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EDITORS:

PHI.
GEORGE C. CONNER,
C. F. HARVEY.

DI.
W. E. ROLLINS,
E. PAYSON WILLARD.

W. E. DARDEN, }
HOWARD E. RONDTHALER, } Business Managers.

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ADOLPHUS WILLIAMSON MANGUM.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS DELIVERED IN THE CHAPEL OF THE UNIVERSITY,
BY JOSEPHUS DANIELS, SUNDAY, MAY 31st, 1891.

We are gathered in the quiet hush of this holy Sabbath after-
noon, here where he lived long and well, in this chapel which
he loved, to pay perhaps the last tribute which affection evokes to
the memory of Adolphus W. Mangum, who died on the 12th day
of May, 1890. There is not wanting appropriateness in the time
and place for this last gathering of his friends. Already have the
Trustees of this great University, which he served with loving
fidelity, placed in durable form their estimate of his valued ser-
vices. Last December in Wilson the annual conference of his
church, to which his warmest and tenderest love clung to the very
last, gave official expression to the loss sustained by the church.
Fellow-soldiers of the cross, who had stood with him upon the bat-
tlements and sounded the warning to a dying world, paused to
drop a tear at the fall of a brave and eloquent comrade. The
societies to which he belonged were not slow to pay their tributes,
and from every section of the State, trustees and parents, who
had seen the value of his instruction and example in the better-

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ment of the lives of their own boys, came letters of sweetest sympathy and warmest love to those bereaved. But, perhaps, of all the tributes paid by faculty, trustees, conferences, friends, societies and others, none were more loving and generous in the sorrow which alone touches aspiring youth, than the testimony which came up from the great body of students who have gone out from the halls of this venerable institution since its re-opening in 1875. What a cloud of witnesses they make, as from sorrowing hearts they bear testimony to the piety and usefulness of their old preceptor.

I am to speak to-day of one whom I greatly loved and deeply venerated—one whose confidence I enjoyed and whose prayers for me rested, as I believe, like a benediction upon my head. It was not my good fortune to be a student of this University and to know him as instructor, and to receive the benefit of his teachings. I came to know him well and to esteem him in a short stay in the village, and to continue the friendly intercourse here begun through correspondence and occasional meetings up to his death. He won my esteem by his devotion to principle, and his purity; and gained a lasting place in my affections by his solicitude for my advancement, his willing help in good advice and valued service, and his prayers which I know always followed me in every undertaking. It has been a sad pleasure since his death to read some of his personal letters filled with fatherly counsel and Christian admonition. Need I say that holding him in such esteem, I come to the task of estimating his life-work with grave doubts as to my ability to do so with that judicial discrimination which is alike a duty due to his memory and to posterity. It is no less easy for a friend to divest himself of partial admiration, when he comes to speak in memory of one much beloved, than for an enemy to distort his virtues. I cannot forget that from "the language of mere eulogy" the good man whose memory we honor to-day "would have recoiled with instinctive and resolute disapproval." "But he would hardly chide me, I venture to believe, if he knew that, in obedience to the voice" of the Trustees of the University, I had come here to tell you what I remember of him and sketch the leading incidents of his life—"to recall how in him, as I profoundly believe, the grace of God wrought with singular power

and efficacy, and how in his natural characteristics, enriched and ennobled by the indwelling power of the Holy Ghost, there shone forth a Christian manhood at once strong and pure, and so worthy of our grateful imitation."

Adolphus Williamson Mangum was born at Flat River, April 1st, 1834. His parents were Elison G. and Elizabeth Mangum, whose father, Dr. Harris, was a leading physician of Boyden, Va. His father was a solid and respected farmer—not wealthy nor scholarly, but industrious and ambitious for his son who early gave promise of a brilliant career. Noting the mental calibre, ambitious dreams, reflective powers, and fondness for learning of his son, Mr. Mangum resolved to give him the best advantages and make a great lawyer of him. Dr. Mangum's father was the first cousin of the eloquent and able Wiley P. Mangum. Not himself having a classical education, he had always greatly admired the gifts of his distinguished cousin and the hope of his life was to see his son Adolphus receive his mantle of legal and oratorical greatness when he should be gathered to his fathers. He sent his son early to South Lowell Academy and he was there prepared for college by Prof. J. A. Dean with the view, in the mind of his father, of becoming a lawyer. He then entered Randolph-Macon College, where he graduated in 1854 with the degree of A. B. Afterwards he received the degree of A. M. He was a good student and led his class at college, winning not only honors but the affection of his class-mates and the esteem of his instructors. Although he was always attached to his Alma Mater, was a Trustee of Randolph-Macon, at which he delivered the alumni address several years ago, and from which in 1879 he received the degree of D. D., it was not through choice that he was educated at that seat of learning. He was anxious to matriculate at the University, but through the influence of his maternal uncle, who lived near that college, his father was persuaded to send him to Randolph-Macon.

