gal was the gal whar I was tellin' you about. Better be kerful though. Nearly every-

body in the county's done made love to that gal an' she won't have none of 'em."

This aroused Fred's curiosity and he made inquiries concerning the young lady. He was informed that she was a Miss Williams, but beyond the fact that she was supposed to live in the city, and that every autumn she spent a couple of months with the family of Squire Faulkner, nothing was known.

Nine o'clock of the night fixed for the dance found Fred arrayed in dress suit and patent leathers. He thought it would be a good deal of fun to carry on just a little mild flirtation with the country girls and especially was he anxious to impress Miss Williams with a sense of his greatness.

The dance was well under way when he arrived, and "Turn yo' partner," "Ladies to the left," accompanied by the twanging notes of two banjos and a fiddle, resounded through the large room. When Fred appeared, the dancers immediately stopped and the colored musicians stared as though they had seen an apparition. The embarrassed Fred was about to beat a hasty retreat when Miss Williams approached, bade him a cordial welcome and told the musicians to proceed. She herself claimed him for a partner, and in her company he passed the remainder of the evening. He found her to be a girl of superior good sense. He also discovered that she was from his own University town, and that she knew several of the faculty. He was not surprised, however, that he had not met her before, for the town was a large one, and Fred had never been much of a society man.

When Fred left that night he had obtained permission to call upon her at Squire Faulkner's. Then he pressed

upon her that she tell him exactly who she was. She laughed and said, "Oh no, Mr. Lenvers, I come here every autumn to get away from society, and while I am here, why you just think of me as a queen, traveling incog."

"Queens do not generally have farmer's wives for aunts," retorted Fred.

Then she told him that Mrs. Faulkner was no relation whatever, and that she visited them solely because the place was quiet and in every way suited to her enjoyment.

During the weeks that followed, Fred saw much of Miss Williams. Boating or gunning, fishing or trapping, wherever he went, he was sure to end up at Squire Faulkner's back gate, and before Fred knew it he was desperately in love with Miss Williams.

When Fred made this remarkable discovery, he packed up his baggage and removed to another place in the country and tried to forget her. But he was unsuccessful, and returned, and the next time he went to Squire Faulkner's he told her of his love.

"Wait a year, Mr. Lenvers, and if you still regard me as you say, then you shall have my answer."

With that answer Fred had to be content, and as she left on the next train, he had no further opportunity to press his suit. She gave him permission to write, however, and this comforted him during the long dreary months that followed.

At length the year passed away, and Fred left the country with joy, and was received with every demonstration of friendship by his companions.

The next morning after his arrival, he stepped into the Dean's office to register. The old Dean greeted him cordially, and turned to a lady at his back.

“Mary, come here. My daughter, Mr. Lenvers.”

“I believe I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Williams before,” murmured Fred.

“Have you! Well, in that case I suppose I must invite you up to tea to-night.” And her father laughed knowingly.

Fred blushed as he encountered the twinkling eyes of the old Dean, but he managed to stammer his thanks to the father and steal a look at the daughter before bowing himself out.

That night when the bell rang, Miss Williams answered it in person. If she expected to find a bashful lover she was mistaken, for he took her in his arms, despite her protestation that his year was not up.

R. C. Lawrence.

THE CIVIC FUNCTION OF CHRISTIANITY.*
—

The oldest pagan conception was the identity of Church and State. In Memphis, Athens, and Rome the head of the State was *ex officio* head of religion. The rise of Christianity as an *imperium in imperio*, in universal antagonism with current religious beliefs and forms, radically modified the ancient attitude, and, leaving on one side the incidental reversion in the case of Constantine with its survival in a section of modern Christendom, the Christian development has been in the direction of a sharp and clear delimitation of the spheres of Church and State. In individual life the logical issue of this development is the monastic renouncement of the world; in national life two standards of right for public and private action. Both these extremes have been realized in fact. Even now conscience is often "an absentee from the secular order, and the causes of the soul are all appealed to the world beyond;" while one of the salient features of public life among us for an observer like Professor Bryce is the mutual jealousy of the domains of politics and religion.

We need to be reminded of the saying of Bacon that religion is the spice which is meant to keep life from corrupting. It has, indeed, been lately argued from the point of view of biology, that religion is the very germ and bond of all social aggregates of whatever grade of organization. Beyond question, all that is distinctive in Western civilization may be traced directly to that fund of altruistic feeling with which Christianity equipped it

* Extract from "Christian Education and Civic Righteousness," an address before the American Baptist Education Society in Norfolk, Va., May 5, 1898.

in its cradle. It is a familiar observation that the leadership of the modern world is with the Christian nations. The real, not to say the highest, national life would seem to be impossible of realization outside the line of the historical Christian development. There has been no genuine national life in Mohammedan lands, and to-day Mohammedanism's "central and representative power stands on the verge of Christendom a tottering and discordant empire" maintained in existence only by a circuit of external pressure. Buddhism, the only other world religion, tells the same story of national incoherence and poverty.

If, now, Christianity is the explanation of Western civilization, if it supplies the formative forces of the highest national life, manifestly Christianity is the spring out of which must issue the still further amelioration of social conditions, to it we must look for the cleansing which political life yet stands in need of. For Christianity is related to organized humanity not only thus in history, but also in original conception and purpose. Righteousness is the great word in Hebrew literature. It is the aim of Christianity. In its individual aspect, Christianity is not a scheme by which an ideal, extraneous righteousness is made available to stay a judicial process, but "the power of God" to revolutionize the nature and achieve in it a personal righteousness. In its social and organic aspect, Christianity is no brotherhood of pilgrims taking transient lodgings indeed in our work-day world, but marking a straight path across it to another world where all its aspirations and all its duties await it. On the contrary, the aim of its Founder, as some of us are at last beginning to recall, was primarily the progressive transformation of the present

social order. The kingdom of heaven, as the organic expression of the will of God, is to come on earth. The Gospel was put into the drama of human history as the controlling factor in its destinies, and if Jesus cannot save the world, it is time to inquire whether he can save the individual.

Consider now the method of Christianity. Clear conceptions here are of prime importance, for there is a wide and melancholy divergence of view among those who are engaged upon this problem of social regeneration. However far apart the extreme wings of socialism may be, its impulse, as the late eminent Belgian sociologist declared, is distinctly traceable to Christianity. It is of the greatest moment that this Christian impulse should find its proper channel and roll its undivided volume forward upon its task.

Evidently the method of Christianity is not the method of the scientific socialists, who aim first at the conquest of the powers of the State, and then at the reorganization of society by direct legislation. They would have the State seize that poor bundle of injustice and inequalities, shake it to pieces, and then put it together again. That is the method of revolution, "putting the world brutally to rights." And if it were so put to rights to-day, the process would need to be repeated to-morrow.

Nor yet shall we find the Christian method in that of the Christian socialists, who aim at the "conversion" of the State. Such men as Herron and Stead hold that, in theory, the State *is* the Church, the organized Christianity of the people; the city council is the real centre of the religious life, the police court and the fire department are branches of the church. The practical necessity is that they become Christian, for except the State

and the municipality be born again, we cannot see the kingdom of God on earth. All desirable things will of course be realized in "the Christian State."

Now the haziness of this conception is quite as marked as the religious ardor which attends upon it. So far from being the method of Christ, it is the modern parallel of the official perversion of the Messianic Ideal at the beginning of our era, and I would not dare hope against the re-enactment of Calvary, if its victim should reappear among these professed followers and preach again the Gospel of the kingdom.

What, then, is the method of Jesus? That noble Breton priest Lamennais may have held erroneous political opinions, but he laid his finger on the secret of Jesus when he said, "All that Christ asked of mankind wherewith to save them was a cross whereon to die." He propounded no formal sociological theory. He left no legislation for the systematic construction of his social order. He was no iconoclast; the outworn and the passing he handed on on their way to elimination with a loving tenderness. Nor was he a revolutionist; he distinctly rejected the fan and axe insignia assigned to him by the wilderness prophet. Least of all did he seek his aim through political agencies. With an unaccountable obtuseness, the social reformers who make their appeal to Jesus, have adopted the precise programme which he repudiated under the most solemn sanctions. That fierce struggle in the solitudes overlooking the Jordan culminated in the alternative which confronted him, "revolution by political forces, or regeneration by spiritual influence." From the choice which he then made, he never receded, though he early saw in its bosom the sign of the cross. His own exposition of

it we have in the great group of parables on "the mysteries of the kingdom." An illustration of it we have in a letter of Paul to his friend Philemon. A casual and purely private note, it yet exhibits the attitude of Christianity toward an institution which was woven into the texture of the ancient world. It suggests the method by which the Gospel, without violence to the existing social order, so renovates it that a new society emerges to which an anti-christian institution at home in the old, becomes alien and impossible. It contains no word against slavery, and yet it was the prelude to the protection of slaves under Constantine, the amelioration of their condition during the Middle Ages, and in our own time the abolition of slavery by the greatest nations of the world.

Briefly stated the method of Jesus is social regeneration by an inward spiritual ministry, civic righteousness through the leaven of individual righteousness. He renews all social life at its very source in the human heart, and trusts the new life to take on external embodiment which is appropriate to it.

To many this seems, for one who is all-powerful, a strange way and a long way round to turn the world upside down. A strange way? Yes, you may search all history in vain for anything like it. But, if the laws of nature in human development are not to be cast to the winds, if the human will is to be uncoerced, and the individual initiative not violated—if man is to remain man—it is the only method. A long way? Yes. At times when the reform fever is high a year looks an age. And who of us has not grown impatient?

What we need, as Nash suggests, is just a little of the geologist's time-sense. We are pessimistic when we

think of the ideal; we are hopeful when we think of the past. Remember the social pit out of which we have been digged, and take courage.

For while the tired waves vainly breaking
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

W. L. Poteat.

THE BIRD-VOICE.

I sipped at summer's cup of full delight
 Within a solitude as silent and as deep
 As ever reigned within the realm of sleep;
When, wafted on the pale moon's wavering light,
Came a lone note, a birdsong in the night,
 So weird and so unusual as to steep
 The dreaming winds with mystery, yet keep
The unheard harmonies of nature right.
 So in my heart the first lone love-voice sings,
A new note in creation's varied choir,
 Sweet as the tones that speak from out the strings
Of Israfeli's passion-throbbing lyre;
The note by which the whispering woods of June
And all the great world's life are set in tune.

A DUSKY HERO: A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

Up at the "big-house," all was bustle and stir—airing rooms, dusting out and arranging furniture—for Arthur was coming home from college. The news had spread among the darkies that Marse Arthur was coming home. Uncle Joe sat in front of his neat cabin, and the lively strain of the banjo seemed to speak forth the pleasure that he felt at the news of his young Marse's return, for as the sequel will show he was very much attached to Arthur. Inside, Aunt Jane was putting things in order, for she knew well that Arthur would honor them with his first visit among the darkies. "I low Marse Arthur am gwine to hab dry weather for de moon am on 'er back," said she to Uncle Joe as he entered the cabin. Nature had never looked more beautiful to Arthur than it did that evening in early June, as he climbed into the high old-fashioned carriage which was waiting for him at the station. As he rolled along the dusty road he saw the green meadows extending as far as the eye could see, with a dark background of tall pines interspersed here and there with negro cabins, nestling among the trees, presenting such a picture of contentment that he almost wished to live there himself.

