

(Continued from February 6.)

**AN EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVELS OF BENJ. A BECKET.**

Here our inspection of the different departments closed for the day. However on the following day we again resumed our investigation. It was our intention to begin at once with the Modern Language department, but an exceedingly strange and unusual occurrence diverted our attention. On stepping into the English Hall to get some books we had left there on the previous day imagine our surprise at finding the inside of the room completely covered with grease. At first we thought it the work of some one in the enjoyment either of his nonage or the state of *non compos mentis*, or of one in the possession of a disgusting, devilish spirit of vandalism—some miserable miscreant, not connected with the college, for who dares assert that such is the work of a gentleman—the class represented here? On second thought, however, we saw our error. It had been used to expedite the auger needed to reach the highly developed mind (cavities) of the under classmen, an action requiring an immense amount of labor and a great waste of grease. From here we hurried on towards our destination. It was a very pleasant way we took and the elevator ride to the ethereal haunts of the master of this form was charming. Nor was this all, for greatly to the advantage of those weak students who have neither the time nor desire to take proper exercise, an invaluable gymnastic appliance has been arranged at great expense in the shape of a flight of stairs, one ascent of which is warranted equal to an hour's exercise. But this was nothing. Had it taken an extra day's journey to have gained this department we would willingly have undertaken it. Monsieur Le Francais was charming. It was a pleasure to find in this country such a perfect representative of France. He had the figure of Carnot, with the head of Voltaire, and his accent was perfect; it reminded me so much of the coachman, Jacques, I had while in London, who spoke French fluently, though he had never seen Paris and had only been in France (at Calais) a week. But it was not so much the accent of the voluble Monsieur as it was the progress and proficiency of his pupils that struck me. They read with the fluency of a billy-goat butting at a paling fence, one paling at a time always to be followed by a fresh start and another paling—or like a loaded wagon going cross-wise over a potato patch. The precise method of instruction was used, this being followed, I suppose, on account of the nature of the work under microscopic perusal, it being of a dangerous tone, and the pupil being required to read sufficiently slow to forget before he had finished what he was reading. I was told by his pupils after class that he was a good, clever fellow and, for a foreigner, very much beloved; also that he rigorously preserved the Continental customs, always ordering the latest styles direct from *Paree*, and his beer and wines direct from the mother country; that he never could enter into the spirit of a German recitation until he had imbibed of the former nor of a French until he had partaken of the latter. We were also pleased to learn that he was an enthusiastic horseman and was the owner of one of the best walkers on the turf, not that he went so fast but was so persistent in it. We would fain have staid longer with the

master of this department, as his manners were charming; however, we left, though not without promising that we would call again at some future day when his class had learned to read less hurriedly.

From here we went to the department of Zoology, Geology, Mineralogy, Entomology, Physiology, Petrology, Biology and Botany. Here we were welcomed by one of the most remarkable creatures we had ever seen—one apparently possessing two of the qualities of divinity, omnipresence and omniscience. At one time, so we were told, the whole college was in this course, but that from time to time different branches had broken off until only these few were left. However the individual in charge was amply able to manage all, which was shown clearly by the exact and careful manner in which he used his apparatus and the very forcible, weighty and pregnant lectures he made, having proven without a doubt that a detached rock will roll down hill and that a stream of water has been known to flow in the same direction. All of the courses in this department were very high and complete, its Mineralogy students being in great demand as teachers in colleges, and its Geology students being anxiously sought out by the government for the highest positions of trust in that line. All of this we saw was due to the untiring pains taken by the master of this department and his great interest taken in the individual welfare of his pupils.

From here we went to the Latin department, where we were agreeably surprised at finding in charge the friend who had started us on our tour. We found him in the midst of his lecture, so gladly accepted seats offered us and gave ear to his discourse. In this we considered ourselves fortunate, for the fame of this young man had extended even into our land. His lecture was clearness itself; he had spent some time in Rome and claimed to be positively certain as to the private opinions and expressions of the authors under discussion. So positive was he that many had come to the conclusion that he was more than he seemed to be, that he belonged to that wonderful class embracing Phra the Phœnician, the Wandering Jew, and Haggard's "She"; that at one time he was intimately associated with Horace and Virgil; in fact, it was said that he was a suitor for the hand of Chloe, and that he and Juvenal attended the same school, in which the latter came off second best. This quality we considered of incalculable value to him.

From this department we were conducted to that of Mathematics, where—[Mr. Editor, the continuation of this piece depends upon the result of negotiations now pending between the master of the last named department and the writer of this piece in which it is probable that this article will be discontinued and the writer smoke fine cigars and drink good wine until his days here are ended.]

Examinations are only a few days off and many a student is already burning the "midnight oil" in getting up the recitations which he only half prepared during the term.

Jake—"Did you fight during the war?"

Mike—"I was married in 1861 and my mother-in-law lived with us until 1865. Did I fight?"

Jake—"Oh!"—*Epoch*.

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