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EDITORIAL.

Editorial Correspondence.

COMMENCEMENT.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
June 14th, 1883.

It is always a pleasure to us to attend these annual gatherings of the old friends and patrons of the school for many are the hallowed memories of the past drawn hither by the silver cord of association. Trinity is located in one of the most beautiful sections of the country. The lands are highly cultivated, the farmers prosperous, climate salubrious, and water pure. Since we first visited this College many wonderful improvements have taken place in and around Trinity. The landscape is beautiful, residences handsome, the fields are now waving with the golden grain, the meadows are clothed with a lovely mantle of clover and herds grass, and everything beautiful greets the eye on every hand. Here I spent my school days and myriads of happy recollections crowd our memory—the veil of the past is lifted and we again live over the happy by gones—'School days" are taismante words which dispel all gloom—and bring forth bright cheerful thoughts and pleasant memories of the by gones. These magnetic words seem to electrify and enthuse us, for they are suggestive of the bright moments spent here "long ago." They re-call the familiar faces, the kind greetings over whose memory we love to linger.

Yesterday, (Wednesday,) has always been regarded as one of the big days, as it is the day for the delivery of the Annual Address and Sermon. A large crowd assembled in the Chapel early in the morning to hear the Annual Sermon by Rev. Dr. A. G. Haygood of Ga. They were sadly disappointed when Prof. Pegram announced that he had received a telegram from Dr. Haygood stating that he could not be present, on account of the serious illness of his mother. Rev. Mr. Gregory, of Wilson, N. C. was substituted in Dr. H's. place, and preached a most excellent sermon, abounding in sound doctrine. Though comparatively a young man, he is one of the most eloquent members of the N. C. Conference.

At 3 o'clock, P. M. the Address before the literary societies was delivered by Jas. W. Reid, Esq., of Rockingham Co. N. C. He is justly entitled to the cognomen of the silver tongued orator of North Carolina. He chose for his subject: "The Culture of the Times; What it is, and what it ought to be." The subject was handled in a masterly manner, and at times his flights of eloquence were simply enchanting. He was frequently enthusiastically applauded, and carried his audience by storm. Take it from beginning to end, it was the finest address that has been delivererd at Trinity, and many illustrious orators have held their audience in wrapt attention on former occasions. We are under obligations to Mr. Reid, for two extracts from his admirable address which we give below:

The culture of the times, he said, seeks to divorce science and religion. We need a culture that teaches that science and religion are co-workers for the blessing of man and the glory of God.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."

Turning to the young men of the College, he asked: And what culture, young gentlemen, have we for the real men of the country—the farmer and the mechanic; the men who have made the Republic mighty and prosperous? Alas, the great world of unformed mind is taught to regard the prizes of professional and political life as desirable above all things; that education is not necessary for the farmer and mechanic—that if an educated man is going to make anything of himself, he must be in public or professional life. Some parents would almost as soon bury their sons as to educate them for plow boys and apprentices. The result is to crowd professional life with mounte-banks and inferior men, and political life with demagogues; to rear a race of mediocre youth, seeking easy stuations in the shade, whose highest ambition seems to be to wear good clothes, smoke paper cigarettes, and find their intellectual level in the flashy literature of the day. If every incompetent and inefficient professional man were in the place where he belongs and for which God intended him, what a supply of farm laborers and mechanics would be given to the producing interest of the country. Aye, if some politicians and office-holders found the place where they belong, what an impetus would be given to stone-dressing in some of our public institutions! The time has come for us to thoroughly overhaul our notions of education, and devote ourselves to the training of skillful workmen, as well as astute doctors, and lawyers, and ministers, and politicians. That man will be accounted a benefactor who teaches this generation that there is no educational mill of preparation for professional life by which a true man is just as much a man with his coat off turning a furrow, shooting a plane, or whirling a spindle as when it is on plying the avocations of professional life;—that culture and education are as necessary to the development of true manhood in the farmer and mechanic and day-laborer, as in the lawyer and doctor; that knowledge is not for a few who carry titles and professional honors, *but for all*; that there is no inconsistency in the conjunction of hard, rugged labor and education; that when men see everywhere respectably educated, the world will get a blessing, and the progress of the nation magnified many fold,—that culture crowns and blesses all—the pale student and the swart artisan, the sun-embrowned child of labor and the softer son of luxury—that there is as much of well doing due to the humble artisan who patently works that he may make the home of his wife and little ones happy, as there is for the professional man—that manhood after God's original pattern overtops all professions and titles—that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
A man's a man for a' that."

TRIBUTE TO DR. CRAVEN.