The limits of this paper forbid more than a passing allusion to his youth and college life. From a small boy he was devoted to nature, beautiful scenery, flowers, landscape. As a youth he was fond of everything that brought him close to animal life and to the woods and flowers. He knew the name of every bird and tree and animal, and felt a comradeship with them. He wrote often of

rural life and the pleasures of the country with a charm born of deep love of the scenes of his boyhood. He had the eye and the instincts and tastes of a poet. Those instincts led him through nature up to God. When quite a boy, running before his parents on a Sunday afternoon, as they walked through the fields of their country home, he heard them talking very earnestly. Little did they reckon that his young mind would follow them or that all they said impressed him more than the butterflies he chased. Tired of his play, he ceased running and came to walk beside his mother who, with a fervor not often exhibited, put her hands solemnly on his head and said to her husband "this is to be our preacher." It profoundly impressed him then and ever afterwards. It was the earliest awakening of the heavenly call to preach, and that "laying on of hands" by a fond mother on that solemn Sabbath evening was a consecration to the high office of a priest which was recorded by the angels; and ratified when, at Salisbury in 1860, Bishop Paine received him as an elder with solemn ceremonies into the rank of those holy men who minister at God's altar.

It was largely through the example and teachings of his mother that his life was hid with Christ in God and that he became, like Samuel, dedicated from his youth to the service of the Most High. Blessings upon her and upon a land full of christian mothers whose highest ambition for their boys is to see them humble, devoted christians.

At Randolph-Macon college he was not only faithful in his studies, but took a deep interest in his own spiritual welfare and the betterment of the lives of his companions, having been converted at Mt. Bethel church, the church of his mother, in August 1849. During those days he kept a diary. It contains the reflections of a boy of poetic temperament and religious convictions. There is an entry in that diary—made April 25th 1853, when he was twenty years old, and at the risk of making this memoir long I quote this entry. It is the key to his whole life, and is an example which is well worthy of emulation.

"Randolph-Macon College, April 25th, 1853, 10 o'clock A. M. I am now forcibly impressed with the fact that it is essentially necessary for the enjoyment of the great reli-

gion of God, that he who professes this religion should have stated times for the prayerful reading of God's Holy Bible; stated times for engaging in sacred prayer to God; and stated times for calm and serious meditation on God and all good. Convinced of the necessity of these things, I do hereby record the religious duties which I respectively wish to perform, with the time that I wish to perform them each day; and in so doing do most earnestly request the aid of God's blessed spirit that I may have the promptness to perform them.

1st. Immediately after breakfast I design spending 30 minutes in reading religious books, and in praying privately to God.

2nd. At twelve o'clock I design spending 15 minutes in the same manner.

3rd. After supper I wish to take a walk and meditate on the goodness etc. of God.

4th. I design spending twenty minutes every night in reading the Bible and praying, commencing at 9 1-2 o'clock.

To each of the duties I hope and trust that I shall be enabled diligently to adhere. When circumstances will not permit me to attend to my private devotions at the fixed time, I design attending to them as soon afterwards as is in anywise practicable.

(Signed)

A. W. MANGUM."

This was not merely the forming of a purpose to perform his religious duties made in an hour of temporary fervor. It was the deliberate conviction of an earnest young man who for forty years observed this resolution made in the spring time of life. It will take no profound thinker to come to the conclusion that the faithful observance of these religious duties gave him the moral force to impress himself upon the religious and educational thought of the State.

After graduation he returned home to receive the love and admiration of his mother and to gratify the pride of his father's heart. He had given his son more advantages than his condition permitted without some sacrifices, but these he gladly made in the fond expectation of seeing him take a high position at the bar. It was a great disappointment to his father when his son, whom he had prepared for the bar, resolved to abandon all hope of preferment in the law and become a circuit rider. In those days when

