

FORGOTTEN.

Ah, me! there was a time, long, long ago,
When joy and pride
Filled to the brim a beating heart,
As tender eyed
A maid most sweet with timid feet
Would wander on
Content to be where'er thou wert.
And rest upon
Thy heaving bosom as it told
Its tale of love,
No witness there the truth to prove,
But stars above,
And shadowy woods and rippling stream,
And cooing dove.
Ah, little dove, didst thou but know
As to thy nest
Thou and thy mate were lying fast,
Sweetly to rest,
What the dear future could disclose,
Thou wouldst mourn on
And ever mourn through day and night
With sadder tone.
And rippling stream thy note would change
To sorrow's wail,
And faster wouldst thou flow o'er rocky bed,
Through wooded dale—
Till thou didst reach the ocean wild and wide,
And then wouldst pour
Thy sorrows in her lap, and she with these
Forever more.
Would weep and weep, and the wild and wider be
Through ebb and flow,
Oh, shadowy wood! the trusting place
Where heart to heart
They soon would part,
Thou wouldst be still, thy willows weep,
And sadness steal
Into thy heart, forevermore to brood,
Until all space
Was filled with gloomy shadows dark as night,
And every race
So stifled with the thickness of the gloom
That all would die;
But then the awful shadows moving on
Towards the sky
Would even blot out sun and moon and stars,
So that no light
Could ever shine on the world again
But endless night,
In awful mystic silence there would reign
—Lily Tellers Rodgers.

Printers' Peculiarities.

A printer don't rush to a doctor every time he is out of sorts. Nor to a bakery when he wants pi, nor to the woodpile when he wants a stick. Nor to the Bible when he wants a good rule. Nor to the gunsmith when he wants a shooting stick. Nor to the cabinet shop when he wants furniture. Nor to the bank when he wants quins. Nor to the girls when he wants a press. Nor to the lawyers when he has a dirty case. Nor to the butcher when he wants phat. Nor to the pump when he is dry and has ten cents in his pocket.—Ex.

An Appeal to the Public.

There lie buried in various parts of battlefield of Bentonville, N. C. quite a number of Confederate dead, who fell in battle at that place and others are buried near by who died from their wounds.

The U. S. Government have removed all those who fell on the Union side, and it is the desire of the Goldsboro Rifles to remove the Confederate dead who are scattered throughout the battle field, and which has since grown up with trees and bushes, to some suitable place near the line of battle and erect a monument to mark their last resting place.

The cost of the undertaking will be very heavy on account of nearest distance to railroad being 17 miles, and the undertaking, without outside assistance, cannot be accomplished.

We, the committee, appointed by the Rifles, do most respectfully call upon all those who feel disposed to aid in this worthy cause for contributions, assuring them that all donations of money, or any article of merchandise, no matter how small the value, will be gratefully appreciated.

Contributions can be sent to any member of the committee—receipt of same will be duly acknowledged.

Very respectfully,

COMMITTEE.

GOLDSBORO RIFLES.
Capt. T. H. Bain, Lieut. John W. Gulick, Sgt. J. R. Griffin, Corp. Thos. Hill, Private Jos. E. Robinson, Private R. A. Creech.

RESERVE CORPS:
I. F. Dortch, Maj. W. T. Holwell, Capt. W. T. Dortch, Jno. W. Edwards, J. M. Powell.

VETERAN CORPS:
Henry Lee, B. M. Privett, Capt. T. W. Slomburg, Dr. W. H. H. Cobb, Capt. S. D. Phillips.

The Perfume of Violets
The purity of the perfume, the glow of the rose, and the flush of Hebe combine in Pozzoni's wondrous Poind.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

What an Observant Teacher
Thinks of the People at Chapel Hill, and the Work They are Doing.

Editor Argus:

One coming to Chapel Hill, as I did to-day, knowing nothing of what is being done at the University Summer School for Teachers, will be agreeably surprised to find such a large gathering of teachers and other people of culture; and will be infected at once with the spirit of study that pervades the atmosphere of this cool, green, quiet spot. There is more intellectual activity to-day in Chapel Hill than anywhere else in North Carolina. For here a goodly number of the leading teachers of the State—men and women—are gathered together for study and mutual improvement.