It was as interesting to Arthur as reading a new book to watch the new scenes as they unfolded themselves to view, now a pleasant vine-covered cottage of a humble but contented farmer; now a stately colonial mansion of a wealthy slaveholder.

The monotonous voice of a negro, ploughing in a distant field, was singing—

"Hit's a mighty fur ways down de far'well lane

(My honey, my love!)

You may ax bruder crow; you may ax bruder crane

(My honey, my love!)"

Those ploughing near the road rested upon their plough handles to gaze at the carriage as it passed, and then turned to their work, after casting a glance at the sun, and breaking into a merry whistle when they perceived by its slanting rays that night was drawing near.

As he reached the top of the last hill, Arthur's home came into view. It was a large white mansion, situated upon an eminence. An artistic white fence enclosed the broad green lawn that sloped for some distance from the front and sides of the mansion.

Picture to yourself an old Southern mansion with its massive white pillars, broad veranda, and large double chimneys at each end, and you will have an idea of Arthur's home—a regular “open house.” The carriage turned from the hot and dusty “big road” into the cool and shady avenue which led up to the gate. When the carriage stopped, Uncle Joe was the first to grasp Arthur's hand, and he fairly carried him through the crowd of darkies, who had assembled “ter see young Marse,” to his parents who were on the porch to receive him.

What a happy night that was for Arthur! He had never known until he went to college, how to appreciate home. How often, while studying, had scenes of his home passed before him, and how often he had closed his eyes in sleep to dream of home! After supper he sat upon the wide porch. The air was laden with the perfume of the honeysuckle which grew in profusion before the house. The distant tinkle of the bells as the cows were driven up from the meadow, and the merry voices of the milkmaid and the tired farm boy, as he rode his horse to water, were borne to his ears upon the evening air. From the deep solitude of the distant wood came the plaintive note of his favorite songster—Whip-

poor-will! whip-poor-will!—which had something melancholy in it that suited his nature, and the frame of mind into which such surroundings always put him.

There are times when we have feelings too deep for words, when our better self and deeper feelings seem to drive out the barrier, when all seems hushed and calm around us, the wide world being forgotten, and our hearts seem almost bursting with calm, quiet happiness. Such a time was this to Arthur, as he sat upon the porch, where he was soon joined by his parents.

He was awakened the next morning by the farm bell, and two or three hounds led by old Djalma, an immense Newfoundland, who seemed to think it their duty to keep time to the sound of the bell in the most mournful howls possible. He went out on the back porch where Col. Staunton was giving orders to his slaves. Arthur threw them some money which set them to bowing and scraping, and showing their white teeth while grinning with pleasure. One little imp, overjoyed at the idea of now owning a “juse” harp turned a hand spring, and ended with an old time jig. The last to appear was old “Sooner,” a powerful negro, his face shining like ebony, riding upon a white mule. Although he was the last to begin work, he was always the first at a ’possum hunt, and especially at parties and corn shuckings, where he had received the name of “Sooner.”

After breakfast, Arthur started for Uncle Joe’s. He found the old man sitting in front of his neat little cabin and evidently expecting him, for he had on his “meeting clothes” and one of Col. Staunton’s beavers which he always wore on special occasions. The old man invited Arthur in, and they found Aunt Jane dressed in her best frock with a clean white apron on. It seemed

only yesterday to Arthur, that he had sat in that little room, and listened to the music of Uncle Joe's banjo. In truth it had not been many years, for he was only seventeen then, but he had been to college.

But why was there such a friendly feeling between Uncle Joe and Arthur? It came about in this way: When Arthur was a little boy, Col. Staunton did not own Uncle Joe. He lived on an adjoining plantation, and served a cruel master, who did not hesitate to curse and beat his slaves on the least provocation.

Arthur ran about with the little negroes a great deal, romping and playing in the sand with his little black playmates all day.

Being with the negroes so much he heard a great many of their superstitious ideas. But the story that impressed Arthur more than any other was that a bag of gold was at the end of the rainbow.

One stormy afternoon, after the rain had ceased, and the sun had broken through a rift in the black clouds, and was fast dispersing them, Arthur wandered quite a distance from the house. All at once he glanced up at the sky—what a sight met his gaze! There in all its splendor, extending clear across the heavens was a rainbow, imaged against the blue-black cloud, and every shade of color blending perfectly. Arthur's heart beat wildly as he thought of the "gold money" so near, and that no one was there to hinder his search for it. He set off in the direction of the end of the bow which appeared nearest.

At first it was fine fun, and Arthur thought of the many things he would buy with the money, but at length he began to realize that it was getting dark. He hastened to get through the thick wood in order to see the rain-

bow, and find how near the end was. But what was his disappointment to find that it had disappeared, and in its stead the stars were beginning to peep forth. He turned to retrace his steps but only the gloomy, and now, dark woods met his gaze. He suddenly felt tired and hungry and quaking with fear also, and he began to cry. Every shadow was a ghost, and the rustling of the leaves made him start. Once, the doleful hoot of an owl broke the stillness, and he fairly screamed. Suddenly he heard some animal approaching. His heart almost ceased to beat. The next moment a dog came sniffing around, and then commenced to bark furiously.

“’Peers like ole Nero done treed sumpin, but he do’an bark ’zactly rite—guess I better see whut he’s erbout. Nero am too ole ter be er foolin,” and following the sound, Uncle Joe came to where the dog was, and to his surprise found the sobbing boy whom he recognized as the son of Col. Staunton. Between the sobs, occasioned by his fright, and laughter at his escape, Arthur told the old man all that had happened.

As they emerged from the wood near Uncle Joe’s cabin, they met a crowd of men with lanterns and torches who were in search of Arthur. With tears of gratitude Col. Staunton thanked Uncle Joe, and hurried home to place his son in the arms of the almost distracted mother.

The next day, Arthur found his way to Uncle Joe’s cabin lugging a basket of “good things.” He found the old negro sitting in front of his cabin. A broad smile spread over his genial face, and his open mouth displayed his pearly-white teeth, as he viewed the “good things” and blessed Missis for her goodness to “er pore ole nigger.” He would not let Arthur leave until he had taken him upon his knee, from which the boy was

almost thrown, as Uncle Joe kept time with his foot to the banjo. At last the old man threw down the banjo, and carried Arthur into the cabin, with its sanded floor and wide gaping fireplace, from which old Aunt Jane was just taking some hot, brown ginger cakes, the appetizing odor of which filled the cabin. If Arthur had not been so interested in listening to the banjo, he might have known that the odor of the cakes filled not only the cabin, but had extended even to the place where Uncle Joe was sitting, and had made him become suddenly aware that he was tired of playing the banjo.

After this, Arthur made many visits to Uncle Joe's cabin, and listened with wide-open eyes to his wonderful tales of ghosts, 'possum hunts, and "paterolers."

One afternoon, about dark, Arthur came from the old negro's cabin, and burst into tears as he entered the house. His parents finally gathered from his incoherent words that Uncle Joe's master had beat him unjustly, and was going to sell him upon the block the next day.

That night when his mother went up to see if he was asleep she heard Arthur half sob, as if even in his dreams he was weeping for his old friend who had been so cruelly treated.

Col. Staunton went to see Uncle Joe, and after hearing his story was convinced that he was innocent.

The sight the next day in Squire North's yard was pitiable to behold. Uncle Joe was upon the block, his venerable white head uncovered, and the tears, which he had tried so hard to repress, trickling slowly down his wrinkled face. At the foot of the block, on her knees, was old Aunt Jane, praying and sobbing, with her children in her arms, their eyes and mouths wide open at the strange proceedings.

Some one in the crowd of bystanders yelled, "Two hundred dollars for the old fellow!" There was a pause, and suddenly Arthur was lifted above the heads of all by his father and cried in a clear, ringing voice, "One thousand dollars for Uncle Joe and his family!" In a few moments the sale was completed and Arthur was almost smothered in the arms of Aunt Jane, while Uncle Joe clasped the hand of Col. Staunton, saying, "Marse Staunton, God in Heben will bles you fer dis. I's gwine ter sarve yer tel death."

Is it any wonder that there was a bond of friendship between the two that none could sever? Both Arthur and Uncle Joe thought of the days gone by as they sat that morning in the cabin.

The superstitious ideas of the negroes which had been a source of wonder to Arthur while he was a little boy, became now a source of peculiar interest. He could not refrain from laughing at Aunt Jane, who, having started off, and finding it necessary to turn back, would make a cross-mark and spit in it—"for good luck." If a whip-poorwill called near the house, she was sure that some one was going to die, and she flatly refused to wash upon New-Year's day, saying that she would be washing for her mother's funeral.

One day Arthur took a walk to the cabin in which old Aunt Dinah lived during his father's boyhood. It was built of logs which were almost covered with vines. The moss-covered roof was partly fallen in, and the wide chimney was almost hid by the honeysuckle which clung to its rough surface, and clambered to the top.

Col. Staunton used to take Arthur to this dilapidated hut and tell him how at times, when a boy, he grew bold and, followed at a distance by his little black body-

guard, ventured to come to the door, for old Aunt Dinah was known far and near as a witeh, and was thought to be over a hundred years old. But when she put out her bony, black hands to touch him, and showed her long teeth, he fled, terrified, after his flying bodyguard, who had been just near enough to hear her hollow, cracked voice, and to see her wild, glassy eyes.

The summer passed very rapidly for Arthur, and the time soon came for him to return to school. But Arthur did not dread it much this term for Uncle Joe was to return with him to take the place of the janitor who had died. Col. Staunton was a trustee of the school, and secured the place for Uncle Joe.

Uncle Joe was delighted at the idea of not being parted from Arthur; all the boys were anxious to meet Uncle Joe, for Arthur had told them much about the old man, and he soon became a general favorite, and won the hearts of the boys by his kindness and simple ways. They always asked him in—of course he brought his banjo—whenever they received a box from home. What a picture to see him, sitting in the center of a group of boys, picking his banjo, bobbing his white head back and forth, and patting his foot to the time of the music!

It seemed strange, but somehow Uncle Joe, although he became very wise in the use of "big words" with which he amazed the negroes on his annual visit home, was always ignorant about any mischief which happened around the college. He was quite fond of bragging of what "we" are doing at "our" college.