circuit riders did not wear beavers and when a circuit embraced a whole county and sometimes a Congressional District, and the salary was meager in the extreme, it is no wonder that the fond and proud father was offended that his talented son should dash all his hopes to the ground and join the band of unselfish and holy men whose labors through hardships and privations rivalled the labors of the ministry in apostolic times. Wounded and grieved at his son's abandonment of the law and the honors which come to those who make it a jealous mistress, it ought not to surprise us that Elison Mangum lost his temper and wrote to his son strong words of disapproval of his course which he thought led only to poverty and privation. He saw not then the glory and the crown prepared for those who wait on Him—of Him who careth for those who leave father and mother and houses and lands to preach His gospel. He closed his letter to his son by saying that if he had known he would employ his talents in no higher avocation than as a circuit rider he would not have spent the money he had expended in his education. This was a great sorrow to Dr. Mangum who was grateful for his father's love and sacrifices for him. With filial love he replied kindly and gently. But, with that faculty for doing the duty to which he was called and not allowing opposition to deter him an iota, he made application to preach, and in 1856 he was admitted on trial to the N. C. Conference and was first appointed junior preacher on Hillsboro circuit. In 1858-9 he was pastor of the Methodist church in Chapel Hill and while here carried on a revival which resulted in the conversion of 112 souls, many of them being students. In 1860 he was pastor of Roanoke circuit and greatly endeared himself to the people of that county. In 1861 he was sent as pastor to Salisbury and in the latter part of that year he went as chaplain to the 6th N. C. regiment. In 1863 he was pastor at Goldsboro where he won all hearts and on Feb. 24th 1864 he was happily married to Miss Laura J. Overman, daughter of Mr. Wm. Overman, of Salisbury. It was a love match and throughout a long married life there was perfect happiness and tender love. He often told how, as a lover, he would leave his books and sermon-making and go the depot to await the coming of the train that would bring a letter from his promised wife in Salisbury. He never forgot that his wife was his sweetheart, and

if asked how long the honeymoon lasted he would have directed the inquirer to ask one who had been married longer than he. Conspicuous in his life was his intense devotion to his family. He was a wise, loving father. He made his children his friends. He racked his brain to give them all enjoyment which seemed to him innocent. To his wife he was ever a loyal, tender lover. He exacted obedience from his children, but it was not irksome to them. They saw how desirous he was of their happiness and they felt grateful to him and cheerfully submitted to his restraints. His fireside was of the happiest. He played and sang with his girls and entered into the sports of his boys. He played the violin well and sang a good song.

I will be pardoned, in alluding to his happy married life, for quoting from a letter which his heart prompted him to write to me three years ago upon my approaching marriage:

“May God bless you both abundantly forever. Put these rules in your united heart: (1) No secrets from one another; (2) Don't expect human beings to be absolutely perfect; (3) There is no union without compromise of will; (4) Love and peace are cheap at any price but principle; (5) There is no such thing as happy marriage except where both hearts are true to God.”

These rules were those which had safely carried his matrimonial ship into a peaceful harbor.

There is no period in the life of Dr. Mangum that presents the true unselfishness of his character in stronger light than the years of the war. He was an intense Southerner—believed firmly in the doctrine of the lost cause and loved the Confederate soldiers. A talented alumnus told me that once he found Dr. Mangum alone in Phi Hall. He had been looking at the portraits of Gen. Pettigrew and of other Confederate leaders. His eyes were filled with tears. He said in a half subdued, half musical tone: “It cannot be that all these precious lives were spent for naught.” He had strong convictions that southern morals and manners were better than northern. He was an uncompromising opponent to the doctrine that the newest teaching and thought from the north was the best. He refused to concede that the grammar and pronunciation in vogue in the best circles of the north are better than that in

vogue in the best southern circles. This love of his section and belief in its superiority, strong in his mature years, was naturally more intense and deep-seated in the ardor of youth. Entering the ministry just before the sections joined battle, he took a deep interest in the controversies which resulted in the bloody visage of war. He had no patience with the advocates of abolition. He then believed that the best place for the negro was in slavery, and that there was no conflict between slave-owning and the Bible, provided masters were kind and just; and most of them were. Entertaining these views, his heart was in the Lost Cause. On the first call for troops, Col. Chas. F. Fisher, of Salisbury, at once began to form his regiment, the famous 6th N. C. Dr. Mangum was then Methodist pastor at Salisbury. Young, hopeful, impetuous and full of zeal, he entered fully into the ambitions of the young soldiers of the south. Upon the organization of Col. Fisher's regiment, he was elected chaplain. His great popularity among the young men made them desirous of having him in the company and they prevailed upon him to accept the position. Early in June he joined the regiment at Company Shops, where the several companies were ordered to assemble for the purpose of drilling and making ready for the campaign that awaited them upon the fields of Virginia. A few weeks thereafter they left for the front and arrived just in time to take part in the first battle of Manassas—indeed just in time, as many believe, to save the day for the Confederacy. The battle was in full blast when they arrived upon the field and one wing of the southern army was in full retreat. Col. Fisher and many of his brave men were killed in that engagement, among their number being Lieut. Preston Mangum, only son of the distinguished orator Wiley P. Mangum. He was a near kinsman of Dr. Mangum, and he felt it his sorrowful duty to carry his body home and console those who were bereaved by the death of the lovable and aspiring young son of a noble father.