My excuse for asking space in your paper for this letter is, that many teachers, in our Graded School, and others, have come to me for information concerning the University Summer School. It has been impossible to tell definitely, before the school began, what would be the work in each department. But the school opened Monday, the 11th, and I wished to come, see for myself who are here, what is being done, and through the ARGUS tell the teachers of our part of the State and any other interested persons. For I would advise all who expect to teach, as well as actual teachers, to come to this school, if they can possibly afford it. Indeed I should say that few teachers that have not had the advantage of collegiate education and normal instruction, can afford to stay away.

This school has the best faculty of any normal school ever in North Carolina. The following seductive daily exercises will show the faculty and what is being taught. The chapel and recitation rooms of the University are used, so that several recitations may be conducted at the same time:

8:15—Prayers in the Chapel.

8:30—Elementary Latin, by the inductive method, Miss Pool, Raleigh Graded School; Primary Work, Miss Fulghum, Goldsboro Graded School; Anglo-Saxon, Dr. C. Alphonso Smith; Algebra, Prof. Gore, University of North Carolina.

9:15—History of Education—Methods, Prof. Alderman, University of North Carolina; German, Prof. Toy, University of North Carolina.

10:00—History and Civics, Dr. K. P. Battle, University of North Carolina; French, Prof. Toy, University of North Carolina; Geometry, Prof. Cain, University of North Carolina.

10:45-11:15—Conference Period and Recession.

11:15—Educational Psychology and Methods, Prof. Claxton, State Normal and Industrial School; Elementary Greek, Dr. W. J. Battle, University of Texas.

12:00—Physical Geography, Prof. Bryant, State Normal and Industrial School; Arithmetic, Superintendent Noble, Wilmington Graded School.

11:45—Botany, Prof. Bryant, Normal and Industrial School; Language Work and Grammar, Superintendent Graham, Charlotte Graded School; Virgil, Aeneid, Dr. W. J. Battle, University of Texas.

8:20 p. m.—Public Lectures in Chapel.

Besides the teachers above-named, I have met the following ladies and gentlemen here: Misses Louisa Hill, of Goldsboro, and Charlotte Bush, from the Wilmington City Schools; Mabel Hale and Kate Lawrence, of the faculty of the Raleigh City Schools; from Fayetteville and vicinity, Misses Devane, Elizabeth and Mary Evans, Marion Mallett, Kate Fairley; Misses Mary and Annie Dey, of Norfolk, Va., nieces of Prof. Toy; Mamie Cox, Greenville; Elizabeth Hilliard, Granville Institute; and Cora Jenkins, of Oxford; Fannie Farborough, Louisville; Berta Lee, of Mocksville, assistant in the State Normal and Industrial School; Bessie Whitaker, Raleigh; Superintendent Toms, Durham City Schools; Superintendent Overman, Salisbury City Schools; Messrs. E. P. Mangum, J. I. Foust and E. E. Britton.

Several families are spending the summer here, among them those of Judge Shepherd and Hon. F. M. Simmons. Dr. Manning tells me he has 32 students in the summer law school. I have not seen the registrar to get the exact enrollment of the summer school for teachers. Prof. Alderman thinks that there are about 75, and he has reason to feel gratified at the complete success, at the very beginning, of this new departure. For these seventy-five young men and women have come here for the purpose of professional advancement.

ment. The enthusiasm, shown in their conversation and glowing on their countenance, is inspiring. And though they evidently are enjoying the work here, yet pleasure is a secondary object with them.

