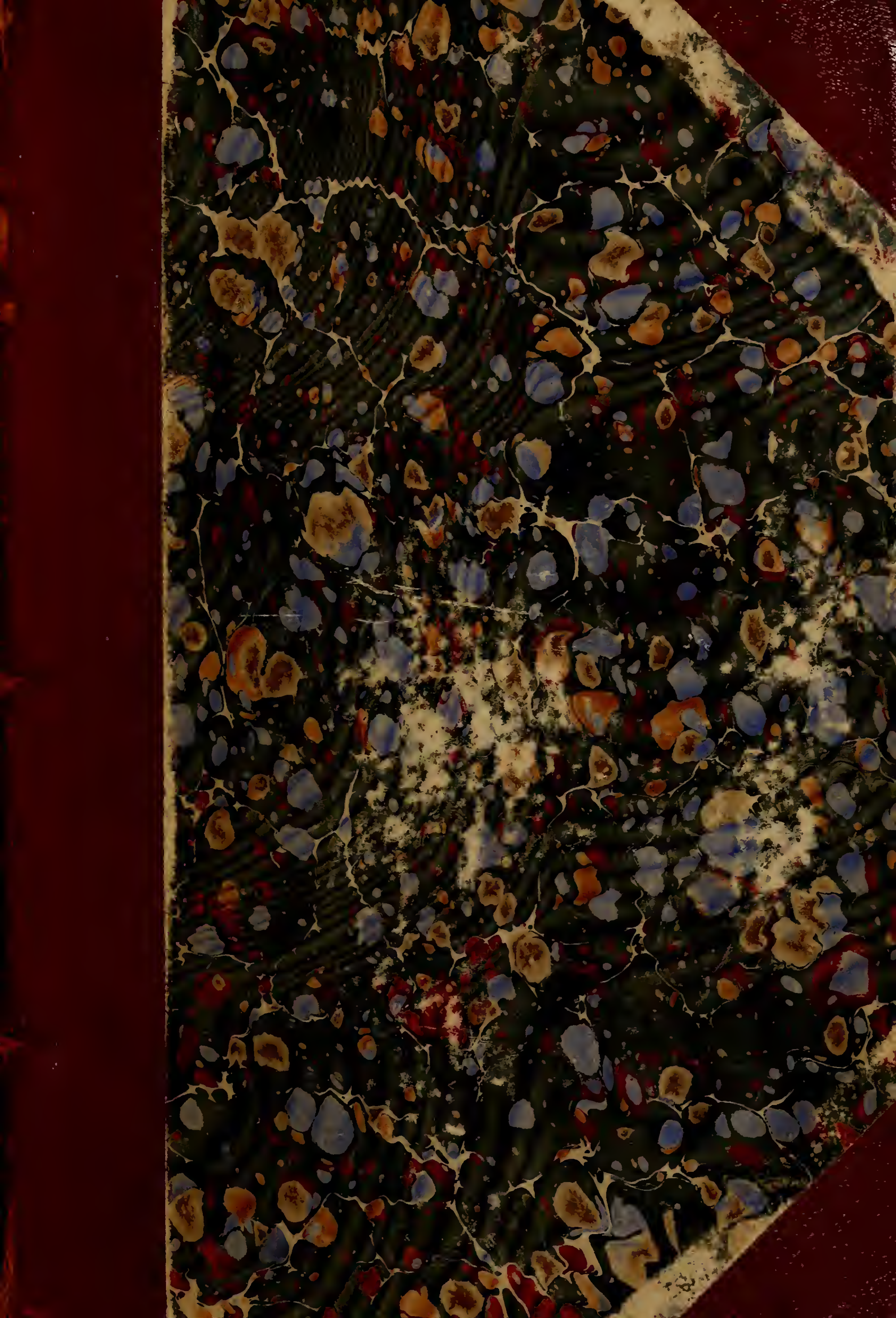

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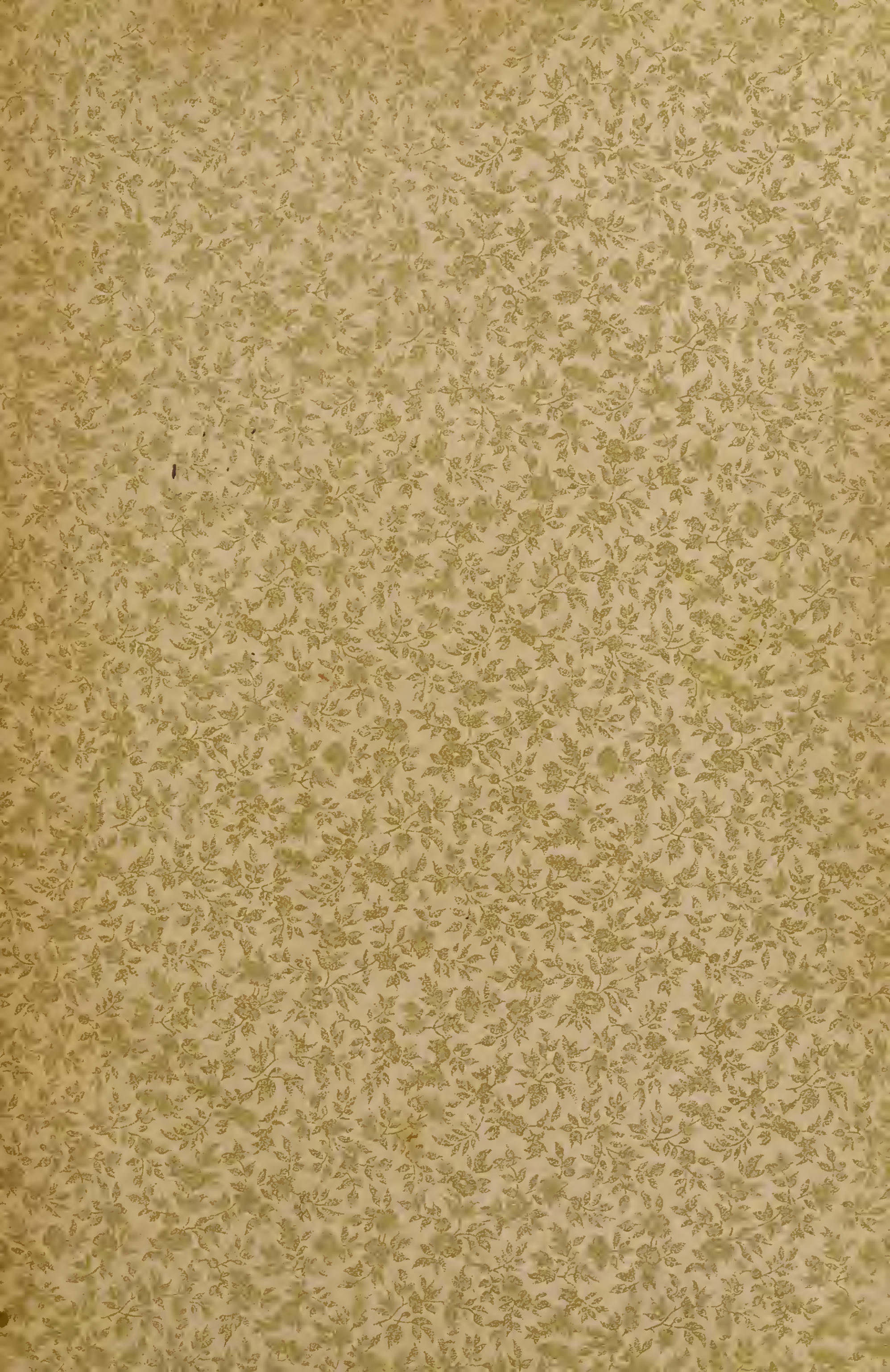

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

BY G. H. FLOWERS.

By the sad death of President McKinley Theodore Roosevelt has been very suddenly and prominently called to the attention of the entire world, and to-day he is the most closely studied and keenly criticised man in this country. The heavy burdens of the most important position in the nation have been unexpectedly thrust upon his shoulders, and naturally the eyes of the people of this country, and also of the entire world, are fixed intently upon him at this critical period, watching his every act to see how he meets the many duties and great responsibilities of his new position.

We cannot tell, of course, at this period what will be the results of the change in the administration; the only

thing we can do is to predict and hope. To those who hold the rather low estimate of Mr. Roosevelt, and which has been until recently, at least in certain parts of the country, the popular estimate of him, an estimate arrived at from the distorted and erroneous accounts of the man and his actions which have found their way into the press, the change has caused much fear and apprehension. But those who are familiar with his history, and know the true character of the man, his integrity, energy, and fidelity to duty, have little apprehension for the welfare of the nation in his hands. It is one of the great misfortunes of prominent men to be wrongfully judged and to be misunderstood by the majority of their fellowmen; and from this misfortune Mr. Roosevelt has by no means escaped. Since he first became prominently connected with national affairs he has suffered more than probably any other public man in this respect. By a great many people he has been looked upon as a quarrelsome, head-strong, impetuous, unthinking man, but this is altogether the wrong view of him. Those who know him best say that he is always open to the counsel of others, and reflects well upon anything that he undertakes. However, after he has once undertaken a thing he goes at it with all the energy and enthusiasm of his nature, caring little for anything but fulfilling his whole duty.

President Roosevelt was born on October 27, 1858, in New York City. His is one of the oldest families in the city, eight generations of Roosevelts having lived and died there. In every generation of the family there have been men who have taken an active and prominent part in the public affairs of the state. Theodore's father was a merchant and a philanthropist. He did much valuable philanthropic work in the city, and especially among the soldiers of the Civil War. He was a Christian and a gentleman in every sense of the word, and his influence had much to do with shaping and molding the character of his son. The

latter was a very weak and delicate boy. He realized soon, however, that if he ever intended to be of any value to his country he must have a strong constitution, and with characteristic energy and determination he set to work to improve his health, and succeeded so well that when he entered Harvard College he compared favorably not only mentally but physically with any of his classmates.

Mr. Roosevelt's father was a man of considerable wealth, and if Theodore had so desired he could have lived a life of comparative ease and idleness, but he had been taught from childhood to look with contempt upon that man who never tries to do anything in the world. So with a strong desire to do something that would be of real value to his state and to his country, he entered politics as soon as he left college, and was soon elected to the State Legislature, where he served for three terms. He threw his whole life into the work before him now, and with a high sense of right and honor he fought with untiring energy against the corruption and vices of the politics of his state, and labored unceasingly for reforms and measures that have been of real and practical value to the state.

At this point in the beginning of his career I should like to quote a paragraph from one of his essays which contains the spirit characteristic of him in his political life, as well as in other work he has had to do. He says: "The prime thing that every man who takes an interest in politics should remember is that he must act, and not merely criticise the actions of others. It is not the man who sits by his fireside reading his evening paper, and saying how bad our politics and politicians are, who will ever do anything to save us; it is the man who goes out into the rough hurly-burly of the caucus, the primary, and the political meeting, and there faces his fellows on equal terms. The real service is rendered not by the critic who stands aloof from the contest, but by the man who enters into it and bears his part as a man should, undeterred by the blood

and sweat." Again he says: "Progress is accomplished by the man who does the things, and not by the man who talks about how they ought or ought not to be done." This spirit of action, I say, is characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt. He has been an actor in, rather than a spectator and critic of, public affairs. This was the spirit with which he entered into the political life of his state to try to correct the evils which he found there, and it has been the predominant spirit of his subsequent career. He belongs to that aggressive type of men who, having convictions and ideas about things are energetic and courageous enough to proclaim them regardless of the consequences. They may make mistakes sometimes, and often have to endure unjust criticism; still they would rather commit the mistakes and endure the criticism than to try to escape both by remaining quiet and doing nothing, and it is this type of men who have done most for the world and have been the real agents of civilization.

Mr. Roosevelt spent the years from 1884 to 1889 in literary work, and in sharing the rough and vigorous life of the western cowboys. In 1886 he was candidate for Mayor of New York City against Abram S. Hewitt and Henry George. He was defeated after making a fair, open and honorable fight, but he had the distinction of receiving a larger percentage of votes than any Republican candidate had ever polled before. In 1889 President Harrison appointed him president of the United States Civil Service Commission, which position he filled with his characteristic thoroughness and high sense of duty, and he enforced the law as it had never been enforced prior to this time. This position he held for six years, four years under President Harrison and two years under President Cleveland.

In 1895 Mayor Strong appointed him president of the Board of Police Commissioners of New York City. Previous to Mr. Roosevelt's appointment to this position the police of the city had been a badly managed and corrupt

body. He at once went to work with the determination to reform this part of the city administration. He dismissed many of the old police force, and appointed about two thousand new men that were honest and trustworthy, and in less than six months he had put an effectual check on the vices and scandals of the police system. He found many laws that were merely dead-letter laws, at least against certain classes, but he was determined that every law should be enforced strictly and impartially against all classes. His vigorous policy was protested against by many prominent citizens, but he simply said: "I am placed here to enforce the law as I find it. I shall enforce it. If you don't like the law, repeal it." He did enforce the law, and the city was probably never better governed than in the last two years of his administration. This fair, impartial and honest enforcement of the law was something new in the annals of the city, and his policy made him the best beloved and most admired, as well as the worst hated man in the city.

In 1897 Mr. Roosevelt gave up his position on the Police Board, and accepted the less desirable position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, because he foresaw as probably no other man did, the coming conflict with Spain, and realized the unreadiness of this country for that conflict. With great energy and promptness he set to work to prepare our navy for the coming hostilities, and his work was so thoroughly done that Admiral Dewey's great victory was due largely to the wisdom and foresight of Mr. Roosevelt.

He accepted the position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy through a sense of duty, and now, after his valuable service in this position, the same sense of duty prompted him to resign and offer his service to the country on the battle field. Accordingly he organized his famous regiment of Rough Riders, and the valuable service which this regiment rendered the country on the battle fields of Cuba is too well known to require repetition here.

Colonel Roosevelt came back from Cuba to find himself the most popular man in his state, and in a short while he was urged to accept the nomination for Governor on the Republican ticket. This position Mr. Roosevelt had not sought, but he finally consented to accept the nomination. The chances for a Republican victory this year were not very encouraging, but Mr. Roosevelt entered the campaign with his characteristic energy and determination, and when the result of the election was known he was chosen Governor by a good majority. The difficulties of his position now were very great. Besides the many other problems with which he had to deal, there was a powerful party machine, but through his whole administration he met every problem fairly and honestly and independently, never forgetting that he was in his position for the welfare of his state, and not for the welfare of any boss or party organization.

The bosses of the state soon realized that they could have very little influence over a man of his character; and, seeing that it would be for their best interest to get rid of him, they sought to put an end to his political career by burying him in the oblivion of the Vice-Presidency. The world knows how effectually their plans and intentions have been defeated, for through their efforts and the work of fate, Mr. Roosevelt is to-day President of the United States.

He comes to this position the youngest chief executive in the history of the nation. But on the other hand few Presidents have entered upon their administration with more practical experience that would be of real value to them in meeting the many problems of their office than does Mr. Roosevelt. His administration so far has been but the revelation of his true sterling character, his broad mind and great heart; and when we consider his past career, there is little ground for fear that the interests of the country will suffer in the hands of such a man.

HIS ANSWER AT THE BAR.

BY CYRIL W. WALDON.

Some years ago while investigating coal mining interests in the West my duties took me to Labran, a small town near the flourishing city of Pueblo in the southwestern part of Colorado. Labran is now a populous city but at that time there were not more than half a dozen stores in the town which then boasted of about fiifteen hundred inhabitants. Among the pleasure resorts of the town which at that time had no theatrical performances, was an assembly place somewhat like the old fashioned inn, kept by one of the official dignitaries of the town. It was not a saloon although light drinks were served, neither could it be called a restaurant. It resembled the coffee houses of old England where men met and talked over the important issues of the day.

I frequently spent my evenings at this resort and many are the memories connected with it during my stay of a few months among those rude, large-hearted, impulsive Westerners. Sometimes there were as many as a score of these stalwart men who would sit until the wee sma' hours of the morning, puffing away at their pipes amid clouds of smoke, talking, laughing and drinking the refreshments served by the jovial landlord.

One evening in early autumn the usual company was gathered in the public room and I strolled in to hear the rough Westerners tell their oft-repeated tales of adventure and recount the escapades in which they had been the central figures. Soon after I had settled down comfortably, rather enjoying the strong fumes of smoke which were curling up from more than a dozen huge pipes, the company was interrupted by the entrance of a tall young man of striking appearance. He was of a large build but his face was emaciated and his sad sunken eyes gleamed dully out from beneath dark brows. I had seen this man before

and occasionally he had spent an evening with the company but he seldom addressed a remark to anyone and consequently was seldom spoken to by his fellows. He seemed to be gradually wasting away and his face betokened suffering both of body and of mind. He had the appearance of a once strong man now haunted by some terrible fear or sorrow. Disease had marked him for its own and wasted and emaciated he was evidently near that borne from which no traveler ever returns. At his entry a silence fell upon the company. But this the young man did not seem to notice, but strode with faltering step into the center of the company and without seating himself stood for a moment looking around him as if he were dazed by the light and tobacco smoke.

Then he let his eyes slowly pass over the company and broke the silence by saying in low tremulous tones, "Boys, I have a confession I must make to you before it is too late." He paused as if to allow the men around him to recover from the surprise which his entry and words occasioned. Then he resumed, after a cough which shook his whole frame and seemed to leave his voice weaker than before, "you have a right to know me. I have got to die before many days have passed and I will tell you what has made me the most miserable of men and has robbed my life of all its sweetness. I have lived and worked among you more than three long years and none of you knew where I came from or what kind of a miserable wretch I have been. Just three years and one-half ago to-night I became a murderer—I took the life of a poor, helpless, innocent girl and ruined my life forever."

There was a murmur of surprise from the company, but not disconcerted the young man resumed with a wave of his wasted hand, "I will tell you all how it happened. When I reached the age of twenty I was a hot-blooded, strong, impetuous Southerner in the far East with all the wild impulses of youth and with a greatly perverted idea

of right and wrong. My father was possessed of an abundance of this world's goods and I was an only son, petted and spoiled as generally are children who have no brothers or sisters. Not far from my home lived a poor farmer and his wife who had no children of their own but who had adopted an orphan girl. She was just a year younger than I, and as pure and as beautiful as the flowers among which we so often roamed. We lived in a thinly settled part of the country, and being much together an attachment naturally sprang up between us. My parents had frequently chided me and remonstrated with me for spending so much of my time with the unlettered but fair one whom they despised for her poverty. But one great incentive to growing fondness between an impetuous youth and a romantic young girl is the objection of parents.

"Finally we were secretly married by an aged minister living some distance away. Then my life seemed to change the even tenor of its way. Ere a year had passed I had grown tired of the treasure I had won, and, as my marriage was unknown, I began to spend much of my time with another young lady, who was not blessed so much as my first love in beauty, but who excelled her in fortune, which I had been taught to regard as a crowning accomplishment. I began to form plans for my escape from my marriage. I think a demon was whispering to me day and night, for, even in my dreams, I was tortured by the bonds I had grown to loathe, and wierd imagery of blood and death disturbed my slumbers. Would to God that from those troubled slumbers I had never awakened; then would I have been freed from the terrible agonies which have followed.

"But the day was approaching when I must be freed from the woman I had grown to hate, but who begged piteously that I acknowledge our marriage to the world for her sake. I was engaged to be married to the lady of fortune, and I resolved never to acknowledge my "pau-

per wife" of but one year. I fixed upon a desperate plan—diabolical and fiendish. Even then my mind was aghast in contemplation of it.

"One evening I called upon the trusting girl and asked her to take one of those strolls which had been so pleasant when I was wooing and winning the heart of the confiding rustic girl. She was glad, for they had become less frequent than formerly. It was a beautiful evening in early spring. The sun had just gone down, and the ruddy western clouds had rolled away. The moon was rising amid a myriad of stars. We walked down the path which led to the river, whose dark waters rolled sullenly under the willows and foliage just budding forth. I said little, but she prattled on, little dreaming that she was taking her last walk, and that the one in whom she was confiding her hopes and fears was soon to take her life. In her unsuspecting innocence little did she think that the distant note of the plaintive whippoorwill was her funeral dirge, and that a fiendish thought was racking the brain of her companion. A chill of horror comes over me now as I think of the wild maniacal determination which seemed to set my brain on fire. Our path led close by the dark water's edge. When in a dark, lonely place I stopped, resolved that she should go no farther. I turned to her and—"

Here the voice of the speaker was choked and a tear trickled down his wan cheek. He swayed as if about to fall. Ah, he was expiating a crime he could not tell. His hearers had forgotten their pipes and sat solemn and mute, and nothing but the lonely bark of a distant dog broke the silence of the night.

"But, men, it is not necessary for me to say much more; it is too late now. I cannot tell you the horrible details of the crime. I robbed the fair, trustful girl of her young life, and saw the limp form disappear beneath the dark waters. There was a splash, and the river kept on its

noiseless march down its sinuous course with its burden and the secret of the ghastly crime. Then I knew what a horrible thing I had done. Then I knew that for all time my life was ruined, and I felt a wild, uncontrollable desire to flee from the scenes I knew so well. I must have been mad. I rushed away, but still I heard the choked sobs of the unfortunate girl as she implored me in pity to spare her life. I came West and settled among you. Disease came and is taking away the miserable life I was too cowardly to take myself. I have wasted away. Sorrow and disease have done their work. I have been hunted for more than three years. Justice clamors for its own. You will see me no more. To-morrow I shall go to answer at the bar for a crime that has crushed out every joy, every hope. God pity me, for I have suffered as few men suffer in this life. The way of the transgressor is hard. To this day I have ever seen the form of the poor girl before me. Waking or sleeping, I have ever heard her pleadings, the voice which once was melody."

He stood mute in the awed company. Then his head dropped forward and he staggered from the room.

Those rugged men so close to Nature's heart were moved to pity. Slowly the company disbanded, and one by one they went to their homes.

* * *

Next morning, when the gladsome day had been ushered in, and the bright sun was lighting up the dewy hilltops and shadowy dales, the inhabitants of the town were stirred by some unusual event. Up on a hillside, just a little way from his home, a ghastly corpse had been found. The pinched face was drawn by its last pain and the eyes were sunken—the murderer had gone to answer at the Bar.

EVENTIDE MUSIC.

BY D. B. J.

The garish day is done at last,
And peace has come;
O'er all the land a solemn stillness dwells.
Through the holy calm of night
Shine myriad spheres of light,
More silent than this quiet o'er our world.

And yet methinks in God's vast home
Sweet music swells
Orchestral harmonies sublime,
Great choruses of praise,
Unending with the days,
Triumphant o'er all discords of mankind.

A JOURNAL OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY E. F. HINES.

The outbreak of the Revolution produced an immediate exodus of Protestants from Ireland, and Jonathan Swift retired to Leicestershire, where his mother had been living for several years. It was necessary for him to seek some means of livelihood at this critical point in his life, and he was very fortunate in finding a home at Sir William Temple's, one of the first diplomatists and most experienced statesmen of his age. Sir William's father had been on intimate terms with the Swift family and there was some connection or relationship between Swift's mother and Sir William's wife. Swift applied to Sir William, being advised by his mother, and was at once received at Moor Park, in Surrey, as amanuensis. Temple's wife died five years after Swift entered their home and affairs were managed by Temple's widowed sister, Lady Giffard. She had about her, sometimes in the house and sometimes in a neighboring cottage, as companion or confidential servant, a Mrs. Johnson, widow of an old servant of Sir William Temple, and mother of two children.

Esther Johnson, the elder, was seven years old when Swift entered Moor Park. He was much interested in the child and at once formed a deep attachment to this bright but delicate girl, who became his favorite playmate. He troubled himself to instruct her, guided her maturing mind, and invented a child language for her use. As she grew into a beautiful and accomplished woman, she became the center of the most mysterious, as well as the most romantic, episode in Swift's career, and in later years, under the name of Stella, she became indissolubly twined with all that was tenderest in his life, and this name was to be linked with that of Swift's "in one of the saddest tales by which the annals of literary history have stirred and attracted human sympathy".

Swift continued at Moor Park, with few intervals, until 1694, when he went to Ireland and entered the Church. He disliked his surroundings and Temple needed him, so he returned to Surrey in 1696. This last stay at Moor Park continued until Temple's death in 1699. Swift found his old pupil, Esther Johnson, rapidly developing into womanhood. She was not quite fifteen when he returned to Moor Park. He afterwards wrote, I think it was on the day of her death, "I knew her from six years old and had some share in her education by directing what books she should read and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honor and virtue, from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life. She was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen, but then grew into perfect health and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face was perfection. . . . Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation".

Sir William Temple left Swift a small legacy, and to Esther Johnson a small landed property in Ireland, where she lived with Mrs. Dingley, a distant relative of Sir William Temple, who became her companion for life. Swift informed them that the rate of interest was higher and living was cheaper in Ireland than in England, and it was through his advice that they moved to Ireland in 1708.

In the summer of 1710 Swift was requested by the Irish Bishops to take up once more the First Fruit's negotiation, which would have better chance under a change of administration. He went to England, he wrote Stella, "with less desire than ever before". Here he found the ministry of Godolphin had fallen and things were ready for an election. He had made proposals to Godolphin concerning the First Fruits, but in vain. In October he received a

formal commission from the Primate and Archbishop King of Dublin, giving him the power to conduct the affairs of the First Fruits. Now having a cabinet naturally well-disposed toward the clergy, his suit was soon successful.

Swift had left behind in Ireland his two very dear friends, Esther and Mrs. Dingley, neither of whom had married, but, after the custom of the times, were called mistress. Esther's greatest charm, to him, was her unfailing good sense, and he trusted her as he trusted no one else. He wrote, "I cannot call to mind that I ever once heard her make a wrong judgment of persons, books, or affairs. Her advice was always the best and with the greatest freedom, mixed with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness somewhat more than human in every motion, word, and action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sincerity. She was the truest, most virtuous and valuable friend that I or perhaps any other person was ever blessed with".

With this introduction, in which I have tried to show Swift and his relation to Stella, I shall take up the famous "Journal to Stella", which began from Chester on September 2, 1710, and continued until June 6, 1713. In these letters written to Stella, which took the form of a Journal, Swift recorded for Esther Johnson, who, in all his busy and bustling surroundings, ever occupied the place closest to his heart, from day to day his thoughts and doings during what was the period of Swift's greatest activity and influence in English politics. The Journal gives us a vivid picture of his daily life, his hopes and forebodings, his friendships and his enmities, his public aims and personal ambitions, his social life and literary occupations, the gossip of the great city, and at the same time shows us the most playful and tender side of his nature.

In these pages we are permitted to see how tender in feeling, how unreserved in confidence, how full of that

easy familiarity which is the most perfect quality in correspondence, Swift could be with her, who continued to be his dearest friend until her death. These pages show us his playfulness and sarcasm, his pathos and anger, and at once let us see him in his pride and in his tenderness, in his weakness and his power. Nothing could be more charming than the playful little prattle—which he had invented for her as a child—which breaks into the gossip and the utterances of his hopes and resentments. In the snatches of leisure, late at night or before rising, he delighted in an imaginary chat for a few minutes of little fondling talk, which helped him to forget his worry and anticipate the happiness of reunion, and as he could not caress her hand, he caressed her letters. Swift's letters are written very indistinctly on folio sheets in pale ink and in the smallest of handwritings. As many as thirty-five lines on a page have been counted, some lines containing as many words as eighteen. At the close of many letters are found groups of capitals, and Lecky says, "They doubtless had an earnest intensity of meaning for this strange, grim, middle-aged lover and his mistress, but for us they are dumb and like shrivelled petals found between the leaves of some old romance we can only dimly wonder what was the message they carried to the eyes which brightened as they saw them".

I give one example from the Journal, "I assure os it im vely late now; but zis goes tomorrow; and I must have time to converse with our deerichar MD. Nite de deer sallahs. Farewell dearest hearts and souls, MD. Farewell MD MD MD FW FW FW ME ME ME Lele Lele Sollahs Lele." Some think that Swift loved Stella only as a friend. To be sure, he doesn't write as an avowed lover. Dingley serves as a chaperone in their most intimate confidences, and yet now and then a word or two escapes which certainly reads like something more than fraternal affection. In the Journal May 23, 1711, I find,

"You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's sake". In the same letter, after apologizing for not returning, he writes, "I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till Fortune take her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in my pursuits". If this does not mean that he intended to marry her as soon as he got a deanery, then there must have been some understanding to limit their force. Whether his love was that of a lover's or a friend's, he loved her. We see him much troubled over her bad health, and when the end came he grieved bitterly; the one nearest and dearest to him had passed away and the future seemed dark.

I will now speak of Swift's relation to the Tory leader, Mr. Harley, as found in the Journal. Mr. Harley had been Chancellor of the Exchequar since the dismissal of Godolphin's ministry in August. On September 30, 1710, Swift writes Stella that he is to be introduced to Harley on the following Wednesday. He writes, "I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig enough, and I hope for good usage from him. The Tories dryly tell me I may make my fortune, if I please". He writes that he stands ten times better with the new people than he ever did with the old, and that he was to dine tomorrow with Mr. Harley, and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. On October 19 he asked, "Do they know anything in Ireland of my greatness among the Tories!" On page 47 of the Journal Swift writes that it was on a thanksgiving day and he was at court, where the Queen passed by them with all Tories about her; not one Whig, Buckingham, Rochester, Leeds, Shrewsbury, Berkeley, Harcourt, Harley, and Pembroke. He often speaks of Harley's kindness to him, of his dining with Harley. Harley received him with the greatest respect and kindness and "spoke so many things of personal

kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, that he would do everything to bring me over". He wrote, "It is strange how the great men regard me here, when I am hardly noticed by the puppies in Ireland".

His relation to Bolingbroke, Secretary of State, is also interesting. We find reference to St. John, or Mr. Secretary, in nearly every letter. He speaks of being with St. John often and of dining with him; of going to Windsor "with St. John". On December 23, 1710, he says he was early with St. John this morning and gave him a memorial to get the Queen's letter for the First Fruits, who has promised to do it in a very few days. On December 31 St. John told Swift that Harley sent him word that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the First Fruits. In April, 1711, St. John was in a bad temper, or cool towards Swift; and in his letter to Stella we see Swift's independence, his insubordination to his superiors. He writes, "I made him a very proper speech, and one thing I warned him against, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated as a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning from Sir William Temple); that I expected every great minister who honored me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage would let me know in plain word and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behavior, for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favor was worth it, and that I designed to let my Lord Keeper and Mr. Harley know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly".

This was the period of Swift's greatest activity in English politics, and he was not only among the political leaders, but he was among the wits; was intimate with the literary men—Addison, Steele, Gay, and others. Addison and Swift were at first friends, were constantly

together, and never wished for a third person. Addison presented to Swift a copy of his travels, inscribed, "To the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of the age". Swift once wrote he had denied himself to everybody except about half a dozen, and Addison was one of these. He wrote Stella of Addison's popularity, "Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed, and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen King he would hardly be refused". Swift feared their party beliefs would separate them. In December, 1710, he wrote, "Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off by this damned business of party; he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this ministry; but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet". On July 26, 1711, Swift wrote he had seen Addison at last and had dined with him and Steele. "Mr. Addison and I talked as usual and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy." In September of the same year Swift said that he had dined with Addison. "We were very good company, and yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is."

We also run across Steele's name very often in the Journal. In Swift's first letter to Stella he writes, "Let all who write me inclose to Richard Steele, Esq., at his office at the Cockpitt, near Whitehall". At first they were very friendly, but on October 31, 1710, Swift speaks of coolness between Steele and himself, and says he had promised Lord Trsasurer never to speak for either of them again—speaking of Addison and Steele—but he befriended Steele after this. He says Steele had been in prison for debt before he came, but not since. In December, 1712, he writes, "And, do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favor and mercy of the ministers than any other people? Steele I have kept in his place".

He writes of Congreve, with whom he dines often, "I was this evening to see Will. Congreve, who is a very agreeable companion". Swift recommends him to Harley's protection, and writes that once he sat up until 12 reading Congreve's plays. Swift speaks of dining with Matthew Prior and Ambrose Philips. He tried to help Philips. He wrote, "I certainly could have provided for him if he had not run party-mad and made me withdraw my recommendation". Swift recommended many men and helped many. On page 427 of the Journal he writes that he had collected sixty guineas to give to two authors, and the Lord Treasurer had promised a hundred pounds to reward some others. He writes that he had been that morning to see a poet—one Mr. Diaper—in a nasty garret, very sick. He gave him twenty guineas. Swift and Parnell went to see Harrison on February 14, 1712–1713. Swift wrote, "I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door, my mind misgave me. I knocked and his man, in tears, told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me". He then went to order his funeral things. So, we see Swift was not only with the political leaders, but with the wits as well; not only trying to benefit the Irish people, but helping those in need about him in London.

Swift was constantly at Windsor from July 19, 1711, to September 15, 1712. After speaking several times of going, he finally went on July 19, 1711, and wrote, "Windsor is a delicious place. I never saw it before, except for an hour about seventeen years ago".

In August he says he is going to Windsor to meet his society, who are to put up at Mr. Secretary's. He writes Stella of the ills of the Queen and of her doings from time to time. In February, 1710–11, in speaking of the October Club, he writes, "We are plagued with an October Club, that is, a set of above a hundred Parliamentmen of

the country, who drink October beer at home and meet every evening to consult affairs and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs; to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads'' In April, 1711, he writes, ''I dine today with Mr. Secretary, and I gave him my objections to the October Club. He answered all except one''. In January, 1712, he said he had made Ford copy a small pamphlet and sent it to the press, that he might not be known as author. ''’Tis the letter to the October Club.'' He wrote later that the printer had shown him the pamphlet called ''Advice to the October Club'', and he had commended it highly, and the printer had not suspected him.

I might comment on many other things found in the Journal, but this much will suffice to show the nature of the famous ''Journal to Stella'', which gives only in outline the doings of Swift while in London from 1710 to 1713. In nearly every letter he speaks of dining with some one; a few times he tells who is present, and this is all. He writes of going to Windsor, but seldom of what he does there. Nothing is given in detail. At the close of each day he writes an outline, so to speak; writes where he has been, some of the things he has done, for the woman he loved, who was far away in Ireland, anxiously waiting his return.

A GAME FOR TWO.

BY C. D. A.

I.

They were sitting in the moonlight.

"And you really love me?" he asked.

"Of course," she replied, with an innocent laugh.

"You positively have never cared for another?" he persisted.

She smiled.

"The idea! Indeed not."

No power in the world could have convinced Jack Wendell at that particular moment that she would ever be untrue. That young man's faith was supreme. Perhaps this was best, at least for his own peace of mind.

They parted.

"A lucky fellow," mused Jack, as he thought of his success.

"A blooming idiot," said Maybelle DeLancey. She was merely thinking—of her numerous lovers.

"However, he is nice as far as men go. I'll not jilt him for awhile."

Maybelle DeLancey was a flirt. Everybody who knew her said that; even her most intimate friends seemed conscious of that fact. However, no one took the trouble to communicate this information to Mr. Jack Wendell.

He trusted.

"It is positively disgusting the way that girl does," remarked Mrs. Tommy Rennsaeler, at the Woman's Club the following Wednesday afternoon. "Now they say she has ensnared Jack Wendell, and"—

"The idea! And he is almost a stranger to her. It is positively mean."

"And everybody is talking of the way she treated poor Tommy Britton," said the "petite" blonde. "He was desperately in love with her, and"—

"She jilted him, of course."

Poor Jack.

When it was announced in society circles that Jack Wendell was in love, the fact was regarded as incredible, but when it was divulged that Miss Maybelle DeLancey knew something of the affair, the indignation among that body was simply awful.

"Terrible," thundered the man who was in love.

"Shocking," murmured the dignified young lady.

"Interesting," said the heartless coquette.

"Very good joke," roared the fat man.

"She'll jilt him," they said in concert.

II.

Three months later.

Again they were sitting in the moonlight.

"Of course you'll remain true," said Jack.

She was indignant.

"How could you doubt it?"

"And you will wait?" he urged.

"Till death. You will return"—

"In September."

The parting that night was longer than usual.

The next morning Jack Wendell left for San Francisco, primarily to assume control of the law office of Howe & Weeks, the firm with which he had been connected during the four months of his stay in Chicago, and incidently to win renown in the far West.

When it was reported the next evening in society circles that he had gone to San Francisco, every one smiled and instinctively said:

"Maybelle DeLancey, no doubt."

However, when it was further divulged that, on his return, they were to be married, the feelings of that body were considerably mollified.

"Perhaps she is not so bad after all," said the man who

was in love, with a gleam of hope in his eye.

"At least it *looks* better," sighed the dignified young lady.

"Exciting," tittered the heartless coquette.

"She'll jilt him yet," said the fat man, with a confident air.

"We'll see," they said.

III.

Jack Wendell had been in San Francisco two months when Maybelle DeLancy received a letter from her brother, who was a captain in a western garrison. In the course of his epistle he stated that he would return home in two weeks, accompanied by George Wentworth, once his college chum at Yale, and now second lieutenant in the same regiment.

"George is a charming fellow," he wrote, "and my only fear is that my sister may actually fall in love."

"The idea," retorted Maybelle DeLancey, "as if I would think of such a thing! And Jack has only been away two months. Preposterous!"

They come.

"A charming fellow," said Maybelle DeLancey.

"Just my ideal," said George Wentworth.

They were also sitting in the moonlight.

"You like soldiers?" he asked.

"I simply adore—some of them."

"And you would like to live in a western garrison?" he urged.

She answered.

Had Jack Wendell heard the reply, it would have struck terror to his heart.

Soon that young man received a letter. He read:

MY DEAR MR. WENDELL:—I hope you will pardon me for what may seem infidelity on my part. However, I am sure you will agree with me when I say that we were fool-

ish. Perhaps you know that I am to be married to Mr. George Wentworth next month. Sincerely,

MAYBELLE DELANCEY.

"Horrid," said the man who was in love.

"Disgusting," remarked the dignified young lady.

"Charming," laughed the heartless coquette.

"Did she jilt him?" roared the fat man.

"Slightly."

IV.

A clipping from the San Francisco *Call* of the same date:

"It has been rumored for some time in society circles that there is soon to be a marriage among the devotees of the 'Smart Set' It is said that the contracting parties are to be Miss Grace Atherton and Mr. Jack Wendell. The former is a well-known society belle, while Mr. Wendell is prominently mentioned as the Democratic nominee for Congress from the Seventh District."

"Indeed," said the man who was in love.

"It serves her right," sadly remarked the dignified young lady.

"Positively exciting," tittered the heartless flirt.

"Verily a game for two," said the fat man.

V.

Jack Wendell had returned to Chicago.

Again they sat in the moonlight.

"Can you love me again?" he ventured at last.

"And you have come"—

"Exactly—true to my promise."

"And your marriage?"

"Merely a mistake. And yours?"

"Only a bluff."

When they parted the clock was striking two.

"Well," said the man who was in love, with a sigh of hope.

"Ditto," said the others.

SOME NEW MATTER RELATING TO THE MECKLENBURG RESOLUTIONS—MAY 31, 1775.

BY J. S. BASSETT.

My attention was called during the past summer to a document which has an important bearing on the controversy long waged around the Mecklenburg resolutions. Although this matter has been in print since 1895, it has never before been under my observation, and I have never seen it referred to in any discussion of the said resolutions. It will, therefore, be usefnl to call the attention of ARCHIVE readers to it.

From 1772 till 1775 Lord Dartmouth was English Secretary of State for the Colonial department. As such it was his business to receive the official reports of the various higher officers in the English colonies. These reports were preserved in the Public Rolls Office, in London, and in recent years they have been admirably arranged and calendared by the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts. The activity of this commission has continually brought to light important documents which in one way and another have for a long time been lost sight of. In its investigations it found, a few years ago, a large number of official documents in the possession of the Dartmouth family. They were examined and many of them proved to be letters and other colonial reports addressed to the earl whom I have just said was a Secretary of State from 1772 till 1775. The Royal Commission turned these over to Mr. B. F. Stevens, a reliable English student of documents relating to the colonies, with instructions that they should be calendared. The result was a volume of 673 pages on the American documents, and this appeared in 1895. It is known as The Fourteenth Report, Appendix, Part X., Historical MSS Commission; The MSS of the Earl of Dartmouth, Vol. II.

On page 323 of this volume is an abstract of a letter from Governor Josiah Martin, of North Carolina, to Dart-

mouth, dated June 30, 1775. This letter was received by Dartmouth, September 10, 1775, and was a duplicate of another letter. It happened that the original letter has been preserved in the Public Rolls Office, and it is printed in the Colonial Records of North Carolina, Volume X., p. 41. In it Martin uses the often quoted expression: "The Resolves of the Committee of Mecklenburgh, which your Lordship will find in the enclosed newspaper, surpass all the horrid and treasonable publications that the inflamatory spirits of this continent have yet produced." This expression has been said to refer to the 20th of May resolutions. The Public Rolls Office, it is said, once contained the newspaper to which Martin referred; but it has long been lost. The value of these newly calendared papers is that the abstract of this duplicate letter supplies this loss. From the endorsement on it we learned that the letter contained three enclosures, two of which have been preserved. One of these two is the long lost Mecklenburg resolutions to which Martin referred. Mr. Stevens's abstract which relates to this enclosure is as follows:

"N. D. [1775, May 31.]—Resolutions (20) of a Committee of the County of Mecklenburgh in North Carolina. Signed at Charlotte Town, by order of the Committee, Ephraim Brevard. Suspending all laws and commissions given by the crown and proposing measures to establish a government for the province. 4 folio pages. Endorsed: In Govr. Martins of the 30 of June, 1775, No. 34."

Of the three enclosures in Martin's letter, one was the minutes of a meeting of the council, June 25, 1775; another was the resolutions to which I have referred; the other was a proclamation by the governor.[1] Thus it is

[1] The other enclosure preserved in the Dartmouth papers is the minutes of the Council of North Carolina for June 25, 1775. The third enclosure is missing, but it is clear from the letter with which the enclosures were sent that it was a proclamation issued by Governor Martin. (See N. C. Col. Recs. X., 45.)

evident that the Mecklenburg resolutions to which the governor referred were those in the enclosure. The fact is of great importauce in the controversy. These resolutions, it will be seen, are those of May the 31st, 1775, about which there has been no controversy. Why did not Martin send the 20th of May resolutions? The answer must be that he knew nothing about them. Why did he know nothing about them? He knew about the resolutions of May 31. Would he not, also, have known about the more radical resolutions of May 20, if they had been passed? It will be remembered, also, that Martin says in the letter of June 30, that the Mecklenburg committee sent an express to the Congress at Philadelphia with the resolutions adopted. Local tradition says that Captain Jack took the resolutions of May 20 to the Congress at Philadelphia. By the preservation of this enclosure it is evident that Martin means to say that the 31st of May resolutions were sent to the Congress. Does this not prove that local tradition, when it referred to the May 20 resolutions, really confused them with the authentic May 31 resolutions?

In this connection it is worth while to recall another point made against the May 20 resolutions a few years ago. It will be remembered that Governor Martin, in a proclamation of August 8, 1775, referred to resolutions of "a Committee for the County of Mecklenburg most traitorously declaring the entire dissolution of the Laws of Government and Constitution of this country and setting up a system of rule and regulation repugnant to the Laws and subversive of His Majesty's Government." Now this proclamation came before the Provincial Congress which met at Hillsborough, August 20, 1775. That body passed a resolution that the said proclamation of the governor "is a false, scandalous, scurrilous, malicious, and sedicious Libel, tending to disunite the good people of this province, and to stir up Tumults and Insurrections, dangerous to the

peace of His Majesty's Government, and the safety of the Inhabitants, and highly injurious to the characters of several Gentlemen of acknowledged Virtue and Loyalty; and further, that the said paper [proclamation] be burnt by the common Hangman." This resolution was passed unanimously. In this Congress Mecklenburg county was represented by Thomas Polk, John Phifer, Waightstill Avery, Samuel Martin, James Houston, and John McKnitt Alexander. The majority of these are associated with the Committee which prepared the Mecklenburg resolutions. They were stern Presbyterians. When they voted that the charge of Martin was false they probably spoke the truth. If the 20th of May resolutions had been passed they could not have truthfully voted for the resolutions at Hillsborough, nor could any one else in the Congress have so voted who had taken the trouble to inquire about the facts.[1]

Thus two blows are dealt the 20th of May resolutions. 1. Martin knew nothing about them on June 30, 1775, and the resolutions to which he referred in the letter of that date were those of May 31. 2. Thomas Polk, John McKnitt Alexander, Waightstill Avery and others knew nothing of them on August 25, 1775, when the above resolution was passed in the Provincial Congress. As the years go by more and more evidence will come out on this and other unsettled phases of our history and we shall at last know the truth, which is all that any of us can demand. To the acquisition of the truth let us proceed with unfaltering effort and without bitterness.

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[1] See N. C. Col. Rec. X., 144, 164, 180. The facts referred to above became the subject of a controversy between Mr. W. W. Henry, of Virginia, and Dr. George W. Graham, of Charlotte, N. C.; but the latter cannot be said to have destroyed the arguments of the former. (See Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog. IV., 111, 224 and 334.)

PINNO CAVE.

BY E. C. PERROW.

When I was but a child my parents moved to Tennessee and settled in one of those picturesque valleys that nestle here and there among the pine-clad mountains of the Cumberland Tableland. I was an only child and when, a few years later my father died, I was left entirely alone with my mother. But in spite of the fact that I had few playmates I was seldom lonesome. For hours at a time I used to wander about the mountains with no companion but my dog, chasing here and there a rabbit to his hole, climbing some lofty peak or rolling great stones down the steep mountain side and watching them with delight as they crashed through the bushes or tore the bark from some giant tree.

About half-a-mile from my home there was a cave to which I often went. The path leading to it around the side of a great cliff is so narrow at places that one is obliged to cling to roots and branches for a support. The entrance is barely large enough for one to enter, but after running some ten or fifteen feet it opens into a large room perhaps 50 or 60 feet in height. Other rooms open into this, curtained off by stalactites of wonderful beauty. Here I spent much of my time exploring the various passages that led in every direction, studying the formation of the rocks, for I had found among my father's books an old text-book on Geology, or amusing myself by throwing fragments of stone down into Devil's Dive, a large hole near the center of the cave that was said to be bottomless.

But I found another source of pleasure in my acquaintance with Mr. Elliot. I came to know him rather by accident. One day, having wandered farther than usual in my solitary mountain tramp, I turned to retrace my steps, but soon found that I was lost. As night was approaching I hurried my steps, but instead of catching sight

of any familiar rock or tree, I saw only peak after peak and stream after stream that were entirely unknown to me. The clouds were gathering rapidly, and soon the light of the winter day began to fade. I felt a snowflake strike my hand. I knew what this meant. Unless I could find shelter somewhere I should inevitably be lost in the snow-drifts that would soon be forming. The wind began to blow fiercely and I hurried on, half-blinded by the snow which was now falling rapidly. Perhaps an hour thus passed and I was about to give up, when I saw a faint glimmer of light through the trees. It came from a house not forty yards distant. I managed to struggle up to the gate and call for help. A large black dog barked at me furiously, but I payed little attention to him. Presently the door opened and an old man appeared at the threshold, the light from within streaming over his white beard.

"What do you want?" he asked, rather gruffly.

I explained that I was lost. He then invited me in. I was taken into a large room lighted only by a fire of pine logs that blazed brightly in the large fire-place. In one corner was an old book case full of books, while, on the walls, here and there, hung some old guns and pistols of peculiar patterns. The whole room had an air of culture seldom seen so far from the cities. I then turned to look at my host. He was an old man, apparently between sixty and sixty-five years of age. His hair and beard were almost white, and I saw that his hand trembled as he lighted the large lamp on the mantel. Turning and looking at me rather closely, he said:

"I believe you are the widow Denton's son?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "Ralf Denton is my name, but I don't believe I know you."

"My name is Elliot," he said. "Perhaps you have heard of me. You are not as far from home as you thought."

Yes, I had often heard of him, and I remembered now having seen him once or twice, but I had not recognized him at first. Often had I passed this very house, but in the snow and darkness I had not recognized it. Mr. Elliot lived here alone, seldom going out. The ignorant mountain folks regarded him as the possessor of magic powers, and many were the stories they told of his skill in witchcraft. He kept himself entirely aloof from society and I had heard some vague story of his having been disappointed in love when young, and having gone to California when the gold fever was at its height in '49.

"Take off your wet shoes and dry your feet. You shall stay with me to-night and to-morrow you may go home."

In the morning, after having eaten breakfast with Mr. Elliot, I thanked him for his kindness and bade him goodbye. He went with me to the gate.

"I like you, Ralph," he said, as he gave me his hand, "and I want you to come to see me. Suppose you come over soon; I think I can help you with your Geology."

I did come back, again and again, and many were the pleasant evenings I spent by the old man's fireside, reading with him books on the subject we both loved so well, or listening to his stories of the far West.

Time passed away rapidly. I was deeply engaged in my study of Geology. Mr. Elliot helped me a great deal and more than once we went out on short excursions to obtain specimens, though these excursions had been less frequent of late since my friend's health seemed failing, and the cough which he had contracted in the early winter was now greatly aggravated. I told him about the Pinno Cave and urged him to go there with me, but he said he was too weak to undertake the trip.

One morning I went to the cave to obtain some specimens that Mr. Elliot especially desired. While attempting to break off a piece of the rock, I saw it move slightly. Could there be a hollow behind it? I took an old crow-

bar which I had brought with me and began to prize. After working perhaps half an hour I succeeded in dislodging it. There was an opening behind it some four feet in diameter. Holding my lantern just in front of me, I peered into the darkness. There, in a room about nine or ten feet high, lying across the floor was a human skeleton. Recovering from the surprise which this unexpected sight occasioned, I went up and looked closer; on the fore-finger was a gold ring set with a diamond. Tight clasped in the other hand was a pencil and a leather-bound note-book. I took the book and examined it. Its leather binding had preserved it from decay. Opening it I found the following written in a feminine hand:

"Long before these words are read, my body no doubt will have mouldered into dust. Perhaps they shall never be found, but at any rate the writing of this short account of my life and how I came to be here, will help to pass away the dull hours that lie between me and eternity.

"My name is Mabel Godwin. I was born in Hawkins county, Tennessee. My father moved to Hamblen county when I was a child, and settled in the village of Morristown. Three years ago, while visiting a friend in Grainger county, I met two young men, both of whom I liked very much. It was at a party at Judge May's that I first saw Edward Wingfield and Harry Dalton. From that night they both seemed to take a fancy to me. At first I did not know which I liked better, but one day something in Harry's behavior made me like him less than Edward. Both asked my hand in marriage. I refused Harry's offer and hesitated some before accepting Edward's. Finally, however, I told him 'yes,' and he gave me the pretty ring I now have on my finger. Harry, however, did not wish to take 'no' for an answer. He kept calling on me from time to time and some one told me that he had remarked that Edward Wingfield would never marry me.

"Yesterday Edward suggested that we make up a party to visit the Pinno Cave. His proposition was eagerly

accepted, for many of us had never seen a cave. Harry asked to go with me, but I refused. I saw the fire mount to his eyes, but he quickly calmed himself. 'I suppose you will go with Wingfield?' he said bitterly. 'I do not know,' I replied, and the conversation ended.

"I did come with Edward and we spent a pleasant morning together. After dinner taken in the cave Harry came up and Edward, ever generous, went off with some other girl, leaving us alone. We began to retrace our steps toward the opening. Harry and I became separated from the others. Fainter and fainter grew the sound of their voices. 'Come with me a moment, Miss Mabel,' he said, 'and I will show you a very pretty grotto I discovered a few days ago.' He led me up to the opening there and, coming in himself, bade me follow. Unsuspectingly I did so. Once inside I saw his face change and a fixed, determined look take possession of his features. 'Mabel,' he said, 'I want you to marry me.' 'I have told you 'no' once; why do you wish me to repeat it! I will never marry you, Mr. Dalton, never.' 'Then, *by God*,' he exclaimed, 'you shall never marry Edward Wingfield,' and a cruel smile curled his lip. 'I have placed a rock just at the opening of this grotto,' he continued, 'and it requires but a touch of my hand to make you a prisoner. Here,' he said, taking what looked like a letter from his pocket, 'here is something you may amuse yourself with during your imprisonment.' So saying, he threw the letter at me and, before I could grasp the full meaning of his words, he sprang backward and shook the rock, which fell into place with an awful crash. I was a prisoner. I called loudly for help, but no help came. I heard the footsteps of my companions as they passed, but they seemed not to hear my voice. Finally every sound died away and I was left alone in this awful stillness. I looked for the letter, but have, so far, been unable to find it. It must have fallen between the crevices in the rocks that form the floor.

There! my candle is going out. I can write no more"—a few more unintelligible scrawls and that was all. The paper was dated, but the figures were so blurred I could not make them out.

I took off the ring. Inside was engraved "Edward to Mabel." Slipping the pencil, note-book, and ring into my pocket, I stepped out of the grotto and let the rock fall back into its place. I knew that it must be getting late. I hurried home and, after eating dinner, tried to get a chance to tell my mother of my discovery, but Mrs. Miller, a notorious tell-tale of the neighborhood, had come over to spend the afternoon and, not wishing the story of my find to become public property, I said nothing. After supper I went over to see my old friend, Mr. Elliot, and to tell him of the day's adventure. I found him in his study, sitting in a large arm-chair placed before a fire that seemed all the more inviting by reason of the cold wind that was sweeping down through the mountain gap some two miles above.

"Well, Ralf, did you get the specimens?" he asked, smiling cheerfully.

"No, sir; but I found something more interesting. Look at that," I said, handing him the ring.

He looked at it a moment in silence. I saw his face grow pale. Half-rising from his seat he seized me by the shoulders with a strength of which I had not believed him capable.

"Boy," he said in a voice trembling with emotion, "where did you find that ring?"

Frightened by his strange actions, I hastily drew the note-book from my pocket and, handing it to him, managed to stammer out that I had found them in the cave.

He took the book and began to read. He had now gained his self-possession to some extent, but I saw that his hand still trembled violently. "Thank God I killed him," he murmured, as he finished. He seemed scarcely conscious of my presence. After some minutes spent in silence, he turned and said:

"Perhaps you are astonished, Ralf, at my emotion, but that story is a chapter in my own life. My name is Edward Wingfield. My father moved here from Vermont just after my mother's death. It was he that built this house. Here I spent my childhood. Down there at the old Mays' place I first met and learned to love Mabel Godwin. The story is as Mabel has written it. Harry Dalton and I were fast friends till we became rivals, and then, as was natural, we began to drift apart. However, even then, I never believed him capable of such treachery.

"When we came out of the cave that day some one missed Mabel. Harry, too, was not to be seen. Hastily we took our torches and began to retrace our steps. We searched long, but no success; we called loudly, but no response. Could her light have gone out and she have fallen into Devil's Dive? I hurried thither. There on the ledge, sure enough, were her foot prints, while farther down, hung on a jagged rock, was a piece of cloth like the dress she wore that day. I know now that it had been put there by Dalton for the purpose of misleading me. This, then, accounted for her disappearance. But my suspicion naturally fell on Dalton. He had been with her last and, besides, Mabel had been warned not to go near this place. I believed that Dalton had thrown her in. There was no need to look further. I thought only of confronting Dalton and making him pay the penalty of his crime. I hurried out, but Dalton had disappeared. The boy who watched the horses said that he had seen him come out a little before the rest of the party, and that he had mounted his horse and ridden away rapidly. This all the more convinced me of his guilt. I swore that I would find and kill him if it took me all my life. I rode through the mountains all that night looking for him. The next day I heard that he had been seen going in the direction of Morristown. Here I spent sometime trying to get some news of him. On the third day I accidently learned that he

had set out with a party bound for the gold fields of California. I resolved to follow. Returning home to get a few things necessary for the journey, I told my father good-bye and set out. There is no need to speak of the long journey across the continent. Time and again I lost my way or barely escaped capture by the Indians. I lost the trail of the party, but still pushed on. At last, some six months later, I arrived at the mines. But I was a long way yet from finding Dalton. I wandered from camp to camp in search of him, making a little something here and spending it nearly all in the next place. Twenty-five years passed away and it seemed that I should never find my enemy. Once or twice I heard of him, but he seemed to know I was on his track, so successfully did he elude me. At last, one day in the Sacramento valley, I met and recognized him. He knew me, too. I covered him with my pistol.

"'What did you do with Mabel Godwin?' I asked, almost choking with rage. He smiled coolly:

"'I put her where you will never find her.'

"Overcome with excitement, I had let my hand fall. He saw his opportunity. Quick as a flash he drew a pistol and fired. I felt a stinging sensation in my breast and knew that I had been hit. He, seeing that I had not been killed, threw his empty pistol at me and turned to run. Just as he did so I fired and he fell. I saw that I had killed him; then the blood burst from my lips and I became unconscious.

"For many months I lay in the hospital, whither I had been carried by some one passing. The ball had entered my lungs and I have never entirely recovered from it. As soon as I was able I started for home. When I arrived I found that my father had long since died and the homestead had passed into the hands of a distant cousin. Many of my friends, too, were dead or moved away, and I was so changed that no one recognized me. I assumed the

name of Elliot and bought back the old house for a small sum. Since then I have lived here alone, not caring for human society. By your discovery I have at last learned what became of Mabel. Come over early to-morrow and I will go with you to the cave. Perhaps we can find the letter. I cannot talk more with you now; good-night."

The next morning I went over quite early. I knocked at the door, but hearing no response and thinking my friend yet asleep, I entered. The old man was seated just where I left him the night before. The fire of pine logs had now burned down to a few smouldering cinders. On the rug lay old Fido looking up into his master's face rather piteously. I approached. The old man did not stir—he was dead.

I called in several of the neighbors and told them of how I came to find him; then, having nothing else to do, I went back to the cave to look for the lost letter.

I soon found it. It had fallen between two rocks. After some trouble I managed to bring it out. It was so decayed that the envelope fell to pieces in my hands. It contained an assurance that Mabel would have nothing to fear. Dalton himself would provide her with food and whatever else she should need, but he added that he would keep her a prisoner till she consented to marry him. Such, no doubt, had been his intention, but finding that Mr. Wingfield suspected him he had immediately fled, leaving the girl to her fate.

On the day following we buried my old friend in the cave. It seemed fit that his dust should mingle with the dust of the girl he had loved with such devotion. As I looked for the last time on the countenance of the old man a smile seemed to light up his withered face. Was he conscious that he had found Mabel at last? Then we sealed the door and left them alone to their rest. There, within the bosom of the dark old mountain, side by side, they sleep, careless alike of the world that moves around

them and the wild mountain storms that break above their heads.

Mr. Wingfield's house passed back into the hands of his cousin, who sold it soon after to a young married couple from Virginia. As for the book and ring I have them yet. The writing in the book is now barely legible, but the ring still flashes as proudly as it did that day when the unhappy girl first placed it upon her finger and dreamed of a happiness she was never to know.

AN UNCULTIVATED FIELD.

BY ROBERT A. LAW.

A leading American publishing house has recently adopted the plan of issuing each month a new novel by an American writer descriptive of some particular section of this country. The first of the series had Virginia for its background. Later numbers portrayed life in New York, Washington, Michigan, Georgia, and other states and cities, but as yet not one tells of North or South Carolina, and the series will probably be completed without such a volume.

Such incidents are of frequent occurrence. Although in the past three years we have witnessed an astounding interest throughout the land in the reading of new fiction, yet I can recall at present only two recent novels whose scenes are laid in either of the two states mentioned. Book men tell us that the phenomenal sales of such works as David Harum, To Have and to Hold, and The Crisis exceed by far those of Ben Hur or Trilby, popular favorites whose success was considered wonderful in their day. A short time ago some of us grew rather tired of reading about life in the New England homestead; of the poor boy who had chores to do the livelong day, and his smart mother, who kept everything about the homestead in good order and did all her own work. If these conventional figures have grown rather monotonous, at least we cannot now complain that we have nothing else to read about. The full extent and greatness of our country is coming to be realized by the lovers of fiction. Your shrewd Yankee trader has not ceased to be a favorite hero for stories, but along with him authors of to-day have drawn for our benefit the energetic citizen in the middle West, and the Southern gentleman of the old school. But though the latter hero has been pictured in any number of books, chiefly sketches from Virginia and Kentucky pens; though

Stuart, Harris, and many more have celebrated other states of the Southland, yet we must go back to our first position and admit that the field of the Carolinas is still practically untouched.

Formerly we were content to justify our shortcomings in this respect by making an excuse of our interest in other matters than literature. I have spoken of fiction simply because that is the most popular form of writing at present, but the same generalizations might be made concerning history, biography, and poetry. We have said that the Southerner before the War was too busy ruling the nation to spare time for writing its books. He gave his attention to statesmanship rather than letters. After the strife was over, we declared, the impoverishment of our people forbade all thought of interest in any other matter save the regaining of their fortunes. So came about the sad deaths of Henry Timrod in Columbia and Sidney Lanier in Tryon. A later generation has not failed to accord them due praise—and erect monuments to their memory.

These excuses will no longer avail us. The South *is* represented in the literature of to-day. When Thomas Nelson Page can find readers for his war stories and his Red Rock, we cannot assert, as did Poe, that there exists in the North a strong prejudice against our writers and against writings that reflect our political and social views. The truth is, as already hinted, that a large proportion of the best that is being done in literature at present is the product of Southern authorship.

Nor can it be asserted that the field is barren—that the Carolinas contain no suitable material for romance. I know of no city that should be more inviting to the story-teller or the historian than Charleston, South Carolina. With its historic traditions, its conservative population, and their unique views of those about them, the beautiful old city might assist many a writer to point a moral or

adorn a tale. On the other hand, where could an author find a richer fund to draw from in character-sketching, than in the mountains of Western North Carolina? To illustrate this, I cannot forbear relating a bit of personal experience.

A few years ago I happened to be in that district during the latter part of July. A newly appointed magistrate was to perform his first marriage ceremony, and I was kindly invited to be present. It was a warm Sabbath morning. The log cabin where the event was to take place was situated on the southern slope of a mountain, surrounded by a corn-field, at some distance from the public road. The inevitable "yaller dorg" lay stretched out in the shadow of the house, enjoying his day's repose. A few "friends of the contracting parties" were present; the men quietly whittling sticks near the door, and the women seated on stools or on the bed inside the room. All appeared to be enjoying the festive occasion except the bride and the groom, who, with woe-begone countenances, sat side by side in the center of the group.

The magistrate was also ill at ease, but finally it occurred to him that it was time to act. The guests gathered in the room or about the door. He commanded the couple to stand, and they awkwardly did so. He had evidently spent much time in preparing a suitable address for the occasion and so began, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a solemn occasion." Doubtless this sentiment was shared by the bridegroom. Then followed an extended pause. The magistrate at length reached in his pocket, pulled out a scrap of paper, and with the aid of his spectacles, the knot was tied. How many writers long for just such material!

If we read sketches of similar incidents in frontier life by a Bret Harte, we are quick to appreciate and praise the art of the writer. By this we simply mean that his touch is natural and that he makes us see Western life as it

really is. None but a frontiersman could create this atmosphere. Now there is a similar atmosphere about the mountainous district of this state, and none but a Carolinian can hope to reproduce it in his writings. But if he is at present thus engaged, he must be hiding his light under a bushel. Just the other day a leading New York magazine contained an article descriptive of the scenes on a Southern cotton plantation. In his first sentence the author spoke of his boyhood on a Vermont farm. A few lines lower down on the same pages he put into a Southerner's mouth the word, "you-all," used as a pronoun in the singular number.

Perhaps the negro story is being attempted over-frequently. Personally, I am not inclined to think so. As a recent writer in the Independent has pointed out, the negro dialect varies greatly in different localities. One of the richest of these dialects, and one not easily imitated, is the "gullah" talk of the South Carolina coast. The life and manners of these negroes are so entirely removed from those of any others that the literary artist would find them a most interesting study.

I am aware of the fact that John P. Kennedy (of Maryland) and William Gilmore Simms formerly used such scenes in their novels. That was more than a half-century ago. I also remember that a native North Carolinian is one of the best known magazine editors in New York city, and that in both North and South Carolina many important facts of local history have been recently uncovered by publication. However, that does not alter the fact that we are far behind the rest of the country in literary matters, and that we should bestir ourselves to bring about some improvement.

It seems to me that the contributors to our college magazines might realize these conditions. Do they always write on themes with which they are most familiar? Perhaps things have changed recently, but a short time ago

they did not. Outside of the local department one could not easily tell from a perusal of the contents of such a periodical in what state the college was situated. A familiar criticism of exchange editors was "Not enough fiction." And when one read the fiction—what was it? Most of it concerned ancient dummies in modern clothes, and the inevitable ending was a kiss!

One would naturally suppose that a writer could best describe the scenes of his every-day life. But these romanticists held the opposite opinion. Some time since I read two short stories which were to be submitted by students of a certain Carolina college in a prize competition. One had for its hero a Spaniard in Virginia, the other a Frenchman in England. The first writer, I feel sure, never saw either Spain or Virginia. The second had never been to England, and his acquaintance with the French was limited to a two years' study of their language. I could not help thinking of another college student, whose commencement speech was entitled, "A Succinct Dissertation on the Recent Outcome of the Prolific Mind of Man."

A SONNET.

BY E. C. P.

See, Myrtle, it is sunset! and the day—
Our last together—sets in silvery light.
When next the setting sun his palace bright
On yonder mountain builds, I far away
Shall watch the sky alone. Here let us stay
A moment longer till the silent night
Climbing the ragged rocks veils all from sight—
All save with outline dim the mountain gray—
We part; but hours like these can never die.
For him that hath a soul there is no past.
The dreams we dream in youth o'er manhood cast
A glory all their own. So, Myrtle, I
Often amid my hours of darkest pain
Shall see thy smiles and hear thy songs again.

4

JOHN FISKE.

The recent death of John Fiske has removed from the circles of our American men of letters perhaps the most eminent, if not the most profound, of the historians and philosophers of the present day. It is certain that he has been at the same time one of the most widely read and popular of American authors in the particular field that he has occupied. A writer in one of our prominent magazines a short time before his death made the statement that he was the only truly great historian among our men of letters of the past decade. While certainly this is an overrated estimate of the man, still it will suffice to give some idea of the popularity of his works, especially in the realm of history.

Not only has this feeling of high esteem been prevalent among the American reading public, but especially has he been recognized by the English people, who have been charmed by his lectures on American history, as one of the greatest historical writers of the day. This feeling of high esteem is shown by the fact that he had been invited this summer to deliver the oration at the thousandth anniversary celebration in honor of King Alfred's death. He had accepted the honor, but a few days prior to the time for setting sail, in spite of his robust constitution, he was overcome by the extreme heat, from the effects of which he died in the Hawthorne Inn, Gloucester, on the morning of July 4.

John Fiske was essentially an American, and, true to our literary traditions, was a native of New England. The Puritan atmosphere in which he was reared seems to pervade all his historical works. He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1842, although most his early life was spent in Middletown. His parents were Edmund Brewster and Mary Fiske Green, and at first his own name was Edmund Fiske Green. Soon after the death of his father

and the second marriage of his mother, this was changed to John Fiske, the name of his great-grandfather.

As a youth he showed remarkable gifts of intellect, and the stories of his unrivalled abilities, while yet a mere boy, very much resemble those of Macaulay or John Stuart Mill. According to these accounts, at the age of seven he had mastered much of Cæsar and was reading Josephus; at nine he had read many of the standard English writers and had begun the study of Greek; before he was thirteen he had almost mastered Virgil, Sallust, Tacitus, and Horace, while he had read from Livy, Ovid, Cicero, and Juvenal. In addition to his proficiency in languages at this time, he had completed geometry and surveying, and was also studying differential calculus. When he had attained to the age of seventeen he was thoroughly proficient in Spanish and was reading French, German. and Italian, while the next year he began the study of Sanskrit. One of the remarkable things about his boyhood was the great amount of work that he accomplished in such a short time. He was never a student of Nature, and he depended upon the knowledge gained from his books rather than upon the results of his own observations. Of his own life at this early period Mr. Fiske said, "I averaged twelve hours study daily, twelve months in the year. Yet I maintained the most robust health and was generally a participant in out-of-door sports".

He entered Harvard in 1860, graduating three years later at the head of his class. He did not sever his connection with the institution after graduation, however, and served in the various capacities of assistant librarian, lecturer, and member of the Board of Overseers. In 1865 he received his license to practice law. He soon became dissatisfied, however, and decided to devote his energies to literature. His literary career dates from 1861, when he wrote for the *National Quarterly Review* an article entitled, "Mr. Buckle's Fallacies". At the time he was

a junior at Harvard. From this period he has been known to a majority of the American people as a constant contributor to our prominent newspapers and magazines, especially *The Atlantic Monthly.*

His first really pretentious work was "Myths and Myth Makers", which was published in 1872. His "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy", published two years later, was an argument for evolution, which theory he had already espoused, and the importance of the work was readily acknowledged by Darwin and Spencer. Other books followed in rapid succession. Among the more important of his subsequent works we may mention "The Critical Period of American History," "Civil Government in the United States," "The Beginnings of New England," "The American Revolution," "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies," "Outlines of Cosmic Philosphy," "Tobacco and Alcohol," "Darwinism and Other Essays," "Excursions of an Evolutionist," "The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of His Origin," "Through Nature to God," "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," and "American Political Views." In addition to these, as I have said, he was a contributor to newspapers and magazines, while his other important literary work was the editing, in conjunction with Mr. J. G. Wilson, of "Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography."

While Mr. Fiske has written several treatises on scientific subjects, still his principal work has been in the realms of philosophy and history. His first literary work was in the former field, and, previous to 1880, he continued to write on philosophical subjects. He soon realized, however, that history was the one form of composition to which he should devote his energies, and for the past twenty years his historical writings have been by far the more numerous.