Of the young soldier it is true that

“The bravest are the tenderest
The loving are the daring.”

He then returned to his regiment, where he remained until the session of his conference, when he was again appointed pastor at Salisbury. He was afterwards appointed to Goldsboro, but in

1865 was again returned as pastor to the Salisbury church. It was while pastor of that church that he rendered the most faithful, the most difficult and the holiest and sweetest of the services of his useful life. There were several large hospitals located in Salisbury during the entire war. He visited these hospitals daily and ministered spiritually and otherwise to the wounded soldiers who languished there. He attended the trains as they passed on south with the wounded, carrying provisions, and cheering with his sweet and tender words many who were suffering. His labors were untiring. He could not do enough for the Confederate soldiers—his heart bled for them in their sufferings and his prayer was that they might win the fight of faith and come out conquerors through Jesus. Noble was his devotion to the Confederate soldiers, his christian love and fellowship was best displayed in spending his strength in ceaseless efforts to minister to the comfort and spiritual condition of the Federal soldiers who were in prison in Salisbury. Some 11,000 soldiers of the Federal army died in the Salisbury prison and now lie buried in the Federal Cemetery. His love of his fellow-man knew no section. Intensely southern as he was, he was a better christian than a partisan. He visited these Federal soldiers in their prisons, preached to them, prayed with them, and pointed them to the Savior. He was a welcome visitor at that prison and did what he could to relieve their sufferings. His sympathetic nature was deeply touched by the condition of these prisoners. Many were the letters he wrote to loved ones far away to tell them of the death of a poor soldier who wanted to send a last message to those he held most dear. And if he could add "he died believing in Jesus" it would make Dr. Mangum's heart glad. Naturally this strain told greatly upon a nature so sympathetic and a body never over-strong. It reduced him almost to a shadow and destroyed his nervous system. His friends do not think that his nerves were ever restored to their normal condition.

One of the last public addresses made by Dr. Mangum was delivered before the Historical Society of this University upon "Prison Life in Salisbury." The theme was one of great interest to him, and to his audience. In that address he only half covered the ground and proposed finishing the address at a subsequent meeting of the Society. But—his health was shattered, and

though lingering more than a year, he never had the time to deliver the second half of his address. However he finished the account he had begun and left the manuscript, which, when published will be a valuable contribution to the history of prison life of the war. It is one of his last productions, and ought to be widely circulated. It would correct false rumors and give the truth of prison life in the Confederacy.

The limits of this memoir prevent any extended synopsis and extract from that interesting address. A day or two ago I read it to a few friends and as the horrible and revolting results of war were graphically pictured by his graphic pen, they were deeply moved and could not restrain the tears. In that prison it was impossible to obtain sufficient medicine which the Federal government made a contraband of war, and the privations and hunger which poverty enforced taught the lesson indelibly that war is hell. Bibles were very scarce. Dr. Mangum preached to the prisoners, and used the only Testament he had, telling them during the discourse that he intended presenting it to one of them. "I was touched," he says, "by their eagerness to get it, quite a number pressing up with expectant looks." He endeavored to secure reading for the prisoners and wrote to the Tract Society at Richmond. But there was nothing there to be sent. Rev. Mr. Bennett had gone to London to make arrangement to get some Bibles and Testaments.

In that same address, speaking of the few religious privileges of the miserable prisoners, he adds: "But I have seen the light of heaven in the eye of the suffering captive and heard from his lips the glorious eloquence of salvation. From the tongue of another I have listened to the rich avowals of Christian hope and confidence, and heard the failing, almost inaudible voice mutter: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' These are glorious words. And doubtless amid the gloom and horror of that old prison, there was many an upward glance of the heart—many a struggle and triumph of faith—many a thrill of redeeming love and heavenly hope which, all unknown to friend or foe, were recognized by Him whose name is love and who is mighty to save."