I attended this afternoon the recitation in English, conducted by Dr. Smith. I counted something over forty students in the room. They were studying Shakespeare's "King Richard III." It was not merely a lecture by Dr. Smith, but a recitation in which the whole class participated, and one could see from the answers to his questions that they had studied the lesson. I found that Dr. Smith had talked to them about the proposition of rhyme and blank verse in different dramas of Shakespeare, and stopt and run on lines, feminine endings and the effect such things have in determining the chronology of the play. When I entered they were considering the whole play of "Richard III." as a work of art. Dr. Smith was illustrating by means of a unique diagram on the black-board the introduction, rise of action, crisis, decline of action, and conclusion of the play. He stated that usually the crisis comes early in Shakespeare's dramas, but in "Richard III." the action is a long time in reaching up to it. After discussing what is meant by these divisions of a drama, he gave the class the task of determining for the morrow's lesson just where in "Richard III." each division began. He gave the crisis himself as marked by the crowning of Richard, and ending when Richmond began to arm. For a short while Dr. Smith discussed the value of different editions of Shakespeare, and recommended for classes a series published by McMillan & Co.

It was in this recitation room (the one used by Dr. Hume, second floor, old East Building, north entrance) that I met most of the teachers whom I have named above. I have given this outline of an English recitation to illustrate the academic work being done here. Dr. Smith's method is also full of suggestions to teachers of literature, and Superintendent Graham, of Charlotte, develops this line especially to the consideration of how to teach language in schools. The classes of Prof. Alderman and Professor Claxton in the history and philosophy of education and methods of teaching are largely attended.

One of the most popular classes here is that of Miss Fulghum, of Goldsboro Graded School faculty, whose subject is the teaching of primary reading. Miss Fulghum has a class of fourteen small boys and girls that have never been to school before. She teaches these every day in the presence or a large number of teachers who wish to learn her method and the principles underlying it. These children are learning to read by the word method supplemented by the phonic. There is no better class in the school in its practical value to primary teachers. Miss Fulghum is able, with her class of children, to illustrate the principles she advances. She also shows how drawing can be made of great use to a teacher in all classes. As a citizen of Goldsboro, it is a source of pride to me to note the good impression of our city school teachers has already made upon the faculty and students of the summer school. The greatest interest is manifested in her work.

A feature of the school deserving of notice is the conference at noon. This is a time for the discussion of any subject teachers may bring up, and for answering questions of methods, discipline, etc. To-morrow the subject will be the recitation—what a recitation should be and what it should not be, how it should be conducted.

The school will last four weeks from July 2. The tuition fee is five dollars. Board costs at Chapel Hill about fifteen dollars a month. I believe it will profit a teacher much to attend even half the session. And more. As one bright young woman, who is ambitious, but had never enjoyed the advantages of higher scholastic education, remarked to me: "It is an inspiration just to meet these professors here, and hear them talk. I told her it would do her good to be in Chapel Hill, if she did not study a bit."

I think so myself; and to prove my faith, although I came here for only a short visit of inspection, I have resolved, as soon as I can attend to a few matters of business in Goldsboro, to return next week to Chapel Hill, and remain during the session of the summer school.

LOGAN D. HOWELL.
Chapel Hill, N. C. July 5.

PROF. ALDERMAN'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Alderman said: "There is no higher duty devolving on faithful States than to preserve freshly the memory of their great events and their noble men. And it is not simply a duty. It is a condition of national greatness and the sublimity of evidence of moral energy latent in democratic communities. The most splendid manifestation of the awakening of historical self-respect in North Carolina, and of new-born pride in her heroic past, is this scene before our eyes—these earnest, upturned faces, with the unspoken music of liberty on their lips; this lovely landscape filled with the glory of mid-summer; these votive stones crowning hill-top and valley, marking the rescue of a great American battle-field from the silent forest; this transformation by patriotic energy, of an unlovely wilderness into a grand Pantheon for our honored dead, more impressive than the marble memorials of Rome or France, because its roof is the arch of the sky and its pillars these stately oaks sweeping the upper air."

"It is no slight thing to have such a spot as this in the borders of a State devoted to the memory of her fathers, and to the memory of their children, might be free."

"The majestic charm which invests the Marshalls and Waterloos and Yorktowns—all spots where human freedom has made a stand—is beginning to settle over this lovely plain where our embattled fathers stood. Here, before the theme of this great day has been some brave North Carolinian who illustrated her valor in arms. To-day, for the first time, we meet to tell the story of a civic hero, to witness the inauguration of a monument to him and his colleagues, and to account faithfully the life and character of one whose clear, bold signature to the Declaration of Independence writes the name of Wm. Hooper where all nations may behold it and all time cannot efface it."