In coming, young gentlemen, to this literary festival to lay an umble flower among the immortelles that bedeck the shrine—as an example of the influence that true culture may exert, of the noble results that true culture may achieve, go stand with me on yonder hill at the grave of the priest who reared this temple, and who for so many years, ministered at its altars; view his life, his work, the influence he set in motion, and tell me if they ever lay to rest any nobler dust, even in the great English pantheon?

"Truly a king of men; a king whose birth
Sprang not from kings of great of earth:
Bare of the might that sceptered splendor brings,
The faithful servant of the King of kings.

Truly a bard a bard who sang no song,
Flooding Heaven's gates in stormy tides and strong.
Yet left one strain with lofty purpose rife,
The simple record of a noble life.

Born amid the hills of Randolph, with no legacy but his brains and no inheritance but his indomitable courage; put to hard manuel service in tender years; at the age of seventeen teaching a little country school in an old log school house for two quarter sessions; two years later attending New Garden Academy for nine months on the proceeds which his economy had saved from his little school, and a crop of corn made with his own hands; and one year's tutorship in the old Union Institute that stood on yonder campus make up the tuition of that man whom in after years, before his sun had crossed the meridian, two colleges and two universities delighted to honor with literary degrees, and who, though stricken down in the very flush of his power and manhood, leaves the fruits of his scholarship scattered like golden sheaves all over the State. He needs no eulogy. The fittest panegyric that I could pronounce is found in the fact that for eight long months these curators have not found a man, among all Carolina's gifted sons, to fill his place—and they never will! His best monument is this temple of learning and this brilliant assemblage rendering homage at its altars. Trinity was the ideal and the inspiration of his life—for Trinity he laid down his life. May her fame and usefulness be as imperishable as that of her founder! In a superior calling he relinquished the glittering prizes of life, sought and found in the pursuit of truth, in the noble offices of the teacher, in the vocation of the Christian scholar, the end and the reward of living. I had rather live the life that Braxter Craven lived, set in motion the influence for good that he started, help to an education the scores of poor young men he aided, have my name embalmed in such a precious memory as he has left behind, and be buried in the "potter's field" in a pauper's coffin, sleep isolated and alone beneath the stars, with no requiem save the night winds, and with no loving hands to deck my humble tomb, than, with the fame of earth's martial heroes, to have my ashes followed by such a funeral cortege as went after Leon Gambetta to the wind-swept cemetery of Nice, and to be laid to rest in Westminister Abbey among England's illustrious dead, or repose on the banks of the sacred Jumna beneath the marble glories of the Taj Mahal!

As I stand here to-day in this presence near that old chapel where I drank in some of life's freshness and contemplate the life of the peerless Craven, and there comes crowding into the soul the hallowed recollections of our other consecrated dead—Doub, Barringer and my own sainted father—who stood by him and upheld his hands in his noble efforts to give the church and the State this grand institution, I feel that there is no place more fit for a man to live than that hallowed by the pious walks and precious memories of his ancestors, and no place so meets all the instincts of a noble manhood for a sepulchre as a chamber beside the graves that contain all that is earthly to them.

If, young gentlemen, in the battle of life, you will be as faithful to the best interest of humanity as was the lamented Craven, when the sun of your life, like God's sun, shall decline to its setting, "an influence to cheer and to bless will long linger behind you like the radiance which beams from the twilight of a summer's sky."

At the meeting of the Alumni Association yesterday, Geo. S. Bradshaw, of the Asheboro *Courier*, was elected President, and Rev. N. M. Jouney the Orator for next Commencement. At night, there was a memorial meeting in honor of the lamented Braxter Craven—the first and only President of Trinity College until to-day. Gov. Jarvis, and Dr. W. M. Robey, made feeling addresses. The Board of Trustees after several meetings succeeded in electing a President of the College. Rev. Marcus L. Wood, Presiding Elder of the Charlotte District is the man. To-day Dr. J. T Bagwell, of Charlotte, and Rev. J. F. Heitman of Chapel Hill, were elected Professors. We were unable to hear the Senior speaking. There are 18 graduates—the largest class ever graduated at this institution. With the new President and excellent corps of teachers, we bespeak for Trinity a hearty and enthusiastic support from the Conference and Methodist Church of this State.

HACK.

THE STAR ROUTE THIEVES.