Uncle Joe's little room was near the college. One night he was roused from his sleep by a bright light shining in his room. He was at the door in an instant. His first impression was that the boys were having a bon-

fire, for the campus was in a blaze. In an instant he was undeceived—the college was on fire. The black smoke was just beginning to burst from the lower windows of some unoccupied rooms, and the red flames were licking out their viper-like tongues, and casting a lurid glare over all. In a moment Uncle Joe had grasped his axe and was dashing wildly toward the building. He must save “his boys.” He rushed along the hall, bursting down each door as he came to it, crying, “Fire! fire! The college is on fire!” He did not stay to answer the questions of the terrified boys, but continued his headlong course. Arthur was rooming on the “fourth,” at the farther end. None of the few boys on the same floor thought of him as they rushed frantically down the stairs. The stairs were already burning, but Uncle Joe was determined to save his boy. The people who had arrived, realizing what he was about to do, held their breath in suspense, but he was already dashing up the flaming stairs. He burst down the door, and caught Arthur, who stood in the middle of the room, stupefied by sleep and stifled with smoke, in his arms. He bore him down one flight of stairs and had started down the next, but the smoke and flames drove him back. He rushed to a window. For an instant the sea of upturned faces saw the form of the gray-haired hero outlined in the window. The black smoke almost enveloped him, and rose in a black cloud towards the heavens. Inside the flames were hissing and crackling, and ever and anon they darted their forked tongues out of the black chasm, and seemed as if they licked the very heavens. A puff of wind and the whole black, chaotic mass rolled toward the negro, now driven to extremity. The crowd yelled for him to drop the boy upon a great pile of

feather-beds which had been hastily brought from the other building. As he did so, there was a crash, and all knew that the floor had given way. At the same moment the roof, with a noise of thunder, caved in and the liberated flames shot upward, sending far into the inky blackness a shower of sparks. But the noble hero had gone to his reward.

There was not a dry eye in the immense throng as they realized the brave deed that had been accomplished.

The next summer Arthur stood by a green plot of ground, surrounded by a neat, white fence. In the middle of the plot was a single grave with a plain marble slab, bearing the inscription, "Uncle Joe."

Eustace L. Womble.

MARLOWE AND THE FAUST STORY.

The Faust story is one of the contributions made to the world's fund of dramatic subjects by the superstition of the middle ages. This superstition believed firmly in the existence of a personal devil; it also believed that a man had power to form a compact with this devil, under the terms of which the devil was to serve the man for a number of years, at the expiration of which the man was to surrender his soul to the devil.

According to Ellis, this superstition was embodied in a legend, in Germany, during the sixth century, from which time it floated down the years until it was given exact form and shape by its application to one Doctor Faustus, who practised magic, and was the friend of Paracelsus and Cornelius Agrippa.

The first literary version of the Faust story was the old *Volksbuch*, which was published in 1587. This work was very popular in its day. It was soon translated into English, under the title "The Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus." This prose history furnished the material for Marlowe's Faustus.

Marlowe was born in 1564. So was Shakespeare. All the great English dramatists flourished during this last quarter of the sixteenth century. Very little is known of the man's life. His boyhood was spent in his birth-place, old Canterbury. Here he was a student at the King's School. He entered Benet College (now Corpus Christi), Cambridge, in 1581; two years later, at the age of nineteen, he took his Bachelor's degree. After this, his biography is mainly guess work. He may have drifted into the war in the Netherlands; his *Tamburlaine*

shows that he knew a great deal of military affairs. He was well acquainted with geography; some have thought that this argues extensive travel on his part; but he may have learned his geography at school. Somebody has said that he went up to London, where he became an actor, but this, too, is uncertain.

Certain it is that, wherever it was spent, his life was wild and lawless; one would guess this from its terrible end.

Marlowe was the first to discover the wonderful possibilities that lay in the use of blank verse. Would Shakespeare have used blank verse if he had missed Marlowe's magnificent example? Would Shakespeare have written dramas without the inspiration of his mighty predecessor? It is possible.

But Marlowe's works were the absolute creations of his own life. They had no model. His *Tamburlaine* was the first of the English dramas; and yet it bursts upon us with all its symmetry of form, with all its strength and beauty of expression and action, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. It is all the work of the untaught genius of this wonderful man; and it is self-evident that his genius needed no instruction. It was self-directing, like the creative power of Nature.

One day Marlowe stumbled across a copy of the newly translated Faust-book, and began to read it. As he read, his handsome black eyes opened wide, and his mouth gaped in astonishment at the possibilities hidden in the story. He took the book to his quarters and studied it until he knew, thoroughly, as much of it as he wished to know.

A few nights afterwards he and his friend Alleyn were having a "blow-in" at the *Mermaid*. When they had

drunk the other boon companions under the table or off to bed, they sat up over their cups and discussed the Faust story from all points of view. Marlowe's *Faustus* was the result of their discussion.

This *Faustus* is verily a living thing; it is alive with Marlowe's own rich, red life. All through it we see his longing for power, for unlimited, omnipotent power; the same longing appears in the *Tamburlaine*. It was no love of pleasure, nor of beauty, nor yet of riches, that induced Faustus to sell his soul to the devil; although we see all these loves in the man that Marlowe made. He wanted to be able to do things, to make things change, and to glory in the changes which his power caused. Where could he get this power save from the devil himself? Nowhere; so he sold himself to his foe, and his price was—unlimited power. And yet there was a limit to his power; he could not, when he would, break his contract.

The *Faustus* abounds in beauty and strength. Faustus' address to Helen is a paragon of passionate beauty.

“Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies!
Come, Helen, come; give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips——”

And there is something of strength that I have never seen matched in this speech of Mephistophiles:

“Why this is hell, nor am I out of it;
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
Am not tormented with a thousand hells
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?”

But all the beauty of the thing is swallowed up in the awful horror of the closing scene. Nowhere in literature have I seen such terrified remorse, such mad despair,

as mark the end of that life that might have been so different.

Marlowe's *Faustus* gave rise to the "puppet" plays that were so popular in Germany during the eighteenth century. Goethe saw these plays when he was a boy, and I have no doubt that they suggested to his youthful mind the work that was destined to become the masterpiece of German literature. He afterwards made the acquaintance of Marlowe's *Faustus*, and he admired it immensely; he once thought of translating it.

But, with all his glorious, living energy, Marlowe had not seen the falsity of the old Faust story, out of which he had made his drama; and Goethe did see it. Perhaps this was one of his reasons for abandoning his idea of translating Marlowe's work. The old Teuton was the soul of truth, and truth he must write. He knew that the soul is not its own, but God's. It is not in a man's power to sell his soul; his soul is God's to dispose of, and God will care for his own.

This belief of Goethe's is clearly expressed in his *Faust*. Part I. closes with the angels' rejoicing over Margaret's redemption. Margaret had sinned in her love for Faust, but God had not abandoned her, and not Mephistophiles, nor Lucifer himself, could carry her away to hell. And Faust himself, the seeming utter profligate, experiences, in Part II., a change of heart. Finally the native goodness, the "breath of God" that is in him, triumphs over evil, and he too is saved.

In a comparison of the two dramas, I think that, for dramatic action, for beauty and strength of expression, Marlowe's has the advantage. But, as I said before, Goethe got at the truth, and Marlowe did not. The old legend had been drifting down the years, seeking for

someone to find the truth that was in it, and to eliminate the falsehood. Goethe's Faust is an accurate, truthful type of manhood, and in Goethe's drama "the ghost is laid." It recovered from Marlowe's laying because human nature will never be satisfied for such a man as Marlowe's Faustus to meet such an end.

And still, in spite of that unsatisfactory end, Marlowe's *Faustus* will always stand, I think, as a masterpiece in tragedy; one seldom approached, and never excelled.

Tolbert H. Lacy.

A CHANGE OF OPINION.

Jules Clark had just lighted his lamp and placed himself in a comfortable chair. He had begun to prepare his lessons for the morrow when there came a familiar tap at the door. Clark opened to Ernest West.

“Good evening, Jules; I thought I’d come over and get you to go with me to see the girls to-night.”

“The girls, my boy, they are always full of sentimental twaddle and nothing. I feel my time thrown away in their company. At my room I can spend my time profitably on my Greek and Latin and feel my soul expand over the pages of Shakespeare and Milton.”

“Oh, Jules, that’s all stuff; come hurry up and let’s go.”

“Confound it, then, I’ll go and make myself a martyr to the girls. I’ll hear them sing and watch them bravely stroke their lap dogs on the head; but on my honor this is the last for a while.”

At the time of this conversation, two girls not far from Mr. Clark’s home were engaged in something like the following dialogue:

“My dear Louise, how lonely it is here to-night. I feel—”

“Do not look so gloomy, Agnes; you can’t make things better by being so pensive.”

“But;” interrupted Agnes, “I have reasons for being sad. My friends are few and my joys fewer. I am an orphan and in this wide world alone.”

“Dear Agnes, you know my friendship. Cast off your sorrows and let us be cheerful. Thinking over your troubles only makes them seem greater than they are.”

“Your kindness is helpful, Louise. I shall never forget it.” Just then the door bell rang.

“Some callers, Agnes. Mr. West and his friend Clark, I'll bet. Oh dear, my hair is coming down. Do fix it, Agnes, or we shall be an hour. Those men will think us foolish to be so long. Men are such cynics anyhow. There, that's all right; if you are ready, we will go.”

While the girls were preparing to come down, Clark and West were examining a picture painted by Miss Colmstock. West ventured the remark that Miss Colmstock was smarter than the average of her sex, that she was a charming writer. She was noted throughout her State as an interesting story writer. No one could say aught against her character. “Yet,” said West, “she is an orphan girl and always sad, I believe.”

Finally the ladies came. Certainly they were glad to meet Mr. Clark. A pleasant evening was the result of the call, as well as an invitation for the young men to come again. Good-night was said and Clark and West went to their respective homes.

But what about Clark? Did he think now that there was nothing in girls but sentimental twaddle? The soulful eyes of Agnes and her sensible conversation had changed Clark's opinion. There was something about that beautiful face that had made a deep impression on the thoughts of Clark. “She is an orphan,” he said to himself; “so am I. But I am poor, fame and riches are a long way off. Only a few hours ago I was speaking to West of woman's faults; now Agnes Colmstock has no faults. What's the matter? Am I in love? But, I must to my lessons and think of this some other time.” He tried to read Lysias, then Shakespeare. All attempt at study that night was vain. “Hang it all,” he muttered to himself, “that girl keeps on bothering my mind. I'll go to bed and sleep this feeling off.”

Just then the cry of "Fire! fire!" rang out clear and distinct. Almost in an instant the inhabitants of the town were in the streets.

The flames were already rushing high. Nothing could be done to save the burning building. The men turned their attention to the other houses which were in the greatest danger. All possible aid was directed to a large store next to the dwelling that was in flames. Suddenly above the confusion of the workers a shrill clear voice rang out, "Agnes Colmstock! will no one rescue her? On the third floor in the corner room. Quick or she will be burned to death!" To attempt to enter the building looked like throwing one's self into the jaws of death.