THE HOOPER FAMILY.

"The Hooper family is an ancient and honorable one in English and Scotch annals. The founder of the American branch of the family was the Rev. Wm. Hooper, of Boston, for twenty years pastor of Trinity Church."

"Wm. Hooper, whose life and our theme was the eldest son and child of this brave old Scotch minister, and was born in Boston, June 17, 1742."

"In the fall of 1767 when liberty was flaming like a beacon over the land, Hooper came to North Carolina to make his permanent home. He was in his 25th year, a graduate of Harvard, thrilling with the eloquence of Otis and Samuel Adams, happy in the choice of his new home, blessed with youth and vigor in the brilliant dawn of a revolutionary era."

NORTH CAROLINA AS WILLIAM HOOPER FOUND IT.

"North Carolina had known one hundred years of stormy political existence at this time. Two hundred and fifty thousand people occupied the territory between the Cape Fear, the Chowan and the Catawba and Yadkin. It was a composite population embracing the strongest strains of many stocks and uniting every type of race character in Northern and Western Europe—Teuton, Celt, Saxon."

"Many scholarly men like John Fiske, James Gilmore and Henry Cabot Lodge have sneered at and belittled the first century of North Carolina history. They will have to bear in days to come the reproach of having missed the thread of political development in the freest Commonwealth in North America. The key to North Carolina character in this inchoate period is the subordination of everything—material prosperity, personal ease, financial development—to the remorseless assertion of the sacredness of chartered rights against the insolent encroachment of the caber-bag pro-consuls of the royal and proprietary governments."

"Something of the frenzied berserker rage and wild, dauntless individuality of their barbarian forefathers shouting along the frontiers of imperil Rome manifested itself in the ruthless ease with which the early Carolinians arose and set aside a tyrannical ruler, laughed in his baffled face and accounted the threat and the mutterings of his master across the seas as of no more import than the plaints of a blind singer. If in their remoteness and isolation our ancestors were stayed into lawlessness, it was the light struck from isolated law by the mailed hand of oppression that led them astray."

"After six years residence in the colony Hooper entered public life in 1773, and for ten years there was no step taken in the great movements of the day in which he did not take a foremost part."

"The two years intervening between August 25th, 1775, and December 18th, 1776, is the epic period of our life, revealing the furious energy latent in a quiet people, and setting forth the dear old Commonwealth clad in more heroic garb than she has ever worn, save, perhaps, a century later, when the seeds of disunion sown by ancestral cowardice in the national constitution had blossomed into the blood-red flower of war and she turned aside from the safe middle paths of dignity and peace she loves so well to tread and wrought like an unwearied giant to stay the fury of civil strife."

HOOPER AMONG THE COUNSELLORS OF THE STATE.

"Five Provincial Congresses called by her citizens met within her borders in these eventful years. In all of them Wm. Hooper was a constructive, potent influence. Unmoved by considerations of personal gain or loss, with British fleets hovering off her coast and rebellions Tories gathering their clans for battle in her very heart, the men of Carolina with serene and patient wisdom guided the State through the successive stages of self defense, rebellion, provincial government and statehood. There was haste a plenty, but no confusion, no anarchy, no lawlessness. Coolly, calmly, swiftly, they set their house in order for the war with the mightiest empire on earth—their motherland; crushed with quick and terrible promptitude rebellion in our own limits, and yet maintained inviolate the idiom of the sacredness of civil law. No detail of administration escaped their notice, no adjustment of power to liberty remained unguarded, no question of human rights was undiscussed. With the steadiness and precision of legal forms they chased a fleeing Governor from his palace and with sublime satire ascribed the legislative silence to his enforced absence."

"Troops were raised, money omitted, a State created with deliberate, circumspect dignity in the short space of twenty days. Nor is this the full recital of the achievements of these civic giants in the American backwoods. They rejected premature Franklin confederations, declared first of all American colonies, both in impetuous Mecklenburg and in open assembly at Halifax, April 15, 1776, for immediate independence, ordained with splendid sagacity a University for the education of their posterity, and formulated amid the hot clash of diverse ideas a constitution able to bear for sixty years the steady strain of Democratic institutions. No epic exaggeration can accentuate this recital."