The country was startled at the finding of the jury in the Star Route trial. Although the thieves Dorsey and Brady are guilty and have been so proven, but it has been the opinion for some time that there would either be a hung jury or the thieves acquitted. The trial has been in progress for nearly seven months, and the jury now say for their verdict, "Not guilty." Col. Waddell in the Charlotte *Journal-Observer*, who is familiar with the case says:

"The farce of the Star Route trial was brought to an end yesterday, the jury rendering a verdict of "not guilty." The country is not suprised by this verdict, for it had long since ceased to expect a conviction, and looked for either another hung jury, as in the first trial, or for such a verdict as has been rendered. The progress of the trials has been watched first with interest and then with disgust, as the farce was developed and each actor played his part. Dorsey and Brady, the two principal figures and culprits, walked in and out of court with an air of defiance, while their attorneys bullied and sneered at the court in turn, and acted pretty much as if they owned the whole concern. Month after month the court dragged its slow length along, thousands of pages of testimony were taken, the longest speeches on record were delivered by the best paid counsel, hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent in the progress of the preliminary investigation and in the trials that followed, and then the farcical proceedings are followed by the farcical verdict of "not guilty.' We are not surprised at the verdict, for we have never entertained the belief for a moment that two such distinguished Republican leaders as Dorsey and Brady would be convicted. They were in a position to defy conviction, and Mr. Dorsey did not hesitate to say that in the event of his conviction he would make it hot for some of his distinguished former associates, and that by the time the bottom of that tin box filled with secret history had been reached, they would wish the Star Route trials had never been begun. He played his game boldly, for he knew that in boldness lay his safety. As secretary of the National Republican Executive Committee he was familiar with the secret history of party management, and the chief director of the Indiana campaign that proceeded Garfield's election, when his work told with vital, effect, he had it in his power a tale to unfold that would narrow the souls of more than one distinguished Republican leader who now walks with heads erect and reputations unsmirched. The fact is, Dorsey was not whit worse than dozens of others with whom he co-operated, and who enjoyed the fruit of his successful villainy. He was simply a bolder man than they, and for that reason he went to the front and took the management. When the reform cyclone struck the country, he was put up as a scape goat, while those with whom he acted apparently cut his acquaintance, and even seemed anxious that he should be punished. But while they seemed so they were not in reality so for they managed to permit the escape from the country of such important personages as ex-Senator Spencer, who, as witnesses, would have been dangerous. When Dorsey saw himself thus called upon to meet criminal prosecution, and found himself publicly deserted by men in high places, who had co-operated with him and applauded the work he did, he found that his safety lay in holding over their heads the threat of exposure in the event of conviction, and he won. Had he shown the white feather, or not held possession of the information he does, the probilities are that his trial would have been closed long ago, and that he would ere this be engaged in some occupation within the walls of a penitentiary."

THE SCHOOL MUDDLE AGAIN

In our article last week on the Graded School controversy we said in regard to the originator of the present Graded School bill:

We assert without fear of contridiction that the idea of the present Graded School act was suggested by that large hearted able and public spirited citizen Prof. S. F. Tomlinson, who asked Mr. Green at the first of the session to introduce the bill. Mr. G. promised to do so. The matter was postponed until after the middle of the session. Mr. G. came to Durham and Mr. T. asked him why he had not introduced the Graded School bill; he replied that he could not draw the bill, and asked Mr. T. to draft it for him, Mr. T. told him that he (Mr. G.) could draw it, to examine other Graded School acts and copy the leading feacures, but to insert the main features that are now embraced in the Durham Graded School act.

Mr. Tomlinson *says* that *we* misunderstood him as saying that Mr. Green said he could not draw the bill, but says he used the following language, "that Mr. Green said the reason the bill had not been introduced, he was waiting for him (Mr. T.) to draw it." We thought we used Mr. T's *exact* language, but as Mr. T. *thinks* we were in error, we cheerfully make the correction. It was not our intention to reflect upon Mr. Green's ability to draw the bill, but simply to prove that he was not the originator of the bill as he insinuated in a previous issue of the *Plant*. If we have done him injustice, we regret it, for it was not so intended, we said only what we understood from Mr. T. to be the facts in the case.

Mr. Green denies having any such conversation, and pronounces it false. It will be proven on him next week, after then we will leave him to his conscience and his God.

Passion Flower and Other Poems.

BY THEO H. HILL & P. W. WILEY. Raleigh, N. C.

We take pleasure in calling attention to this little volume, the work of a North Carolina poet of whom the State may feel justly proud.

Several of the pieces contained in the present volume were published, the author informs us under the title of Hesper and Other Poems in 186. They were if we mistake not formally received by the public and may not be unknown to many of our readers, the other poems the finest of later years are not unworthy to appear alongside the productions of youthful genius, and we can only regret that the author has not seen fit to favor us with more of what he calls the flowers of a meagre aftermath.