Clark heard the cry for help with blanched face and violently-beating heart. It seemed impossible for him to enter the house at all. But he rushed into the flaming building, up the stairs to the room of the smothered girl. He could not see her for the blinding smoke, he called her name but there was no response. He made his way to her bed and taking her in his arms rushed down the stairs of the second story. A blazing rafter fell on the stairs of the first story just missing the brave rescuer and breaking in the stairs. What was to be done? With one arm around the girl he caught hold on the floor with the other hand and swinging himself down rushed out from the building just as it fell in to the second story.

Wild cheers went up when Clark appeared through the blinding smoke. Kind hands relieved him of his dear burden as he fell to the ground suffocated by the heat and smoke. Some of the students took him to his room and soon restored him to consciousness.

That night was a troubled night for Clark. The vision of Agnes and the burning building haunted his dreams. Time and time again he rushed up the stairs of a burning house, into the room of Agnes Colmstock and searched in vain for her till all possible means of escape were cut off by the fire. Just at this point he awoke and realized the truth. About daylight he went off into a sound sleep and did not wake till after ten o'clock. He got up and dressing very hurriedly rushed down to hear from Miss Colmstock. He was told that she came to consciousness soon after the rescue, but that this morning she had a high fever.

Miss Colmstock had suffered a severe injury in the jump from the second story and as a result was sick three weeks. The doctors had said that she would not recover. This news almost crazed Clark. No one was permitted to see Agnes but Louise and Mrs. Somners. The doctors forbade them to tell who had rescued her.

It had been exactly three weeks since the night of the fire. Commencement was over and Clark had not seen Miss Colmstock. He had received a letter begging him to hasten home. Important business, said the letter. Clark had packed all day long. How could he leave till he knew that Agnes was out of danger? No, he would not. He lay down across his bed that night all worn out by work and trouble, and began to think. Business could wait, and besides what did business matter to him unless Agnes would make him happy by consenting to become the sharer of his remaining life? He would know his fate before he left. How long that night was! He thought that day would never come. Finally he was aroused by the low rumbling of a carriage. He got up and went to the window, threw open the blinds

and looked out. It was only a traveler hastening to meet the morning train. It lacked three hours of day.

A faint young moon lighted up the village. The air was calm and mild; the stars shone in a cloudless sky. This scene, the pale moonlight, the beautiful landscape as it spread out far from the village, seemed to have a soothing effect upon Jules. The rumbling of the carriage had died away and the stillness was entire. His thoughts went to those people who had hushed their various work and were now resting in the unconsciousness and helplessness of sleep. He began to contrast man with the rest of God's creations. Even the fresh breeze that brushed his own cheek with its health-bearing wing brought with it a sad feeling of contrast. Free and pure it sped on its way to do its gentle work. And like it the rest of the natural world was stamped with the signet of perfection of the Maker. Only man seemed to be at cross with the end of his being. Only man lived an aimless, fruitless, broken life. How was this all? Would this disordered machinery ever work smoothly, and work out the beautiful something for which surely it was designed? Nature's voice seemed to have wrought the necessary comfort, for Jules lay back across the bed and dozed off to sleep.

When he awoke there was a note on his table neatly addressed to Mr. Jules Clark. It ran thus:

"Will Mr. Clark please come to Mr. Somners' at ten o'clock to-day? I wish to speak to him of the services rendered sometime ago.

"MISS AGNES COLMSTOCK."

Clark ate his breakfast hurriedly that morning and was soon off up College street to Mr. Somners'.

When he reached Mr. Somners' he was trembling violently, and it was sometime before he could succeed in quieting himself. What might this interview mean to him? He had been acquainted with her for three weeks, and indeed he did not even claim acquaintance, but he knew of her beautiful character. Would Agnes even recognize his proposal on so short acquaintance? These and many other thoughts like them filled his mind confusedly while he waited for an answer to his call.

Miss Colmstock was able to come into the parlor. She was rolled in on an easy chair. She saluted Clark quietly and very kindly. She was exceedingly pale. Clark thought her more beautiful than she was the night of the fire. There were the same outlines, the same characters, he remembered well. The mouth was sweet and pliable as when he first saw her. The brow had its same fine chiselling and purity of expression. But patience and endurance did not quit their seat upon her lip even when she smiled as they used to. The eye with clearness and truthfulness had a shade upon it that used to fall only at the bidding of sorrow. In every line of the face there was a quiet gravity that went to the heart of the person studying it so closely. Her features were only an index to her loveliness of mind and character. Her thoughts were telegraphed through eye and mouth more faithfully than words could express them.

"Mr. Clark," Agnes said, "I sent for you to thank you for saving my life. But for your noble deed I should have perished in the flames. Words are not sufficient to thank you for my life, but I know of no other way," and tears began to well to those beautiful eyes.

"I know how, my dear Agnes," he said and took her hand gently in his. "You can thank me better later on."

S. J. Honeycutt.

A VOICE OF THE NIGHT.

Faint and far through the darkness,
Breaking the midnight's still,
Over the meads and woodlands
Plaints of the whippoorwill.

Three sad calls through the darkness,
Then her pleading is o'er;
Tell me, oh lonely night bird,
Why dost thou call no more?

Waiting still at the window,
Wrapped in the morning gray;
Tell me, oh whispering breezes,
What did the night bird say?

Hubert M. Evans.

WILLIAM GASTON.

When Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes in 1685, he drove into exile three millions of his most useful subjects. Of these, some settled in Holland, others in America, and a large number in the British Isles.

The name of Gaston is honorably associated in the annals of France. In the latter part of the seventeenth century the ancestors of William Gaston were distinguished Huguenots. Driven from their homes by the fierce persecution which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they took up their abode in Ballymore, Ireland.

Here Dr. Alexander Gaston, father of William, was born. Dr. Gaston was the youngest brother of Rev. Hugh Gaston, a noted Presbyterian divine and author of "Gaston's Concordance."

Alexander Gaston graduated at the Medical College in Edinburgh. Shortly after graduating he was appointed surgeon in the English Navy. He accompanied the expedition which captured Havana, but during the voyage his health began to fail and he resigned his post to sail for America. He landed at Newbern, N. C., and began the practice of his profession. In 1775 he was married to Margaret Sharpe, an English lady of the Catholic Church.

William, their second son, was born September 19, 1778. Soon after he was born, his elder brother died, and before he was three years old his father was murdered by the Tories.

Dr. Alexander Gaston was one of the most decided Whigs in North Carolina. By his ardent support of

the cause of freedom, he had incurred the intense hatred of the Tories. In August, 1781, the town of Newbern was surprised and captured by the Tories and British under Major Craig. Dr. Gaston knew that his life would not be safe in the hands of the Loyalists, and so fled with his wife and two little children. He hoped to cross the Trent and thence escape to his plantation on Bryce's Creek. Here he would be comparatively safe.

He reached the wharf; but before he could escape in the light scow which he had seized, the Tories came galloping up in a body. He was thus compelled to push off into the stream, leaving his wife and loved ones on the shore. Mrs. Gaston immediately fell at the feet of her husband's pursuers and implored them to spare his life. No attention was paid to her, and while she was still on her knees before them, a brutal villain, levelling his gun over her shoulder, shot Dr. Gaston dead.

Mrs. Gaston was thus left alone in America, her only objects of affection being little William and an infant daughter. She was a pious woman and of extraordinary strength of character. Knowing the blessings of a good education, she resolved that her children should have the best possible training in that direction. Nor did she fail to teach them their duty toward an all-wise and beneficent Father. The preparation of herself for a better world and the proper training of her children seemed the only objects of her existence. Judge Gaston was often heard to remark in after life that all the good he had ever accomplished or ever hoped to accomplish was due to her training. What a tribute to a mother!

At school William Gaston was known as a bright boy and quick to learn; of an affectionate disposition, yet volatile and irritable. His ill humor was doubtless due

to his poor health. His mother taught him to subdue his temper and to control himself. He remained under her care until the year 1791, when he was sent to the Catholic College at Georgetown, D. C. Here the climate and the severe and rigid discipline were too much for his frail constitution. In the spring of 1793 it was apprehended that he was sinking under consumption, so he returned to North Carolina where he soon regained his health. Mrs. Gaston then secured the services of Rev. Thomas P. Irwing as private tutor for him.

In the autumn of 1794 he entered the Junior class at Princeton College. Here he was marked as a young man of unusual promise. He graduated in 1796, at the early age of eighteen, with the highest honors of that renowned institution.

On returning from college he began the study of the law under Francois Xavier Martin, afterward author of a history of North Carolina and judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. He was admitted to the bar in 1798, at the age of twenty. The elevation of his brother-in-law, John Louis Taylor, to the Bench at this time threw all of his practice—at once heavy and lucrative—into the hands of William.

William Gaston was a young man of indefatigable industry and his mind was well trained. To him increased responsibility only meant increased exertion. His reputation as a lawyer grew so rapidly that in a comparatively short time he had attained, by the approbation of all, the head of the profession in North Carolina.

In 1800, just one year after becoming of age, he was elected a member of the State Senate from Craven County. In 1808 he was chosen by the Newbern District Elector of President and Vice-President. This year he was also

elected a member of the House of Commons, of which body he was chosen Speaker. He was re-elected in 1809. While in the Legislature he drew up the statute regulating the descent of inheritances.

In 1813, he was elected a member of the United States House of Representatives. William Gaston carried into Congress the zeal and independence of an upright politician, as well as the learning of a jurist. Even those who differed from him in opinions had to admit that he always followed out his honest convictions.

The period was one of intense excitement. He at once took a prominent stand in opposition to the administration, supported, as it was, by such statesmen as Clay, Lowndes, Grundy, and Calhoun. In a short time he had earned for himself a national reputation as an orator and statesman. Next to Webster he was the leader of the party opposed to the administration. It is said of Daniel Webster that being once asked by a friend as to who was the greatest statesman in Congress next to himself, he replied "Mr. Gaston of North Carolina."

His first speech of importance was on the resolutions introduced by Mr. Webster relative to the *French Decrees*. These resolutions were the subject of one of the most spirited debates in the history of Congress. Gaston, Grosevenor, and the opponents of the administration favored them, while Calhoun, Grundy, and the friends of the administration opposed them. Felix Grundy arose, and, after stating that he was going to vote for the resolutions, though the motives which actuated him were far different from those which actuated the opponents of the administration, forthwith proceeded to make one of the strongest speeches of his life in opposition to them and to the general policy pursued by the other side in

relation to the war. It was to this speech that Gaston replied. I will quote a paragraph of his speech, not that it has anything to do with the argument or the resolutions, but rather as a specimen of his eloquence at this time:

“The gentleman (Mr. Grundy) has also indulged himself in insinuations where more seemed meant than met the ear, of a disposition to take the part of Great Britain, and of prepossessions in favor of the enemy. These, he indeed said, were not designed to apply to any gentleman occupying a seat on this floor. My experience, Sir, has been too limited to enable me to ascertain whether I owe this exemption to the gentleman’s sense of justice or whether I am to consider it a mere form of parliamentary decorum. In this state of doubt as to the precise meaning of the gentleman, I will content myself with saying that any charge of partiality to the cause of the enemy as contrasted with that of my country, so far as regards me, would be utterly untrue. The bare supposition of it is intolerable. It will not be deemed egotism, I trust, to add that, baptized an American in the blood of a martyred father; bound to my native land by every moral and natural tie that can fasten on the heart of man, with not one motive of interest, of passion or prejudice to seduce the loyalty of my affections; never can I separate myself from the cause of my country, however that cause may have been betrayed by those to whose care it was confided.”