It would be impossible for one who has never made even a casual study of John Fiske's philosophy to speak with

any degree of certainty about his work in this field. Mr. Josiah Royce, the eminent philosopher, in an article in the *Boston Transcript* soon after his death, entitled, "John Fiske As Thinker," has made an admirable presentation of the place that he holds in the realms of thought. There could be, it seems, no better tribute to the philosophical work of the man than the first sentence of this article, "In order to do genuine justice to the work and personality of John Fiske one would have to possess all the breadth of human sympathy." His philosophy was based primarily on the theory of evolution, and his contributions to this doctrine have been second in importance only to those of Darwin and Huxley. After reading his first work on this subject, Darwin wrote to him, "I have never in my life read so lucid an expositor and thinker as you are".

Among his most important works in the field of philosophy may be mentioned his "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," "Darwinism and Other Essays," and "Excursions of an Evolutionist."

By far John Fiske's greatest work, however, has been done in the field of American history, and in this realm he holds a place akin to that of Motley and Prescott. He has done a great work in transforming the facts of our historical life from mere schoolboy drudgery and presenting them in an interesting manner. Thanks to his style and to the matchless beauty of presentation, which is everywhere apparent in his works, American history is no longer a mere collection of dry facts, and it is certain that no other writer has done so much to make it an interesting study. Several years ago, in speaking of his work in this respect, he said, "It has always seemed to me that our American history would be a very profitable field, and I have often thought that I should like to take the facts of our historical life and clothe them in a freshness which they have seemed to lose. My idea is to do something toward making American history an interesting study."

Probably his most important works from this standpoint are, "The Beginnings of New England" and "A History of the American People". Among his other historical works may be mentioned "The War of Independence," "The American Revolution," "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," and "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies". In regard to his method of studying an historical subject, he said, "I look it up or investigate it and then write an essay on the subject. That serves as a preliminary statement, either of a large subject or of special points. It is a help to me to make a statement of this kind—I mean in the lecture or essay form. In fact, it always assists me to try to state the case. I never publish anything after this first statement, but generally keep it with me, it may be for several years, and possibly return to it again several times."

A recent writer, in speaking of a famous author, characterized him as "an intuitive genius, with a hatred of work, grown famous in spite of himself." He was certainly not alluding to John Fiske. It is probable that we have had very few literary men who have done such an amount of work. It is certain that none have surpassed him in the variety and scope of his studies or in the amount of his research and observation. In reference to this capacity for work, he said, "I work the larger part of every twenty-four hours, by day and night indifferently. I have never experienced a disinclination for work and, therefore, have never had to force it."

In his writings, both in philosophy and history, John Fiske has been an interpreter rather than a creator, and in this respect holds a place among our literary men somewhat similar to Mr. Mabie. He did not create a system of philosophy; he merely interpreted an already existing doctrine. In this connection, he once said, "I don't see how men imagine things; all I can do is to state things". And it was in this capacity to state things that his ability pri-

marily lay. We feel in reading his works that he was an exponent rather than a discoverer of principles, and his fame as an historian rests more upon the manner of his statement of facts than upon his capacity for historical research.

During the last twenty years of his life Mr. Fiske was a constant worker. In addition to the numerous books which he published within this time, he held the position of lecturer in history in Washington University, St. Louis, and here made a reputation as a lecturer on American history. For many years before his death he delivered as many as two hundred lectures annually in different sections of this country and in Great Britain. His success as a platform orator was due primarily to his lucidity of style and clearness of expression.

At the conclusion of this hasty and imperfect sketch it would be well perhaps to quote from a very admirable article on the personality of John Fiske in the August number of *The Review of Reviews;* "Extraordinary range of admirable scholarship, versatility, commanding power of clear and simple expression in narrative, together with exhaustless good-will toward all his fellows and the whole of life—these were the gifts of this man of letters whom one does not know quite how to name. Philosopher, lecturer, religious teacher, historian." To many thousands he has become at the same time each and all of these.

H. R. DWIRE, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

With this issue of the ARCHIVE the present Senior Class takes possession of the literary organ of the student body.

In assuming control of the college magazine we have no desire to make innumerable promises in regard to our policy during the coming year. Neither is it our purpose to engage in any lengthy dissertation as to what a college magazine should be. There is far too wide a diversity of opinion on this subject for one editor to presume to prescribe invariable rules for the guidance of all others, and the tendency among some college magazines to be forever engaged in controversy with their contemporaries on this and kindred subjects, smacks rather too much of the country newspaper to have a place in college journalism. We take it for granted that those in charge of any publication have an undeniable right to conduct it in accordance with their own inclinations and desires. At any rate this is a privilege which we shall claim for the ARCHIVE.

It is only necessary to say in this connection that we shall endeavor to make our magazine conform to the most advanced ideals in college journalism. Representing, as it does, an institution of Trinity's high standing, we realize that it will be no easy task to bring it to the degree of excellence that it should attain. However, we shall do all in our power to make the ARCHIVE typical of the best there is in the literary life of the institution, and we feel sure that in this we shall have the loyal support and hearty sympathy of every student.

There is no fact in connection with the progress of our institutions of learning during the past year, especially in North Carolina, that gives cause for more sincere congratulation than the growing tendency toward the elimination of professionalism from college athletics. For a long time, this element has been doing an incalculable amount of harm in rendering almost impossible the existence of a pure and healthy athletic spirit among the students of these institutions. It has been especially injurious in two ways. In the first place, the growth of professionalism has tended to weaken the efficiency of our preparatory schools, because of the fact that, in too many instances, the instructors in these institutions have been chosen, not with respect to their fitness for the positions they occupy, but primarily with reference to the ability they may have possessed, from an athletic standpoint. On the other hand, it has served to place the athletics of the higher colleges, in a great many cases, under the control of so-called students, who are merely professional ball players, having no interest or sympathy for the institutions they represent. As a result, true athletic enthusiasm among the students of these colleges has almost died out. In the light of these facts, the present reaction against this common tendency in the schools and colleges of the state is both important and gratifying, and certainly gives reason to hope for purer athletics and renewed athletic enthusiasm under the inspiration of the new regime.

Perhaps no other similar event in the history of our nation has caused more widespread lament among American citizens, irrespective of party faith, than the recent untimely death of President McKinley. It is certain that nothing has done so much to bind together all sections of our great country with a common tie of sympathy. Whatever may be our estimate of Mr. McKinley, either as a statesman or as a man, the fact remains that he has, to a greater extent than any other Pres-

ident, had the boundless confidence and respect of all men, regardless of political belief or party affiliation. This popularity is admirably shown in the attitude of all sections of our country in this hour of sorrow, and especially of the South. For eight successive years the Southern people have fought against the very principles for which Mr. McKinley has stood. When, a few weeks ago, the news of his death was received, there was no section in which more genuine or sincere sympathy was manifested. It has been at the same time, a tribute to the political toleration and patriotism of the Southern people, and to the unbounded respect of all classes for our President.

Perhaps Mr. McKinley has not been, as some have declared, our greatest President. It is certain that he has not been our most profound statesman, nor has he had the personality of some of our greatest political leaders. On the contrary, he has unquestionably been a great man in every sense of the word. The ability of a statesman depends primarily upon his capacity to deal with great questions and to recognize and direct the political tendencies of the people that he represents. In this respect Mr. McKinley has been one of our greatest statesmen. He has had to deal, perhaps, with questions of greater importance than any other chief executive of this nation. On the other hand, the progressive policy which the United States as a nation has assumed, has been due more to his guidance than to any other agency.

Whatever may be our opinion of Mr. McKinley as a statesman, however, by far the greater side of the man was in his personal characteristics. It is to these, rather than to his ability as a statesman, that his hold on the affections of the American people has been due. They have mourned him, it is true, as a great political leader; what is more, perhaps, they have mourned him as an honest and faithful public servant. Inherent honesty, fidelity to principle, great moral strength, force of character—these are the characteristics that have made Mr. McKinley something more than a great man and an able statesman.

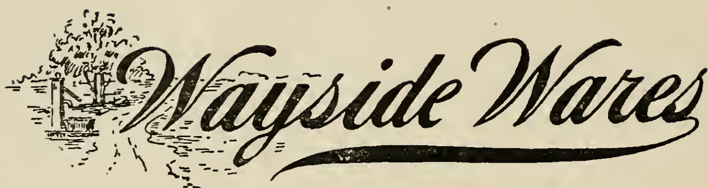
The present unprecedented interest in education in North Carolina is certainly gratifying, to say the least, and is significant of a general awakening among the people of the state to her existing needs and conditions in this respect. Especially during the past year has this enthusiasm in intellectual matters been remarkable, and it is probable that, at no other time in the history of our state, has there been such widespread activity along these lines. The meeting of educators from all sections of the country at Winston-Salem a few months past, did much to stimulate interest in the educational conditions prevailing in North Carolina, while the extent of this awakening may be judged by the fact that, for the first time in the history of the state, the last political campaign was fought purely on educational grounds. Governor Aycock, during the few months of his term, has made fidelity to our schools the keynote of his policy, and already his administration has become conspicuous, not only in a political way, but especially because of his activity in regard to the intellectual welfare of the state. In his message to the Legislature, soon after his inauguration, he recommended both that the efficiency of the public school system be enlarged, and that the annual appropriations to the higher institutions of learning be increased. The General Assembly, seemingly imbued with a like spirit of fidelity to the educational welfare of the state, in response to these demands, not only extended the length of the school term and enlarged the appropriation to the public schools, but established free school libraries for use in the rural districts. In addition the appropriation to the University of North Carolina has been increased from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars, while that of the State Normal College has had a corresponding increase.

Not only has this activity in educational affairs been notable with reference to the public schools of the state, but it is also apparent among the colleges and higher institutions of learning, especially in the matter of donations to these

institutions. Within the past year, the State Normal College has received from Mr. George Peabody, of New York, a donation of ten thousand dollars; the University of North Carolina, through her alumni, has erected buildings at a total cost of fifty thousand dollars; Wake Forest College, as the result of a bequest from Mr. J. A. Bostwick, has increased her endowment fund by the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and Davidson College, by means of liberal donations from her alumni, has erected new buildings. In addition to these, Trinity, within the past year, has profited through the generosity of Mr. Washington Duke to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars, while Mr. J. B. Duke, of New York, makes his first donation to the cause of Southern education in the form of a library building as a gift to this institution. Our men of wealth have, at last, come to a realization of the fact that they owe a duty to North Carolina in an educational way, and now seem to think that the best investment for their money is in donations to her colleges and higher institutions of learning.

The facts noted above point unmistakably to the dawn of a brighter day in the educational history of the state, and we have reason to hope for great things along these lines, within the next few years. The greatest hindrance to our educational progress in the past has been an indifference on the part of the people of North Carolina to her educational needs, and now that they have awakened to a true knowledge of these conditions, it is certain that we shall soon see an era of greater intellectual activity, perhaps, than at present. Notwithstanding this activity in educational matters, however, there is no doubt of the fact that North Carolina is far from assuming the position that she should occupy in this respect, and it is certain that before she bids farewell to her position in the scale of illiteracy, there must be a radical change in our present educational system. The greatest need of the state is a saner and more intelligent citizenship, and its consummation can only be effected by the education of the

greatest number of prospective citizens. In this connection, there are a great many advocates among our foremost educators of a law for compulsory education, and it is probable that if the new conditions do not have the desired effect, that in the near future such a law will be passed. Whatever the merits or demerits of the proposed system may be, it is certain that any movement, having for its object the ultimate elimination of illiteracy within the borders of the state, will not only be watched with interest, but will be welcomed by those who have at heart the educational as well as the industrial welfare of North Carolina.



My little Lady love and I
At cards—a game of fate—one day,
The trend of future days to try,
Sat down at play.

Chance vied with right—the game was whist—
So all must know, save only chumps,
And they can guess also, I wist,
That *hearts* were trumps.

Sneering at me—so sure to please—
My rival, rich and old, sat mute,
And *diamonds* played with conscious ease,
His strongest suit.

At first *he* led—with him the dame,
My Lady's chaperone, took part.
We both learned early in the game
She had no *heart*.

No *diamonds* had I in my hand,
  I simply played a *heart* with heed—
My Lady smiled and blushed, and so
  I had the *lead.*

How the various plays impart
  At every *trick*, to tell, what use?
How once upon my downcast *heart*
  She played the *deuce.*

How in the *trick* he had his chance,
  For in his hand the lead she gave—
How then at *hearts* she saw him try,
  And play the *knave.*

How when the weakness of his hand
  Through this last play was seen,
She glanced so shyly, smiled at me,
  And played the *queen.*

'Twas then, she says, I played the *king*,
  Perchance I did, for 'spite the arts
Of that old dame, I surely have
  The *queen* of *hearts*—

And stranger yet to understand—
  Against all rules, she still avers
My little Lady took my *hand*,
  And gave me hers.

So now at last the game is done,
  I have my choice of all the maids,
Follow my *lead* she says she will
  Till Death plays *spades*.

Then, softly, to my *queen* I tell
  (Those thoughts that from the heart will jump)
How I am true till Gabriel
  Shall play the last great *trump*.

—*Sntzckwitzkschoff Bkffkczwitz*—(*!!!!*)

MARJIE C. JORDAN, - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Isabel F. Hopgood's translation of Maxim Gorky's "Tonea Gordyeeff" has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is a passionately lyric as well as dramatic novel.

Gorky is the literary lion of the day in Russia—a prophet not without honor in his own country—and his popularity extends to England and the Continent as well. He made a lightning dash into popular favor in the very beginning of his literary career—like another Byron, he waked up one morning and found himself famous.

In "China and the Allies," A. Henry Savage Landor gives a very exhaustive and authoritative description of the campaign of the Great Powers in China, the events of which teemed with dramatic interest as well as political import.

Charles A. Conant's forecast of "The Future of Political Parties," and the discussion of the "Reaction Against Democracy" by an "Emersonian Democrat"—two articles recently announced by the *Atlantic Monthly*—are of unusual suggestiveness.

Another article, on politics also, is in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, by Sydney Brooks, under the title of "Europe and the United States," discussing the attitude of public opinion in the Old World toward two questions of present importance—the policy of Reciprocity and the Monroe Doctrine in its application to South America.

An exquisite picture of the American girl at her best is given in "A Dream and a Dreamer" by Nelson.

"Audrey", Mary Johnstone's latest novel, is being printed in serial form in the *Atlantic Monthly.*

The publication of "Captain Ravenshaw," by Robert Neilson Stephens, has been announced by L. C. Page & Co.; also "The Tory Lover," a story full of poetry and color, by Sarah Orne Jewett, is to be published in book form shortly.

An essay on "Beauty" by the late W. J. Stillman appears in the September *Atlantic.* The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* remarks concerning his "Autobiography of a Journalist" that the very simplicity with which such varied and marvelous experience in the life of one man are set forth, impresses the reader with a strange sense of greatness in it, and carries him on in a kind of spell to the last paragraph of the eight hundred pages that make up the book.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, the author of "Penelope's Progress" has given the public another of her delightful stories, "Penelope's Irish Experiences.

The publication of "D'ri and I" by Irving Bacheller has just been announced by the Lothrop Publishing Company. It is a worthy successor of "Eben Holden," and is another tribute to the American character.

"Cardigan," by Robert W. Chambers, has just come out in book form. It is an historical novel of the highest type.

Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way," which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* as a serial, is now in book form. It is unquestionably the greatest work of the author—a brilliant character study and a story of tremendous dramatic power.

John Fiske, who has recently died, was easily a master in the domains of History and Philosophy, and his writings in both are of the first order of value and interest.

Thomas Nelson Page in his latest article, "The Southern People During Reconstruction", shows, as usual, a full acquaintance with his subject and skill in presenting it. In this, as in "Red Rock", and many of his short stories of Ole Virginia life, he shows the close study which he has given to the problems involved in Reconstruction.

The Bookman remarks that Kipling's verse is ceasing to be disappointing—it is becoming pathetic—and verily it is. It appears in "The Lesson." The name is singularly appropriate because it is really a very good object lesson for a primary class in arithmetic, with a horse for illustration. Listen:

"—— horses are quicker than men afoot, since two and two make four;
And horses have four legs, and men have two legs, and two into four goes twice"

To quote the *The Bookman* again, "It would do no good to comment on this. Besides, we haven't the heart." But, let us look upon this only as a slight shadow that, by contrast, throws into brighter light and broader relief his more perfect works.

At last, after centuries and centuries of literary productions, "The Crisis" itself has arrived. And a great "Crisis" it is—not wildly exciting, but intensely interesting.

The history of the popularity of "Richard Carvel" repeats itself in this book, and it loses none of its characteristics in the repetition. It is a novel of the time of the Civil War. Though its author is a Northerner, it is not aggressively offensive as some of the stories of that period are. The writer portrays with perfect justice and impartiality the spirit of the North and of the South as it is embodied in the different characters.

Richard Carvel might well feel pride in his descendant, Col. Comyn Carvel—the personification of the old time chivalry of the South, a perfect gentleman of the old school in his manner and principles; and viewed from every point, and in all circumstances, he is one of the most intensely

human and lovable characters in fiction. Virginia is a girl worthy of her father, and is typical of the most noble Southern woman—the kind that helped on the war, encouraging the men to fight on and on until the bitter end. Mr. Brinsmede is the type of the best of the North as Colonel Carvel is of the South. Old Judge Whipple, the strong abolitionist, is like a chestnut burr. He seems hard and prickly and difficult to get at, but when once that barrier is pierced through, his inward sweetness of soul and true worth appear. Eliphalet Hopper is detestable—unmitigatingly so. The fate of his country is of no moment to him at all, except as it will affect his financial interests. He reminds one of Leech in "Red Rock", one of those contemptible carbet-baggers that flooded the South during the period of Reconstruction. An interesting detailed comparison might be made of the two novels did time permit.

Stephen—well, there is nothing especially remarkable about Stephen. He is a Unionist, brave and self-sacrificing; a young hero-worshipper of Lincoln and the hero of the story. But it is the spirit of Lincoln himself that pervades the book. Absent or present, silent or speaking, he is the dominant personality in it, just as he was of the nation itself.

Churchill presents him in a way that draws all hearts to him in admiration and sympathy. "In him we have the sympathy of the best that is in the nation itself—the nation which suffers, the nation which survives, and the nation which is growing mighty and glorious through the spirit of broad Americanism, which is sent down to future generations as an inspiration."

Through such pictures of him as in the tavern, the Freeport debate, and in the White House talking to Virginia, we have him step forth from the Past before us—a man great and good, and yet 'in his simplicity sublime.'"

Taken all in all, it is one of the most intensely interesting books of the day. One noted critic remarks that "it is written with such an extraordinary care of details". Would it

be presumption to disagree with him? Presumption or not, it does seem as though the writer were rather careless than careful of details as he nears the end of his story. The denouement of Stephen and Virginia is rather sudden (yet wholly pleasing), but the reader is left somewhat in the dark as to Colonel Carvel and Colfax. Their fate is rather doubtful. Usually, a great deal is left to the reader's imagination, but in this instance there seems to be too much. It is natural to suppose that Colfax is pardoned, and that the Colonel is dead; but would it not be more satisfactory to know for certain how that hot-headed young aristocrat acted when he learned what part he was given to play; and to know in what form death came to the Colonel?

"'You are all I have', said Virginia", is a rather summary disposal to make of the dear old man—such a vast area of possibilities over which the imagination may run riot. "He was a verray parfit gentil knight" and deserves a more elaborate death notice.

Surely this isn't a *very* "extraordinarily careful attention to details". But, perhaps this amateur criticism is like that an old fellow gave whose opinion of a fine piece of painting was asked. He looked at the masterpiece a long while, and then with a very criticising, knowing air, he said, "Well, mister, I see a *speck* on this picter frame!"

Perhaps I see only the *speck*.

J. M. ORMOND, - - - - - - MANAGER.

According to the custom of most Exchange Editors, this is the time and place for a lengthy treatise on the management and plan of a College magazine. But instead of complying with custom in this particular we shall leave it to the Editors and Managers of the different magazines as to the standard they shall maintain. Of course, we all have some idea of what a College magazine should be and stand for. Our ideas may be the best or they may not be. But surely it is unwise for one just entering the work to conceive his to be the highest conception of what it should be. Such a treatise as is usually seen in the first issue of the year would be far more appropriate in the last, after there has been some practical experience. It is a very easy matter also for one to present a theory as to what standard a magazine should maintain. And oftentimes the critic takes advantage of his being only a critic, rather than one among those who are trying to build up a higher standard, and criticises entirely from a theoretical instead of a practical standpoint.

It will not be the policy of this department to criticise harshly, nor to draw up absolute standards for the different lines of literary work. We would not criticise those who are making strenuous application in order to produce something of real worth, in such a way as to discourage them and cause them to give up hope. Yet we want to criticise so that such a man will not be content with the first production, thinking that he has already won for himself honor, and hence it is not necessary for him to do anything else. We would en-

courage such a man to keep working, rather than make him feel so comfortable as to think his work is done, or so uncomfortable as to stop entirely.

As yet *The Georgetonian* is the only magazine that has reached our table. It is a neat little magazine and is to be commended for being on time. Others might take it for an example along this line. We are looking forward with pleasure to the time when our table will be filled with Exchanges. We shall welcome all of them and will try to criticise wisely and justly, so far as we are able. We will especially encourage the literature of the highest standard; the magazine that gives to its readers something of real value. We hope that the criticisms made in this department will be taken as they are intended and that the kindest feeling may be maintained throughout the year.

W. A. BIVINS, - - - - - - MANAGER.

Vacation, with all of its pleasures, all of its dreamlight, moonlight and pretty girls, is a thing of the past and once more we are gathered where the professors never cease from troubling and where the weary never find rest.

The address at the opening of College by Prof. W. H. Pegram, who is acting as President in Dr. Kilgo's absence, was much enjoyed by all. He showed the value of that education which makes the well-rounded, perfect man.

A reception was given to the new students of the College by the Young Men's Christian Association Friday night September 11. A similar reception was given at the High School on Saturday night following. Interesting toasts and addresses were made at both occasions.

Prof. Jerome Dowd has taken charge of his work in the department of Social Science in Wisconsin University. He has the best wishes of his *Alma Mater* in his new field of labor.

Prof. W. K. Boyd has entered upon his work as adjunct professor in History. Mr. Boyd spent last year at Columbia University.

Mr. J. R. Cowan, class of 1900, will teach Anglo-Saxon this year. Mr. D. D. Peele, class of 1901, has accepted a position in the department of English in the Trinity Park High School.

Mr. R. A. Law, an A. B. graduate of Wofford College, is taking post-graduate work here now. He is also an assistant in the department of English.

We are glad to note the return of Mr. J. A. Best, class of 1900, and Mr. L. F. Williams, class of 1901. These gentlemen are serving as assistants in the departments of History and Chemistry, respectively.

Mr. L. L. Hendren, class of 1900, is teaching in the Trinity Park High School.

We are glad to see the jovial countenance of Mr. D. W. Newsom, class of 1899, among us again. He has resumed his duties as registrar of the College, after recently being in the government employ in Cuba.

Work on the new power house for the central heating plant is going on rapidly. Prof. C. W. Edwards spent several days in New York recently examining the latest improved heating plants. We are assured that in a few months we will have a genuine quality of heat—heat that will neither freeze nor burn up.

Several young ladies have entered college this year. The "co-eds." now number about thirty.

Messrs. T. Yagi and Z. Hinohara, two new Japanese students, have entered college. The former was sent to this country by the Japanese government to study textile industries and factory legislation. The latter has been a teacher of English in one of the High Schools in Japan, and intends making a special study of English while here. We now have four Japanese in College, all of whom are preparing for different purposes.

Mr. C. A. Jordan, of Louisburg, has made a contribution of books to the College Library. These books be-

longed to his father and are of the old, rare kind. He has set a good example for many more friends of the College.

Prof. P. V. Anderson, class of '97, and Mr. W. H. Adams, class of '99, spent a few days on the Park recently, before leaving for Harvard University.

Mr. E. W. Webb, class '02, has entered the University of Michigan, where he will finish his college course and take law.

Miss Annie Pegram, class of '97, has assumed the work as teacher of Mathematics in the Greensboro Female College.

Mr. S. W. Anderson, class of '01, is teaching in the Horner School at Oxford.

We are glad to note the return of Mr. G. H. Flowers, who dropped out last year on account of sickness.

Miss Ethel Lewis, class of '01, leaves soon for New York, where she will prepare for the duties of a trained nurse.

Mr. W. A. Lambeth, class of '01, left recently for Vanderbilt University where he will take a theological course.

Mr. L. A. Rone is teaching Mathematics and Physics in the Durham Graded Schools.

Prof. R. L. Flowers attended the funeral services of President McKinley at Washington, September 17. He was in the Governor's party.

Mr. B. W. Stephens, class of '01, spent a few days on the Park recently. He was on his way to Farmington, Davie county, where he will teach this year.

Prof. J. T. Henry, class of '97, who was superintendent of the West Durham Graded Schools for three years, was

elected during the summer to the superintendency of the Thomasville Graded Schools, and he is now serving in that capacity.

The Young Men's Christian Association held its first meeting for this year September 15. It was a "decision meeting," and President Howord made a stirring appeal to the new students to take a stand for Christ and to make their lives count for something while in College. As an evidence of the fact that it was their determination to do so, many of the students stood up. On Sunday the 22d, Dr. Mims addressed the Association on the importance of Bible study. He placed the Bible above all other books, and said that it was the one book from which many of our best writers had received their inspiration. The address was a splendid one and evoked much interest. Before the meeting closed an opportunity was given to those so desiring, to join Bible classes, and a goodly number gave in their names for membership. The Association is glad of the fact that Dr. Mims will have charge of one of these classes.

Messrs. Brown, Smithdeal, and Ormond, of the Senior Class, made short talks Sunday, the 26th, on "The Temptations of College Life". The talks were both timely and interesting. All of these meetings were well attended. The Association hopes to accomplish great good this year.

Messrs. L. P. Howard and E. W. Cranford, representing the Hesperian and Columbian Literary Societies of the College, and Messrs. W. A. Dunn and O. E. Dickerson, of Wake Forest College, met at Raleigh recently to arrange for the annual debate, to be held at the Capital City on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. The following question was agreed upon, Trinity being allowed the negative side: "Resolved, That North Carolina should adopt the principles of compulsory attendance upon her public schools." It is only necessary to say in this connection

that we confidently hope for and expect a repetition of last year's triumph.

Benefactor's Day was observed October 3, for the second time since its inauguration. College work was suspended and the student body was given a chance to reflect on Trinity's present and future. We would like to give a complete write-up of the exercises in The Craven Memorial Hall on the evening of the 3d, but space forbids, so we will merely give an outline of what was done.

Mr. James H. Southgate, president of the Board of Trustees, presided at the meeting. He made a short talk concerning the origin of the day and then introduced Bishop Eugene R. Hendrix, of Kansas City, Mo, the speaker of the evening. The address of Bishop Hendrix was scholarly, full of convincing, fundamental truths, and, withal, splendidly adapted to the occasion. The first words of the address were as follows: "Two beautiful graces meet here to-day—generosity and gratitude. Lovely as is each alone, their highest lovliness appears when they look into each other's eye and clasp each other's hands." He paid a splendid tribute to Mr. Washington Duke and to his noble sons and grandchildren. There was no little degree of enthusasm when the following statement was uttered: "The noble words of these and other benefactors are that Trinity College shall be provided with equipment and facilities for instruction equal to any in the land."

At the conclusion of the address a list of donations for the year ending October 3 was read. The donations to the Trinity Park High School and to Trinity College amount to nearly $150,000. Mr. Washington Duke donates $25,000 for a central heating plant; Mrs. Mary W. Stagg, a pavilion, to be situated near the Park entrance; Mr. James B. Duke, $10,000 in cash, to be used at once for the purchase of books; Messrs. James B. and Benjamin N. Duke, land valued at $6,820; Mr. Benjamin N. Duke,

a dormitory to cost not less than $25,000. We will give a list of the donations in our next issue.

Mr. Southgate in closing the exercises of the evening read the words of Chancellor Kirkland expressing his heart's desire for a superb library at Vanderbilt. Mr. Southgate said: "It now seems possible that our vision of such a library as Chancellor Kirkland has so well described is to be realized."

The student body of Trinity College will be lacking in that spirit of gratitude, about which the Bishop spoke so eloquently, if it does not go forward with renewed zeal and energy, striving to make for the institution a history of which, in the coming years, she need not be ashamed.

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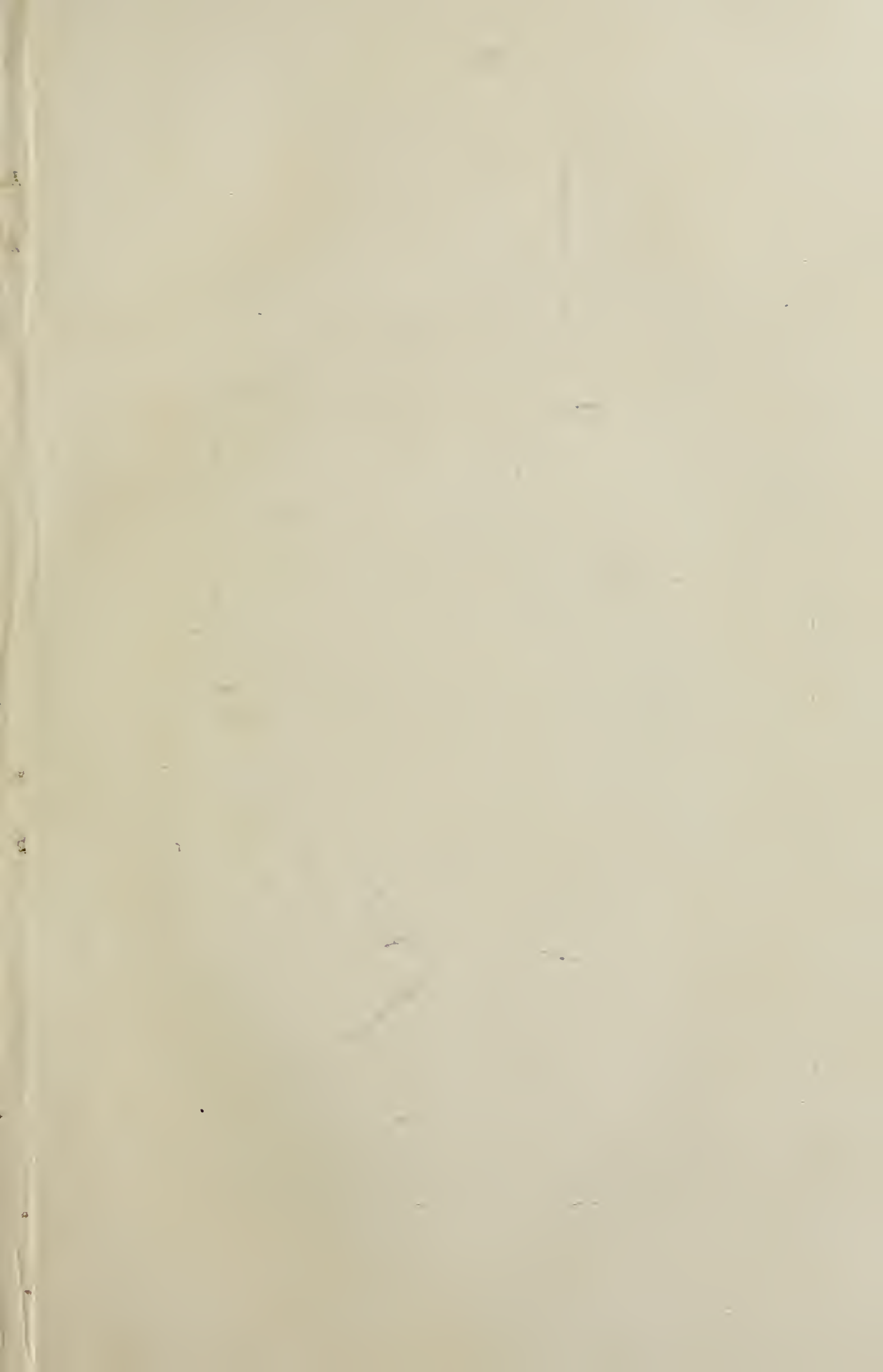

LIBRARY BUILDING.

(Trinity College.)

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1901.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to H. R. DWIRE, Chief Editor, Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.

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C. L. HORNADAY, - - - - - - MANAGER.

PERSONALITY AND PROGRESS.

BY BISHOP E. R. HENDRIX, D. D., LL. D.

I bring you first of all, young gentlemen, a message to-night from one of your fellow-students—one much more venerable in years, but one who has been associated with you in your work, and one who derives constant inspiration from your orderly conduct, from your appreciation of what he has sought to do for your well-being, from your devotion to duty—Mr. Washington Duke—who, down in the city, learned addition, and when a college was brought here has been ever since engaged in the work of subtrac tion and division. It is from one who has learned that lesson so well, and who has divided so fairly and sub-

tracted from his fortunes so liberally, that I bring to you to-night this message: It is your fidelity as students and the wise use you have made of his benevolence that has made his giving a personal satisfaction.

Two beautiful graces meet here to-day—Generosity and Gratitude. Lovely as is each alone, their highest loveliness appears when they look into each other's eyes and clasp each other's hands. Then is seen the true companionship of immortal souls. No more is generosity the expression of an unselfish spirit, delighting to sacrifice in order to give, than gratitude is the mark of the human spirit at its best, lovingly recognizing the source and value of the gifts of generosity. Man alone of all God's earthly creatures knows the source of his being and blessings. He alone can give thanks. He stands thus at once the interpreter and high priest of nature. An ingrate is less than a man, having renounced his high prerogative of giving thanks, which belongs to him as the crown of his nature. The grateful spirit is lifted by his own songs into the companionship of angels. Gratitude has a place before the throne of God Himself, the giver of all, and becomes one of the immortals. As our human generosity is a faint type of what is divine, so our human gratitude reproduces the very atmosphere of heaven. But, let there be more frequent visits on earth of these heavenly graces, and especially let our mortal eyes see them more often walking hand in hand, and not only will flowers blossom in their path, but colleges, libraries, endowments as well. Happy days are those when the gods consent to dwell in the abodes of men. Let these graces become incarnate and dwell on earth to make it a heaven. And this they will do if they can be ever found together. Neither can dwell on earth alone any more than in heaven, whence they came.

Doubtless, too, they will oftener be seen on earth as man proves worthier of their companionship. We are not surprised to see heavenly guests in Abraham's company, or

in the homes of Zacharias and Elizabeth, or of the Virgin Mother at Nazareth. The beloved disciple finds himself at home on Patmos, with angels peopling all the island. It is our humanity at its best that makes real and possible all the noblest and best things on earth. "An institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man." When our Lord ascended and gave gifts to men, it was *men* that He gave—the noblest men, the bravest and most unselfish, men capable of generosity and gratitude, and worthy of both.

The history of speculative philosophy shows one long search of man after God; the revelation of the Bible shows one long search of God for man. God's first question to man which starts the wonderful story of His concern for the race is' "Where art thou?" The search for man makes up the pathetic narrative of God's call and man's answering voice throughout the whole divine revelation. Philosophy shows man seeking, but never finding, for who by searching can find out God? Revelation shows God seeking and finding man, and finding him, as Coleridge says, "at greater depths of his being than anything else" has ever done, and so is able to bring man to his best. God seeks to lift man up by revealing Himself, by pouring into man's depleted veins the very life of God. The ideal college is the meeting place of man and God, each searching for the other, philosophy and revelation not antagonistic, but co-operative, as an apostle's voice is heard declaring unto the worshippers of TheUnknown God, "Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." To leave out revelation from the studies of a college would be as suicidal as to leave out philosophy. The study of external nature is confessedly a thing of yesterday, but the study of the human spirit is as old as the life of man, and has been conducted by many a genius before which modern names grow pale. Because revelation leads one into the very depths and heights of the human spirit, as it is unfolded in the presence of the Father of spirits, it is

indispensable to one who would know either man or God. Philosophy ever sinks into despair, because into skepticism and decay, unless revelation finds the troubled heart. This is the meeting place, too, of philosophy and revelation. Each needs the other, and each is best known in the society of the other. There is a progressive knowledge of each which best comes from the study of both together. The queen of the sciences is so called because it is the fruit of the philosophic mind reverently studying the revelation of God. Philosophy alone cannot lead into the depths of the wisdom and knowledge of God. She must go hand in hand with revelation. Such companionship is the glory of a Christian college. There is no danger of education being sought as in a receiver with all the vital air of Christianity pumped out, when Revelation and Philosophy are duly honored in an institution of learning.

A Christian college is also the meeting place of Opportunity and Inspiration, the providing of the material facilities, the plant with its equipment of buildings, libraries, apparatus, and the instructors and students, with their helpful mutual influence, affording at once teachers and audience reacting upon one another. Wealth aided by intelligence can provide the opportunity, even to the selection of instructors as well as the needed material equipment, but the inspiration must come from the ability alike to receive and to impart inspiration. The man incapable of receiving an inspiration is also incapable of imparting one. As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man the countenance of his friend. There must be substance to affect and to be affected, whether that substance be matter or spirit, which is the real substance, that which underlies all matter and for which matter itself exists. The very existence of matter, which has no use for itself and is perfectly indifferent to the existence of spirit, shows that spirit must exist to use it. Matter so vast as the material universe, shows the existence of a Spirit great enough to use

it all. Men as spirits are ever seeking inspiration from kindred spirits. If they cannot find it thus, like all great poets they invoke the help of the mighty dead, or the Muses; or, as with Milton, the Eternal Spirit Himself. A great college becomes a place of great inspiration, even more because of the dead than of the living.

Society is not what is contemporaneous. "The longer the world lives, the more it is governed by the dead." It is the grasp of the great thinker that death fastens, not loosens. Aristotle, as an observer and reasoner, has not surrendered his place to Bacon or Newton. Blind Homer has more appreciative, as well as more numerous, readers to-day than when he first sang his almost perfect epics. Virgil, Dante, Shakspeare, Tennyson, wield an influence to-day which all living writers dare not claim. We quote the dead Jefferson and Madison and Hamilton and Marshall as our weightiest authorities on underlying principles of government. Even with all our excellency of speech, we still study the Attic orators, who being dead yet speak. How the will of many a dead man determines the ownership of property centuries after his death. This is a species of immortality which a man may well crave when his well-earned fortune, wisely directed by his own deed of gift, whether living or at death, may continue to operate as his will, as his very self, through the centuries. That is what in England is called a Foundation—some enduring gift which perpetuates at once the name of the donor, and is the expression of his beneficent will to make his own and subsequent generations wiser and better. There is inspiration in a noble example of generosity no less than in a great thinker or leader among men. In short, that which in the past still dominates the present is its personalities. They are capable of inspiring us to-day because they were capable of being inspired in their own day. England is celebrating to-day the fact that a thousand years ago lived and died a ruler, Alfred the Great,

who was great enough for his time, and hence for all time, because he met the necessary conditions and shaped them into a nation by his own wisdom and kingly might of character. Dartmouth College is celebrating her one hundredth anniversary of the graduation of her most distinguished son, Daniel Webster, not because of his eloquent tribute in his historic argument, "It is a small college, but there are those who love it," but because of his masterly arguments in the Senate as the great expounder of the Constitution. Men like these seem to be no common clay, when they are more influential after a hundred or a thousand years than even when they still lived among men. Joseph Cook had a group of such men—Gladstone, Bismarck, Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Park, and his own father. These he called his jury, and with their photographs arranged about his study table, he sought to do his work in their presence. He would demand to know of them if his argument were satisfactory. Nor would he cease his plea for what he deemed truth in morals or in philosophy until he had the approving nod of his jury. Most of the jury were dead before him, including his favorite teacher, Dr. Park, and his own father, but he continued to appeal to them as before, nay, all the more that they were dead.

Our best moral wealth is chiefly legacy—the example of great and good men. The inspiration of the race that is set before us is the innumerable cloud of witnesses. "The living are but the latest; they are the fringe of society. We are but the outskirts of the race and inhabit the suburbs of time."

With its recent and prospective notable increase of endowment and of facilities to do educational work of a high order, Trinity College takes a leading place among the colleges of the South. I am assured by her noble benefactors that they will provide the necessary means to make its equipment equal to the best in the country.

Trinity College will thus illustrate that saying of our Lord, which is equally true in the educational and in the commercial world, "To him that hath shall be given." There is a power of attraction about what is solid and substantial in letters that is as sure as the law of gravitation in the material world. Trinity College, which bears the name of the greatest of the colleges of Europe, Trinity College, of Cambridge University, that trained men of as varied gifts as Sir Isaac Newton, Macaulay, and Thackeray, should aspire to stand for something distinctive in the educational world. It should look beyond the education of the mere individual student with the consciousness that it is to bear a part in the education of the world, for the true education of the world is its Christianization.

Christianity and Education so far from being antagonists, are handmaids of one Lord. Nay, they are mother and child, and have a common mission, which is to bring to the utmost best the best that is in man. This means to reach the whole man, not the physical alone, which makes a possible idiot; not the intellectual alone without the moral, which means the criminal; nor even the moral alone, without the intellectual, which means the fanatic. Let your motto be not that "Knowledge is power," for there is a higher motive than that which appeals to ambition or desire for achievement. Knowledge is more than power. Rightly acquired and used, knowledge is goodness, knowledge is character.

We increase our power by knowing objects beneath us; our goodness by knowing those that are above us. Steam, electricity, light have proven useful servants, but have not made us any better. The only knowledge that can make us any better is not of things and their laws, but of persons and their thoughts. We need not intimacy with rocks and reptiles, but communion with prophets, patriots, sages, martyrs to develop our higher faculties. The one hope of the world's education is the domination of the superior mind.

A most vital part of education is reverence; the habit of reverence. But reverence is possible toward the higher not the lower. We grow noble and godlike not by the downward look at inferior nature, inanimate or soulless, but by the uplifted look at thoughts and goodness greater than our own. But reverence declines when faith and hope fade away. The nature that is most warmed by the central sun of our holy faith is the sunniest for all the world. Without sacrifice no man will really maintain the spirit of a devout and noble life—a life that stirs the pulses of other lives to heroic deeds. Nor can there be the best type of education that leaves out of account the epoch-making characters like Moses and Paul and Luther and Wesley. It is the superior mind that educates, and its contact is essential to leaven the mass that without such influence is doomed to remain dull and unaerated.

Progress and Conservatism are always to be looked for in a college whose motto is, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." The best results of investigation are garnered and cherished. But light first breaks forth usually from college walls. Thus, Sir Humphrey Davy gave the world the safety lamp which the miner was to carry in the abysses below; while Professor Morse brought forth from his laboratory the telegraph, which was to make the wide world, and even the chambers of the deep, a whispering gallery. It was a fitting introduction which Tyndall gave Pasteur when he said, "It is true France has her four milliards of war indemnity, but then she has Pasteur." The genius of the scholar and investigator was to check the ravages of the enemies of the vine and silk worm, together with the dreaded plagues which afflicted the herds of sunny France. It was from Oxford that Wicliffe gave us our English Bible, as it was on the doors of Wittenberg University that Luther, the student-monk, nailed his immortal theses. A college is a veritable lighthouse, but a human hand must hold aloft the torch. The

light is first kindled in the heart and brain of a thinker ere it can kindle the multitudes into hope or arouse them to effort. Back of all progress is Personality. Progress is not born of circumstances, but of men whose fingers set the clock of the world and proclaim the morning cometh.

The theme which should most engage the thought of our time is Personality and Progress. The true college stands for both. Man first lives and then thinks. He makes history and then reflects on it. "The owl of Minerva does not start upon its flight until the evening twilight has begun to fall," says Hegel. The distinction of persons from things is a gradual process. Even Aristotle taught that women are nature's failures in the attempt to produce men. The advent of Christianity created a new epoch both in the development and recognition of human personality. Man's nature is not now described as in the Greek chorus, in terms of his external works, stemming the tides, taming the horse, his invention, contrivances, arts. He is described by his power and capacity of participation in the union between human nature and God. This is not the description of some individual man, but of human nature or the human race. Man's responsiveness to God is the glory of his being. Therefore, Mr. Gladstone well said, "All the wonders of Greek civilization heaped up together are less wonderful than the single Book of Psalms." Progress is not the creature of circumstances, of heredity, of blind fate. Men engender movements more than movements engender men. It is the mountains that explain the rivers. The Nile does not originate in the desert, although it runs through it. Out of the palpitating heart of Hermon the Jordan rushes to the sea. Says Harnack, "Without the force of individual personality nothing great, no improvement comes into being." A greater than he has said, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding." It is man's capacity for being lit up as the very

candle of the Lord, which accounts for what man has been able to do in the world. Progress has moved wholly along one line, that of personality, and is the unveiling, revealing disclosure of what is implied therein. The greater the personality the greater the achievement. The French Revolution failed for lack of great leaders. A great leader made possible the American Revolution, and all that has come of it.

> Virginia gave us this immortal man
>   Cast in the massive mold
>   Of those high-statured ages old,
> Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
> * * * * * *
> Mother of States and undiminished men,
> Thou gavest us a country giving him.

"There was a man sent from God," thus does God write history.

The many gaps in the history of progress are due to the absence of men. The first requisites of civilization are outstanding character to arrest the drift. It is a man that shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Such a man is more precious than fine gold, even than the pure gold of Ophir. "The advent of a truly great man is, as it were, a fresh and wiser hand upon the helm of history." No people has begun its history by a code of laws, but by a mighty [illegible]er. In the Orient a great leader usually stood alone. [illegible]e could be but one commanding personality at a time. The king was all. If another man arose with the consciousness of unusual powers, there was sure to be a contest, [illegible] frequently an assassination, in order that the survivor might rule alone. A Pharaoh towered above all his people as the pyramid, which began to be builded as he began his reign, towered above the plain, and measured the greatness of the man and of his reign. When he asserted, "I am Pharaoh," all Egypt trembled. In des-

potisms there is but one personality. Barbarism is favorable to hordes; Christianity to personalities. In Persia the hordes were measured in enclosures, which awakened the astonishment of the Greeks. The scores of personalities in Greece account for her civilized achievements. "All history resolves itself into the biography of a few stout and earnest souls," says Emerson. "The history of what man has accomplished is at bottom the history of great men who have worked here," says Carlyle.

Abraham stood for monotheism. He believed in one God, and became the head and father of a mighty people. John, the Baptist, stood for a better personal and civic life, and so prepared the way of the Lord. Paul stood for the resurrection of his Lord, and the reign of the supernatural was recognized wherever he went. Luther stood for the freedom of the Conscience, and the very veil of the temple was again rent in twain. Moses stood for the immanence of God, and so became the mighty Liberator, Leader, Lawgiver, Founder of his nation. Wesley believed in the witness of the spirit and the Kingdom of God appeared among men as the kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Columba on Iona and Cuthbert on Lindisfarne made each a pulpit for the world.

Christianity exalts personality. Cornelius, the Roman centurion, falls at the feet of an apostle, whose very abode an angel had revealed, and finds that Christianity bids a man stand upon his feet. The highest w[illegible] our holy religion is simply to make us men. Sai[illegible]n Gibbon, "The dignity of man was restored by t[illegible] Christians." Buddhism proposes to destroy life's long[illegible]s; Christianity to satisfy them. Hindoism, in the f[illegible]r, develops the freak; the glory of Christianity is the normal man. To be perfect in one's sympathies, not to be incapable of sympathy, that is the aim of Christianity. The highest, fullest personality is that of Christ. His personality was a divine humanity, the very essence of Christianity. Christ

ever taught that to be perfect it is absolutely necessary to seek the notice and aim at the approval of a perfect being. This is the one lesson of the Sermon on the Mount. Only by viewing himself in the light of the Incarnation, and what it implies, can man come to a deeper conception of his own nature and capacity.

The freedom of the human spirit through union with Good was taught by Christ. This Luther proclaimed from the housetop and helped to make an epoch in the world, deepening and dignifying the whole sense of personality in man. Freedom of opinion is one condition of a vigorous intellect. The fundamental principle of the Reformation was the right of the people to the truth, the whole truth, and access for themselves to its foundation-head in the Bible. The stress laid on truth in the Bible is specially favorable to the mental life of man. Christianity by its appeal to the intellectual in man frees him from the control of the sensuous that dwarfs his growth.

Because the greatest power in shaping human destiny in man himself Christ became a man and so became the savior of the race. "The only soul in history that has appreciated the worth of man is Jesus Christ." This He did by becoming man and a perfect man. He made faith in goodness easy to other men. Such a personality is as streams of water in a desert place. "Behold there is life whithersoever the river cometh." London is far better governed with its more than 4,000,000 than it formerly was with only 1,000,000. Because Christianity develops the higher personality, it is the religion of progress. A great man not only lives, but *lifts*. Christ's lifting power is His measure.

No people ever yet possessed a worthy conception of man until after it was in possession of a worthy conception of God. Christ's humanity must neither be destroyed nor darkened if we are to have a worthy conception of God, as God must have a perfect vehicle through which to make

known his ethical perfections. Reason, will, love, the constituent elements of personaliry, must be at their best. Christ's hold on the world is due to His power to impress men with His perfect personality, His self-renunciation, courage, superiority to death, forgiveness of enemies, all culminating in their expression through His sacrificial death and resurrection. Man's true greatness, on the other hand consists in his power of apprehending and appropriating Christ's perfect personality. Human development is along the line of apprehending Christ and His teaching. Nay, I might say of apprehending Christ, for what is His teaching but Himself? He is the good Samaritan. He is the true Shepherd, who lays down His life for His sheep. He is the very bread of life. His personality is more than His doctrines, institutions, sacraments, for He is all in all. "And as He is, so are we in the world." Sin could never be the same again after the sinless humanity of Christ. We have beheld His glory and of His fullness have we received, and grace for grace.

Man's triple crown is reason, dominion, immortality. Are not these they by which he can be inspired of God and work together with God? Says Kidd, in his Social Evolution, "The two new forces which made their advent with man were his reason and his capacity for acting under its influence in concert with his fellowmen in society." What gives man dominion in his capacity to be filled with God? "As the earth was fluid and plastic in the hands of the Creator, so it has ever been to as much of God's attributes as we bring to it." Who dare say how much of Christ's power over nature, how many of His wonderful works were due to the perfection of His human nature?

How marvellous man's power for good when he lets God use him to the utmost, his brain, his heart, his will! Alas! too, the power for evil of one who owns Satan as his master! The good man's memory *capitalizes* his past, the best, not the worst as with the bad man. It is this best that

is in him which gives him power of acting in concert with his fellowman in society. It is the perfect type which finds its ready place side by side with another perfect type to make the perfect printed page. It is the perfect citizen whom we must look to in making the perfect State. Because Christianity develops the highest personality it is the religion of progress. Christianity shows her great Hall of Fame in the calendar of the saints given in the Epistle to the Hebrews. These are the mighty spirits that have helped to make our world in which our young men shall see visions and our old men shall dream dreams, when the possibility of inspiration is seen to belong not to the few but to the race. It is the men who have looked into the face of their Lord who have spoken the words of true progress to their own and to other generations. The more perfect the individual the greater his faith in humanity and the greater his powers in bringing to realization his hopes for the race.

The power of individual initiative which is conceded to be the notable characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon is due to the co-ordination of his powers and the sufficiency of impulse prompting his activities. Courage and moderation, the knowing how to endure and to refrain, these have marked the most perfect men who have ever lived on earth.

These give unity, stability, power to personality. Many men are weak because they are conscious of a double nature, two persons striving within, as it were for dominion. All depends on who conquors, Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde. Sometimes one seems conscious of a pluripersonality like the man who called his name "Legion," for he seemed possessed of many devils. Such cases of pluripersonality may be found among our criminal classes to-day whose antecedents have been profoundly immoral. This is the breeding ground of anarchists, the men and women who are physical and intellectual degenerates, whose disordered personalities are objects alike of pity and of terror.

Hardly less dangerous to society are the men who call evil good, and good evil, who lack fixed standards of right. to whom policy is more than principle, who shout "Hosanna" on Thursday and "Crucify Him" on Friday. The strength and unity of Washington's great personality no where appear so strikingly as during the Federal Convention for the adoption of the Constitution when language was suggested that was abhorrent to his sense of right. Rising in his place he gravely said, "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God." Such men make nations and rule the centuries.

Personality only can be inspired. The greater the Peronality the greater the capacity to be inspired. Where the sense of law or duty is supreme man can become the mouthpiece of God. Without this, his very personality cannot endure the mighty pressure of the divine presence. Man no more needs God to be at his best, to have the inspiration of the Almighty that giveth understanding, than God needs man as His organ of manifestation. Freedom of the will is the very nerve of personality, as the human sense of guilt is the awful guardian of our personal identity. We *might* have made another choice. What we did choose becomes part of our very self. If it be wrong it separates us from God. Our personality stands in antagonism to his.

"Belief in the personality of God and belief in the personality of man stand or fall together. A glance at the history of religion would suggest that these two beliefs are for some reason inseparable. Where faith in the personality of God is weak, or is altogether wanting, the perception which men have of their own personality is found to be, in an equal degree, indistinct. The feeling of individ-

uality is dormant. The soul indolently ascribes to itself a merely phenomenal being. It conceives of itself as appearing for a moment, like a wavelet on the ocean, to vanish again in the all-engulfing essence whence it emerged. Recent philosophical theories which substitute matter, or an 'unknowable,' for the self-conscious Deity, likewise dissipate the personality of man as ordinarily conceived. If they deny that God is a spirit, they deny with equal emphasis that man is a spirit. The pantheistic and atheistic schemes are in this respect consistent in their logic; but of man's perception of his own personal attributes, arises the belief in a personal God." (Fisher.) A noble human personality ever reveals somewhat of God.

If man's personality is but the shadow of God's, what must man yet become in realizing God's thought in him. Nothing can be fully known save in the light of its end. To know what we are we need to know what we *shall be.* Aristotle well defined "the nature of a thing" as "what a thing is when its becoming is completed." The real nature of man will be known when his becoming has reached the stage of completion, when his continual participation in God has made him divine, a very son of God. What man is, is best understood by that completion of his nature when Christ appeared in the world, realizing the true life of man, and therefore representing man in his relation to God as a son of God. Only in Christianity is the Holy Spirit revealed as personal. In Him was life and the life was the light of men. Christ is the culmination of the divine self-manifestation and self-impartation to the world. To know man is to know how much of God he can manifest. But he manifests only as he apprehends. It was only as it pleased God to manifest His Son in Paul, that he could preach him among the Gentiles. But how wonderful a manifestation! No less by the apostle than in him.

Heat shows us what may be done in transferring and adding new power to iron or other substance, by its

presence, until the dull iron changes its color and glows with a beauty and power unknown before, capable of imparting that subtle fire which has become part of itself. "A piece of water without heat is solid and brittle; gently warmed it flows; further heated it mounts to the sky." So there may come a transforming power which lifts a human personality up to the very throne of God. When William Blake, the poet painter, was asked if he saw the rising sun, he answered, "No! no! I see a heavenly host, and I hear them chanting, Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty, Heaven and earth are full of thy glory!" This is the measure of man's capacity when he can endure as seeing Him who is invisible, and when light itself is but the garment of God. Such a soul was Savanarola who transformed the Florentine republic from moral debauchery to a theocracy, and amid the wildest enthusiasm had Christ proclaimed, "King of Florence." Sacred songs superseded ribald ballads in the streets, and the carnival of depravity gave place to festivals of religious chastity. Man is as a *yonder-sided* being embodying the hereafter, and so brings things to pass here.

This exalted standard of personality, which is the only worthy aim of the Christian educator, is not attainable by superficial methods. Pretense in education is false to the character-building that is essential to developing the highest personality. Michael Angelo would always paint the perfect anatomy of a human figure before he would dare begin to drape it. The drapery must hide no defects due to his careless brush. Nor has time ever torn away a single robe that hides a deformed limb due to the belief that no eye but his should ever see it. Raphael ground and mixed his own colors with such conscientious skill that the touch of centuries has not faded them. Angelo used to claim that art was religion itself when the artist attempted only what was perfect, since the attempt to make what was perfect was what God Himself ever did, and so to help to man godlike.

Who can measure the effects on the intellectual development of Jesus of the high moral purpose that marks his whole human life. That unhesitating grasp of the truth and fearless announcement of it told of a mind as unerring in its intellectual processes as it was obedient to the noblest motives which could sway a human heart and will. The world's greatest personality was the world's greatest Thinker. He who was the Truth was also the Life and the Way. To the lovers of truth Jesus has ever had the strongest attraction. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice. It is the man who is thus intellectually free who *finds himself* as a thinker. Fearless in such companionship the keys of no laboratory are denied him, and to him it is given to bind and loose alike for earth and heaven, for truth is as eternal as the throne of God.

To the noble benefactors whose wise gifts to Trinity College are for the highest development of human personality and thus most surely dedicated to the cause of true progress, on behalf of my church and my country, no less than on behalf of the immediate beneficiaries of their generosity, I bear the acknowledgment of sincere gratitude. Venerable sir, more than your own children will rise up and call you blessed. Happy father, who has lived to see his children and even grandchildren sharing his generous spirit and building on the same noble foundation. Happy sons, who blessed by such a father's example have found that wealth has its proper place as a man's servant, not his master. You are teaching the same lesson to your children to whom life will mean service at once of God and men.

Fully three-quarters of a century ago a wise and faithful minister of the gospel, passing over Boston bridge, saw a fisherman who was hardly out of his teens, selling from his cart the catch of the night before. A word of kindly greeting was followed by the fisherman seeking the church where Wilbur Fisk, the sympathetic preacher, was pastor. The occasional hearer soon became a regular attendant and

then a convert and a faithful member. His life purposes grew with every sermon that he heard. His business prospered. His single fishing smack gave away to a fleet with which he gathered in the harvest of the sea. The fisherman became a princely fish-merchant and millionaire. But he gave as he prospered, giving by the hundred thousand at a time. Finally left alone in the world, he left his remaining fortune, estimated at some two millions, to found Boston University, an institution whose beneficent work is but the lengthened shadow of its noble founder. But he gave not for himself alone. His every gift was for his Lord as well. When the shaft was erected which marks his last resting place it bore a simple inscription giving his name Isaac Rich, and the fact of his having founded the great institution, and beneath was carved in the stone a fish bearing a coin in its mouth and about it all the words of our Lord to Peter, "Take and give for me and thee." It is such gifts as these that pave the streets of Heaven with gold.

BENEFACTOR'S DAY.

On the evening of Benefactor's Day, Thursday, October 3, a largely attended public meeting was held in the Craven Memorial Hall. In the absence of President Kilgo, who was in Europe, Mr. James H. Southgate, President of the Board of Trustees, presided, and the address was delivered by Bishop Eugene R. Hendrix, of Missouri. Before presenting the speaker of the evening, Mr. Southgate gave a brief account of the origin of Benefactor's Day.

"One year ago a mass-meeting was held in the Craven Memorial Hall, at which announcement was made of the gift by Mr. Washington Duke of one hundred thousand dollars to the endowment fund of Trinity College. This gift raised the amount given to the College by Mr. Duke to $444,250.00. In recognition of the liberality of Mr. Duke—unparalleled as it is in this part of the country—the meeting assembled here last October requested the Board of Trustees to set apart October 3 as a College holiday. The Board, at its annual meeting in June, ordered that the third day of October be put in the Calendar as a holiday, to be observed in honor of Mr. Duke while he lives, and to be kept in his memory forever. In obedience to this order, we are met this evening in honor of our venerable friend and generous benefactor. You, sir, through years of toil and sacrifice, have won well-earned success. 'In the beautiful hope of doing some perpetual good upon this earth,' you have given much of your money to establish here a great College, and through it to set in motion forces that will continue to bless mankind long after you have ceased to work, and will keep your memory alive among men through countless generations. The chief glory of this College is to be the stream that flows through it in generation after generation of students, who are developed here into men of ideas and power, and sent forth into the world as ministers of light and righteous-

ness, to become influential forces in the educational, political, and religious life of the New South. You have begun a work here that will go on increasing with the years. This immortality of influence is close akin to the immortality of the soul. The consciousness that you have been of lasting benefit to mankind ought to be a precious benediction to you in your declining years."

Bishop Hendrix delivered an address on the subject of "Personality and Progress," which is elsewhere printed entire. After the address Mr. Southgate made announcement of the gifts to the College during the year ending October 3.

Mrs. Mary W. Stagg—Pavilion, stone structure, with copper roof, to be located in front of the Duke Building, on the left of the drive leading to the main entrance.

James B. Duke—$10,000.00, to be used at once for the purchase of books.

Benjamin N. and James B. Duke—Six and eight-tenths acres of land, value $6,820.00.

Mr. Washington Duke—Central Heating Plant, from which all College buildings will be heated, cost $25,000.00.

Benjamin N. Duke—A Dormitory Building, to be erected before the opening of College next September, to cost not less than $25,000.00.

Col. and Mrs. G. W. Flowers—The Arthur Ellis Flowers Scholarship, worth $1,000.00.

North Carolina Conference—To the General Loan Fund, $1,527.90.

Western North Carolina Conference—To the General Loan Fund, $220,46.

From Various Sources—1,000 volumes to the Library.

From Various Sources—To the Physical Laboratory, gifts aggregating something more than $300.00.

Mr. B. N. Duke—Permanent improvements at Trinity Park High School, $648.70.

Miscellaneous—A number of handsome Portraits and Photographs donated to Trinity Park High School.

"The gifts, announced for the first time to-night, will make possible some needed improvements. The contract for the heating plant has already been awarded, and the plant is to be installed and turned over to the College by January 1, next. The new dormitory will be a handsome building, with all modern conveniences, and will add greatly to the appearance of the College. It will make possible the removal of all dormitories from the Washington Duke Building, and next summer that building will be remodeled and will be used entirely for offices and lecture rooms.

"The gift of $10,000.00 for the immediate purchase of books is a most significant gift. Mr. James B. Duke has already donated an amount of money for the erection of a magnificent Library Building, now going up. The College expects to be able to add each year at least some eight or ten thousand volumes to the collection of books in the Library.

"Chancellor Kirkland, in his last annual report to the Board of Trustees of Vanderbilt University, has this to say of such a library as we are trying to build up here:

"'No University can be great without a great library. One of my dreams for this institution is a magnificent fire-proof Library building, forming the central feature of the whole campus, supplied with seminary rooms and special collections, where higher students may have access to needed literature on all subjects. But the erection of such a building would be only half of our needs, for there must be a special endowment to support it and to furnish it with a regular supply of books. There is not such a library as I have in mind in the whole South. No one of our sister institutions has yet been able properly to meet her needs in this particular. Consequently it remains true that there is no place in the South where any large piece of genuinely scholarly work can be satisfactorily carried on. The bootblacks of New York and Boston have at

their command facilities vastly superior to those in reach of southern students and teachers.'

"We, like Vanderbilt University, have had our dream of a great library in the South. It now seems possible that our vision of such a library as Chancellor Kirkland has so well described, is to be realized. This will surely make the College a large intellectual center, and will give it unquestioned leadership in Southern Education."

TRINITY COLLEGE: A GENERAL SKETCH.

[Reprinted from an article in the American Methodist Magazine, January, 1901.]

BY PROFESSOR EDWIN MIMS.

By reason of the magnificent gifts of the Duke family, as well as the high educational standard and progressive spirit of the institution, Trinity College has, during the past four years, risen rapidly to the front rank of southern colleges. Within a decade its endowment has increased from twenty-five thousand dollars to three hundred and thirty thousand dollars; the faculty from nine to sixteen; and the value of its property from forty thousand to something like half a million dollars. All the while the standards of admission and graduation have been raised, and in every way the college has been modernized and re-created. Ten years ago it was hardly known outside of North Carolina; to-day it is attracting the attention of educators and the general public in all parts of the country. To one conversant with the inner workings of the institution, the present seems but the beginning of a still greater growth in the future.

The development here briefly indicated dates from 1892, or a little earlier, when the college was moved to Durham, during the progressive administration of its president, Dr. John F. Crowell. There is an old Trinity and a new Trinity: the former was located among the hills of Randolph county, in a community of about three hundred people; the latter owes much of its life to the progressive city of Durham, which, in its industrial development and public-spirited philanthropy, is a typical product of the New South. The limited equipment and endowments of old Trinity were somewhat compensated by the fine personal influence of the first president and founder of the institution, Dr. Braxton Craven, who had the power of inspiring many of his students with a sense of the greatness of life, and through them exercised a commanding

influence throughout the state. Their respect and admiration for this heroic man was well attested in the erection, in 1899, of Craven Memorial Hall.

Interesting as it might be to tell of the early history of Trinity College and its growth from an academy to a college—the struggles through which it passed in the effort to maintain itself in the face of much opposition—I have found it necessary to limit this article to the administrations of Presidents Crowell and Kilgo.

It was a noteworthy day in the history of North Carolina Methodism when Doctor Crowell, a northerner by birth and a graduate of Yale College, appeared on the platform at old Trinity, and dedicated himself to the work to which he had been called. I have often wondered what he, thoroughly familiar with the best educational work and accustomed to well-endowed and well-equipped institutions of learning, must have thought when, after a drive of five miles through the country from High Point, he found himself at the head of an institution meager in its equipment, provincial in its ideas, and limited in its constituency. It was a test that few southern institutions could stand. The situation was far from an inviting one, and yet, with rare perseverance and heroic self-sacrifice, though not always with the best judgment, he applied himself to the difficult problem of developing the institution in accordance with modern ideals.

From college catalogues one may see that he began at once notable educational reforms. More is heard of entrance requirements, of the necessity for secondary schools, of endowment. In one of his reports he lays down a definite educational policy for North Carolina Methodism: first, to have an academic school in every community in which there are one hundred boys and girls within a radius of two miles; second, to put a better equipment in all the Church schools and colleges; and third, to endow Trinity College with two hundred thousand dollars.

Some of these plans were, in the light of conditions then existing, somewhat visionary; but that he did accomplish definite and far-reaching results cannot be questioned. He brought well-trained scholars from the best institutions to give the best modern instruction; he set about to build up a library; instituted the elective system of courses; projected the *Archive*, a publication for the students; gave an impetus to athletics that was felt throughout the South; brought the college into vital touch with the other institutions of the state, oftentimes himself leading in important educational movements. He gave the institution a certain scholarly atmosphere. Three, at least, of the present faculty attribute their impulse for advanced work to the inspiration of Crowell. What I am trying to make plain is the fact that he brought to this state "the modern concept of a college."

After Dr. Crowell had been at Trinity two years, he saw that the future progress of the institution depended upon its removal to a live town, and he set about accomplishing this result. His proposal met with great opposition. Very naturally there were prejudices on the part of the *alumni*, to whom the traditions of the "old place" were sacred; furthermore, all the other male colleges in the state were in small towns—an argument that had much weight with people who thought that boys would be subject to many temptations in a city. The prejudice that had always prevailed against Crowell because he was born too far north of Mason and Dixon's line now came to a climax, and an enthusiastic member of the board declared, in an eloquent peroration, that this "northern frost had come south to nip southern flowers." The question was settled in the notable Conference at Greensboro, when, after a prolonged debate, it was decided to adopt President Crowell's proposition that the college should be moved to Raleigh, which had offered thirty-five thousand dollars for buildings.

When, however, the time came, Raleigh was not so anxious to have the college as had been thought, and the subscriptions materialized slowly. It seemed as if the college must remain where it was. At this critical point help came from an unexpected quarter, and a new chapter opens in the history of Trinity College and southern philanthropy.

Dr. E. A. Yates, a member of the executive committee of Trinity College, was pastor of Trinity Church (Durham), of which Mr. Washington Duke and his family were then members. Through his eminently spiritual sermons, and his interesting personality, he had won the esteem and confidence of the Duke family, especially of Mrs. Mary Duke Lyon, who one day, in a conversation with him, expressed a desire that her family might "do something for the Church that would be of permanent good for mankind." He directed her attention to Trinity College; some time afterward Mr. Washington Duke waited for Doctor Yates after a service at Trinity Church and said very quietly: "If you will get Trinity College to Durham I will give you fifty thousand dollars for endowment and thirty-five thousand dollars for a building." After explaining that Raleigh would be perfectly willing to withdraw from the contest, Doctor Yates stated that he was prepared to accept the gift for the college. He went at once and telegraphed to Doctor Crowell: "Come to Durham; I see some light for Trinity." He came, and Doctor Yates told him of the offer. "I was on my knees," was his answer, "last night, praying God to open up some way for us. This is the answer." In such things one sees the working of God. More than once has Doctor Crowell's successor made similar acknowledgment of his faith in an overruling Providence, which in strange ways is working out the destiny of this institution. Mr. Duke repeated the proposition to Doctor Crowell; a park, consisting of sixty-five acres, was given by that large-hearted man, Col.

J. S. Carr, and plans were made at once for the removal to Durham.

It is little wonder that President Crowell, in his enthusiasm over the gift of Mr. Duke, saw the realization of many of his hopes, and built thereon many visions of the future. A natural tendency to be visionary, combined with a certain lack of substantial judgment, caused him to make blunders. He projected buildings that in the end cost Mr. Duke one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; he made contracts with a faculty far beyond the income of the college; and, not satisfied with an academic department, he projected nearly all the professional departments. Bulletin number ten, issued just before the college was moved to Durham, is verily a "university on paper."

The college was not destined to develop so fast. There came a reaction, and the year 1892–3 is one of the gloomiest in its history. It passed through an experience which tried it as if by fire. The open breach between the president and faculty; the constantly increasing debt; the growing want of confidence on the part of the public; the evident lack of faith of the Dukes in the policy and plans of the institution—all these are facts which one does not like to linger over. It is easy enough to lay all the blame on Doctor Crowell, and undoubtedly there were characteristics in his make-up that unfitted him for this distressing state of affairs. Yet it remains true that a burden was put upon him by somebody that was enough to crush any man. He had no endowment, no resources to meet the expenses of even a second-rate college, while he was trying to build up a first-rate one. Surely some of the blame must be attached to those who helped to create the burden. More than one man's life has been a tragedy because Southern Methodism has failed to meet the demands of a suffering institution.