After the war he was pastor at Salisbury one year and in 1866

rode Orange circuit. In 1867 he was appointed agent of Greensboro Female College and made a trip to the north to raise money to aid in its re-building. In 1868-'9 he was, at his request, returned to Orange circuit where he could nurse his father who died in 1869. Long before this his father had not only become reconciled to having his son worthily wear the honors and bear the burdens of a Methodist circuit rider, but actually rejoiced that he had chosen "the better part" against his own remonstrance. In 1870 Dr. Mangum was pastor at Greensboro, and in 1871 at Charlotte. In 1872 he became pastor of Edenton Street Methodist church, Raleigh, and for nearly four years filled the metropolitan pulpit of his church at the capital, winning reputation and attaching himself warmly not only to his own congregation but to the leading men in the other churches as well. So highly was he esteemed in Raleigh that in 1887 several of the leading members of Edenton Street Methodist church wrote to him requesting that he resign his chair at the University and again become their pastor. He loved to preach and was strongly inclined to return to the ranks of the itinerants, but his convictions of duty compelled him to remain at the University. He was a clear and animated preacher and occasionally rose to an eloquence seldom surpassed. He was fluent and preached with great ease. His rhetoric was ornate and his figures were clothed with beauty and grace. His descriptive powers were of the best, particularly when he pictured the woods or the fields, or portrayed the love of God. He was a man of poetic temperament, of warm and tropical fancy, of ready command of diction that was full and flowing and that at times was intensely fervid and now and then rose to the heights of a kindling eloquence. He preached "Christ and Him Crucified" and sought to win men to follow in His steps. He was ambitious, but he subordinated everything to the object of his preaching, the winning of souls to Christ. His courage in the pulpit was Pauline. He never spared to denounce social laxities for fear he might strain social ties. The insubordination of children to home rule and discipline—the slackening of vigilance in domestic government and in the relations of servant and master, provoked his sharp and fearless censure. He had a great objection to publicity of women, even in good works. Church-fairs and church-concerts were not

approved methods with him for raising church funds, and women on the platform roused all his antagonism. He thought that no woman who attended to her duties at home as she ought would ever be found there. I never saw any one who valued more highly personal purity. His talks on this subject were peculiarly vivid and strong, and it was a virtue which he sought above all things to impress upon the students and upon all young men with whom he came in contact.

I come now to speak of his connection with the University and his labor here. Elected to the chair of Literature and Mental and Moral Philosophy, upon the re-organization of the University, he entered upon his work with zeal and success. He had an active mind and retentive memory. Until the disease, which finally killed him, poisoned his blood and diminished his nervous powers long before he was stricken at Newbern, he was a diligent student. Owing to the poverty of the University, his work was so extensive, covered such a variety of great subjects, that he had no opportunity to distinguish himself as a specialist. When the increase of the University allowed the Trustees to give some of his studies to others, he began a wide course of reading in his department, but was interrupted in the midst of his labors by the insidious attacks of his fatal disease. His teaching was full of serious hope. He inspired a belief in all his students that no life based upon true principles would fail. He said enthusiastically to one student: "Yes, sir, a life devoted to duty is the grandest thing on earth; it cannot fail."

As a college professor he was dignified and commanded the respect of the young men whom he taught, but in his deportment there was nothing of the starch of the shroud. His nature was so genial and free from pretense, that it would have revolted at the stilts upon which some college professors mount and uneasily and ostentatiously attempt to walk over the heads of the young men they instruct. He never essayed to dazzle his students with an exhibition of learning or to impress them with a display of pedantry. Toward them he was frank, unaffected and sincere. He taught them conscientiously, but when the lesson was finished he did not feel that his responsibility ended and that the student had no further claim upon him. He respected and held inviolate the

responsibility which the calling of teacher, not to speak of that higher call to the ministry, imposed upon him. The student is, in a sense, the plaster in the hand of the moulder. In many ways the impression made upon him by the teacher fixes his destiny—not alone in this world, but often in the eternal world as well. Dr. Mangum felt this truth deeply and sought to inspire every young man who came into his class-room with loftiest and holiest purposes. He set a daily example to scholars and teachers which is the same that the world's greatest teacher has exemplified by his life. It is, in a word, that neither book-learning, nor dry and siccant scholasticism, nor ancient lore, nor modern science are comparable, in lasting influence, with deep personal interest in a boy's right living.

Never again, as in college, will a boy sit at the feet of instructors ready to be guided by them into the paths of literature, science, law and religion. Woe be unto that instructor of the youth who divorces religion from learning, or who is so wrapped up in science that he cannot point out the hand of God in all that he seeks to impart. Few ministers of the gospel of the Son of God have such ready access to plastic hearts as the college professor. Every year they infuse love of knowledge into aspiring young hearts, and every year they send out young men who are to lead the world of intellectual thought. Alas! how often it is that the professor is so indifferent to the claims of religion, or is so engrossed in his studies, or is negatively skeptical that the young hearts receive no moral or religious awakening from four years contact, and goes out into the world impressed with the transcendent value of knowledge and wisdom, but has had no impression from his instructor and guide to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and with all his getting to get "understanding."