One of Gaston’s greatest efforts during his whole congressional career, was his speech on the *Loan Bill*. “It was a model of eloquence and was widely read and greatly admired.”

In the early part of the year 1814 a bill was introduced to authorize a loan of twenty-five millions of dollars to the government of the United States. It will be remembered that at this time the nation was at war with England. In opposing this bill, Mr. Gaston declared that if it could be shown necessary to accomplish any purposes making for the honor and welfare of the country, it assuredly should meet with no opposition from him. It was, he said, avowedly not necessary except to carry on the scheme of invasion and conquest against Canada, and to that scheme he had never been a friend and to its prosecution at that time he had invincible objections founded on considerations of justice, humanity and national policy. In the course of his speech he took a very extensive view of the causes of the war as well as the manner in which it had been conducted.

There is one paragraph of this speech which is a fair specimen of the quality of William Gaston's style of oratory. Mr. Calhoun had, in the course of his remarks, spoken with much warmth of the factious opposition to the administration, which he said might be salutary in a monarchy, but was highly dangerous in a government so republican as ours. Gaston concluded his reply to this remark in the following eloquent peroration:

“If this doctrine were then to be collected from the histories of the world, can it now be doubted since the experience of the last twenty-five years? Go to France—once revolutionary, now imperial France—and ask her whether factious power or intemperate opposition be the more fatal to freedom and happiness. Perhaps at some moment, when the eagle eye of her master is turned away, she may whisper to you to behold the demolition of Lyons or the devastation of La Vendee. Perhaps she

will give you a written answer. Draw near the fatal lamp-post and by its flickering light read it as traced in characters of blood that flowed from the guillotine—*Faction is a demon. Faction out of power is a demon unchained. Faction vested with the attributes of rule is a Moloch of destruction.*”

A very distinguished Northern writer, writing of Gaston in 1837, said:

“There is always something remarkable in the speeches of Southern orators. A striking similarity of manner and of language which shows at once the “*latitude*” of the orator. Vehement whenever they condemn, enthusiastic whenever they applaud, they carry into political strife the ‘rancor of opposition or the idolatry of love.’

“Something of this feeling may be observed in the speeches of Mr. Gaston * * * * which are among the finest specimens of Southern eloquence. They contain a great deal of calm, weighty argument, but it is only when the orator turns to watch the position of his antagonist that his language is fired by passion and his denunciations are sent forth burning and blazing and ‘withering as they go.’”

At the end of his second term as Congressman, he returned to North Carolina and resumed the practice of law. He did not again appear in public life until 1827, when he was elected to the House of Commons to fill the unexpired term of Mr. John Stanly. He served as a member of the Legislature the following year and again in 1835.

In that body he always acted as the leader of what may be called the *Constitutional Party*. Here many of his most splendid speeches were made. In 1828 he delivered a speech on the currency of the State which has

been classed among his highest efforts. His *Defense of the Constitution* in 1831 was a masterpiece.

But it was in the practice of his profession even more than in the legislative halls that he earned his great reputation as a debater and orator. Not only in argument was he powerful, it is said that in repartee and wit he was invincible. His anecdotes were always pointed and pungent, and his sarcasm was withering.

During a period covering many years he was the leading lawyer in North Carolina, being engaged in almost all of the most important cases. He appeared for the claimant in the celebrated *Granville Case*, in which the question of the title of a tract of land covering two-thirds of the State of North Carolina was involved.

In 1834 he was chosen Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Leonard Henderson.

Once more he appeared in public as a statesman in the North Carolina Constitutional Convention of 1835. Among his associates in this convention were Nathaniel Mason, who presided, Judge Daniel, Richard Dobbs Spaight, Jr., David L. Swain, and John Branch. The debates of that Convention were of an exceptionally high order. Some of those speeches are not excelled by the finest specimens of eloquence and oratory ever delivered in the English language. Gaston suggested and elaborated nearly all the reforms of the new Constitution. His service as a member of this Convention was the last he ever performed in a representative capacity. Henceforth he applied himself to the performance of his duties as Judge of the Supreme Court. In 1840 he was solicited by the dominant party to accept the office of United States Senator, but declined.

Gastons judicial opinions were always expressed in clear and polished language. They are not only monuments of legal learning, but models of elegant literature. His opinion in the case of *State v. Weill*, and his dissenting opinion in *State v. Miller* have been pronounced by Judge W. H. Battle, at one time Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, "one of the finest judicial arguments to be found in any country."

Gaston was thrice married. September 4, 1803, he was married to Susan Hay, of Fayetteville, who died April 20, 1804. He wedded Hannah McClure, only daughter of General McClure, October 6, 1805. She died July 12, 1813, leaving one son and two daughters. In August, 1816, he was again married to Eliza Ann, eldest daughter of Dr. Charles Worthington, of Georgetown, D. C. She died Jan. 26, 1819, leaving two infant daughters. On him thus devolved the duty of training up five children.

William Gaston died in Raleigh, January 23, 1844. He fell lifeless in the midst of an animated conversation, in his last words declaring his faith in the "All-wise and Almighty."

Daniel Allen Tedder, '98.

HEARD BY THE WAYSIDE.

Yes, stranger, you can get water for your horse. I see she is warm, you had better wind her a while. Oh, that broken monument out there in that little clump of cedars! Nearly every stranger that passes here asks about that. It is a long story, but if you don't mind I'll tell you. You see until I got this place there used to be a big white house standing up there about a hundred yards back and a big hickory grove around it. I tore it down and built this house and all my outhouses with the lumber. The big house used to be the home of old Nick Haughton. When he was a young man, he and another young man named St. Clair were the cronies of the neighborhood. Nick went it rough-shod, and was one of the hardest riders and drinkers in the country. He was always at all the cock-fights and horse-races in this county and Randolph. Young St. Clair was the son of an English colonel who built the big house you see on the hill yonder. He was not so wild as Haughton, had pleasing ways and was a kind o' favorite with the children and old men. He was a great fox-hunter and also liked cock-fighting. He had been appointed to go to that big school up at West Point. He was brave enough for anything and about the only young man Haughton could not bully.

Well, just before St. Clair was to leave, there was a general muster at Gee's Old Field. Haughton and St. Clair were there with their chickens. They had a big cock-fight and St. Clair's chickens beat Haughton's all around. The upshot of it was that Haughton, who was drinking pretty heavily, picked a fuss with St. Clair and

killed him with a blow across the head from the butt of his heavy riding whip, or nigger whip. I never heard that Haughton was tried for killing him, but Col. St. Clair could not stand to stay here any longer. So he sold his land, deeding it so no Haughton could ever get it, and moved to Tennessee or Missouri or somewhere, but we still call our post-office from him.

Maybe you think I am putting off that monument a long time, but I am just coming to that. After he killed St. Clair, Haughton tamed down for a while and married a fine lady, but he soon got to be a bad one again. He lived to be an old man, but I have heard that as long as he lived he never saw any peace. All his children died, then his wife, and he was left alone in that big house. I wish you could have seen it. He used to come down here and sit in the corner of my lot and fight his chickens and watch the stagecoach go by. His face was big and dreadful and children were afraid to look at him, but wife says he must have felt sad and lonely. Nobody ever came to see him. Well, he died, was found one morning with face all black, arms drawn up, and hands clinched, and was buried in the little family graveyard up there. Then they got big monuments and put over his grave and those of his wife and mother. His overseer still lived in the little house down there and worked the negroes, but the big house was deserted. Only an old negro woman lived there and kept the house in order. Now one night, just a year after old Nick's death, there was a big thunderstorm, and that old negro woman, who was in the big house, said a big ball of fire rolled down the chimney, and knots of fire rolled all over the room. When she looked around all the doors were open. She did her best to shut them, but as soon as she let them

loose here they would come open. Next morning the monument over old Nick's grave was found broken off by lightning, just as you see it. The other end is lying on the ground there beside it. The negroes said the Lord had broken off his tombstone because he was so mean to them and to his good wife, but I have always believed it was because he killed St. Clair, and that is the reason I told you about that. I'll tell you, stranger, the Lord made it plain by that that he is burning old Nick in the other world. It don't pay to do wrong, though of course it stands every man in hand to make the best trade he can, for the Lord sees everything and is going to punish you in the end. Hell must be a dreadful place to live always in. Preacher Grimes gave us a good sermon along that line last Sunday and hit lots of them. He is a good preacher; our church gives him seventy-five dollars a year.

Oh, you want to know about the big house. Well, after that night the doors in that house could never be kept shut at night, and sometimes they stayed open all day. The house seemed haunted sure enough. Why, Jake Hinson, the biggest brag in our neighborhood, went over there one night and tried to shut the doors and came near being scared to death. He could pull the doors to, but the bolt would not catch, and the door would go creaking back. Then Jake said just as he was starting to leave something seemed to catch him and suck all the breath out of his body. Just then he heard a great clinking of chains and about a hundred ghosts laughing dreadful. Jake tried to cry out, but that thing was still sucking his breath; he tried to move but couldn't, that thing was holding him so tight. After about two minutes the thing threw Jake down the piazza steps. He

lit on his feet and left there. I never heard of anybody else wanting to go there at night. But the young folks used to go there in the daytime and dance in the big dancing hall. I wish you could have seen it. It was nearly as big as my whole house, and the floor was made of narrow strips of hard poplar and was so slick a fly would slip up on it.

Now after the war the house was for sale, but nobody wanted to buy it because it was haunted. So it went from year to year, and the old house stood there shut, for somebody had nailed up the doors hard and fast. I used to go by there night and morning going to my work. I never saw anything, though my heart would rise in my throat sometimes just at the sight of that big house. Well, as I did not see anything, I got it into my head that the house was not haunted any longer and took a notion to buy it. I had some money I made on my cotton crops. You know that I did not go round telling people that the house was not haunted, for it stands every man in hand to make the best trade he can. Some people say I told terrible tales about what I saw there, but I don't think I went any further than to tell what Jake Hinson saw. When the auction came I bid off the house and a hundred acres for five hundred dollars. Why the very next week I sold the hickory in the grove for five hundred and twenty dollars and a fraction. Some people said it was a shame to spoil that fine grove, but I never could see what a man wants with so many trees around his house. Zeke Bilkins, in the *Progressive Farmer*, gives it to the lazy old moneycrats and aristocrats that live with so much shade around them. You ought to read the *Progressive Farmer*; it is the best paper in the State, and the only one I take. Zeke Bilkins is a hard-

looking stick, if he is like his picture, but he is one of the most sensible men I ever read after. My wife was a Bilkins, and thinks maybe she is a little akin to him.