When Doctor Crowell resigned in 1893, the Board refused to accept his resignation. The financial strain was relieved

by the floating of bonds to the amount of forty thousand dollars, and by the generous offer of Mr. B. N. Duke to give the college seventy-five hundred dollars a year for three years. Doctor Crowell remained at the head of the institution another year, enjoying some of the fine results of his labors for seven years, and then resigned to accept a position in Columbia College.

The selection of Dr. John C. Kilgo as his successor was a fortunate one; he proved the man for the emergency. As financial agent of Wofford College he had achieved eminent success, and was beginning to attract the attention of the leaders of the Church. On coming to Trinity, he seemed to realize the situation that presented itself. In his inaugural address he outlined with clear insight his plans and policy. There was nothing exactly new in what he said—an endowment must be raised, new buildings erected, the constituency crystalized—a cry that has been heard in all parts of the South in these past few years. But what was new and original was the bounding vigor, the indomitable enthusiasm of the man and his words. Indeed, one of the secrets of Doctor Kilgo's success has been his enthusiasm. In his public addresses and sermons, in his reports to the board of trustees, in articles for the daily press, he has spoken in no uncertain tones of his faith in the future of Trinity College, and, by a persuasiveness more potent than logic, he has caused others to have the same faith. This spirit of enthusiastic faith has borne down opposition, and has created wide-spread confidence in the administration.

Doctor Kilgo is a very remarkable man. As a preacher and speaker he has few equals in the South. He especially excels in the originality of his thought, the clearness of his insight, and the spiritual glow of his utterances; on the platform he is brilliant, magnetic, inspiring. He is sometimes his own worst enemy in that he needlessly lays himself open to misunderstandings and misinterpretations;

but, when all is considered, very few men in this country to-day speak on a higher plane of thought or with more convincing power. Scarcely less notable is his executive ability. By his thorough knowledge of the southern people, by his rare common sense and practical judgment, by the power he has of making a few close and intimate friends, he has met with eminent success the problems—financial, educational, and moral—of his administration. He has a knack of bringing things to pass, of achieving something. He has been greatly aided in all his work by the faculty, in whom he has reposed the utmost confidence, and who feel for him a personal friendship. Very few college presidents exert as great an influence over a student-body. Through his lectures on the Bible, his addresses in chapel, and his personal contact, he has much to do with determining the moral sentiment of the student-body.

I do not mean to assert that Doctor Kilgo has not made mistakes in his plans and policy. But, when all is said by way of criticism, the work that he has done in seven years is one that few men can point to—it is a work that will assume greater proportions as time goes by. He has made things go; and the progress briefly sketched in the first paragraph of this article is due to him more than to any other one man. And not the least of his many services is that he has won to the college the warm personal interest of Mr. Washington Duke and his sons, Messrs. B. N. and J. B. Duke. Mr. Washington Duke returned from the war with fifty cents in his pocket. He had but little education, but, as Bishop Fitzgerald said of Commodore Vanderbilt, he was "graduated in the College of Applied Common Sense and Courage." "He has the finest judgment and the most common sense of all the men I have known," remarked Doctor Yates, who knows him well. He told his sons, who were mere boys at that time, that the South had great opportunities. "While we have nothing, if we will apply our energies and fall in line with the

progressive ideas of the world, we shall have a great prosperity." His prophecy has been fulfilled in the preeminent success that has crowned their efforts.

With all his wealth, Mr. Duke has retained the simplicity and genuine humanity of his early days. He is a lover of good jokes, a good talker, a genial and sympathetic old man, close to the heart of nature. He worships in the same church with his employees, and is a signal illustration of the rich man who has not forgotten the struggle of his early days, and is easily touched with the infirmities of his fellow-men. His old age is crowned with the rich benediction of his sons and grandchildren. Crowning all his character is the desire that has increased so much in recent years—"the beautiful hope of doing some permanent good on the earth."

When Mr. Duke began to give money to Trinity College, he had the idea that the Methodists of the state would respond to his efforts by themselves giving large sums of money. He made proposition after proposition to rouse them to their duty. Furthermore, he was led to believe that an institution of grand proportions could be built in a short while. In the gloomy year already referred to, he lost heart. The afternoon Doctor Kilgo arrived in Durham, Mr. Duke remarked, as they drove in the gate: "Well, there it is. I never expect to give another dollar to it, and I wish I never had put a dollar in it." A staggering blow to the newly elected president! But Doctor Kilgo was not dismayed. He plunged into the work with his characteristic enthusiasm and good sense; he began to develop the idea that an institution which amounted to anything would have to wait for results; that an institution of high standards and exalted principles was something worth fighting for, even if it had but few students. There was something in the man that attracted the Dukes—his good sense, candor, unconventionality, lack of anything like pedantry, and freedom, and, above all, the full force

and charm of his personality. This growing interest in him and the college was greatly enhanced by the fact that Doctor Kilgo, on account of the death of the Rev. W. C. Doub, became, in 1896, their pastor for several months. A bond of strong personal friendship grew up between them; and by his warm personal regard for many of the faculty, and his great faith in the student-body (he thinks they are "the best set of boys in the world"), he has learned to look upon the college with the deepest interest and love. And whether it has one hundred or five hundred students, he and his sons have conceived the idea of endowing and equipping a great institution that shall be able to do the best work and free to know and speak the truth.

The first gift under the new administration, and from the new point of view, was made in the fall of 1896, when one hundred thousand dollars was offered on condition that girls be admitted to the college.

Two years later, at commencement, Mr. Duke gave another hundred thousand dollows to the endowment fund. "I have been," he said, "for the past several years a close observer of the workings of Trinity College, and have noted with pleasure its steady progress. I have been greatly pleased with its definite policy, and believe it has the key to many of our problems. I also believe that the money invested in it is being wisely managed; but I realize that its growth calls for larger resources. In my past donations I have been moved by a desire to build up our people and advance the kingdom of Christ. I now feel constrained by the same motives to donate to the college another hundred thousand dollars to the permanent endowment fund of the college. . . . . Thankful to kind Providence that has always protected me, and realizing that my years of work have almost passed, I leave you young men to work out our problems. I have confidence in your wisdom."

A few weeks ago Doctor Kilgo got a telephone message from Mr. B. N. Duke, informing him that his father had decided to give another hundred thousand dollars. "Come down and let's fix it up." And so, without ostentation, and with great simplicity, has Mr. Duke given Trinity an endowment that has relieved it from the great strain of financial embarrassment. His gifts in all have amounted to about half a million. Mr. B. N. Duke has a large place in the history of the college. He has been an invaluable friend and adviser, and has often given money that the public knew nothing about. He has given at various times something like one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, which has gone to the improvement of the campus, the erection of a gymnasium, the equipment of scientific laboratories, the erection of the woman's building, and other objects. At the last commencement, Mr. J. B. Duke, of New York city, who had previously manifested but little interest in the college, announced that he would give a library building. The plans for this building are now being made. When finished, it will undoubtedly be the finest library in the South.

History will give the Duke family a high place among southern men; Mr. W. Duke is without doubt the greatest of southern philanthropists. He has given his money as the institution needed it, and he himself has been able to direct the expenditure. He thus furnishes a notable illustration of the right kind of philanthropic effort, and has pointed the way to the future.

As a result of all these benefactions Trinity College is able to apply itself with energy and hopefulness to work out the vital problems of modern education and life. First of all, the administration stands committed to the policy of developing a well-equipped and well-endowed modern college; and to this end all of its energies are being concentrated. Pressure has been brought to bear upon the authorities to establish professional departments; but they

have steadfastly resisted the demand, believing that the college can best serve this section of the country and work out its own destiny by being a college, instead of scattering its resources in the weak departments of a university. All of the funds, therefore, are available for strictly academic work; for the equipment of laboratories and library, and the better organization of departments.

In order that there may be a good foundation for college work of a high grade, the president and faculty have adopted high admission requirements, Vanderbilt University being the only southern institution that has higher, and those only in one or two subjects. Every student, whether special or regular, is required to stand on English, mathematics and history, thus keeping out those "optional" students that play such an important part in some institutions. Only one undergraduate degree is given—B. A.—although there are three groups of studies leading to it. The curriculum strikes a happy medium between the old required system and the elective system. By insisting upon these high requirements the college has kept in thorough sympathy with secondary schools, believing that the future of the college depends on first-class schools that have a definite sphere in which to work, and that they can prosper only when the colleges do not trespass on their work. The main feeder of the college is the well-equipped Trinity Park High School, distinct in discipline and in teaching force from the college, and in no sense a preparatory department. Not since the college was removed to Durham has there been a preparatory department.

President Kilgo has displayed great courage in keeping away from the college men who are not well prepared; in every way he has tried to put Trinity in line with that great educational movement that has been led so wisely and so successfully by President Eliot, of Harvard University.

In all matters of policy and administration, Doctor Kilgo has had a Board of Trustees in thorough sympathy with

him. The President of the Board, Hon. J. H. Southgate, has been of invaluable service in arousing an interest in the college and in giving the President his enthusiastic co-operation and his mature judgment of men and affairs.

The faculty of Trinity College is composed largely of men who have taken advanced work in the leading universities of this country and of Europe; they are thoroughly abreast with modern research in their respective departments and are familiar with modern methods of work. They are young men thoroughly alive to the opportunity that has come to them with the growth of this institution, and are in thorough sympathy with the efforts being made to strengthen the work of the college. I have never seen a body of college professors who had just the same interest in building up their departments and in the making of scholars and men. Besides the regular departments to be found in almost any college, Trinity has one full professor in each of the following chairs that may be said to be distinctively modern; biology, sociology, Biblical literature and history; and two in English. It is the policy of the president to give all the departments the best opportunity to accomplish the best work.

While Trinity is developing steadily and healthy in all that pertains to the technical phases of college work, she is also creating a certain vital spirit that will mean much in the creation of a higher public sentiment and spiritual environment. There is a certain air of freedom here, a progressive spirit. He who catches the spirit of the institution is not a sectional man, for one of its objects is to foster a broad national spirit; he is not a partisan, for he has learned the lesson of independence and freedom, and he cannot unlearn it; he is least of all a bigot, for he has been taught to think in the nineteenth century. The predominating influence is that of a deep and abiding faith in Christianity—in the essence and the spirit rather than the form. A Trinity man believes that Christ said the

last word on human life, and that in His teaching and His personality is the abundant life toward which the scholar should aspire. A college with such a history and such a spirit will surely have a commanding place in the life of the new century.

TRINITY COLLEGE AND HER PRESENT OPPORTUNITY.

BY PROFESSOR W. P FEW.

Unless I overestimate the facts Trinity College now has the opportunity to do a conspicuous service to this section of our country. It may not be inappropriate at this time if I indicate in a general way some lines along which I think the College should move in its efforts towards educational reform.

I have the utmost sympathy for the humblest college that is striving to give its students the highest it can give in character and in education. Nothing is to be condemned that helps to lick a cub of a boy into the lion of manhood or that tends to create a gentle atmosphere in which the bud of girlhood may burgeon into the flower of womanhood. While the humblest college may be useful in a more or less local way in making men and women, yet it is to the well equipped and well endowed college that we must look for all educational reforms. Other colleges must be content to give students more or less what they and their parents desire, because their existence depends on tuition year by year. They cannot have the independence that is needed to lead in any reform, and they cannot carry influence enough to make their reforms effective. "Everything great is formative," as Goethe has said, and hardly anything else is formative. If there is any hope of educational reform in the Southern States, and I believe there is, we must look to the leadership of a few of the best equipped and best endowed colleges and so-called universities. The work I have in mind to be done by the college cannot even be approximated except by colleges that have larger facilities and larger prospects than most of our colleges have.

A good old time definition of a college may be given in a slight adaption of the words of Lord Bacon: "a storehouse of learning for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate." In these words there are perhaps implied the three chief, direct functions of colleges. First, they are teachers.

By teaching men, by making them wiser, saner, more reasonable, by leading them to understand themselves and things in general, they seek to accomplish "the relief of man's estate." Secondly, they are storehouses of acquired and systematized knowledge in the form of books and collections. They supply the libraries, art collections, laboratories, and museums in which alone men can do the best work. Thirdly, they are searchers after truth. Day by day and year by year they strive to push a little further the circle of darkness, to disclose truth, to promote a knowledge and love of all that is great and beautiful in nature and in art, "for the glory of the Creator," in the phrase of Bacon.

The most important function of a Southern college in this generation is to teach. One might suppose that the chief business of a college everywhere in all generations would be to give instruction and to form character. And I think this ought to be a college's chief business, but especially in the Southern states ought the giving of instruction and the formation of character to be the college's principal function, for two main reasons. In the first place, so far as the higher education, as now understood, is concerned the South is a virgin soil. There is an immense deal to be done and the competent workers are few. The college professor here is not often called on to guide a few chosen spirits in the higher walks of learning. This sort of work would demand not primarily a teacher, but rather an investigator and a contributor to the knowledge or literature of the world. What is most needed here is a teacher who can influence students in large numbers, inform them with a new purpose, inspire them with a great hope, and send them on either to pursue their studies in American or foreign universities, or to enter some sphere of professional or business life; and in any event to become missionaries of the light and towers of strength in all the walks of life. It is not meant that a teacher should become promiscuously missionary in this efforts. His power would thereby be dissipated, and he would not have

time or energy enough for his own studies to become a great scholar and a master in his subject, as every teacher must be, if he is to be influential in any large way. He can only hope to touch men of a certain kind. He may look to find "an audience fit though few." A crying need of our colleges is men who know their subjects in a masterly way, who are not only learned, but constructive in scholarship, science, criticism, or some form of creaftive work. But there is as yet small place for narrow specialists, whose main interests and endeavors are within the library or laboratory. The Southern student needs to feel that in his teacher he has not only a master, but a man and a friend. The chief effort of the teacher for the present at least must be to instruct and influence young men.

In the second place, the principal function of our colleges must be to teach, for the reason that the colleges have a small number of professors, and each man is required to cover a great deal of ground. He therefore does not often have the leisure that is necessary for carrying on work of his own, and he even less often has the library or laboratory facilities for original work. So the conditions make it inevitable that the best Southern colleges should mainly tend to develop in their teachers and students not scholars and specialists, but men of ideas and power. It is not contended that well trained men ought not to give time to their own scholarly, scientific, or literary pursuits, that they ought not to write or publish. Such men owe it to their section, to the higher life of the future, to make any contributions they can make, through newspapers, periodicals, and books, to the wider education of the public. And yet the man who makes it his main interest to write or in some other way to pursue his own work, clearly fails to perform the services for which he is employed and which his employer has a right to expect of him.

But what should the college teach? It should teach all of those subjects that are a part of a liberal education. Its first concern is to make liberally educated, cultured men, to form

the manners, the morals, and the character of its students. It should offer adequate instruction in the languages and literatures of the great nations of the past and present, in the history of the race, in philosophy, in political and social science, in mathematics and the natural and physical sciences. I shall not enter here into a discussion of educational values. I believe that after a certain stage in education has been reached all of these subjects should be placed upon an equality in the curriculum, but in our conditions I do not believe that up to a certain stage in education all of these subjects have equal value as culture studies. Therefore I think that most of the work of the first two or three years in college should be designated and required of all students. The last one or two years should be largely elective, thus giving the student an opportunity to follow his own bent, and to begin more definitely than in the preceding years to prepare for the profession he expects to enter. I am aware that the preparation of a scheme of required and elective studies is a delicate and difficult matter, that such programmes are not often ideally good, that they do not often represent the best thought of a college faculty, but are usually the result of compromises, each department maintaining its own interests and standing for all it can get. I am also aware that it will be extremely difficult to maintain permanently and side by side required and elective studies. Compulsion does not thrive in an atmosphere of freedom. While I realize these two dangers, I am very sure that to throw everything wide open for Freshmen and Sophomores to choose what they please would be nothing less than a slaughter of the innocents. On the other hand no college can now, or ought to, succeed that has an iron-cast curriculum for all students for all the four years of the college course.

There are some strong reasons why advanced studies in all subjects should be elective. When students through the required courses have had an opportunity to know something of the various fields of learning, to test their aptitudes and to

prove their tastes, they should then be allowed to choose such studies as they like or as they think will be most useful to them. This opportunity for the more advanced student "to study what he most affects" is not only beneficial to him, it is beneficial to the courses he elects and to the courses he does not elect. Nothing is more objectionable in a class than the presence of men who are not there because they love the work and are anxious to get what they can out of it, but are there from some kind of compulsion. The freedom of election allows in all departments enthusiastic though it may be small classes of students, who are bound together by a common interest and aim. It is in such classes that work of a high order may be done. A college with a hard and fast curriculum cannot have a high standard of scholarship in more than a few departments, and it cannot make its appeal to all classes of students.

It is now popular for young men to go to technological, scientific, and mechanical schools rather than to the regular college. This tendency will do good in some ways, but unless checked it is sure to do great harm to the cause of education and civilization. It is for every reason desirable to keep our most promising youth in the college, where the chief object is not to turn out skilled workmen, but to make men of full, harmonius character. Many of these best youth desire a scientific education. The only way for the college to hold this class of students is to build up strong scientific departments, and allow such students to elect, during the later years of their course, most of their work in science, and thus get a thorough scientific education that will fit them in part or fully for the various scientific and technological professions, or prepare them for entering the best professional schools.

An elective system makes necessary a large number of instructors and a fully equipped college. Every department should be prepared to carry students through three or four years of advanced work. An A. B. diploma from a first-class

college should be equivalent to a certificate that the holder is fit to be admitted as a "youth of promise to the fellowship of educated men." But a college graduate should not only be a liberally educated man, he ought to know a great deal about at least one subject. If a liberal education requires that a man should know something about everything, the fullest development of a man's power demands that he should know everything about something. Almost any subject in a college curriculum, if pursued in the right spirit and method until it is mastered, will furnish the material for a liberal education, and if wisely chosen, may supply the foundation for a successful career in life. It is a joke of long standing among college men that they got nothing from their college course that remained with them and was useful to them in life except the mental training. It ought to be impossible for any serious and intelligent student to-day ever to be able to say even jestingly that he did not learn anything useful during the four years at college.

A well equipped college should not only offer advanced courses in all departments to candidates for the first degree in arts, but there should be an opportunity to attain to the degree of Master of Arts. It is advisable, when possible, to offer an additional year's work beyond the A. M. for students who desire it and who cannot go to a university at a distance; but a college should not offer any degree higher than A. M. It should bestow its benefits lavishly, but its honors very sparingly. In the present condition of secondary schools all over the South the best prepared students who enter our best colleges are in nearly all cases at least a year behind in their preparation students who enter college in any part of the world where education has made much progress. Our college students are as a rule younger, too: an applicant for admission to a New England college now is rarely under eighteen years of age. A student who enters college at sixteen or seventeen and at best with a preparation inferior to the preparation of students elsewhere in the civilized world, if he

wishes to be a thoroughly educated man, can well afford to stay in college five years, if there are no financial difficulties. The shortening of the college course to three years is at Harvard and other colleges in the East a question of living interest. It will not concern us in the South for fifty years; for I believe it will take us fifty years, if we have good luck, to raise secondary education to the stage it has now reached in Eastern Massachusetts. We have here at Trinity already put the admission requirements as high as they can be put until there is a better system of secondary education, and our only hope for the present of educating men as well as they are educated at the best Northern colleges is through the lengthening of the college course to five years, conferring A. B. at the end of four years and A. M. at the end of the fifth year.

Colleges are storehouses of acquired and systematized knowledge in the form of laboratories, museums, libraries, and other collections. These are absolutely indispensable adjuncts to college instruction; and no man, if he can help it, should go to a college that does not have at least the respectable beginnings of an adequate equipment. It is this kind of internal furnishings, and not grounds and buildings, that makes the equipment of a college to-day so costly, and it is just this that has made possible in other parts of the United States the marvelous advances in higher education during the last twenty years. "A log with Mark Hopkins at one end of it and a student at the other" may be, as President Garfield said, "a seat of learning." A teacher with high intelligence, wide human sympathy, and overwhelming force of character, like Mark Hopkins, may accomplish much even on a log; but with proper facilities he might accomplish more. If this is true of the few remarkably gifted teachers how much more true is it of the average teacher. It may be admitted that the most essential thing for a college is to secure for its faculty the ablest men it can command; but it must be said that, except in rare cases and for accidental reasons, able and

thoroughly trained men cannot be got and held by any except well equipped colleges. A competent teacher, like any other sensible man, will usually and should go where he is offered the largest opportunity. The adequateness of the material equipment is therefore, as a rule, the measure of a college's capacity to do work of a high order.

Since the civil war all Southern colleges have been very weak in this material equipment, and even now the best of them are only beginning to fit themselves creditably for the work of higher education. To complete fully this equipment in a few of our most promising institutions of learning offers the surest opportunity to men of means, in the beautiful phrase of President Eliot of Harvard, "to do some perpetual good upon this earth." The desire of an unselfish, right-minded man to set in motion a great work that will go on after he has ceased to live is the noblest ambition that can inspire a man. Few men have ever had a nobler opportunity to build an enduring name than have men of wealth in the South to-day. Such men are the sole hope of the higher education in our time and through their influence on education they are the main stay of the higher life of the future.

It is the business of a college to seek truth, to promote knowledge. A great college is a society of learned men. Each man is striving to be a master in his field and each one, if he is a successful scholar, will make his contribution to the sum of human knowledge. I have definitely expressed my belief that the chief business of a teacher in a Southern college is to teach, but to continue to teach successfully one must not only be a thorough scholar to begin with, he must remain to the end a painstaking and enthusiastic student. Teaching that is permanently formative and inspiring can only be done by men who are themselves investigators and contributors in some form to the knowledge or literature of their subjects.

This constant study and plodding investigation on the part of teachers not only improves the quality of the college in-

struction, but this quiet, single handed search after new truth is the condition upon which depends the material and intellectual progress of the nation and the race. Perhaps no kind of intellectual worker is more useful than the scholor, but it is sure that none gets less remuneration or less notoriety. The literary man who writes a popular novel or poem is on everybody's lips, for a while at least. The work of the painter, sculptor, or musician is exhibited to the admiration of multitudes. The orator is cheered by enthusiastic listeners. The moral reformer is blessed by those whom he has benefited. The true scholar works in silence, and the value of his studies is known to but few. Most men can only judge by results,

> "On the vulgar mass
> Called 'work,' must sentence pass,
> Things done, that took the eye and had the price."

We can all readily see that the studies of Aristotle, Decartes, and Adam Smith, of Copernicus, Newton, Faraday, and Darwin are the means of intellectual progress; but we do not so easily see that our intellectual and material progress depends upon the patient, unnoticed and unrewarded investigations which have been carried on by obscure students generation after generation in secluded seats of learning.

An extraordinary development of electrical invention has largely affected the outward life of all of us and has greatly astonished the world within the last fifteen or twenty years, but these wonderful inventions were made possible only by the obscure students who had made their little contributions one by one to the stock of electrical science.

After the fall of Constantinople a number of scholars were scattered over Europe carrying with them the Greek classics and supplying the inspiration for the revival of learning, which brought good to the whole of Europe. Perhaps it is not too much to say with Mr. Butcher: "The Greek genius is the European genius in its first and brightest bloom. From a vivifying contact with the Greek spirit, Europe derived that new and mighty impulse which we call progress."

In the latter part of the eighteenth century attention was called to the ancient Sanskrit language, and through the studies of patient and then unknown scholars—notably Sir William Jones, Franz Bopp, and Jacob Grimm—the discovery was made that Sanskrit stood in definite relationship to the languages of Europe. With the introduction of the study of Sanskrit in connection with other languages the great field of comparative philology was opened up, and this has thrown a flood of light on the nature of language, on the history of the human race, on the brotherhood of nations, and on the development of ideas that lie at the basis of all European civilizations. An immediate effect of this new interest in languages was the rapid growth of an interest in older literatures, especially in the vernacular literatures of the chief countries of Europe. This popular poetry—for all the best of it is poetry—is anterior to artificial civilization and does not represent the personal or racial element of an individual poet or of one people, but is founded on what is permanent and universal in the heart of man. It served in England and Germany at least, in the beginning of this century to "recall literature from false and artificial courses to nature and truth;" it has profoundly affected directly and indirectly the literatures of Europe for a hundred years.

This same linguistic science has been applied to the study of the Bible in the original tongues, and upon this kind of study of the Bible rests all modern theology. A slight linguistic discovery then has resulted in affecting the great literatures of modern times, and is affecting and is destined still to affect most profoundly the religious thought of mankind. This is a stupendous illustration of the practical value of obscure scholars and thinkers, and enforces my contention that colleges should be seekers after truth and should observe the great commandment of Plato, "Let those that have lamps pass them on to others."

The college not only needs full equipment, able teachers, and thoroughly trained scholars and contributors to human

knowledge, to science, art, and civilization, it needs definite corporate ideals. The college as a whole should stand for high scholarship, for high achievement, for high character, and for high standards of excellence in all human concerns. It is not enough for a college to have a good material equipment and a strong corps of instructors, throw them open to stundents of every description, and trust each man to get what he can. A college must have definite admission requirements. If a college undertakes to do work that is everywhere expected of a college, it must see to it that entering students are competent to do the work that will be set before them. Either students must be prepared to do college work or the work of the college must be pulled down to the grade of the high school. The practice among nearly all Southern colleges of admitting thoroughly unprepared applicants not only lowers the standard of the college, it is ruinous to the high schools. If a boy is able to enter college he is not apt to go to the high school, and when the college takes the boys that ought to be in the school, the school will lack patronage. A good system of secondary education cannot exist until colleges insist upon the preparation of applicants for admission and thereby force them to remain in the schools till they are ready for college. When the colleges cease to do the work of the secondary schools, the schools will have room to live and to grow. There will be a demand for good schools and therefore some inducement for educated young men to go into high school work. It is true that colleges cannot maintain a high standard of admission, until there is a supply of good feeding schools, just as good schools cannot grow without the college admission requirements. The two re-act upon each other. But it is the duty of the college to lead. It can set a definite standard of admission, as high as its feeding schools will admit, and maintain that standard with reasonable rigidity. This course will improve the schools and in process of time the college admission requirements can be still further raised. This is the history of the development of high class colleges and schools everywhere.

In the South colleges are too anxious to secure students, whether they are prepared or not. Most of them have a minimum admission requirement low enough to admit anybody. If he can't enter as a candidate for A. B. he may content himself with Ph. B or B. S. If all of these be out of his reach he can certainly become a special or optional student. While many of them have a respectable standard of admission to the A. B. conrse, most Southern colleges give inferior degrees, some one of which will serve the turn of anybody that happens to apply. The standard of a college must be judged by its minimum admission requirement. The A. B. requirement may be high, but if a large number of students enter for inferior degrees that call for slight preparation, the effect is almost as bad as if the college had no admission requirement at all. The lowest requirement is the only net that catches anybody, and a college must be judged by this. Before a single advance step can be taken in Southern education the leading colleges must set a minimum admission standard as high as their feeding schools will allow, and they must maintain that standard at the price of a temporary loss of students.

This secondary benefit to high schools is one of the greatest contributions colleges can make to the cause of education and to the elevation of mankind. It develops a system of secondary education, in time supplies the college with prepared students, and so makes it possible for the college to do real college work from the beginning of the Freshman year to the end of the Senior year. Not only will the men who go to college be benefited, but the men who do not enter college will be helped as well. When a system of secondary education is established it will be for all, and the preparation that is best for the men who expect to go to college is likewise best for those who enter directly from the high school into the various pursuits of life. The only right school principle is for "every grade to provide the best possible power-training for every pupil at his stage of progress, no matter at what age his education is to end."

It appears to some people that higher education is an exclusive thing, that its benefits are confined to a small number. As a matter of fact its blessings are as permeating and wide-spread as the air which we all breathe. We often hear the officials of colleges claim that their institutions are for the poor boy, and therefore no one is ever turned away. This claim is usually insincere and always fallacious. Our ideal ought to be to put in reach of every son and daughter of our South-land the best opportunities. Our aim should be not to put our colleges down where anybody can enter, but rather by building up higher and secondary education, to open the way for every youth to develop himself to the fullest, and thus bring to pass among us the saying of Napoleon, "Every career open to talent."

The college may help secondary education by the maintenance of reasonably rigid entrance requirements. The schools are furthermore absolutely dependent on the colleges for teachers who are competent to give instruction and who have themselves been so guided and inspired as that they in turn may guide and inspire the youth committed to their hands into the higher fields of learning or to enter as earnest and efficient toilers into the world's work. There is great need for competent young men in the preparatory schools; but for a well trained man with high aims and hopes to become a school teacher in most parts of the South to-day demands the same moral earnestness and enthusiasm for humanity that carries a missionary to the jungles of Africa. Yet to the right men it offers a wonderful opening, because it is an opportunity to serve men greatly; and I have the faith to believe there are those worthy who will hear this call to noble service and will receive the reward of success that may always be expected by men who do useful work.

One other thing that can only be done by first-class higher institutions of learning is to set before the youth of the South right and true and high ideals of scholarship, literature, citizenship, and real greatness of every kind. The majority

of our newspapers, our fourth of July orators (which category unfortunately includes too many of our public speakers), our political conditions, and sad to say perhaps the majority of our schools and colleges, and even many of our preachers and moral teachers are throwing the bulk of their influence against right ideals in many departments of life, or at any rate in favor of wholly inadequate ideals. I am not accustomed to paint for myself or for others the darker side of things. I only wish to emphasize the magnitude of the work that lies before the right-minded and rightly-educated men and women of this generation.

It is the duty of the college to seek after the most improved methods, the most modern organization, to maintain high educational ideals. It is the part of wisdom to utilize all the best results of modern educational progress, to make use of the most improved means for the attainment of the finest ends. But in paying attention to educational machinery, there must be no losing sight of the vital things in education. Important as are great teachers and scholars, adequate material equipment, modern organization and standards, traditions of fine ideals and high achievement, not these are the glory of a college, but the generations of college students, who here grow into men of intelligence and character and are sent forth into the world to spread truth and righteousness.

It will have been observed that I have an exalted conception of the function of a great college. I believe that from the revival of letters five hundred years ago until now every advance in civilization has been dependent on the influences which have proceeded from seats of learning. These have kept alive the fires that have lighted every nation in christendom on the way that leads to material prosperity and to the intellectual and moral worth upon which depends all individual and national greatness.

It will also have been observed that I do not take a too optimistic view of educational conditions in the South. There is a great deal to be done, but not more than we can

do, when we cease to be over-anxious to defend what we are and have been, look our conditions squarely in the face, study them dispassionately in connection with what has been done elsewhere in the world, hold to what is best in our own civilization, and have no fear to adopt from others what is better than our own. No strong man and no strong people ever slavishly imitated others. But the fear of following others in things that are better than one's own is as weak and foolish as is slavish imitation. We are justly proud of many things in Southern civilization and in the peculiar type of Southern character, and it is to be hoped that these best things may be always kept.

If we can accept our opportunity and make Trinity a great college, and through it minister to the name and real greatness of our section, it will be a work worthy of the most serious efforts of all of us from the humblest student to the most dignified officer.

THE MISSION OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

[From the Last Report to the Board of Trustees.]

BY PRESIDENT J. C. KILGO.

Colleges, as well as individuals, have character and this character is not the total of the individuals that compose their faculties. There is a fixed set of ideas that enter into the foundation of a college and members of the faculty serve these ideas rather than create them. Trinity College is committed to Christian education by the purposes of its origin and maintenance, and not by the personal belief of any man who serves it. The character of your college is a positive one that makes it aggressive in its efforts to develop the best interests of society. It claims freedom to do its work. If it is to be of any real force in education and society, it must be free. This idea cannot receive too much emphasis in the education of the South. There is a tendency on the part of a class of men to drive the colleges into a servile silence, or make them do service in the promulgation of partisan notions. An intimidated college cannot educate. College men must have open fields if they are expected to find truth, and they must breathe an atmosphere of freedom if they are expected to love it. Otherwise, the college man will be a trimmer, a doubter, a trickster, and a positive danger to society. No valid reason can be given to excuse colleges from a just share of responsibility in the burdens of society. If they are, as as they claim to be, superior centers of unprejudiced knowledge, are they not responsible to society to the extent of their supposed superiority? Does superior knowledge exempt men from tasks? The fact that many will criticise, others will denounce, and others still will persecute the colleges that give an open voice of help in the conflicts of politics, industry, philosophy, theology, and wherever there may be conflict, is no excuse for silence, unless colleges are willing to profess cowardice under shameful circumstances. During the past fifty years of political and social revolutions and re-

adjustments in the South the colleges have rendered only a secondary help, and have been most silent when other men have been most agitated. The record is not a brave one. Editors and public speakers have borne the heavy burdens of all this strife, while the college representatives have lectured on innocent occasions upon Grecian art and Roman antiquities. There is no reason why the editor of a newspaper should work with all the people while the college professor nurses a few of their sons. Men have been slow to give their money to southern colleges, and why should they have been otherwise? They made their fortunes in a world of toil, a world in which they saw all kinds of men toiling, and only incidentally met the college professor. Colleges cannot, and should not, expect to get money from the world they will not serve when service is most needed. Let colleges lay off their coats, defy all kinds of hardships and persecutions, and toil with the banker to make his bank safer; work with the manufacturer to keep his machinery in motion; contend with the merchant to secure a fair market; burn his midnight lamp with the editor to save the government from the hurt of false doctrines and evil men; join with the collier in his efforts to feed and educate his child; and stand by the laborer that his day may be full of sunshine. Then, and not till then, will they receive a glad division of the world's wealth. The claim to gifts must be founded in service given.

I need not remind you that the prominent aim of the present administration has been to put Trinity in the most responsible relations to society, and to make it a part of our social forces. In undertaking to carry out this policy it was clearly understood that traditions were against such an aim, and that opposition would be encountered, but such opposition could but be proof of the necessity of the reformation. Colleges have been silent so long that their right to speak is denied, and can only be regained by a brave assertion of it. Your college is in better condition to make this contention than other colleges, and this puts on it the obligation to

make the contention. In carrying out this purpose the President has had the fullest co-operation of the Faculty, as well as your Board, for which he wishes to record his appreciation. The students have responded with the most cordial sympathy, and the patrons of the College have supported the policy. As a result of it the leaders of business and those who labor most earnestly for the welfare of society value the efforts of Trinity to put colleges forward as positive factors in all worty progress. The inculcation of this faith and spirit in the students will give to the State a citizenship of sane leaders, generous and tolerent in their feelings, progressive men of business, lovers of truth, and conservators of liberty. Upon men of this sort the security of the nation must rest. Such a type will not spring up spontaneously, but can only come as the product of determined labor. It is well that this idea should be made so prominent in the first report of the President in the twentieth century. The State whose charter we hold and under whose protection we labor; the Nation whose great arms hold these commonwealths in one national body and which pledges every life for their protection; the Church whose name we bear and whose fath we represent—all have the right to demand serious plans and positive men from us, and a faithful response to these expectations should always employ the fullest of your resources. Your cellege is committed to these things, and I beg to ask that at all times your Board shall support it in realizing its aims.

THE NEED OF A GREAT REFERENCE LIBRARY IN THE SOUTH.

BY PROFESSOR J. S. BASSETT.

"I hope, though this Design seems more immediately directed to the Service of the Clergy, yet Gentlemen, Physicians and Lawyers will perceive they are not neglected in it. . . And indeed those Persons of Quality, whose Eldest Sons being commonly brought up to no Employment, have a great deal of Time lying upon their Hands, seem to me to be as near concern'd as any to favour it. For many of these young Gentlemen, when removed from the Universities . . . residing all their life-time in Countries where they can meet with no books to employ themselves in reading, and whereby they may be able to improve the Talent they have there gain'd they do thereupon too commonly become not so conspicuous for their Excellent Knowledge, and Morals, as will be ever expected from Men of Rank and Station in their Country. And when they happen in one another's Company, for want of Good Sense, are forc'd too often to fill up their Discourse, and maintain a Conversation, in the Porterly Language of Swearing and Obscenity."

Such were the words in which Rev. Thomas Bray, in 1697, justified the establishment of the first library known to have existed in North Carolina. They were spoken in his appeal to the gentlemen and clergy of England in regard to his plan to establish parochial libraries in America and in England. In the operation of this plan there was established in North Carolina in 1700, in the town of Bath, a parish library consisting of 1036 volumes and pamphlets. This was a fine library for a frontier colony of two centuries ago. The place to which it was sent was, undoubtedly, ill suited for its location. It was the newest section of the colony, and it was soon thereafter visited by a destructive Indian war. Had this library been sent to Edenton it would, perhaps, have remained longer, but there is no reason to believe that it would have escaped eventually the same fate which came to all the other libraries established by Dr. Bray in the colonies, viz: a gentle but sure decay. This decay was due to the fact that the people were not interested in reading. They had not wanted books so much as to buy them according to their abilities.

Now when the books were sent as a free gift, they received them, talked about them, and let them become scattered. Had there been a real desire for them the donations would have become the centers of larger collections which would have been in existence to this day. How rapidly the collection at Bath-town decayed is seen in the fact that fifteen years after it had been sent to the colony the assembly found it necessary to pass a law to secure its preservation, and in the preamble of this law it was candidly asserted that "it is justly feared that the books belonging to the same will quickly be embezzled, damaged, or lost, except a law be provided for the more effectual preservation of the same."

The next stage of library building in the South, after these missionary attempts from the outside, was the development of private libraries. This did not, perhaps it could not under existing circumstances, assume large proportions. At best it was always an exclusive process and meant to foster dilletantes rather than investigators. Private libraries, even in these days of cheaper books, rarely contain anything but popular literature. This type of libraries existed during the later colonial period and throughout the period of statehood till very recently.

With the rise of institutions of higher learning in the last century came a disposition to accumulate at these institutions collections of books. But here the popular idea still ruled. The notion was to get in these collections such works as would give the students a taste for good reading and some elevating entertainment as well. Along with this phase of development went the building up of the State Library in Raleigh, ostensibly for the use of the members of the assembly, when that body happened to be in session. Here again the object was to get together the books which should give pleasant reading to those persons for whom the library was designed to be used. This library was a fortunate affair for those citizens of the

State who were so situated that they could take advantage of its opportunity, but its popular nature prevented its being a means of encouraging research and the production of literature. Naturally one would think that the State Library ought to be rich in the materials for North Carolina history and in the work of our wisest political thinkers, as well as in history of all the parts of the Union. Yet in no considerable sense is this requirement met. It is doubtful if there is a complete collection of anything in the State Library, save of the works of some popular novelists. I say this the more willingly, because the present management have taken some steps looking toward making the library a repository of the material to which I have referred. This is the most hopeful sign that has come to this library in many years, and it is largely due to the efforts of the present librarian.

It is only within recent years that there has come an impulse into the State to build libraries as workshops for students. This came first to the institutions of higher learning. To Trinity College it came with the advent of President Crowell. It seems at that time to have existed in no other institution in the State. In spite of many difficulties it has steadily grown at Trinity College. The small revenue which has been available each year for the purchase of books, in spite of many pressing demands for popular works, has been steadily devoted to collecting such works as will help in the building of a library of reference. The result has been far from disappointing. In English Literature, especially in that of the period earlier than the seventeenth century, in Philosophy, and in Biblical Literature very respectable libraries are begun, while encouraging beginnings are made in American History, in classical and modern languages, and in scientific branches. It is safe to say that the future progress of this library, which now seems bright, will follow the lines indicated by these years of less encouraging struggles.

In what is here said it is not intended to discourage the establishment of popular circulating libraries. These are essential in our literary progress. They foster a popular reading habit, and create that demand for literature without which we shall not have any literature in the South. Intrinsically they supply food for thought and thus give, as Dr. Bray stated in the quotation referred to, a kind of mental occupation which raises conversation above "the Porterly Language of Swearing and Obscenity." But the mission of the reference library is apart from this. It looks to the production of literature as the other looks to the consumption of it. It is at once an opportunity and a stimulus to young writers. Moreover, it is a necessity if we shall ever come to the production of any books above those which are wrought out in the imagination of the writer, as are most of popular novels of to-day.

There are certain signs that the South has come to a stage when it has a real demand for this kind of a library. Older conditions did not produce such a demand. The leisure class, which was supported by the old regime, living as it did in the isolation of its country estates, experienced no clear impulse to research. The new time has brought a considerable tendency to town-building. Along with this has come a strong conviction that our people ought to create literature. This movement has found one of its expressions in the large number of young men who have gone up from the South to the greater universities of the North. Out of this number have come some earnest students who have set their faces to the making of books. They have sought to write our own history or to make investigation of some more general phase of literature. The first fact that they confronted when they turned their attention in this direction was the dearth of books of reference. If they were not so much discouraged by the prospect that they gave up their plans of investigation altogether, they were compelled to

make journeys at intervals to the great libraries of the North in order to obtain the information they wanted. How much of self-denial this has meant none who have never made it will ever know. It has involved not only the expenditure of money, but it has put the student to the necessity of choosing between social pleasures and his work, and between the esteem of his fellows and his object of life. It has tended to make him a man apart from other people, of all of which he has no doubt been only too conscious. Now it is to give this man a chance to do his work at home and at the saving of a large sacrifice of means and comfort that we need in the South a number of great reference libraries. Such libraries would not at our present stage of progress be unused. There are already enough investigators in the field to make them worth while, and the establishment of them would give such an impetus to research that they would be quickly filled with a growing throng of students.

In the building of these libraries the colleges and universities must take the initiative, and this is true for several reasons. 1. It is here that there are collected already the persons who are most likely to use such libraries. 2. These institutions have, therefore, the greatest need for them and will likely be the first and most interested persons in urging that they be established. 3. Such libraries must be built by large expenditures of money, and these institutions alone have the funds to devote to this purpose. 4. They alone, in existing conditions, are the centers of that philanthropic spirit which is necessary to endow these libraries. 5. They can care for such libraries with a smaller outlay of capital for expenses. 6. They, perhaps, more than any other factor of our life feel the need of, and are striving after, the uplift of the intellectual life of the South.

The building of such libraries comes to these institutions as a duty as well as an opportunity. If a man or an insti-

tution has the capacity to desire some good thing in society it is immediately incumbent upon him or it to do what he or it can consistently and sensibly do to secure the accomplishment of that good thing. Similarly, if our institutions may build great reference libraries, it is their imperative duty to throw all their efforts toward the building of them. Now this matter of duty is not a question of much money, primarily. I mean it is nevertheless a duty whether the funds available be large or small. If a library can spend five hundred dollars a year on its books let it spend that amount for the best works to be obtained in the line of usefulness to students. If it can spend five thousand dollars a year, let that be spent with the same care in the same way. Furthermore, it is better, after the general field has been covered in any department of literature, to intensify the development in a few lines. In view of this it is better, as it seems to me, to build, after some essential general works are secured, a good library of sources in the study of Shakspere, or of American History, than to have a handful of works in each of the phases of literature or of history. It is the intensive study of a subject which gives the scholarly spirit, and happy is the student whose lot it is to fall into the hands of the teachers who understand this.

The recent large gifts to our library at Trinity may make it profitable to us to look back at our development in this line. When President Kilgo's administration began the library was struggling with a revenue of about three hundred dollars a year. This it was bravely using along the lines it had set for itself. After some consideration it was decided to raise the library fee to four dollars a year and to collect it from faculty and students alike. It was, unquestionably, no very gracious act to ask a faculty, already on small salaries, to help pay for the books collected for the use of the students. But the faculty complied with the demand in the best spirit. The students,

too, assumed the greater burden without complaint. To an observer it was possible to see a marked growth in library spirit from that time. This increase was, no doubt, partly due to the fact that the library could offer better facilities with its larger resources. It was also largely due to the greater interest persons felt in an institution to which they contributed till they felt it. Every year recently there has been a marked growth in library spirit. It has come to be apparent to all, not only to those who live on the campus, but to the friends of the college who do not come into the closest contact with its life, that the most vital part of the intellectual life of the college is its reference library. The little germ planted long ago has grown into something very beautiful. There is on the one hand the beautiful building in which the library is soon to be housed, and on the other the gratifying donation of ten thousand dollars for the purchase of books. The munificent spirit which has prompted these two gifts is taken as the reward of the efforts of all those who have co-operated in the strenuous years of the past. This approval of their efforts has set on fire the imaginations of these workers. They begin to have hopes that an old dream of theirs will now be accomplished. Their dream is that of a great reference library at Trinity to which every earnest young man, or every earnest old man, who is seeking the means of serving scholarship in the South may come to get the books without which he cannot make a step forward. Many people are now hoping that we shall soon have at Trinity every necessary book for the development of scholars in language, in literature, in history, in philosophy, and in science. The great institutions of the North have libraries ranging from 300,000 volumes upward. They purchase annually from 10,000 to 15,000 volumes. How near Trinity would come to using as many books as there are in these libraries it is difficult to say. It is not too much to assert that they could be used a great deal

more rapidly than they are now being accumulated. The gathering of them under the slow method of the past has led to a remarkable awakening of the desire to investigate. It seems, then, that the gathering of them in a more rapid manner would be met in the same spirit of hungry desire. It is this hunger for scholarship which is Trinity's great promise. If Trinity men will rightly nurse it and bring it to fruition it will be the crown of the sacrifices of the dark days and the glory of the days which are brighter.

H. R. DWIRE, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

This issue of the ARCHIVE is intended primarily as a College Number and, for that reason, the space usually occupied by other material is devoted to matter pertaining more especially to Trinity College and its work.

One of the most encouraging features connected with our educational progress during the past few years is the fact that the college man has come to assume a more prominent place in the political life of our country than ever before. For a long time there was an opinion prevalent among a great many people that a literary education necessarily unfitted a man for a political career. The college man was regarded merely as a theorist and thus unsuited for participation in public affairs. For this reason, he was generally conspicuous, not so much for his activity as for his absence in political life. During the past few years, however, there has been a decided reaction in this respect, and as a result, he has come to assume an important place in political life, and to exert a great influence in public affairs. A few years ago the spectacle of a college man in public life was extremely rare. To-day the President of the United States is a graduate of Harvard; our Secretary of State is an alumnus of Yale, while the Secretary of the Interior was graduated

with honors at Princeton. Such instances as the above might be increased indefinitely. These will suffice to show, however, that the college man is coming to be recognized in the political life of the nation to a greater extent than ever before.

This is as it should be. There is no field in which the college student may be more felt or may exert a more beneficial influence than in the political life of our nation. Especially is this true at the present time, and at no other period in our history has there been such an opportunity. To enter into this life and to deal with these questions is a duty which he owes to the nation, as well as to himself. If the political future of our country is to be brighter, it must be more through his influence than any other agency. The fact that the college man has already begun to exert his energies in this direction certainly proves that he has at last awakened to a true sense of his responsibility. It must be regarded as an encouraging sign in a political way, and it will, doubtless, be productive of good in the shaping of the future political ideals of our nation.

There are two misconceptions prevalent among a great many people and especially college students, with reference to the aim or function of an ordinary college education. In the first place, there is a tendency among some students to consider a college education an end in itself. They come to college with the idea that it is merely a place where they are to remain for a certain length of time and undergo a mysterious process of evolution, after which they will emerge with a vast store of knowledge. Feeling sure that this is the proper conception, they pursue the easiest possible course, and if they happen to receive the coveted passing grade, consider that their college life is an immense success. A diploma is to them the chief end of an education and an open sesame to all the gates of success,

no matter how difficult of attainment. On the other hand there are a great many students who come to college with the merely utilitarian view of education, and religiously discard every so-called literary study as utterly useless, from a practical standpoint. In this connection, however, it is an important fact that a literary education is coming to be regarded as indispensable in any pursuit, and it is encouraging to note that men who intend to engage in business or industrial occupations are coming more and more to realize that such a training is as esssential to them, as to the lawyer or teacher.

Strange as it may seem in the light of these facts, nevertheless it is true that there are a great many people, who deny that there is any value attached to a literary education, and we often see the statement by prominent men that such a training is useless in a practical way. One of our magazines recently addressed inquiries to men noted in different professions and pursuits, asking if, in their opinion, there is any value in an ordinary college education. While of course a great many of these replied in the affirmative, still it was shown that there is a strong sentiment, especially among business men, against such a training for a young man. However, it seems to us that there could be no greater proof of the value of a college education than the fact that men of wealth are coming more and more to consider that the best investment for their money is in donations to these institutions. During the past year Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given a million and a half dollars to the University of Chicago, together with the gift of half a million to Brown University; within the last few months Harvard has received from Mr. J. Piermont Morgan the sum of one million dollars, while in the South, during the past seven years, Trinity has profited through the generosity of Mr. Washington Duke to the extent of half a million dollars. If

there is no value in a literary education, why do these men, some of whom have been deprived of the value of such a training, continue to make large donations to these institutions?

Probably there is no other section of the country that has made such rapid strides in an educational way, within the past few years, as the South. It is certainthat her progress along these lines has been remarkable. For a long time there has been a disposition among our people to regard our educational welfare as of secondary importance. Within the past few years, however, there has been a radical change in this respect, especially with reference to higher education. During this time there has arisen in the South a class of institutions that are standing for progressive ideals in education, and which have come to mean, in the educational life of the South, what Yale and Harvard and similar institutions have meant to that of New England. We feel that Trinity is destined to become such an institution.

Now the ARCHIVE is not intended as an advertising medium for this college, nor have we any disposition to divest ourselves, through its pages, of an undue amount of self-conceit and boasting with reference to the progress of our institution. However, we feel sure that every friend of Trinity will be pardoned a justifiable pride in this connection, in her almost phenomenal progress, especially during the past seven years. Within this time her endowment has been increased from twenty-three thousand to three hundred and thirty thousand dollars; the faculty has grown from nine to twenty-three instructors; the value of college property from forty thousand to seven hundred thousand dollars, while there has been a corresponding increase in other phases of college work. Not only has the equipment of the college been increased in such proportion, but the standard of efficiency has been raised until now Trinity stands in the front rank of Southern institutions, and holds a place that is

unique in her educational life. What makes these achievements all the more remarkable is the fact that this progress has been made possible in the face of great obstacles. From her earliest history, Trinity has had enemies, who have spared no trouble to make her career a hard one, and there have doubtless been times when her most sincere friends have had grave fears as to her ultimate success. The fact that she has attained to her present position among educational institutions, regardless of these difficulties, is certainly a tribute to the fidelity of her friends, as well as to the progressive policy of the institution.

In this connection, one may get some idea of the growth of Trinity College during the last seven years from a summary of the President's last report to the Board of Trustees:

"A summing up of our progress shows the following results: The Park has been improved at the expenditure of large sums of money; ten new buildings have been added; the Library has been organized, the books catalogued, a librarian put in charge of it, and the number of volumes has been doubled; the Historical Museum has been established; the Scientific Museum has been organized and many new specimens of considerable value have been secured, labeled, and put in cases, three Laboratories have been equipped with modern apparatus in the department of Chemistry, one in Biology, and four in Physics; the Angier Duke Gymnasium has been built and equipped; the High School has been established; the endowment has been increased $311,250.00; to the loan fund has been added $1,723.26; while the total valuation of the entire property has been raised to $725,000.00, which does not include the new library building; the courses of study have been re-arranged, the lower degrees withdrawn, the entrance requirements have been raised more than a full year, seventy-one new courses of study have been added, the graduate department inaugurated, twenty teachers have been added to the faculties, the Avera Department of Biblical study has been organ-

ized, the Avera Lectures established, the Science club, the Current Topics club, the Faculty Lectures, and the Charlotte Lectures inaugurated; a large number of prominent men have lectured to the College; one hundred and twenty-three have received the Bachelor's degree, sixteen have received the Master's degree, and two have received departmental certificates; the college spirit of loyalty has grown among students and friends; and the aims and faith of the College have taken positive form and become distinctively set before the public.

This notable progress, worthy of your fullest and sincerest gratitude to the Providence whose hand has protected the college and whose spirit has inspired its zeal, has been made possible by the untiring benevolence of Mr. B. N. Duke and his worthy father, Mr. W. Duke, whose life is coming to its close in the shadow of a college, the life and destiny of which have been changed by the product of his hands and the generosity of his heart. The administration wishes to record its indebtedness to these men who have never been slow to hear of Trinity's needs, and have never hesitated to contribute to its progress. Their benevolences have been the free expression of an inspiration, and their loyalty to education has been proved by the highest tests."

One remark in Bishop Hendrix's admirable address on the evening of Benefactor's Day called forth especially enthusiastic applause. In speaking of Trinity's growth and progress, he said:

"With its recent and prospective notable increase of endowment and of facilities to do educational work of a high order, Trinity College takes a leading place among the colleges of the South. I am assured by her noble benefactors that they will provide the necessary means to make its equipment equal to the best in the country."

It gives us pleasure to present to our readers in this issue of the ARCHIVE a cut of Trinity's new library building, which is now in process of erection. When completed, it will contain space for one hundred thousand volumes, and will be, perhaps, the finest structure of its kind in the South. This building is a gift from Mr. J. B. Duke, of New York, and marks his first donation to the cause of Southern education.

MARJIE C. JORDAN, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The "Memoirs of William Byrd" edited by Dr. John Spencer Bassett has been announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. This collection including his letters, has been carefully edited, and nowhere can be found a narrative of more interest to students of American society, or one which throws more light upon the social life of this time, than does this volume concerning "the most accomplished and wittiest Virginian of his time."

Eliot Gregory, whose writings over the pseudonym "The Idler" are well known, is preparing for the *Century* a group of papers on various phases of social life in New York. He is perhaps the most artistic renconteur of personal anecdotes that we have.

"Papa Bouchard" is a merry tale of Paris, by Molly Elliot Sewell, the author of last season's successful romance, "The House of Egremont." There is no history whatever in this lively up-to-date story—quite a relief from the wildly exciting, thrilling, hair-breadth-escape romances produced by this age, prolific in historical works. Its characters are ordinary, everyday men and women out of whose very human frailties arise tremendous complications. The book abounds in highly amusing situations which the author presents most graphically.

"Circumstance" is a new and stirring novel by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. It is strong in plot and action and presents

a picture of American society unsurpassed in accuracy, reality and range of observation.

"God save the King" by Ronald MacDonald is a story of great power and full of exciting episodes. The hero is a young Royalist who aids the defeated Charles II to escape to the Continent after the battle of Worcester. The plot is carefully unravelled and the love story exquisitely told.

"Tom Beauling" by Gouverneur Morris is a romance of the present day written with unfailing vivacity and humor. The story of the courtship of big Tom Beauling is one that keeps the reader absorbed. Mr. Morris is a great-grandson of the famous Gouvernur Morris of Revolutionary days.

"The Great God Success" by J. Graham is a striking novel with a modern journalist as the hero. It is a most original work. Mr. Graham throws a lime-light upon what is commonly known as "yellow journalism," that will arouse a storm of comment and criticism.

Wm. S. Marcy's famous phrase, "to the victors belong the spoils," furnishes the title to Robert Barr's most important work, "The Victors." The principal character is the political leader of his party—an unscrupulous exponent of the "spoils" system. Mr. Barr paints a realistic and absorbing picture of his heroe's career as "boss."

"Amos Judd" by John A. Mitchell is a tale of delicate fancy with a strongly handled element of mysticism and a charming treatment of the love interest.

"The Abandoned Farm" by Sidney Herman Preston is a new book in the field which Mr. Stockton explored in "Rudder Grange," but which since then has been neglected. It is a humorous description of the experiences of a young newspaper man and his family on a small farm which they leased near the city. This book is as "rich" as its author's "Green Pigs."

In "Tristram of Blent," Anthony Hope has deserted his ideal kingdom and has shown that he needs a setting no more picturesque than the heart of modern England to display his wonderful story-telling powers. In this new novel the difference of twelve days between the Engligh and Russian calendars, furnishes complications for a most unique plot. Not since the Prisoner of Zenda has the author written a story so strong and so original.

"Warwick of the Knobs" by John Uri Lloyd is a story of a strange people and a curious form of life in northernmost Kentucky. It presents a vivid picture of a time full of dramatic incidents and records in graphic terms much that history ignores.

The scene of the story in Henry Seton Merriman's new book, "The Velvet Glove" is laid in northern Spain about 1870, and deals with the endeavor of the Jesuits to secure the fortune of a young girl by forcing her to accept their religion. There is an historical interest in the novel, and the love interest is stronger than in any other of Merriman's stories.

Mr. Pidgin's "Blennerhassett" is a romance founded upon events in American history and has a distinct purpose—the rehabilitation of Aaron Burr. Several efforts have recently been put forth in his behalf, but Blennerhassett is by far the most important work in his defense. In this book, Burr stands out more of a man and less of an enigma than either history or tradition has made him. As presented here he appears as the incarnation of personal bravery and fortitude.

Agnes and Egerton Castle have colaborated in writing "The Secret Orchard." It is a romance with a very dramatic plot, dealing with aristocratic Parisian life—startling, strong, passionate and tragic.

Although apparently there was nothing else new under the Shaksperean sun, yet Judge Charles E. Phelps seems to have discovered it in "Falstaff and Equity." It is a clear and

masterful discussion of the line—"An, the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring." His exposition is brilliant and his argument original.

Dr. Horace Howard Furness has just completed the thirteenth volume of his great Variorum edition of Shakspere—the admiration of every true student of Shakspere and a lasting honor to American letters. This work is the most exhaustive on any one of Shakspere's plays. It is the entire literature of the subject compressed into a single volume. Besides the text of the play and all its varying readings, notes, and criticisms, the volume includes a long preface and an appendix on the date, source, and duration of action of the play. The text is based upon the first folio of 1623, and for its preparation Dr. Furness has collated forty-one editions from the second folio to the second Cambridge edition of W. A. Wright.

The best thing in Henry Van Dyke's volume of short stories entitled "The Ruling Passion" is the "Writer's Request of his Master." Although it has been widely printed, it is such a felicitous expression of the true ideal of the story teller as to warrant its quotation here. "Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story, nor tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people because they are both alive. Show me that as in a river, so in a writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. Teach me to see the local color without being blind to the inner light. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can; and when that is done, stop me, pay what wages thou wilt, and help me to say, from a quiet heart, a grateful Amen."

"The Beginnings of Poetry," by Francis B. Gummere, professor of English in Haverford College, is a most valuable book, just from the press of the Macmillan Company. Mr. Gummere has been well known for some years as the author of "A Handbook on Poetics and Germanic Origins," as the editor of *Old English Ballads*, and as a learned and discerning student of early English life and literature. But his latest book is much the most notable of all his writings. The book is a study of poetry as a social institution; it regards the poetic product as a human activity working in a definite field; and by beginnings of poetry are meant the earliest actual appearances of poetry as an element in the social life of man; it studies the beginnings of poetry and its progress as an achievement of human society. This method has been applied to individual works and to periods of literature, but never before in a thoroughly critical way to the poetic product at large. The book may therefore be called original in its method, and it is a distinct contribution to the building of a "clear and rational science of poetry, the true poetics."

This method of recording, classifying and comparing poetry in its actual beginnings, brings the author to face a bewildering mass of material in numberless languages. At least the elements of poetry are found among all peoples, for poetry, in the memorable phrase of an early German critic, is the "mother tongue of man." Many defences of poetry have been written. To defend poetry against pessimists like Plato, Mohamet, Pascal, Voltaire and Sir Isaac Newton, who thought it a kind of ingenious nonsense, is not the object of Mr. Gummere's book; yet one rises from a reading of it with a feeling that poetry is an essential thing in man's life. One who has not read the book may best get a suggestion of the essential place of poetry in human society from two quotations:

"To create the communal elements, poetry had to pass through ages of preparation. Dreary ages they seem now, and rudest preparation in contrast with present verse; but it

may be said that the poetry was not insipid for its makers and hearers, and the art was not crude for the primitive artists. One must ignore with equal mind the romantic notion of a paradise of poetry at the prime, as well as a too fondly cherished idea of ethnology that belated, if not degraded wanderers on the bypaths of human culture, are to stand as models for the earliest makers of song. Let one think of that poetry of the beginnings as rude to a degree, but nobly rude, seeing that it was big with promise of future achievement, and not a thing born of mere stagnation. Circling in the common dance, moving and singing in the consent of common labour, the makers of earliest poetry put into it those elements without which it cannot thrive now. They put into it for the formal side, the consent of rythm, outward sign of the social sense; and, for the nobler mood, they gave it that power by which it will always make the last appeal to man, the power of human sympathy, whether in love or in hate, in joy or in sorrow, the power that links this group of sensations, passions, hopes, fears, which one calls self, to all the host of kindred selves, dead, living, or to be born. No poetry worthy of the name has failed to owe its most diverse triumphs to that abiding power. It is in such a sense that prehistoric art must have been one and the same with modern art. Conditions of production as well as of record have changed; the solitary poet has taken the place of a choral throng, and solitary readers represent the listening group; but the fact of poetry itself reaches below all these mutations, and is founded on human sympathy as on a rock. More than this, it is clear from a study of poetic beginnings that poetry in its larger sense is not a natural impulse of man, simply as man. His rhythmic and kindred instincts, latent in the solitary state, found free play only under communal conditions, and as powerful factors in the making of society."

"The hold of rhythm upon modern poetry, even under conditions of analytic and intellectual development which have

unquestionably worked for the increased importance of prose, is a hold not to be relaxed, and for good reason. The reason is this: In rhythm, in sounds of the human voice, timed to movements of the human body, mankind first discovered that social consent which brought the great joys and the great pains of life into a common utterance. The mountain, so runs a Basque proverb, is not necessary to the mountain, but man is necessary to man. Individual thinking, a vast fermentation, centrifugal tendencies of every sort, have played upon this simple and primitive impulse; but the past is still essentially emotional, and just so far as he is to utter the great joys and the great pains of life, just so far he must go back to communal emotions, to the sense of kind, to the social foundation. The mere fact of utterance is social; however solitary his thought, a poet's utterance must voice this consent of man with man, and his emotion must fall into rhythm, the one and eternal expression of consent. This, then, is why rhythm will not be banished from poetry so long as poetry shall remain emotional utterance; for rhythm is not only sign and warrant of a social contract stronger, deeper, vaster, than any fancied by Rousseau, but it is the expression of a human sense more keen even than the fear of devils and the love of gods,—the sense and sympathy of kind.''

J. M. ORMOND, - - - - - - MANAGER.

THE YALE BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The last issue of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* contains an account of Yale's Bicentennial Celebration, a few weeks past. Dr. Cranford represented Trinity on this occasion, and at the request of the ARCHIVE, he has written an account of the celebration, which we publish herewith:

To give even a mere outline of the great celebration, held in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Yale College, would require far more space than is placed at my disposal. Simply to print the program itself would require more than one whole number of THE ARCHIEVE. It has been frequently remarked, and I suppose with a measure of truth, that it was the grandest jubilee of its kind that the world has yet seen. While many other colleges have celebrated various anniversaries of important events in their history, no one has before attempted anything so elaborate.

After passing New York City, everybody on the densely packed trains seemed to be going to New Haven to attend the big celebration; and by Saturday afternoon the town of New Haven seemed literally alive with Yale men. Graduate badges and Yale blue were very much in evidence. The chief streets of the city were very beautifully decorated with blue and green, while "Yale" written large met the eye of the visitor at every turn.

The celebration proper began Sunday morning, October 20, at 10.30, with a sermon in the Battell Chapel, by the Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell. Before this sermon, the congre-

gation sang Psalm lxv., the same that was sung at the opening of the first college building erected in New Haven. The sermon was deep, thoughtful, and erudite, and tended to show that the source of Yale's great power, in the two centuries of her past history, has been her conscious and confessed dependence upon the principles of the Christian Religion. At the close of this sermon, the choir and congregation sang "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord," a hymn written by the Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., LL.D., president of Yale College from 1794 to 1817, while the benediction at this service was by the Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., LL.D., president of Yale University from 1886 to 1899.

In the three churches on the City Green, adjoining the campus, were held special services with reference to the Yale celebration. On Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Professor Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Dean of the Divinity School, delivered an address in the Battell Chapel on "Yale in Its Relation to Christian Theology and Missions." This address showed the large share Yale had had during the past two hundred years in developing the theological thought of the Western hemisphere, and the large part she had played in sending the gospel to heathen people. On Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, Professor Harry B. Jepson gave an organ recital in the Battel Chapel. This was in harmony with the spirit of the occasion, and was beautiful and grand beyond description.

Although having gone through a busy day on Sunday, the celebration awoke early and with renewed energy on Monday morning. At 9.30 was dedicated the memorial gateway erected by the class of 1896. At 10.30, Hon. Thomas Thatcher, of the New York Bar, delivered an address on "Yale in Its Relation to Law." At 11.30, Dr. William H. Welch, professor of pathology in Johns Hopkins University, delivered an address on "Yale in Its Relation to Medicine." These addresses recited in a very highly instructive and entertaining way the large part played by Yale during the last two hundred years in the development and practice of these respective sciences and professions.

At 8 p. m. on Monday came President Hadley's address of welcome. This was a clear, ringing statement of what Yale had stood for in the past and of what she expected to stand for in the future. To a share in her joy over this pride in her past and to a participation in her bright prospects, her fair hopes and her high resolves for the future, he bade all lands and institutions welcome. This address was responded to by Hon. Anthony Higgins, LL.D., for the graduates; by the Mayor of New Haven, for the city; by the Governor of Connecticut, for the State; by United States Senator Platt, of Connecticut, for the Nation; by James Williams, D. C. L., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, for the Universities of Great Britain; by Fedor Fedorovic Martens, LL.D., professor of International Law, Emeritus, in the University of St. Petersburg, for the Universities of Continental Europe; by Charles W. Dabney, Ph. D., LL.D., president of the University of Tennessee, for the Universities of the South; by William R. Harper, Ph. D., D.D., LLD., president of the University of Chicago, for the Universities of the West; and by Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., president of Harvard University, for the Universities of the East.

After these addresses, at 5 p. m. President Hadley gave a reception to the guests, delegates, and representatives of the Alumni in the School of the Fine Arts. This was one of the most enjoyable features of the whole occasion. Through the eye and ear, the aesthetic soul could float out and bathe itself in an immense sea of beauty. This was followed at 9 p. m. by the great torchlight procession of students and graduates. Lack of space forbids a description of this that is at all adequate. The gathering began at 8 o'clock in the quadrangle. At 9 o'clock the quadrangle seemed almost full of men, old and young, all costumed for the parade, singing and yelling, with more than a dozen bands playing. Promptly at the appointed time, the column marched out through the Phelps Gateway. The column contained various military organizations and representatives, groups of State and city officials,

students dressed to represent the Pilgrim Fathers, the Indians of early days, Gentlemen of 1812, the Old-time Students of Yale, the Crew of the Cruiser Yale, the Rough Riders of the Spanish-American war, groups of students from Harvard, Princeton, Trinity College, Conn., and Wesleyan. These were followed by the classes, in order of graduation, of the Alumni, dressed in blue caps and gowns; and the different classes carried floats or emblems of some sort, many of them magnificent or grotesque, all significant and unique. Some idea of the magnificence of the parade may be gotten from the fact that seats on rough board bleechers, built at various places along the line of march, sold readily at from two to five dollars each, while windows along the line of march rented for from five to twenty-five dollars each.

On Tuesday morning at 10.30, Cyrus Northrop, LL.D., president of the University of Minnesota, delivered an address on "Yale in Its Relation to the Development of the Country"; and at 11.30, Daniel C. Gillman, LL.D., president of Johns Hopkins University, delivered an address on "Yale in Its Relation to Science and Letters." These addresses were both masterpieces, and were enough to make Yale proud of her record along these lines, and proud of her two sons who delivered the addresses. At 2 p. m. on Tuesday came the football games on the Yale field, one between Yale and Bates College, followed by one between Yale and a team of Yale graduates. These were very enjoyable, and gave the visitors an opportunity of seeing some of Yale's famous players of the past. The games were witnessed by some eighteen or twenty thousand people. At 4.30 p. m., of the same day, came the Choral Performance of Hora Novissima by the Gounod Society of New Haven, given in the Hyperion Theatre. This performance was conducted by Professor Horatio Parker, composer of the Oratio. This was the second of the great distinctively musical treats given during the celebration. At 8 p. m., of the same day, came the Students' Dramatic Performance on the College campus. This consisted of scenes

from the history of the College, such as the Founding of Yale, the Removal of the College Library from Saybrook, the Execution of Nathan Hale, the Visit of George Washington to the College, the Burial of Euclid, the Initiation of a Freshman, etc. These scenes were presented under the auspices of the Yale Dramatic Association. Many of them were weird, many comical, and all interesting. These were interspersed with College songs, sung by thousands of enthusiastic Yale students and graduates.

All these events had passed, and yet *the* day of the Great Celebration was still to come. With the great events of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday before one, it seemed almost impossible to make Wednesday a fitting climax. But difficult as was the task, nevertheless it was done. The first great event of this day was the coming of President Roosevelt. Then came the great procession, headed by Presidents Roosevelt and Hadley, followed by the long line of dignitaries, delegates, and representatives of the Alumni, from Dwight Hall down Elm Street to the Green, and through the Green and Campus to the Hyperion Theatre, where were held the Commemoration exercises. These consisted of a Commemorative Poem, by Edmund Clarence Stedman, L.H.D., LL.D., the singing of a Greek festal hymn, composed by Professor Goodell, with music by Professor Parker, and a Commemorative address by Hon. David J. Brewer, Justice of the United States Supreme Court. This address was followed by the conferring of honorary degrees. The names of those thus honored would make a list too long to print here. The last degree conferred was given to President Roosevelt. In accepting the degree he made a short speech, which was received with great enthusiasm. This was followed by singing "My Country 'tis of Thee," and benediction by ex-President Dwight. On the afternoon of Wednesday at 2.30 came the great and grand Boston Symphony Concert, followed by the Dedication of Woodbridge Hall at 4 p. m., and at 5 p. m. by a farewell reception given by President and

Mrs. Hadley, in University Hall; while the Great Jubilee was closed by a reception given in the City Hall at 8 o'clock in the evening by Presidents Roosevelt and Hadley.