THE FRIENDSHIP OF IREDELL AND HOOPER.

"There is nothing lovelier in our history than the friendship of Ireddell and Hooper. Well-born, scholarly, single-minded, lawyers from love of it, they stood for all in all to each other in an isolated country and in a rude age. Happy in each other's company, on horseback on in stick gigs they traversed the new State from Salisbury to Wilmington. Life is so comfortable when Hooper is with me," says Ireddell. Together they faced the bad inns, crowded quarters, wrangling attorneys, choleric judges and suspicious clients."

"In their long journeys they discussed the great principles of government, the future of the new nation struggling into life, or bemoaned the fatuity of the Democratic spirit which just then was beginning to sweep with lawless force across the face of society. In their enforced absences they poured out their souls to each other in a correspondence which mirrors the life of the time and gives structure and color to an otherwise formless epoch."

"In alternate labor and illness, cheered by his heroic wife, the two years passed on and on Monday night, October 14, 1790, in his 48th year, on the day preceding the date fixed for the marriage of his only daughter, his life passed out in unspeakable gloom and sadness. For one hundred and four years he has slept in the quiet church-yard at the ancient capital of Hillsboro. Now he sleeps here on the field where the great Declaration was translated by valor into fact, cared for by reverent patriotism and immortal with his brothers in civic and martial fame."

HOOPER AS A MAN.

"Let me not conclude without speaking of Mr. Hooper as a

man. No more fascinating and courtly figure graces the life of our simple, earnest past. His slight, fragile form, his serene, beautiful face, wherein is blended masculine strength and womanly sweetness—a face that painters love to limn and ladies to look upon—stands out like a finely wrought cameo against a background of chaos and revolution. In his letters we catch a glimpse of the ceremoniousness, the sleepless deference, the delicate punctilio of an unhurrying age; in his merry-makings we seem to reproduce the stately minuet, the vanished draperies, the personal royalty expressing itself in stately dignity of a time forever gone. He was a tender, sensitive, loyal, happy gentleman; a fearless, forceful, vigorous-minded citizen; a great orator, a great lawyer. He loved his friends and was by them beloved. I do not fancy he was ever very popular. I fear he could be cold and disdainful at times, and his graces and gifts set him somewhat apart. The great popular leader is the people incarnate. In him the people see themselves, their weaknesses, their prejudices, their limitations, their strength, their virtues, their aspirations, gifted, glorified, lifted up. The sight of such a man thrills and fascinates the multitude. He soothes their vanity, he touches their loftier life; he quickens their dull senses and wakes to life their slumbering ambitions. Swift, resistless, chords of sympathy and love bind together the hushed throng and their articulated voice, and his name is instinct with magic power forever. When he dies the little children cry in the streets, and around firesides his history is told, and to future generations the spell of his name lingers. Hooper was not such a man. The age somehow did not breed them. He loved the people of his State and was willing to spend himself in their service, but he was restive under criticism, resentful of distrust, unbending in opinion. He had that proud faith in family and breeding which, though it hindered him from seeing the splendid justice of Democracy, taught him perfect self-respect and kept him unregenerate and free from baseness."

"The age in which Hooper played his part will always be invested with a peculiar and heroic grandeur. It was an age of ideas, of moral earnestness, of unapproachable integrity, of faith in God. It was a critical, inspiring age, seeking to find out and formulate the sum of human rights, and to incorporate them into the framework of State. The men of the time did their work with conscientious thoroughness, but happily there is no exclusive epoch of usefulness, patriotic service. Though a brilliant century of intellectual audacity has swept the world into a grander day, there is still work for men to do; not so thrilling and dramatic, perhaps, but no less vital and far-reaching. The founders discovered, defined and inaugurated. It is ours to interpret, to administer, to perpetuate. They set the child Self-Government, timorous and cowering, in the midst of nations. It is ours to guard and direct and restrain the boundless strength of that same child, grown into noble and puissant stature, with continents for his throne. Wherever party spirit shall set its decrees above the ancient guarantees of freedom, wherever corruption shall seek to weaken national vigor, wherever intolerance and ignorance shall dominate free thought and enlightenment, there we may engage in highest patriotic warfare."