That old negro woman was still living when I bought the house. She had a regular conuption fit when the men from Greensboro began to cut the hickory. She was half crazy, and mean, too. She used to go round grumbling. I always did believe she had something to do with haunting that house. When I opened the doors, I found some pieces of willow chair bottoms above the hinges, and the locks were all broken. She had made her living since the war by spinning and tending a little garden, but she was now too old to do much work, so I was for sending her off to the poor-house. But she talked to my wife so much about wanting to stay and die and be buried close to her old mistiss and marster, that I was obliged to let her stay to keep peace in my family. I hated afterwards that I gave in, for my wife kept sneaking the old woman things to eat, and in her last sickness waited on her like a queen. I saw her holding my wife's hand one day and crying and telling her she was a lady, and after that wife did not seem to have her usual sense. I do believe she was witched. Why I doubt not she gave the old woman ten dollars, worth of victuals which ought to have come out of the county. I would have got it had I known the ropes then as well as I do now. It stands every man in hand to do the best he can for himself.

Well we lived in that house two years. Strange nobody ever thought old Nick was haunting the house because of hidden money. Mind, I don't say I found any money; still after I went there no haunts were ever seen. But that old house was too big and too far from the road. Why I never saw half the folks that passed until they

had got way by, and I did not get half the news. So I tore down the big house and put up this one. It is much more convenient and does not take half the firewood. I never could see the use of great big houses. Maybe the old aristocrats and moneycrats who don't work find some use for them, but an honest man who works for his living had better have a moderate-size house with only a few trees around it. Now look I have a twenty-acre cornfield where that big house and grove were, and when it comes to beauty, did you ever see anything to beat that cornfield? Look how clean it is. My children do most of the work. I believe in making children of some use. Talk about seven months school! Three months is all I can send, for as soon as a child is eight years old I put him to work. I see you have a good buggy there. Well as for fine carriages, the roads are too rough around here. I had just about as lief have a one-horse covered wagon. Buggies are costly, and it stands every man in hand to look out for himself.

PORTRAIT PRESENTATION.*

Prof. Carlyle said :

The duty assigned to me this afternoon is both sad and pleasant ; sad because it recalls with painful vividness the loss of one whose friendship I prized and whose charms and accomplishments I admired ; and pleasant because it is so eminently fitting that the portrait of the only woman graduate ever sent from our beloved Alma Mater, and the only lady ever admitted to active membership in the Philomathesian Society should adorn its walls.

Miss Evabelle Simmons was a most remarkable and marvelously gifted woman. A mind singularly clear and strong and cultivated, able to grasp and comprehend the most abstruse truth ; a heart ever warm with the glow of friendship and sympathy ; a manner guileless, unaffected and charming made her character one of surpassing strength and beauty—strength in all the elements that adorn the highest womanhood and beauty in all the arts, accomplishments and attributes that crown a perfect life.

She loved this Society with a love abiding and true. In its successes she rejoiced, in its reverses she sorrowed, in its gloom she encouraged, in its difficulties she counseled, in its need she contributed.

A ready writer, a varied reader, a most gifted conversationalist, she was the student's unfailing friend. With untiring patience she listened to the story of his troubles and then, with a woman's unerring instinct and graceful tact, helped him with her sympathy and advice.

* Remarks by Prof. J. B. Carlyle in presenting to the Philomathesian Society the portrait of Miss Evabelle Simmons, and by Prof. C. E. Brewer in accepting it on behalf of the Society, May 25, 1898.

Her brief but beautiful life has closed, but the sweet influence which she exerted as a student and later as an Alumna still lives, and will continue to live in the hearts and hopes and aspirations of the hundreds who came under its gentle sway. Truthfully could she say with the Latin poet she loved so well: "*Non omnis moriar.*" She is not altogether dead. No! No! The kind words she loved to speak; the unselfish deeds she performed; the sunshine she scattered; the fainting hopes she revived; the noble aspirations she kindled; the sighs she hushed; the burdened hearts she cheered, are immortal. Yes, it is fitting that her portrait should adorn the hall of the Society she loved so well. Let it hang yonder beside that of her distinguished father who served his Alma Mater so faithfully and his Society so loyally. In life they were inseparable companions; side by side they sleep in yonder cemetery; united their spirits mingle in the joys of the glory land. Let their portraits hang side by side in the hall they loved, and, in all the years to come, to the hundreds who may march beneath Philomathesia's banner, may they prove an inspiration to noble, unselfish conduct, a stimulus to the cultivation of the virtues and a sweet uplifting influence to make their lives brighter and better.

Now on behalf of the devoted mother, herself ever a loyal friend of the Society, I present to the Philomathesian Society this beautiful portrait of Miss Evabelle Simons.

Prof. Brewer, in accepting the portrait on behalf of the Society, said:

There are incidents in the life of every individual which are peculiarly momentous. There are experiences

in every life which may be tasted but once. There are memories in every heart which are carefully preserved and fondly treasured.

This is true not only of individuals but of organizations and societies as well. There are incidents in their history which at the time are regarded as mere incidents, but which prove to have been freighted with interest and destined to add new lustre to histories already glorious and inspiring.

Such an incident transpired within these walls a few years ago. It was a memorable occasion not only for your humble servant, but for this dear Society also. It happened a little while after the Society had honored itself and Miss Evabelle Simmons by electing her to active membership. It was the desire of the Society that she acquiesce in the action taken by accepting the proffered membership formally and in person. She consented to do so. It was my happy lot to be her escort on that occasion. I rejoice to think that I had the honor of introducing to the Society Philomathesia's first and only daughter. It was a moment of historic interest. Those present could but feel the glow of brotherly pride and affection in welcoming our only sister. Philomathesia, our foster mother, smiled as she beheld with satisfaction her daughter ushered into her happy circle and seemed to say, "God speed."

But,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,"

and what we had hoped would be a long-lived life-long connection was sundered by the grim destroyer. We mourn her death but rejoice for the life she lived. We rejoice for the example of devotion to truth, and culture

and self-sacrifice she has left us. We rejoice for her spirit that now breathes upon us and gives us encouragement and inspiration. Though dead *she lives*, and will continue to live in the lives and achievements of those who have come under her ennobling influence.

Another incident that is destined to be of historic interest to this Society and the College, are the scenes being enacted this afternoon within these same walls. This is no ordinary occasion, my brethren. It is no ordinary occasion when our united brotherhood are gathered together around their old shrine to honor and perpetuate the memory of one so distinguished in her attainments and profession, so beloved by all who had the privilege of her acquaintance and friendship. It is no ordinary occasion when we are assembled to receive and place in the galaxy of our noble and honored brethren, this—the portrait of our no less noble and honored sister. She is worthy to take her place here. As in life she was so intimately associated with her father, William Gaston Simmons, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, so in death, in this hall they both loved so well, it is eminently fitting that they should be side by side.

It was no accident that the Society was led to ask for this portrait. It was no evanescent bubble of enthusiasm or sentiment that suggested it. The great heart of the community was stirred to its depths and would not be quieted or satisfied until this was accomplished. And the giver, true to the traditions of her illustrious family, true to the noble impulses of her own heart, has placed the Society under lasting obligations to her—obligations which we will try to profit in our ever-increasing appreciation of the kindness, in our tenderest care for the portrait itself and loving remembrance of the one whom it portrays.

We are grateful beyond expression for your benefaction, and, in the name of the Philomathesian Society, I thank you for it, and you, Sir, for the kind words with which it is presented.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

The Christian College and Base-Ball.

Some of the mediæval fanaticism that bodily torture tends to elevate and purify the spirit seems to have lingered with us to the present day. Though no modern Christian would stand upon a pillar, as St. Simeon Stylites did, and let the worms burrow into his flesh for years, imagining all the while that he glorified God by so doing, yet many appear to be unable to reconcile the existence of religious and physical vigor in the same person. A base-ball player stands at the opposite pole from a Christian gentleman, and a traveling company of base-ball players must necessarily mar the good name of the institution which they represent. The prize-fighter, the gambler, the great variety of rowdies and bullies, and the ball-player occupy a common level. And the good people who know little of college base-ball, think that it is an evil equal to the liquor traffic. One of our State papers, perhaps the best paper in the State, in speaking of the manner in which Americans have accepted the state of war, says: "There are, of course, those who

glory in it, the same who would devour a yellow journal's report of a pugilistic contest or watch the base-ball bulletins."

Another paper of influence among North Carolina Baptists scores Dr. Len. G. Broughton for the speech he made before the Georgia Convention, until he comes to the attack on base-ball: there he pats Dr. Broughton on the back, and tells him to go his length and let his long hair fly like a whirlwind.

Now, I submit that the faculty at Wake Forest (taking this as a type of the Christian College) are in a better position to judge such things as athletics than most people. They have no other business but the direction of the affairs of the institution; and since, as everybody knows, they are conscientious, broad-minded men, it is likely that they will direct those affairs in the best way possible. The only result, then, that can come of this persistent hounding of athletics is a loss of confidence in the faculty on the part of the people of the State. The people cannot but blame those in authority for harboring a sport so antagonistic to intellectual culture, to morals, and to religion. Foot-ball the faculty *have* abolished: but what paper ever approved the action? True, foot-ball is a brutal game, and sometimes it breaks legs and smashes noses. But if it stalked abroad in the land like a genius of destruction, the gallant knights who tilted with and overthrew the dragon ought to receive crowns of laurel and shouts of applause from the on-lookers; but they did receive not even so much as a sickly smile. This might suggest to the minds of the knights that the dragon was not such a terror as the screams of the women and the groans of the men had led them to believe; and might discourage them from sallying forth on any future quests of the same kind.

Dr. Broughton, above referred to, submits that a "travelling troupe" of ball players is a poor advertisement for a Christian college. And the *North Carolina Baptist* speaks as follows: "If it will injure the college to lop off something that is doing her harm, we say let it injure her. If she cannot stand up under such treatment, she does not deserve to stand. We are sure that the college will suffer no hurt by restricting the students in their base-ball games. For them to run about in the spring into other States is not calculated to do a Christian college any good. We say this because we love the college and want her to lead in all that pertains to Christian education." In reply we republish a letter which appeared in the *Recorder* of May 4:

"*Dr. C. E. Taylor, Wake Forest, N. C.:*

"SIR:—Unwilling that merited commendation should be unbestowed, I am constrained to write you this letter.