The whole occasion from Sunday morning to Wednesday night was one overwhelming sea of good things on a grandly magnificent scale. Everything had the stamp of Yale on it. The addresses were all by Yale men, nearly all the hymns and songs were by Yale men, and many of them were about Yale.

In the midst of the immensity and variety and complexity of it all, a few features seemed prominent and easy to catch and keep. In the midst of her age, Yale showed herself to be only in the early glow of a vigorous young life. But in the midst of the buoyancy of her youth, one could feel everywhere the steadiness born of conservatism. One could see that she was "going ahead" at immense strides, but still holding to the rule of first knowing that she was right. Prominent also is her conscious trust in and dependence on the vital principles of the Christian Religion. Again, in all the reciting of Yale's proud record of her two hundred years of progress and achievement, scarcely an extravagant statement was made. A becoming modesty of claim characterized every address delivered, and superlatives were conspicuous for their absence. In telling of the part borne by her illustrious sons in achieving the world's advancement, Yale never claimed more than a modest share of the honor they had won. The modesty of claim was very characteristic.

TO HARVARD COLLEGE.

O thou whose chastening love hath taught
  Our country's chosen youth,
Thou who hast led a nation's thought
  In freedom and in truth,
Mother of learning and of grace,
We long to look upon thy face
To gather all that now we deem
Thine own, into one face supreme,—
The nobly living, nobly dead,
The glorious sons that thou hast bred.

Where, leaping to the trumpet's call,
Men charge, to conquer or to fall,
  And count not death a loss;
Where youth, renouncing wealth and fame,
Follows through pestilence and flame
  The Hero of the Cross—
Or renders, faithful to his trust,
The silent service of the just—
  We know thy sons and thee.

Thine is the burning heart of youth;
Thine is the steadfast flame of years;
Thine is the wisdom of the truth,
  That falters not nor fears.
Thine is the strong and solemn glow,
Thine is the sweet transcendent grace,
Of her whose love through weal or woe
  Lights her transfigured face.
Where hope is high and thought is free,
Where life is brave and death is true,
Where duty unrelenting leads
To tasks of pain for ever new
The heart that triumphs while it bleeds—
  Mother, thy face we see.

—L. B. R. Briggs, in Harvard Monthly.

W. A. BIVINS, - - - - - - MANAGER.

Mr. Bruce Craven and Miss Clara Chaffin were married at the home of the bride's parents in Mocksville, November 5, Prof. W. H. Pegram officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Craven are well known here, as both of them were in college year before last. THE ARCHIVE extends its best wishes for their happiness.

A preliminary debate was held in the Craven Memorial Hall Saturday night, October 19, for the purpose of selecting three speakers for the Trinity-Wake Forest debate. The question for discussion was, "Resolved, That North Carolina should adopt the principles of compulsory attendance upon her public schools." Messrs. Giles, Smith, Hoover, Parker, and Howard, upheld the affirmative, and Messrs. Brown, Yarbrough, Perrow, Cranford, and Hornaday, the negative. The committee appointed to decide as to who were the three best speakers was composed of Profs. Meritt and Carmichael and Mr. Toms. All of the speakers acquitted themselves well, but to Messrs. Howard, Brown, and Hornaday went the honor of representing Trinity in the inter-collegiate debate.

Dr. Kilgo preached the opening sermon to the student body in Main Street church Sunday, October 20. His subject was "The Christian Student," and his text was from II Timothy, 15: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the work of truth." Dr. Kilgo upheld that kind of Christianity which causes a man to do his whole duty in every line

of work in which he may be engaged. He denounced in no uncertain terms "slip-shod" work in any phase of activity.

Rev. J. B. Hurley, of Raleigh, and Dr. Dred Peacock, of Greensboro, were among the distinguished alumni of the college who heard the opening sermon.

The friends of Dr. J. R. Brooks are glad to learn that his speech and eye-sight are improving.

Mr. H. B. Asbury, class of '01, has a position with the American Tobacco Co. at this place.

Mr. Jon. K. Wood, class of '01, has a position in a hotel at Southern Pines. Mr. F. S. Carden, of the same class is teaching school at Glover, N. C.

M. J. H. Highsmith, class of 1900, is teaching in the Durham graded schools.

Mr. E. F. Hines, class of 1900, has a position as express messenger between Rocky Mount and Florence, on the S. A. L. Mr. W. G. Coltrane, of the same class is teaching in Robeson County.

Mr. Stewart Mims, class of 1900, has gone to Yale to continue his studies.

Again one of Trinity's sons is honored abroad. Mr. B. H. Palmer, class of '97, who resides at Lake City, Fla., was recently made a superior court judge in that State. Mr. Palmer is a brother of Mrs. W. H. Proctor, of Durham.

Dr. W. I. Cranford and wife attended the Yale Bicentennial.

Dr. Kilgo's return from his trip abroad October 14, was somewhat of a surprise for many of the students. He stole in among us unawares. Nevertheless on the night of the 14th the college boys, together with the High School boys, gathered in front of the President's home and after several yells, quite vociferously called for a speech. The Doctor

responded in a very happy manner. We were further entertained in the chapel next morning by a talk from him which had the old, familiar ring. He said that three facts were forcibly impressed upon his mind by his trip; namely, that God was everywhere, that ignorance and vice prevailed in Europe as in America, and that the problems of getting daily bread confronted men over there as here.

Mr. John Flowers, class of 1900, who last year accepted a position with the American Tobaccco Co., has been promoted to a position in the branch at New York. Mr. S. W. Sparger, class of '96, succeeds Mr. Flowers in the factory at this place.

Mr. S. G. Winstead, class of '01, is teaching in the Roxboro Institute at Roxboro.

Mr. W. W. Card, class of 1900, has a position as physical director in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. at Mobile, Ala. It will be remembered that "Cap" was the third strongest man at Harvard last year.

Memorial services were held in the College Chapel, on the evening of October 28, in commemoration of the death of King Alfred, of England. Interesting and highly instructive papers on the life and work of the great king were read by Prof. W. K. Boyd and Dr. W. P. Few.

Messrs. Hinohara and Kugimiya read interesting papers concerning the progress of Christianity in Japan, before the Young Men's Christian Association October 6. Professor Meritt made a practical and appropriate talk to the Association on the 13th. His subject was "College Ethics." Prof. B. R. Payne, of the Durham graded schools, made some timely suggestions to the students October 20, as to the matter of "Christian Giving." The Association was favored by visit of a delegation from Chapel Hill, October 27th. The delegation was composed of Messrs. Madras, Garren and

Ross. These gentlemen made interesting talks and gave the Association reason to feel that the work of saving young men at the University had fallen into good hands.

Rev. W. E. Brown, class of '01, is preaching at Kinston.

Mr. J. F. Liles, class of 1900, has a large school at Troy, this State.

Dr. Kilgo preached a sermon at Rock Hill, S. C., Sunday, October 27. After his sermon he raised a debt of $800 on the Methodist church at that place.

A meeting of the Historical Society was held Saturday evening, October 26. Prof. W. K. Boyd read an interesting paper on recent Southern historical publications. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, after which a number of relics were presented to the Society.

Mr. J. C. Blanchard, class of '01, is in the mercantile business at his home in Hertford.

Mr. E. W. Lassiter, class of '01, is taking a course in medicine at Baltimore, Md.

Mr. N. C. Yearby and Miss Annie Lunsford were happily united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, in this place, on the 7th inst. Mr. Yearby graduated here in 1900, and has since been connected with the North Carolina Conference. He is now stationed at Milton. We wish for the new couple all the happiness possible.

The public exercises held on the evening of Benefactor's Day were very successful in every respect. The weather was almost ideal and the audience assembled in Craven Memorial Hall was probably the largest ever seen there with the exception of the one which greeted Mr. Mabie last commencement. The music was one of the chief features of the occasion. Hollowbush's orchestra from Raleigh furnished music, and in addition to this the best musical talent of Durham

rendered excellent music. There were two choruses and a solo by Miss Annie Peay, of New York.

The first number was "Sing Alleluia Forth" by Schnecker.

Then Miss Peay sang "I Will Extol Thee, O Lord" from Eli by Cofta.

The second chorus was "Inflammatus" from Stabat Mater by Rossini—soprano obbligato by Miss Elizabeth Taylor.

Those taking part in the choruses were: Misses Elizabeth Taylor, Minnie Mangum, Hattie McAlister; Mesdames Jones, Bryant, Stone, Long, Lee; Messrs. Lloyd, Cheek, Overton, Heart, Fred Dixon, Clifford Lyon Dickson, Patterson, Hamaker, Newsom and Ormond.

Miss Ella Peay played the accompaniment for Miss Annie Peay, and Miss Mary Crabtree for the choruses.

There were a number of visitors present. Among this number were: Capt. J. A. Odell, Dr. Dred Peacock, Greensboro; Mr. W. R. Odell, Concord; Dr. T. N. Ivey, Mr. Jos. G. Brown, Dr. J. T. Gibbs, Rev. Geo. F. Smith, Rev. J. B. Hurley, Rev. J. W. Jenkins, Raleigh; Rev. N. M. Jurney, Mt. Olive; Rev. J. A. Daily, Mebane; Dr. W. H. Moore, Pittsboro.

In addition to the gifts mentioned in detail elsewhere, the following were announced by Mr. Southgate:

GIFTS TO TRINITY PARK HIGH SCHOOL.

Mrs. W. H. Branson—Portrait of Mr. W. H. Branson.

The Alumni Association—Portrait of Rev. J. R. Scroggs.

The Senior Class, 1900—Photograph of the class.

Mr. R. A. Mayer—Photograph of Bascilica of St. Peters, Rome.

Mr. G. B. Cooper—Photographs: Great Pyramids and Sphinx, Leaning Tower, Pisa, and Westminister Abbey.

Messrs. P. V. Anderson and S. W. Sparger—Ten photographic views illustrative of Stratford-on-Avon.

Mrs. T. D. Jones—Frieze, consisting of 150 pictures illustrative of the various schools of Art.

A Friend—Portrait of Mr. B. N. Duke; The Angelus; The Gleaners; Church of St. Marks and Campanile, Venice; Stratford, from Memorial Theatre.

GIFTS TO THE COLLEGE.

The Class of 1901—Class Photograph.

The following donations of books have been made to the Library during the year ending October 3:

Mr. V. Ballard, twelve volumes; Mr. H. J. Bass, two volumes; Mrs. J. S. Bassett, one volume; The Century Manufacturing Co., one volume; Columbian Literary Society, two volumes; Mr. W. C. Conant, one volume; Educator Co., eighty-nine volumes; Prof. R. L. Flowers, five volumes; Dr. W. P. Few, sixty-seven volumes; Rev. J. E. Gay, forty-one volumes; Mr. L. H. Gibbons, two volumes; Hesperion Literary Society, two volumes; T. C. Historical Studies, Ex., nine volumes; Mr. J. P. Hunt, one volume; Dr. J. W. Jones, three volumes; Oscar Jones, one volume; Mr. C. A. Jordon, three volumes; Dr. John C. Kilgo, three volumes; Mr. John Kirkland, fifteen volumes; Mr. B. R. Lacy, one volume; Library Bureau, three volumes; Mr. C. H. Mebane, two volumes; Prof. A. H. Meritt, one volume; Dr. Edwin Mims, ten volumes; Dr. R. A. Moore, one hundred and one volumes; J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., one volume; C. H. Revel Co., one volume; Mr. H. E. Seeman, one volume; Mr. M. O. Sherrill, four volumes; Secretary Trinity College, one volume; The J. F. Slater Fund, one volume; Smithsonian Institution, one volume; Special Donation, seventeen volumes; State of New York, eight volumes; State of North Carolina, six volumes; Mr. J. F. Steward, one volume; Mr. G. B. Swain, one volume; Mr. J. C. Thomas, one volume; Hon. Cy Thompson, three volumes; Trinity College Book Room, eighteen volumes; Faculty of Trinity College, one volume; Dr. G. T. Winston, two volumes; Mr. A. P. Zeller, two volumes; Superintendent of Public Documents, five hundred and forty-three volumes; Rev. T. F. Marr, three volumes.

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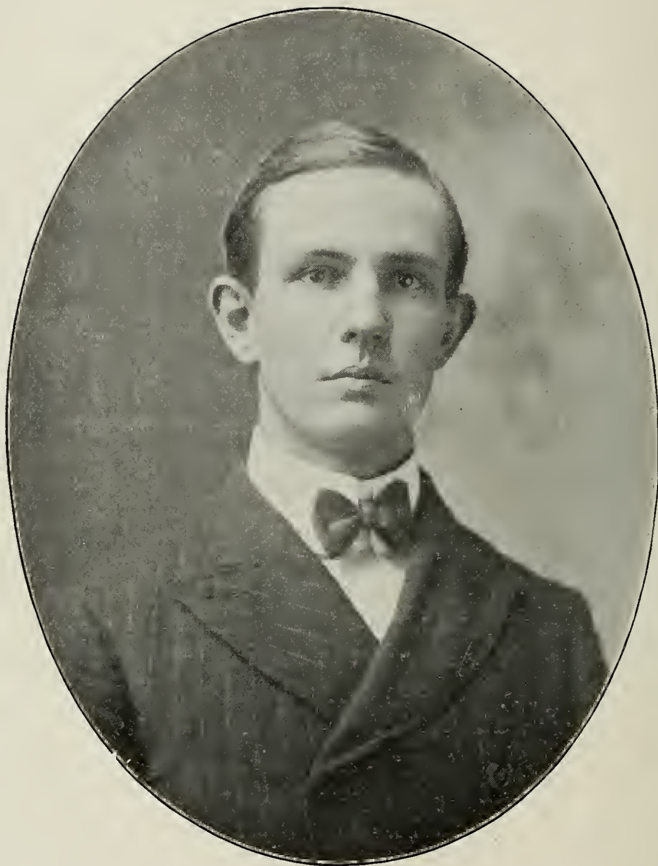

C. L. HORNADAY.

Trinity's First Speaker in Trinity-Wake Forest Debate.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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C. L. HORNADAY, - - - - - - MANAGER.

STERNE'S "TRISTRAM SHANDY."

BY RICHARD WEBB.

History tells us that people once went wild over "Tristram Shandy." There is one thing certain, History will never repeat itself in this case. However, one may manage to go through "Tristram Shandy" if he will fortify himself against all surprises and make himself pliable in the hands of the author to wander up and down, and to and fro, throughout the whole world, with little aim or method except to avoid studiously all approach to the story in hand.

Sterne began writing "Tristram Shandy" in 1759, when he was forty-six years old. The fact that a man of his age

should suddenly take upon himself the task of writing a book is rather singular, but we must know in the beginning that Sterne was a singular man, a fact which will amply prove itself in the course of his book. He says himself that "he wrote not to be fed, but to be famous," but it is very probable that he did not object to either reward. At any rate Sterne was a parson, and as preachers have never been known to have an intimate acquaintance with filthy lucre, it is to be presumed that Lawrence Sterne was no exception, and that he soon spent his small salary in his club of the "Demoniacs," and it was to replenish his fortune that he undertook to produce "Tristram Shandy." Whatever his ultimate reason for writing was, we know that he began writing in 1759 with the avowed purpose of writing two volumes per year as long os he should live, and we shall proceed to examine what he has written.

Sterne gives as the name of his book "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy," a name which is entirely misleading, for if one starts out to find the life of Tristram in the book, he soon finds himself miserably lost in a veritable labyrinth of irrelavent matter which has as little to do with Tristram as can be. In the first part of the book Mr. Shandy, senior, plays the most important part, and in the latter part Uncle Toby is the central character. So that Tristram Shandy has very little to do with his own life, and as for opinions, no matter how many he might have, or how valuable, he would have but little chance to air them in the presence of Mr. Shandy and Uncle Toby. As a matter of fact, however, Tristram is not to be censured for not asserting himself and making known his opinions, in as much as he doesn't get born for the first one hundred pages, and has hardly reached the short-trouser period in one hundred and fifty. With such insurmountable odds against him, it is quite natural that he should be outstripped for the hero's place by the two talk-

ative brothers. But besides this, it is in keeping with Sterne's style that he writes as little as possible about Tristram Shandy in a life of Tristram Shandy.

So we see that no one person remains the central charcacter throughout the book, and so there is nothing about which to group a plot, and so no plot is in evidence. In fact to be tied down to a plot, to be forced to make all his digressions tend toward one denouement, would take all the enjoyment out of writing for our author. His whole study is to see how many things he can say that you are not expecting, how long he can keep you waiting for the next hint about Tristram, how far he may digress and yet manage to come back to his subject. As he himself puts it: "If I thought you was able to form the least judgment or probable conjecture to yourself, of what was to come in the next page,—I would tear it out of my book." And it may be truthfully said that in no single part does the book need to lose any of its pages on this account. To ask the uninitiated reader to tell what is coming next in Tristram Shandy would be making as great a demand on his prophetic ability as was made on Daniel's when he was asked to tell Nebuchadnezzar both his dream and the interpretation thereof.

To give you some idea of the way the book fails to progress, I shall quote from Traill's account of its first pages; "In the first volume, the author does literally everything but make the slightest progress with his story. Starting off abruptly with a mock philosophic disquisition upon the importance of a proper ordering of their mental states on the part of the intending progenitors of children, he philosophizes grandly on this theme for two or three chapters; and then wanders away into an account of the local midwife, upon whose sole services Mrs. Shandy, in opposition to her husband, was inclined to rely. From the midwife it is an easy transition to her patron and protector, the incumbent of the parish; and this, in turn

suggests a long excursus on the character, habits, appearance, home, friends, enemies, and finally death burial, and epitaph of the Rev. Mr. Yorick. Thence we return to Mr. and Mrs. Shandy, and are made acquainted, in absurdly minute detail, with an agreement entered into between them with reference to the place of sojourn to be selected for the lady's accouchment, the burlesque deed which records this compact being actually set out at full length. Thence, again, we are beckoned away by the jester to join him in elaborate and not very edifying ridicule of the Catholic doctrine of ante-natal baptism"—and here Mr. Traill gives up the task of following the windings and doublings of this literary hare as a hard job.

This is just the merest beginning of digressions. In this manner the author makes everything he writes call to memory something slightly connected with it and so goes from digression to digression, merely calling a halt every now and then to acquaint the reader with the fact he *is* really writing the history of Tristram Shandy. To give the outline of the story, if so it may be called, would mean to give a history of innumerable digressions, so I shall merely take up some of the principal characters as they occur and call attention to their various hobbies, which make the themes for the most of the digressions.

As I have said before, the hero in the first part of the book is Mr. Shandy, senior, dialectitian and theorist. In a way he is a philosopher, but he generally manages to fall upon some outlandish theory to uphold, and in his way does uphold it until he reaches the absurdest of conclusions. His son says of him: "He was born an orator. Persuasion hung upon his lips, and the elements of logic and rhetoric were so blended in him, and withal he had so shrewd a guess at the weakness and passions of his respondent, that nature might have stood up and said, 'This man is eloquent.'" Sterne thus makes Mr. Shandy an orator by birth, and not a product of the schools, so that

he is not a man whom much learning has made mad, but one who pursues a theory so hotly that he runs into all kinds of foolish conclusions without stopping to prove them by fact. One of his chief hobbies is on names. He holds that man's weal or woe in this world is determined largely by the christian name which is attached to him at baptism. He said "that there was a strange kind of magic bias which good or bad names impressibly impressed upon our character and conduct." Caesar and Pompey were great through the inspiration their names had given them. Many men, he maintains, would have been great, had not their names been against them. Some names mean the making of some men, some are neutral, having no effect either way, and some are absolutely damning. He even goes so far as to say that, "Had Luther been called by any name but Martin, he would have been damned to all eternity," which is a new-fangled kind of predestination, for which Mr. Walter Shandy is the original and sole defender. With all this beautiful theory of names Mr. Shandy was to suffer the greatest misfortune that ever befell a poor theorizing philosopher and his pet theory. It was all in regard to the naming of his own son. Long before the young Tristram had seen the light of this world, his honored father had spent much time cogitating as to what name his young heir was to have, and had long ago decided that Trismegistus would be the name which should tide him safely through all the storm and stress of this world. Of all the christian names in his vocabulary, Tristram was the most abhorred, the most detested, the one which to this philosopher's mind would be surest to "Nicodemus" its unfortunate possessor into nothing. But Trismegistus—that was the name above all names. How then does it come about that Tristram rather than Trismegistus was the cognomen of the yonng Shandy? I will let Sterne tell the story.

Susannah, the maidservant of Mrs. Shandy, suddenly breaks into Mr. Shandy's sleeping apartment, and tells him that the curate is in the dressing-room, with the child in his arms, waiting for the name. She also tells him that the child is black in the face with a fit and goes on to say: "My mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as Capt. (Toby) Shandy is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him?"

"Were one sure," said my father to himself, (the story is put into Tristram's mouth) scratching his eyebrow, "that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother Toby as not,—and it would be a pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him:—but he may recover."

"No, no," said my father to Susannah, I'll get up,"—"There's no time," cried Susannah, "the child's as black as my shoe.—"Trismegistus," said my father.—"But stay, —thou art a leaky vessel, Susannah," added my father; cans't thou carry Trismegistus in thy head the length of the gallery without scattering?"—"Can I" ? Cried Susannah, shutting the door in a buff.—"If she can, I'll be shot," said my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

"Susannah ran with all speed along the gallery.

"My father made all possible speed to find his breeches.

"Susannah got the start, and kept it.— 'Tis Tris-something,' cried Susannah.—'There is no Christian name in the world,' said the curate, 'beginning with Tris,—but Tristram.' — 'Then 'tis Tristram-gistus,' quoth Susannah."

"There is no-gistus to it, noodle!—'tis my own name,' replied the curate, dipping his hand as he spoke, into the basin; 'Tristram,' said he, etc., etc., etc.: So Tristram was I called, and Tristram shall I be to the day of my death."

It is needless to say that the senior Shandy could hardly control himself when he heard that his pet scheme had so clumsily miscarried. His lamentations on the subject occupy several chapters.

Another one of Mr. Shandy's peculiar hobbies was his theory of noses. He made a special study of noses, collecting all the books that he could find on this interesting subject. The authority whom he most quotes on this subject is Slakenbergius, a philosopher very learned on the various and sundry causes for long and short noses. He even goes so far as to give in full a story from Shakenbergius, which is, as he makes it, a translation from the Latin. The story is rather interestingly told, and the hero who is the possessor of an enormous nose, may be considered as a literary kinsman of Cyrano de Bergerac.

The great trouble Mr. Shandy has with his theories is to get somebody to listen to them who can appreciate them. For instance, he labored very faithfully on one occasion to explain to Uncle Toby the philosophy of the duration of time, and after he had slung together a conglomeration of big words, and nebulous ideas, he asked Uncle Toby if he understood the theory. "Not I," quoth Uncle Toby. "But you have some ideas," said my father? "No more than my horse," replied Uncle Toby. Still persevering the worthy philosopher theorized further, being disturbed every now and then by some such ejaculations from Uncle Toby as this: "What is that to anybody?" "You puzzle me to death." Still going on, Mr. Shandy said: "In every sound man's head there is a regular succession of ideas, which follow each other in a train just like—'a train of artillery?', said Uncle Toby—"A train of a fiddle-stick!"—quoth my father.—"Just like the images in the inside of a lantern turned round by the heat of a candle."—"I declare," quoth my Uncle Toby—"Mine are more like a smoke-jack." This was the last straw and Mr. Shandy remarked, "Then, Brother Toby, I have nothing more to say to you."

Mr. Shandy had still less success in getting his wife to give him a satisfactory hearing, for the very simple reason that she had not sense enough to know what he was talking about. Tristram says about it: "It was a consuming vexation to my father, that my mother never asked the meaning of a thing she did not understand."

"That she is not a woman of science," my father would say, "is her misfortune; but she might ask a question."

"My mother never did.—In short she went out of the world, at last, without knowing whether it turned round or stood still.—My father had officiously told her above a thousand times which way it was;—but she always forgot."

Mrs. Shandy was perhaps excusable for not appreciating the fine-spun theories of her spouse, but it seems that her inability to understand philosophy was not her only weakness. She was not only not "a woman of science," but was continually showing her ignorance in all branches of learning. Once when Uncle Toby happened to mention Socrates, the good lady had a sudden gleam of light and in a surprised tone offered the remark, "Why he's been dead a hundred years." Such a wife was enough to make a man like philosophy.

Turning from the philosophical Mr. Shandy and his unphilosophical wife, we come to take up the most famous character in the book, the hero of the latter part of the book, "My Uncle Toby." Uncle Toby is the leaven which makes the book endurable, and were he to be blotted out the greatest charm would be removed from its pages. Uncle Toby is first of all a very modest creature; secondly he is very gentle and kind; and thirdly and largely he is military. By military it is not meant that he has a puguacious disposition at all, but that his ideas run on military subjects and are expressed in military terms. His gentle heart would not suffer him to hurt a lower animal, much less his fellow man. As an illustration of his tenderness, here is an instance which would simply be the height

of sentimental folly, were it told of any other character in literature, but which fits in very nicely with Uncle Toby's general make-up. Tristram, in speaking of the incident says: "My Uncle Toby was of a peaceful, placid nature,— no jarring element in it,— all mixed up so kindly within him; he had scarcely a heart to retaliate upon a fly. 'So,' —says he, one day at dinner, to an over-grown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time, which after infinite attemtps he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—'I'll not hurt thee,' says my Uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head;— Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape; go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.' "

This incident, as well as many others like it in the book, also has an historical significance, showing the reaction from the unfeeling, intellectual age of Dryden, Pope and Swift, to the sentimental, realistic age ushered in as far as the novel is concerned, by Richardson and Fielding.

This approaches very near to the sheerest nonsense, and were it not for the fact that Uncle Toby had other qualities than a soft heart, his sentimentalities would stand but little show. But Uncle Toby had a great amount of mother-wit about him, well supplied with common sense, and like other great men, had a hobby. Uncle Toby is not, then, a learned fool, like his brother, or a simple fool, like Mrs. Shandy, but a good-natured, unconscious fool, if one can apply that harsh a term to one of the most lovable of all fools. Mr. Traill brings out this point in his admirable characterization of him. He says: "My Uncle Toby is as much the archtype of guileless good nature, of affectionate simplicity, as Hamlet is of irresolution, or Iago of cunning, or Shylock of race-hatred. Uncle Toby is a man of simple mind and soul, profoundly unimagina-

tive, and unphilosophical, but lacking not in a certain common sense; exquisitely *naif*, and delightfully *mal-a-propos* in his observations, but always pardonably, never foolishly, so; inexhaustibly amiable, but with no weak amiability; homely in his ways, but a perfect gentleman withal; in a word, the most winning and lovable personality that is to be met with. surely, in the whole range of fiction." This is high praise from a high source, surely.

Having learned something of Uncle Toby's kindness of heart and gentleness of manner and modesty of demeanor, let us see him in regard to his hobby. Falstaff's tastes were gustatory rather than military, but Uncle Toby had rather talk about fortifications and military tactics than to eat any time. He had once been wounded in the siege of Namur, and while he was abed with his wound he had ample time to think of the battle and of how it all happened, and so the idea struck him that he would pass the time away by making a map of the siege, and locating every point in the battle, and especially the place where he had received his wound. With this beginning, he studied military tactics till he was an authority on the subject, and could tell minutely and accurately the history of every famous battle, giving all known details, and tracing the movements of each side. Thus did Sir Toby mount his hobby-horse, and right royally did he ride it.

No matter what subject was discussed, nor in what circumstances, if Uncle Toby took part in the conversation, he would be sure, sooner or later, to break in with an illustration from military matters. On one occasion Corporal Trim, Uncle Toby's servant and companion, was reading a sermon to a select company in his most feeling manner, and by chance ran upon a passage about "watchmen upon a tower," when Uncle Toby could not risist such a temptation: "A town has no strength," quoth Uncle Toby, "unless 'tis flanked."

On another occasion Uncle Toby heard Dr. Slop hammering away in the kitchen, and asked Trim what he was doing. As a matter of fact Dr. Slop was trying to fashion a bridge for the nose of the newly-born Tristram. Trim tried to tell him this: "He is busy, an' please your honor, in making a bridge"—"Tis very obliging in him," quoth my Uncle Toby: "pray give my humble service to Dr. Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily." Uncle Toby had sadly mistaken the nature of the bridge.

To illustrate the difference in the characters of Mr. Shandy and his brother Toby, their ideas of cursing may be given. The question came up on one occasion when Dr. Slop had cut his thumb, and had delivered himself of some choice Billingsgate in the presence of the brothers. Mr. Shandy couldn't resist this chance to view his ideas on cursing. He says: "For my own part, I seldom swear or curse at all—I hold it bad;—but if I fall into it by surprise, I generally retain so much presence of mind ('Right,' quoth my Uncle Toby,) as to make it answer my purpose; —that is, I swear on till I find myself easy." (This philosophy of swearing is much on the order of Uncle Eben Holden's on lying—he never lied except when it was necessary). Mr. Shandy then told about a gentlemen who could not trust himself to do justice to any point which might come up on the spur of a moment, and so wrote out a catalogue of oaths suitable for any and all emergencies and kept them always by him. Dr. Slop thereupon remarked that he never heard of such a thing before. Mr. Shandy continued: "I was reading, not using, one to my brother Toby this morning, but if I remember rightly it was too violent for a cut of the thumb." "Not at all," quoth Dr. Slop—"the devil take the fellow." Later on when Dr. Slop is reading the oaths, which extend over two or three pages, he comes upon this passage—"May all the angels and archangels, principalities and powers, and all the heavenly armies, curse him!" This is too much for Uncle

Toby and he breaks in; "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, but nothing to this.—For my own part, I could not have a heart to curse my dog so." This last clause is a good instance of Uncle Toby's gentleness of heart. Another incident later on in connection with these same oaths occurs, in which Uncle Toby expresses his sympathy for his Satanic majesty himself. Dr. Slop says of his majesty: "He is cursed and damn'd to all eternity."

"I am sorry for it," quoth my Uncle Toby.

As I have said before, Uncle Toby has a certain amount of common sense, which gives ballast to his sentimentalism, and however much his friends may laugh at his hobbies and sentiments, they have none the less a deep respect for his character. His brother may at times become very much disgusted at his lack of appreciation for his eloquent theories, and may perchance, say some cutting things to him, but after such an outbreak, he always takes Uncle Toby by the hand and begs his pardon very humbly.

Corporal Trim also, who has the best of chances to know Uncle Toby's character thoroughly, is loudest in his praises. On one occasion he got the household servants around him in the kitchen and delivered a regular eulogy on Uncle Toby. Among other things, he said: "There never was a better officer in the King's army, or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, tho' he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole; yet, for all that he has a heart as soft as a child for other people: he would not hurt a chicken." And then Jonathan, the coachman, pays him a very high tribute on his part: "I would sooner drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year, than some for eight," he says: In the matter of courage, Uncle Toby himself said: "I fear nothing but the doing of a wrong thing."

Time fails us to give all the good points of Uncle Toby, and so I must leave him now, only calling attention to the fact that the last books of the work are given up to des-

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cribing Uncle Toby in love. It is only necessaty to say in regard to this that neitherFalstaff norUncle Toby were meant to fall in love, and that both Shakspere and Sterne failed in their endeavors to make them fit into that state with any degree of success. About all the praise Mr. Traill can bestow on this part of the book is that "the artful coquetries of the fascinating widow, and the gradual capitulation of the Captain, are studied with admirable power of humorous insight, and described with infinite grace and skill." It is not so pleasing to think of the guileless "Uncle Toby" falling into the artful coils of a coquettish widow, and we can but sigh, "How are the mighty fallen!"

So much for the general nature of the book, and the principal characters. Now a few words as to Sterne's debt to other writers, his style, and his own ideas as to his art.

He frequently refers to Cervantes and makes frequent use of Cervantic words, showing that he is a follower of that man. Besides being greatly indebted to Cervantes, he owes much to the "Memoirs of Martimus Scriblerus," of Arbuthnot. In his style he is influenced greatly by Rabelais. He get his ideas of gesture from him, by which is meant his way of chopping up his sentences by means of dashes. A page of his writing fairly shines with dashes. This is but a way he has of indicating his intention to surprise you. But we are not to censure Sterne for his use of digressions. He chose the method as *his* method, and worked it for all it was worth. He frankly admits in the first part of the book that he intends to wander around at large, very much as he pleases, and that he intends to surprise his readers—that's what he is trying to do. That he has succeeded in this point, one who has read his book well knows. Another reason for his use of digressions is to fill up space. He is writing for a living, and has set out to write two volumes per year, and so he has to work in all sorts of things with the intention of carrying out his scheme. If Sterne had wanted to write a story with a plot, it is my

opinion that he could have produced a remarkably good one. His desire to surprise would have led him to develop something startlingly novel and unique in the way of the workings of a plot. "Had the time he wasted in dazzling his friends with literary fire-works been devoted to a logical presentation of the wealth of his experiences, fancies, and feelings, he might have written one of the most perfect pieces of composition in the English language!"

Sterne gives his own opinions on writing, every now and then, much as he does on every other subject. He says: "To write a book is for all the world like humming a song, be but in tune with yourself, 'tis no matter how high or how low you take it." And here is where Sterne was wrong in his ideas, and he allowed this ideal to lead him into the lowest depths of realism. If a writer be a foul man, it is not necessary for him to besmear everything that he writes, as Burns has shown. It does matter very materially how low or how high an author takes his work, and Sterne has given us the stick with which to knock him down. He says somewhere: "A dwarf who brings a standard along with him to measure his own size,—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one." And so when he applies his test of keeping in tune with oneself and then taking his work as high or low as he pleases, he is but the dwarf who brings a "standard with which to measure his own size."

In another place he says he has one principle in common with painters: "Where an exact copying makes our picture less striking, we choose the less evil; deeming it even more pardonable to trespass against truth than beauty." Here he himself trespasses on truth. Fra Lippo Lippi counted it "a crime to let a truth slip." But Sterne is not led so far astray by this principle, as is shown in his discussion of the use of flowery language. He says: "I am no dab at your fine sayings." He does not care to tell literary lies. Though he has the ability to shower forth

high-sounding and eloquent phrases at times, as he proves by his words on "Sleep," yet he prefers to discourse about as simple a thing as button-holes. His motto is seemingly: The semblance of truth is not always on the side of truth. He even dares lift up his voice against the doubtful sincerity of that honorable body—the critics. "Of all the cants," he says, "that are canted in this canting world,—tho' the cant of hypocrites may be the worst,—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting."

Sterne was not a satirist, except in the case of Dr. Slop, perhaps, but was trying to see how much sport he could get out of good natured men who had lost their wits by their learning. His school of fools is much like the Shakspearean brotherhood of fools. Sterne's influence was very influential in freeing literature from the depression of the serious sentimentalism of Richardson, Rousseau and their school.

YOUNG MOOSE.

BY KERCHNER.

In the little Puritan village of East Bethel gossip had found a novel and rather exciting subject. The oldest dames shook their heads sadly and declared that their past history gave no precedent for the calamity now upon them, though it had pleased God to send them troubles enough.

The cause of grief was Deacon Praise God's only child, Joab, a young man of twenty. Turning his back upon the prim maidens of his native town, and in defiance of church rules and honored customs, Joab was earnestly paying his addresses to Young Moose, daughter of Wolf Paw, chief of the Wompanoags. Often Joab and the young squaw were seen rambling over the hills together, little concerned about the disturbance they were causing. In reply to questions, Joab said that he was teaching Young Moose to speak English; those who knew Joab best claimed that the only text-book used by the young instructor was the primer in use among lovers since the world began, consisting chiefly of movements of hands and lips hardly intelligible in ordinary conversation.

Young Moose was not a dull student by any means. She had soon forgotten the fear that seized her the first time Joab had come upon her while he was out hunting. Then she had looked for one moment into his blue eyes and fled; but after several encounters Joab had succeeded in coaxing her to stand her ground at fifty steps and tell him where she had seen deer tracks that morning. Some times the hunter caught her dark eyes looking out upon him from a tangle of bushes. The chase soon lost its attractions for him, and the deer learned that their enemy had himself been captured in some way that they did not exactly understand, and they looked on with astonishment in their mild eyes while the young man twined golden rod in the black hair of his dusky companion.

But Joab's conduct was being discussed with a zeal that would lead to active measures. At many quilting-parties the question was examined in every aspect, both by those mothers who wished to form an alliance with the house of Praise God and by those who were merely suffering from wounded ideas of propriety; some conjectures were even made as to what sins Deacon Praise God and his wife were suffering for in their old age. "If he were a child of mine," said Sister Prudence, who had never been courted at any time during a long life, "I would rather see him buried than married to this heathen Delilah." Mercy Smith, who had a friendly liking for Joab herself, said that Deacon Praise God had asked the church council to take up the matter; for he confessed that he could do nothing with his obstinate son.

The church fathers had been gravely discussing how this romantic heresy might be stamped out, and the deason and his son had been notified to appear before Elder White and his council. So one morning father and son, the one meekly the other defiantly, walked into church and took their places before the stern-faced judges. The solemn row of broad white collars and closely-shaved heads was enough to impress the culprit; he was, however, apparently unmoved. When the elder called the house to order Deacon Praise God arose with sad face and told how he had tried to bring up his boy in the fear and admonition of the Lord, and how apparently his prayers and counsels had been in vain. The old man sat down with tears in his eyes, and the council glared severely at Joab. Then said Elder White: "Young man, you know the rules of our church and our town. If you obstinately persist in your present course, know that we deem it best for the protection of our holy religion and institutions to expel you from our community until such time as God in his mercy may heal you of your heresies and bring you to repentance." Joab arose, faced his judges a moment, and

began: "I have read in the scriptures that for love shall a man leave father and mother and kindred. As for the judgments against marrying among the heathen, they do not touch me. Young Moose worships the same God that you do." Then he strode out of the council.

The next day Young Moose and Joab were married by an Indian convert. They went to housekeeping not far from the Indian village, and but for the fever that broke out in East Bethel they might have lived here in peace the rest of their days; for they loved each other—these two brought together from the ends of the earth.

For a time the disease caused no great alarm. But spring passed into summer and the pestilence was spreading. Many new mounds were made out on the hill around the little church, and there were scarcely enough of the strong and well to nurse the sick and dying. By day the air seemed pure and wholesome and the patients rallied; but at night every breeze seemed laden with the damp atmosphere of the grave. It was as if some monster were breathing poisonous vapors upon the town—vapors that penetrated closed doors and windows. The people met each other with scared, hopeless faces as they assembled each day to pray for deliverance. Summer wore away, but the fever still lingered in the air, and the death-roll increased.

One evening as the doors and windows were being closed against the dreaded night damp, a woman dressed in a half-savage, half-civilized fashion came down the village street and stopped at a house. Under her musk-rat skin shawl she carried a basket of herbs. It was Young Moose. Timidly she knocked on the door and in broken English explained to the astonished Elder White her errand. "Young Moose cure fever. Indian always know how cure fever. I cure your squaw." The elder took Young Moose into the house. The white man's skill had failed to help his wife. Perhaps this daughter of the woods could save her.

Young Moose began to brew strange broths, and the elder's wife slowly began to recover. At night Young Moose slept on a rug in front of the fire, waking at the least sound from her patient. Noiselessly and quickly she moved about with moccasined feet, never at loss to understand her patient's symptoms, never asleep when medicine should be given. Before many days Elder White's wife was out of all danger. Then Young Moose went about the town showing the people how her medicine was prepared, and visiting the sick. Even those who had been most bitter against her were conquered by her gentleness in nursing them back to health. Sick, fretful children listened in wide-mouthed astonishment to the wonderful stories she told. She found herself the popular head-nurse of the hospital-town of East Bethel. Under her leadership the disease was checked; it lingered awhile and died out.

Early in November another council was held in the little church. Elder White announced that for various reasons the council now revoked its decree against Deacon Praise God's son. He further stated that the entire community would meet at a public dinner on Thanksgiving Day, after the sermon.

Thus it happened that Young Moose was taken in as a daughter by the mothers of East Bethel. She and her husband had seats of honor at the Thanksgiving Dinner. After dinner many of the deacons arose and thanked the happy young husband publicly for the valuable addition he had made to the town.

THE EARLIEST HISTORIAN OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY H. B. ADAMS.

John Lawson, the author of the only book which North Carolina contributed to American colonial history in the proprietary period and which is our first North Carolina history, was born in England. His native shire and the exact date of his birth are not known positively. It is possible that he belonged to the Lawsons of Brough Hall, Yorkshire, while we know that he was still a young man when he first decided to visit North Carolina in 1700. Still less is known of the circumstances surrounding his childhood and of his education. He first comes prominently to our notice in 1700. At that time, to relate it in his own language, "when people flocked from all parts of the Christian world to see the solemnity of the grand jubilee at Rome, my intention at that time being to travel, I accidentally met with a gentleman who had been abroad and was very well acquainted with the ways of living in both Indes; of whom having made inquiry concerning them, he assured me that Carolina was the best country I could go to; and that there then lay a ship in the Thames, in which I might have my passage. I laid hold on this opportunity and was not long on board before we fell down the river and sailed........" He first touched at New York and after a fortnight's stay there, put out for Charleston, where he arrived fourteen days later.

In this way began his connection with the Carolinas. From this time on we know more of his life from sources which his becoming a public man would create, and of his character from his own book. In order that we may know what we owe to him, a review of his book becomes necessary.

The title "History of North Carolina" is misleading, as it is not a history at all. The book is really divided into three parts: the first is a "Journal of a Thousand Mile

Travel Among the Indians'' from South to North Carolina; the second is a "Description of North Carolina;" and the third, "An Account of the Indians of North Carolina."

Lawson began his journey from Charleston to North Carolina December 28, 1700, the party consisting of six Englishmen, three Indian men and one Indian woman. After ascending the Santee river they discharged their Indians, employed another as guide and pack-carrier and went the rest of the way by land. He wandered in uncertain fashion toward the north, wading through rivers and swamps and passing over highlands, among savages, wild beasts and nature's uncurbed growth, until he arrived at Pampticough River. He saw very few white people on the whole thousand mile journey. Regarding the scarcity of them on the route over which he passed, he says that fifteen miles up the Santee River was the first Christian dwelling he saw after leaving Charleston. There were then only about seventy families of white people on this river and these were mostly French. In order to have some idea as to the part he took after passing the boundary between North and South Carolina at the Catawba, it may be remembered that the Richmond and Danville branch of the Southern Railroad from Hillsboro through Greensboro, Salisbury and Charlotte into South Carolina is laid out almost exactly on the line of the old Occaneechi trail along which Lawson travelled. This was a great Indian trail and trader's route which extended from Bermuda hundred on James River, Virginia, to Augusta, Georgia. At Hillsboro, Lawson left the trading path and started in a southeasterly direction. He was turned from his intended course by the report of an invasion of the Iroquois from the north. He passed down the Eno and Neuse rivers, then turned northward, went over the Tar or Pamlico river, finally reaching the English settlements on Pampticough River, after a trip of about seven weeks.

The trip was a revelation to the young Englishman, who had probably just left a cultivated home. There can be no noubt that he deserves more notice and thanks for his services to North Carolina after this than have been accorded him. He was doubly useful to the colony from his knowledge of surveying and was soon made a deputy-surveyor, and on April 28, 1708, became surveyor-general of the province. This office demanded skill, energy, integrity, and some measure of learning; it conferred a high social rank and brought him in contact with the leading men in the province; his promotion to the position implies a confidence in him; and we may believe that he was a man worthy of the honors conferred upon him.

He was one of the citizens who secured the incorporation of Bath in 1705. He does not seem to have been implicated in the troubles giving rise to the Cary rebellion. He was always a sturdy advocate of peace and order and probably gave his allegiance in this affair to the Governor. During part of these troubles he was in England. His history appeared in 1709, and we may conclude that he went over himself to England to superintend the publication.

While in England, he became interested in De Graffenried's colony of Palatines and was appointed by him a director of the colony. He returned with the first Palatine colony to North Carolina. They arrived in April and Lawson set to work to locate them on Neuse River. De Graffenried claims that Lawson acted dishonestly in this affair and located the settlers on his own lands on the southern bank of the Trent and sold them these lands, to which he had no right. However, this is rather uncertain.

In 1709, Lawson and Edward Mosely were appointed to survey the boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia. Nothing, however, was done on this work until the following year and very little then, on account of disputes with the Virginia commission about the latitude.

Lawson's work as surveyor brought him into constant contact with the Indians and caused him to incur their hatred. The Indians had for years been becoming more bitter in their hatred of the whites, whose encroachments required the surrender of large portions of their domains and the removal of whole families and tribes from the neighborhood of the bones of their ancestors. Although Lawson was only an agent they held him to a great degree responsible for this. They hated him, as the presence of the surveyor indicated to them the nearer approach of the settlers. In the beginning of September, 1711, they conceived the plan of a sudden and simultaneous attack upon every settlement in the colony. Their arrangements were kept a profound secret, and the massacre was a success. A few days before this event, however, Lawson had already become their first victim.

The "History of North Carolina" contains the results of the travels and observations of its author. No one could have been better qualified for writing the book than Lawson. His position of surveyor afforded him an ideal means of acquiring an accurate and extensive knowledge of the country, and he was neither lacking in disposition nor scientific training. His book contains almost nothing on personal, civil, or political matters; its value consists in its descriptions of the Indians and of the natural features of North Carolina. He came into contact with the Indians and had every opportunity for studying their life and customs. His observations of these are accurate and trustworthy. He left us vocabularies of the Tuscarora, Pompticough and Woccon Indians.

In the second division of his book, entitled "A Description of North Carolina," he first gives a brief description of the geography of the country with its rivers and natural scenery and then gives minute descriptions, first of the vegetable products, then of the beasts, birds, and fishes. In order to give some idea as to his style in describing the

wild animals of North Carolina. it will be necessary to select some of his descriptions. For instance, note his description of one of his so-called "insects," the alligator:

"The alligator is the same as the crocodile and differs only in name. They frequent the sides of rivers, in the banks of which they make their dwellings a great way under ground; the hole or mouth of their dens lying commonly two feet under water, after which it rises till it is considerably above the surface thereof. Here it is that this amphibious monster dwells all the winter, sleeping away his time till the spring appears, when he comes from his cave, and daily swims up and down the streams. He always breeds in some fresh stream or clear fountain of water, yet seeks his prey in the broad salt waters, that are brackish, not on the seaside, where I never met with any. He never devours men in Carolina, but uses always to avoid them, yet he kills swine and dogs, the former as they come to feed in the marshes, the others as they swim over the creeks and waters. They are very mischievous to the wares made for taking fish, into which they come to prey on the fish that are caught in the ware, from whence they cannot readily extricate themselves and so break the ware in pieces. This animal in these parts sometimes exceeds seventeen feet long. It is impossible to kill them with a gun, unless you chance to hit them about the eyes, which is a much softer place than the rest of their impenetrable armor. They roar and make a hideous noise against bad weather, and before they come out of their dens in the spring.

"These alligators lay eggs as the ducks do, only they are longer shaped, larger and have a thicker shell than these have. How long they are in hatching I cannot tell; but as the Indians say, it is most part of the summer. They always lay by a spring, the young playing in and about the same as soon as hatched. Their eggs are laid in nests made in the marshes, and contain twenty or thirty

eggs........ The teeth of this creature, when dead, are taken out to make charges for guns, being of several sizes, fit for all loads. They are white and would make pretty snuff-boxes if wrought by an artist."

Some of his remarks in this division of the book on the mode of life and the advantages of living in North Carolina are interesting. To illustrate the style of these I have chosen two consecutive pages of the book. He says: "Provisions are plentiful and of good variety to accommodate genteel housekeeping, and the neighboring Indians are friendly, and in many cases serviceable to us in making us wares to catch fish in, for a small matter, which proves of great advantage to large families, because those engines take great quantities of many sorts of fish that are very good and nourishing. Some of them hunt and fowl for us at reasonable rates, the country being as plentifully provided with all sorts of game as any part of America; the poorer sort of planters often get them to plant for them by hiring them for that season, or for so much work, which commonly comes very reasonable. Moreover, it is remarkable that no place on the continent of America has seated an English colony so free from blood-shed as Carolina, but all the others have been more damaged and disturbed by the Indians than they have; which is worthy of notice, when we consider how it was first planted with inhabitants.

"The fishing trade in Carolina might be carried on to great advantage, considering how many sorts of excellent fish our sounds and rivers afford, which cure very well with salt, as has been experienced by some small quantities, which have been sent abroad and yielded a good price. As for the whale fishing, it is not otherwise regarded than by a few people who live on the sand banks; and those only work on dead fish cast on shore, none being struck on our coast, as they are to the northward, although we have plenty of whales there. Great plenty is generally the ruin of industry. Thus our merchants are not many,

nor have those few there applied themselves to the European trade. The planter sits contented at home, whilst his oxen thrive and grow fat, and his stocks daily increase: the fatted porkets and poultry are easily raised to his table, and his orchard affords him liquor, so that he eats and drinks away the cares of the world and desires no greater happiness than that which he daily enjoys. Whereas, not only the European, but also the Indian trade might be carried on to a great profit.''

The third division, entitled ''An Account of the Indians of North Carolina,'' is the most valuable part of the book. His observations on the Indians are said by good authorities to be accurate and trustworthy. This part of the book furnishes a splendid opportunity to acquire in two or three hours' reading some accurate ideas of their characteristics and customs. It is written with a directness and vividness that no one can fail to appreciate. It contains much genuine entertainment, and I think that every North Carolinian who has an opportunity should certainly read it. His descriptions of the Indians' life, character, and customs are arranged in a way so orderly and complimentary each to each that I could hardly with justice select one to quote as an example. However, the Indians have always been especially famous for their weakness for ''fire-water'' so I will read what he has to say about the North Carolina Indians in this respect:

''Most of the savages are much addicted to drunkenness, a vice with which they never were acquainted till the Christians came amongst them. Their chief liquor is rum, without any mixture. This the English bring amongst them, and buy skins, furs, slaves, and other of their commodities therewith. They never are contented with a little, but, when once begun, they must make themselves quite drunk; otherwise they will never rest, but sell all they have in the world rather than not have their full dose. In these drunken frolics which are always carried on in

the night, they sometimes murder one another, fall into the fire, fall down precipices, and break their necks, with several other misfortunes which this drinking of rum brings upon them."

At another place he says:

"These poor creatures have so many enemies to destroy them that it is a wonder that one of them is alive, near us. The smallpox I have acqnainted you withal above, and so I have of rum and shall only add that they have got a way to carry it back to the westward Indians, who never knew what it was till within very few years. Now they have it brought them by the Tuscaroras, and other neighbor Indians, but the Tuscaroras chiefly, who carry it in runlets several hundred miles amongst other Indians. Sometimes they cannot forbear breaking their cargo, but sit down in the woods and drink it all up, and then hallow and shout like so many bedlamites. I accidentally once met with one of these drunken crews, and was amazed to see a parcel of drunken savages so far from any Englishman's house; but the Indians I had in company informed me that they were merchants and had drunk all their stock, as is very common for them to do. But when they happen to carry it safe, which is seldom, and come to an Indian town, those that buy rum of them have so many mouthfuls for a buck skin, they never using any other measure; and for this purpose the buyer always makes choice of his man, which is one that has the greatest mouth, whom he brings to the market with a bowl to put it in. The seller looks narrowly to the man's mouth that measures it, and if he happens to swallow any down, either through wilfulness or otherwise, the merchant or some of his party does not scruple to knock the fellow down, exclaiming against him for false measure. Thereupon, the buyer finds another mouthpiece to measure the rum by. This is agreeable and diverting to the spectator."

In connection with the Indians' hatred of him, it is interesting to know Lawson's own disposition toward

them. We have it in the last six pages of his book, which contain an impassioned appeal for kindly treatment of them.

He proposes some ways to convert them to Christianity. The first is to teach them handicrafts. He says: "First, they are as apt to learn any handicraft, as any people that the world affords; I will except none, as is seen by their canoes and stanking beads, which they make of themselves; but to my purpose, the Indian slaves in South Carolina and elsewhere make my argument good."

The other way in which he intends to convert them to Christianity is rather surprising: "But it is highly necessary to be brought in practice which is, to give encouragement to the ordinary people and those of a lower rank, that they might marry with these Indians and come into plantations and houses, where so many acres of land and some gratuity of money, out of a public stock, are given to the newly married couple. Thus they would become Christians."

He brings home vividly the good side of the Indian's character when he says: "They are really better to us than we to them. We look upon them with scorn and disdain, and think them little better than beasts in human shape, though, if well examined, we shall find that, for all our religion and education, we possess more moral deformities and evils than these savages do, or are acquainted withal. We reckon them slaves in comparison to us, and intruders as oft they enter our houses, or hunt near our dwellings. But if we will admit reason to be our guide, she will inform us that these Indians are the freest people in the world, and so far from being intruders upon us, we have abandoned our own native soil to drive them out and possess theirs, neither have we any true balance in judging of these poor heathens because we neither give allowance for their natural disposition nor the sylvian education and strange customs they lie under and have ever been

L. P. HOWARD.

Trinity's Third Speaker in Trinity-Wake Forest Debate.

trained up to. We trade with them, it is true, but to what end? Not to show them the steps of virtue, and the golden rule and to do as we would be done by. No, we have furnished them with the vice of drunkenness, which is the open road to all others, and daily cheat them in every thing we sell, and esteem it a gift of Christianity not to sell to them so cheap as we do to the Christians, as we call ourselves. As we are in Christian duty bound, so we must act and behave ourselves to these savages if we either intend to be serviceable in converting them to the knowledge of the Gospel, or discharge the duty which every man within the pale of the Christian church is bound to do."

All editions of "History of North Carolina" are said to be comparatively rare now. About 1820, a copy of the edition of 1718, which was then thought to be the only one of that edition extant, was put up for sale at public auction somewhere in North Carolina, probably Raleigh. The State Library, the University and several private parties were anxious to obtain it. After a spirited contest, it was secured by the State Library for nearly sixty dollars. It perished when the Capitol was burned in 1831. But Lawson's work has been sold for still higher prices than this. In 1880, a copy of the edition of 1709 brought two hundred and fifty dollars. The Legislature considered the book of so much value that it caused a new edition to be made in 1860.

Lawson has not met with the favor that he deserves at the hands of North Carolinians, in consideration of his contribution to our history. For my own part, I confess that a few weeks ago I had never heard of him. I can truthfully say, however, that I have never found anywhere a more interesting and entertaining historical work than the book to which I have referred. It certainly deserves a greater share of recognition than it has received. It is indispensable to any one who would learn about the period in North Carolina history of which it treats.

THE VERSE OF JONATHAN SWIFT.

BY ROBERT A. LAW.

The "Advertisement" prefixed to Volume X of the "Miscellanies by Dr. Swift, Printed for R. Dodsley in Pall Mall," in the year 1750, reads:

"It may perhaps be objected against some of the Letters which will be found in this Volume, that they are too trifling, and were never intended by the Author for the Eye of the Publick. But as it was thought it would be an agreeable entertainment to the Curious, to see how oddly a Man of his great Wit and Humour could now and then descend to amuse himself with his particular Friends, it is hoped that this will apologize for the Publication of them."

In the same way it might be said that a large part of the same author's verse was not written wirh a serious purpose, or with any fancy that it would come under the inspection of His Royal Highness, Prince Posterity. Yet the marked influence exerted by Swift both upon his contemporaries and upon the literature of the succeeding age sufficiently justifies a careful study of even his worst lines by all of us who are curious in such matters.

His earliest efforts furnish one of the strange problems of English literature. While Swift was at Oxford, the influence of Cowley and his school of versifiers was at its height. It was the fashion of the day to write "Pindaric odes," and Swift followed the fashion. Craik tells us* that his earliest work was a paraphrase of one of Horace's odes, but the first poems which can have any interest for us are his crude, exceedingly crude, imitations of the Pindaric style. It was one of these that called forth the oft-quoted remark of Dryden, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." Though time has confirmed the truth of this statement, yet these earliest efforts of Swift are worthy of a moment's attention.

*Life of Swift, i, 39.

First of them is the "Ode to Sir William Sancroft, late Archbishop of Canterbury," written in May, 1689, when Swift was twenty-one years of age. Then follow the "Ode to Sir William Temple," June, 1689; and the "Ode to the Athenian Society," February, 1691. With these Pindaric odes are usually classed the address "To King William, on His Success in Ireland," written about the same time, and "Verses on Congreve," and on "Sir William Temple's Sickness and Recovery," 1693; all in iambic pentameter verse, but much resembling the Pindaric odes in other respects.

That the greater part of these is mere doggerel will scarcely be disputed. It is well nigh impossible to attempt to scan the lines of the Pindaric odes, and in reading we are constantly struck with Swift's deafness to discordant passages. On the other hand the unchanging regularity of beat in the iambic verses is most wearisome, and one cannot help heaving a sigh of relief on finishing the last line. It was a fault of the age to overdress poetry with numerous tropes and figures that have no excuse for being. Swift, so innocent of this sin in later years, was often guilty in these earlier writings. To such crimes must be added a sophomoric wealth of allusion to classic mythology, and a hopelessly involved sentence-structure.

I cannot help thinking that the great Dean must frequently in his later years have made sport of these early flights of his muse. They illustrate so many of the bad qualities which he satirized in other writers. For instance what would he say about this stanza?

> "Brittania stripp'd of her sole guard, the Laws,
> Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice;
> You straight stepp'd in, and from the monster's jaws
> Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize."*

What would have been his opinion of a writer who flattered his patron in this fashion?

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*Ode to King William.

"You cannot be compared to one,
I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too;
Your happy frame at once controuls
This great triumvirate of Souls "*

Fancy a poet writing:

"Since, happy saint, since it has been of late
Either our blindness or our fate
To lose the providence of thy cares,
Pity a miserable church's tears,
That begs the pow'rful blessings of thy pray'rs."†

"Nor does thy essence fix'd depend on giddy circumstance
Of time or place,
Two foolish guides in ev'ry sublunary dance."‡

Our literary consciences will not allow us to apply the name of poetry to such stuff. Intrinsically the verses are worth nothing. But it seems to me that they are worth studying for the light they shed on Swift's opinions at this time. From the very first there was a tendency to satire in his writings. It is interesting to trace the growth of this spirit with his years. From the first he despised philosophy, despised all shams, and gradually learned to despise "that animal called man." We recognize Gulliver when he writes:

"Reformers and physicians differ but in name,
One end in both, and their design the same;
Cordials are in their talk, while all they mean
Is but the patient's death and—gain."§

"These days! when e'en the extravagance of Poetry
Is at a loss for figures to express
Men's folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,
And by a faint description makes them less."‖

"Tho' madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
With all that faction or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools;
Tho' all the fumes of Fear, Hope, Love, and Shame,
Contrive to shock your minds with many a senseless doubt," etc.°

*Ode to Sir Wm. Temple. †Ode to Sancroft. ‡Ibid.
§Ode to Sancroft. ‖Ode to Athenian Society. °Ibid.

"Philosophy as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrowed some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence and niceties,
From ev'ry age through which it pass'd,
But always with a stronger relish of the last . . . .
More oft in fools' and madmen's hand than sages,
She seems a medley of all ages."*

"The muse and I no more revenge desire,—
Each line shall stab, shall blast, like daggers and like fire."†

From these quotations some idea may be gained of Swift's youthful odes. They were serious efforts on his part, and it is no wonder he felt so keenly Dryden's thrust already mentioned. However, he seemed to recognize the fact that his powers did not lie in the direction of verse, and so turned them elsewhere. In the ode on Sir Wm. Temple's illness, after addressing his Muse as the "universal cause of all my woes," and detailing the griefs he was enduring at Moor Park, he concludes:

"From this hour
I here renounce thy visionary power."

This does not mean that Swift was to write no more verse; but his next publication was the "Battle of the Books," and henceforth he turns his attention to prose, while verse becomes a pastime.

The clearness, directness, and simplicity of Swift's prose style are qualities too well known to need any comment here. That his early poems should so lack them, furnishes us, as suggested above, with one of the curiosities of literature. There seems to have been a revolution rather than an evolution in his writings. At any rate his later verse closely resembles his prose works, its virtues and vices being well summed up by a recent writer:

"Swift's 'unpoetic verse' is remorselessly clear, remorselessly direct: one must read his poetry, and in great measure admire, even like it, for its compelling energy and lucidity

*Ibid. †Ode to Sancroft.

of style. Yet after all one feels that these are alien virtues imported from the realm of prose; and one reads Swift's poems much as one listens to a foreigner, conversing admirably, in one's own tongue."*

To the beginning of this period of "prose excellence in poetry" belongs the charming tale of "Baucis and Philemon" (1706), which seems to stand apart from all his other writings. The story is imitated from Ovid, but the background and the characters have become thoroughly anglicized. Its humor is genial, and its only trace of satire is mild and directed against Swift's own profession. Indeed one recognizes clearly the hand of Addison† in this piece of Swift's poetry, which more nearly deserves that name.

Practically all the rest of his verse may be classed under the head of occasional poems. As Swift said, he "had a kind of knack at rhyme."‡ Many of these were written to amuse his friends, some appeared in *The Tatler*, others celebrated the birthdays of Stella or other friends, still others were in the form of satires, increasingly bitter towards the end of his life. Seldom do they express more than the passing whim of the moment.

With a few exceptions they are all written in the four-foot couplet of Butler's *Hudibras*. Swift also imitates the frequent double-rhymes of that poem, and its influence over him is evident from the first.§ For instance, "the herd"

> "By gazing upward giddy grow,
> And think the church itself does so."‖

> "But zeal is weak and ignorant, though wondrous proud,
> Though very turbulent and very loud."°

In the matter of double-rhymes he goes beyond the *Hudibras* and reminds one of Browning at his worst:

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*Gummere: Beginnings of Poetry, p. 61.

†See Craik's Life of Swift, i, p. 175. ‡Lines on his Death.

§Mrs. Pilkington tells us how, long after, she found that Swift could repeat the whole of Hudibras by heart.—Memoirs, i, p. 136. Quoted by Craik.

‖Ode to Sancroft. °Ibid.

"Why she likes him, admire not at her,
She loves herself, and that's the matter."*

"When Miss delights in her spinnet,
A fidler may a fortune get."†

"Tho' you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints and you should use all 'em."‡

"Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubbed and burnt it."§

One or two more examples of Swift's bad rhymes will serve to prove the truth of Mr. Nichol's assertion to the effect that he "had no ear save for the discords of the world."||

"Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be matched in modern reading,
But by his namesake, Charles of Sweden."°

"But as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down!
He tumbled in the gulf profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endless round."¶

To trace at length the influence of the *Hudibras* on Swift we should have to go much farther than the mere metrical structure of his verse. His early satire has to do with much the same subjects, and he never grows tired of laughing at such things as the nasal twang of the Puritans. Many chapters of the "Tale of a Tub" are distinct echoes of Samuel Butler. However, it is chiefly in these prose satires that the echo sounds. We must never forget that after 1700 very little of Swift's serious work was done in verse.

It is for this very reason that the poems have any interest for us. From what has already been quoted we can see that Swift lacked the essential qualities of a poet. In fact in reading the literature of that whole period one cannot help feeling that the best writers of the day were not gifted with the poetic faculty. There is always such an absence of color and absence of all passions save hate from their writings, that

*Cadenus and Vanessa. †Ibid. ‡Stella's Birthday, 1722.
§Baucis and Philemon. ||Ward's English Poets, iii, 37.
°Verses to Earl of Peterborough. ¶Desire and Possession.

one must look on it as an age of prose. Even in Pope one grows weary of the monotonous sing-song of the heroic couplet, and does not feel quite sure that all his gift of epigrammatic expression entitles him to the name of a great poet. But here Swift has to acknowledge that Pope

"Can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six."*

It is evident that the Dean is at his best in the simple, direct, pure English which he used so effectively in the Drapier's Letters. Yet we never feel that the author is speaking personally to us in his prose. He always takes delight in mystifying the public as to the authorship of his more serious writings, and appears to stand aloof from his book, pointing the finger of scorn at those whom he is describing. The real man's affection and playful disposition are only revealed on the pages of the Journal to Stella, and to a less degree, in the poems we are discussing. Let us see what light they shed on the Dean's relations with his friends, and on his personal character and opinions.

"Cadenus and Vanessa," written in 1713, to a certain degree clears away, and yet adds to the mystery of his friendship with Miss Vanhomcrigh. Evidently Cadenus shared none of the love which his pupil had and avowed to him. He expresses his admiration for her intellectual graces in language intended to convey a graceful compliment, but not succeeding too well. The concluding lines are very unsatisfactory from every standpoint:

"But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain:
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends:
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love or books together:
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold."

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*Lines on his Death.

It must be remembered that these lines were written only for Vanessa's eyes and were not published until after her death. The worst interpretation may be put upon them, but the evidence is against it.

A large number of the poems are addressed to Stella. On her birthday—her thirty-seventh—March 13, 1718, and every two years afterward, he celebrated the anniversary with complimentary lines to her. The Stella here revealed is not the M. D. of the Journal; Swift seems to be writing with the public looking over his shoulder, and is afraid to express any emotion other than good friendship. We cannot but join Stella in wishing that

> "Your annual bard had rather chose
> To celebrate your birth in Prose."*

The bard is apparently disturbed by the fact that she is "no chicken," and that her face begins to show it, and her friends to remark on it. The last one of these before her death, that of 1726, is less playful, seriously recounts Stella's virtues, and reminds her that she "can look with joy on what is past." In another poem addressed to her he speaks of her work in copying his writings, and jestingly calls her own attention to several of her faults. The last time he addressed her in verse was in October, 1727, during her final attack. In these lines he expresses his gratitude for her visit to him once while he was sick, and continues:

> "Best pattern of true friends, beware;
> You pay too dearly for your care;
> If while your tenderness secures
> My life, it must endanger yours."

It is worthy of note that when the news of Stella's death reached Swift, he was too deeply stirred to express himself in verse. His final estimate of Stella's character is given us in plain, simple prose.

Again and again in his occasional poems does he refer to his literary friends. Swift was a sociable man; over and over

*Stella's Birthday, 1724.

he expresses his delight in his friends' society, and complains at their absence. He does not like to be "remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay,"* or "removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid."† His greatest pleasure in England is to be with them. Some of these personal references throw interesting side-lights on the character and habits of his associates. Where can we find a better picture of Pope as he writes than this affords?

"Now backs of letters, though designed
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlined,
Himself can hardly read 'em.
Each atom by some other struck,
All turns and motions tries;
Till in a lump together stuck,
Behold a poem rise."‡

In another place he grieves that Gay should outdo him "in my own biting, humorous way."§

The chief value of these poems, however, is the revelation they make of the character of Jonathan Swift, himself. He speaks through them in his own person, just as if conversing with a friend. In this way there is an element of humanity in them, an element of pathos in some, which is absent elsewhere in his writings. To me he seems, in speaking of himself, once or twice to rise to the level of real poetry. When we think of his last years in the madhouse, is there not something poetic in such lines as these?

"There is a noontide in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,
Altho' we boast our winter sun looks bright,
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night . . .
For when the animating mind is fled,
(Which Nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again)
The body, tho' gigantic, lies all cold and dead."‖

*Lines on his Death. †Lines written in Sickness. ‡Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.
§Lines on his Death. ‖Ode to Athenian Society.

So the verses written "In Sickness, October, 1714," just after Swift's return to Ireland, friendless and lonely, appeal to me more than any other of his poems:

"'Tis true—then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither loved nor known?
My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern . . .
No obliging, tender friend
To help at my approaching end . . .
Expired to-day, entombed to-morrow,
When known will save a double sorrow."

Along with this should be classed the "Lines on his Death," already quoted from. This bears a strong resemblance to Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* with the difference that Swift's defence of himself and his satire is more sincere, and not intended to blind the reader to his faults.

After the publication of Gulliver and the death of Stella, Swift rarely expressed himself otherwise than in the coarsest, most brutal satire. One does not like to linger over these poems for they are among the most inexcusably filthy and the most bitter invectives that could be written. All mankind are satirized and held up for scorn in the foulest, most loathsome words. Swift is indeed "among singing-birds a vulture screeching over carrion;"* the carrion is not made attractive, but is dangled before our eyes in all its putrefaction.

In one of these very poems are a few happy lines which M. Taine seems to have overlooked in his criticism of Swift's verse.† They have verily to be dragged out of the mire, but without such environments appear to advantage:

"'Tis sung, wherever Cælia treads,
The vi'lets ope their purple heads,
The roses blow, the cowslip springs,
'Tis sung, but we know better things."‡

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*Ward's English Poets, iii, 37.

†I cannot remember a line of his which indicates a genuine sentiment of nature.—Taine: Eng. Lit, pp. 447-448.

‡Answer to a New Simile for the Ladies.

Probably the last poem which Swift wrote was his terrible satire on the Irish parliament, entitled "The Legion Club." The fiery heat of each stanza is inexpressibly terrific, and yet the creator of the tale remains throughout in almost diabolical calmness.

> "While they sit a-picking straws,
> Let them rave of making laws."

Finally after a horrible portrait of each prominent figure in "this odious group of fools,"

> "Keeper, I have seen enough.
> Taking then a pinch of snuff,
> I concluded looking round them,
> 'May their god, the devil, confound them.'"

We, too, have seen enough!

AN UNFINISHED MOCK-ROMANCE

BY DON QUIXOTE.