There never has been a professor at the University whose influence for good was wider or more lasting than the good man whose memory we honor to-day. His active and fatherly interest in the moral and spiritual welfare of the students was realized and appreciated by all who came in contact with him and his social and genial disposition brought him into friendly relations with all who belonged to the student body during his connection with the

institution. And even in those instances in which his influence for good and his personal solicitude for right-doing, expressed in private interviews sought by him, were not at the time effectual in bringing about immediate reformation, they remained in the memory of the erring boy and often eventually brought him to his senses and stimulated him to an effort at better living. He always appealed to the best instincts of the students, their sense of right and honor and the obligations of morality and religion. In his hands these never became weapons of offense; the student never resented his admonition and never felt that his advice was uncalled for and officious. His sympathy was so spontaneous and expressed with so much delicacy, that his reproof left none of that sting which is so often unintentionally inflicted by well meaning but tactless friends, upon young minds suffering from repentance for wrong-doing.

Whenever he saw a student going wrong he was impelled by his sense of duty, as well as his kindly nature, to interpose his influence and advice. I remember talking recently with one alumnus, who had become distinguished in his profession, of an instance in which Dr. Mangum's kindness and delicate thoughtfulness produced marked results. The young man, who is and was then a high-strung and spirited fellow, had unfortunately gone off on some pleasure excursion and became intoxicated. It was his first experience and he was greatly mortified and humiliated. Dr. Mangum who had heard of it went to see him in reference to it, and said to him that he should not report the occurrence to the faculty as he believed the offense was the first and knew that no member of the faculty could regret it more than did the offender and that he should not even request him to pledge himself not to repeat the offence; that he relied entirely upon the young man's sense of right and his duty to himself and the University as a preventative of further violation of college rules in that direction. So full of kindness, thoughtfulness and tact was the good doctor's admonition that he resolved that it should never be said of him again that he was drunk, and never from that day to this has he been under the influence of intoxicating liquors. The course of treatment adopted by Dr. Mangum was exactly adapted to the needs of the student. A public disclosure and a requirement that he should take the

pledge would, in all probability, have wounded his self-respect and carried him into other excesses in order to alleviate the suffering which such a course would have inflicted upon his sensitive spirit. He never speaks of Dr. Mangum except in terms of gratitude and love, and he attributes in great part his escape from the danger of contracting a habit, the most seductive and dangerous to men of his temperament, to the gentle, affectionate and considerate treatment received by him at the hands of the good man whose memory he will always venerate.

Other instances of like character might be mentioned as evidencing the character of the man and the cause of his strong hold upon the students of the University. He seemed to enter into the feelings and experience of the boys and they felt his sympathy ere he had expressed it, and were on pleasant terms of intimacy and friendship with him, which was productive of many good results. No student who knew him well hesitated to confide in him and to seek his advice, and his easy affable and kindly reception of confidence endeared him to those who sought his aid. The genial and kindly humor which characterized him drew the students close to him, and they regarded him with such kindly affection that they did not hesitate to perpetrate practical jokes on him which they knew beforehand he would enjoy as much as the perpetrators. On one occasion he was lecturing to his class on the attractive power of eloquence and illustrating it by an instance in which an orator was so eloquent that his audience, quite unconscious of what they did, approached closer and closer until they quite surrounded him. As he proceeded to picture the scene the students by common consent, drew nearer and nearer to the good doctor, discussing a theme of which he never tired and wholly absorbed in his enthusiasm until he came to a sudden stop and found the entire class crowded around him, apparently drawn to him by the attractive power of *his eloquence*. He looked at them an instant and then burst into a laugh so contagious that it swept the classroom and put an end to the lecture.

But the students, and all others who heard him frequently, recognized that at times he was as eloquent as any man of whom he spoke and that though his eloquence was not quite that sort that might pull an audience from their seats, it was of a high order

and permeated by his consecrated spirit and his pious and useful life, it attracted the affections of men, sometimes thrilled them with new and strange emotions, and always excited in them the spirit of high and noble endeavor.

Dr. Mangum mingled freely with the students and sought in every way to influence them for good. He inquired what they read outside of the prescribed course and made valuable suggestions which were frequently of great assistance to students, who, for the first time, found themselves in the presence of so many books that proper selection was difficult. As illustrating his habits of intercourse with the boys and his solicitude about the books they read, an anecdote may not be amiss. On one beautiful Sunday morning the doctor, strolling about the grounds and seeing a student, William by name, but who otherwise shall be "nameless here forever more," sitting engrossed in reading a book which seemed to give him a great deal of pleasure, walked into the room of the said William, and after the salutations of the day had been exchanged, inquired the name of the book he was reading with such evident satisfaction. William a little confused, answered promptly that it was "Pilgrim's Progress," and thereupon the doctor launched out into a discussion of the book, the purity of the English, its splendid allegory, and the divine truth which it so graphically portrayed, and of the pleasure it gave him to see his young friend so profitably engaged on the Lord's Day. And William sat and assented to the doctor's praise of the book, and bowed his acknowledgement to the compliment paid him, but never told Dr. Mangum, nor did the good doctor know that William was not reading Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, but one of Mark Twain's books. But William's conscience was never easy and whenever he afterwards told the incident, which he frequently did, with every evidence of extreme enjoyment, he always added with a sigh, as if to make amends for the deception, "God bless the Doctor."