"The great army of humanity marching up to higher things, kept step to the music of their passionate outcries of liberty, freedom and equality. It is ours, in the land wherein these cries are facts of life and law, to teach the beauty of peace, the education of all men and the majesty of republican citizenship."

"And now my task is done. God-like and famous forever among men are founders of States. So thought and said the great Roman orator, as he gazed upon the marble beauty of the imperial city. Hooper, Harvey, Caswell, Jones, Ashe, Ireddell and their co-laborers—these State builders, their passions, their purposes, their convictions, their dreams are woven in the frame and model of North Carolina."

"Let us hope and believe that their spirits hovering upon some mount of faith see to-day beneath this summer sun—a shining stretch of bright waters, golden harvest fields, teeming orchards and happy homes—a steadfast Commonwealth girt about with beneficent laws and institutions, ministered to by the love and wisdom of a free and undegenerate posterity—stainless still in honor, fruitful still in noble deeds."

GUILFORD BATTLEFIELD.

How the Glorious Fourth was Celebrated on This Historic Field—A Day of Speech-Making.

By our Special Correspondent.

GREENSBORO, July 4.

Patriotism took on new life to-day at the battle-ground of Guilford Court House. The society, of which Judge Schenck is President, that owns this battle-ground, has converted it into a park, and is filling it with monuments in honor of Revolutionary heroes. There are eight of these monuments and to-day was laid the corner-stone of one over the grave of William Hooper, one of the three signers of the National Declaration of Independence from North Carolina. Hooper now sleeps on the battle-ground, his remains having been removed here from Hillsboro a few months ago.

This morning, on an early train from Washington, came Vice-President Stevenson with two daughters and his niece, Miss Scott. They were met by a local committee of ladies and gentlemen, and were tendered a reception at the Benbow House.

The site of the battle-field, where Cornwallis made his last stand against Greene before retreating behind his fortifications at Yorktown, is six miles from Greensboro, on the C. F. & Y. V. R. R., towards Mount Airy. Trains were run every half hour to-day and carried five or six hundred passengers every trip. The crowd at the battle-ground was variously estimated at from five to ten thousand. The Marshalls were conspicuous in three-cornered hats and Continental uniforms. A brass band from Winston played national airs, and a choir of young ladies sang the words of "America," "Hail Columbia," "Carolina," and other songs. The gathering was not confined to Guilford, or even to the surrounding counties.

The chief attraction of the exercises was the oration by Prof. E. A. Alderman, of the University, on the "Life and Times of William Hooper." The subject was scholarly and historical, rather than a popular one; and with masterly scholarship and with exhaustive research did Prof. Alderman handle it; yet, with his inimitable oratorical charm, it was no mere elegant historical essay. Prof. Alderman's large audience heard to-day, and so elegant was his diction, so charming his delivery, and so sympathetic his treatment, that the orator was repeatedly interrupted with applause. It is sufficient tribute to his powers as an orator, to say that Prof. Alderman on a hot day, with a subject that would ordinarily be deemed dry, held the close attention of his audience, and sustained their evident interest for one hour and a half. He drew a graphic picture of the times of Hooper, which he called "the epic poem of our history." He gave the ancestry of Hooper, his early life, course at Harvard College, career as a lawyer, and service as a statesman. He illustrated the beautiful friendship between Hooper and Ireddell by quotations from their letters. He quoted also from other contemporaries, testifying to Hooper's mental greatness, sterling character and true patriotism. In particular, John Adams bestows great praise upon him, speaking of Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, and William Hooper as the orators of the Congress.

It is impossible to do justice to Prof. Alderman's address by any outline. It will be published in full, in pamphlet form.

At the close of Prof. Alderman's oration, a poem written by Mrs. H. C. Martin, of Greensboro, entitled "The Sword of Stuart," was read by President Charles D. Melver, Lieutenant Col. Stuart, of the British army, was killed at the battle of Guilford Court House, and his sword is in the museum on the battle-ground. It is hoped this poem will also soon be published.