More than three hundred years ago, according to an old family chronicle, there was a certain young man hight John of Woodkirk. This John was an immoderate absorber of romance, and, like many a John of our day, he thoroughly imbibed all the strong and highly colored situations, such fictitious accounts becoming to his feverish mind, an exponent to the mystery of an unknown world of haze and romance, the excitement of which he vaguely imagined he might somehow and at some time share a prominent part. The various practices, innocent and otherwise, in which the youth of his day were wont to engage, were not to his taste and amusement; so he gradually abandoned them. In his day there were various vocations which ministered to the unsatisfied state of a young man's mind; there was much excitement over proposed voyages of exploration and discovery; but John cared not for that which might come of new worlds; he longed for the dead world of chivalry, the strange experience which he gleaned from the knightly romance of books. The printing press at that time was spreading abroad many a conceited geste of valiant knight and fair lady, many a pleasant story from the old cycles with occasional glimpses from fairyland. The effect of such romances was determined by many a wise old English head as vicious and harmful to youth. Despite the grievous injunctions of his father, John would read. If his brain were cracked in the eyes of his contemporaries, that crack was penetrated and thoroughly illuminated by the dim and variously colored lights of the middle ages. So far John had gone in quest of no adventure. He only read, imagined, had visions, and dreamed dreams.

And now it pertaineth more to the matter of my story that I tell you as nearly as I can, and, by your leave, somewhat in the manner of ye ancient enditer of stories, how that a certain mishap befel this unsely John of Woodkirk which, though

it be a mishap to John, is withal right pleasant and amusing to the hearer. It chanced, as the old chronicle telleth us, that for ye reading of ye romance hight Huon of Bordeaux that John of Woodkirk was banished from ye presence of his father for ye space of one year. Though it payned John that his father was so sore displeased and abashed at the wilful intent of his son to do against his will, yet he dreaded not ye banishment from the shire wherein he was born, for he well knew that many a knight brought himself again into favor in the course of his banishment. He had well in mind the example of Huon of Bordeaux who was banished from ye court of Charlemage, and for ye space of many years encountered many strange and marvelous adventures and performed deeds almost too valiant to believe. Forthwith in ye manner of a worthy knight errant he fared forth from his father's house, and after many days' sore travail he met neither brother knight nor fair lady, nor did he encounter any marvelous beast.

Thus, as ye well understand, he continued to ride until on a certain day at nightfall he approached the house of a hunter right in the midst of the forest of Wales. He saluted this hunter right humbly and of him did crave food and lodging.

Quoth the hunter, "Who might you be, and of whence and of what degree."

"I am of Woodkirk," quoth John, "and for little offense am lately banished from my father's court for ye space of one year, and now in quest of strange adventure."

John wondered much at the great stature of the hunter, for certainly he must have measured eight feet as I gesse. John well minded how the fame of a mighty hunter of Wales was noised throughout England.

"By my faith," quod John, "of a truth you must be mighty Gervis, the Welsh hunter, whose fame hath been sounded in my ears ere I came hence." "You have guessed aright," sayth the hunter, "and certes you been right welcome. Take at your pleasure of all that is mine and of that which is of my house at your need."

"Gentle Sir," answered John, "I thank you for your courtesy. You shall have freely of the gold that I have brought hither."

John partook freely of the meat and drink and of other good things of that house. He was served by ye hunter and his wife with due respect. He filled ye hunter's cup with ye hunter's wine, and again replenished it and anon waxed very merry. "I trow," quoth John, "that this must peradventure be the cup of Oberon, for of the wine there is such plenty that once empty it almost runneth itself over again."

"And who," quoth the hunter, "is he that is thus hight Oberon."

Whereat John quickly gave answer, "How perchanceth it that you have never heard of Oberon, who is ye king of Fairye? Great pity it is that you so lewed be."

Anon he swallowed more of the wine and by cause of ye fumes the which ran to his head he began to danse around the fire. Then he espied the hunter's horn as it was hanging near, the which he quickly did seize.

Quoth John in a merry wise, "This must be Oberon's horn the which if I blow King Oberon will appear with a vast army from ye land of Fairye. Gog's blood, let see if peradventure it yet keep its ancient virtue."

Whereat he put the horn to his mouth and blew until the blood almost burst from his lips. King Oberon's army did not appear but the hunter's dogs howled until it was a great marvel to hear them. The hunter and his wife were sore astonished and held him sure for wod or for a fool.

Quickly the hunter gan to cry, "Walawei, abide, fool that thou be! I reck nought of your King Oberon. That ilke horn and that cup belonged to my father and to his three fathers before him."

"So much the more," quoth John, "it must hwilom have been stolen from Oberon, the very same that did avail Huon against ye Saracens, as I read it in ye book."

Then the fumes of the wine and strong sleep came over John. The hunter and his wife recked not more after John's ease, but without more ado went to their bower to seek rest.

This John of Woodkirk, as you mot understand, was wont to have strange dreams, and oft started in his sleep with the cold sweat on his brow, and to do such strange things in his sleep as it were a marvel to hear. On this ilke night he did dream that Oberon appeared him and furnished him with ye silver cup and ye horn of ivory and charged him in ye name of the Christian faith to go forth and fight ye Saracens. He had well confused in his dream the stature of ye hunter with that of the Saracen giant with which his mind was well acquaint from the reading of ye romance. Then he gan to approach in his sleep the hunter's bower weening that he were without the giant's castle. He undid the door and gan to approach to bed thereon where the giant hunter lay sleeping, thinking that he would subdue the Saracen giant. The hunter's clothes, lying near the bedstead, John thought must be Oberon's enchanted armor, the which, as John read in ye romance, kept the wearer proof against the fiercest attack. Therewith he donned the hunter's clothes which ill fitted him, but nathless he gan to rouse the hunter from his sleep and cried out aloud and said:

"Arise, thou heathen hound, or I shall strike off thy head."

When ye hunter heard John speak thusly he rose up so quickly that in the rising he burst the bed thereon as he lay.

"Friend," quod the hunter, "they that sent thee hither loved thee but little."

"Arm thyself, varlet, or anon I shall do thee out of thy days," sayth John right valiantly.

Therewith the hunter was so sore displeased that his eyes seemed like two candles burning. "What meanest thou villian thus equipped in my harness. If I must, I shall beat thee uutil thou have no more need a surgeon."

Wherat the hunter beat John with a flail until his wailing was most pitiful to hear. He was roused from ye vision of

his sleep and quickly gan to flee, followed by ye hunter. All the while the hunter's wife never let on, but it chanced, that as John did flee near there she stood, this hunter's wife did thrust the bedstaff between the legs of this knight and brought him therewith to the ground. The hunter and his wife most burst to pieces with laughing. Ancient writers do report that a little rain stilleth a great wind. In such wise the wife dashed ye water from a vessel well into the face of the aforesaid John of Woodkirk, and therewith the rage of ye valiant knight was thoroughly quenched. Of the shame and resentment which came over John no tongue it can tell. And of ye other adventures of John, it lyeth not in the business of my pen to describe.

JACOB A. RIIS AND HIS WORK.

BY J. M. ORMOND.

In such a day as this when the eyes of our people are steadfastly fixed on the doings of public men such as Mr. Roosevelt and others in the political world, of Dr. Hadley and others in the educational world, and of different men in all the various spheres of activity, we are apt to ignore the life of the private citizen who is doing a great work and deserves to rank as high as our political and educational heroes. Such a man is Mr. Jacob A. Riis, of New York. He has held himself away from public life and therefore is not as widely known as many who do not deserve to be in his rank. We would not overestimate him and say that he is one of the greatest men that ever lived, but we can say that he is a man who has done some real genuine service to the people around him. He has thrown his life into the work that needed to be done and has brought out of it a better state of affairs. He is a man whom many private citizens to-day would do well to follow, not necessarily in doing the same work, but in going about it as he has done in a sane and common sense way. He has not acted from theory, but by taking things as they actually were and by practical steps has done society in New York a great service.

We have called Mr. Riis a citizen of New York, and so he is. He was born in Denmark in 1849, and there he lived through his boyhood. But while he was yet young, twenty-one years old, he came to America. He had learned the carpenter's trade in Denmark, but had little education. He preferred driving a nail to studying his books. He had no conception of what kind of place America was, nor what he should do when he got here; but somehow he felt that in this free country he would find some place to fill and some work to do. He had only his trade to rely upon in case he should have trouble to find other work.

A most interesting account of his early life in Denmark and the first years in America is given in "The Making of an

American," his autobiography, which has recently appeared in the *Outlook.* It is in this that we learn how unfavorable were his chances and how much at a loss he was in his early American life. And here also we find how quickly he adapted himself to this new life. The account of his life in America until he did get a start is most pathetic, but after once getting a foothold his story is brighter and more encouraging. His influence has grown and his ability for service to his fellowmen has increased until to-day he is one of the most influential and serviceable men in his state. The editor of the *Outlook* speaks of him as "a man advancing from small beginnings to large opportunities and notable achievements."

After some years of hardship and discouragement, he got a position as news reporter. This paid very little, but it gave him sustenance and a start in life. It was while he was doing this work that he became especially interested in the slum question. Mulberry street was in the ward of which he was reporter. Thus he had opportunity to find out the evils that were connected with it. He also discovered the corruption and vice in the police station at Mulberry Bend. He had very many times, in his early American life, come in contact with these lodging houses at police stations. When he was out of a job and out of money he would have to lodge in these places or take the cold street. Though during that time he was learning the conditions of these lodging places, yet he did not feel any especial interest other than to get a place to lodge for the night. He was looking out for himself. But when he had grown more familiar with the affairs of the city and the customs of the people and had become interested in the welfare of men about him as well as his own, he came to realize the real corruption and vice that was carried on in connection with these police stations. He now saw that the station at Mulberry Bend was especially corrupt, and with the realization came a sense of obligation. He felt that he ought to do something to break up this evil, yet it was such a large and difficult task that he wanted to shrink from taking

hold of it. He tried to get another assignment, but the city editor held him to his place, thinking that he had found something that needed him. Mr. Riis, after giving an account of this incident, says, "Jonah was one of us, sure enough. Those who see only the whale fail to catch the point in the most human story every told—a point, I am afraid, that has special application to most of us."

Mr. Riis failing to get the desired change went back to his work to learn more of the condition of affairs in his ward and, if possible, to remedy the existing evils. It was very evident to him that no reformation could be made in a day or a year, for no one seemed to be interested except himself. He had worked in such a way as to have some little influence at that time, but not enough for his newspaper writings to have very great effect. Yet he wrote and wrote and all the time he was gaining more influence and learning better how to deal with the affair.

He considered the tramp a nuisance and the more he learned of him and the more he thought about the effect he produced on society, the less patience he had with him. Speaking of the tramp years afterwards he says: "The older I get the more patience I have with the sinner and the less with the lazy, good-for-nothing who is at the bottom of more than half the share of the world's troubles. Give me the thief if need be, but take the tramp away and lock him up at hard labor until he is willing to fall in line and take up his end. The end he lets lie, some one has got to carry who already has enough."

He continued to write of this corruption until his fellow workmen became disgusted and would smile whenever they saw anything on the subject. When they did this he would remind them of the Israelites who marched seven times around Jericho blowing their horns and causing the walls to fall. "Well, you go ahead and blow yours," they said, "you have the faith." He did have the faith. He believed they would fall. And sure enough they did, although it took more than seven years blowing.

Mr. Roosevelt gets the greatest credit for purifying the police system. In 1895 he was appointed president of the Board of Police Commissioners of New York. This gave him power to enforce his ideas of a better system. Then too he was a man who was able to mould public sentiment, to a great extent. Having these two qualifications he, probably, did the greatest share of this work. But it was Mr. Riis who called his attention to this corruption, and helped him to learn of the evil that was carried on. He did this by mapping out circuits or routes and going around with him between the hours of twelve and four at night. In many other ways and at many other times did Mr. Riis help Mr. Roosevelt in getting hold of the true situation of things. After he had done such valuable work here and in the slum districts, Mr. Roosevelt said of him, "Mr. Riis is my warm personal friend and is a man whose services to the public have been such as to make him on the whole the most valuable citizen of New York."

Mr. Riis was twenty-nine years old when he was given a place on the *Tribune* as reporter in Mulberry street. It was then that he saw for the first time what afterwards became very familiar to him. His office was on Mulberry street opposite the Police Headquarters. Being thus situated he had a chance to learn the life of the tenants as well as the vice of the police station. He saw them at night as well as in the day. It was a great problem and at first seemed to be beyond the possibility of remedying. He saw that this congested life necessarily carried with it vice and immorality as well as uncleanliness. He studied the question on all sides. He found that the tenants were very poor and very careless about their life. The children ran in the street ragged, dirty, and ignorant. He found also the landlord was getting a great profit out of his tenements at the expense of the tenants' wages and life, because the buildings were so constructed that the death rate was high. The landlord seemed to care nothing for the comfort or life of the renter. How were these things to be remedied?

With this view of the field he went to work to bring about a reformation. He recognized that he had to work against considerable odds. Doubtless many politicians who at that time knew as much about the conditions of the slum and realized as greatly a need for reformation as did Mr. Riis, held off from such a great question because public sentiment was not worked up to the point where they could do the work and be re-elected. So the evils of the slum had to continue. Mr. Riis did not care anything about a public office given by the people. He saw the need of reform and he did all he could through the columns of his paper and otherwise to bring about a sentiment among the people by which a reformation could be wrought. He recognized the fact that the tenements that sheltered two million souls in New York could not be done away with, but he said they could be made more fit to harbor human souls than they were. He also recognized that the solution of the problem did not lie as much in the transformation of the tenant's human nature as it did in the reformation of the landlord builder. This being true, he knew that a reform could come only by law. So then the only thing that he could do would be to create a sentiment among the people strong enough to elect city officers who were in favor of reforming the slum. He worked with this purpose in view for ten years before any very gratifying results came. He held out to the public the idea that there was no more reason in a government allowing the owner of a tenement house to receive an exorbitant rent than there was its allowing an exorbitant rate of interest on money loaned.

The old system of building tenements, called double-decker, yielded the landlord ten per cent interest, broke up the home in many cases and put the community in peril. Many of the old tenements were without bath rooms, and many rooms never had the sun to shine in them. The halls usually were absolutely dark unless artificially lighted. There was no room in which the children might play, nor was there a

kindergarten in the building. And in some of the larger ones there were as many as a thousand families living in one house. He said the government should not allow this state of things, and he finally won.

Mr. Riis has written an account of this battle with the slum in New York in his book, "A Ten Years' War." There he has described as nearly as he could the true condition of the tenement and the tenant. It is a terrible picture. He also gives an account of the change that was wrought at the end of ten years under the system. This change of conditions is remarkable. In the very heart of the slum district was Mulberry Bend, where there was the greatest congestion and the worst buildings, and where the greatest amount of vice was carried on. A number of these old double-deckers have been torn down and in their place to-day is a beautiful park to which the tenants may go and get the fresh air and enjoy themselves as a recreation from the dark and badly ventilated rooms in which they live. There has been established in every tenement large enough to require it, a kindergarten in which the children are taught something of the life of a true citizen and how they should regard their fellows. The houses are built on a better plan. As compared with the old double-decker which yields ten per cent on an average, attacks the home and puts the community in peril, the model tenement pays a safe five per cent, restores the home and strengthens the community.

Mr. Riis in his account of the battle with the slum, says, "The community has asserted its rights to destroy tenements that destroy life, and fort hat cause. We bought the slum off in the Mulberry Bend at its own figure. On the rear tenement we set the price and set it low. It was a long step. Bottle Alley is gone, and Bandit's Roost. Bone Alley, Thieves' Alley, and Kerosene Row—they are all gone. Hell's Kitchen and Poverty Gap have acquired standards of decency." He also says, "At East Side now rags and dirt are the exception rather than the rule. Ten years ago it was the reverse.

Soap and water have taken their places and not only do they add to the appearance of the inhabitants but act as moral agents as well."

Mr. Riis does not deserve all the credit for the work that has been done in this reform movement, for many others have been deeply interested and have rendered great service. Yet the credit of first realizing a need of reform and creating a sentiment among the people in its favor belongs to him. He was alone in the work for a long time but when he had to some extent built a better sentiment, many good workers and prominent men in politics and religion came to his assistance, and thus the work has been done.

Mr. Riis is a man that sees things in their true condition. He is not disposed to look too much on the dark side of things, nor does he rest easy thinking that everything will be all right without his efforts to make it better. Whenever he sees the good he lends his encouragement. He does not shut his eye to the evil that is about him but puts forth his energy to remedy it. He has not gone round the world looking for something to do, something by which he might gain glory and honor, but he has discovered the evils among which he was thrown and has spent his life in trying to remedy them. Nor has he had in view any great glory that he might get from it. "Why should the fact that a citizen has done a citizen's duty deserve to be celebrated in print and picture, as if something extraordinary had happened?"

The work of making more tolerable the lives of the poor people of New York is still going on. And Mr. Riis has not stopped work because a great reformation has been wrought. He is still forging ahead. Says he, "Charity in our day no longer means alms but justice." He is planning for greater things for New York and with these plans he has the same great faith in the accomplishment of them that has always characterized his work. "New York is the youngest of the world's great cities, barely yet out of its Knickerbockers. It

may be that the dawning century will see it as the greatest of them all. The task that is set it, the problem it has to solve and which it may not shirk, is the problem of civilization, of humam progress, of a people's fitness for self-government that is on trial among us. We shall solve it by the world old formula of human sympathy, of humane touch."

H. R. DWIRE, - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Perhaps there is no movement in the political life of our country at the present time, that is of more importance or interest, especially to the average college student, than the growing tendency toward the extension of Civil Service reform. This is a question that has not received the consideration within the past few years that it deserves, and as a result, the Civil Service in many instances has been notably inefficient. It is certain that there is no branch of government service in which there is greater need of immediate and radical reform. When there *is* such reform, then and not until then, may we reasonably look for an increase of efficiency in government.

In the light of these facts, it is encouraging to note the attitude of President Roosevelt on this important subject. In his message to Congress, at the opening of the present session, he lays great stress on the importance of radical reform in the matter of appointments in the Civil Service, and especially commends the increased application of the merit system in its different branches. In speaking of this matter, he says: "The merit system of making appointments is in its essence as democratic and American as the common school system itself. Wherever the conditions have permitted its application, the gain to the government has been immense." The greatest hindrance to the general application of the merit system, within the past few years, has been a seeming indif-

ference to the matter on the part of those in whose hands the remedy necessarily lies, and now that President Roosevelt has declared his position in such an unmistakable manner, it is probable that, within the next few years, the Civil Service will attain to a higher standard of efficiency than ever before. This is a consummation much to be desired, and will tend, at the same time, toward an increase of efficiency in government, and, incidentally, toward the elimination of the "spoils system" from our political life. If it accomplishes either of these ends, the country is to be congratulated. Both are desirable.

Within the past few years there has rapidly grown a popular tendency among young men in the different sections of the country, to go to industrial, mechanical and technological schools, rather than to the so-called literary college. Especially has this movement grown to be popular in the South. During this time the number of such institutions has increased in a remarkable degree, while the attendance upon them has grown in much greater proportion than in the ordinary college. If this fact proves nothing else, it must be regarded, to say the least, as an indication of the increased popularity of mechanical and industrial training in the South, as opposed to a literary education.

Now we have no disposition to deny the benefits arising from this tendency, for it will doubtless be productive of good in a great many ways. The South is rapidly becoming an industrial section and consequently there has been an increased need of this kind of training. From the nature of things, such a result is inevitable. However, the fact cannot be denied that this tendency may grow to a dangerous point, and unless it is effectually checked, it will prove of incalculable harm to our educational life, and will immeasurably impair our educational system. The modern college in its broader and less restricted sense, may be defined as an "institution for the development of useful men of full, harmonious

character," and looking at it in this light, there is no agency perhaps that has done more for our Southern civilization in the present day, than the rapid growth of her colleges. If this is true, and the present tendency for Southern men to seek merely an industrial training continues, then the effect on our education and civilization may well be imagined. It is a matter that certainly deserves careful consideration. Upon its solution may depend the educational futnre of the South as a section.

Probably the ordinary college student spends no time that may be made of more profit to him than that devoted to reading. On the contrary, it is true that there is no time that may be spent in a more worthless manner. A man never has a better opportunity to do a great amount of reading, and of profitable reading, than during the four years of his college life. He has, perhaps, more time and disposition for this peculiar type of mental development, than at any other period of his life. It is certainly a privilege that he can ill afford to neglect, if he would receive the greatest amount of benefit from his college career.

Now the ARCHIVE is not intended as a medium for the perpetration upon unsuspecting readers of our literary tastes, nor have we any disposition to divest ourselves through its pages, of a vast amount of moralizing upon this and kindred subjects. However, it is surprising to note the vast amount of indiscriminate reading, in which a great many college students indulge. Especially is this true with reference to the reading of so-called "new" and "popular" books. The statement was recently made in a prominent magazine that, as a rule, the most popular of the new books are those of least value. If this statement is true, and we suppose it is, then it is certain that college men do a great deal, not only of worthless, but of absolutely injurious reading. If we go into almost any college library we will find that every copy of *Alice of Old Vincennes* and similar books has been eagerly devoured, while

there are whole volumes of Dickens, Scott and Thackeray, works of infinitely greater value, in which the pages have never been cut. Now we do not contend that the reading of new books is necessarily injurious. Indeed, a certain amount of such reading is necessary. However, we do contend that a man who is familiar with every passage in *The Crisis* and similar novels should at least know *something* of our great authors. It seems to us that there is a moral in this. Certainly it is a matter that deserves attention.

The recent gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie of ten million dollars for the establishment of a National University at Washington, should meet with the hearty approval of every college student. There has been a movement on foot for several years past to establish such an institution, but owing to various causes, notably a lack of support, the project had almost been abandoned. Thanks to Mr. Carnegie's generosity, however, it is probable that the matter will again assume definite shape, and that the institution will be established in the not distant future. While the donation has not yet been accepted by the government, it is propable that it will be formally received at this session of Congress.

Those having in charge the plans for a National University have conceived of an institution that will be unique in character and purpose. It will hold a place distinct from that of the other colleges and universities of the country, and will be essentially different in character from Yale and Harvard and similar institutions. It is intended primarily as an institution for the furtherance of original research in the different branches of learning, and as such, will doubtless occupy an important field in the educational life of the country.

We have just received the announcement of the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, a new venture soon to be projected in our midst under the editorial direction of Dr. Bassett. In his

prospectus, the editor defines the scope and mission of the magazine. It will be, as its name implies, a quarterly magazine, devoted to the discussion of literary, historical and social subjects, more especially with their reference to the Southern States. Its prime object is to aid in the further development of Southern culture.

The new magazine will occupy an important field. Within the past few years there has grown a deep interest among the different sections of the country in the literary, historical and social progress of the Southern States. For this reason, if for no other, we feel that the new venture is destined to be successful. We bespeak in advance for the editor the hearty co-operation and loyal support of every person who is interested in the development of the South along the lines indicated above.

A DREAM.

"While Strolling down the Street" in company with "Oliver Twist" to see "Hugh Wynne" with "The Prisoners of Hope" pass through "East Lynn" on "The Sleeping Car" of the "Lightning Express," (who were on their way from "Vanity Fair" to make "A Tour of the World in Eighty Days,") I chanced to meet "My Old Friend," "Richard Carvel."

Then "Looking Backward" toward "The Land of the West" I saw "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Janice Meredith" seated "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." "She" was telling him "The Tale of Two Cities" and "He" was eating "Unleavened Bread." Janice suddenly arose and exclaimed "What will He Do with It?" for here comes "The Little Minister," who, being a resident of "Treasure Island" was "Kidnapped" by "Tom Sawyer." Had I "Ben Hur" I would have sat still and let "The Christian" pass by without attracting his attention.

But coming back "In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim" my attention was attracted by "Thaddeus of Warsaw" riding "Black Beauty" "On the Banks of New Found River." This called to my memory "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

My friend accepted the invitation of "David Harum" and rode to the station. I, being the "Hoosier School Master" was, of course, very wise and knew I would be "Too Late for the Train." So I sought a solitary place for deep meditation. Coming to a God-for-saken looking place I seated

myself on "Red Rock" and was very meditatingly "Opening a Chestnut Burr." Then suddenly to my great surprise I was made "Prisoner of Zenda" and placed "Under the Red Robe." This was such a shock to that globule of hash of mine that goes by the name of intellect that it could not undergo it without being tilted to one side. For my desire was to call on my dearest beloved "Beulah," whom I thought to excel even "Thelma" in beauty.

I was rescued from "Out of the Depths" by "Rupert of Hentzan" and once again allowed to see my darling, but alas she was rocking "The Heavenly Twins" I would have much rather spent "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" than to gaze on this sight for a moment.

I turned away heart broken. It was a small matter to me whether the rest of my life was spent "In the Palace of the King" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In this mood I committed "An Unpardonable Crime." I was successful in keeping it "A Dead Secret" until I fell in love with "Inez," "The Little Widow" and told her my secret, and she like others of the feminine gender kept it, but kept telling it. I was soon known better than "Eben Holden" and was forced to escape on "Ships that Pass in the Night" and secured a position in "The Mill on the Floss."

This mill was the greatest achievement of "Adam Bede." It was owned by a trust. The principal stock holders were, "David Copperfield," "The Three Musketeers," "Rob Roy," "Domby and Son," "Robinson Crusoe," "Uncle Remus," and "Sister Jane." I remained here until I heard that "Sherlock Holmes" was after me. I then went to Cuba and sought refuge in "The House of Seven Gables." I had been here but a short time when by "The Voice of the People" I was proclaimed "A Cuban Spy" and received "A Scarlet Letter" telling me to fly for my life. I fled on "The Wrecker" but was transferred to "The House Boat on the Styx." Here I hope to spend the rest of my life in quietude.

I often think "To Have and To Hold" "The Light that Failed" would be "One Day's Work." I am now consoling myself in "The Reveries of a Bachelor" and the music of "The Choir Invisible." But I cannot stand "Twice Told Tales" and my mind is often filled with "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow."

"The Crisis" was reached when having been awakened by the chapel bell:

"I jumped from my couch in trouble supreme
To find that it was only 'A Mid-Summer Night's Dream.'"

"Yours and All Others,"
"THE HONORABLE PETER STERLING."

The priest in charge of an old cathedral at Belgium ordered the various painting and frescoeing renovated and repainted. The artist did his work and rendered a bill for the same. The priest refused to pay it unless an itemized statement were rendered him. The artist said he could render the statement and that it would foot up the same. It came up for trial and this is the statement rendered—and the judge never smiled.

His Worship Don Delando, Father &c:

TO ALBERT RHEIMSTADER, Dr.

ITEMS:

Correcting Ten Commandments	$ 5 12
Embellishing Pontius Pilate, and putting new ribbon in his bonnet	3 02
Putting new tail on rooster of St. Peter, and mending his comb	2 20
Repluming, and gilding left wing of Guardian Angel	5 18
Washing the servant of the High Priest and putting carmine on his cheek	5 02
Renewing Heaven, adjusting the stars and washing up the moon	7 14

Touching up purgatory and restoring lost souls...	4 13
Brightening up the flames, putting new tail on the devil, mending his left hoof and doing odd jobs for the damned	7 17
Rebordering the robe of Herod and adjusting his wig	4 00
Taking the spots off the son of Tobias	1 30
Putting ear rings in Sarah's ears	1 83
Putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging the head of Goliath and extending Saul's leg . . .	6 13
Decorating Noah's ark and putting head on Shem	4 13
Mending shirt of the prodigal son and cleaning his ear	3 38
	$ 60.00

Duly verified before Magistrate &c.

X. Y. Z.

MARJIE C. JORDAN, - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The delegates of the Clarendon Press have arranged to issue an absolutely correct fac-simile of the First Folio of 1623, of Shakspere's works. The Duke of Devonshire has lent the Chatsworth copy for the purpose and from it a reproduction is in progress at the Oxford University Press. The callotype process is being employed in printing—its most valuable feature being the absolute accuracy with which the photographic negative is reproduced—and on account of the slowness of printing which this process necessitates, the first copies can not be issued before the Autumn of 1902.

The work will include in one volume the whole 910 pages of the First Folio, and will be issued in two styles of binding—full calf with leather thongs and paper boards with linen back. The calf binding will match that of the original edition of 1623 as nearly as possible. A brief introduction by Mr. Sidney Lee will be prefixed, giving bibliographical details, with as full a catalogue as practicable, of all known copies of the First Folio. The volume is to be issued by subscription, the edition being strictly limited, and only a certain number of copies to be fixed hereafter, will be in any case procurable either in Europe or in America. Trinity may be congratulated on being one of the chosen few that are to possess one of these valuable volumes.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a novel that is said to be stronger than *Eleanor* and greater than *David Grieve*. It is to begin serially next spring.

Rudyard Kipling and Cosmo Hamilton have collaborated in writing a play founded on "The Story of the Gadsbys." It will probably be brought out in a London theatre in the course of the next two months. No one can excel Kipling in creating dramatic situations, but as a play is not made up wholly of dramatic situations, the public will be curious to know whether Mr. Kipling can construct a play with the same success with which he can construct a story.

There has been a rumor to the effect that Thomas Hardy has resolved to write no more novels, and to confine himself to poetry, but this rumor has been denied. It is absurd to suppose that in the zenith of his powers and reputation as a novelist he should dream of abandoning it for poetry. But it must not be forgotten that his verse was printed and found a circle of admirers in England long before *Tess of d' Urbervilles* made his name known in this country.

The folio edition of "Piers Plowman" has just been issued by Mr. Clarke Conwell of the Elston Press. It was to have been issued in September, but unfortunately the whole edition was destroyed by fire. This edition is limited to two hundred copies, and is printed in Chaucer type, double columns.

As Dr. F. J. Furnivall's seventy-fifth birthday approached last year, a number of his literary friends and admirers met together to consider in what manner it could most fittingly be celebrated. They decided that a new boat would be a suitable gift as regards the personal side, but that there should be a public side of the commemoration as well. So it was rosolved that a Miscellany of English studies to be contributed by different English students, should be compiled, and that Professors Ker, Napier and Skeat should edit it. A similar movement was enthusiastically started in the United States and Germany also, thus testifying to the gratitude and appreciation that was felt for him on account of the

services he had rendered to all students of English by the publication of texts, by helping to originate the New English Dictionary, and by the work he has done through the Chaucer and English Societies.

This "Festschrift, in Dr. Furnivall's honor is called "An English Miscellany, and it contains a series of thoughtful and scholarly papers well written by many leading students, such as Stopford A. Brooke, K. D. Bulburig, Francis B. Gummere, J. J. Jusserand, Sidney Lee, Mark H. Liddell, A. S. Napier, H. Sweet, and Walter W. Skeat.

J. M. ORMOND, - - - - - - MANAGER.

The magazines upon the whole this month are very creditable. We find it not such a bad task after all to have charge of the exchange department, for there is much pleasure to be had by reading the matter that comes to our table. We are very agreeably surprised to find by a more careful perusal of the magazines, that a much higher class of work is being done along this line than we anticipated. We will mention only a few of the good things on our table.

The November *Wake Forest Student* presents a full table of contents, and on the whole is a very good number. It represents a happy commingling of essay, story and poetry. There are two stories, "Appearance Deceive," which is rather short, and "A Child of the Hills," a well written story. The plot is very suggestive and gives a very pleasing effect. In "The Poetry of Burns," the author attempts to give some things for which Burns stood and to estimate him by comparing him with some of his contemporaries. We agree with the author of "The Old Guilford Battle Ground" when he says that the American people are lacking in hero worship. And especially is this true of Southern people. "King Lear" is very good. "William Ewart Gladstone" is a historical sketch of one of England's greatest men. There are two poems, "Love's Golden Dream" and "A Thanksgiving Song," which deserve mention.

The Vanderbilt Observer is one of the best magazines on our table. The literary department consists of essays well

written, poetry of a high order, and stories in good keeping with the other literary work. "Sunset" is a poem of more than ordinary value. "The Lost Heritage" and "To A Rose" also deserve mention. "A Pass for Two" is a most interesting story and is well written. "Unto This Last" is an essay and is one of the best things in the magazine.

"The Fate of War" in the *Wofford College Journal* is a well written and interesting story. There is a poem, "Reflection," which is considerably above the average poem in the college magazine.

The Davidsou College Magazine is pretty full this month and contains some very interesting matter. "A Chronicle" is a good story and brings out clearly the idea that a man's worth does not lie in his reputation but in what he actually is and does. "King Alfred" is a creditable sketch of the King's life and some things for which he stood.

The November *Tennessee University Magazine* is not as good as the October number, yet there are a few things in it that deserve mention. "George Elliot" is a good sketch. There is a plenty of poetry but it is not of the highest order. Stories are lacking. There is only one, "From the Other Point of View," and this is rather overdrawn. The idea intended to be brought out is that the life of a desperate character comes to a bad end. In this the end is rather tame as compared with his life.

One of the neatest magazines on our table is the *Guilford Collegian.* This deserves special praise. The magazine is small and so it has not a very full table of contents. The articles and stories are short but very well written. The management deserves great credit for the high grade work that is being done. Some of the other magazines which have attractive covers are: *The Millsaps Collegian*, *Southwesteran University Magazine*, *The Furman Echo*, *Converse*

Concept, *The Randolph-Macon Monthly* and *The Emory and Henry Era.*

The University of Virginia Magazine is one of the best magazines on our table. It always has a full and widely varied literary department. There is always plenty of poetry and on the whole it is above the average in any other magazine. It is quite a pleasure to read such a magazine, while on the other hand there are many that come to our table that are not worthy the name of a college magazine. Many of them have no literary department worth reading.

THE DISTORTED MIRROR.

I stood before the glass of Jealousy,
And in that troubled mirror saw the world,
Turned upside down and topsy-turvy whirled.
Constancy was a fickle stream run dry;
My dearest friendship but a pretty lie,
I was myself the only steadfast friend
On earth; all generousness was at an end,
Of all alive generous alone was I.

Dry-eyed and powerless, silent there I stood
And drank with eager lips the poison draught,
Torturing myself, and revelling in the pain;
Joying to feel along each burning vein
Gall flowing fast where once had flowed my blood;
Then at myself and the sick world I laughed.

—*L. P. C.* in *University of Virginia Magazine.*

GRETING.

Beste greting to thee, ladye faire,
Be me doth Essex sende,
May all lif's joye and happiness
Upon thee aye descende.

And liste ye, though he bade me not
To say a worde of this,—
Besides his greting doth he sende
To thee a loving kiss.

—*Douglass Burns Douglass* in *The Dartmouth Magazine.*

CARPE DIEM.

The way is strewn with dewy, fragrant flowers,
  And down lies like a blossom on the land;
  Roses and lillies bloom on every hand;
Fragrance is wafted on the sweet spring hours.
Gather the roses now while yet 'tis day,
  The hours fly swiftly by, and we may see
  Their petals, by the wind blown heedlessly,
Lie scattered here and there along the way.
So let us pluck the blossoms, one by one,
  Before they fade—before the day is past—
  Before the gloomy nightfall shades are cast
Upon our pathway by the setting sun.
The hours are blossoms for our pleasure made;
Pluck them, for, like the flowers, they too will fade.

—*J. Miller Leake* in *Raadolph-Macon Monthly*.

W. A. BIVINS, - - - - - - MANAGER.

Mr. Fred Harper, '91, is a rising young lawyer in Virginia. He has recently been engaged in an important case in that State.

Dr. Bassett attended a meeting of the Southern schools and colleges at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., the first week in November. Dr. Mims was elected president of the Association for the ensuing year.

Prof. Jerome Dowd says he finds the people in his new home, Madison, Wisconsin, to be as hospitable as those in North Carolina. The following words should give all lovers of Trinity College a feeling of pride: "I was gratified," Prof. Dowd further states, "to find that the faculty of Trinity College was so well and honorably known. Several of the Trinity men are regarded as among the best equipped men in the country in their respective lines."

The Raleigh Christian Advocate, of November 6, contains a very thoughtful article by Mr. W. E. Brown, '01, on "How to Work Your Way Through College."

Rev. J. C. Wooten, '98, pastor at Oakland, Cal., has been visiting friends and relatives in the State. He paid the college a visit a few days ago.

The great battle between Wake Forest and Trinity has been fought and to the former goes to the cup. It is not our purpose here to record what was done or said as enough has been given to the public through the columns of the State

papers. We have no excuse to make, no regrets to offer, or tears to shed. The Trinity speakers, Messrs. Hornaday, Brown and Howard, acquitted themselves well, and we feel that we could not have been better represented.

Mr. L. T. Hartsell, '94, and Miss Janie Erwin, were married at the home of the bride's parents in Concord, December 4, Rev. Geo. H. Cornelison, performing the ceremony. Mr. Hartsell is gaining distinction as a lawyer in Concord. He represented Cabarrus County in the last session of the General Assembly.

The college was well represented at the North Carolina Conference, Drs. Kilgo, Bassett and Cranford, and Prof. Pegram being in attendance. Prof. Pegram delivered an address before the Conference on the night of the 4th inst., on "The Early Days of Trinity College."

The reception tendered the students of Trinity and Wake Forest by the Baptist Female University, on the afternoon of the 6th inst., was well attended, and we feel safe in saying that it was greatly enjoyed by all. Such hospitality and good will as was shown by the ladies of the University deserve the highest appreciation of every student.

Dr. Mims attended the session of the Western North Carolina, at Gastonia, and delivered an educational address while there. By request he lectured in Concord on his return trip.

Talks have been made in the Young Men's Christian Association during the last month, as follows: November 3, a talk on Missions by President Howard; November 10, True Religion, Prof. Pegram; November 24, The Freedom of the Will, Dr. Cranford; December 1, The Missionary Spirit, Mr. Highsmith; December 7, Faith, Mr. R. A. Law. All of these talks were of a high order and were greatly enjoyed by the Association.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C., JANUARY, 1902.

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C. L HORNADAY, - - - - - - MANAGER

TOLSTOI

BY C L. HORNADAY.

Count Lyof Nikolayevitch Tolstoi, the great Russian novelist, social reformer, and religious mystic, is one of the dominant personalities of modern times. Amid peculiar surroundings he stands out pre-eminently as a great master spirit endowed with leadership to whom some may point with disfavor and scorn and many may regard with respect and reverence. To-day at the age of seventy-four this wonderful, eccentric, gray-bearded hero holds a unique place in the literature not only of Russia, but of the whole world.

He was born at Yasnaia Polyana, in the government of Tula, Russia, August 28, 1828. His father was a retired

lieutenant-colonel, who traced his ancestry back to Count Piotr Tolstoi, a friend and companion of Peter the Great. His mother, who also came of a good family, died when he was only two years old. He lived in Yasnaia Polyana until he was ten years of age, being under the guardianship of a distant relative. Then they all moved to Moscow, where young Lyof, or Leo, was placed under the care of a tutor and given a good education. In 1843 he entered the university of Kazan, but left before graduating. He then returned to the place of his birth, where he resided until 1851, when he enlisted in the Russian army. The Tenth Artillery Brigade, to which he belonged, was stationed in the Caucusus mountains. He was a good and brave soldier, serving in the Crimean war, in which he received promotion. He took part in the storming of Sebastopol, after which he was sent as special courier to Petersburg.

It was while in the army in the Caucusus mountains that he began to write fiction. Amid the rugged mountains and beautiful valleys, surrounded by the most inspiring scenery, he planned his three stories, "Infancy," "Adolescence," and "Youth," the last named being published one year after he entered the army. In this book is the inception of the why and wherefore of life. He is seeking for that which is worthy under all these veils of illusions and worldly pretenses. But his most productive period in literature was after he had severed his connection with all forms of militarism and had returned to his private estate. His time was devoted to his literary work and to studying the conditions of the peasants. He produced in rapid succession "The Cossacks," "Sevastopol," "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," and several short sketches. Some of his later works are "Ivan Ilyvitch," "The Kreutzer Sonata," and "War." Perhaps no publication gave him greater prominence in America than the Sonata, which was excluded from the United States mails on account of its immoral tone. This caused the book to be noticed and widely sought. "War" was published just ten years ago.

It was during the latter part of his service in the army and during the years devoted to the study of social conditions that he gradually underwent a change in his beliefs, which resulted in what he aptly terms his conversion. He then adopted the principles to which he now adheres and to which he has consecrated his life and energies. His wife and six of his eight children do not sympathize with him in his beliefs. He lives in the simplest manner, while his wife is surrounded by luxuries, living the life of a society lady in Moscow. The vast difference in the mode of living of this great man and his wife is striking. Yet in recent times, when for his principles Tolstoi has received the condemnation of prelates, and when the church has issued against him its bull of excommunication, his wife has stood nobly by him, defending him from calumny and the assaults of those who hate him because his beliefs are not in accordance with their beliefs.

Among one hundred and twenty millions of Russians this peculiar reformer and enemy to everything modern occupies a sphere essentially his own. But when he is spoken of as an enemy of modern life. thought and progress it must be remembered that his life is confined to a narrow and limited sphere and that his environments are not those of modern life, but of centuries ago. With vast wealth at his command he has chosen to live as a poor peasant lives. He holds that no man has a right to enjoy riches while the majority of his fellows are poor and many are hungry. He carries his beliefs to such an extent as to refuse to accept money derived from his publications and to live in a bare room, dressing in the coarse clothing of a Russian peasant. Says he, "If the aim of civilization be to translate everything into enjoyment, then I prefer to remain in barbarism."

He is a deep student of sociological questions and his sympathies are with the great mass of working people everywhere. For us he has portrayed the conditions of

the laboring classes in Russia as no other could. He has described their suffering, their oppression in the most vivid language, and whether we agree to the remedy he proposes for the evils we can never doubt the truth of his delineations and the sincerity of his purposes. He speaks not as the dilettante, but as one who knows and loves his fellow-men in all conditions and suffer even as they suffer. Force of every kind he unequivocally condemns. Sacrifice is the keynote of his doctrine. He looks into the dim future to the end when men shall work together for mutual good without envy or selfishness and without government as the end—the far off divine event—toward which all creation moves. If it were not for his deep, sincere love for humanity and his true kindness of heart he would be an anarchist—a nihilist. Governments, preachers, and officials of all kinds he deprecates. The gilded tinsel of pomp is as repugnant and loathsome as the blood-stained dagger of an assassin. Both will be unknown in the utopia for which he devoutly hopes. Placing policemen, soldiers and governmental officials in the same class he equally denounces all. A Christian country with a standing army is a paradox. The venerable count holds that the root of the evils in the social structure is the false doctrine which is taught under the name of christianity.

For present day christianity he has a deep and abiding contempt. According to him modern ethics is but a sham and the form of our religion but an inoculation of true christianity. This light form of religion is propagated in order that the true religion may be unknown and unfelt for it would destroy all power and all power is oppression. Governments and wealthy men patronize religion and subscribe to christianity because it, in its modern form, permits one man to have authority over another; it permits one man to live on the combined labor of many. It is wrong for light-hearted men and women to pass their days in enjoyment while in dark mines men are laboring in

order to give them leisure. It is wrong to live in idleness while thousands and millions are toiling and suffering, and in compensation for their yearly work receiving what the idle rich spend in a day. The Trinity, "spiritism," and homeopathy are alike repugnant to Tolstoi. He gives as his watchword, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within You," and rather inclines to the philosophy of Kant adopting the idealism of the romantic school. All humanity is building an inner personal world in the sense form of space and time. Each is bound to serve an unseen and eternal moral law and all must work in unison building up the great structure—the true ideal world which individually becomes real. The greatest life is reached by true religion—not a religion of going to morning and evening services, not a mere form—but a lofty, mystical religion not believed in through duty, but through love. When asked by an interviewer recently for a message to the American people he said, "Tell them to be true, to be loving, to be simple."

His opinions regarding literary genius are as unique as those concerning the musician or the warrior. He places some obscure musical composer above Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner, and declares that Napoleon was an inferior military expert. He holds Adin Ballou as the foremost of American writers, placing the philanthropic productions of this obscure clergyman and religious communist far above the writings of Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, Hawthorn, Longfellow or any of our modern litterateurs. He thoroughly acquiesces in Carlysle's saying that nobody has ever said anything in verse which could not have been better said in prose. In French literature Maupassant for him is the greatest genius. But he contends that even Maupassant is depraved and centers all fiction in women. This is a great objection, for his views regarding women are pronounced. "Woman," says he, "is not man's equal in the highest qualities; she is not so self-sacrificing as man. Men at times will sacrifice families for an idea, but women will

not. They should have equal rights with men except in politics."

He has a great love for art which has a sense not only of its power, but of its obligation. He denounces "art for art's sake" and ridicules the art which can be discerned only by "people of culture." A great painting which merely ministers to sensual pleasure is without the prerequisite to make it true art. There must be feeling, a stirring of the inner self which appeals to all men, as men before art in its highest conception can be reached.

In forming an estimate of this great-hearted man in the mass of mankind waging bitter warfare against modern life, religion and thought, it is necessary to consider his environment—his setting in the world's progress. He is waging his warfare in a great empire which is just emerging from mediævalism. He is a reformer living far in advance of his time in his own country, and as do many reformers he goes to extremes. It seems that it is necessary thus to go to extremes in advocating any radical movement in order that the masses may reach the happy mean. Count Tolstoi has traveled little and he seems to need that enlargement of view and healthful modification of opinion which comes from observing men and comparing opinions in different lands and under different conditions. He is not cosmopolitan and being limited in scope of vision, he is naturally intolerant. But he will ever occupy a conspicuous place in the literature of the world. The great artist Turgeneiff has said, "He is the greatest of contemporary novelists; Europe does not contain his equal." Not for his harsh, intolerant doctrines nor for his altruistic and impracticable dreams will he be remembered. But for his great genius in literature and for his controlling belief in the brotherhood of man, the all-pervading love and sympathy for humanity will he be remembered and revered by the generations in the years that are to come.

IN THE CAREER OF JACK ELTON, ATTORNEY.

BY A. M. T.

Sunday—and the drear greyness of an autumn evening outside made the glow and sparkle of the coal in Jack Elton's bachelor grate the brighter and brought more cheer to his den. To the right was his foot ball corner; trophies of days of old adorned the wall, pictures, old foot balls, emblems of battle days, college colors, rival flags and in the center a woman's picture. He saw her first at a foot ball game and she cheered lustily when in the last of the game with an ending effort he dashed across the goal and won the game. She haunted him then. Always he could see her with hair blown awry by the gale, her golf hat set jauntily over a thousand curls of brown in a hopeless effort to dim the brightness of her eyes of sparkling grey. His team had rushed the ball all down the field, hammering with a vengeance the other line; Jack was given the ball and behind badly formed interference was thrown for a loss just in front of the multitude of people in the left bleachers, and Jack heard a sympathetic little voice say, "I am so sorry he is hurt," and a light of joy filled the player's eyes when he saw the pretty little woman whose sympathy for his failure spoke out so boldly. Jack played the game of his life then; he rushed, kicked, ran like a fiend, never failed to make a gain, and always that same little woman cheered him on and filled him with that determination to win, which culminated in his run for fifty yards and a goal. The crowd lifted Jack on shoulders that day, the students all went wild. The theatre, reception, and banquet were all crowded into that Thanksgiving night. The coach toasted the 'Varsity, the 'Varsity Jack Elton, Jack a woman, and it was with the glory of a victorious hero that he arose, standing with one foot on the table, one on his chair, to toast, "To my inspiration, the little woman in black, who cheered us on in victory and in failure."

Mrs. Van Story received after the banquet in honor of the victorious team. Jack Elton looked better in evening dress. His mass of long black hair with eyes of black and chin of strength and determination lent color to his air of indifference, and it was hardly expected that in his heart had kindled a fire of love for an unknown little woman. Many girls in New Haven had tried to win him; all had failed. Mothers, with all the art and diplomacy of the modern matron, tried to bring new laurels to their emblems of conquest by adding Jack to their string of victims, but they too had failed and given up in utter hopelessness. Jack entered the hall first at Mrs. Van Story's and among a bevy of girls gathered around the punch bowl was introduced to Miss Marion Ansley, a brown haired girl in black, still wearing on her dress a piece of Yale-blue ribbon. Jack felt that he was being introduced to an old friend, and said, as he looked into her big grey eyes, "I am glad to know you, Miss Ansley. I wish to thank you for your sympathy." "I don't understand you, Mr. Elton," she had answered with a smile." "Why, you look as if you would scorn the sympathy of a weak little woman, and besides I can't remember that I ever sympathized with you. Were you in trouble?" Had Jack been asked to describe Marion Ansley that night, he would have said she was small, dark and so ineffably charming, and when he left the Van Story's that night he was madly in love with her.

Jack left New York next day, and, as if awakened from a long, sweet dream, resumed his studies. For a long time he did not hear a word from Miss Ansley, and had begun to think himself simply one of a list of conquests, all soon forgotten. But he didn't forget her. He longed for commencement, when he would be free and could go, find her and tell her of his love. At last commencement came and with it Marion Ansley. All the University talked of Jack's marked attention to her at the

balls and banquets, and there was much gossip of the romance of Elton's conquest. Jack graduated that commencement. After graduation he didn't return to his father's home, but started at once into the world. In the rush of life in New York the progress of a young lawyer is slow and many a day of staring at blank walls, dreaming dreams of days of yore, is spent before work has reached the point sufficient to employ all the lawyer's time, and Jack, in his idleness, lived over and over his college days and wondered if he would always be so downhearted and blue. He visited Marion Ansley frequently, and often when the day was done he would go with a heavy heart to the Ansley's home to find in the large, old fireplace and the brilliancy of Marion a balm for his weary soul, and would forget his feeling of hopelessness. One night Marion said she loved him. That was the happiest night in the world for Jack, and in the stillness of the early morning hours, when the voice of the first restless cock heralded the approach of breaking day, Jack wrote his father with a boyish glee, "I am going to marry some day, Governor, the sweetest little woman in the world. She is like the pictures of my mother."

They were happy days for Jack that followed. He was with Marion all the time, and one day, walking among the flowers in the garden in the dull afterglow of a summer's setting sun, Marion said to him, "We are too happy, Jack, I fear that something will happen some time." And soon that something did happen, the inevitable came to pass, they quarreled over a trifling affair. Jack left her on the steps and the hot-headed little woman called to him as he turned into the street, "You needn't come back any more, Mr. Elton, if you don't want to A poor young lawyer shouldn't try to be so independent." "A poor young lawyer;" that hurt Jack. Could she have loved him and said that? He swore never to return again until she asked him, and she swore never to ask him. If days dragged slowly for

Marion, they were slower for Jack. Night after night he spent in his room. Society, the club, the races, all bored him. Only his sorrow filled his heart. Marion rushed madly into society; dinners, balls, the club, everywhere; her name filled all the papers; society was wild; men raved over her beauty. Jack read the papers zealously for every word of her, and it all made deeper and deeper his sorrow. But he wouldn't give up. He determined to leave New York, to try to forget. It had been nearly a year since he had seen Marion Ansley.

It was Sunday evening, and sitting before the fire Jack lived over all the days gone by. As the coal settled in the grate and the sparks rushed with a mad race up the chimney, he saw in the rising smoke Marion Ansley's face; all day long he had thought of her. To-morrow he would leave for the West; what place he didn't know. He was going to get on the train and ride until he tired of riding and settle in some out-of-the-way town and live as a hermit the rest of his life, trying to forget the better days of happiness. Jack sat disconsolate in his room looking into the fire and eyeing sadly now and then the brindle terrier at his feet. In the rear of the room his man, a faithful old fellow, slowly packed the cases. "Shall I pack the tuxedo, Mr. Jack, in the grip with the gun and hunting clothes? The case and trunk are full." "No," answered Jack, sadly, "You can just keep that suit, Charles. I shan't need it any more; and Jinks, old fellow," he continued, speaking to the dog. "I think it would be better to leave you here, too. It's a long way that I am going; we may never get back again, and perhaps you won't like such a wild place." Jinks blinked sadly as Jack finished, and putting out his big brown paw, he begged to be carried along. Jack had owned him in college and the two had been almost inseparable for five long years. "All right, Jinks," said Jack, "I shall take you. We'll go together, old fellow, and when there's only a crust in the

cupboard, half of that shall be yours." Jack read the paper carefully that day. He was nervous, excited. He did everything to quiet his nerves, anything to take his thoughts from Marion. At last he stopped in his search. His eyes ran hurriedly down the column headed:

"MR. J. T. ANSLEY HAS STROKE OF PARALYSIS.
NOTED BANKER NOT EXPECTED TO LIVE.
UNCONSCIOUS AT HIS DESK."

Jack started. He thought of poor Mr. Ansley, of Marion, who was so absolute in her devotion to her father. He longed to see her, to tell her of his love, how his heart went out to her in her sorrow. Jack's eyes filled with tears as he gazed sadly into the fire. He soon arose and moved slowly to the window, and stood there motionless gazing out into the cold, bare world, and in the dim light of the last rays of fading day his drawn face pictured some of the agony of his heart. Jack turned from the window and strode with a quiet, though restless, pace up and down the little room. Suddenly he stopped before his table, sat down abruptly and began to write. When he finished writing Jack turned hurriedly to Charles and thrust a note in his hands, and with an order to go with all haste to Miss Ansley's, Charles left the room in a rush with Jinks close behind his heels. Jack, in his restlessness, turned again to the window and gazed steadily out into the darkness. Soon into the death-like stillness came the rush of hurrying feet. Jack turned impulsively to the door to meet Charles, forgetful of his age, bounding up the steps two and three at a time, "The boy was downstairs and insisted on seeing you, Mr. Jack," Charles said, breathlessly, as he handed Jack a sweetly scented note, "but I took the note away from him. Shall I go now?" Jack read eagerly every line, and sinking into the nearest chair his eyes filled with tears of joy. Charles continued his packing; Jinks, in the excitement, had moved close to his master's feet, and with his big black eyes gazes into the fire;

Jack covered his face with his hands and everything was deathly quiet; outside the wind moaned and the lighted lamp on the corner cast gloomy shadows of the tree limbs on Jack's floor as they danced to and from the window. Jack started suddenly as from a dream, and turning to Charles said very slowly, "You needn't pack to-night, Charles, I'm not going away."

WE MET LAST NIGHT AS STRANGERS MEET.

BY MARK LYNDAL.

We met last night as strangers meet,
Amid the surging throng;
I passed her by with hurrying feet,
I dared not pause too long.
I dared not look within her eyes,
I dared not call her name,
I feared the old time love would rise
And put my pride to shame.

We met last night as strangers meet
After the changing years,
After the bitterness of defeat,
The silence and the tears.
The same sweet look was on her face,
The proud and queen-like air,
The same dark eyes of tender grace,
The wealth of soft brown hair.

We meet, but only strangers—now—
No sign or spoken word,
A glance, a cold indifferent bow,
A murmur scarcely heard.
Within my heart there struggled still
The love of long ago.
I crushed it down beneath my will
And Florence did not know.

THE FOUNDER OF DURHAM.

BY W. P. BUDD.

A visitor in the city of Durham, N. C., would never think, as he meets on the street a poorly dressed man of large proportions and advanced age, that he is face to face with the maker of Durham and Durham County. If, however, his attention should be attracted by the bright eye and thoughtful air of this old man, and he should ask a citizen, "Who is that old man with the dark-gray beard?" and add by way of apology for his curiosity, "I notice everybody he meets speaks to him, and he speaks to them. Who is he?" the citizen will answer, "Why, don't you know? That's old man Buck Blackwell." This answer is sufficient for any one who knows the history of Durham; but to a person who does not, it is necessary to add, "He made Durham!"

William Thomas Blackwell was born in Person County, North Carolina, on January 12, 1839. His father, J. L. Blackwell, was an humble, but respected farmer; and as is so often the case with men of his class, he was blessed with a large family of children, the oldest of whom was William, the subject of this sketch. Thus Colonel Blackwell, occupying the position of "big brother," had to help raise and educate his sisters and brothers. This experience and responsibility, no doubt, helped to put and old head on his young shoulders, and to develop the good judgment and resourcefulnes which he displayed afterwards.

But this training was bought at a high price: his own education was sadly neglected. It consisted in what was taught in the free schools, which he attended in winter and at certain other short and rare periods when he could be spared from the farm. Add to this, a few minutes' home-study whenever the opportunity presented itself; and we have the amount of his early schooling. However, by the time he was twenty, he had managed to save up money

enough to carry him through two sessions at the academy at Roxboro, N. C. When he left school towards the close of the year 1859, he borrowed a small amount of money from a friend, and began merchandising on a very small scale. By the time the Civil war broke out in 1860, he had placed his business on a firm, though small, financial basis; and had begun to deal in cotton, cotton-yarns, bacon, and general merchandise. Realizing that his father's family was almost wholly dependent on him for a living, he did not take part in the Civil war at all, however much he may have desired to; but by skilful management, he kept his people from suffering during the war, and managed to save enough when the final crash came at Appomattox, to renew his business before the close of 1865.

In 1866, taking advantage of the knowledge that he had gained by handling tobacco on his father's farm, he commenced buying leaf tobacco, assorting it, prizing it, and shipping it to market at Richmond, Va. During his first year in this business, he handled over one hundred thousand pounds of tobacco at a good profit. In the same year, he bought out two manufacturers, W. P. Day & Co. and J. D. A. Walker & Co. of all the leaf tobacco they had carried over during the war, principally "lugs" and broken leaves. From this raw material, he manufactured a brand of smoking tobacco, which he sold in the bulk to Mr. Green, a Durham tobacco man, and which soon found a ready sale. Colonel Blackwell manufactured this tobacco at Bethel Hill, near Roxboro, and so great a local demand was there for it, that Mr. Green commenced manufacturing it. This was the origin of the "Blackwell's Durham Bull Tobacco," "the brand that made Durham famous."

Colonel Blackwell then began manufacturing plug tobacco; and peddled it all over the eastern part of the State, making good profits and an enviable reputation as a tobacco man. Making Kinston his headquarters, he established a large tobacco store in that place. He gained a

large trade which continued to increase until his health failed in 1867 from malarial fever. Hearing of this, Mr. Green, of Durham, went to see him at Kinston, and urged him to buy a half-interest in the Green factory at Durham, and to assume the management of it, as ill-healt prevented Mr. Green from giving it the proper attention. This Colonel Blackwell did in the early part of 1869. However, Mr. Green's condition grew continuously worse until his death in June, of 1869. Colonel Blackwell then arranged the business; and in order to settle with Mr. Green's executors, he sold the factory, good-will, and trade mark. These Colonel Blackwell himself bought at public auction for $2,175, a large price considering the importance of the brand, and the cheapness of real estate. Durham, at that time, although it was incorporated as a town, was a flag-station on the North Carolina Railroad, with a postoffice, two or three stores, and several dwelling houses, scattered for half a mile along the public road. Colonel Blackwell planned to make a thriving city out of this sleepy village —and he has done it!

He went to work in his little frame-factory, manufacturing smoking and plug tobacco. Soon afterwards he associated with himself as business partner, W. R. Day; and under their joint management, their trade began to increase rapidly. The need of laborers was soon felt; and Colonel Blackwell sent in every direction, inviting people to come to Durham. With his own hands, he laid off Main Street; and several others were constructed at his direction and expense. But when people did not come to Durham as rapidly as he wished, he offered them substantial inducements: he bought land, built dwelling houses —over 300 in all—and offered to lend money to all who needed it, and to sell them homes on ridiculously easy terms. He even moved many families at his own expense, loaned them money for immediate needs, and then gave them employment at the highest wages ever paid for unskilled labor in

this State. He built stores; and stood security for the merchants who rented them. Every new enterprise received his hearty support in influence and money.

But enthusiastic as he was over the upbuilding of Durham, he did not neglect his business, which was increasing rapidly. The proprietors now realized that there was no local supply of raw material; or rather, no local market for it. All of the raw tobacco had to be imported from Virginia; or secured from local farmers by canvassing the counties. Colonel Blackwell decided to build up a tobacco market in Durham. He built several warehouses himself; and loaned money to others for the same purpose. Thus was the first tobacco market in North Carolina established in Durham by Colonel Blackwell in 1870.

In 1871, Mr. J. S. Carr was taken into the firm as a junior partner. The trade had now begun to assume the dimensions of a giant. To supply this demand, it was necessary to increase the size of the factory. So in 1874, Colonel Blackwell built the mammoth Durham Bull factory of to-day, which was for years the largest exclusive tobacco factory in the world.

Colonel Blackwell was now master of a large fortune. He seemed never to be satisfied unless he were doing some good with his money. His name headed every list for charitable purposes with a liberal contribution; and no suffering person or family ever appealed to him in vain. Every church for miles around Durham was liberally helped out of his purse. He built a park, a street railway, and a system of gas street-lights. Above all these, he established the reputation of Durham all over the world as a commercial centre. He spent as much as one hundred thousand dollars a year for advertising, an unheard of venture until that time. "SMOKE BULL DURHAM TOBACCO" is the advice given the tourist by the pyramids of Egypt and the crags of the Alps. Some wag has said that Colonel Blackwell had it painted on Niagara Falls; and then "cussed because the darned thing wouldn't stay!"

Colonel Blackwell's next action for the public good was to get a bill through the State Legislature in 1881, cutting off Durham County from Chatham, Orange, and Wake Counties. He rented a building and gave the free use of it to the new county, until sufficient funds were raised to build a court house. In return for this, Colonel Blackwell was given the high honor of naming all the county officers in the first election. This illustrates the confidence in which he was held by the people.

As is the case with all new commercial towns, the people were as a rule very illiterate. Many men would have turned this sad fact to their own advantage, and become demagogues. But this ignorance was an eyesore to Colonel Blackwell, although he was an uneducated man himself, he determined that his neighbors children should not suffer from a like disadvantage. Therefore, in 1882, he established a graded school in spite of fierce opposition from the tax-payers, who resused to pay any school tax. Colonel Blackwell supported the school for a year himself, paying the salaries of the teachers and superintendent, and furnishing a suitable school building, until he could secure the pnssage of a bill in the Legislature, authorizing a school tax for Durham. To-day, the graded schools are considered the most beneficial of the institutions inaugurated by this great philanthropist. And now we draw near the end of his career as a public benefactor. He had stood securities, and paid the debts of others; he had given so lavishly to increase the public good; he had been so generous to his friends and, especially, to his relatives; he hnd been so luxurious and extravagant in his own living—that now his fortune was absorbed in securities and valuable mortgages. The panic of 1888 came; he could not meet his obligations without selling out the property of many of his friends, on whose estates he had mortgages. And here is the noblest, most self-sacrificing act of his whole life. He called together all of those who were in-

debted to him; and handed each of them his mortgage or security note; and did not sell a single foot of their land; but let his own property be sold, leaving him the poorest man in the city he had made so well and ruled so long! These mortgages amounted to something over three hundred thousand dollars; and many of them were made on the property of persons who have since acquired some wealth. But—. That is the way of the world!

It is a significant fact that there never was a strike in any of his factories; there never was a demand for increased wages; there never was a complaint of injustice. No man's name was dropped from the pay-roll because he was sick, for no matter how long a time. Colonel Blackwell said that a difference of a few dollars in a pay-roll oi several thousand dollars per week, amounted to very little to him; but to quote his words:—"It made a devil of a difference with that sick man!" How much better justification could anyone want?

Colonel Blackwell married a Miss Exum, of Goldsboro, N. C., and one of two children, a son, W. T. Blackwell, Jr., is still living. Colonel Blackwell now holds the honoary office of City Treasurer with the pitiful salary of twenty-five dollars a month. "But I am happy," he said in a personal interview. "I have never wronged any man that I did not make it up ten times. I don't have to dodge anyone as I walk along the street in my patched pants and twenty-five-year old coat. 'Old Buck' is just as happy as the 'Colonel' used to be. I am trying to make an honest living . . . And young gentlemen, it does me proud to feel that I have helped to make Durham what it is; and to give you chances of going to good schools . . . I am always proud and glad to help you, because I feel as if you were my own children."

FOR THE LOVE OF ALMA MATER.

Tom Joyce had made a bad start in college life and he knew it. Two years before he had entered one of the Southern colleges and as he carefully folded and put away his matriculation receipt he acknowledged to himself that he was a happy boy. For a month or two he was very enthusiastic over all his new surroundings, foot-ball, base-ball, and the other college sports had a great charm for him, but especially base-ball. His greatest ambition was to be a base-ball player of the first water, but at the time this seemed to be a great improbability, for up to the time he had entered college he had never understood, much less played, the game. He looked up to the big junior pitcher as if he were a deity and thought him a master of curves and speed.

There is a proverb somewhere that says "All life cannot be pleasure" Tom found this to be true. He was very much of a green horn and made few friends during his first year in eollege. He had great possibilities, a bright mind, no financial impediment, only a kind of retiring nature that kept him from mingling with the boys. This at first was his only draw back. He expected the bcys to come to him and receive him among them, and as time passed and they did not do so he began to be very much dissatisfied. Like many another the fault, although his own, was laid on his fellow students. He envied those who coming along at the same time with him were received, honored, and given all the college offered. Naturally sensitive he soon became aware that he was not being treated as an equal by his fellows who passed him with only a slight nod of the head. He was equal socially or mentally to any of those around him but somehow he did not make an impression and so he was left to roam alone. Envy and jealously now slipped in and immediately he began the downward path. His studies were forsaken, he

began associating with the scum of the college, he learned to handle cards like a professional and occasionally to toss a glass as well as the next. Finally he came to be looked down upon as one of the necessary black sheep of the flock, and at the time when our story opens he had reached the lowest level on this side the bounds of a criminal.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at its flood leads on to fortune." Some take this tide at the early flood and float easily on to success, some take it when it is half spent and have a harder time, and still some take it when it is only a short time to the ebb. This class have the hardest time of all but if they accomplish the journey deserve the greatest credit. Tom was of the last class, for if he had not been one of the three our story would not have been written.

It was now the second year of Tom's college life, and although he had declined in many ways as we have just seen yet in some others he had improved. Hard and careful practice during vacation had done much toward making him a good base-ball player. Naturally quick to learn, he had under the coaching of a retired National Leaguer learned many of the essentials of a pitcher. He was a born pitcher his teacher said, but Tom had not realized his full ability in that line.

When he had returned to college the second year he no longer stood around gasping when the college team was practicing. True he looked on but not in the old way. He noticed errors here and there that before had escaped him, and realized that the great junior was not the infallable deity he supposed.

Time passed, the team practiced daily for the coming season but Tom took no part. He either assumed the rite of an onlooker or was not present at all.

Only one man in the great college seemed to take Joyce's conduct to heart, this was Doiter, the captain of the base-ball team. Something in the wayward boy attracted his

pity, and, careless of the danger to his popularity, he was often with Tom doing all he could for him. Thus being brought in a closer relation with Joyce his pity gradually changed to interest and from that into a tender regard for Tom. His efforts to improve his friend seemed fruitless, for although Tom always appeared sorry for his conduct, yet he continued in it. He had come to almost hate his college, only his love for Doiter kept him from leaving the place and trying a new start at some other college. There was yet to be a stranger love that was to prove his salvation, but he did not know it.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The coming game of base-ball with the university of the State in which the college was situated had been the talk for weeks. Freshmen walked around the campus boasting and confident of victory but the upper classmen felt uncomfortable. The game was to be the most important of the season and with the great rival of the college. For three years the university team had returned defeated but this year they had a strong team and like Patrick Henry, swore they would have victory or death. The worst part of it was that Brown, the college pitcher, had been taken sick, and although this was being kept quiet, and the report spread among the students that it was only a slight illness, yet Doiter knew better. Brown grew worse day by day. The game was to come off in three days, and Brown's pitching the game was now out of the question. Somehow the bad news got out and the college became first uncomfortable and then very much depressed. Doiter was desperate, he had worked hard all the year and now to see his college, the college he loved, humiliated by defeat was more than he could bear. He walked sadly from Brown's room down one of the walks of the campus with bent head. Now and then he was assailed by questions as to how Brown was getting on, and would he be able to pitch. To these he only paid slight attention, answering sometimes

in a very indefinite way, and sometimes not at all. Mechanically his steps turned toward the East Dormitory and presently he found himself at the door of Joyce's room, he knocked and was admitted by that individual who was alone.

"Tom, old boy," said Doiter, "I am afraid the game is up with us, Brown is worse to-day than he has been yet, and to-night the doctor is going to move him to the hospital. He cannot pitch, that is out of the question, and God only knows what we can do, for he is the only pitcher we have except Morton and you know he can't take his place." Joyce said nothing, but stood staring out of the window into the gathering twilight. What did he care whether the college won or not, she had cared nothing for him, he had been treated badly by his fellows, scorned, and left to drift away. Doiter also relapsed into silence, his head resting on his hands and his elbows on his knees. Joyce left the window, drew a chair near the grate and sat down near his friend. For a minute both gazed into the glowing coals. Joyce knew he could save his college and only he knew it. Hard was the struggle he was fighting within himself. Why should he save the college that had treated him so, yet he felt that he should. From across the campus suddenly floated his college song, strong young voices added to it all the love they felt for each other and for their college. Slowly there stole into his heart a love for the man who sat beside him, a love for the song he heard, for the boys who sang it, a strange emotion came over him. In the glowing coals there seemed to come images to him. The picture of the college when he first saw it, the college he had entered so hopeful, the the college he had disgraced. Again the song rose, stronger, fuller, and sweeter. He arose, tears stood in his eyes, "I will do it" he murmured. "For the love of Alma Mater, I will do it."