"The recent visit of the Wake Forest Base-ball Team to this city has done more in the interest of manly, clean and high-grade college athletics than any occasion since my connection with the Mercer University. The universal verdict, both in our college and community and in the city of Macon, is, that your team, in cleanness of speech, mastery of temper, manliness of deportment, practical morality, gentlemanliness, and all-around ball-playing, is superior to any that has yet visited us. Your institution can but be benefitted by a tour of such gentlemen. While they lost the game with us, they have gained that which is vastly superior to a base-ball victory—the respect and admiration of all our people. I heartily congratulate you on their account.

"Very respectfully yours, G. W. MACON,
"Professor of Biology, Mercer University."

I quote from *The Macon Telegraph* of April 10: "If anyone wants to see a prettier game of ball than the one played at the base-ball park between the Wake Forest team and the Mercer team yesterday afternoon, it is difficult to say where they will find it. It was a game between gentlemen, and was a gentleman's game throughout. If all games were played on as high a plane as the one yesterday afternoon, baseball would soon be a decidedly more popular game than it has ever been." In its issue of April 12 the same paper again highly commends the conduct of the Wake Forest boys, and *The Atlanta Constitution* of April 10 also generously praises their conduct.

Dr. Broughton says that the conduct of the Wake Forest boys was all right so far as he knew, but that there was gambling in connection with the affair (the Doctor seems to have been present), and he censures the team on that account. Farmers sell corn and moonshiners make whiskey from it; women bear children, some of whom, after they get out into the world, become grand rascals; McKinley and Bryan ran for President, and mean men put up money on the election; therefore in the interest of morality, let us abolish corn-planters, presidential candidates, and child-bearers; and since baseball, our national American game must needs dwell in the same atmosphere of evil, no matter how pure in heart the players may be, it should be involved in the same sweeping destruction! The ball-player is no more responsible for the gambling than is the farmer who makes corn responsible for the drunkard.

You say the analogy is incomplete: corn, children, and presidents are necessities; baseball is not. But some kind of physical exercise is needed in college. Pale-

faced, haggard students, with sunken chests and knock-knees, whose hollow voices remind one of the well-known hymn, "Hark from the tomb the doleful sound," are not the men to hand on to posterity the sturdy manhood of the Anglo-Saxon race. Their brains like their bodies will soon be infected with the dry rot: and after this dry rot is allowed to proceed for four years, it is unlikely that the refreshing showers of active life will ever be able to moisten and restore it to fertility. But unpleasant exercise is impossible: men will not indulge in it, and if they would, the laws of Hygiene pronounce it not conducive to health. On the other hand, brutal exercise should be allowed to sleep with the Dark Ages. The golden mean, a game both pleasant and gentlemanly, is baseball. And so the Faculty of Wake Forest College, as well as those of nine-tenths of the other American colleges, in the light of their thorough knowledge of the situation, not only permit ball playing, but encourage it in every way they can.

Why, then, are there so many self-constituted dictators on a subject which most of them imperfectly understand? There are two answers: First, it is a peculiarity of human nature that men talk more loudly about things of which they have only a smattering knowledge than about those which they have thoroughly investigated. The great Sunday School speaker is he who goes to Sunday School only when he is to speak; the eloquent adviser of farmers is the city-bred man. The second answer is better given by illustration. Some still night, for example, kick your dog and make him yelp. Every cur in the community will at once respond, the alarm will spread, and during all the remainder of the night the baying of watchdogs will come and go like the ebb

and flow of a tide. Or if Smith's rooster happens to crow, each neighboring rooster will pass it on, until there is crowing from Greenland to Cape Horn. So everything is quiet on this base ball question, when Dr. Broughton, eagerly seeking for something to say, wanders far from his subject in order to attack athletics, and by so doing gives rise to phenomena similar to those above described. Do not understand this as a reflection upon the opponents of base-ball. They are sincere gentlemen. It is merely a little observation that may be of interest to the Evolutionist.

In one case, at least, physical activity and Christian character dwell together—in our present ball team. Nearly all the men are seniors, and stand among the best men in their class, religiously and intellectually. They are high-toned, ambitious, christian gentlemen, and in days to come, when the effeminate goody-goodies shall have long ago been gathered to their fathers, North Carolina will be proud to claim these men as her sons.

I heartily endorse the words of the *Recorder* of May 4: "Our readers may be assured that so soon as it shall appear to be unwise to permit intercollegiate contests in athletics, the faculty of Wake Forest College will put an end to them so far as that institution is concerned; and with this assurance they can afford to dismiss the matter from their minds."

With this issue the seventeenth volume of THE STUDENT closes. The editors desire to thank the many people and papers that have said kind things about their management of the magazine, and the Societies which have so loyally supported them. It is with a feeling of deep sadness that we come to the end of a four-years'

course, pleasant in many ways. No kinder, more truly hospitable people can be found than the people of Wake Forest, and their treatment of the poor, homesick student makes a warm place round about his heart, and he wishes he could tell them how grateful he is. It is to be regretted that so few of the students become acquainted with the families on the Hill, and leave college misjudging them.

How delightful are these closing days, when work grows light, and the shadows checkered on the grass offer a cool retreat from which to watch an occasional "Angel" pass by, perhaps on her way toward or from "Paradise," perhaps making in the direction from whence come the thunders of "Sinai," or casting a giddy glance up at the inaccessible battlements of "Castle Thunder." The name "Angel" was not given altogether in a spirit of fun: so few are the ladies and so numerous the love-inclined youth that the latter naturally feel disposed to worship when one of the wingless seraphim comes in view. A college is the place to cultivate reverence for womanhood; indeed it has a tendency to cultivate this reverence too far. The average college man speaks to no woman for four years, except his boarding-house lady; he sees them only in imagination, idealizes them, and finally sets them on a pinnacle of such ethereal perfection that to think of his marrying one and having her all for his own would be inconceivable: it would be like mixing mud and sunshine together! It usually happens, however, that a few months in the world will suffice to erase this impression, and not infrequently you will find even a college man prostrating himself before the altar of Hymen.

But whether our present class will ever see fit to take

the matrimonial vows or not, one thing is certain: this class is going to sow the earth with wisdom, and "Follow knowledge like a sinking star, beyond the utmost bound of human thought." With this assurance, the STUDENT makes his bow, looks the world in the face, and with a good wish for the complete happiness of all men, says—Farewell!

LITERARY COMMENT.

R. C. LAWRENCE, Editor.

I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed.

—*Varied from Moore.*



The Messrs. Putnam will soon issue Mr. Justin McCarthy's *Modern England*. This volume will deal with English history of the nineteenth century.



A posthumous volume of Stevenson's verse is announced by the Scribners. It is entitled *A Lowden Sabbath Morn*, and will include some Scotch poems.



Mr. Stopford Brooke has finished his Monograph on early English literature. The volume brings us down to the accession of King Alfred and is the first of a series of four volumes designed to form a popular history of the origin and progress of English literature.



It is reported that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has accepted the Chair of English Literature in the Cosmopolitan University. Mr. Le Gallienne seems to have been "discovered" by the American people. We hope that the importance of this discovery will not be lost upon him.



Mr. Poultney Bigelow is contributing to *Harper's Weekly* the results of his recent trip to Spain. With Mr. Bigelow on his wheel and carrying a camera, and Mr. S. R. Crockett on a walking tour through the country, the American people should not make the same mistakes concerning the Spanish people that Spaniards make concerning America and Americans.

Poor old Omar Khayyam! Thy bones must yet be disturbed by the constant stream of new translations of thy work. The latest of these is by a Mr. Payne (some people will spell their names curiously) and is published under the auspices of the Villon Society. We can but hope that FitzGerald will be a Banquo to Mr. Payne!



"Ian Maclaren" would doubtless entertain an exalted opinion of American enterprise if he should see the following advertisement which appeared in a New York paper: "The Bonnie Brier Bush Scotch Whiskey. The finest possible quality, very old. Price, \$1.75 per bottle." Whatever he might think of our enterprise, we would prefer for him to keep his opinion of our morality to himself.



In "Folks from Dixie" Mr. Dunbar more than sustains his reputation. Here we have the *litterateur* dealing with the characteristics of his own race and treating them from a sympathetic standpoint. We must say that we have enjoyed the stories embraced in this volume, especially "A Family Feud," and we are not at all certain that either Mr. Page or Mr. Harris can do better in their portrayal of Southern country life before the war.



It is a cheering fact to the American people that there are no less than five thousand correspondents now at the various war centres. And when we add that Mr. Richard Harding Davis is among them, the news seems almost too good to be true. One cheering view of the war is the possibility that some of these war correspondents may never see their native land again. Even the accounts of their death in the yellow journals would be preferable to the continued superabundance of trash which they have showered upon our people.



The six articles which appeared in the *Outlook* under the title of the "Message of the World's Religions," have been published in book form by Longmans, Green & Co. (New York). Judaism is treated by Rabbi Gottheil, Confucianism by A. H. Smith,

Mohammedanism by Robert Washburn, Brahmanism by Professor Lanman, Buddhism by Prof. Rhys-Davids, and Christianity by Dr. Lyman Abbott. A companion volume will include the articles published under the title of "Aids to the Devout Life." Both these volumes will be valuable additions to any library.



Few people know that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and now prominently before the public as Lieutenant-Colonel of the "Rough Rider" Regiment, has ever dabbled in literature. He has published a "History of the War of 1812," "The Life of Governor Morris," "The Life of Thomas H. Benton," "The Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," and has recently completed the fourth volume of his history of "The Winning of the West and Southwest from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi." We still look for this gentleman to distinguish himself.



"Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy" is the title of a volume of thoughtful essays on topics of current public interest by Mr. E. L. Godkin, the editor of the New York *Evening Post*. This volume is as free from prejudice, from undue optimism or pessimism, and from boastfulness as one could wish. Mr. Godkin takes a stand somewhere between President Eliot on the one hand and Mr. W. T. Stead on the other in discussing our political affairs and social conditions. Mr. Godkin aims to point out "some of the departures it has made from the ways which its earlier promoters expected it to follow." He shows that democracy has generally done the unexpected thing; but encourages us by the opinion that recent writers who have said that we have shown our inability to correct our mistakes, are wrong. There are no short cuts to political happiness, but we must patiently work out our political problem by learning from experience the mistakes of the past and eradicating them from our political system. The essays treat of such subjects as "Equality," "The Nominating System," "The Decline of Legislatures," "Peculiarities of American Municipal Government," etc.

EXCHANGES.

JAS. O. PERNELL, Editor pro tem.

“The Judgment Day” was concluded in the May number of *The Eatonian*. We hardly know what to say about its literary merit. It deserves notice, certainly, because it has to do with our destiny, our final doom; but we must confess that our thoughts of that last, dark day are accompanied by very dismal feelings, and we dislike to read anything that has a tendency to awaken these thoughts. “Grecian Aestheticism” is a little essay on Grecian art and culture, and it does much toward maintaining the long-established standard of the magazine. It is more artistic than “The Judgment Day,” and in it there is no “writhing and squirming of the undying worm in agony upon its restless couch of living fire.”