One of the forces that went to shape Dr. Mangum's character was his brotherly interest in "poor folks." By this class of his less favored neighbors he will long be remembered and mourned. He was not a man to go and pray over a sick person and so make an end. He gave his sympathy and he shared his means to the last day of his life. On one occasion he lost the sale of a house

rather than allow a poor woman who had broken her arm and begged for a temporary shelter there, to be disturbed, and she occupied it thenceforth to the day of her death. He believed in the brotherhood of men, in the communion of saints. Among his friends and associates many a one cherishes elegant little notes written by him, and at his best.

Time would fail me to particularize his other labors. He often said that he preached every week to a larger congregation than assembled anywhere in the country. He wrote regularly for the Nashville, Texas and South Carolina *Christian Advocates* and occasionally for other church and some news papers. His pen was prolific, and he wrote with elegance and strength. In 1858, while pastor at Chapel Hill, he wrote and printed a book entitled "Myrtle leaves, or tokens at the Tomb." In 1866 he wrote and published another book "The Safety Lamp, or life for the Narrow Way" and was re-writing it for publication when he was stricken with paralysis. In 1881, the So. Meth. Pub. House published a book of sermons by leading Methodist preachers and Dr. Mangum was the N. C. preacher selected to furnish a sermon. His text was "The Hindrances of the Gospel." At the Centennial of Methodism in N. C., celebrated in Raleigh, he spoke on "The Introduction of Methodism in Raleigh" and gave many historical facts of great interest. Just after the war he wrote a temperance serial story "Percy Brandon." He was getting up the material for the life of his kinsman, Judge Wiley P. Mangum, at the time he was stricken with paralysis. Mention has been made of his elaborate history "Prison Life in Salisbury." He was a member of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. The limits of this paper forbid the reading of a letter from Rev. Chas. F. Deems, President of that great religious organization, expressive of his appreciation of Dr. Mangum's talents and his devotion and esteem for his many excellent traits of character.

He believed in the University, and deprecated any movement that threatened its growth and greatness. He once wrote—"I say that while I love the University much, I love Methodism more. The boys who go out from the University will exert a vast influence in the State. This influence is sure to be secured by some one denomination or several denominations. The question is: Will the Methodists claim and realize their share."

For one hundred years this University has exerted greater influence upon the destiny of the people of North Carolina than any other agency. Dr. Mangum was firmly of the opinion that his church should be as strong as possible at the University and should sustain it. He believed it was not only best for Christianity in general, but best for the Methodist church. He said repeatedly that he had never known a Methodist student quit his church by reason of joining the University, and that he had seen many cases where they were made broader and more influential by such connection. And not only so, but he had known the church to gain influential and scholarly young converts from families in which there were no Methodists. He contended that *for its own sake* it was the duty of the Methodist church to support the University and that it could not afford to fail in this duty. This was no hobby he rode. It was a conviction born of wisdom, and though he may have lost influence with some zealous leaders in his denomination and given up chances of preferment by his insistence upon the Methodists earnestly supporting the University, he was endorsed by the more liberal and progressive ministers and members of his church.

He was intensely devoted to the Methodist church. He regarded it as the representative of Christ on earth. He remembered that Methodism was born in a University—one that was doubly barricaded against anything like Methodism by the dominant power and prejudice of the established church. It was no offspring of religious fervor without knowledge. It was called into being by God himself to purify the church, rid it of its worldliness, and to carry the gospel to the poor. The agencies for this great work of the Almighty were young scholars—not unlettered men of crude ideas, but trained students to carry the gospel alike to the spectacled professor and the ignorant toiler in the slums of London. "The world is my parish," was John Wesley's broad view of the field of Methodist preachers. Catching the breadth and power of so inspiring a faith, Dr. Mangum wanted to see the Methodist church exert its influence among students and thinkers exactly as it does among the lowliest and the most unlettered. He held that to do less was to invite a lowering of Methodism from the high plane upon which its great founder had placed it, and therefore to

circumscribe its usefulness. The wisdom of his belief is already apparent. The University, strictly undenominational and knowing no sect, is, strictly speaking, as much a Christian institution as Trinity College, Wake Forest or Davidson. The only difference between them all in regard to religion is that in the University teachers and pupils from all the denominations meet on a common Christian plane and in the denominational colleges they meet on a sectarian plane. Both have their appointed missions to perform, and there ought to exist no antagonism between them. This was the position Dr. Mangum exemplified in his life, in his writings, and in his teachings.