* * * * * * * * * * *

The day of the game had come. Hundreds of rooters from each college filled the bleechers, fair women crowded the grandstand. Now and then a crowd of students arose on one side or the other and gave a yell. In response came a clapping of hands and wild waving of ribbon in the grandstand. The students had learned that a new pitcher was to take the place of Brown and many conjectures were being made as to whom it could be, yet no one knew. Wild excitement was in the air. According to the intercollegiate rules under which they played no one but one of the regular students could take part in the games, and this made the mystery greater for they knew of none of their number who could take the place of Brown. Doiter was constantly questioned but he only shook his head in a knowing way and smilled. Presently the gates opened and the two teams came running on the field amid a thunder of applause from the grandstand and bleechers. Curious glances were cast at the home team but only seven men were there. Doiter and the pitcher were missing. Presenty the umpire stepped into his position, his pockets stuffed with new balls. Both teams had had their practice. He looked at his watch and then in a loud voice cried, "play ball." A silence immediately followed his words. The home team took the field and as they took their places the gates opened again and the two men entered in their uniforms, Doiter, and, wonder of wonders, Tom Joyce. The surprise was genuine. No applause greeted their entrance. The home students felt a sinking of heart but said nothing. "Play ball" repeated the umpire. Joyce took a ball, stepped into his place and began the game. Gradually the depression of his fellow students changed, then wonder, hope, and admiration came in their hearts as he retired three batters in quick succession. As the game went on great excitement prevailed. The college yells rent the air and made the welkin ring. Then when the game ended with a score of three to one in favor of the

home team the applause was terriffc. Yell after yell went up and with one accord the entire college rushed on the field and, lifting their new found champion on their shoulders, carried him from the field of victory. For the first time Tom heard his name, coupled with nine rahs! gush from the thıoats of his fellow students and then as the gate was reached the college song was started and gaining in volume as it was taken up by every happy voice was borne far beyond the campus and into the city beyond. Tom looked down with a happy face. No sneering countenance greeted him now, all face were full of joy and admiration, and as the tears of happiness sprang into his eyeshe murmured—"Twas for the love of Alma Mater."

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE—A TRANSLATION.

BY C. E. D.

What dainty youth bedewed with liquid scents
Caresses you, beneath the pleasant grot,
O Phyrrha, midst a cloud of roses sweet.
For whom do you now bind your golden hair,
So plain in neatness. Ah alas! how oft
He'll weep o'er altered gods and faithlessness
And unaccustomed gaze at roughened sea
With black'ning storms, who now still thinks you pure.
Who hopes you'll always unengaged be
And always lovely too, unmindful yet
Of faithless gale. I pity those to whom
Although untried you still appear so fair,
By votive tablets, sacred walls declare
That I have consecrated all my cold,
Wet garments to the powerful God of sea.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM WATSON.

BY E. O. SMITHDEAL.

Among English poets of the present time, scarcely a single figure stands out as representative of the genius of Tennyson and Wordsworth. However much we may deplore this fact, we still have reason to feel grateful for such men as Stephen Phillips, the clever author of "Marpessa," "Paolo and Francesca;" Austin Dobson, the writer of many beautiful and entertaining occasional poems, Edmund Gosse, and in a smaller degree, Mr. Austin known chiefly through his official capacity as poet-laureate of England. With the poets of the best class, of which Phillips is easily leader, I would also place William Watson, one of the few living Englishmen, whom individuality in poetic production has raised to the dignity of a successful poet. It is not my purpose to say what rank he is entitled to in the order of our best poets. Some are pleased to call him a minor poet, and as inferior in many respects to the leaders now engaged in active work. Others, however, more conversant with his ability have accorded him a position along with that of Tennyson and Wordswords. That his poetry has serious defects and limitations, is doubtless true, but despite his imperfections, it has been almost universally conceded that of the two recent candidate for England's poet-laureateship, Austin and Watson, the latter's fitness far surpassed the former's. Be this as it may, he has undoubtedly left a contribution to our literature, an embodiment of loveliness and truth, a high and noble conception of life, we would not willingly let die.

William Watson was born in Wharfedale, Yorkshire, in 1856, (1858?), and at early age became interested in literary pursuits, having received his most powerful influence from Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth and Tennyson. His first

meeting with Tennyson he afterwards referred to in the following touching lines:

> "Beheld thee eye to eye,
> And touched through the thee hand
> Of every hero of thy race divine."

He recalls with vividness, "the eyes that looked through life and gazed on God."

As the result of such influence and especially from personal contact with the poet Tennyson, we find him endowed with the highest conception of a poet's duty, and a true reverence for his mission. He was devoted to all that was elevated and noble; and intense believer in the greatness of human destiny, its possibilities and hopes, yet profoundly conscious of its misgivings. In his "Lachrymae Musarum," he has given us better than anywhere else his views of the poet's calling.

> "Captain's and conquerors leave a little dust,
> And Kings a dubious legend of their reign;
> The Swords of Cæsar's, they are less than rust:
> *The Poet doth remain.*" And again,
> "The birds depart, the groves decay;
> Empires dissolve, and peoples disappear;
> Song passes not away."

Closely allied to, and inseparable from, the deep sense of his own responsibility as poet, is Mr. Watson's devotion and adoration for the poetic instinct in others. He loved with an almost passionate ardor the genius of Tennyson, from whose inspiration he drank deeply, recurring ever and anon to his manly courage and patriotism for encouragement and sympathy. He once presented the poet with a volume of his verses, and in an ode dedicated to him calls him;

> "Heir of the riches of the whole world's rhyme
> * * * * * * *
> Singer to whom the singing ages climb."

In "Lachrymae Musarum" an elogy written shortly after the Poet-Laureate's death, he gives vent to the pent up reflections, the death of a fellow poet has occasioned in

his own life. "The last great bard," he feels passing from the earth. "The singer of undying song is dead." And with perfect recognition of his own heaven born mission he exclaims:

> "The Master could not tell with all his lore,
> Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped;
> Ev'n as the linnet sings, so I, he said."

And of Wordsworth he had a deep appreciation—Wordswords who sang of "lowly sorrows and familiar joys, of simple manhood, artless womanhood." He who felt "the incumbrance of the unknown," and "rapt not less in glowing vision" retained yet "his clasp of the prehensible" and the "warm touch of the world that lies to hand." To him "love was sweet, life real, death no dream," and so close was his communion with nature that "when he sang, we deemed 'twas thou!" So Keat's "conquered by pain and hopeless love," holds no less important place in his affection.

> "And Philomelia's long decended pain
> Flooding the night—and maidens of romance
> To whom asleep St. Agnes' love-dreams come—
> A while constrain me to a sweet duresse and thrawldom."

Perhaps the most admiring figure—among all the poets of his this time, the one to whom Watson went to with more thrills of delight and stirring emotions is Shelley.

> "In my young days of fervid poesy
> He drew me to him with his strange for light
> He held me in a world all clouds and gleames
> And vasty phantoms, where ev'n man himself
> Moved like a phantom 'mid the clouds and gleams."

Inspired as are his own songs he seems entirely unconscious of his own greatness, and modestly conceals any aspirations for literary fame which is quite too obvious, in many young authors. He, however, takes pride in thinking that his verses will sometime find rest in "Shakspere's shadow." Calling himself "the youngest of the choir," he says to Lord Tennyson, "Suffer him at you feet

to lay his lyre and touch the skirts and fringes of your fame." He desired only to catch "a flying splendor" from the poet's great name, and claims from his regard only "one rich moment."

With something like the ardor of Keats, he exclaims, "I follow Beauty; of her train am I."

> "Beauty whose voice is earth, and sea and air;
> Who serveth, and her hands for all things fly;
> Who reigneth, and her throne is everywheie."

At times, however, the poet feels keenly his isolation and lack of literary associations, sympathies to encourage and stimulate him in melancholy hours. In the beautiful little lyric, "England My Mother" he pleads for the recognition of poets, and is thankful that his native country has been the patron of bards, and so responsive to their appeals.

> "Song is no bauble—
> Slight not the songsmith,
> England my mother
> Maker of men."

But let

> "The songsmith
> Proffer his rhyme—gift
> England my mother
> Maker of men."

And in "World—Strangeness," he has given expression to a feeling of discontent and unrest which is characteristic of one alone, and in a dreary world, where friends seem to mock his most cherished hopes, and deride his manliest aspirations.

> "I have never felt at home,
> Never wholly been at ease."

In this modern life of ours there are many of us who have felt these times of unrest, and desertion. Many of us just like the poet find ourselves suddenly stranded on an unknown shore, and neither having the adaptability of a Gulliver, or the felicity of a Christopher Sly, can never persuade ourselves that we are other than "old Sly's son of Burton heath" despite all indications to the contrary.

The hero worship of the great men of his time and of England's past, shows at least that he appreciated human greatness, which as Carlyle says is the next best thing to being great one's self. Above all he entered into the life of practical affairs and evinced a thorough patriotism for his native land. Says he

> "Give honor to our heroes fall'n, how ill
> Soe'er the cause that bade them forth to die,
> * * * * * * * *
> Fell, but shall fall not from our memory."

He could not boast that he was cosmopolitan, but

> "Born of my mother England's mighty womb,
> Nursed on my mother England's mighty knees,
> And loved as I was lulled in glory and gloom
> With cradle-song of her protecting seas."

But his patriotism is of that type which is not content with things as they are, especially when national policies or administration run directly counter to the best interests and wishes of the people. It is that patriotism, which prides itself in uprightness, honor, and nobility, always at varience with shame, injustice and despotism in whatever form. Consequently he conceives it a part of his own duty, as a well-wisher, and sharer in the best interest of his country, to set high standards for the emulation of his fellow beings. Nor is he loath, when occasion demands, to rebuke the errors and fallacies against whose action his conscience has rebelled. He says,

> "It was erewhile
> A glory to be sprung of Britain's isle,
> Though now it well nigh more resembles shame."

And in a sonnet on the Soudannese, in which he reproves the government's course in waging better war against a defenseless nation he says:

> "O England, O my country, curse thy name!"

But after all, this is merely the condemnation of a friend seeking only to warn and instruct with the firmness yet with the loyalty of a devoted subject. Later he says:

"Just pride is no mean factor in a State;
The sense of greatness keeps a nation great;
And mighty they who mighty can appear."

He cherishes the fond hope that 'ere long Ireland may again be received under the broad and protecting arm of England, in a "oneness no force could divide."

"Daughter of all the implacable ages,
So, let us turn and be lovers at last!"

He sees in the future a nobler and purer day, when the "ominous night-bird of error" hovers no longer over his fair land.

What a lofty sentiment is expressed in the following simple verses:

"Knowledge is sympathy, charity, kindness.
Ignorance only is maker of hell"

The poet, also, was a lover of liberty, and a friend to the oppressed of every land. His soul was responsive to the "wail of captives crushed and prone" in the far dungeons of Kara and Armenia, yet freedom to him was of that large diviner type.

"Naught nobler is, than to be free:
The stars of heaven are free because
In amplitude of liberty
Their joy is to obey their laws."

Consequently we could hardly expect from Watson that license of a man like Shelley, who fired by the French Revolution, spent his life in heroic, yet in some respects futile efforts, to construct a golden age. In distinction from the idealism and waywardness of Shelley, Watson has no patience with the visionary reformer.

"Those who capture by refraining from pursuit."

He has no word of encouragement for the self-complacent,

"The earth's high places who attain to fill,
By most indomitably sitting still."

This sin of inertness he considers a grave one. He is a believer in the saying, that "he who never makes an error, is one who never does anything."

But another phase of the poet's work now demands our attention. For a brief time let us consider his poems from the standpoint of the artistic and technique, in which as we shall see, he most readily excels. First, it may be said of the compass of his work, that he has treated a great many subjects, but none so exaustively as might have been expected. He writes of freedom, politics, nature, but little of love. Consequently we find less of the "lyrical cry" in his verses than in almost any other poet. "In England my mother" he has, perhaps, displayed his lyrical qualities best. The "Song" is one of his few amorous productions and flows with easy rhythm. The second stanza runs thus:

> "Fates finger we did not perceive,
> So lightly we met in the morn!
> So lightly we parted at eve
> We knew not that love was born."

He, however, lacks the emotional nature, the delicate touch which feeling gives, to render him a great lyrist. He compares with Keats and Shelley in fine and apt expressions, but he is deficient in the deeper sentiments, which characterizes the "heart poet."

One of the clever faculties of the poet is manifest in the firmness and delicacy with which he invents phrases and peculiarly expressive terms. He has the rare gift of putting a great deal in a little space. His poetic term for a child is, "A fragment of the morn, a piece of spring." The Alps are "sovereign brows, that wear the sunset for a golden tiar," and the sun, "gropes toward God behind the dream reared-mountain crest." The raven is a "dreary flake of night, drifting in the eye of day," "between the starry dome and the floor of plains and seas." Day rises "from the dim sea's lap, and great breaths from the sea-sunset" woos "the tremulous trees," and "the rose of even steals up the snow," chilling the snaky-wave." Mortals do but "dally on the beach" of a mysterious sea.

"Nay we are children, who all day
Beside the unknown waters play,
And dig with toy spade the sand
Thinking our trenches wonderous deep,
Till twilight falls, and hand in hand
Nurse takes us home, well tired to sleep."

His characterizations of the poets, and the different school of poetry are especially felicitous. He has put in few words, and with ingenious skill, expressions most applicable to poets and their works. He has the power to condense, and give chrystalized form to some single thought. Thus he calls Milton's verse "keen, translunar music," Shakspere a poet of "cloudless, boundless human view," Shelley "the hectic flamelike-rose of verse, all colors and all odor and all bloom." Again he says very aptly,

"Shelley, the cloud-begot, who grew
Nourished on air and sun and dew,
* * * * * *
Ne'er could suffer God's delay,
But all the future in a day
Would build divine."

Keats, he said "dwelt with the bright gods of elder time," and Coleridge was the wierd poet of "wzzard twilight." Byron was the lord of "tempest anger, tempest mirth," while Wordsworth, had for weary feet, the gift of rest and "peace whose names are also rapture, power, clear sight, and love."

His characterization of the literature of the eighteenth century can be appreciated by all who have made the acquaintance of the "rocking-horse" heroic of Pope and urbane jingles of the club and coffee house poets,

"Song from celestial hights had wandered down,
Put off her robe of sunlight, due and flame,
And donned a modish dress to charm the Town."

"Apt" though at "life's lore" it was "incurious what life meant"—"ignobly perfect, barrenly content."

As a nature poet, Mr. Watson can hardly be compared to Wordsworth. Neither is he an observer of the little

things of nature as was Keats. But unlike Keats he had besides the mere physical appreciation of beauty the spiritual response, which more nearly approached the attitude of Wordsworth. He is rather at home on the ocean, and with Byron finds his greatest delight in the wonderful manifestations of nature's world. Having received a curl of hair from a child, who was far away in the Alps, he rises to a supreme exultation and desires that his dear one may possess "at least one sovereign happiness."

> "Ev'n to your grave" says he,
> May cloud and mountain, lake and vale
> Never to you be trite or stale
> As unto souls whose well-spring fail
>   Or flow defiled
> Til nature's happiest fairy-tale
> Charms not her child."

I quote one passage of his epistles as perhaps the best examples of his nature description. He interprets a story from

> "The weed whose tangled fibres tell
> Of some inviolate deep-sea dell;
> The faultless, secret-chambered shell,
> Whose sound is an epitome
> Of all the utterance of the sea;
> Great, basking, twinkling wastes of brine,
> For clouds of gulls that wheel and swerve
> In unanimity divine,
> With undulation serpentine,
> * * * * * *
> The world forgotten caves that seem
> Lapt in some magic old sea dream,
> Where shivering off the milk white foam
> Lost airs wander, seeking home,
> And into clefts and caverns peep
> Fissures paven with powdered shell
> Recesses of primeval sleep."

Occasionally he catches the glimpse of some hidden meaning from nature's objects.

> "In stainless daylight saw the pure seas roll,
> Saw mountain's pillaring the perfect sky;
> Then journeyed home to carry in his soul
> The torment of the difference till he die."

Of a friend, he says:

> Shouldst thou to-morrow die,
> Thou still shall be
> Found in the rose and not in all the sky:
> And from the ocean's heart shall sing to me,
> Shouldst thou to-morrow die,"—

Nature, he says, is herself only a strife for music, and God is the great Poet—a view, which can easily be identified with that wayward and somewhat fanciful idealism of the Romantic school of German literature and philosophy, of which Schelling was the central character.

> "Nay, what is nature's
> Self, but an endless
> Strife toward music,
> Euphony, rhyme?''

So on such an hypothesis,

> "The poem—saith the poet—wanders free,
> Till I betray it to captivity."

In this connection also should be noted, as far as possible from the fragmentaries of his scattered and disconnected passages, those parts which express his philosophical mood and reveal his conception of life's problems. Yet we can't turn to Mr. Watson for that consolation and solace in religious affairs, which we receive at the hands of a great many poets. His is a world of mystery, in some respects, of the occult, and dreamlike. He delighted, especially in his longer poems, to represent man groping through visionary shadows, and dim avenues in quest of the Eternal. Therefore finding him ill suited for the companionship, in this respect, of the poets of his own day and his immediate predecessors, a fancy has suggested itself that he belongs to a different and for many reasons, a unique school in English literature. I refer to that group composed of Vaughan, Herbert, Crashaw, a school of mystics, whose motto was, "I saw eternity the other night," etc.

In view of this, reference may be made to "The Dream of Man," which is perhaps his best philosophical poem, and one also born of deep and profound reflection. It is wierd, and fancifully conceived, yet at times it rises to the supremest heights of poetic beauty. The underlying currents of its mood gives no encouragement to the philosopher, who is overly sceptic and agnostic. "Be content with what God has given you" is its shibboleth. Although man shall "fall like a sputtering lamp to expire," his mission is none the less great, and his soul no less divine. Completed at the point where man exclaims "Death is overthrown," we should have it in the same category as "Prometheus Unbound." But the poet has not done this. The golden year is not given to the world through the haze of a poet's fancy. The bard can sing the world a purer strain on his harp, put a vaster and more infinite meaning to life, but he cannot create the world divine in a day, or perhaps in a lifetime.

Another sentiment closely contingent to that in the "Dream of Man," is found in his Epistles. It is useless for man to search the eternal.

> "The wherefore is a hopeless quest
> Who chancing on the sleeping sphinx
> Passes unchanged—fares the best."

But apart from his metaphysical speculations, Mr. Watson is the possessor of views both lofty and wholesome. As to his views of immortality, he like all men of strong faith, has his dubious moments. He is not quite certain, and has misgivings.

> "And whether stepping forth my soul shall see
> New prospects, or fall sheer—a blinded thing."

And

> "On our soul the visions rise
> Of that fair life we never lead:
> They flash a splendor past our eyes,
> We start and they are fled."

But at times also his soul was triumphant, and transcending its mere passivity, bounded out into a freedom—then we become a living soul, then

"We think to see unfold,
The eternal landscape of the Real and True,"

A moment when ideals rise before the eye, visions are seen and geniuses born.

In closing the study of such a man. we can but feel greatful for what he has done, and what he is still doing not only for England, but our own America as well. In London where he now resides, though now past the spring-tide of his life, he is still young and vigorous in his devotion to England's future, and active in trying to realize in his own life and the lives of others "The Things that are More Excellent." He is still the prophet, but none the less a man among men, the warm devoted citizen.

A short time ago on account of overwork a nervousness was incurred, which seemed for a time to unballance his mind, but after a short interval the poet rallied from the attack, and has since done some of his most efficient work. An allusion to this is found in the "Vita Nuova," and it is given with such touching effect, I quote it.

"Long hath she slept, forgetful of delight;
At last, at last the enchanted princess, Earth,
Claimed with a kiss by spring the adventurer,
* * * * * * * * *
I too have come through wintry terrors—yea,
Through tempest and through cateclysm of soul
Have come, and am delivered. Me the spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate those thankful tears
To whatsoever power beneficent,
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought.
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Unto the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with herd and stream
And voiceful mountain—nay a string how jarred.
And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Revolving all his mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain
Harps without pause, building with song the world."

EDMUND BURKE.

BY E. C. PERROW.

Carlyle said that the history of the world has been the history of its great men. Whether or not this is true the fact still remains that we may find in their lives, as it were, a key to the past and in their examples an inspiration which may make our own lives truly great. Surely there is no line of thought more profitable than that which attempts to interpret the life of a great man and to discover the elements of which his greatness was built.

The character of Edmund Burke is a fit subject for such study. In the first place there is nothing hidden about him. Everything is open and above board. In some men we feel that there is a self back of their faces which we cannot see and which, if found out, might destroy our admiration for them. But such is not the case with Burke. His honest heart was veiled by no selfish interests. His purposes were good and he did not hesitate to take the world into his confidence. Then, too, his character is human. His faults place him in the scope of the real and enable us to form a just estimate of his greatness. The most unjust critic of a man is the one who shows only his virtues and hides his faults. When such is the case, he is either regarded as more than human and more is expected of him than he can do, or he is thought to be an imposter and many of his real virtues are discredited. Another thing that adds to our interest in Burke is the fact that he is a truly successful man—not one to whom favoritism or chance gave momentary prestige, but one who stood on his merit alone and whose fame and power has increased with the years.

Edmund Burke was born at Dublin Ireland, 1729. His father was of the Established Church, while his mother was a Catholic. Burke followed the religious views of his father, but he always retained a generous sympathy for

the faith of his mother, and when, later, he championed the cause of the persecuted Catholics of Ireland his own church heaped upon him some very bitter abuse. At twelve years of age he was sent to school at Ballitoren, a village some thirty miles distant from Dublin. Here he remained two years, building up under the influence of his worthy Quaker school master those principles of honesty and truth which were the chief characteristics of his life. At the age of fourteen he became a student at Trinity College, Dublin, where he remained till 1748, when he graduated.

Burke was not a model student. Indeed he was at times rather negligent of the tasks assigned by his professors. He preferred to spend his time reading in the library, where he spent three hours every day, or wandering out alone in the country, strolling through the flower-scented gardens that border the Liffey, or watching the evening sun as it hid itself behind the blue waves of the Atlantic. He was one of those men who educate themselves. Common men have to follow the beaten paths of learning, but men like Burke may wander about at their own sweet will, with never a fear of getting lost, gathering here and there stray branches of knowledge and weaving them into an education that is at the same time beautiful and strong.

At the instance of his father, Burke first took up the study of law. After spending about nine years at the Temple, during which he seems to have kept up his old habits of erratic study, he gave up law for the more dangerous, yet more interesting, profession of literature. We must not undervalue the effect of these nine years on his character. During this period he was organizing his forces for the battles ahead of him, and founding upon principles of truth and justice a character which stood firm when all things else—statesmen, parties, governments—seemed tottering to their ruin. He recognized the value of law as a mental discipline. "The law," said he, "is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences; a science

which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all other kinds of learing put together; but it is not apt, except on persons very happily born, to open and to liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion."

Burke's first work in the field of literature is of little value to-day, but it served to attract the attention of the politicians of that time, and he was soon drawn in the whirl of political life. His first public services were in the capacity of secretary to William Hamilton, who went to Ireland in 1761 as secretary to Lord Halifax. But Hamilton was unreasonable in his demands on the young author's time. As a result they quarreled and the latter, resigning his office, returned to England. After serving for some time as Secretary to Lord Rockingham, he was elected to Parliament from Wendover. Here begins his real public life. I shall not attempt to trace his checkered career. How, a nameless Irish boy, he worked his way up till his voice was heard in the councils of the nation; how he was thrown in and out by succeeding changes; and how amid all the tempest of that stormy time, as it were in the very teeth of Destiny, his bark still rode the troubled waters of English politics. I shall only speak of him in connection with some of the great problems with which he grappled.

The first of these was the American problem. Perhaps the people of our republic owe more to Burke than to any other English statesman. He stood for the Americans when he stood almost alone—stood in the face of the king, the Parliament, and his own constituents, and plead for them because he believed they were right. To him they were not Americans, but the English in America. Even as early as 1757, eighteen years before the outbreak of the American Revolution, his "Account of European Settlements in America" showed that he had already begun to study the great problem, the final outcome of which he saw to be the division of the English Empire. How well he mastered the details of the problem the faultless accu-

racy of his speeches show. The speech on "Conciliation with America," the "Address to the King," and the "Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol," are not the work of a dabbler, but of a student who knows every detail of his subject. "'I think I know America,' he said with proud humility; 'if I do not, my ignorance is inexcusable, for I have spared no pains to understand it.'" Time and again he appealed to the king, the Parliament and the people, warning them of the danger toward which they were heading, but his warning fell on deaf ears, his wisdom was disregarded, and under North's ministry, England plunged rapidly into one of the darkest periods of her history.

Burke next set himself to root out the abuses which North's ministry had entailed on the government. In addition to the heavy taxes occasioned by the costly American war the people were burdened by the expense of maintaining salaries attached to many useless offices. These offices were used by the Prime Minister as a means of bribery, and it was for the purpose of removing this source of corruption, as well as saving the people unnecessary expense, that Burke made his fight for economical reform. He only partially succeeded in his efforts, however, and his services were rewarded by an office far below what he deserved.

The great statesman next turned his attention to India. England had gained control in the East, but had basely misused her power. The whole province had been given over to the plunder of unprincipled men who had devastated the country and drenched its soil with the blood of its murdered inhabitants. With all his warm Irish heart and characteristic pity for the downtrodden of earth, Burke threw himself into the breach. For fourteen years he devoted himself with untiring energy to the work of mastering every detail of the subject. The fruit of all this industry was seen in the splendid mastery with which he handled every phase of the Indian problem in his speeches

on the East India bill, the Nabob of Arcot's debts, and the trial of Warren Hastings.

The trial of Hastings was, perhaps, the greatest event in all Burke's eventful life. There, in the historic old hall of West Minster, he delivered an oration that swept at times to such heights of eloquence and passion that "every listener, including the great criminal himself, held his breath in horror." Macaulay has well described the scene.

"The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, were in a state of uncontrolable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out, smelling bottles were handed around, hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and women were carried fainting from the scene. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, 'therefore,' he said, 'hath it with all confidence been ordered, by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the House of Commons, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all' "

But the ill luck of Burke's race seemed to dog his footsteps. In spite of his matchless eloquence Warren Hastings was acquitted. Burke had contended with all the manhood of his mighty soul on the side of Justice, Truth, and Honor, but he spoke to lords whose ears were deafened by the clink of gold. The plunder of India was too rich a thing to be abandoned for such trifling things as justice and human feeling, and so, mistaken patriotism and mad greed of gold stopped their ears to the cry of the unhappy country. But the trial had not been in vain. It taught

European countries that subject races have rights and it crowned the great orator with a laurel whose leaves shall not wither as long as truth and justice are dear to human hearts.

The next scene in which Burke figures is the French Revolution. For the first time in his life we see him trying to handle a subject which he did not thoroughly understand. He seems to have been blind to the popular side of the question. He took for granted that the French were living under a good constitution when such was far from the case. He saw only the glories of the old *regime*, with none of its defects, while he seemed utterly unconscious of the intolerable burdens under which the French people were groaning. He was charged with inconsistency by his contemporaries, but the charge cannot be sustained. Burke was one "who never turned his back, but marched breast forward," and any one disposed to criticise him fairly can easily see that he held the same position when he defended the Americans against the unjust aggressions of the British Ministry, as when he opposed the lawless French mobs in their attack on the royal government. With all his love for the old things, he threw himself against what Tennyson calls, "The mad fool fury of the Seine." His heart went out in sympathy for the outraged king and queen. Whether he was right or wrong I shall not attempt to say, at any rate he was sincere. The French had no right to purchase their freedom by the shedding of innocent blood. At first the other statesmen held aloof from him. His course led to open rupture with life-long friends and involved him in endless disputes. At times he showed an irritability of temper that was entirely unworthy so great a statesman. It is said that on the night of his quarrel with Fox, a member of the French party took him home in his carriage. When Burke found that his companion was a member of the Opposition, he insisted on getting out and was hardly persuaded to remain in the

carriage. When he arrived at home he got out without saying a word. His untimely action in throwing a dagger on the floor of the House and declaring it to be typical of the danger of alliance with France, showed that the great orator could not always keep his head.

At length the tide began to turn. His prophecies of evil were fully realized in the reign of terror that followed, and the English people began to see that there was much of truth in Burke's fierce tirade against the revolutionists. But his devotion to his convictions cost him the friendship of his dearest friends, and when he retired from Parliament at the age of sixty-four his isolation and loneliness were something pathetic. Another and heavier blow awaited him. In the same year his son, whom he loved better than anything else on earth and on whom he had set his highest hopes, was seized with illness and died. In his letter to a Noble Lord he thus describes his sad state: "The storm has gone over me and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors, I am torn up by the roots, I lie prostrate on the ground. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gates." Burke only lived three years after this desolating blow. He whose life had been spent in alleviating the sorrows of others had himself become a victim.

Such is a brief outline of the life of Burke—a man who, like many another great man, was unappreciated by his own age. At every step, he tells us, he was traversed and opposed, and at every turnpike he was obliged to show his passport. Though now accounted one of the world's greatest orators, in his own day his speaking was little regarded. When the debate on Fox's East India bill was going on in the House, Lord Erskine is said to have crawled out under the benches in order to avoid hearing Burke deliver a speech which his Lordship afterward "found so beautiful that he actually wore it to pieces

reading it.'' After his magnificent speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, the ministerial leaders whispered a moment and decided not to answer it, so little practical impression had it made on his audience. Frequently his hearers showed him such little respect that he was obliged, at times, to ask them to cease their unbecoming behavior. But there were times when Burke said the right thing at the right place, and then it was that his success was brilliant beyond measure.

As a master of English style Burke has no equal. The secret of his great power seems to have been his imagination. He does not treat things in an abstract way, but he makes them glow with life before our eyes. The way in which he saw the life in India was something wonderful. "The burning sun," says Macaulay, "the strange vegetation of the palm and cocoa tree, the rice field, the tank, the trees older than the Mogue Empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich tracery of the mosque, the drums, the banners, the gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head descending the steps to the river, the black faces, the long beards, the turbans, and the flowing robes, the spears, the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince and the close litter of the lady—all these things were to him as the objects among which he had passed his life.'' He knew how the whole world lived and he told it with an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction that has never been equalled. "Each sentence," says Morley, "falls upon our ears like the accent of some golden-tongued oracle of the wise gods."

But perhaps the greatest thing in all Burke's great character was his world-wide sympathy. We admire him for the closeness of his argument, for the great heights of political philosophy upon which he stood, for his matchless style, the charm of which seems to grow upon us day

by day, but most of all do we admire him for his human heart that went out in sympathy to suffering millions of the downtrodden and oppressed of earth. Whether, standing before his half-mad king, he plead the cause of American freedom, or, face to face with English lords gave voice to the dumb cries of stricken India, or, penning the immortal tribute to Marie Antoinette, he wet the paper with the tears that fell from his blue Irish eyes, always he was the same champion of the wretched, always his warm heart was the same.

In regard to Burke's ultimate place in history there can be no doubt. He has outlived the storms of partisan feeling that once raged around him, and he stands forth in the clear light of history as one of its noblest heroes. The questions with which Burke had to deal are questions that generations, perhaps even ages, may not settle. It is now over one hundred years since Burke passed away, and yet almost the same problems that he faced are to-day confronting the people of England and America. The influence of Burke's thought is greater to-day than it has ever been before, and perhaps the future will rather strengthen than diminish the value of his writings. As long as oppression is to be redressed and tyranny is to be overthrown, as long as liberty is to be protected from the attacks of lawless mobs, the abiding wisdom of Burke's political philosophy will not cease to have weight with fair thinking, conservative men.

THE EDITOR AND THE POET.

POET : *O wad some power the gift t' gi'e us*
T' ha'e a poem when editors see us;
It wad frae monie a pleading free us,
And mad insistence.
What wrath of word and thoughtt wad lea' us,
And vain resistance!

EDITOR : *O wad some power the gift t' gi'e us*
To see a poem when poets see us;
It wad frae monie a visit free us,
And empty pages.
O frae what fawning it wad sa'e us,
And haughty sages!

H. R. DWIRE, - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Strange as it may seem to the average college student, there continues to be, in the various newspapers and magazines of the country, a vast amount of discussion with reference to the value of higher education as a factor in success. In a recent number of one of our leading journals, a prominent business man, in discussing this subject, made the somewhat remarkable statement that, "in the present day, a college education is actually a hindrance, in many cases, to a successful life." If this were merely the expressed view of one individual on the subject, it would be regarded as of no particular consequence in the discussion. It is a fact, however, that the sentiment expressed above, may well be regarded as representative of the opinion of no inconsiderable class of people. It is almost impossible to read a modern magazine without seeing some statement of a similar nature. In a recent article on this subject in *The Scientific American*, Mr. Bird S. Coler, of New York, comes to the conclusion that a college education is "useless, from a practical standpoint, to the ordinary man." In proof of this assertion, he cites the cases of such men as Andrew Carnegie, Commodore Vanderbilt, and A. T. Stewart, "none of whom," he says, "ever knew the difference between a Greek root and a tulip bulb." The facts noted above prove, if nothing else, that there is at least an element of doubt in the minds of a great many prominent men, as to the efficiency of an ordinary college education.

These views may be accounted for in various ways. It seems to us, however, that the principal ground for such statements lies in a misconception, on the part of a great many people, as to the true meaning of the word "success." There is a tendency, in too many cases, to limit the application of the word to its commercial sense. For this reason, a great many men, like Mr. Russell Sage, have held to the utter uselessness of college training. If success were synonymous with money-making, then there would be an element of truth in these contentions. We are disposed, however, to think that the word is capable of a broader construction. Wealth is not a necessary adjunct to a successful life. If success means, as it certainly does, "the achievement of honest ambition in any phase of work," then we must come to the conclusion that a college education is an indispensable factor in this achievement. The chief value of college training does not lie in its commercial worth, but in the preparation for that higher life of culture which it affords. This must be regarded as its chief aim and function.

Perhaps there is no question in the political world at the present time that is of more interest to the student of sociological problems, and especially the college student, than the very striking condition of municipal affairs in New York City. When, a few weeks ago, the Tammany organization was overthrown and the reform party triumphed, the newspapers and magazines of the country were filled with extremely roseate predictions in regard to the supposed millennial dawn in the municipal politics of that city. Strange as it may seem, in the light of these facts, there has been a very significant revulsion of popular feeling within the past few days, and, as a result, there have already been suggestions as to the ultimate failure of the new movement. This popular feeling has culminated in a recent letter from Dr. Parkhurst, an ardent member of the reform party, to Mr. Low, in which

the former intimates that the new administration is destined to be as obnoxious to the people as the detested Croaker regime.

Whatever the significance of these developments may be, the present situation points conclusively to one fact, and that is, the absolute futility of mere forms in municipal as well as in other government. No matter how much the people of New York may clamour for reform in the administration of their political affairs, there will hardly be any appreciable improvement in these conditions until the great mass of citizens are educated to the point where they really see the need of better government. These facts may show that New York, at the present time, needs an educational crusade worse than a reform administration. The Tammany rule was undoubtedly bad in a great many respects, but it had the unquestionable advantage of standing on a level with the political ideals of its constituency. The remedy, it would seem, lies in the raising of these ideals in our great cities, instead of attempting a revolution on the present basis. This will be a work in which the college man may assume a prominent part in the not distant future.

For most people, an ordinary college education is of great value. For a few, it may be regarded as absolutely useless. This is a matter which must be considered as of vital importance. Many of the evils, existing in colleges to-day are due, in no small measure, to the presence in these institutions of those students, who, from the very nature of things, should not be there. The question very naturally arises in this connection, Who *should* and who should *not*, attend college?

President Hadley, of Yale University, in a recent article on education in *Success*, says that there are three distinct aims in a college education. In the first place, it offers a man theoretical knowledge, connected with practical training; it gives him breadth of culture, and offers friendships that will

be of benefit to him. If a man is prepared to seek any one of these things, then he is justified in attending college. If, on the other hand, he has an ulterior object in seeking such a training, then his presence in that college is a hindrance.

It is with reference to the second of these functions of education that the greatest danger lies at the present time. There is an opinion prevalent among a great many people that a college is a place where a man may go and in a certain mysterious manner, unknown to himself or anybody else, imbibe a vast amount of culture. There seems to be a feeling that mere contact with a college community is a sufficient education and that the only thing incumbent upon the student is to render himself pliable to the process and pass through the different stages of intellectual evolution. If this were true, education would be a comparatively simple thing. Unfortunately for many students, however, it is not true. The man who has an idea that by merely covering so many pages of Latin or Greek, without any particular effort on his part, he is imbibing culture, has a very mistaken idea of culture. He has merely confounded that term with "mental dissipation," and the longer he remains in that college, the more harm he receives. A college is valuable to a man only so long as he directs and shapes the course of his educational life. When he depends upon the college to do this for him and to carry him on its voyage as a kind of innocent passenger, then he receives no benefit and the institution suffers from his presence.

Every earnest college student must feel that he has almost lost a personal friend in the recent death of Mr. Horace E. Scudder. For many years past, Mr. Scudder has been recognized as one of the most versatile of American writers and his contributions to our literature, during this time, have been of great importance. Especially is this true of "The Life and Letters of James Russell Lowell," a work published a short time prior to his death.

To some men, literature is merely an incident; to others it is a profession. To the latter class, Mr. Scudder belonged. His first important success in this field was achieved while he was editor of the "Riverside Magazine." Shortly after the retirement of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, however, he assumed control of the "Atlantic Monthly," in which position he remained for eight years. During this time the magazine won a place in the front rank of American periodicals, and had come to stand for the best in American life and literature. This was doubtless largely due to Mr. Scudder's ability as an editor. Since this time he has written a great many books, among which may be mentioned his "Life of Noah Webster," "Bodley Books," Childhood in Literature and Art" and the Life of Bayard Taylor." Perhaps his most pretentious work, from a literary standpoint, however, was his recent "Life of James Russell Lowell."

At the present time, when there is such a dearth of literary men, the loss of a real *literateur* is severely felt. Such a loss we must feel in the death of Mr. Scudder. In all of his literary efforts he was, above all things else, an interpreter, and in this respect he has held a place akin to that of Mr. Mabie. We have had very few men who have done so much to interpret in an intelligent manner, the best products of our American literary life. For this reason, if for no other, his loss will be deeply felt.

MARJIE C. JORDAN, - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

THE WRITINGS OF "COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD OF WESTOVER IN VIRGINIA, ESQUIRE." By John Spencer Bassett. Doubleday, Page & Co., 1901.

All students of American literature and American colonial history will welcome a new edition of the writings of William Byrd. For some time it has been impossible for many students to get hold of an edition of his writings. It is fortunate that the present edition is in every way such a worthy one. The mechanical excellence of the book is all that could be desired—the printing, the paper, the binding, and illustrations all constitute it one of the handsomest books of the season, while the scholarly introduction and well prepared notes and appendices fix it as the definitive edition of Byrd.

There will be a renewed interest in the character and writings of this fine colonial gentleman, so aptly described by Professor Bassett in the following words: "His portrait shows a highly refined if a somewhat haughty face. Under his management Westover was known throughout the colony for its elegance, its hospitality, and its good company. His own writings reveal to us a man possessed of great kindness of heart and indefatigable energy. He seems to have been in his life as well as in his writing a man of sprightly mind and engaging personality. It is certain there were few men in the colonies who were socially more delightful."

Leaving to others to speak more at length of Byrd I shall merely give expression to my appreciation of the work of Professor Bassett. The introduction notes give evidence not only of the careful investigation of all the sources, but of a

knowledge of the Byrd family and incidentally of colonial life in Virginia that will commend the the book to all students of American history. There are the works of a trained student and the scientific scholar, and an absence of all the defects that have characterized much of the historical writing of southern men.

Looked at from every point of view, the work of Professor Bassett is worthy of the highest recognition; it should be a source of congratulation to all the friends and patrons of Trinity college, and a source of worthy emulation to every one of his colleagues. It is not only the note worthy contribution to scholarships made by a member of the Trinity faculty, but an addition to that small number of books produced by Southern scholars having more than local interest. Such work done by one in the prime of life and by one whose capacity for hard work is well known by his friends is an assurance of much valuable work in the future. E. M.

We hear much nowadays about the lack of genuine literary spirit among the people of the South. The element of pathos has always been prominent in the life-stories of the few Southerners who seriously devoted themselves to letters. It would appear that a sort of moral courage is demanded of those attempting it. In view of this it is reassuring to note the fact that a North Carolinian has recently issued his second volume of verse.

"The Watchers of the Hearth," by Prof. Benjamin Sledd, of Wake Forest college, is a collection of poems published in a small, unpretentious volume of the Arcadian Library, by the Gorham Press, Boston. The poem which gives the book its name has to do with the love, hopes, and disappointments of the domestic fireside—a note which echoes and re-echoes in many stanzas of the volume. This note is genuine and sympathetic; little figures with blue eyes, golden hair, and warm baby arms are constantly appearing on the pages, always to be welcomed as "the secret jewels of my heart."

Yet Mr. Sledd has not courted a homely muse. While so much of the modern output of verse is like "rag-time" music, ephemeral and only meant to catch the popular ear, he has expressed himself always in words that are chaste, and lines deep fraught with meaning. Indeed, many of the poems, and one is almost too ready to say, the best in the collection, have subjects of much wider range than the title of the book would indicate. The poet has the Wordsworthian love of nature, which was so prominent in all the Southern verse of forty years ago. He loves to lie dreaming "under these boughs on long, still summer days," to watch "the twilight gray wrapping the land, hill after hill away," and to follow after visions, "fancied in the footsteps of the rain." The mountains and the sea, the twilight and the dawn, alike draw him into moods of sympathy.

An undertone of sadness runs through almost all of these poems, but it is genuine and handled with the skill and the feeling of the real poet. We cannot but think that there is genuine power in such lines as these taken from "The South-Sea Watch:"

> "And the land so still in its sorrow, and the sea loud in its grief,
> The myriad moan of the sands, and the long, deep roar of the reef:
> And somewhere, far in the darkness, for ever high over it all,—
> Like the voice of one forsaken,—the buoy's lone wailing call."

R. A. L.

J. M. ORMOND, - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The Quachita Ripples for December is a very good number. The literary department has some articles that are especially commendable, but there are a few things in it that are not up to the standard which the others maintain. It is doubtless due to the fact that it is not always easy to get a full table of good articles. "Looking Forward" is an article giving a very hopeful view of the future of our country. The author conceives that as a nation we have come to the forefront and that it is due to the principles of our forefathers in establishing a free government. He says that we have made great and rapid advancement, and if we continue to hold to these principle there will come a day when, "the people of every country and clime shall join in gladsome voice in freedom's song." He takes a somewhat optimistic view of these things. In a sense this is a great thing to do, however, when there are problems which must be dealt with and which may affect very materially the welfare of our country.

The Christmas number of the *State Normal Magazine* is considerably better than usual. "Roanoke the First Anglo-Saxon Settlement in America," and "Lost Colony" are very creditable historical sketches. "The Man with the Violets" is an interesting story. The best work done in the magazine is in the editorial department. This is of a high order· "Our Profession" is a very timely and well written editorial. Some of the others might be mentioned.

The William Jewell Student comes to our table this month for the first time, and we are glad to place it on our exchange

list. It is an attractive magazine, its literary department consisting of a commendable combination of short stories, poems and solid pieces. The piece, however, "What's in a Senator?" would probably be more appropriate for pablication in a newspaper than in a college magazine. "The South in Literature" deserves special mention. It is well written and shows that the author has studied his subject. It is worthy the consideration of students of southern life.

The December number of the *Emory Phoenix* comes to us full of very creditable stories. The story "Mathematics Applied" is probably the best in the number. On the whole it is much above the average story that finds its way into the college magazine. "That Soph Scholarship" also deserves special mention. The editors have had better success in securing poetry for this issue than many of the other magazines. This number of the *Phoenix* is probably one of the best we have received so far.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* is one of the best exchanges that come to our table. The December number is no exception to the rule. It is full of interesting reading matter, and the departments are well edited.

We clip the following:

DUTY.

'Tis not the surge of momentary strife
 Wherein the victor carves his way to fame,
And being there resigns himself for life
 To rest upon the laurels of his name.

Nor yet the listless and the idle way
 In lazy luxury the sluggard wends,
Who lives his time but in the present day
 Not caring how the dim to-morrow ends.

But rather 'tis the patient course of one
 Who, working on the great mosaic of time,
Sets in his every act from sun to sun
 With perseverance placidly sublime.

—*Georgetown College Journal.*

'TIS WELL.

And I bethought to write in words of fire
The deeds of one supreme, stupendous liar.
And so, my purpose formed quite clear in mind,
I inked my pen for words of proper kind.
The paper fair for shame did blush to think
I purposed then by that pure page to link
To future times, in such doggerel rhymes,
The records true of his infamous crimes.
And then in pity great away I turned;
My pen for sake of Faith the ink had spurned.
At once the Judgment cried in quest of peace:
"The hateful, burning words do not release."
And Reason's voice I heeded once again:
"Let not the gall of life grow by thy pen."

—*The Randolph-Macon Monthly.*

W. A. BIVINS, - - - - - - MANAGER.

Dr. Mims delivered the third lecture in the series of faculty lectures Saturday, January 4, his subject being "A Great American Citizen and His Services." The American citizen about whom Dr. Mims spoke so ably was James Russell Lowell.

The student body is glad to learn that Mr. Washington Duke, who sustained a painful accident the last week in December, is improving.

Dr. Bassett lectured before the student body of the Baptist Female University at Raleigh, January 4, on "The Condition of Authorship in the South." The Raleigh papers have spoken very highly of the lecture.

The Young Men's Christian Association has elected its officers for the ensuing year. They are as follows: President, L. P. Howard; Vice-President, M. T. Frizzelle; Recording Secretary, J. Blanchard; Corresponding Secretary, H. B. Adams; Treasurer, J. O. Lawton.

Dr. Kilgo delivered an interesting and humorous lecture on his trip abroad, before the Trinity Church Epworth League, the night of the 21st instant.

Hon. Jas. A. Lockhart, '73, of Wadesboro, has been favorably spoken of in reference to the chief justiceship on the State Supreme Court bench. No better selection could be made.

Mr. H. B. Adams, '70, of Monroe, is a candidate for the Superior Court judgeship in his district. Mr. Adams is an able lawyer and would doubtless make an excellent judge.

The South Atlantic Quarterly makes its appearance this month. It starts on its career with the good wishes of a number of newspapers and a host of friends throughout the State.

Mr. L. L. Hendren, '00, who has been teaching in the Trinity Park High School, has received a fellowship at Columbia University, New York, and will leave in a few days.

Mr. J. B. Duke has ordered from an Italian sculptor a design for a heroic bronze statue of President McKinley, to be placed on the College park. Mr. Duke wishes the South to erect the first memorial to the martyred President, hence the gift to Trinity. This is a noble act of a true Southerner.

The North Carolina Christian Advocate of the 15th instant contains an excellent write-up of the Trinity-Wake Forest debate. The issue also contains cuts of our three debaters, Messrs. Howard, Hornaday, and Brown.

The Methodist Hand-book recently published by Dr. T. N. Ivey, of the *Raleigh Christian Advocate*, is a gem. Due space is given to Trinity College and her interests.

Prof. Jerome Dowd, of Wisconsin University, spent the holidays in Charlotte. To a reporter of the *News* he characterized the Wisconsin people as follows: "The people out there can spit oftener and further and in more different directions, and can cuss in more different languages than any people I ever knew." In reference to the weather he said that it was a warm day when the thermometer was less than 20 degrees below zero.

Dr. Bassett attended the session of the American Economic Association, at Washington, D. C., during the holidays. Professor Boyd also attended the meeting.

Mr. R. N. Littlejohn, '02, is continuing his studies in medicine at the University of Maryland, Baltimore.

Mr. F. T. Willis, '99, is teaching in Elizabeth City.

Examinations are on. Blessed is he that knows and knows that he knows.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1902.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to H. R. DWIRE, Chief Editor, Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.

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C. L. HORNADAY, - - - - - - MANAGER.

AMERICAN COMMERCIALISM.

"'No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries! No climate that is not witness to their toils!" are the eulogistic terms in which Mr. Burke expressed to the English Parliament his admiration of what he also termed "the victorious industry" of the American colonists. When he spoke these words, the scattered settlements along the Atlantic shores were the merest beginnings, scarcely the slightest hints, of the America which now is. Indignant impulses were then rising in the spirits of these wilderness men, and the clouds of war were casting shadows upon the rocks and forests. These were the first pains of national travail, but the mother of nations was giving birth to a mighty child. Those settle-

ments have spread out and mastered a continent, the larger part of which Mr. Burke only knew of as frontiers and wildernesses. Islands and seas have become a part of this people's possessions, and the symbol of their national authority is honored in every region of the earth. The value of merchandise sent out from American ports during the last year of the nineteenth century was more than a billion and a quarter of dollars. Had our imports and exports for 1900 been sold at a single sale, it would have required a hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars more than the entire currency circulation of the nation to pay the bill. Looking over a list of these exports one finds agricultural implements, corn, wheat, flour, cotton, fruits, vegetables, beef products, hog products, hay, hops, brass, copper, iron, steel, oils, paints, paper, books, maps, engravings, drugs, chemicals, dyes, soaps, china ware, glass ware, earthen ware, musical instruments, and, in fact something of all we produce and the world needs for life or death, except coffins. These exports have gone to all the peoples of the earth, from Greenland in the north, to Cape Town in the southern hemisphere. These fishermen of the 18th century are the world's traders and producers of the 20th century. Germany is jealous of American traders, and England trembles before their darings more than she did before the rapid triumphs of Napoleon; while Japan stretches out her arms to welcome American merchants, and France turns this way to learn the arts of "victorious industry." In industry the names of Vanderbilt, Astor, Rockefeller, Morgan, Duke, Hill, and Carnegie, are as startling for daring enterprise and achievements as the names of Alexander, Scipio, Caesar, Theodoric, Clovis, Charlemangue, and Napoleon are in the history of political enterprises. American thrift, daring and success make a startling picture in the world of business.

What is behind this marvelous record? Is it the desparation of satanic insanity—a thing to be hated and destroyed? There are those who pretend to see in it a new Attilanism

before which all that is glorious and honorable will be swept from among men. The cry against, what they are pleased to call Commercialism, is on their lips, and some pulpits, the utterances from which spring from passion instead of deliberate judgment, have joined the army of anti-commercialists; while those who thrive best on cheap and easy ethics, unite their feeble efforts to overthrow this horde of modern Huns. There is an ignorance that arouses sympathy; there is an ignorance that stirs pity; but there is an ignorance that begets contempt, and the zealots who seek to transfer industry and business success from the list of virtues to the catalogue of crimes, have, as a logical consistency, a tramp for a moral ideal, and a county poor-house for the highest mark of civilization. In opposition to their doctrines, the sincerity of which I have found no reason to believe, I do not hesitate to espouse the cause of Commercialism, and to congratulate our nation on being the mother of such a vigorous offspring. If that be heresy, I seek a refuge behind a belief that it is yet loyalty to the truth, which more than once in the world's history has not been on speaking terms with orthodoxy.

There may be a world in which men do not eat and work, but this is not that world. This world has been planned on a costly scale, and the higher the ideals of life, the greater the expense of it. Cheap life is necessarily life at a low point. The Chinaman knows an economy that startles an American, and the negro lives on wages that would make theives of the larger number of college graduates. Raise your standards of civilization and expenses rise. It is, at times, an interesting employment to hear a man tell of the cheapness of government and of domestic life sixty or seventy years ago, and note the animation with which he condemns the extravagance of to-day. The cause is fundamental and no human assembly can amend it. Expensiveness is not the ruin of a man or a nation, but an indisposition or an inability to produce the cost, is the demon of destruction. Roman indolence, not Roman expenses, brought it to ruin. A high

civilization nursing indolence is the thing to be most dreaded. But a civilization, the chief complaint against which is its startling thrift and "victorious industry," is too healthy to be numbered among the dying, or even among the diseased. The vigorous zeal which Germany, Austria, and England show in their protests against the vulgarity of American commercialism is the over anxiety of an aged and weak woman for the welfare and security of a hefty man of toil. In the Old World men grow rich that they may rest; in America they grow rich that they may work. No finer examples of persistent workers can be found in the earth than among the American millionaires. The names of Rockefeller, Wannamaker and Morgan are not the synonyms of indolence and sensous frolic. They mean labor of the most masterful and persistent sort. The American capitalist is an American laborer. A young Vanderbilt working in the shops of the New York Central Railway attests the serious spirit lying back of business operations, and is a witness to the high dignity of labor. If American commercialism keeps alive the energies of our civilization, and maintains thrift as the only honorable ideal of a healthful man, it is a vital contributor to our moral prospects, as well as our social comforts.

A patient analysis of the forces and elements composing the spirit of the industrial activities of America will not only serve to relieve the timid anxieties of the mystical and idealistic moralist and the fears of the unselfish and purely spiritual politician, but it will aid the sober minded student to discover some available resources of power in all efforts to perfect life.

Commercialism is reckoned by the careless among the coarser and more sensuous spirits that rule human action. On the contrary, it is not only capable of refinement, but is an appreciative patron of culture and refinement. This is true of American commercialism. The temples which made Athens famous as a centre of art, are to-day excelled in architectural magnificence by business building in all the larger

cities of America. In Broadway, New York; in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; and in Wabash Avenue, Chicago, may be found an order of architecture which is refined in taste, harmonious in design, magnificent in conception, and highly cultural in its influence. The richest materials, the most splendid workmanship, the highest ideals of beauty, and extravagant expenditures may be found in the construction and equipment of American banks, boards of trade, commercial temples, insurance buildings, and railway depots. There is not a style of a column that graced the Acropolis, not an arch that dignified a palace or temple in Rome, not a Byzantine dome or semi-dome, not a Gothic spire or clustered column, not a Romanesque combination or type, not an architectural line or conception from Assyrian oddities to modern perfection which may not be found in some form and combination in the temples of American trade. They show every mark of art and refinement that may be found in Saint Peter's at Rome, Saint Paul's in London, Notre Dame in Paris, or the Duomo in Florence. Symbolic statuary, mosaics, paintings and frescoes ornament places of trade and instruments of labor. The one thing which will interest and startle the distant student who, a thousand years hence, comes to study the spirit of our present civilization will be the love of art that reigns in the bosom of trade. Railway stations are more splendid than temples of worship, insurance buildings more magnificent than temples of learning, and banking houses outclassing the architecture of libraries.

This spirit of refinement and culture which possesses American commercialism is as evident in the home life and surroundings of its constituency as it is in the houses of business. That there has been a steady growth in the aesthetics of domestic surroundings is too apparent to need proof. While there is a historic sanctity which gives a peculiar beauty to an old residence like Mount Vernon or Fort Hill, yet it is true that there is a crudeness in the architectural design, as well as the architectural ornamentation of these

famous old residences. Even the White House, the Nation's royal residence, is marked with a painful crudeness and homeliness. Yet the village of a Southern factory, made up of its rows of white cottages, nestling on a hill, or stretching through a valley along the water's edge, makes a picture of simple beauty which is a credit to the finer feelings of a manufacturing spirit. Passing from a scene like this, along the resident street of clerks, cashiers, book-keepers, small merchants, and agents of companies, the little green lawns, clean walks, bright flower plots, shapely cottages, tasteful colors, clean carpets, and admirable furnishing witness to the lofty spirit that pervades the mind that handles the industries of our Nation. But it remains for the great capitalist to adorn the domestic settling with all the wealth of art and beauty, and not only profess, but prove, that American commercialism thinks of home with a marked reverence, and esteems it the worthy beneficiary of rarest ornamentation. A great residential street like Fifth Avenue in New York, or of a Southern city, like Peachtree Street in Atlanta, shows the generosity with which these men patronize art to honor the domestic life. A country estate such as Biltmore is a wonder, even a mystery, to the multitude. Miles on miles of graded and beautified roads, forests on forests planted and trained, lakes, rivers, mountains, fountains, shrubbery, flowers, lawns, have all been made to yield to the genius of art and the love of beauty. What means it all? Ten thousand times this question has been asked, and though the impulse that gave it birth may remain Mr. Vanderbilt's secret, one thing is evident, commercialism has at Biltmore made an avowal of its love of the richest beauty and its capacity for the most extravagant schemes of refinement. To a wisely restrained public all this wealth of art is made a common benefactor, and is a museum of beauty built for the public out of mountains, rivers and forests. This estate is only an example of a vast and ever increasing number of its sort. It would require much time to detail the many other evidences

of the refined character of American commercialism. A failure to esteem cultural and refined influences in industry is deemed a violation of commercial morals, and gives the violator a low rank in business society.

American commercialism is patriotic in its spirit, and sincere in its desires of a wise and stable government. Patriotism is not the motive of a single type of conduct, but is the motive which begets all noble service, of any sort, done to the country. The inscription on the Prince Consort National Memorial is: "Queen Victoria and her people to the memory of Albert, Prince Consort, as a tribute of their gratitude for a life devoted to the public good." It is suggestive that the sculpture of the podium, which is intended to symbolise the devoted service of this noble man, includes the statutes of the world's famous sculptors, painters, architects and poets. The warrior is not there. In Westminster one finds commemorated the lives of poets, orators, writers, inventors, preachers, scholars, benefactors, soldiers statesmen, kings and queens and the one theme of all inscriptions is: "Faithful service to the public." Patriotism alone may find a grave, or a monument, in this famous Abbey, and the one truth which every monument speaks, is, "Patriotism is public service." A mere disposition to serve is not patriotism. Patriotism is a stern doer of deeds, profitable deeds. It is only limited by the number of worthy ways to supply these needs in a nation's life.

When Cornelius Vanderbilt and Thomas Alexander Scott began the system of uniting the fragments of railroads into great trunk lines, travel was a task, if not even a nuisance. Delays, inconveniences, slow and uncertain schedules, endless changes, losses of baggage, break downs and perpetual jeopardy of life, was the endless story. It took a bravery as daring as that of the Maid of Orleans for a woman to start on a journey five hundred miles in length fifty years ago. To-day a child may go with perfect safety and royal comfort from Portland to San Francisco.

It would be difficult to know how men could cross this continent with their lives before the days of the Pullman sleeper. Such a feat looks more like a providence than an achievement. This genius of car construction has brought to men, women and children a comfort and safety which make travel a joy. To the Pullman car must be credited the possible benefits of healthful and curative climates for the weak who could journey to them only under the safest conditions.

Should the modern system of transportation be exchanged for the system of forty years ago, ruin would come to every line of business. It would prove a revolution more dire in its destruction and far reaching in its effects than any other revolution of all history. It has required the highest order of organizing and executive ability and a marvelous expenditure of capital to build this modern system of transportation. It is not the easy product of a street speculator. For the management of a system like the Pennsylvania Railway, or the New York Central system, calls for a higher order of administrative genius than it takes to run a European empire, while men have lived in the White House, or presided in the Senate, who would have made shipwreck of a modern railway or steamship line. It is a notable fact that States, and even the Nation, have showed a great genius for bankrupting railroads of their own building, and in the end have found their surest protection in a lease to some great system of commercialism. By the organization of extensive lines of transport, giving rapid and enlarged facilities, new enterprises have been created, new openings for labor have been made, and waste regions have been given value. Maine has its early strawberry patch in Florida and eastern North Carolina, while South Georgia is an American water-melon patch. Dairies, gardens, orchards, and conservatories are only limited by their powers of production as the world is for them an easy market. The leading paper of Queenstown, Ireland, contained an editorial in one of its issues during

the past summer calling the Irishman's attention to the fact that the freshest and most delicious plums to be purchased in London came from California, eight thousand miles away. Spain already dreads that the vineyards beyond the Rockies will become the most efficient competitors of those beyond Gibraltar. The sand hills of Moore county and the marshy hammocks of Columbus county in our State have been given a startling value by the refrigerator car, and men now find remunerative employment where once poverty was the sole prospect of toil. With this world system of transportation, the crowning wisdom of commercialism, manufacturers, miners, farmers, horticulturalists, cattlemen, merchants, scholars, in fact all lines of industrial enterprises have been given new fields, vast opportunities and marvelous success. A merchant, such as Mr. Wannamaker, may make to-day a million dollars by honest methods of trade easier than he could have made a hundred thousand dollars fifty years ago. The American farmer with his surplus of cotton, corn and wheat would be financially wrecked if commercialism had not made it possible for him to trade with the world. It takes less now, with the modern system of merchandise, exchange and transportation to put a ton of Australian produce on the London market, eleven thousand miles away, than it cost a century ago to move a ton of iron from Edinburgh to Southampton. Famines have been driven from the earth, and hopeless pauperism made a chosen vocation.

Transportation has been made prominent as an illustration of the public service, which is patriotic service, done by our commercialism, but without a harmonious and co-operative system of industry, in which all parts are doing work, from the country merchant collecting produce at his little store by the lonely roadside, through the town merchant, the broker, the shipper, the banker, the telegrapher, the foreign merchant to the far away consumer the magnificent and munificent scheme would break down.

Should some one seek to discount the patriotism of this service by the assertion that each gets pay for his work, and some get good pay, even fabulous pay, he should be reminded that Nelson got pay for his victory of the Nile; Wellington was paid for his service at Waterloo; the translators of the Bible were remunerated for their work; George Washington did not fill the presidential chair without pay; Mr. Jefferson drew his salary as a public servant; while Saint Paul claimed a just support from those he served. Patriotism and compensation are not contradictory terms. If they are, then it is an unjust and tyrannical virtue which all sensible men will do well to shun. But commercialism has placed its capital, the sacred product of men's toil and self denial, at the disposal of industrial contingencies and social risks, and have borne the burden of losses, hatreds and obstructions with a patience and hope of marvelous endurance. The warrior is an incidental servant of the people, the commercialist knows no release from his task.

When commercialism is asked to make answer for its benevolences, to show its unselfish charities, the record is highly commendable. There never was a completer libel than that commercialism has no soul. None can forget, and no fair man will despise the picture of three trains rushing from New York, Chicago and San Francisco, straining every pound of steam and every rod of machinery, to carry food, raiment, medicine, nurses and physicians to storm-swept Galveston. Whose gift was this? Whose picture is it? All may have had some part in it, but the list of heart-bleeding donors will show that the burden of it was the glad service of commercialism. Such a manifestation will be repeated as often as such calamities befall communities. In a less open way all kinds of benevolences are being done by commercialism, from giving a penny to a blind pauper to endowing a college or building a hospital. Go at any time where charity is being done, and commercialism will oftener show a representative than will politics or scholarship. Nothing is more

striking among the characteristics of our American civilization than the great and benevolent heart that is in it. No man can starve in Wall Street, and a pauper's plea will be felt at the doors of a stock exchange. Never in the world's history have any other people committed such vast and vital enterprises to benevolences, free will offerings, as have the American people. England taxes its citizens for the support of religion, but America asks no other security for it than the benevolence of its people. This has been, and is still, sufficient to build churches in every hamlet, in every country neighborhood, and in every street of our cities. The church spire everywhere in this nation is a symbol of its generosity, while the thousands of bells ringing on the Sabbath is a perpetual witness to American benevolence. On this benevolence we expect to fill the nations of the earth with the Christian religion. Colleges, universities, libraries, hospitals, asylums and in fact, everything that makes a high civilization has been committed to the care of free will offerings. America hates nothing more than it hates a heartless wealth, and commercialism is a generous patron of this hatred.

In policies of government the patriotism of commercialism is wise, conservative and honest, elements which make it trustworthy. The reckless efforts to defame it to the rank of piracy is, to say the least, a queer order of modern vandalism of fairness and confidence. Why should a currency policy be essentially mean and ruinous because it emanates from a banker's association? Why should it be essentially correct and pure because it comes from a politital convention or a popular town assembly? Does not a man like Mr. Morgan know more of the essential qualities of a sound currency to which is committed the values and stable relations of the delicate tasks of international trade, than a local tradesman or politician whose chief uses of money are to pay a salary and settle a beef bill? Some men cannot avoid thinking that the genius which raised a poor boy to an immense capitalist is more competent to speak on problems of currency than

the man whose chronic grievance is irreparable bankruptcy. In matters of law, we consult lawyers; in matters of health, we consult physicians; in matters of theology, we consult preachers; in matters of science, we consult scientists; in matters of dress, we consult tailors; and in matters of currency shall we consult the agents of wives? It is forever wisdom to consult the wise. He who stands for the surest, the purest and the fairest currency renders the public a service, the value of which is only heightened by the hatred he may incur in rendering it. In all matters of purer government, conservative and wise policies, healthful progress, brave risks, heavy burdens and new duties, whether munici- or national, our commercialism has established a high order of patriotism which should commend it to the confidence instead of the hatreds of men. In every relation, and by every worthy method, this record of genuine patriotism has been persistently maintained. There has been no discovery of science, no product of art, no labors of the scholar in any field which have not found their widest application and usefulness through the schemes and energies of commercialism. If the scholar has made valuable discoveries, commercialism has made actual these values. Scholarship and commercialism have been, and are, dependent upon each other, and commercialism has been faithful to the interdependence. It has sought to make all things serve the public.

Commercialism is the greatest propagandist of our civilization and the forces that make it. Here is a missionary movement of startling proportions. A civilization is expressed in all the methods, spirits and machinery of its organization. Not alone in art, literature and theologies, but in all products, whether material or intellectual, is it to be studied. Edison is no less a factor in and creation of American civilization than was Phidias of the Greeks and Angelo of the Florentines. A Baldwin locomotive and a Rhode Island cotton factory are expressions of the spirit and thrift of our faiths and ideals. The things we make must tell of the

things we believe and feel. It has been true in the past and it must always remain true.

The great epochs of propagandism have been periods of wide intermingling of peoples. Such a period was the extension of the Macedonian Empire when the influences and civilizations of Europe and Asia were brought together. The association gave birth to a civilization made up of both civilizations. To the crusades the modern world of letters owes its beginning, and the results seem to warrant their terrible cost of blood. International wars gave birth to the elements of unity among European nations. But commercialism has brought about a world-wide association of faiths, feelings and spirits out of which must some day emerge a new form of civilization for the earth. What shall be the dominant type of this civilization? Everything indicates that it will be American, and that commercialism will be its most rapid means of extension. There is not a nation in the earth that is not seeking our friendships or showing jealousy of our influences. There is a pathos in the plea of old China, for American protection and sympathy, while the death of President McKinley brought out manifestations of the earth's leanings upon the country he served. Every token indicates that the hopes of the world spring from this land. Nor is it difficult to see the things they seek and the hands to which they look. Europe and Asia are not calling for our religion, our politics, nor our philosophies, but they are seeking for the things which make our commercialism. They want the methods, the spirit and the machinery of our industry, and they are getting them, and with them getting the hidden things that have made these things. Commercialism will prove the entering means of Christianity into China and Korea, as it has into Japan. A cotton factory and a locomotive will impress China with the power of a religion that makes such things possible much more rapidly than will a prayer meeting. The material products of Christianity must be the forerunner of its spiritual power. Wisdom and justice

require the use of those means which lead to the surest results in the promulgation of truth; nor can a people esteem truth as a philosophy as readily as they can in a material product.

American commercialism has in it the broadest spirit of nationalism and is the hope of the Nation's and the world's union. Segregation has been the bane of nations. National antagonisms was the civic spirit of original society—a spirit which fixed the limits to moral growth and social perfection. Against this order reason and the Christian religion have entered their protests. Yet among the forces of social evolution both politics and theologies have nursed segregations and fostered antagonism. These have been the giant persecutors of history. It is the marvelous tragedy of human beliefs that the teachings and spirit of Christ should have been distorted into the crimes of bigotry and ecclesiasticisms. But the record is true. Probably the bitterest hatreds of the present day are those born of political partizanships, the solidity of which seems to rest upon traditional strifes and prejudices of old standing. The gloomiest feature of our national life to-day is sectionalism, an ism that has its chiefest emphasis in political differences and denominational divisions. The Mason and Dixon line is more a matter of prejudices than it is a geographical fact. The differences which rent this Nation were settled nearly forty years ago—a pity they had not ended then. There is not a broad and genuine man in these United States who has not grown tired of this unreasonable and unnecessary segregation. There is not one who does not wish it at an end. But national sores are hard to heal.

The reunion of the sections of this wide country will come through the broad spirit of commercialism. When President Garfield was assassinated it was thought his blood would cement his country. It did not. When the Massachusett's soldier and Georgia volunteer stood in the same ranks at Santiago, it was claimed that sectionalism was dead. But

its voice has been heard in the land since that victorious day. When President McKinley fell, the sorrow of the Nation seemed to be the groan of loyal brotherhood; but some men seem yet much like themselves and speak words unbecoming citizens of one country. No single deed can cure such wounds. Years of social dealings in some form, is the only healer, and this healing process is going on in American commercialism. Through it sectionalism is rapidly coming to an end. Capital is not sectional, but a searcher after peaceful and co-operative alliances. The great tomb in Riverside Park bears an inscription, no less the plea of our commercialism, than it was the desire of the famous man who spoke it. "Let Us Have Peace" is the gospel of American capital. The day has come when a Southern cotton mill, bank, railway, forest, water power and mine are operated by dollars which come from all parts of the Nation, and while the discussion of political issues and theological propositions may be dangerous, yet we may talk of dividends and investments without fear of injuring the most delicate relations of civil fraternity. We will not become united on the hustings; we are far apart in the pulpit; but we are owning and developing our brotherhood in the roar of machinery and the ring of the hammer. This generous spirit of commercialism is the brightest thing in the prospects of our country. It promises a day of peace, a day of united strength, a day of prosperity and a day of unfettered thought. But for its force, the gloomiest prophet could not paint the picture of our ruin. Everywhere in America it is the evangel of nationalism.

What it is doing in America, it is doing throughout the earth. In its organizations and divisions of labor it is giving a practical application of the doctrine of universal brotherhood, the leading doctrine of Christian society. International commerce is the only international movement and kinship that takes in the earth. A war in South Africa will change the wheat market in Chicago, and a bank failure in New York will chill the market in Berlin. Ships go from our

shores loaded, and they come back loaded. This is more than an exchange of products, it is an exchange of fraternal greetings. In the future civilizations of the earth American commercialism will show a record of service beyond the calculation of the astutest historian.