Vice-President Stevenson was next introduced to the audience by Mayor Boyd, of Greensboro, who was master of ceremonies. It was some time before he could be heard for the continued applause. Mr. Stevenson spoke for fifteen minutes. He increased the respect and admiration that North Carolinians have for him. He referred to his descent from North Carolina settlers in Kentucky and Illinois, and he claimed the share of a son in the revolutionary glory of this State. He also is a descendant of the man who connected the name of Charlotte with Rummymede, and made Mecklenburg immortal. He spoke of the influence of the State, of North Carolina for national independence. But Mr. Stevenson's speech was not mere congratulation for the past. That, he said, is secure. In kindly words

he exhorted North Carolinians to look to their future. This State is abundantly blessed of nature. He believes it is entering upon a wonderful career of material prosperity. But this must not be all. We must advance also the cause of education, religion and charity. It is an honor to this State that her asylums were established, her school system revived at a time of poverty, depression and disaster. With words of wisdom and eloquence Mr. Stevenson called upon the sons of the men of King's Mountain and Guilford Court House to remain true to our common country; the flag which is the emblem of liberty, to maintain peace and the majesty of the law.

The crowd was in a speech hearing humor, and in response to the calls of the people, remarks were made by Judge Chas. Simonton, of South Carolina, of the Federal court; S. Wittkowsky, of Charlotte; Judge Shepherd, Col. Jno. R. Webster, of Reidsville; Dr. K. P. Battle, of the University; Mr. R. H. Battle, of Raleigh; Judge R. P. Dick, of Greensboro, and Judge Schenck. These gentlemen, besides expressing sentiments of patriotism, took occasion to thank Judge Schenck for the service he is rendering the State in inspiring a love of our noble history and patriotism, and congratulated Prof. Alderman upon his oration. Judge Shepherd referred to it as "the magnificent address of Prof. Alderman. He has not only done a valuable historical work," said Judge Shepherd, "but he has established himself as one of the very first orators of this country." Mr. R. H. Battle said that in all his experience he had never heard a more ornate, scholarly oration from any North Carolinian.

These tributes to Prof. Alderman were uttered publicly. Vice-President Stevenson also said in private conversation: "I have heard a greater many orations, but I have not heard one in years that equalled the performance of that young man to-day. In thought and in elegant diction it was superb. I have never heard such a perfect organ of a voice that could maintain its purity of tone for an hour and a half without breaking."

A pleasing incident of the day was the presentation of a souvenir spoon to Prof. Alderman and one to Dr. Battle in recognition of their service to the State in teaching its history. That given to Prof. Alderman is an exact fac simile of the spoon used by George Washington as a cruet spoon. Certain ladies presented Dr. Battle with a handsome silver tea spoon, electro-plated with gold, and handle inlaid in red, white and blue. This is in special acknowledgement to Dr. Battle for his tribute last year at the Guilford Battle Ground celebration to the women of the Revolution.

This afternoon a base ball game between Greensboro and Charlotte was won by the latter team, score 9 to 4. Interesting bicycle races were also held, Mr. Geo. Adams, of Florida, winning the honors.

This evening at the Benbow House a reception was held in honor of Vice-President Stevenson, the Misses Stevenson and Miss Scott. These guests of honor had to leave on the 11 o'clock train, but the young people of Greensboro and neighboring towns drew out the evening to a late hour with a very enjoyable dance.

SCATTERED ROSES.

A little maiden strayed one day
Where roses bloomed along the
Ledges,
Where dancing daisies decked the
way,
And ferns peeped out from mossy
sedges.

She heaped her little wooden cart
With the bright blooms to overflowing,
Then turned to go, her little heart
Unconscious where her feet were
going.

A hillside lay along before,
With every step the child ascended.

She spilled her roses more and more
Till all were gone, and day was
ended.

And when the maiden came not
back
Came anxious loved ones out to
find her

And traced her by the rosy track
Of all the flowers she left behind
her.

Our little maiden grows in grace,
Her path along life's highway
leading.
Her still ascending feet we trace
By flowers she droppeth, still un-
heeding.

Detroit Free Press.