Invidious of fancy and melody of diction, Mr. Hill shows himself a true poet and the rythmic flow of several pieces, notably the fragment called The Last Estate, recall some of the happiest efforts of Edgar Allen Poe, while all poems of nature cannot fail to recognise the truth and beauty of some of the discriptions of natural objects. If we may venture a criticism we would say, that at times we cannot help regretting that the author has been led into the error of using words which however melodious in themselves are too far fetched and too unfamiliar to the general reader to add any beauty to the composition. We are aware that in this respect he follows the illustrious example of the Brownings, Keats and Poe, to say nothing of Swinbourne, Oscar Wilde, and others of that school, but this does not render the practice less objectionable to all lovers of "pure English undefiled and we feel sure that a master of languages such as Mr. Hill has shown himself to be can write most melodious verse, without resorting to such words as "isdolon," "septuple splendors" "porphyrozene" etc to express his ideas. Barring this fault, if fault, it be, there is no room for adverse criticism, and we don't hesitate to assure our readers that the volume as a whole will repay a careful perusal, and we bespeak for it a place in the library of every lover of poetry, and especially of every North Carolinian who wishes to encourage home talent, and who is willing that a poet should (as alas he not too surely does) "have honor in his own country."

In conclusion we must call attention to the beautiful get up of the volume, which is published in Raleigh by our young friend P. W. Wiley. It is beautifully printed on handsome paper, and in point of execution would do credit to any Northern publishing home.

The Crop of 1883.

That this has been an anomalous spring as regards meteorological conditions none will doubt, and many had about concluded that the year 1883, in this particular, would be analogous to that of 1216, in which year, it is said, no actual summer occurred. But some sections suffered less by the anomalous weather than others. In the South and West violent winds and destructive tornadoes, as well as hail storms, occured frequently during the months of April and May. Sandwiched between this were warm, sultry days. In the Northern and South eastern States, as well as a portion of the Middle States, cold and warm weather alternated, and very little rain fell during the mouth of May.

To the Tobacco planters of Virginia North Carolina and the Eastern part of Tennessee, this weather wasn't favorable and encouraging, and hence the complaint is general from that section that the young plants (part of which are not yet planted) are stunted and scarce, and that in consequence but a very small crop, under the most favorable circumstances, can be gathered this year, and that the crop of "bright" will be exceedingly small. As that Tobacco now planted will prove quite inferior not coloring properly before frosts occur. The planting of this section, it is confidently predicted, will not average a half crop.

The planters of the Middle States Kentucky, Ohia, Tennessee, West Virginia, Indiana and Missouri, have fared better, so far, than their Southern brethren, and while planting has been somewhat delayed, and plants are in some instances rare, yet there are no serious drawbacks to a good crop which will certainly be the result if average weather prevails during the growing season. The growing custom of canvassing plant beds has no doubt assisted in preserving plants against variable weather and the pestiferous fly. This season has given a practical illustration of the value of this custom.

In some of the Seed Leaf States there may be a slight reduction in acreage, but generally there will be a fair crop planted. In Ohio the crop will be good as well as New York, fair in the Connecticut Valley, and in Pennsylvania and Wisconsin a reduction is likely to occur.—*Tobacco Journal.*

STATE NEWS.

Lexington *Dispatch*: Mr. G. E. Leonard called to see us a few days ago. He has tried living in two Western States, Indiana and Kansas, and come back to stay in North Carolina. Life in the West is not all that it is claimed to be.

Rutherfordton *Banner*: The Mormon preachers left Rutherfordton somewhat hastily—a party of young men tried to have a talk with them but the brethren were not exactly prepared for the kind of argument proposed by the hunters.

Rockingham *Spirit*: James H. Aycock obtained a judgement for $3,750 against the Raleigh and Augusta Air Line Railroad for damages to his turpentine farm of 2 500 acres, situated on the line of said road, which was occasion by a fire resulting from a spark from one of the road's engines.

Greensboro *Workman*: It is now expected that Dr. M. A. Cheek, who left his home in Orange county, June 22d, 1874, and went to Siam as a Missionary Surgeon, will be at home in the course of a month or two. His return was decided on some time ago, his health requiring the change.

Alamance *Gleaner*: A dog foaming at the mouth and cutting up some strange antics, was taken for mad and shot on the streets last Friday evening.

Dr. W. C. Tarpley, one of the oldest citzens of the county, died at his home at Company Shops last Sunday night and was buried at Providence cemetery Tuesday afternoon.

A little more than a month ago the foundations for the Sidney Cotton Mills were dug and brick-laying commenced, and last Wednesday the walls were completed.