This is the merest outline of the immense contributions which commercialism is making to the evolutions of our civilization, and is intended to be no more than suggestive. If there be a man who attributes these moral virtues to the most sordid and sensuous selfishness, to such a one I say, with worthy dignity and becoming apology, stop such falsehoods. Long enough such reckless tongues have impeached purity of motives, libelled honesty and sought the ruin of confidences, while these defamers have thieved charities and lived by those they seek to destroy. With such hypocrisies the world may well dispense without loss of safety or pain of sorrow. The truth must be admitted that our commercialism has taken into itself much of the spirit of the Christian religion, and is to-day a magnificent exponent of its charity and ethics. In its standards of honesty, of thrift, of genius, of sympathy, of broadness, and of fraternity commercialism is a product of the doctrines of the Christian religion, and as such should have the esteem of all who believe that in some way this religion will evolve in the world the final and perfect civilization.

A LOSS WHICH WAS A GAIN.

BY FRANK CARDEN.

The finely furnished room presented a strange appearance of disorder as if vainly trying to keep pace with the aspect of its occupants. Several young men, all good looking and well dressed but with disordered clothes and disheveled hair, lounged in easy attitudes around the large mahogany table. Their cheeks were flushed and their eyes sparkled and shone even through the dense clouds of tobacco smoke.

On the table was an assortment of bottles and glasses and the fumes of old Kentucky whiskey strove in mighty combat with those of Turkish tobacco. Loud laughter and merry songs rang out—the latter not always fit for ladies' ears. One of the young men, a sturdy, dark-haired, handsome fellow, arose and steadying himself against the table lifted his sparkling glass high above his head and amid the laughter and applause of his companions exclaimed: "Here's to San Francisco's next congressman, than whose handsome face there is none more beloved by those beautiful fair ones, created by the God of love and yclept woman by man; whose brilliant intellect is unsurpassed in brightness; whose attainments, talents and incomparable genius are and ever shall be recognized where mind and er'a, er'a——well, boys, you all know the rest. Here is to him! Drink her down!" All except one—a grey-eyed, square-chined and intelligent looking young man, with broad shoulders and a manly face—arose and drank the toast with much vim and less steadiness.

As the young men again took their seats one of them turned to the young man who had not responded to the toast and leaning over him unsteadily said: "Jim why in the devil didn't you drink to yourself. You know that your seat in the fifty-fifth Congress is as sure as the birth reserved for me in that future kingdom of nocturnal and everlasting darkness? Isn't it true, boys?" "Yes! Yes!", came from all.

The one addressed arose slowly and steadily—it was plain that he had not imbibed as much as his companions—and

filling up his glass lifted it above his head. "Gentlemen," said he, as a far away look of sadness came over his handsome face: "I fear I will not be your next congressman. Infact, I cannot and will not accept the honor you wish to confer upon me. However, I thank you just the same and wish to make one toast before I leave you. You are all men of wealth and influence. You have never known what poverty is, but I have. You are unacquainted with trouble; but I have felt its bitter pangs. To-night as I stand before you enjoying the ease and luxury of a comfortable salary, away off yonder amid the lonely pine woods of North Carolina sits a little cottage—my home—from which I am exiled on account of a supposed crime. That little cottage is occupied by a grey-haired old veteran and a broken hearted little woman. No doubt they often think of their wayward boy; no doubt the poor trembling hands of that dear old woman are often lifted to God in prayer for her unworthy son. "Choking, he continued, "Here is to my mother. I am going to her to-night, Congress or h—. Do you think me sentimental. D— a man devoid of the sentiment of love and duty."

He took his seat amid profund and awestruck silence.

As Jim Westlake—the young man who made the last toast and declined the nomination for Congress—slowly and sadly made his way to his rooms that night he saw a burely policeman collar one of Bacchus's son's who had just fallen against a large glass store front. Jim stopped and asked the officer, "what is the row." "Oh! this blamed fool's just got to pay seventy-five wheels for this glass." The one referred to pulled his long mustach thoughtfully, straightened his cowboy-hat and gazing unsteadily at the nearby street light said: "Well, I'll be goldinged if I heve made as much as that often cayrds fer the last month." Shaking his head dolefully, "aint got a cent, nary a cent." "Well it's a case for the work house," replied the officer as he caught the fellow's arm. "Hold!" said Jim Westlake as he pulled out his purse and took out a hundred dollar bill and gave it to the officer. "Keep the

change." Then turning to the astonished gambler he said, "My man, go home and let whiskey alone." With that he was gone. "Who is that? Peers like I've saw him before," asked the liberated prisoner. The officer turned up his nose in contempt for such ignorance and replied: "Don't you know him? He 's Frisco's next congressman. He came from the East 'bout five years ago." The unsteady indulger, pulling his long mustach, continued his way instead of going to the work house. However, his wits were at work. Finally he succeeded in locating the circumstances under which he had seen that face.

Next morning found him around at Jim Westlake's office inquiring for the young lawyer. He again fell under contempt for his ignorance. "Haint ye heard the news?" exclaimed the office boy. "The boss has done cleaned out to see his mammy and the jail. Wanted in Caroliny fer murder," screwing up his face as if he had always known it. "Umh!" grunted Pete—for that was the name the gentleman of the long mustache and broad brimmed hat went under—"Recon I hed better go rake up some change and go to Caroliny and heve some fun," and he swaggered off towards the depot.

At the very same moment, in spite of the earnest pleas of the local politicians and of his numerous friends San Francisco's brilliant young lawyer and candidate for Congress was speeding on his way to his mother and the jail—for he was wanted in North Carolina for murder. His father several years before had—with much self denial—given him a university education. After graduation he came home only "to take up" with several wealthy young scapegoats in the town. One night a quarrel arose over cards; pistols were drawn, and a life was sacrificed on the altar of depravity and foolishness. Not only that, a mother's heart was broken, a father's hopes blasted and a promising career stopped.

The young man who had been killed was the brother of Jim Westlake's affianced. He helped carry the dead boy

home and asked for an interview with his love. He had never forgotten that night. She came in, tall, pale and queenlike. Her incomparable brown eyes—dry with sorrow and flashing in anger—pierced his very soul with their scornful darts. She stood and impatiently heard his denial, his impassioned, honest and earnest denial. In vain! Young Will Rogers—rich and popular—and Bronco Pete—a professional gambler—the only two witnesses of the affair beside himself, had already been there and given their version of the shooting which ascribed the deed to Jim. When he had finished she scornfully tapped the carpeted floor with her little foot and imperiously pointed to the door. "Go! Go! 'Tis thus you repay my love. You promised me to let cards and whiskey alone. Never let me see you again."

He left her and in vain avowed his innocence to his father.

No one but his faithful old mother would believe him. So, after a wordy and angry interview with the grey headed old Colonel—his father—who had oftened cautioned him to beware of bad whiskey and worse companions—and a sad farewell to his weeping mother he turned his back upon his old home and fled westward. There, in the city of San Francisco he had arisen to the first rank among lawyers and was on the verge of being sent to Congress. Now he had turned his back upon it all and was going home.

* * * * * * * * * * *

It was Christmas Eve and a very rough one for Eastern North Carolina. The angry wind whirled with cutting sharpness around the corners of the little cottage which stood on the edge of town and sighed with mournful sadness through the tall forest kings which lifted their snow-clad arms unto the wintry darkness of the night. The snow was falling in muffled silence.

The old Colonel shivered and threw another log on the already roaring fire as he glanced at the sad face of his wife, who sat in the opposite corner. The old lady arose, crossed the room, opened a little leather bound trunk and with

trembling hands took out two small stockings. She brought them over to the high mantle piece and—with tearful eyes—hung them up. The little heels, darned and patched, swung to and fro in the draft of the fire place. The Colonel frowned, swallowed and furiously blew his nose, mumbling that such weather was good for colds. "I remember Jim used to hang these very little stockings up," murmured his wife. Again she crossed to the trunk and as she took out several worn little toys she wet them with her tears—such tears as can be shed only by those faithful hearted old mothers, God's greatest and most blessed gift to man. She tremblingly placed the toys in the decrepit little stockings. "James! James! How could you ever doubt his innocence?" She whispered. "My boy would not lie to me, never! Never!" She glanced at the tall old clock. It pointed to the hour of ten—bedtime. She kneeled before the fire and silently lifted her heart to the Maker of all things. It seemed as if a portion of heaven had come down; that the faint rustling of countless angels wings filled the room, waiting to bear her petitions upward. The Colonel wiped his eyes, moved uneasily. The old clock ticked with loud and regular beats and each tick pierced the old man's heart with the conviction that he had showed a woeful lack of confidence in his son. The old lady lifted her face from her hands and turned it, radiant with faith and hope, upward and faintly whispered: "Thou wilt bless my innocent boy and bring him safely back again to——." Her eyes closed and her face fell again into the wrinkled old hands. A heavy step sounded without. Some one softly rapped the door. The Colonel, with a glance at the kneeling figure arose and opened the door. The tall and warmly clad figure of his manly son stepped in. "Father, I have come back to again avow my innocence and to take the consequences." The old man, with tears streaming down his face silently grasp his hand. "Where is mother?" A gesture from the father showed the kneeling figure. Softly the broad-shouldered, sturdy man crossed the floor and bent over the worn

old figure. "Mother I have come home." But no answer came. Her spirit had been wafted with her petition to the land of eternal rest and both were in the hands of the Infinite.

An hour had passed. Father and son still sat in profound sorrow beside the lifeless body of wife and mother. Then came a shuffling of many feet on the outside, and a loud voice exclaimed: "This is the place. He is here for I saw him get off the train and come this way." "Watch the rear door." Some one knocked loudly. Neither father nor son raised his head. It was repeated. Still no response. "Open the door or we will break it down." Jim Westlake recognized Rogers' voice. There was a crash. The frail door gave way and several men rushed in led by Will Rogers. The latter—who was evidently under the influence of liquor—said in a haughty tone: "Mr. Westlake, we are deputized to arrest your son for murder." The old man—bent and sorrowful—pointed to the still figure on the bed. "Sir, my wife is dead. Let my son remain with me." "D—— yo——." He never finished. Young Westlake, who had been standing with head bent in sorrow, straightened in all of his manhood and with the quickness of lightning planted a blow squarely on Rogers' mouth. He fell with a crash and remained motionless. Without further resistance Jim Westlake allowed himself to be lead off to jail, where he was closely confined, not even being allowed to attend his mother's funeral.

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Two weeks had passed. The day for Westlake's trial had arrived. The court room was crowded with spectators, who gazed with much curiosity upon the pale, sad face of the prisoner, who had pleaded not guilty. Will Rogers, "a little disfigured, but still in the ring," was on the stand. He was coolly relating the story of the shooting. He told how he, Jim Westlake, Young Brown and Bronco Pete had been playing cards, and how Westlake and Brown had quarreled, and how the former had drawn a pistol and—with slight provocation—fired the fatal shot. His story made a good impression.

Just as he was about to leave the stand the lawyer for the defense asked: "Where is Bronco Pete?" "He left for the West shortly after the trouble and was killed in Texas last year; but Miss Brown over there is here to testify that his story agreed with mine," answered Rogers, as he pointed to a closely veiled lady who sat in the witness row.

At this juncture a tall, angular, weather-beaten man with a mustache of remarkable and luxuriant growth, pushed from among a crowd of spectators, and coolly spitting at a fly which sat on the railing of the jury box, laconically remarked: "'Peers to me that I feel mighty durned fine to be a dead man." The Judge rapped loudly for order and threatened to fine the new-comer for contempt of court. The latter merely twisted his red facial ornaments and shrugged his broad shoulders. Rogers, very pale and weak, left the witness stand and took his seat. Bronco Pete, without an invitation, dropped his quid of tobacco, wiped his mouth, and picked up the Bible to be sworn. Then he took the stand. The crowd bent eagerly forward. The prisoner's brain whirled as he recognized Pete. The lawyer for the prosecution asked: "What is your name?" "Peter O'Donald Donovan; called Pete fer short." "Where is your home?" "I was borned in Texas and raised up most everywhere." "How came you in North Carolina at the time this crime was committed?" "Wall, you see it was—" "No, I don't see, but you are trying to make me see," sharply said the lawyer. "Take off your durned goggles and listen, then, said Pete, as he spat at a crack in the floor. After the commotion had subsided, Pete continued: "Yer see, it was this way: my Aunt's first cousin died and left me a little one hoss farm out here in these adjoining woods and I came over ter git it and take it back to Texas with me." The Judge rapped for order.

After much sparring the lawyer finally asked Pete if his version of the shooting agreed with that of Will Rogers? "Wall, yes," replied Pete (Rogers' face brightened), "'cept as to who done the shootin'. He got kinder mixed up thar. It

was him and not Mr. Westlake that done it. He had it all made up so's to cut Mr. Westlake over thar, outen his girl. Mr. Rogers gave me two hundred to lie fer him, which I—bein' kinder hard up, you know, havin' lost my Aunt's cousin's farm in game of cyards or in the woods, I disremember which—accepted as a sorter loan. I hyarwith return the loan with interest." He reached into his pocket and drew out a roll of bills, but returned them as the Judge rapped for order and Rogers made a vain dash for the door. "Don't seem to be mighty hard up, running from sech nice little pile," said Pete.

After Rogers was led back, swearing and weeping, and order was restored, the Judge formally dismissed the case against James Westlake, Jr., and remanded William T. Rogers to jail, there to await a hearing.

Jim Westlake stood by the side of his happy old father and received the congratulations of the crowd, which is always friendly to the upermost dog. After the crowd had thinned out—Bronco Pete among the rest going to the village bar to regale the loafers with stories of Mr. Westlake's wonderful success in San Francisco—the graceful figure of Miss Brown approached the liberated young man. She raised her beautiful face to his and with tearful eyes begged his pardon. He coldly but courteously replied that it was unnecessary. He had not forgotten her lack of confidence in him.

But why try to follow the perverse current of love? Ice always melts in the spring. Warmth brings new life and new songsters. A tall young man, whose handsome face still bore signs of sorrow, stood with his arm around a beautiful maiden in whose dark brown eyes all the softness of an unfathomable love shone. The birds filled the air with their music. The soft spring breezes sighed through the pines above them. An angel mother blessed them. The bright fresh flowers which grew upon a new-made grave at their feet scattered all around them the delicate aroma of a new life. Jim Westlake had lost a seat in Congress, but gained a far greater prize—a true and loving heart.

THE COLLEGE BELL.*

Ring on, ring on, with merry chimes!
Still let the echoes swell!
Change not thy tune with changing times,
O cheerful college bell!
When those who oft have heard thy sound
Have bidden thee farewell,
Ring on—let not a falt'ring tone
Thy secret sorrow tell!

When golden sunbeams shine on thee
Of a new day to tell,
Pour forth thy gladsome melody
O'er every hill and dell!
When the deepening shadows cluster round
To bid the day farewell,
Unto the evening zephyr's ear
Sing praises, college bell!

When those who now attend thy call
In lands remote may dwell,
Bring back the memories of all
In thy melodious swell.
Chime bravely out! be firm and bold!
Change not thy merry tone!
Let the same tales to us oft told
Be told when we are gone!

Lift up thy voice, ring loud and clear
On Carolina's clime!
To her great heart such notes are dear,
She loves so sweet a chime.
In every heart, through thy rich tone,
Let living anthems well!
With cheering echoes still ring on
Forever, college bell!

—Duncan McNeill.

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*This poem was written by Capt. McNeill while he was a student at "Old Trinity." It appeared also in the Biblical Recorder of January 29.

EUGENE FIELD'S LITERARY WORK.

BY MARJIE C. JORDAN.

Eugene Field made his debut in literary fields in a song to *Dooley*, the pet dog of the household, which shows that the boy Eugene was indeed the father of the man. This despairing lament of the poor little tormented dog ran:

> "Oh, had I wings like a dove, I would fly
> Away from this world of fleas;
> I'd fly all round Miss Emerson's yard
> And light on Miss Emerson's trees."

Dooley served later as the prototype of his *Bench-legged Fyce* in which he says,

> "I wouldn't give much for the boy 'at grows up
> With no friendship existin' 'tween him and a pup."

This *Dooley* song isn't much as a brilliant literary composition, but still it is a foreshadowing of the Field of *Casey's Table d'Hote*, *The Conversazzhyony*, and *Prof. Vere de Blaw*.

His next literary work was in journalism, as a reporter in St. Joseph, and afterward, St. Louis, but he had too many grotesque fancies dancing through his whimsical brain to make account of the plain, ordinary facts that for the most part make up the sum of the news of the average reporter's day. What he wrote, therefore, had little relation to the incident he was sent out to report, but from the outset it possessed the quality that attracted readers. The peculiarities and not the conventions of life appealed to him and he devoted himself to them with an assiduity that lasted all his life.

There was little about his work at this time that gave promise of anything beyond the spicy facility of a quick-witted, light-hearted western paragrapher; however, it is possible to discover something of the flavor of the inextinguishable drollery that characterized his writings to the last. His *Funny Fancies* in the St. Louis *Journal* furnishes an example of his "wood sawing," as he called it, at this time:

"We have tried every expedient, and we find that the simple legend, 'Small-pox in this house,' will preserve the most uninterrupted bliss in an editorial room," and "Mr. Deer was hung in Atlanta. Of course he died game," and such poetry as this:

> "Two lovers stroll in the glinting gloam—
> His hand in her'n, and her'n in his,
> She blushes deep—he is talking biz"—

and so forth, until they come to

> —"the little wicket gate
> Down where the creepful ivy grows,
> Down where the sweet nasturtium blows,
> A box-toed parent lies in wait,
> In wait,
> For the maiden and her mate."

Of course the lover's "dismal doom" can be imagined. He delighted in writing such stuff as this and attributing it to well known writers. Much to Field's great glee, who gloried in such jokes, this poem, *April Vespers*, was copied without the author's name in London *Truth*, and William S. Gilbert, then at the height of his ballad fame, was accredited with writing it. This fun-loving spirit stopped at nothing. For instance, he was assigned the duty of reported the campaign speeches of Carl Schurz, but when his "copy" was handed in at the office, it was not a true report, but a bright succession of absurd lies.

Regarding Field's work at this time, it was purely local in character, and of the most ephemeral nature, but before leaving St. Louis for Denver, he struck one of the notes that was to vibrate so sweetly and surely to his touch unto the end. He had lost one baby son and it was the remembrance of this little child that moved him to write his *Christmas Treasures*, expressing his sense of desolation caused by the little fellow's death. He frequently declared this to be the first verse he ever wrote, but he probably meant by this that it was the first verse he ever wrote that he cared to preserve.

After being a reporter on the St. Louis *Times-Journal*, he accepted the editorship of the Kansas City *Times*. He filled

this position with great ability and success, and made it the vehicle for every sort of quaint and exaggerated story that the "wild and wooly West" could furnish or create. It was of no consequence to him whether his paper published the first, fullest or most accurate news, so long as its pages contained the liveliest accounts and comments on the daily comedy and tragedy of life. For a year this editorship put an almost absolute extinguisher on his growth as a writer, but he abandoned himself merrily to the buoyant spirits of his irrepressible nature, which resulted in his and his cronies extracting all the juice out of the grape of life in a manner that would have rejoiced the hearts of the joyous spirits of the "Noctes Ambrosianae." While in Kansas City, Field wrote that pathetic tale of misplaced confidence that records the fate of "Johnny Jones and his Sister Sue." It was entitled *The Little Peach*, and has had as great a vogue as his *Little Boy Blue.* Field's own estimate of this production is somewhat bluntly given as "popular but rotten"—a criticism not only harsh, but also unjust. The variation of the closing exclamation of each stanza is as skilful as anything Field ever did. Different indeed from the refrain in *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod*, but touching the chords of mirth with certain and irresistible effect.

After his work on the Kansas City paper, he went to Denver to accept the editorship of the *Tribune*, the most indefatigable merry-maker that ever turned night into day. He mapped out and directed the work of the staff with a comprehensive shrewdness and keen appreciation of what his public wanted, and made it hum. In it he started those scathing sarcasms and satires in which he clothed people and current events, under the title of the *Tribune Primer.* The following is a specimen of the way in which he used the innocent simplicity of the nursery primer to show how three-fourths of the interviews reported in the daily papers are really carried on in the imagination only:

THE REPORTER.

"What is that I see? That, my Child, is the News Interviewer and he is now interviewing a Man. But where is the Man? I can see no man. The Man, my Child, is in his Mind."

This *Tribune Primer* gave him a newspaper reputation as wide as the continent. It was afterward printed in book form, and is now one of the most sought after volumes of the American bibliomaniac.

In all that Field wrote for the Denver *Tribune*, whether in prose or rhyme, nothing contributed to his literary reputation or gave promise of the place in American letters he was to attain, except one little bit of fugitive verse, which was for years to justify its title of *The Wanderer*. It is the embodiment of one of the tenderest and most vitally poetic ideas that ever occurred to Field, yet he disclaimed the authorship of it, and gave it out that it was written by Mme. Modjeska, the expatriated Polish actress. Years later he claimed it as his own in *A Little Book of Western Verse*. His *Primer* sketches which he wrote in the *Tribune* became so popular and attracted so much appreciative attention, that the editor of the Chicago *Morning News* made Field an offer of a place on the staff, which Field accepted. He felt that he was being killed by the kindness of his friends and the gay, wild life of Denver, and that furthermore, Chicago offered a broader field to him and to the work that he knew he could do if he had the opportunity. He was given a column of his own, which he called *Sharps and Flats*, and under this heading appeared practically everything he ever wrote after he accepted the position.

Field's academic education had been of the most cursory and intermittent nature, because of his lack of health, so before his coming to Chicago, all that he knew of literature and books had been absorbed through association with lawyers, doctors, and actors. He learned about humanity by constant association with mankind, taking in knowledge of the human emotions at first hand, and getting very little

assistance through poring over the printed observations of others. He was not a classical scholar in the sense of having acquired any mastery of, or familiarity with, the great Greek and Latin writers, but languages were easy to him, and he acquired facility in translating any foreign tongue, living or dead, with remarkable readiness. About this time the study of Horace became his hobby. Mr. Livingstone says, "What Virgil was to Tennyson, Horace was to Field, in one respect at least, of the Venusian's character." He could say of his affections for the protegé of Mæcenas, as the laureate said of his for the "poet of the happy Tityrus,"

"I that loved thee since my day began."

The influence of this poet upon him was great, and caused him to write many translations and imitations of his odes which he afterward, in collaboration with his brother Roswell Field, printed under the title, *Echoes from a Sabine Farm*.

In connection with this love of Horace, he grew intensely interested in the early English period and soon was inoculated with a ravenous taste for the English literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Its quaintness and the unintentional humor of its simplicity cast a spell over him. He began with the cycle of romances and followed them through their prose and metrical versions of the almost undecipherable Saxon to the polished and perfect measure of the late English laureate. For three years Mallory's Morte d'Arthur was the delight of his poetic soul, and the textbook for his conversations and letters. Its effect was traceable in almost every line of his newspaper work. Knights and ladies, jurists and tourneys went "rasing and trasing" through all his writings with their fascinating charm. In McClurg's book store he discovered a veritable mine of old British ballads, which in a few years was to exercise such a potent influence on his own verse. He caught his inspiration and faultless touch from studying the construction and the purpose of the early ballads and songs, illustrative of the

history, traditions and customs of the knights and peasantry of England.

The archaic humor seemed to possess him entirely. Numbers of his poems and stories show this influence, and he even wrote his ordinary, every-day notes in the phraseology of old English chivalry. For example, the terms in which he would couch an invitation to his office across the hall would be like this:

"*Puissant and Triumphant Lord:*

By my holidom it doth mind me to hold discourse with thee. Come thou privily to my castle beyond the moat, an thou wilt.

In all fealty, my liege, thy gentle vassal,

THE GOOD KNIGHT.

Sans Peur et sans monnaie."

Once, after bibliomania seized him, when as usual he was "sans monnaie" and could not buy a very dear old book he wanted, he wrote a quaint little bit of verse in this same old English style on its fly-leaf, which saved the book for him. This was the piteous appeal he made:

"Swete friend, for Jesus sake forbeare
To buy ye boke thou findest here,
For that when I do get ye pelf
I mean to buy ye boke myselfe.
EUGENE FIELD.

His study of old English ballads caused him to produce a remarkable series of matchless lullabies, Norse, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and the like, but sometimes the old Field would appear in such lines as these:

"For there was Egypt in her eye—
The languor of the South—
Persia was in her perfumed sigh—
And *Turkey* in her mouth."

About this time of his life, Field had published a satire on the humbugs and shams of life called *Culture's Garland*. It was written in his usual newspaper style, which had not enough body to make it live in book form, so this *Culture's Garland* was a failure. After this failure, Field set himself assiduously to work to master the art of telling stories in

prose—and he succeeded. His *Little Book of Profitable Tales* is a collection of prose poems—humorous and pathetic stories, and fascinating fairy tales. His Christmas stories are unusually beautiful, especially that one embodying his conception of the first Christmas tree—the tree which the angels had watched over and cared for all its life—the tree under which the "little Master" had played during his childhood, to be in the end the one from which the Cross was made. He tells how the "night wind that swept down from the City of the Great King that night to ruffle the bosom of distant Gallilee, tarried in the forest a while to say that it had seen that day a cross upraised on Calvary—the tree on which was stretched the body of the dying Master."

The Coming of the Prince, *The Divell's Chrystmass*, and *The Mouse and the Moonbeam*, are all stories of this kind, beautiful and touching. But Field is known more for his child's poems than for any of his other writings. He was intensely fond of children and would stop his work any time to play with them. It is even said that on his wedding day, when all the guests were at the church waiting for him to come, he was found by some one who was sent to look for him, not far away from the church door down on his knees in the dust of the street with two or three boys about him settling a dispute which had arisen over a game of marbles. As he says in *Bill, the Lokil Editor*, "he wuz alluz fond uv children 'nd birds 'nd flowers. Ain't it kind o' curious how sometimes we find a great big, awkward man who loves sech things?" His poems for children are admirable in their simplicity and in their sympathetic insight into the child's world of thought and feeling. The one running—

> "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
> Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
> Sailed on a river of misty light
> Into a sea of dew."

and so forth, is considered the most perfect child poem ever written. He "wuz at his best when he wrote things about

the children—about the little ones that died, I mean—seemed like Bill had a way of his own of sayin' things that wuz beautiful and tender." How pitifully he tells the story of the loneliness and craving for his mother's love of the

> —"lyttel boy
> That wolde not renne and play,
> But helpless like, that little tyke
> Ben allwais in the way,"

until

> "Godde who loveth children and doth gird
> His throne with soche as these"

took him to himself, so that

> "the lyttel boy,
> Ben in the way no more."

Field passes from grave to gay—from his *Lyttel Boy* to the adventures of the *Two Little Skeezucks* in the civilized world—all entertaining to little folks. In the *Sugar Plum Tree* that blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea, he entices them into Shuteye Town, where the Gingerbread Dog and the Chocolate Cat prowl around among the marshmallows and gum drops. Many a little boy recognizes himself in *Jest Before Christmas I'm as Good as I Kin Be*, and sympathizes with the sentiment because he has "been there." There is wholesome advice given in the sad tale of woe caused by the little peach that

> —"in the orchard grew—
> A little peach of emerald hue,
> Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
> It grew."

And the dire distress and misfortune when

> "Under the turf where the daisies grew
> They planted John and his sister Sue,
> And their little souls to the angels flew,
> Boo hoo!"

But besides all these whimsical and fantastic fancies which roamed through Field's brain, "his poetry had heart in it; it didn't surprise you or scare you, it just got down in under

your vest 'nd before you knew it you wuz all choked up." Who does not "choke up" at the pathos and tenderness of *Little Boy Blue*, in which Field tells of the loneliness and desolation felt by the child's toys—the little toy dog covered with rust, and the little tin soldier with his musket moulding in his hands, "waiting for the touch of the little hand that put them there. If Field had never written anything else his fame could well rest on this poem alone, which made him known throughout the continent as the Children's Laureate.

THE GANDER PULLIN'.

BY P. D.

"Hello, Ned, ain't yo' gwine ter de gander pullin'?" The voice came from the back yard of a large Southern farm house—such as may be seen in the rural districts of the Carolinas to-day, and such as were numerous in the year 187—.

"Yessah, I sho' gwine. Me not go, wha' yo' mean, niggah? I's got ter go, Sal's gwine ter be dare. Yessah, I's sho' gwine, Marse don' an' gi' me dat ol' Balaam o' hisn an' de niggah dat beats me 's got ter git dare sho'. Yessah, I'll sho' be dare." With these hastily words, hastily spoken, the young strippling of a negro rushed away to saddle Balaam.

The event referred to was an occasion of great mirth for the negroes, in and around, the small town of Mole Hill. Every darkey of the community hoped to make himself the hero of the occasion by pulling the head off the goose. If he should do this, there were four rewards bestowed upon him. The goose was his; the crowd cheered and greeted him as a hero; he should be elected chief officer of the next tournament; and last, but not least, at his feet were thrown the hearts of all the marriageable girls of his color.

Promptly at ten o'clock the tournament was to begin. It was now nine and the meadow on "Marse" Jones' plantation was a scene of preparation. Bill Sneak, the hero of the last tournament, which was held one month before, was giving orders and the negroes were in honor bound to obey him.

"Heah, Joe, pick dis goose's neck. Pick it good, now," and Joe hastened to his work. "Now, take dis lard and grease it till it is as slick as Tom Jenks' tongue, dat can tell a lie widout thinkin'."

After the neck had been picked and greased to Bill's satisfaction, the goose was securely fastened by her feet and body

to an upright post, about seven feet from the ground. Her neck was free and she stretched it out at full length, wholly at a losss as to what these strange proceedings meant. She looked one way and another, as if, in her mute way, she was trying to ask those who were congregating what all this meant. A constant "quack" at intervals was heard from the goose as the negroes below were chatting and betting as to who would be the successful contestant.

The hour had now arrived. The voice of Bill Sneak rang out loud to the multitude that had now assembled in a circular mass about the goose. "Stand back, niggers. Move to dat mark back dare fifteen yards from de goose. Stand back dare on bof sides." The crowd moved away from the post with a rapidity that was inspired by awe of the speaker and anxiety to have the tournament begin as soon as possible.

There were negroes of all descriptions. The blackest son of Ham had his representatives there. The mulatto was there. The old gray headed "uncle" made a venerable couple with the "auntie" who walked by his side leading the little pickaninnies. There was the young "niggah," ambitious for his lady love, the snuff-colored maid of sixteen, with her hair combed out into a large, round, black mass, hoping to puncture the heart of the future hero. There was also the muddy countenance of the old maid who, on this occasion, had exhausted her wardrobe and imagination in the arrangement of dress in the desperate hope to win the affections of, at least, the most homely of the unsuccessful contestants.

Of all the crowd, there was none happier than Ned and his Alice, as they entered heartily into the joys of the day. He knew that he stood a good chance of pulling off the gander's head. He also knew that, in case of success, Alice was his. Wash Adams, his rival, was a poor rider and did not dare enter the contest. Bill had all to gain and nothing to lose. In this happy thought, he and Alice were together, enjoying

one another's company—he the personification of happy contentment, rejoicing in the confidence of his lover; she, with upturned face, shining in the hot August sun, the picture of devoted adoration.

As the crowd lined up on the green, forming a broad lane in the middle of which was the greased goose, the master of ceremonies addressed the assembly in a few words, asking "dat all you niggahs behave yoself," and closing with the remark, "Ebery Gen'man's gwine ter do what I ax. An' now, ladies, remembah dat a nigger dat don't ain't no gen'-man." And they all nodded assent.

These preliminaries over, the first contestant was called, "Jim Jackson will 'nitiate dese perfo'mances, ridin' Marse Stebens' ole gray mare," yelled Sneak; and immediately Jim on a prancing mare took his stand at end of the lane. The animal was a beauty; and her rider, dressed in an old broad-cloth suit, once the property of his master, a clean collar making a contrast with the neck it encircled only equaled by that made by his shining bosom and black cravat, was the picture of style, and drew from the spectators a low murmur of applause. With a beaming countenance, he turned to his lady love, bowed, touched the mare's sides with his heels and was off. It seemed that the animal knew her duty. Her pace was constantly increased until, when she neared the goose, she was running at break-neck speed. Jim Jackson was no poor rider. He raised himself in the stirrups. A yell arose from the spectators. He caught the gander's neck but his grip was insufficient. A mournful "quack" as the head slipped through his hand told the people that the neck was well greased. Jim, somewhat crestfallen, rode back, tied his horse, but did not dare approach his lover; he had tried and failed; she was no longer under obligations; he could expect no more smiles until his second turn should come.

Contestants followed each other now in rapid succession; but with hardly as much success as the first had had. The gander had learned the project; his head had been pulled once

and he seemed determined to prevent a repetition. He had full use of his neck and he profited by the fact to save his life. As each rider passed, a quick dive or snatch of the head, always accompanied by a "quack," would take the contestant unawares and save the gander a severe pull. "Dat is the slickiest, greasiest neck I eber seed," remarked one who had succeeded in touching it and hence felt that his opinion was of some weight. "Not so," shouted Ned, "taint nigh as greasy as dat dare one," pointing at Wash Adams', which was shining with perspiration A loud guffaw went up from the whole crowd and Wash was overcome with embarrassment. Alice had laughed with the others. "I'll git eben wid 'er," said Wash under his breath and he set his teeth tight.

"Ned Jones will now take his tu'n, ridin' Squah Jones' hoss, Balaam," was announced by the master of ceremonies. "Bring, me dat head, Ned," shouted Alice. Ned rushed off and soon re-appeared mounted for the attempt. He looked at Alice, she waved her bandanna and shouted, "You's gwine ter fetch this gander pullin' ter a stop ain't you Ned?" and she lost herself in a fit of ecstatic joy. "Jes' wait an' see whar Wash's gwine ter hide dat greasy neck o' hisn when I take you 'way frum 'im, ha, ha, ha!" The whole crowd yelled at the mention of Wash's neck, and Ned rode off amid cheers.

This gave him self confidence. The whole crowd were in sympathy with him and surely nothing could keep him from success. Balaam was running at his greatest speed as he neared the goose. Ned was deliberate. How easy to reach out and catch the head! So much depended on this second! Alice was looking at him and wanted the gander's head. In exchange, he was sure of her heart. In case of failure, his case was doubtful. The people were cheering now. In a second, they may be deriding him. All these things rushed through his mind. His hand seemed but a foot from the gander's neck. A grab and a quick dive accompanied by the never failing "quack" decided his fate. A loud shout arose from the crowd. "He neber tetched it," cried a hundred

voices. Ned rode out into the woods, tied his horse and lay down, not daring to go to Alice's side again. He wanted to tell her how quick that gander was, but dared not meet her disappointed gaze.

The crowd was soon quieted. Sneak was announcing something. A hush ran over the multitude. Each dusky face was covered with an expression of intense interest. "The next man wuz Sy Martin but his daddy died jes' a minute ago. Somebody conjured 'im, Sy's gone. He lef' his hoss fer somebody ter take 'is place. He also axes de presence ob ebery nigger here to de settin' up he's gwine ter hab ober his dead daddy ter night. You all better go. You'll hab a magnifercent time. Now who's gwine ter take Sy's place in dis turnermint?"

"Wash Adams," cried some one, anxious to keep up the persecution begun by Ned.

"Will Wash try?" shouted Sneak, with a chuckle.

"Yeah, I'll try," came from the out skirts of the crowd and Wash set his teeth tighter. He soon appeared mounted on the fiery horse of Sy Norton, a red bandanna about his neck to hide the extra quantity of grease that Ned's taunts had convinced him was on his skin. He was clad in rags, not having expected to be made prominent in the gayeties of the day. "Lengthen you stir'ups," shouted one. They were too short for him, but he regardedthe cry as a taunt from his enemies. He bowed to no one, but looked straight ahead. Determination was written on his dark, firm countenance.

The horse started off briskly. A shout of ridicule arose when Wash first showed signs of his extreme awkwardness. He only set his teeth the tighter. As the pace was increased, Wash found it less difficult to sit on the horse. He was going rapidly as he neared the post. The crowd was enjoying more and more his efforts to retain his seat. With jaws like a vice, he raised himself in his stirrups to catch the gander. There was a quick dive of the head; but the right stirrup broke equally as quickly. Instead of dodging the out-

stretched hand, the head lowered just in time to be in its way as Wash was grabbing for support. He caught the gander just below the head, and, with the grip of a hopeless man, who sees danger ahead, he clutched the greasy neck. A shout of laughter at the falling man; the neck headless and without the accustomed "quack," dropping by the side of the post; a single flutter of wings; the rider restored to his seat by the jerk; this was the order of events that culminated in success. Wash rode swiftly away with the head in his hand, the hero of the day.

Foremost among those who crowded around Wash was his former lover, Alice. "I knowed you's gwine ter fotch me de head," she cried. "Git away fr'm me, niggah," was the reply, "You s'pose I'ms gwine ter fool wid trash lack you w'en sich high tone gals as Sallie Johnsin is waitin' my 'tention. Na, Na, Git away, niggah, go on an' hunt Ned. He's yourn." Wash turned and bestowed his trophy upon Sallie Johnson, a girl who never deigned speak to him before. He was now the idol of the entire negro settlement, hence, of Sallie's heart. One moment had made him.

Alice now hunted Ned in his hiding place. "W'y don't you come on back to de crowd niggah? Wash Adams thinks he's some'n 'nother now, but he ain't no more'n' you is. Twan't a thing but jist a happen so, wuz it Ned?" "No, but, Alice, dat gander wuz de quickest an he had de slickest neck ob any gander I eber seed." Thus Ned relieved his bosom. Ned and Alice were now united as firmly by misfortune as they could have been had success been their lot. It only lacked the bliss that comes from success. It was not a hero that Alice had for a lover, but plain Ned Jones.

At the "settin' up" that night, Ned and his dusky companion were the only two, from the expression of whose faces, one would judge there was corpse in the house. For Wash and his betrothed, the banquet furnished by Sy Norton on the death of his father filled the place of a wedding feast.

A JAPANESE STUDENT'S SOLUTION OF THE NEGRO PROBLEM.*

BY T. KUGIMIYA.

The greatest problem in the South is the negro problem. Negroes are citizens in the South, but very weak citizens. They are the voters as political factors, but they cannot vote their own political sentiments. In 1868 there were very few numbers of negroes who voted, because they are not able as the political factors, by the reason that they are ignorant, have less intellect. They are selfish, dishonest, immoral, and have no experience as political factors. They have no political thoughts, and also have no self-dependent spirits, except the educated negro.

The voting of the mass of such class is the great danger to the country. Therefore I wish to adopt the regulation of the restriction of negro voters, which excludes the following four classes of negroes: 1. Uneducated negroes who cannot read and write American language. 2. Criminal negroes who commit crime once. 3. Dependent negroes who have not regular occupations. 4. Negroes who neglect the duties of citizenship. For instance, I mean negroes who didn't pay taxes. All of these kinds of people cannot have strong characters and own sentiments of politics. They might be floating voters or influenced voters. These are a great danger for the politics of the country.

I suppose that if there would be excluded these kinds of negroes there would be very few negroes who can vote as citizen. This result is another danger for the country, because people who have not the rights of political factors are the irresponsible fellows for the affairs of the nation. It is the greatest defect in despotic monarchy. The people who are political factors are the true members of the nation, and

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*This is an extract from a recent examination paper in sociology. It is interesting as showing a Japanese student's conception of American sociological problems. Mr. Kugimiya has been in this country only one year.

they have deep interests on the national affairs. So I believe that people ought to be a political factor. For this reason we must take up the plan which make the progresses of negro's intellect and moral lives. This is the fundamental and positive work to make able citizens of the negroes.

Education is essentially important to them. Therefore there must be practised a strong compelled system of national education. The rapid progress of Japan for last quarter of a century is the obvious result of this strong compelled system of education. It is very important for the negroes; not only negroes, but for the future progress of America. And this negro education must be done by the white professors, because they have higher abilities and cultures than negro teachers. It is duty of the white people, not only a duty as philanthropical work for the negro, but the duty for the national progress. The present plan of negro education in the South is the same as if a washing-woman washes the dirty clothes in the dirty, mudy water. There would be very little effect. Dirty clothes must wash in the white, clean water. I believe that the white educators must take charge of the negro education.

Religion gives great progress of their intellectual and spiritual lives. But I don't know how much progress might the negro teachers make in their own natives. It is certain that they cannot make success like the white preachers who have higher cultures. So I hope that there might be many missionaries who offer their honors and lives and loves to this poor crowd of a race. If they cannot get such devotional white preachers, the negro's moral progress might not get on so well.

I heard many complaints about the negro in this country. But I think that they are very useful people in this country. They are doing great deal of services to the white people. In Japan there are three classes generally—high, middle and low classes. And the low class people are working as domestic servants, *Jinriksha* man (puller of a carriage), factory man,

and poor little farmer or fisher man, etc. There are no other races in Japan. These are the same race as the high class of Japanese. Therefore some Japanese are very low, and this low class of people is needed by the society. If there is no low class Japanese in Japan we must get the low people from Africa like yours. But we have low people; so we use them as the negroes in America. I suppose if all the negroes in America would go back to their old home in Africa, America would have great trouble to provide such low workers, and must get them from other countries, because this country is a new country and there are not enough numbers of the white people to work in this country. So the negroes are the present social need of this country.

But as time passes, when number of the white population grow up, there would be many low class white people in this country. In that time there would be more troubles between the low white and black people. Because the low white must find their own occupations and the present negro's occupations would be encroached by them; and finally they would be expelled from working fields. See the fact in the North; there the negro cannot find work except domestic work; and the labor union excludes the negro laborers from their large working fields. This fact will come some time in the South. In that time the negro problem will be a more important and difficult subject in this country. I believe that, after the course of time, the negro would build up a new black republic under some black great man in some territory. Before that day this problem cannot be settled entirely. After this new black republic were established there would be great progress of the negro race in this earth.

A SONG OF LOVE.

BY E. C. PERROW.

I sing of love, but not the foolish passion
That feeds the heart with honey, but to sting;
That floats the soul for one brief hour in heaven,
Then dashes it to earth with broken wing.

I sing another love that finds expression
In little acts of kindness, gentle words,
And cheerful smiles, that make us think of spring time,
With all its sunshine, flowers and singing birds.

A love that ministers to pain and sadness,
That yields itself a willing sacrifice;
And love that seeks to fill all hearts with gladness,
And wipe the tears of sorrow from all eyes.

This is the love that brings no sad to-morrow,
Nor foolish pride nor envy's bitter sting;
It is the love that lifts the veil of sorrow
And shows the weary soul the Heavenly King.

HOW PAYTON WON.

BY F. D. SWINDELL.

Which one will get it? That was the universal question, yet nobody seemed able to answer it. Of course conjectures were made, as they always are, but even they were few.

"Allison stands the best chance in my opinion," ventured little Charlie Allen, who sat in an easy chair, his feet propped up on the table smoking a cigarette. "Wasn't aware that you were burdened with one," returned Brockton the big foot-ball captain. "Refrain from chewing the rag, my sons," said Wharton, the senior class president, as he relit his cigarette, "and listen carefully as I express my sage opinion." "Turn her loose," spoke up Charlie, putting his hands behind his head, and assuming a listening attitude. "Well," continued Wharton, "It's a pretty close race and there will be considerable honor for the winner. Allison is the brighter of the two but he isn't as steady as Payton, and that about balances them, I guess. So far their average is exactly the same. Allison got a start in his Freshman year but Payton has evened up since, and now they stand neck and neck at ninety-seven. The coming examinations will decide which of the two will be our valedictorian."

"Allison is much the cleverer fellow, and I hope he will get it," remarked Charlie. "Yes, Allison is a clever fellow and far more popular, but I can't help admiring the grit of the other fellow, and here is success to him," he continued, throwing his cigarette away, and pouring himself a glass of water. As Wharton said, Allison and Payton were neck and neck nearing the finish. For three years they had been in the race, and the college waited with interest to see who would win out. To Allison it meant only a little glory, increase of popularity, and the gratifying of some pleasures. He was rich and did not care for the lift it would give him in the world. To Payton it was very different. Victory for him meant much, and to-day as he sat in his room poring over

his books there was a look of determination stamped on his face that argued well for his success.

As darkness gathered, and the words before him became dimmer and dimmer, he raised his aching head and looked towards a photograph on the table near him, the picture of his mother. As his gaze rested on those aged features and snowy hair, a tender look came into his eyes, but presently it gave way again to the old look of determination. "I must do it" he murmured, "for her sake." He thought of the hard struggle of four years she had gone through to help keep him in college; he thought what it meant to him if he succeeded, the fine position Mr. Burke offered in his great factory system to the winner of the valedictory, and of the comforts with which it would enable him to surround the original of that photograph.

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The great dining hall was emptying fast. Supper was over and here and there stood groups of students talking, while the more studious hurried towards their dormitory. It was only a little, insignificient thing that happened, yet it was important as coming events will show.

Allison with a couple of friends was walking slowly down the avenue toward the library, back of which his fraternity chapter house was situated. When about half way they met Payton coming in late to supper. "Gentlemen," he said, and passed on, receiving a merry "How are you?" from the three. "Did you notice how worn out that chap looks?" asked one of Allison's companions. "Yes," returned the other, "and he appears mighty down in the mouth about something, wonder what 'tis?" Allison had seen the expression on his rival's face but he said nothing, and during the remainder of the walk was unusually quiet. When he reached his room and began to work he seemed strangely restless. When he tried to put his mind on the page before him he seemed not to see the words thereon, but the worn, tired, and pinched face of Payton. "Confound it," he ejaculated, "what's got the matter with me?"

That night he had a strange dream. He became the other man. He was struggling in a stream of rushing water trying to reach the shore, a shore where green fields extended far in the distance, where birds sang and flowers bloomed, over which bright clouds, golden tinted, floated, and where all seemed happy, beautiful, and gay. Just before he reached this paradise, another form stepped out of the water upon the shore. He did not seem to care for the loveliness about him, but he turned with a triumphant smile on his face and waved the swimmer back. Then black clouds darkened the heavens, and slowly the struggler began to sink, the waters of despair coming together over his head. Allison waked with a start. He was in a cold sweat and shivering with fear. He slept little more that night.

When morning came Allison told Wharton about his dream, who listened attentively, and when he was done speaking, said, "Allison, I believe there is a strange significience in that dream. No doubt the Ruler of Dreamland put you in Payton's place for some purpose, and frankly, old boy, although you are my best friend here, I hope that Payton will beat you this year. It means far more to him than to you," and from this the Senior class president told his friend all he knew about Payton, his handicap of poverty, and of the old grey haired, struggling mother at home. This he had learned recently from a friend of Payton. As he talked he grew eloquent, and when he finally ceased speaking there were tears in the eyes of both. "I expect he will beat me anyway," said Allison," but if he does I will lose more than you think. Father has promised me a yacht if I win, and I have been looking forward for some time to the pleasure of taking a trip with you fellows across the water in my own craft." "O, you will get it anyway," answered Wharton. "Not a bit of it, father has big ambitions for me, and if I fail here he will be very much disappointed, and that will mean going to work right off instead of idling off a year or two in pursuit of pleasure." "Well, I didn't look at it just in that way,"

said Wharton, for he had a streak of selfishness in him, and a long cruise on a private yacht fitted in pretty well with his taste. So he gave up being champion for Payton, and urged his friend to study up and win out. How changeable is human nature? How easy to talk for the weaker side until you yourself loose something by it?

Examinations were on. The outside world was shut off to the students, most of the time they spent in their rooms studying, yet they found time to get together for a short while after supper and have one hour's chat over cigarettes and cigars. Thus our friends had assembled again in Charlie Allen's room and were discussing their prospects of passing and other things of interest. Allison had been studying hard for the last few days and knew very little of what was going on about him, so he was somewhat startled when Wharton made the announcement that Payton had overworked himself, was sick in bed, and had been there for two days. "That gives you a cinch, Allison" remarked Brockton," and let's take a game of cards on the strength of it." Allison felt elated over the news, although his conscience hurt him a little in doing so, but joined the game with a laugh.

One more examination was to be stood. The excitement now was intense, for on averaging the grades up it was found that Allison was two points ahead of Payton. To-day the examination on Philosophy would decide the race. They both studied Philosophy, but Allison seemed to have the lead, for Philosophy "came to him naturally," as he said, and it did not to Payton.

When Allison took his seat in the examination room he was two seats behind Payton. Wharton, who also was in this class, sat beside him. "I am with you to the finish, old boy," he laughingly said, as he sat down. When the examination was put up Wharton came near collapsing with joy. The questions covered the very ground that he and Allison had been over the previous night, and now success seemed an assured fact.

Allison finished in a little over an hour. He folded his paper, signed his name, and arose to go out. Just then he glanced at Payton, and he involuntarily sat down again. The thing he saw seemed to cut down deep into his very soul. His eyes could not leave the spot. There before him sat Payton, his face deathly pale, and the very demon of despair sitting on his features. His dream came up before him. He felt himself again struggling and sinking in the rushing waters; a dizziness came over him. He glanced at Wharton, who was busy writing. For a minute there was a great struggle within him, then the good and nobleness in his nature asserted itself. He slipped two pages from his paper, crammed them in his pocket, then he slowly left the room. His hope for the yacht was now a thing of the past. He had lost the valedictory. He had won something else.

THE SHORT STORIES OF KIPLING.

BY W. G. PURYEAR.

By the recent publication of some poems on the Boer War and the English People, Kipling made himself a target for innumerable and harsh criticisms, which were full of indignation both over the views expressed in the poems and over the literary composition of the poems themselves. Even the publication of such a book as "Kim" only put a temporary check to these criticisms.

So, now especially, one ought to read before passing judgment on Kipling's works, at least the more important parts of those works, and the short stories are by far the best to begin with.

Every writer who expects to have any influence over his fellowmen must take into consideration the best means of keeping in touch with them. Many writers of to-day are using the short story for this means; for now the short story has an immense circulation. This is accounted for by the fact that the people of to-day either have no time or think they have none for long novels. The popularity of those magazines that claim to specialize on short stories establishes this very clearly. Also, and this reason is much more significant than that of the lack of time, it is because while the thoughts of the world have never materially changed still the methods of expressing these thoughts have. Formerly men wrote as they lived leisurely and with something of a sameness all through their writings, but now the style has changed into quickness and variety of expression on account of the change in the world's way of living. This change in style had to come, and for bringing it about the short story was found to be one of the best means.

Kipling seems to have realized this when he first began to write and also he seems to have realized that his style was best suited to the short story. That he was right has been clearly shown by the way his stories have been received—

gladly by some, not at all by others, lukewarmly by very few, but with admiration by all. This attitude to Kipling is accounted for by his perfect candor in the treatment of all his subjects.

Those who object to him because of this candor say that while they agree with Chaucer that human nature must be shown as it really is, nevertheless there should be some high aim in this portrayal of mankind and that even in wicked characters there should be something shown of that nobler inner nature which every man, no matter how bad, has; thus the disgust which would be the first feeling towards these characters would be changed into one of pity and interest. These two requisites, the high aim in laying bare human nature and the exposition of man's nobler nature they claim Kipling has not, and so his stories having a false note fail to impress the conservative reader. Whether these objections are fair or not can easily be ascertained by reading Kipling's stories with an eye especially on the outlook for them. After doing this any unbiased reader will be forced to admit that there are no grounds whatever for this assertion. For Kipling in all his characters has shown their temperament—good and bad, with an unerringness and niceness of distinction between their varying moods that has rarely been surpassed by any writer. And well it is that Kipling has this power for the task he has taken unto himself of making other people look at life from the standpoint of those characters of his who act from emotion only—and they are of considerable number and importance—is no easy one. Whether he will succeed or not is impossible to foretell for it is a very hard matter for one man to make a permanent change in the world's view point, but he will nevertheless have that feeling which comes from the knowledge of a duty well performed.

Broadly speaking, Kipling's stories may be divided into five distinct classes. Each one of these classes in itself would cause Kipling to be remembered as long as English literature is read.

The first is that which pertains to the native life of India. In the stories of this class Kipling has done the English Government alone a service that can never be fairly estimated, and he has opened to the reading public a practically unknown territory full of freshness and interest. These stories became popular immediately on publication; for the world is always looking for something new. Only a comparatively few discerning readers however realized that there was something in these stories which would cause them to be regarded with more than a moment's interest. They felt under the new subjects and fascinating style the key note of lasting interest, the same ambitions, the same indefinite longing, the same weary struggle against an uncompromising fate that are men's heritage the world over, and said to themselves that these stories were written by one who understood and felt and who therefore had come to stay. And they were doubly right. For their appeal to the student of human nature and to the lover of English as written by one of the best masters of it is no less strong than their appeal to the sympathy of those natures which feel like the characters in them.

But through all this there is an ever present half satirical humor which adds a spice to the whole. His native money lenders, begging priests, low caste women and men, all thrown together, indulging in repartee that is coarse at times but always very life like, give us the picture of a seething, happy throng in a land whose people are never too hurried to greet a neighbor. And it is a very pleasant occupation to read of such a people. For while Americans especially glory in the fact that they are always busy, nevertheless most of them are not quite certain as to whether they are pursuing the right course, and they are not yet too far gone to like to read accounts of those who are drawing all the pleasure they can out of life.

Kipling's stories of the English soldier show a no less correct understanding of the cares and trials of barrack life than

those of the native. His best work here has been in trying to make the world see its indebtedness to those whom it has been accustomed either to ignore entirely or to look upon as merely a safety machine, not worthy of notice except in time of danger. After one has read Kipling's army stories, and especially those pertaining to Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd, he can not say that they are simply the product of an unsympathetic genius, one who is writing for fame only. Kipling himself has said that no one can do his best work except that when he does it for the work itself and not for what he will get out of it. Can one write such a story as the courting of Dinah Shad and not feel with Mulvaney the gnawing pangs of unrest and despair over the condition into wnich he has brought himself? It is true that Mulvaney tells his story somewhat coarsely, but the pathos of a fruitless fight is to be seen below it all. All Kipling's army stories make us realize as never before—and a thing which some people seemed to think is not so—how strangely like ours are the private's grievances and troubles and how much we have misunderstood him before. The drummer boys of the "Fore and Aft" were drunk when, blowing the charge, they marched alone against the foe, and they swore wickedly, but if it had been otherwise, we would have laughed at Kipling and accused him of the crime of his Dick Heldar when he used a fashion plate of the British army as a model for painting "His Last Shot." Mulvaney and the drummer boys are but examples; in reading all Kipling's army stories we have a confident feeling that he is not writing from his brain only.

When the animal stories were published critics immediately placed them among the classics for children. No stories of worth before these were ever received with more approbation. And they deserved it. Written with all the grace of one who is a thorough master of his profession, they appeal very strongly to the lover of well done work. Coupled with an almost perfect control of the English language is a conception so fanciful and so novel that it attracts at once.

Others have written animal stories which will also endure forever, but in ingenuity of conception and expression none have ever surpassed Kipling, if indeed they have equaled him. The adventures of Mowgli the wolf-child hold the interest of grown people as well as children; nor do the stories Riki-tiki-tavi and The White Seal any less so.

Another class of Kipling's stories which must no doubt attribute some of their popularity to their uniqueness, are those of school boy life at Westward Ho. The generally accepted ideal of a school boy hero has always been a manly straightforward, clear eyed, upright youth, who was always the leader in every phase of school life. So when "Stalky & Co.," first began to appear as three "unwholesome, self-sufficient little animals," who openly derided cricket and who caused their house masters much trouble by "*suggestio falsi*" and "*suppressio veri*" they were aided a great deal in their popularity by contrast. But outside of this break away from the usual there are other and more lasting qualities to these stories. Again Kipling's style gains much by its suggestiveness. Also, there is a personal interest added for "Beetle" one of the Co.. is commonly supposed to be Kipling himself. But without this, below the exterior of carelessness and indifference can be seen the manly qualities of McTurk of the artistic temperament, of Beetle the poet, and of Stalky who takes pride in living up to his nick name. And while these boys are not saints, by any means, they have the requisites which appeal to those of sound body and mind.

The fifth class of Kipling's stories is that which deals particularly with the beauty to be found in any piece of mechanism. Let one read "The Day's Work" if he wants his eyes opened to some things that before he thought so commonplace he never took the trouble to notice. Some of the stories in it are revelations, not only of what they stand for, but also of Kipling's almost magic power of holding the interest of his readers under any circumstances. For very few

people outside of those immediately interested, care for technical writings, but by his great gift of expression, Kipling has brought it about that some of his most technical stories are the best liked ones. He has so skillfully given to bare facts the form of interesting fiction that one forgets to become bored. This talent is one of the best that Kipling has and can be used for inestimable good.

There are several stories of Kipling's which can hardly be placed in any of the classes mentioned above, most notable of which is "William the Conqueror," "The Man Who Would Be King," "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows," and "The Brushwood Boy." The first is a love story, several degrees above the ordinary, about two English speaking people in India who had cut loose from all home ties and had placed the performance of duty above everything else. There are no sacrifices, and "I-could-not-love-thee-dear-so-much"'s in it, and for this reason is especially pleasing. In writing the next two and especially the latter, Kipling seemed to have turned his brain loose to see where it would go. The first is the story of a man in search of an unknown people; the latter the reminiscences of a dying opium smoker. "The Brushwood Boy" deserves a place in Kipling's stories by itself. Its conception is something quite out of the ordinary. The feeling with which one lays it aside is one of satisfaction and contentment.

There is through nearly all Kipling's stories, and his writings too for that matter, the one incessant strain of the nobility of all work. Some of them are written with that especially in view, as A Walking Delegate. While in others it is not so pronounced. But in nearly all it can easily be found. According to Kipling the man who does his work, no matter what it is, conscientiously and performs his duty to the best of his ability, will surely receive a great and just reward. Kipling has combined his two chief themes, the presentation of the life of the lower strata of society and the beauty of work well done, two things without which no pur-

pose, however high, can be of much benefit. The first is a complete knowledge of what he wants to write of; the second is the ability to express his thoughts in exactly the way he wants to. A thorough understanding of a subject is required of a writer before he can expect to make any one else see even a part of his conception. But even more important than this is that mastery of a language which enables one to say what he wants to accurately. This power Kipling has in an especial degree. Every word he uses counts, and it cannot be changed without changing the intended meaning.

What Kipling has done he has done well; and so try as critics may they cannot take away from him that fame which is his just due. Nor can they prevent him from still adding to his fame, unless he himself for some unaccountable reason fails to use his powers as he should. For greatness of purpose combined with perfect accurateness and ease of expression will be sought after by all true thinkers as long as the standard of literature remains at its present height.

H. R. DWIRE, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The most significant and conspicuous tendency in the commercial world at the present time is found in the recent industrial awakening in the South. For a long time this particular section of the country has paid undue attention, perhaps, to her other interests largely to the exclusion of her development along industrial lines. As a result the South has held a position in the industrial world far inferior to that of other sections. During the past few years, however, there has come to be a significant reaction in this respect, and, as a result, she now occupies a place of increasing power and importance in the industrial development of the country.

This fact must be regarded as significant in many respects. It is an admitted fact that nothing has done so much to retard the progress of the South as a section, and to force her to occupy a position of comparative insignificance and inferiority in the life of the nation, as her extreme poverty. The increasing attention, therefore, that is being paid to her material welfare and industrial prosperity must be welcomed as one of the most encouraging features of her life at the present time. This is a tendency that will mean much for the South, not only in the development and expansion of her industrial resources, but especially in her educational and political life.

One of the most notable and lamentable facts in the life of the South, as a section, has been the failure to produce within her borders men with true literary ability and power; and her lack of anything like a strong, healthy, and wide spread literary spirit. We have produced great generals and powerful statesmen, but for some reason we have had comparatively no literary men of very marked ability and influence in the literary life of the country. This is a significant fact, and one worthy of the thought and consideration of the friends to the best interest of the South.

This condition cannot be explained by saying that Southern men lack the ability and gift necessary for a literary course; nor by saying that the life of the South is wanting in the richness of material on which literature may thrive. It is stated by one who has investigated the matter that there are more men in the literary life of New England who are of Southern birth than from any other section of the country. In this statement is to be found the principal cause of our poverty in literature, and the reason we have had so few men of true literary merit to enrich and elevate our life. In all the South there has been no great centre of learning—no storehouse of information where southern students could go to study and investigate, and consequently they have had to look to other sections of the country where these things are found. Another discouragement to men of literary inclination in the South is the fact that we never have had, in any large sense, a reading public that appreciated and gave rise to a demand to be filled by the production of literary men. As a result Southern men who have desired to devote their lives to literary work have been compelled to go elsewhere for encouragement and patronage; and our loss has been other sections' gain.

In recent years, however, forces have been set to work that are making rapid progress toward the eliminating of this condition of affairs. Together with the increased interest and activity along other lines of her life there is in the South to-

day a stronger and broader educational spirit than ever before. Not only are we building up centres of learning that bid fair to be comparable to those of any other section of the country, where our students may come to study and investigate, but to-day a sincere and enthusiastic effort is being made to improve and uplift the geneal educational condition of the South. The efforts that are being made show the right spirit, and are being directed along the right lines, and they are worthy of the sympathy and support of every Southern man, who laments our poverty of literature and literary men. For the South must awke to the fact that she can never have literature to any large extent, and be the home of literary men, until she has raised the average of her intelligence to a considerable extent. F.

It seems that the South has taken special pride in the past in being able to have the name "Solid South," applied to her. While these are many reasons, no doubt, that have made this designation possible and more or less justifiable, yet it is probable that the condition represented by the term "Solid South" has had more to do than anything else in retarding the uplifting and strengthening of her political life at home, and in depriving her of a position of influence and consideration in the political life of the nation. In a democratic form of government like ours no country or section of country can have the strongest and healthiest political life when one party holds continual power with comparatively no opposition. If the South desires a reformation in her political conditions, the best way to go about it would be to endeavor to build up two political parties, each a formidable rival of the other, and each required to stand or fall on the merits of its candidates themselves, and the principles which they represent. Then would each party be more guarded in its actions, and more zealous in the efforts to please, because it was held accountable by its rival for its record. Then, too, would the South as a section demand and receive more consideration at hands of the national government. F.

The State has been called to mourn the loss of one of its useful citizens in the death of Gen. Thos. F. Toon, Superintendent of Public Instruction. He was a man of fine character, and was actuated by a high sense of public duty. At the time of his nomination for this position he was not generally known among the educators of the state. His career in the position to which he was elected did him great credit. No one can doubt the sincerity of his motives or the abilty of his administration. It is a very great pity that this position should be subject to the change of political administrations, but it is always gratifying to find a man who does not use this high office for political purposes. THE ARCHIVE believes that political friends and foes will all credit General Toon with being actuated by an honest, sincere desire to advance the interest of the Public School System of the State.

The disease which finally resulted in his death was contracted in the Eastern portion of the State while he was engaged in the duties pertaining to his office.

The Governor has appointed as his successor Prof. J. Y. Joyner, of Greensboro. The newly appointed Superintendent has been engaged in educational work for a number of years. He is a man of high character, and THE ARCHIVE hopes his administration may be a very good one.

His appointment has given very general satisfaction, and by a intelligent, fair, conscientious performance of the duties of his office he will deserve and secure the co-operation of all who are interested in the Educational work of the State. F.

One of the most notable gifts that has been made to Trinity College within recent years was the one given by Mr. B. N. Duke recently, and announced at the Civic Celebration of Historical Society of the College last week. This gift was made for the purpose of establishing four more chairs in the College, which completes the list of departments in college work; and henceforth, as the President stated, the

College is enabled to make her progress in the future along the lines of university work. This gift means much to the development of the College, and to the advancement of her sphere of usefulness in the future, and it should be greatfully acknowledged by the friends of the institution. To-day the prospects of Trinity are brighter and more promising than ever before, and they have been made so largely by the generosity of its benefactors. This gift is equal to an addition of $100,000 to the endowment fund, and makes the sum given to the College by this one family amount to between seven hundred and eight hundred thousand dollars. In addition to this a beautiful library, and a handsome and convenient dormitory building, both the gifts of this same family, are in the course of construction. Thus as the College has grown in its new needs and wants, that have appeared in the process of its growth, have been supplied by its benevolent and generous benefactors.

The cause of education has probably never received so great an impetus at the hands of generous and broad minded men of wealth as it has in recent years. More and more is it becoming evident to the South and to all other sections of the country that there may be as noble, unselfish, and philanthropic principles behind a factory or railroad, as there are in any other form of industry. F.

MARJIE C. JORDAN, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Just before his recent illness, Tolstoi had put the finishing touches to a new book which will be published early in March with the title "What is Religion?"

The last volume of the posthumous works of Victor Hugo was published in Paris a few days ago under the title of "La Derniere Gerbe." All Paris is preparing for the Hugo fetes and ceremonies to be held next week.

John Philip Sousa, the great March King has a story—a prose idyl of love life of a violinist—called the "Fifth String." It is illustrated by Christy.

One of the most important additions to Shaksperian literature which has appeared in some years is Prof. Lownsbury "Shakspere as a Dramatic Artist." His chapters comprise discussions on the dramatic unities, the mixture of the comic and the tragic, dramatic conventions, seventeenth and eighteenth century views about Shakspere, alterations in the plays, and Shakspere as dramatist and moralist.

The fifth edition of Jacob A. Riis's "Making of an American" is in the press. It was only last week that the fourth edition was issued. An edition for the blind is also being prepared.

"An Introduction to the Study of English Poetry" by Mark H. Liddell, is to be published by Doubleday, Page, & Co. This is a new theory of poetry based upon the evidence

of the development of poetic form of expression and a new method of English prosody constructed in the light of this theory, as it applies to English speech material.

The author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" has written another book, "Dorthy Vernon of Haddon Hall." The story centres around Haddon Hall famous in history as one of the places that sheltered Mary of Scotts, during her captivity. The time is about 1560.

The *Koelnische Zeitung* says that Dr. Seybold, Oriental professor at Tuebingen University has lately been disciphering and cataloguing some Arabic manuscripts received from Dr. J. G. Wetzstein, a former Prussian Consul in Damascus, and has discovered a hitherto unknown story belonging to "The Thousand and One Nights" series, and he will soon publish a text and translation. The New York *Times* says; "It is to be hoped that the Germans with their characteristic zeal for exactness, will not deem it necessary to call future editions of the "Arabian Nights," the "Thousand and Two Nights." It would destroy many childhood illusions.

"Danny," a new story by Alfred Ollivant, author of "Bob, Son of Battle," will begin as a serial in the March number of *Everybody's Magazine*.

A second edition of Stephen Phillipp's "Ulysses," the poetic drama that met with such a striking success in London, is in the press at the Macmillan Company.

Ernest Crosby has been making strenuous efforts to have the publication of his book "Capt. Jinks, Hero," delayed for two or three months. Emperor William of Germany figures somewhat conspicuouly in this military satire, and the author fears he will be accused of an offense against good taste in selecting the time of Prince Henry's visit to make fun of his brother. Mr. Crosby's book was completed and in the publishers hands before Prince Henry's intended visit to this country was made known.

A posthumous volume of essays of Charles Dudley Warner is announced—"Fashions in Literature and Other Literary and Social Essays and Addresses." His place among American essayists is hardly defined as yet, but there is a growing feeling that he may have written more permanently than his contemporaries knew. Several volumes for the "American Men of Letters" series of which he was editor, are in an advanced state of preparation. Prof. George E. Woodbury, who wrote the excellent volume in the same series on Poe will complete within a month or two, a volume on Hawthorne. One reason why a Hawthorne volume has not sooner appeared probably lies in the fact that Henry James wrote one for the "English Men of Letters" series edited by John Morley. Hawthorne is the only American author who has thus far been presented in the series. Besides this volume, one on Longfellow, by Col. Higginson, and one on Whittier by Prof. Carpenter, of Columbia, and others are to appear this year. These are books that are awaited with much interest.

J. M. ORMOND, - - - - - - MANAGER.

During our short period of experience as exchange man we have found some pleasant and some unpleasant things connected with the work. It is a positive pleasure to read and criticise the good material, but it is very unpleasant to note and to mention the worthless productions found in some of the magazines.

There are three classes of college magazines that come to our table. There is the magazine that does not try to produce any literature but contains only a few editorials which are very ordinary, local, alumni, athletic, and Y. M. C. A. notes. And what makes them most abominable is the great collection of jokes, scraps and sophomoric wit gathered here and there about the college community. There is no excuse for publishing any such stuff in any college magazines. We do not include in this class publications which do not claim to be magazines but are mere organs or representatives of some one or more of the features of the college life. We thoroughly endorse such publications. But it is those publications that try to bear the name of a college magazine having absolutely nothing of literature in them of which we are speaking.

Then there is another class that is somewhat better. They have a literary department, with a few light stories, each covering on the average one page of the magazine, and possibly one or two short poems that have something of the form of poetry. Occasionally there is a poem or story of real value to be found in some of the magazines. Now and then

there is a historical article or a sketch that is worthy of publication in a better magazine. Yet upon the whole this class of magazines—which is comparatively a large class—is not producing the best kind of literature for the public. The reason that there are so many of this kind is that there are some editors and many other college men writing for the magazines who think it out of place for a college student to produce solid articles. And some of the criticisms of the magazines which try to produce substantial articles—the only kind that is of the highest value—are very adverse, and advice is given to produce the light attractive story and spring poetry. They say that the sphere of solid serious matter belongs to other than the college student. This, in our opinion, is a very erroneous idea. It is true that sometimes attempts are made to produce articles on subjects that are too big for the writer, yet the idea that the college student can not write other than light material is giving him too small a place. He should be allowed to write solid matter if it is good enough to publish without being criticised adversely by some who do not know as much about it as the writer.

Then there is a better class that is producing literature that will stand. These are the magazines of the highest order published by students of the college and university. They are publishing good stories, a high order of poetry—yet this is the weakest line of work done—and many substantial articles which are very deserving. This line of work in the best college magazines is advancing more than any other, and we shall be glad when there is a stronger sentiment among college students in favor of this kind of work.

The *Amhurst Literary Monthly* is one of our best exchanges. There are four poems in the January number. "The Haunted Mill" is probably the best. "Sheely and the French Revolution" is a good article. Work of this kind is that which is of real value to writer and reader. Let us have more of such articles.