The April number of *The Peabody Record* reflects special credit on the institution it represents. The short, spicy extracts demand our attention. The two essays, “What is the Legitimate Scope of Trade-Unions?” and “For What Shall we Love Milton?” give us thoughts to think on, while the poetry makes us dream. We quote:

THE ROSE'S SECRET.

A crisis in my life had come—
Two paths before me lay;
The one was fair, the other set with thorns.
“Which shall I choose? O, say!”
I asked my heart.

“Choose thou the fair. Why hesitate?
 Rose-strewn its whole length lies.
 What if it leads to death? Be nature's child,—
 The flow'r that blooms—then dies,”
 My heart replied.

I plucked a crimson rose, and gazed
 Deep in its heart. A tear
 Lay there, whose meaning only I might know,
 I sought the pathway near—
 The path of thorns.

The *Tennessee University Magazine* is a tip-top number this time. It has been some time since we read a love story in any of our Southern college magazines that will equal either “Why Barnett Flunked” or “The Beautiful Miss Andrews.” The magazine is noted also for its poetry, and in no wise has it fallen short of its high standard in this issue. We wish space permitted us to quote one or two of the poems, especially “In Tennessee.”

MY SWEETHEART'S EYES.

Mid the heavens at darkest night,
 A thousand suns do shine;
 Each centre of a system bright,
 Perhaps more vast than mine.

Yet all these rolling orbs of fire
 That shine forth with their might,
 While brightening up the darkness dire,
 To me give little light.

One orb, one sun removes the blight
 Of darkness from my soul,
 Affording me the steady light
 Which helps me to my goal.

That orb, that sun belongs to me,
 Is nearest of them all;
 Gives life to man, and beast and tree
 That happens in its thrall.

Likewise is there for me on earth
 But one pair shining eyes;
 Within the wealth of their full worth
 My spirit ever lies.

There are other eyes which round me shine,
 All colors, soft and bright;
 Their flashing glances I decline
 And turn to mine for light.

Like a beacon to a mariner,
 They save me from the shoals,
 And are the suns which light so clear
 My pathway to life's goals.

From out the power of those sweet eyes
 I do not care to roam;
 But will remain by my sweet prize
 Till I am gathered home.

We clip "My Sweetheart's Eyes" from *The Messenger*. In the same magazine we find a well-written essay on "Struggles for Religious Liberty in Virginia." The writer uses good language, and knits thoughts together in forcible unity.

The Carolinian is a splendid journal, and we expect a literary feast when it is received. "Le Vengeur de l'Infidélité" is a good picture of the bitter ending of unfaithfulness. "While all the Woods are Green" merits notice. "Wanderer's Night Song" is a creditable translation of Goethe's poem, but after one has read it in the original he can hardly appreciate a translation.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine is a bright-faced visitor, and within its blue backs are hid some very pleasant stories and excellent essays. And the poetry is by no means feeble. We quote from its "Clippings:"

HER BEAUTY.

Not gentle had God formed her face nor fair ;
Unkindly had the years' thick-gathering train
Deep graved her cheek with sorrow's bitter rain,
Like some grim, rugged cliff sea-worn and bare.
At last one evening, tired and worn with care,
She laid aside her weight of grief and pain ;
We thought she did but sleep, nor knew the grain
Had ripened to its full and golden ear.
Yet when we looked upon the care-lined face,
We saw a strange sweet beauty written there—
A holy loveliness, serene and rare,
And as we marvelled at this new-found grace,
One said, "How near to Him she must have trod,"
And then we knew it was the light of God.

And here is the *Wofford College Journal*, a fine magazine, worthy of all the praise that it receives. "The Momentum of the Retarded South" is an excellent oration. We are sure that the Preston Society is proud of its Lee.

There are other magazines on our exchange table which deserve notice on account of their literary merit, but we cannot speak of them all this time.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

WM. P. ETCHISON, Editor pro tem.

OUR COLLEGE was well represented at the Southern Baptist Convention, which recently met at Norfolk.

MESSRS. J. C. MCNEILL, W. P. Etchison, T. D. Savage, and J. N. Bradley have been chosen as editors of THE STUDENT for the next year.

MR. R. P. DAVIS, from the Eu. Society, and Mr. L. Cottingham, from the Phi. Society, were awarded the medals for the most improvement made in oratory and debate during the year.

IT SEEMED as if the very elements, together with the faculty, students, and visitors, were determined to make this Commencement the best one in many respects in the history of the College.

AFTER this issue of THE STUDENT the newly-elected staff of editors take up their duties for the next year, and although we believe in improving as time passes, yet if we can but keep the magazine up to the high standard of literary excellence which it has attained under the management of our predecessors, we will feel satisfied with our efforts.

THE following gentlemen have been elected as representatives of their respective societies next anniversary: President of debate, Robert Stephenson; Secretary, Oscar Speer; Orator from Eu. Society, Clyde Turner;

from Phi., P. S. Carlton; First Debater from Phi., Walter N. Johnson; from Eu., W. A. McCall; Second Debater from Phi., Oscar Powers; from Eu., R. E. Sentelle.

EXAMINATIONS are now a thing of the past, and the weary and homesick freshman has turned his face towards the parental roof, and has by this time finished telling to anxious parents the experiences of his first year in college. It would have been much better if he could have waited, before relating these stories of his until after Commencement, but we appreciate his condition, and remember that we did likewise, and perhaps had something to do with setting him the example.

AT A recent meeting of the Wake Forest Athletic Association, Mr. E. B. Gresham was again elected manager of the baseball club for the next season, with Mr. Robert Gwaltney as captain, and Mr. Coggins field captain. Mr. T. Pence, of Raleigh, was elected President of the Association. Each and everyone of these gentlemen are ardent supporters of athletics, and if they can only get the support and encouragement of the student body, we predict that under their management Wake Forest will next year put on the diamond a team far superior to any in the past.

ONCE again the campus and College buildings are wrapped in a quiet solitude. The Commencement of '98 has come and gone and nothing save the pleasant memories of those four happy days remains with us. The giant oak and the verdant magnolia seem to vie with us in their sorrow for those departed ones who only a short time ago sat beneath their shady branches, and made us forget the long and lonely days when we would be entirely separated from them except "as fond recollections

present them to view." Why should these trees not mourn as well as ourselves? It is the only means by which some of them can keep from disclosing the secret words and looks which were given only in the presence of them, and the whispering zephyrs, and one other person, and this "other person" is the secret of the trees, and if by weeping they can carry their heavy load of secrets more easily, there are many happy maidens who should wish that a fountain of tears might pour forth unceasingly until another Commencement rolls round and *their* secrets are swallowed up in the secrets of others.

ON MONDAY evening at 8. 30, Hon. Walter A. Montgomery, of the Supreme Court Bench of North Carolina, addressed the Law Department. This address was a treat to every student who means to make the practice of the law his profession, not so much on account of the oratory of the speaker, but because the address from beginning to end was full of good and practical advice to students of the law. We predict that in years to come the effects of this address will still be felt and that perhaps long after the venerable Judge shall have passed away, his advice will still be held precious to some of those who heard him. The speaker impressed upon his hearers the fact that the law is a jealous mistress, and that success lies only in a close application to the books. That the day of shysters has passed and that strict honesty both with clients and witnesses must be carried out, not simply because such a course is right, but because any variation from this course will sooner or later lead the lawyer to utter ruin both in reputation and in his practice. Such advice coming from one so ripe with years of experience cannot but have its effect.

On Tuesday evening at 8. 30, Memorial Hall was

filled almost to overflowing. Every one seemed to realize the treat in store for him, and no one went away disappointed. The speaker of the evening was Mr. E. E. Hilliard, of North Carolina, who delivered the annual Alumni address. His subject was "The Ideal Constituency through Individuality." He dwelt upon the fact that a constituency composed of shallow notions and ungenerous motives was not worthy of the name, and that like the moth it would soon fall a quivering and lifeless mass while pursuing its course after a false delusion. No true constituency is formed save through individuality. Every man should be himself, but should be his best self. A true constituency must be based upon a belief which is as strong as the rock itself. The speaker in beautiful language impressed upon his hearers the fact that Mr. Gough *believed something* and that to-day his constituency covers two continents, and well-nigh encircles the globe. The address was closed with a beautiful tribute to Mr. Vance, which produced cheer after cheer from the appreciative audience. We have heard many speak of the address as being the best one of the kind they ever heard.

After the address the Alumni Association met and transacted their annual routine of business.

By Wednesday morning every hotel and boarding-house was filled to overflowing with visitors who had been drawn from all over this and other States by the reputation of Dr. E. B. Andrews, of Brown University. At 10.30 a. m., Dr. Andrews began his address. His subject was "Character and Higher Education." Over a thousand persons eagerly bent forward to hear this great educator, whose every word seemed to be grasped and assimilated by his hearers. He dwelt upon the

fact that an education was not a piling on, but that it should be a drawing out and broadening process. An all-around educated man should be as symmetrical as Venus, as pure as gold, and as high as Heaven. Dr. Andrews did not hesitate to criticise the principles of teaching in vogue in some of our colleges and universities. It was a deep and able address and one which will long be remembered by all who heard it.

Wednesday evening at 8. 15 the Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered by Dr. Smith, of Richmond, Va. It was an able sermon and much enjoyed by those who heard it.

Thursday was Commencement Day proper. The class having assembled on the platform of Wingate Memorial Hall, the speakers were called out in order by the President. Mr. J. C. McNeill, of Richmond County, made the Valedictory address, which at times sparkled with wit, and at others was filled with sadness at parting from his class. The Salutatory address was delivered by Mr. T. H. Lacy, of Virginia, and was witty all the way through. After the speeches were made, the President delivered the diplomas, and the vacation of the haughty senior was at last a reality.

Thursday evening was the time for gayety and pleasure. By eight o'clock the hall was filled with merry couples whose tongues almost drowned the beautiful music of the First Regimental Band of Richmond. As the hours passed away the crowd gradually adjourned to the Society halls, and participated in the Social Banquet. It was easy to see that this was by far the most enjoyable part of Commencement. It was very amusing to us to hear on every side such questions as "Don't you think our hall is the prettier?" which was, of course, followed by the consoling answer, "Oh! it is perfectly lovely!"

And we firmly believe that before the evening was over there was not a single young lady who had not promised to forever remain loyal to one or other of the two Societies, and we expect some of them promised to remain loyal to another society composed of *one!*

Friday was the day of good-byes, and to us it seemed as if the pleasure of meeting was almost destroyed by the sadness of parting, but we will live in hopes that at least some of those who departed will come again, and that pleasant memories of the Commencement of '98 may cluster around them until the time for their return.

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