It must not be inferred from the intensity of his devotion to Methodism that Dr. Mangum was an illiberal Christian. While he was strongly loyal to Methodism, he was always ready to concede the good in other denominations. His last sermon was preached in the Presbyterian church in Newbern. The only thing which roused his indignation, was what he considered using the church in order to obtain power, whether political, social, or otherwise. He was always ready to denounce such attempts in severe terms.

But my memoir grows too long. I must compress the details of his last days. I shall never forget the shock I experienced early in December, 1888. At Newbern in attendance upon the annual Conference, I had met Dr. Mangum who took a deep interest in the proceedings. On Monday morning, as I was going to the depot to take the train, the report came that Dr. Mangum was suffering from a stroke of paralysis. It was soon learned that it was partial and that hopes were entertained for his recovery. Loving friends gathered around him at the station and loving hands assisted him into the cars. He sat by his daughter very quietly, his pinched face evincing pain. There was no word of repining. He tried submissively to suffer the will of God. At Goldsboro, a few of his best friends, young men he had known in college, came to see him to evidence their affection by any slight service they might render. As they shook his hand in affectionate farewell, he could restrain himself no longer, but the tears coursed down his cheeks and his emotion was so great he could not speak.

He came to his home in this "Sweet Auburn." The student

body and the faculty were deeply touched by his affliction and lost no opportunity of showing their sympathy. Days dragged slowly along into months, and before commencement he had gained much of his strength and began to feel that he would be able to take his place in the class-room the next session. When the boys returned in August he resumed his duties, but it was not with his old time vigor and it was not long before it became apparent that his strength was spent and that his days were numbered. His will power kept him up, but with the new year he became too feeble to teach. He suffered greatly, but with christian fortitude. During his last illness, when his body was racked with pain, and nothing else could afford him relief, his daughter would read to him from the German hymn—

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

And also from that other inspiring hymn—

Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

The reading of these hymns seemed to give him courage and help him to fix his reliance fully upon God.

He steadily failed, and at eight o'clock p. m. on the 10th of May he lost consciousness. On the night of May 10th he said to his wife and daughters that it was bed time and he would go to sleep. He kissed them each good night, turned over on the bed, lost consciousness and never woke again until his eyes rested on the splendor of his heavenly home. He lost consciousness on Saturday, but did not die until Monday.

The funeral services were held in the Methodist church in this place, and students, professors and citizens paid the last mark of respect to an instructor, friend and companion, who, after a well spent and useful life, had entered into that rest which remaineth to the people of God. His death, at home surrounded by those he loved most tenderly, was in accordance with the way he wished to die. When at college, only nineteen years old, he wrote a poem "Where I wish to Die" which is preserved in his scrap book. His

own death was a fulfilment of that youthful poem which I do not quote for its literary qualities but to show how God permitted him to fall asleep in the way his youthful fancy had pictured as an ideal death.

“WHERE I WISH TO DIE.”

Oh! When the hour of death shall come,
I do not wish to be
Amid the gay and frolicsome,
Whose hearts are filled with glee.

I do not wish to breathe my last
In wealth and luxury,
With hearts with anxious care oppressed,
Or filled with revelry.

I do not wish to die upon
The blood stained battle plain,
Midst cannon's roar and war cloud's din,
The wounded and the slain.

I could not be content to die
Upon the ocean deep,
While stormy waves are swelling high,
And tempests fiercely sweep.

I would not die away from home,
Away from every friend,
While none but strangers near me come,
To see my poor life end.

But oh! I wish to fall asleep,
Beneath the shaded cot,
While evening zephyrs gently creep
Around the silent spot.

With friends to sooth my aching heart,
With Jesus standing near;
Oh! I could then from life depart
Unmoved by pain or fear.

R. M. College, Oct. 10, 1853.

In the Chapel Hill cemetery the remains of this good man await the resurrection. A plain marble shaft marks his last resting place, and upon it is an inscription from the Bible which was his motto through life. Not a great while before his death he told his wife that he wanted no inscription upon his tomb that would tell of his achievements, which he reckoned as naught except as they had been blessed of God. "But," said he, "when I am dead and can no more put my hand in love upon the shoulders of the students and give them loving admonition, and when no more I can preach the riches of the gospel in the pulpit, I shall want still to preach to all who look upon my grave." And his wife put as the inscription on his plain, simple tombstone the motto of his life: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He will direct thy paths."