Tobacco growers have had an excellent time for setting plants within the last week. Many will set a full crop, others not more than a half or third, while there are some who will set only a small portion of a crop. The recent rains have helped things mightily, and it is reasonable to presume that the crop set will be pretty fair.

Asheville *Citizen*: We regret to learn, through Mr. W. T. Justice, that a son of Mr. John Morgan was drowned last Saturday evening in Mr. Nelson Smather's mill pond, in this county. He went in bathing, and it is supposed he could not swim and got beyond his depth. The young man was 17 years of age, and a very promising young man. The whole community sympathize with the distressed family.

Wilson *Advance*: Fabius H. Busbee Esq., one of Raleigh's most pleasant speakers and able lawyers, has been in great demand on Commencement occasions this year. He has delivered not less than ten addresses. We regard him as one of North Carolina's best orators.

Charlotte *Critic*: We have at present sixteen prisoners in our county jail, two whites and fourteen blacks.

North Carolina leads all the Southern States in the number of graduates at West Point this year. It has four out of fifty-two.

Elizabeth City *Economist*: We hear of several new houses going up at Nag's Head. This is as it should be. Let Nag's Head be the nursery of the Albemarle.

Charlotte has a neat evening paper. The first number appeared on Tuesday. It is called the *Evening Critic* and it is published by George Daoughherty. We extend our best wishes for success.

Elizabeth City *Falcon*: Treasurer Geo. W. Cobb has entered suit against ex Sheriff T. J. Murden and bondsmen for $7,000. The suit is to recover the amount (about $6,000) due by the Sheriff to the country on the tax-list of 1882.

Greensboro *Workman*: The sermon preached before the Marvin Missionary Society of Greensboro Female College, on Sunday night last, by Rev. Mr. Guinn, of Wilson, deserves to be mentioned with commendation. The diction of the Reverend gentleman is quite ornate and his thinking clear.

Mocksville *Times*: Harry Daniels was tried and convicted on Tuesday for incest with his daughter and was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. We think that the full extent of the law, which is five years should have been given him and the next Legislature should make it a hanging crime, for all such brutes.

Wilson *Advance*: Maj. Waitt, of Petersburg, State Architect of Virginia, has been in Wilson this week inspecting lumber from several saw mills preparatory to shipping it to Virginia to be used in the public buildings of that State. Wilson's lumber trade is assuming large proportions as is evidenced by the quantity shipped every day.

Raleigh *News-Observer*: It is understood that the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College may elect a President at their meeting to-day.

——Professor Joshua W. Gore, who is earning a high reputation in his chair of naturl philosophy and astronomy at the University, has sailed for Europe to spend his vacation in the inspection of the German and English Universitses. He will purchase in Germany a considerable amount of apparatus for instruction in his department.

Asheville *Citizen*: The Franklin Hotel, at Franklin, has been crowded for some days past with Ohioans, prospecting for homes in that attractive country. Several have bought farms

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It is the easiest thing in the world for a father to give his daughter a check for ten thousand dollars on her wedding day; but it is the hardest thing in the world for the bride or any other person to get it cashed.—*Norristown Herald.*

Women kiss each other because there isn't anything else in the world worth kissing. Any man of sound mind and mature years will make affidavit to this statement. You never see men wasting kisses on each other. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A young lady should never visit a restaurant after the opera or theatre alone with a male companion. She should always have a your lady friend with her, even if it do stick the young man for five dollars extra. Etiquette must be observed.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"All the world's a stage, and one man in his time plays many parts," says Shakespeare. That might have been so in your day, William; but it won't hold good since the hand-organ man came into existence. He continues to play but few parts, but he never tires of repeating them.—*Gold Leaf.*

"Here you, didn't you read the sign—It is against the rule to smoke in these cars?" "Yes I read your blamed old sign and I have not broken your rule yet. I'm smoking in the single number in this one car just now. When I smoke in 'these cars' then it will be time for you to talk."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Your son has been knocked off the railroad and killed," exclaimed a man, approaching an Arkansaw colonel. "Who knocked him off?" excitedly demanded the colonel. "A railroad engine." "Well, that begins to explain matters, for I knew devilish well he wasn't knocked off by an ordinary man. He was one of the boys, let me tell you."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A sporting paper says that a certain base ball player was "fined twenty-five dollars for missing a fly." Persons who have watched the antics of a bald-headed man as he strikes aimlessly at a fly will wonder how long the richest bald-headed man's purse would hold out if he were obliged to pay twenty-five dollars for a miss.—*Peck's Sun.*

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