We are very glad indeed to welcome *The College Message* on our table again. It has been asleep for three years. We are glad to see the enthusiasm with which it starts out again. It has a very neat and attractive cover, and what is better the literary department, although limited in amount, shows a very healthy and vigorous spirit. "A Romance Chapter in North Carolina History" is an article on the right kind of subject and is well written. "Some of Chaucer's Prominent Characteristics" is another good article. The *Message* starts out with a promising future, and we sincerely hope that it will not only maintain the high standard of the first number, but that it will constantly increase in value and importance as a College magazine. It has the very best wishes of the TRINITY ARCHIVE for a successful career.

The January number of *Tennessee University Magazine* maintains its standard, and is one of the best exchanges on our table. It always has a full table of contents and represents a happy blending of poetry, story and essay.

W. A. BIVINS, - - - - - - MANAGER.

Mr. L. H. Gibbons, '03, who is now in the employ of the Odell Hardware Co., in Greensboro, visited at the College a few days last month.

We are glad to note the return of Mr. J. W. Scroggs who left school last year on account of bad health.

Prof. R. L. Flowers was suddenly called during examination period last month to the bedside of his brother, Mr. J. M. Flowers, of New York, who has been very sick with pneumonia. The college community welcomes the news that John is on the road to recovery. He is now at his home in Taylorsville.

Mr. J. D. Carpenter, and old student of Trinity, visited friends on the Park a few days recently. He is now in the employ of Underwood & Underwood, stereoscope makers.

Dr. Mims attended the meeting of the Central Campaign Committee, which was organized at Raleigh the 13th inst. for the promotion of public education in North Carolina.

Dr. Few has been kept from his college duties for several days on account of trouble with his eyes. We wish him an early recovery. Dr. Kilgo has been suffering from a severe cold but is now able to continue his work.

The regular meeting of the Science Club was held in the Crowell Science Hall Saturday evening, February 8. Mr. E. S. Yarbrough explained the principle of modern "flying

machines," and Mr. L. F. Williams, the principle of "automatic linkage." Interesting stereoptican views of European cities were given by Prof. Edwards and Dr. Hamaker.

Dr. Hamaker delivered the fourth lecture in the series of faculty lectures Saturday evening, February 15, his subject being "Organic Evolution." The lecture was scholarly and highly entertaining.

Trinity's ball team is getting in shape for the coming season. Mr. Otis Stockdale, of Raleigh fame, is on hand to coach its boys, and, unless the weather prevents, they will be in good fighting order by the time the season opens. The officers for the year are, F. C. Odell, manager, B. F. Dixon, first-assistant manager, J. W. Alspaugh, second-assistant, and D. F. Giles, captain. The games have been arranged for as follows:

March 19—Trinity Park High School.
March 22—Horner Military School, Oxford, at Durham.
March 24—Bingham School, Mebane, at Durham.
March 26-27—Lafayette, at Durham.
March 31—Gallaudet, at Durham.
April 2—Lehigh, at Durham.
April 4—Hobart, at Durham.
April 9—A. & M., at Durham.
April 12—A. & M., at Durham.
April 14—Wake Forest College at Raleigh.
April 24-26—Wake Forest College at Durham.
April 28—Guilford, at Greensboro.
May 1—Bingham School, Asheville, at Durham.
May 3—A. & M., in case of a tie, at Durham.
May 8—Wofford at Spartanburg, S. C.

A second game with Guilford and third with Wake Forest will probably be arranged for before the season is over.

For Outline and Material for Essays and Orations, Address Colchester, Roberts & Co., Tiffin, O.

THE BEST MADE BETTER.—The New and Enlarged Edition of WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY brings Webster again abreast of the growth of the language and again confirms it in its position as the One Great Standard Authority. A decade has passed since the International was first published and the years have been full of changes and growth in life, knowledge, and achievement; changes that have been reflected in the language and that must now be registered in the dictionary. To meet this growth the publishers have again brought the International fully up to date by adding 25,000 new words that have come into literary use, the old words that have changed their meaning, the obsolete words that have been revived. This Supplement has been prepared under the direct supervision of Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, who has been assisted by a large corps of eminent specialists. The typographical excellence has been preserved by the making of an entirely new set of plates for the whole book.

The New Edition of Webster, therefore, retains all the excellencies of the International, emphasized and multiplied, all its accuracy and convenience, with added fullness and authority, so that it is, as before, the Best Practical Working Dictionary of the English Language.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C., MARCH, 1902.

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All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to H. R. DWIRE, Chief Editor, Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.

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C. L. HORNADAY, - - - - - - MANAGER.

THE CIVIC CELEBRATION, THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE TRINITY COLLEGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

We surrender all the space for contributions this month to the Trinity College Historical Society. On February 22, 1902, this society celebrated its tenth anniversary and held its annual Civic Celebration. The occasion was made even more interesting by the announcement of another large gift to the college endowment fund by Mr. B. N. Duke, of Durham, N. C. The following account of the meeting is taken from The Morning Herald, of Durham, N. C., February 23d, 1902:

"The occasion last evening was the third recurrence of the Civic Celebration which is held under the auspices of

the Trinity College Historical Society. The Celebration was held in the Craven Memorial Hall. Dr. J. S. Bassett presided and, after the opening ceremonies, introduced Prof. R. L. Flowers, who read a sketch of the Historical Society. Professor Flowers is a charter member of the society. The purpose in founding this society, he said, was to encourage the writing of history, to collect historical material, to foster historical research and to strengthen the historical spirit. Professor Flowers spoke of the great work done in the printing of papers under the auspices of the society. The paper was well received.

"Professor Bassett then introduced Dr. Kilgo, who made the speech of the evening on the subject: 'Christian Citizenship.' In part Dr. Kilgo said:

"'Government and law are of divine origin. Law is not made, it is discovered. It is a divine order. Men do not and cannot make law. There is no part of the universe without law. Civics is the last to feel this truth. We do not send men to the legislature to make law, but to discover the truth which is the law. Therefore, the first qualification of the statesman should be his ability to discover truth. The legislature is no place for ignorance. The time must come when a high civilization will be as much opposed to novices and untrained legislators as it is opposed to having an ignorant negro practice medicine. In fact, there is as much reason that we should forbid the malpractice of civics as that we should forbid the malpractice of medicine. Legislation is a science in which unscientific men too often appear. Christ taught that the end of government is not the restriction of virtue, but the hindrance of vice. He who conceives hatred and jealousies and uses the rights and powers of a state to pass a vicious law, or the judiciary to interpret law in such a way as will make his opponents victims of his spite, is a tremendous menace to the state's citizenship. He is an anarchist.

"'Christ was not a socialist. He laid emphasis on the individual. The community exists for the individal. You cannot cripple the strongest man, weaken the wisest leaders, impede the largest enterprises, and give strength to the weakest parts of the process.

"'Civics is a matter of conscience, not of convenience. The right to vote must mean great responsibility for the voter. Where all have a right to vote none have the right not to vote. No man can lose a vote, if it is a conscientious expression of interest in good government. A ballot behind which does not stand a conscientious voter is already lost. Saving citizenship is far better than saving ballots. A christian citizenship cannot be partizan. Taking care of a party is never the same as taking care of a government. Obedience to law is a matter of personal character and not a matter of legislation.

"'There is among us the movements of that subterranean swell of silent outrage and conscientious impulse which has ever been the birth throes of reformation and progress, and it cannot be stopped. Never did a genuine man have a grander opportunity to do lasting things in the South than is now offered. Never was the shrewd calculator of dark schemes and traditional hatred at a greater discount among us than now.'"

"Dr. Kilgo's entire address was received with marked attention by the large audience which had assembled for the occasion. It was a great effort of a great speaker and all who heard him said that the address was one of the best ever heard in Durham.

"After he had finished speaking, the orchestra played 'America.' Dr. Bassett then stated that Dr. Kilgo would make an announcement.

"Dr. Kilgo stepped to the front immediately and said that he could make this speech without notes. He then recounted the rich gifts made the college during the year. He referred to the splendid dormitory, which is about to

be built, as the handsomest thing of the kind in the South. In it, he said, would be every convenience to be found in the best New York hotel.

"The speaker then added that after all this had been done, Mr. B. N. Duke had decided to make another donation, and that within the last few days. 'He has given to the college the funds to employ four new professors,' said Dr. Kilgo. 'These professors,' he continued, 'will fill the chairs of political economy, German, romance languages, and applied mathematics. This will complete the organization of the college as a college. Its future will be in the line of university work.'

"The vast significance of the donation will be seen when it is understood that it is equal to a gift of $100,000 to the endowment fund. The announcement was recəived by the students and others who were present with vociferous cheers.

"This gift by Mr. B. N. Duke makes a total of about seven hundred thousand dollars given to Trinity College by the Duke family. The half million mark was passed sometime ago and the gifts announced during the last twelve months run the total up to near three-quarters of a million dollars.

"The music last evening was furnished by the Southern Conservatory orchestra and was enjoyed by the large audience."

HISTORY OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

BY PROFESSOR R. L. FLOWERS.

One of our objects in meeting here this evening is to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Historical Society of Trinity College under whose auspices this Civic Celebration is held. It may be of interest to some present to know something of the history of this organization—its origin, the purpose for which it was founded, and the work it has done.

Under Dr. John F. Crowell's administration there was created a great awakening in all departments of educational work in the State. It is hard to realize to the fullest extent how much Dr. Crowell contributed to the advancement of educational work in this section of the country. No one who is at all acquainted with education in this State for the last fifteen years can fail to acknowledge that in all progressive movements, he was in the forefront. It would be very easy to enumerate a great many fields of work in which this Institution has inaugurated new movements. The first distinct Chair of History established at any Southern Educational Institution was at Trinity, when Dr. Stephen B. Weeks was elected to the Chair of History.

From the very first there was great interest manifested in this field of work. A great many articles appeared from the pen of Dr. Weeks and his students.

It was thought advisable to organize a Historical Society, and on April 4, 1892, a meeting of members of the faculty and students was held at Old Trinity and an organization perfected with the following officers:

President—S. J. Durham.

Vice-President—E. T. Bynum.

Secretary and Treasurer—I. E. Avery.

Corresponding Secretary—Stephen B. Weeks.

Librarian—F. C. McDowell.

An extract from the constitution will give an idea of the object for which the Society was organized :—

"This Association shall be known as the Historical Society of Trinity College, N. C. The object of the Society shall be to collect, arrange and preserve a library of books, pamphlets, maps, charts, manuscripts, papers, paintings, statuary, and other materials illustrative of the history of North Carolina and of the South, to rescue from forgetfulness the names and deeds of our first settlers, to encourage original work in the field of Southern History and to promote the study of the same by means of lectures and publications."

From the very first great interest was manifested in this newly organized Society. A great deal of work of a very high order was done and an examination of the files of the ARCHIVE during this period will show several articles written for the Society which are valuable contributions to the history of our State. It has not been the aim of the Society to glory over legends, but to search for the truth.

When the College was removed to Durham, the work was continued under the leadership of Dr. Weeks, and afterwards of Mr. Bynum who filled the Chair of History for one year. In 1894, Dr. J. S. Bassett began his work at Trinity, and under his direction the usefulness of the Society has been extended in many directions. Many of the papers read before the Society have been published in the TRINITY ARCHIVE, and there are few publications which contain more valuable contributions to Southern History.

In 1896, there was established "The Annual Publication of Historical Papers of Trinity College," four series of which have been issued. Of course no member of the Society will claim that all these articles are of great permanent value, but many of them show evidence of original investigation, and of careful painstaking research.

Another feature of the Society's work which has succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations is the

Historical Museum which was established for the purpose of collecting materials of historical interest. The room provided by the authorities of the institution has been filled and in the new library building provision is being made for a large museum. Nothing undertaken by the Society has been of more general interest than this movement. Generous friends all over the country have been interested and have made donations. A large number of relics bearing on the history of the Civil War have been collected, and these alone form a very valuable collection. All over the country are many books, manuscripts, and relics of many kinds that are being destroyed and neglected. It has been the purpose of the Society to collect and preserve these and all the friends of the Society are requested to aid in this work.

From time to time the Society has had special lectures delivered before it. Desiring to extend the influence of its work, it has arranged to have each year, on Washington's Birthday, a Civic Celebration. It was designed to have on this occasion a lecture on some subject bearing on sane citezenship, and to these lectures the public has always been cordially invited.

The first lecture was delivered by Judge H. G. Connor, of Wilson, the second by Rev. T. F. Marr, of Charlotte, and we are to have the third this evening by President Jno. C. Kilgo.

In addition to the officers elected at the organization, the following have served:

1893–94.

President—J. A. Baldwin.
Vice-President—W. W Flowers.
Recording Secretary and Treasurer—L. T. Hartsell.
Librarian—F. C. McDowell.
Corresponding Secretary—Stephen B. Weeks.

1894–95.

President—Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.
Vice-President—Dr. Edwin Mims.
Recording Secretary and Treasurer—S. S. Dent.
Corresponding Secretary—R. B. Crawford.
Librarian—J. L. Bost.

1895–96.

President—Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.
Vice-President—Prof. R. L. Flowers.
Recording Secretary and Treasurer—P. V. Anderson.
Corresponding Secretary—G. B. Pegram.
Librarian—H. B. Craven.

1896–97.

President—Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.
Vice-President—Chas. C. Weaver.
Secretary and Treasurer—P. V. Anderson.
Corresponding Secretary—W. K. Boyd.
Librarian—S. S. Dent.

1897–98.

President—Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.
Vice-President—W. K. Boyd.
Secretary and Treasurer—J. C. Wooten.
Librarian—L. W. Crawford. Jr.

1898–99.

President—W. K. Boyd.
Vice-President—Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.
Secretary and Treasurer—F. T. Willis.
Librarian—J. E. Pegram.

1899–1900.

President—W. K. Boyd.
Vice-President—Dr. Edwin Mims.
Secretary and Treasurer—C. A. Woodard.
Librarian—J. E. Pegram.

1900–1901.

President—Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.
Vice-President—J. R. Cowan.
Corresponding Secretary—J. P. Breedlove.
Recording Secretary and Treasurer—E. S. Yarbrough.
Librarian—W. A. Bivins.

1901–1902.

President—W. K. Boyd.
Vice-President—J. A. Best.
Secretary and Treasurer—E. S. Yarbrough.
Corresponding Secretary—W. A. Bivins.
Librarian—Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.

In addition to many informal talks and discussions the following papers have been read before the Society:

"Henry Lawson Wyatt." Dr. Stephen B. Weeks.

"Our Grandfathers—How They Lived and What it Cost Them." Robt. H. Willis.

"Columbus, and the Spirit of the Age." Stephen B. Weeks.

"The Naming of America." J. A. Baldwin.

"The Fortunes and the Freedom of Columbus." J. F. Shinn.

"The first Gold Discovered in North Carolina." J. F. Shinn.

"The Confederate Prize." Dr. Stephen B. Weeks.

"Colonial Taxation." Dr. Jno. F. Crowell.

"Norse Mythology." W. F. Gill.

"The Downfall of the Roman Empire." T. C. Hoyle.

"North Carolina Methodism, from its Organization to 1800, A. D." Robt. H. Willis.

"Biography of John Urmstone and Clement Hall, Missionaries for the Propagation of the Gospel in North Carolina." Dr. Stephen B. Weeks.

"The Constitutional History of North Carolina." T. C. Hoyle.

"The Sociological Interpretatism of Laws." Dr. Jno. F. Crowell.

"The Condition of Slavery in North Carolina Before the Rebellion." E. C. Brooks.

"The Study of History and Political Science in the South." Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.

"The State Debt of Tennessee." Dr. Edwin Mims.

"The Life of Late Justice Merriman." G. T. Rowe.

"The Character and Intellectuality of Dr. Craven." Prof. Jerome Dowd.

"The Regulators in North Carolina." Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.

"Seward and Secession." G. T. Rowe.

"The Napoleonic Revival." T. A. Smoot.

"The Waldenses in North Carolina, Their History and Manners." B. R. Payne.

"Indian Government in Indian Territory With Reference to United States Government Etc." J. S. Maytubby.

"Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence." Prof. Alex. Graham.

"Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence." Prof. Jerome Dowd.

"Fort Hamby." Prof. R. L. Flowers.

"Criticism of Weston's Life of Marshall Ney." Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.

"History of Art." N. H. Busey.

"Origin of the Kuklux Klan." S. S. Dent.

"Suffrage in North Carolina." Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.

"Edwin W. Fuller." Prof. R. L. Flowers.

"Dr. Frances L. Hawks." S. S. Dent.

"Dr. T. B. Kingsbury." S. W. Sparger.

"Abolition of Slavery Among the Quakers of North Carolina Yearly Meeting." Dr. W. I. Cranford.

"A Kuklux Raid and What Became of it." Prof. W. H. Pegram.

"The Adoption of the Federal Constitution of 1787 by North Carolina." B. F. Carpenter.

"John S. Cairns, Ornithologist." W. K. Boyd.

"The North Carolina Manumission Society." C. C. Weaver.

"Further Light on the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence." Prof. R. L. Flowers.

"Greensboro Female College, Fifty Years ago." C. C. Weaver.

"The Assassination of John W. Stephens, Radical." L. M. Carlton.

"Removal of Tuscarora Indians from North Carolina." S. S. Dent.

"Blockade Running at Wilmington." Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.

"Classes in Western North Carolina." W. K. Boyd.

"William J. Yates." Z. F. Curtis.

"The State Against Will." Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.

"Dennis W. Heart, Editor." W. K. Boyd.

"Joseph Seawell Jones." Col. B. R. Creecy.

"My Experience in the Study of History." Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.

"Bart F. Moore on Secession and Reconstruction." J. P. Gibbons.

"Legal Regulation of Public Morals in Colonial North Carolina." B. F. Carpenter.

"A Federal Soldier's Diary." J. P. Breedlove.

"Founding of Harvard and Some of its Rules." J. T. Henry.

"Anti-Masonic Movement." R. T. Poole.

"Negro Life on a Turpentine Farm." J. C. Wooten.

"John Joseph Bruner." R. L. Flowers.

"Confederate Refugee's Diary." J. A. Sharp.

"Experiences of Five Soldiers." J. P. Breedlove.

"Relation Between Methodist Church and Slavery." Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.

"Historical Scenes From the Lower Cape Fear." F. T. Willis.

"The Blockade Runner—Advance." J. H. Highsmith.

"Career of Gov. W. W. Holden (four papers)." W. K. Boyd.

"Freeman—English Historian." Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.

"Art and Literature in Negro Homes of Durham." Prof. Jerome Dowd.

"Abuses of the Internal Revenue System." Prof. Jerome Dowd.

"Trade Day in Laurinburg." H. M. North.

"Colonial Court System in North Carolina." S. A. Stewart.

"Causes of American Revolution." Dr. B. C. Steiner.

"Career of Gen. Thos. L. Clingman." Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.

"DeGraffenreid and the Swiss and Palatine Settlement of New Berne." L. L. Hendren.

"Career of Nathanial Macon in Congress." W. K. Boyd.

"Hugh S. LeGare." J. A. Best.

"The Election of 1876." J. Peele.

"Cherokee Indians in the Eighteenth Century." J. R. Cowan.

"Lawson—The First North Carolina Historian." H. B. Adams, Jr.

"The Position of Colonel Wm. Byrd in Virginia Society." Dr. Jno. S. Bassett.

The members of the Society feel on this tenth anniversary that they have reason to congratulate themselves on the work that has been accomplished, and are confidently expecting that what has been done is only a foretaste of what will be done during the next ten years. The increased library facilities will enable it to do more effective work.

The establishment of *The South Atlantic Quarterly* by Dr. Jno. S. Bassett is a significant step in the development of this section of our country. It will furnish a medium for the publication of articles of real merit, for none but articles of merit will find a place in this publication.

The editor in the initial number says: "The gentlemen who have projected the enterprise feel that there is enough demand for a Southern journal to give the necessary support at least to a quarterly. They feel, too, that there is enough talent which can be reached to make such a journal both instructive and creditable to the South. They feel, furthermore, that such a medium of publishing articles would develop young men into writers, and that it would at the same time give to many people a better knowledge of the conditions under which literature can be created."

"The editor of the *Quarterly* desires to make the journal a medium of encouraging every honest literary effort. He recognizes that to do this there must be liberty to think. He will not close the review to opinions with which he may personally differ. A fair field and a respectful consideration will be his policy. He will consider the *Quarterly* fortunate if it succeeds in presenting the problems of to-day on all their sides. His ambition is that men shall say that he has sought truth without prejudice and with no more than a modest confidence in his own conclusions. To find truth absolutely might be a good thing, but it does not seem likely to be done. The next best thing is to have many people seeking it in the spirit of honest tolerance. It is this search which develops mind and brings culture; and it is with a reverant hope of attaining it among a larger number of Southern men that the present enterprise is placed before the public."

With a publication with such ideals as this opened up as a medium of publication for all such organizations as ours, there is no reason why the work should not receive a great impetus.

In conclusion it is but fair to say that while there have been many factors which have contributed to the success of this organization, to Dr. Jno. S. Bassett, and to Adjunct Professor Boyd who as a student and instructor has taken great interest in the work, is due in a large measure the success achieved.

THE SALE OF CAROLINA TO THE KING BY THE LORDS PROPRIETORS.

BY FANNIE CARR, A. B.

That part of the Atlantic coast of America granted to the Lords Proprietors in 1663, called Carolina, remained in their possession sixty-six years, at the end of which period it was sold to the king. In 1729 seven of the Lords Proprietors surrendered their title to the soil as well as all rights to political power in the colony, which they had held, whether through ignorance, selfishness or neglect, with little advantage to its inhabitants. This sale to the king was not a simple bargain, as the ordinary sale of a tract of land consummated in a day, but rather the result of a definite movement in the colonies characterized by the gradual increase of unpopularity of the Lords Proprietors and their rule and by a demand on the part of the colonists to come directly under the royal authority. This was a movement which had been in progress at least twenty-five years and a bargain which required ten years to be completed.

The transfer of ownership of Carolina from the Proprietors to the king was brought about by a number of influences which, on first consideration, appear to the student as intricate as the passages of a labyrinth; but there is a point of view from which all may be seen as working together under a common impulse to a common end. In the first place, the triple character of the government was such as could not stand long without bringing division among its subjects. The three powers to which the people of Carolina were subject were the Lords Proprietors, the King of England, and the local government consisting of governor, assembly and council. It would be an unusual people, indeed, who could give their entire allegiance to such a government, especially when the different departments of authority were oftentimes at

variance with each other. Besides this, the inhabitants of the colony, not to put it too strongly, were staunch lovers of liberty, not likely to fall asleep or be lost in business cares while their rights as Englishmen were being trampled on. Having formed the idea that the Lords Proprietors were looking out solely for their own interests, we need not be surprised that the colonists looked out for theirs. Hence we hear of the lawless habits of our forefathers and that the governors "lived in fear of the people and dreaded the assemblies."

The main sources of weakness of the Proprietary government and consequently the chief causes of its downfall, may be classified under four heads: the lack of enterprise on the part of the Lords Proprietors to build up the colony, their incapacity to defend the colony, their incapacity to govern the colony, and the growing tendency of the crown after the accession of James II. to convert the proprietary governments into royal governments.

There was much to be done before the wilderness of Carolina, almost uninhabited by white men, could become a prosperous colony or a paying investment. Roads must be built, churches constructed, clearings made and forts built for the defense of the colony in its infancy. The grant was first received with the expectation that in a few years they could build up a prosperous and self-supporting colony. Much was done by the original Proprietors, but even after large sums of money were spent there was little to show for it. Because of the poor trading facilities the colony did not soon become self-supporting and the Proprietors, some of whose shares soon fell into other hands, grew tired of spending money without return and so lost interest in their scheme.

When the Lords Proprietors applied to the king for the grant of the land then occupied by the heathen, it was said that they were incited by a desire to introduce Christianity among the Indians. By their charter they were

endowed with "license and power to build churches and chapels" for divine worship. Yet when they had obtained their grant they seemed strangely to forget their Christian zeal, for they neither built churches nor supported ministers, but left that for the colonists to do. The Proprietors had proposed to build forts for the protection of the colonies and to use their efforts to encourage immigration and their means to build up the colony, but the burden of erecting forts was likewise left to the settlers. Laws were passed requiring payments for land in specie, which was then very scarce in the colony. Because of these laws immigration was retarded. In South Carolina, in order to encourage immigration and to build up a settlement between the older inhabitants and the Indians, the Lords Proprietors consented to a law providing that the land that had been conquered by the inhabitants from the Indians should be given to immigrants, two hundred acres to each settler. Many Irish immigrants took advantage of this offer, but when they had arrived and the colonists had paid for the passage, the Proprietors declared the act null and void.

To the people of Carolina it was soon apparent that they could not look to the Lords Proprietors for defense. The southern part of the Carolina grant lay on the southern extremity of the English possessions in America, bordering on the Spanish possessions in the south and on those of the French in the west, both of which people at that time were ready to encroach on the lands of their common enemy, the English. The various Indian tribes in alliance with the Spaniards and French, ever ready to descend on the frontier settlements of Carolina, especially endangered its position and necessitated a strong line of defense and a constant watch for the invaders. The Lords Proprietors were both unwilling and unable to keep up such a line of defense and the inhabitants felt with ever increasing conviction that only under the royal government would they

get the defense necessary for their protection. Since Carolina formed the bulwark for the defense of the royal colonies north of it, it seemed only just that the king should help to protect it. But this could not be expected under proprietary rule.

As an additional grievance, when the trade in South Carolina was broken up by the pirates the Lords Proprietors had not come to their assistance. This evil, having existed many years, was finally put down by their brave Governor, Robert Johnson, who lead the attack against the pirates in person and utterly destroyed them. This was done at the expense, not of the Lords Proprietors, but of the colony, £1,000 being advanced by the Governor himself. At this juncture Governor Johnson, as it seems despairing of help from the Proprietors, appealed to the Lords of Trade urging the necessity of a ship of war being immediately sent to the South Carolina coast. This appeal made known to the Board of Trade the weakness of the Proprietary defense and encouraged them to use their efforts to establish a royal government in Carolina.

The mistakes of the Lords Proprietors in governing their colonies arose not altogether from their greed for gain, nor from wilful misgovernment, but rather from their ignorance of conditions in America and from their lack of sympathy with the colonists. It was impossible for the Lords Proprietors, the very fewest of whom had ever visited Carolina, to understand the primitive life of the natives of the woods of Carolina and the feelings which were the inevitable outcome of that life. Although transplanted to a new soil they were still Englishmen and did not for a moment forget the rights which they, as Englishmen, possessed. That the Proprietors failed to take account of this disposition of the settlers and to reckon on it in their dealings with them, illustrates their short-sighted policy. As a result of this policy, that element of sympathy between people and their rulers, a necessary element

of a successful government, was altogether lacking under the proprietary rule.

A continual source of disturbance between the people and the Proprietors was the payment of quit rents. The colonists succeeded in evading the law so far as to keep the Proprietors from deriving much revenue from them. The Proprietors were too often under the influence of scheming men who were working for their own interests at the expense of stirring up the whole province against their rulers. Perhaps nothing served to arouse a spirit of rebellion against the Proprietors so much as the bad governors into whose hands the direction of affairs in the colony was so often placed. With such men as Everard, Burrington and Sothel over them, the colonists very naturally came to feel that their welfare was a matter of indifference to their rulers. Too often the governors were chosen with no idea of fitness, but rather from among favorites, men whom it seemed to the Proprietors' interests in English politics to favor.

The divisions among the Proprietors themselves tended to weaken their authority in the colony. Through the failure of heirs, the sale of some of the shares, and other complications, the Proprietors became a house divided against itself. The frequency of minors caused the legislation of the Proprietors to represent the will of only a few of their number. The difficulty in getting a quorum, and their divided interests, often caused it to be well-nigh impossible to get a meeting of the Proprietors, no matter how urgent a case the colonists might wish to bring before them. To trace the history of the share of Sir William Berkeley will be sufficient to illustrate the complications resulting from the proprietary form of government.

On the death of Berkeley he left his share to his widow who married Philip Ludwell. Before her second marriage she sold her share, May 20, 1681, to John Archdale. After her marriage to Ludwell she joined him in another

sale of the same, in 1682, to Thomas Amy in trust for the Duke of Albemarle, Lord Cartaret, Earl of Craven, and Sir John Colleton. In 1697 the four noblemen asked Thomas Thornberg to act as trustee in the place of Amy, but the legal title was not transferred. These four in 1705 sold their share to John Archdale, the legal title still remaining with Amy. Archdale executed a deed for the same share to his son-in-law, John Danson, in 1708. The complications were such that it went into the chancery court, under whose proceedings it was sold and purchased by Hugh Watson, trustee for Henry and James Bertie.*

The House of Commons, seeing that a transfer of Carolina to the Crown would be to the advantage of trade, was ready for any excuse to bring about this change. The tendency of the Crown to overthrow Proprietary Governments had not failed to be noticed by the colonists and tended in no way to decrease their dissatisfaction. The policy of the Crown is well illustrated in its attitude to the rebellion of 1719 in South Carolina. In that year the people of South Carolina threw off the yoke of the Proprietary government, declaring that the Proprietors had forfeited their charter by misusing their powers, and set up a temporary government under allegiance to the King to remain in force till they should learn his will. They sent Col. John Barnwell to England to represent their cause.

The Lords Proprietors represented to his Majesty that this was simply a faction against them. But soon there came an address signed by five hundred and sixty-eight men besides the members of the House of Commons, including more than half of the male inhabitants of the colony, saying: "We further take the liberty to inform your Majesty that notwithstanding all our miseries, the Lords Proprietors, instead of using any endeavors for our

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*See Appendix of McCrady's History of South Carolina under the Proprietary Government.

relief and assistance are pleased to term all our endeavors to procure your Majesty's royal protection the business of a faction or party. We most humbly assure your Majesty that so far from being anything of that nature all the inhabitants of the Province (in general) are not only convinced that no human power but that of your Majesty can save them, but earnestly and fervently desire that this once flourishing Province may be added to those already under your protection."

On hearing of the revolution, the King tacitly accepted the overthrow of the Proprietary government. When Barnwell reached England the King was not in the island, but the Lords Justices Regents on hearing his case, declared that the Lords Proprietors had forfeited their charter, and ordered the Attorney General to take out a *scire facias* against it. But nothing came of it for there was no legal action that could be taken. Yet it serves to show that in England there existed a willingness to listen to the complaints against the Lords Proprietors, and though it cannot be said that the precedent was a wise one for England to set, yet she certainly encouraged the revolution against authority in South Carolina. A provisional government was provided for South Carolina which continued in existence ten years, Sir Francis Nicholson being appointed first Governor by the Crown.

After the overthrow of the Proprietary Government in South Carolina, Governor Moore, the temporary Governor of South Carolina, sent a letter to represent to the people of North Carolina the recent changes that the revolution had wrought. Governor Eden, who at that time represented the Proprietors in North Carolina, did not chose to run the risk of being superseded by a Governor appointed by the Crown. He accordingly called together his council, who were, like himself, favorable to the Proprietors, and had them pass a resolution declaring themselves perfectly satisfied with the Proprietary Government and

saying that they had the utmost dislike for the revolutionary measures taken by their neighbors in the southern province. They assured the Proprietors that they would do their utmost to promote their interest in the colony. The letter written by Moore they declined to answer. But when the agreement to sell Carolina had been made, we find the following words in an address made by the council to the king: "As it is with the greatest pleasure we receive the notice of your Majesty's having taken this government under your immediate protection," etc., and in the same address, "This change could not have been at a more happy juncture for us than under the reign of a prince beloved as the common father of his subjects and at a time when the government here was grown so weak and feeble that without this alteration it could not have subsisted much longer, but must have dwindled and sunk into the utmost confusion and disorder."

The period of provisional government in South Carolina was a period of negotiation between the royal party and the Proprietary party for the settlement of the ownership of Carolina. Francis Yonge and John Lloyd were appointed to represent the colony in England. A committee of correspondence was also appointed. Yonge and Lloyd were to wait on Cartaret and to represent to him the difficulty in settling the frontiers till the land was turned over to the king. They were, moreover, to urge the necessity of military force on the frontier. The Lords Proprietors, who still held their charter, were pressing the king for the restoration of the government or at least the privilege of appointing the governor. Samuel Horsey was nominated by the Lords Proprietors for governor and the suggestion was regarded favorably by the royal party. Boone, however, who had been in England some time, in the interest of the colony, on hearing that there was a probability of the Proprietary government being resumed, presented a memorial to the king to the effect that a great uprising was sure to follow such a move.

Finally the Lords Proprietors, satisfied that they would never be allowed to resume their government again, petitioned the king, May 31, 1727, to take the supreme sovereignty into his own hands. They offered to sell to the King their rights to the colony for £25,000. George I. died before the petition reached him. This, of course, caused delay. Then there were legal difficulties to be settled with regard to the titles. The Lords Propretors claimed that the settlement was delayed till the property would suffer. The Attorney General, P. Yorke, in a letter to the Duke of New Castle, (Col. Rec. N. C., Vol. II. p. 769) explained that the delay was caused by the delinquency of the agent of the Lords Proprietors in laying before him the respective titles of the different Proprietors. Again the Lords Proprietors presented a memorial to the king saying that having laid their titles before his Majesty's attorney they had been for some time in daily expectation of having their surrender accepted and the purchase money paid but are surprised to learn that an act of parliament must first be obtained. Further, they insist that every day of delay is not only a hardship to them but to all his Majesty's subjects in the said province. Finally, they beg leave to have their surrender accepted and their money paid or to have full and free exercise of all the powers granted them by Charles II.

In July, 1729, an act for establishing an agreement with seven of the Lords Proprietors of Carolina for the surrender of their title and interest in that title to his Majesty, was passed by parliament. By this act seven-eights of the land which had been granted by the King to the Proprietors, with certain exceptions, should come into the possession of the king on the payment of £2,500 for each of the seven shares. At that time the shares were represented by James Bertie and Dodington Greville, trustees for Henry, Duke of Beauford, and Charles Noel; William, Lord Craven; James Bertie; Henry Bertie; Sir John Col-

leton; Archibald Hutcheson, trustee for John Cotton; and Samuel Wragg, trustee for Joseph Blake, of South Carolina.

The exceptions referred to above were all grants of land made before Jan. 1, 1727, under the common seal of the Lords Proprietors; all such plantations and lands as were at that time in possession of Joseph Blake; that barony and tract of land containing about twelve thousand acres which had been transferred by Sir John Colleton to Peter Colleton, his second son; and that other barony and tract of land containing likewise about twelve thousand acres which had been conveyed by Sir John Tyrrell, former owner of the share now represented by Archibald Hutcheson, to William Wight and his heirs.

On the payment of £5,000 the Proprietors were to make over to the king the title to all arrears of quit rents. The entire sum of £22,500 was to be paid to Edward Bertie, Samuel Horsey, Henry Smith and Alexius Clayton by whom the money was to be received and paid to the Proprietors. It was also provided by the same act that if any one laying claim to any part of the land thereby transferred to the king, should prosecute his suit against the crown within seven years after the sale, and should get judgment to recover such property, full satisfaction should be granted, the land being valued always at the rate of £2,500 for one eighth of the whole.

George, Lord Cartaret, refused to sell his share of the proprietary possessions to the King. By the same act of parliament it was decreed that one-eighth of the proprietary possessions in Carolina was to remain in the possession of Lord Cartaret, with all the rights, titles, powers, and privileges which would have been his had such a sale never taken place.

NORTH CAROLINA IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

BY J. A. BEST, A. B.

After the abolition of the Proprietary government, North Carolina had prospered and was rapidly gaining in population and wealth. Many desirable settlers were coming into Western North Carolina from Pennsylvania and other places.* In 1729 when the province was given up to the crown the population was only 13,000, but in 1752 after twenty-three years of royal government, it had increased to 45,000. The exports, consisting chiefly of lumber, naval stores, pork and beef, were rapidly on the increase, and the† currency was rapidly rising toward its proper value. The frontiersmen were crossing the Blue Ridge mountains and preparing to open up a fertile section which was then unsettled. But growth and development was to be checked for a number of years.

The French who claimed as their possessions the valleys of the Mississippi, Ohio, and St. Lawrence began the erection of a chain of forts along these rivers. They built a fort at the head of the Ohio in 1753. This was considered by Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, as a trespass upon British territory. He sent George Washington to remonstrate, but the French refused to leave, and warned the English to stay away. When Governor Dinwiddie learned this, he became alarmed for the safety of the British possessions and the lives of the frontier settlers who would be at the mercy of the Indian allies of the French. He issued a call for aid from all the provinces, but many of them were very slow in giving it.

At this time Matthew Rowan, President of the Council, was acting Governor of North Carolina. He called the Assembly together at once, and they granted £12,000 for the defence of the King's domains in America. A regi-

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*Martin II. 59.

†Williamson Vol. II., 55.

ment of 750 men was raised and placed under the command of Col. James Innes, an old and experienced officer, who had commanded the North Carolina contingent in the expedition against Cartagena in 1741.

This appropriation was the first made by the colonies for common defence, but the regiment was very slow in getting to the field of action. On account of his experience and recognized ability, Governor Dinwiddie placed Colonel Innes in command of the expedition with* instructions to drive back the French, if possible. It has been claimed by †Governor Dinwiddie and others, that the failure of the expedition was due to the tardiness of the North Carolina troops. Before we admit that, let us look into the conditions which confronted them. They had been raised to fight out of their province; they had been promised three shillings a day; they had been put under a commander who was not acceptable to the Virginians; their currency would not pass current out of the province; Governor Dinwiddie ‡demanded that their pay be cut down to eight pence a day, and also refused to advance any money for their pay, which was very much in arrears. Under these conditions is there any wonder that they were slow in making a long and fatiguing journey over land, and that on their arrival they had diminished in numbers to about 450? Many deserted and took their guns with them and some§ even stole horses. They were growing desperate on realizing that they might starve in a province where their money would not pass. Under these conditions Governor Dinwiddie‖ advised Colonel Innes to disband them and this was done. They returned to their homes and have been given a very bad

*Dinwiddie Papers, Vol. I., 195, 232.
†Dinwiddie Papers, Vol. I., 277.
‡Dinwiddie Papers, Vol. I., 270.
§Dinwiddie Papers.
‖Dinwiddie Papers, Vol. I., 270.

name in history and blamed with the defeat of Washington, who had gone ahead against the French before the North Carolina troops arrived.

While this failure was going on in Virginia, the people in North Carolina were not idle. They were building and repairing forts along the seacoast and on the frontier and furnishing arms to the frontiersmen to protect themselves from the Indians, who were liable to attack at any time.

Colonel Innes built a fort at Willis Creek, afterwards called Fort Cumberland, and remained in command of about 400 men, of whom only 40 were from North Carolina, till October 1734, when he was superseded by Governor Sharpe,* of Maryland, who had been commissioned by the King. On account of this commission Washington† resigned and Colonel Innes wanted to do so, but at the urgent solicitation of Governor Dinwiddie, he remained in the service at Fort Cumberland, and on the 24th of June, 1755, was appointed‡ Governor of Fort Cumberland by General Braddock. He remained in this position until 1756, when he returned to North Carolina on leave of absence.

Arthur Dobbs qualified as governor of North Carolina at New Berne, November 1st, 1754, and met the assembly in December. They continued the preparations of defence on the coast and frontier and granted further aid in troops.

General Braddock came over and relieved Governor Sharpe in 1755. He at once§ called a meeting of the governors, and they decided on three campaigns. One against Fort Duquesne to be led by Braddock; one against Niagara and Frontenac, and one against Crown Point. Braddock's expedition numbered about 2000 men, one-half of whom were Provincials and of these North Caro-

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*Dinwiddie Papers, Vol. I., 352.
†Dinwiddie Papers, Vol. I., 403.
‡Dinwiddie Papers, Vol. II., 75.
§Martin, Vol. II., 77.

lina furnished less than 100 under the command of *Maj. Edward Brice Dobbs. †These men did not participate in the battle, but were in the reserve corps under Colonel Dunbar. The expedition resulted in an overwhelming defeat for the British and General Braddock lost his life. Colonel Innes received the shattered forces at Fort Cumberland and did what he could for the sick and wounded, but was ‡deserted by Colonel Dunbar, who went§ into "winter quarters" at Philadelphia in August, ‖ leaving Innes with 400 sick and wounded and a small force of Provincials to defend the frontier against the Indians.

The next expedition against Fort Duquesne was under General Forbes in 1758. North Carolina sent three companies in command of Major Hugh Waddell. Governor Dobbs says of him and his force,° "he had great honor done him, being employed in all the reconnoitering parties and dressed and acted as an Indian; and his Sergeant Rogers took the only Indian prisoner who gave Mr. Forbes certain intelligence of the forces in Fort Duquesne upon which they resolved to proceed." A reward¶ of 450 guineas had been offered by the officers for the taking of an Indian prisoner. At the hazard of his life, John Rogers took the prisoner, who gave the valuable information which resulted in the capture of Fort Duquesne, but he did not receive this reward, nor was any mention of his services made by Forbes or Washington. In place of the reward offered for this great service′ he received the sum of £20 proclamation money from the assembly of North Carolina in 1760. After the end of the campaign the

*N. C. C. R., Vol. VI., 282.
†Dinwiddie Papers, Vol. II., 123.
‡Dinwiddie Papers, Vol. II., 139.
§Dinwiddie Papers, Vol. II., 139.
‖Dinwiddie Papers, Vol. II., 139.
°N. C. C. R., Vol. VI., 282.
¶N. C. C. R., Vol. VI., 384.
′N. C. C. R., Vol. VI., 384.

North Carolina troops returned to their homes where there was great joy at the prospects of peace.

This joy did not last long. The Cherokee Indians, who had aided the British on every expedition against Fort Duquesne, began to give trouble in the South.* There were quite a number of horses running wild in the Province of Virginia and they were considered the property of any one who could take them. These Indians while returning through Virginia captured several to take the places of those which they had lost in the aid of the British. The Virginians at once attacked them and killed a dozen men. This enraged their tribe and, being urged on by the French agents who had fled to the South, they took the field against the English colonists in the South. Their first point of attack was Fort Loudon, which was garrisoned by 200 men. This was cut off from the settlements and many settlers murdered and scalped. Governor Dobbs at once ordered Colonel Waddell to take all the Provincial troops and the militia from Orange, Anson and Rowan counties and march against the Cherokees in conjunction with the forces from South Carolina. The militia refused to leave the province, but the assembly passed an act requiring them to act where ordered for the public good. The Cherokees were overawed by this show of force and made a treaty of peace.

On account of the bad treatment of the Cherokee hostages in the hands of Governor Lyttleton, of South Carolina, this peace was soon broken by the Indians and they were on the war path again. The garrison at Fort Loudon was massacred and South Carolina again solicited aid from North Carolina. Troops were raised for this purpose, but they were never sent to South Carolina.†

North Carolina sent four companies to the expedition in New York under General Shirley.‡ They were under

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*Martin, Vol. II. 96.

†Martin II., 130.

‡N. C. C. R., Vol. VI., 283.

command of Maj. Edward Brice Dobbs, and Captains McManus, Grainger, and Arbuthnot. They did no fighting, but Captain McManus behaved so well and was so beloved by his men that he merited preferment and was promoted to a Lieutenancy in the British Regulars.* Captain Arbuthnot and his company did not return to North Carolina.† He obtained the captaincy of a New England company and his men helped to recruit the American Regiment.

In all, North Carolina appropriated something like £100,000 for the defence of the British possessions in America. This was a heavy burden to be borne by a province which was accounted one of the poorest. Her assembly was always ready to render aid, but the injudicious management of the issue of paper currency, which was at a discount, sometimes as much as seventy per cent. retarded the aims of her over patriotic legislators. While the result was not what was desired, North Carolina proved her loyalty to the cause and in so doing, Governor Dobbs says,‡ taxed her citizens forty shillings which was beyond the amount of circulation per capita in the Province. This was in 1758 and by the end of the war, she had increased this tax considerably.

As a remuneration for her expenses incurred in the common defence, she was to receive a share of £50,000 which was granted to Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. Of this amount she received £7,789. The result of this apportionment was a dispute between the Governor and assembly. The Governor wished to use it in paying the expenses of troops then in the field, and in fact, did use, without the consent of the assembly, over £1,000 to pay the expenses of the New York expedition. The assembly wanted to use it to redeem the paper currency then out, which was rapidly falling in value. The Governor claimed

*N. C. C. R., Vol. VI., 283.
†N. C. C. R., Vol. VI., 283.
‡N. C. C. R., Vol. V., 1001.

that certain leaders of the assembly wished to profit by this redemption, and at same time leave the State as badly in debt. This breech was never closed, and Governor Dobbs never regained his popularity with the assembly. Both had the good of the Province at heart, but they saw things differently.

North Carolina was never able to redeem her paper currency, and besides being heavily in debt, she had failed to keep up her rapid increase in population and exports. Governor Dobbs says* that the immigration from Pennsylvania and the Jerseys was totally stopped by the war, and that the only increase during the war was from births. The war had shown North Carolina her defenseless condition and had prepared her to a certain extent, for the greater struggle which was to come in the near future.

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*N. C. C. R., Vol. VI., 614.

NORTH CAROLINA IN THE FIRST NATIONAL CONGRESS.

BY J. C. BLANCHARD, A. B.

Immediately after the adoption of the Federal Constitution by the Fayetteville convention, on November 22, 1789, the Legislature, which was in session at the same time in Fayetteville, chose Samuel Johnson, of Chowan, and Benjamin Hawkins, of Warren, as United States Senators. An election was also ordered for the choice of the five members North Carolina was allowed in the national House of Representatives. The following were elected: Hugh Williamson, of Chowan, John Baptist Ashe, of Halifax, Timothy Bloodworth, of New Hanover, John Steele, of Rowan, and John Sevier, "of the western country." The first session of Congress had already adjourned, September 1789; and so it was not until the second session that North Carolina took part in national affairs.

Hugh Williamson, the first of North Carolina's representatives to reach New York, took his seat in the House on March 19, 1790. On March 23, he voted against a motion to take up the memorials of the Quakers and of the Abolition Society of Pennsylvania. The motion was carried. On March 29, a motion was made to take up the report of the Committee of the Whole on the report of the Secretary of the Treasury relative to a provision for the support of the public credit. Mr. Williamson said he hoped the House would not take up the report, and made a motion to that effect. His reasons for this were that he wished North Carolina to be fully represented when the question of accepting the report should come before the House, and that he had some facts to state before the House which he thought would prove the "total impropriety, if not inpracticability," of agreeing to some of the propositions contained in the report. His motion was lost by a vote of 27 to 24. After the report was read a motion was made to recommit the section referring to the assumption of the State debts to a committee of the whole

House. Mr. Williamson spoke in favor of postponement, saying that the report had been agreed to in the Committee of the Whole by a majority of four or five members only; and that North Carolina had about that number in her representation, and she certainly had a right to be heard on the subject. He said he thought the matter ought to be maturely considered before any action was taken. The motion was then voted upon and carried by a majority of two.

On March 30, it was moved to recommit the sections of the report subsequent to that referring to assumption to a Committee of the Whole, in order that the question of assumption might be taken up with the rest of the report. Mr. Williamson voted against the motion, but it was carried. In the debate that followed he took a firm stand against assumption. Assumption, he said, would mean the levying of a direct tax, and any such measure he was sure would be very unpopular. He said he thought the States were better able to deal with their respective debts individually. They could levy taxes according to the peculiar conditions existing within the States. On the other hand the National Legislature might impose general taxes which would be quite burdensome to some of the States. The State Legislatures might impose other taxes which could be collected with much greater ease and to better advantage to the States. He said he thought, too, that the national debt was large enough without adding any more to it for the present. And besides this, according to the financial condition of North Carlina, assumption would work a great injustice to the State. He said he thought the accounts of the States ought first to be settled, and that no debt should be assumed without first considering its origin. And if the debts were assumed on so short a notice, a few people who happened to hear of it first would rush over the country and buy up securities at a big discount. These would be liberally rewarded while their unfortunate fellow citizens would be left to pay a second tax for the same object, and complain at the injustice of the gov-

ernment. To show that he was expressing the will of his constituents he read an amendment which the late Convention had forwarded to Congress.

In further debate upon the subject, he said that in his first speech he had been misunderstood. He had said that "North Carolina had assumed to herself more than her proportion of the Continental debt; and that there was a design to prevent settlement." If the settlement was made first, he said, he was quite sure that North Carolina would concur "in assuming the balances which might appear due from the United States;" but the present plan was to get the whole funded, and let settlement come as it would. On March 31, the debate being continued, Mr. Williamson spoke again, giving more emphasis to some of the points he had already made, and refuting some of the arguments of the assumptionists. One gentleman had stated that Congress being in possession of the funds, ought, in justice, to pay all the debts of the individual States. Mr. Williamson said that if this position was well founded it proved too much: it proved that Congress should pay the expenses of the civil government of the States; but it is not true, he said, that Congress has exclusive benefit of any fund except the import duty. On April 15, it was again moved to commit the report of the Secretary of the Treasury to a Committee of the Whole. Mr. Williamson, and Mr. Ashe, (who had taken his seat on March 24), and Mr. Bloodworth, (who had taken his seat on April 10), voted against the motion. On April 26, Messrs Ashe, Bloodworth, Williamson, and Steele, (the last of whom had taken his seat on April 19), voted for a motion to discharge, for the present, the Committee of the Whole from further proceedings on that part of the report which referred to assumption. The motion was carried.

A bill was finally passed, and amended by the Senate, for making provision for the debt of the United States. On July 24, in considering the Senate's amendment, a motion was made to disagree with the proposition for assumption.

North Carolina's delegation voted for this motion, but it was lost. The amendment of the Senate, with several changes (the clause for assumption still remaining, however), was agreed to. North Carolina's delegation voted solidly against it. On July 29, the Senate reported disagreement with the amendments of the House, and the House receded. North Carolina's vote was divided. Previous to this, on July 19, the vote was solid in favor of a bill "further to provide for the debt of the United States."

On April 20, Mr. Williamson was included on a committee to ascertain what further measures were necessary to effect a speedy settlement of accounts between the United States and individual States. A bill was reported on June 1. On the first clause, which proposed that the Secretary and Comptroller of the Treasury should be associated with three commissioners already appointed, being objected to, Mr. Williamson rose to favor it, making some remarks in its support. On June 21, he opposed a motion to strike out the provision for two additional commissioners. He answered some of the objections of those who favored the motion. Mr. Ashe voted for, and Messrs Bloodworth, Steele, Sevier (who took his seat on June 16), and Williamson against, a motion to strike out the clause determining the rule of apportioning to the States the expenses of the war. A minor amendment was proposed by Mr. Steele, but it was not accepted. On July 14, Mr. Williamson was appointed on a committee to confer with the Senate in regard to amendments with which the House disagreed.

On April 5 it was moved that the clause which provided for the dissection of the bodies of malefactors, in the bill for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States, should be struck out. Mr. Williamson spoke in favor of the clause, "stating a variety of arguments, and showing the very great and important improvements which had been made in surgery from experiments." On April 13, Mr. Williamson opposed a bill for regulating the postoffice of the

United States. He said that according to the best calculations upon the system the bill, so far from producing the revenue which had been contemplated, would not yield sufficient to support itself. He, therefore, moved that the bill should be recommitted to a select committee, that the information received since the bill had been reported might serve to render it less defective. The motion was objected to, however, and was withdrawn. On April 27, Mr. Steele was included on a committee to which the bill, together with a report of the Postmaster-General, was referred. On April 28, Mr. Steele was included on a special committee to which was recommitted the bill for regulating trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes. On June 22, Messrs Ashe, Bloodworth and Sevier voted for, and Mr. Steele against, a motion to strike out the fourth section of the bill. On motion of Mr. Steele a clause was added limiting its duration to two years. On April 27, Mr. Bloodworth was appointed on a committee to bring in a bill or bills in regard to a "tariff of duties."

On May 7, after several amendments had been added to a "bill sent from the Senate for giving effect to the act therein mentioned, in respect to North Carolina," a resolution was moved to prevent frauds taking place in securing arrears of pay due to a part of the troops of Virginia, North and South Carolina lines, which, by a law, the last Congress had ordered should be made. Mr. Williamson was included on a committee to which this resolution was referred. On May 12, the House considered the objections the Senate offered to their amendments and appointed a committee, in which was included Messrs Steele and Williamson, to confer with a committee from the Senate in regard to these amendments.

On May 7 Messrs Ashe, Bloodworth, Steele, and Williamson voted for a motion to strike out, in the "bill for finally adjusting and satisfying the claims of William de Steuben," the sections relating to an annuity. On May 10, they voted against a motion to make the annuity two thousand

and seven hundred dollars. The motion was lost. An annuity of two thousand was at last agreed to, and the bill as completed was voted against by Messrs. Ashe, Bloodworth, Steele, and Williamson. On May 28 they voted against an amendment, added by the Senate, adding five hundred dollars to the annuity. On May 7 Mr. Williamson spoke in favor of the report of a committee on the petition of merchants and inhabitants of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in regard to an increase of tonnage on foreign shipping. He said he thought the question was one of importance. An increase of the tonnage would encourage American vessels; but, in mentioning this encouragement, he said his ideas did not extend to a navy. The time was very far off when we should be able to contend with the European powers on the water; and he hoped the Americans would never so far loose sight of their own interests as to burden themselves with a navy. We should, rather, pay more attention to the produce of our country, increase it, and facilitate its transportation. He then proceeded to show the disadvantage of allowing foreigners to carry our produce for us. We had to pay them enormous freight, and this went out of the country never to return again. He thought it necessary to take some action to counteract such abuse; and he said he hoped that some day the citizens of the United States would be the sole carriers of their own produce; for it was his opinion that to the carrying trade the nations to a great extent owed their wealth. If the United States could control their shipping, a great amount of the money that had been flowing out of the country would be kept at home. On May 11 Mr. Bloodworth made a few remarks in regard to the question. He said he did not think there had been sufficient time to determine the matter; and he was in favor of waiting to see what the operation of the law as it stood should be. On May 14 in speaking on the subject again, Mr. Williamson "stated some particulars respecting the treaty of peace, and said a commercial treaty was on the point of being concluded at

that time; but the British minister having received information that our ports were open to her ships, broke off the negotiations, as she enjoyed all a treaty could give without binding herself.

On May 18 Mr. Williamson opposed the report of the committee "appointed to consider and report when, according to the Constitution, the terms for which the President, &c., were elected should be deemed to have commenced." In the midst of the debate on the report Mr. Williamson moved to strike out the word "Representatives." The motion was lost. On May 20 on motion of Mr. Williamson, a committee was appointed, which included him and Mr. Steele, to bring in a bill to adapt the State of North Carolina to the Judiciary laws of the United States. On May 21 Mr. Williamson reported a bill; and on May 24 it was passed.

On May 20 Mr. Steele moved that a committee of one member from each State be appointed "to inquire into and make report on the proceedings of the several States respecting the amendments proposed by Congress, at their first session, to the Constitution of the United States; also to report what further amendments are necessary." He then added a few remarks in support of his motion, referring chiefly to the subject of election, in regard to which he said, "the feelings of the people were tremblingly alive." The motion was laid on the table. On May 27 the first part of it was agreed to and Mr. Steele was included on the committee. On July 29 he made a report. On May 24 Mr. Steele moved a certain amendment to a bill making further provisions for the debt of the United States. His motion was lost. Mr. Williamson moved that the clause which empowered the Secretary of the Treasury to appoint the requisite number of clerks to each Commissioner should be struck out. The motion was carried. On May 26 Messrs. Ashe, Bloodworth, Steele, and Williamson voted against an amendment to the third section of the bill; but it was agreed to by a majority of the House. On May 27 Mr. Williamson suggested a motion to strike out

that part of the third section "which referred to funding the indents." The motion was lost. On the same day, Messrs. Bloodworth, Steele, and Williamson voted against accepting an amendment proposed by the Senate to the bill, providing the means of intercourse between the United States and foreign nations. Mr. Ashe did not vote.

On May 31 Messrs. Ashe, Steele and Williamson voted to take up a resolution, which provided that Congress should hold its session at Philadelphia. Messrs. Williamson and Bloodworth made a few remarks on the subject, before voting. Mr. Bloodworth was opposed to taking up the resolution. However, a majority being in favor of taking it up it was read. Messrs. Ashe, Bloodworth, Steele, and Williamson voted against an amendment to fix the permanent seat of the Government somewhere on the Delaware. A motion was agreed upon to leave the place of temporary residence blank. It was then moved to insert New York. Mr. Bloodworth favored this motion, but Messrs. Ashe, Steele and Williamson voted against it. The motion was lost. All four of the gentlemen then voted against a motion to make the resolution read "Philadelphia or Baltimore." The motion was lost. Messrs. Ashe, Steele, and Williamson then voted to insert "Philadelphia." Mr. Bloodworth was opposed to this; but the motion was carried. On June 10 Messrs. Ashe, Steele, and Williamson voted for and Mr. Bloodworth against a motion to again take up the resolution. All four voted against a motion to refer the bill to a Committee of the Whole, with instructions to examine into the question of a permanent seat for the Government. The motion was lost. Mr. Bloodworth moved that "Philadelphia" be struck out of the resolution and "Baltimore" be inserted in its place; but on the next day he withdrew his motion. However it was put by another gentleman and carried. Mr. Bloodworth voted for and Messrs. Ashe, Steele, and Williamson against it. The resolution thus amended was agreed to. Messrs. Ashe, Bloodworth, and Steele voted for and Mr. Williamson against it.

In considering the bill, on July 6 sent from the Senate, providing that the permanent seat of the Government should be on the Potomac, one gentleman in his speech "alluded particularly to the great object of funding the debts of the United States; the seat of the Government would concentrate the public proper." He favored the central point on the Potomac. Mr. Bloodworth remarked, "that as the funding bill had been alluded to, he could wish that the objections from that quarter might be taken out of the way. He moved that the committee should rise in order to take up the ways and means." The motion was ignored. On July 7 he rose to endorse a proposition favoring New York as the seat of the Government. On July 9 North Carolina's delegation voted against a motion to strike out the Potomac and insert the Delaware. The motion was lost. They then voted against a motion to insert "Baltimore," which was also lost. Mr. Bloodworth then voted for and Messrs. Ashe, Steele, Sevier, and Williamson against a motion to strike out the fifth section of the bill. This motion was lost, as was also a motion to strike out the words "at which place the next Congress should be held," which North Carolina's whole delegation voted against. They voted for the bill on its third reading; and it was passed by a majority of four. On July 26 Mr. Bloodworth "gave notice to the House that he would, to-morrow, move for a suspension of a part of the bill respecting the temporary residence of Congress." On July 29 he withdrew his motion temporarily; but on August 5 it was moved not to take it up. Messrs. Ashe, Steele, and Williamson voted for, and Messrs. Bloodworth and Sevier against, the motion. The motion was carried.

On June 14 Mr. Bloodworth offered several objections to the report of the committee on the "bill for repealing certain duties heretofore laid on spirits of foreign manufacture and for laying others in their stead." He and Mr. Steele voted against and Messrs. Ashe and Williamson for taking up the report. The bill was taken up, and June 18 Mr. Bloodworth

seconded a motion to refer it to the Secretary of the Treasury, with instructions to report a system of ways and means, exclusive of an excise. After some debate the motion was lost. A motion to strike out the two sections providing for an excise was voted for by Mr. Steele and against by Messrs. Ashe, Bloodworth, Sevier, and Williamson. This motion was lost. On June 21 Mr. Bloodworth moved to engross the bill, but he afterwards withdrew his motion. A motion to this effect, however, was finally got before the House and was passed. Mr. Williamson voted for, and Messrs. Ashe, Bloodworth, Sevier, and Steele voted against, it.

On June 22 Mr. Williamson, as a member of the committee for the purpose, reported several amendments to the bill for taking the census of Rhode Island. On June 30 he "presented a memorial from Dr. Thomas Ruston in behalf of the directors of a cotton manufactory in the State of Pennsylvania." On July 17 he presented a "bill for the relief of disabled soldiers and seamen, and certain other persons lately in the service of the United States." Certain amendments were added to the bill on July 19; and on July 28 it was passed. On July 8 Messrs. Bloodworth and Steele opposed, in the bill to establish the postoffices and post roads within the United States, an amendment to strike out the first and second sections, which specified and established the several roads, and to insert a clause empowering the Postmaster-General, under the direction of the President, to establish them. On July 13 Mr. Steele was appointed on a committee to confer with a committee from the Senate on the disagreement of the two Houses in respect to the bill. Messrs. Ashe, Bloodworth, Sevier, and Steele voted to adhere to the disagreement with the first amendment offered by the Senate. Mr. Williamson did not vote. On August 3 Messrs. Steele and Williamson were appointed on a committee "to bring in a bill to authorize the States of Virginia and North Carolina to open an inland navigation between those States."

The third session of Congress, held in Philadelphia, opened on December 6, 1790. Messrs. Bloodworth and Williamson took their seats on this day.

On December 8 Mr. Williamson moved that the clerk of the House be directed to furnish each of the members with three of the city newspapers. The motion was taken up the next day, and the limit to the number of papers being objected to, Mr. Williamson made some remarks in support of his motion. The motion was carried. Before the House adjourned, on motion of Mr. Williamson, a committee was appointed to bring in a bill to amend the "act to promote the progress of the useful arts." On December 11 Mr. Williamson was added to this committee. On December 10 he was appointed on a committee "to prepare and bring in a bill or bills more effectually to provide for the national defense, by establishing a uniform militia throughout the United States." On December 16 he made a few remarks in favor of a motion to make forty-five instead of fifty the age limit for requiring militia duties. Mr. Bloodworth spoke in regard to arming the militia. He said as it was to be organized and disciplined under the authority of the United States and to be employed for the general defence wherever Congress should direct, he did not see why those who were benefited by it should not be at the expense of arming it. The debate on the bill was continued for several days; and on December 21 Mr. Bloodworth again rose to make some remarks. He said he thought the course the House was pursuing was tending to take too much power away from the States—more than was granted by the constitution. The very many particulars attended to in the bill left but little room for the States to exercise their power. He said he thought the system of fines should be left with the States, for they could better adjust them to their peculiar conditions. A general fine for all might not be an equal fine. "He moved for striking out a number of clauses containing several of the particulars he objected to," but the motion was lost. He further objected "to appointing an

officer (inspector) to be directed by state laws. He should be appointed by the State." It was finally agreed that the appointment of inspectors should be left to the States; and, on motion by Mr. Bloodworth, it was agreed that the rank of brigadier should be given to them. On motion for an additional clause to the bill "granting to the President the power of calling out the militia into the service of the United States, etc., to repel invasions and suppress insurrections," Mr. Bloodworth said he hoped the section would not be adopted, as "it would be a dangerous provision." On December 22 he proposed an amendment to the second section, by which all persons exempted by the laws of the respective States should also be exempted by this law. He stated that he was convinced "that the United States had nothing to do with the exemptions heretofore usually made by the particular States;" and also gave other reasons in support of the proposed amendment. Mr. Williamson, also, favored leaving with the States the power of exemption.

On December 11 Mr. Williamson made some remarks favoring the "address to the President of the United States, in answer to his speech to both Houses." On December 27, in the debate in regard to the disposal of the vacant lands belonging to the United States, he rose to oppose the proposition to let every one purchase land "where he pleased and as much or little as he chose." There were persons, he said, who were "ready to take up considerable quantities of land, which, if they were permitted to select here and there, would select every choice tract they could; and those who might not have the same means of purchasing immediately at hand, could only obtain indifferent parcels." This had been the case, he said, in certain instances in North Carolina. People abused the law by buying under the name of actual settlers. On December 28 he suggested that there should be made a difference in the price to those who purchased in large quantities, from the price to those who purchased in small quantities. Mr. Bloodworth rose to endorse the argu-

ment of a gentleman from Virginia, favoring the fixing of a price for the land. On January 3, 1791, Mr. Steele (who took his seat on December 31) rose to second a motion, that all public securities should be received at par in payment for this land. On January 4 Mr. Bloodworth was appointed on a committee to prepare and bring in a bill in accordance with the resolutions which the House adopted in regard to the public lands.

On February 15 Messrs. Ashe (who took his seat on December 13), Bloodworth, Sevier (who took his seat on December 17), and Williamson voted for a motion to add, to the bill establishing land offices, a resolution that the certificates of the funded debt of the United States should be received, in payment for land "at the same rate as the Treasury shall have allowed for such certificates in the last purchase he shall have made prior to such payment." Mr. Steele did not vote.

On January 6 Mr. Steele spoke against a bill providing for "the repeal of duties heretofore laid on distilled spirits imported, and laying others in their stead, and also on spirits distilled within the United States." He stated his objections to an excise and showed the hostility of the Southern States to any such measure. An excise of the nature proposed, he said, would produce the worst consequences. Most any alternative would be preferable. Other objects might be found from which the necessary revenue could be raised. Mr. Bloodworth spoke against the bill, stating that the people of the South universally condemned an excise. On January 21 he and Mr. Ashe voted for, and Messrs. Sevier, Steele, and Williamson against, an amendment "to permit inspectors, or any officers under them, from interfering, either directly or indirectly, in elections, further than giving their votes, on penalty of forfeiting their offices." Mr. Bloodworth stated that corruptions had taken place; and he thought a law necessary to prevent the evil. The motion for amendment was lost. On January 11 Mr. Williamson

spoke further on the subject. He said that since the State debts had been assumed it was necessary to provide for them; and it rather seemed that some sort of excise was necessary. He was opposed to a land tax and said he thought the excises, "according to the constitution, ought to be equal." A duty on beer and cider might answer the purpose; and if there was to be an excess in the revenue, which seemed likely to him, he thought the duty on our own products should be struck out. And further, he did not think this duty ought to be laid on those States which had been adverse to assumption.

Mr. Bloodworth spoke of the feeling in North Carolina against some of the measures which the government had pursued, and he said he feared mischief would come from the imposing of an excise. If an excise is necessary, he said, let it be laid on foreign spirits. On its being suggested that there was no danger of the Southern States paying an over-proportion of revenue, Mr. Williamson stated that the exports of North Carolina amounted to one million dollars a year, and less consumption could be judged from that. On January 17 North Carolina's delegation, with the exception of Mr. Ashe, who did not vote, voted for a motion to strike out the thirteenth section of the bill. The motion was lost. On January 22 Mr. Bloodworth made a few remarks in favor of a motion for adding a clause to limit the duration of the bill. He seconded the motion, he said, with the view that if the bill should not be agreeable to the people other measures might be adopted. He said it would be in vain to pass a law that would be opposed to the popular prejudices; and as he had before stated, it was his opinion that no system could be devised that would be more odious to the people of the Southern States. North Carolina's vote was solid for the motion; but it was lost. On January 25 Messrs. Ashe, Bloodworth, Sevier, and Steele voted that the bill be engrossed for the third reading. Mr. Williamson did not vote. The motion was carried. In the final reading and

passage of the bill (January 27) North Carolina's delegation, with the exception of Mr. Sevier, who did not vote, voted for it.

On January 10 Mr. Williamson was included on a committee to which was recommitted the "bill directing the mode in which the evidences of the debt of the United States, which may be destroyed, are to be renewed." In the discussion of the bill (January 10) "declaring what officer, in case of vacancy in the office of President and Vice-President shall act as President," it was moved that the President of the Senate, pro tempore, be designated as the proper man. Mr. Williamson objected to this, saying that it was contrary to the constitution, and he did not see why the President of the Senate, pro tempore, should be chosen rather than speaker of the House.

On January 11 Mr. Bloodworth presented memorials from the merchants of Fayetteville and Wilmington, proposing certain alterations in the Judiciary system. These memorials were referred to a committee, on which Mr. Bloodworth was appointed. On January 12 Mr. Williamson "moved that the rule of the House, in these words, 'that no bill amended by the Senate shall be committed,' may be expugned; which was agreed to by the House." On January 14 he objected to a motion which proposed not stating a particular day on which the Presidential electors should be chosen.

On January 31 Mr. Steele moved the following amendment to be inserted in place of the second section of the bill for establishing the postoffice and post roads of the United States: —"That the most direct route from Wiscosset, in the district of Maine, to Savannah, in the State of Georgia, be established as a post road; and that the President of the United States be empowered to establish cross post roads, when they shall appear to him necessary." He remarked in support of the amendment, that under the present system only the coast towns enjoyed the benefit of regular mails, while a consider-

able and populous part of North Carolina derived no advantage from the established route. Mr. Williamson opposed the amendment. He said the object of an established post was not to afford the most speedy conveyance between two points in a straight line; but to accommodate as many people as possible. The route proposed by the amendment would not touch the sea-ports; and the mercantile interest, he thought, was the one that would principally support the establishment. In order that the post should be as beneficial as possible to the community, and as profitable to the government, it should pass through as many towns as practicable. He said he did not think the letter writers were so numerous in the interior of North Carolina. Under the present system the postoffices of the State did not pay over one-fourth expenses, and he thought if the amendment was adopted they would not pay one-tenth.

Mr. Bloodworth rose to favor Mr. Steele's motion. Mr. Steele then spoke again, saying that the merchants of the coast towns had the means of conveyance by water and generally preferred it, as more expeditious than the post. And if the bill passed, he said, there was still more need for a quicker communication with the interior of the State. He also stated that the Legislature of North Carolina had expressed a desire that the post route should be changed. He did not think a more improper and absurd road could be found than the one then followed by the post. Mr. Williamson spoke again, showing why it was necessary that the post road should touch the five ports of the State, and the advantages gained therefrom. It was mare important, he said, to have a line of communications with the ports than with the interior. Mr. Bloodworth spoke again in favor of the amendment. He said it was his opinion that means for communicating with the ports would be provided; and he did not see the impropriety in opening the communication in the most direct manner with the interior country. "He urged the necessity of giving the people every advantage to acquire information."

On February 1 Mr. Williamson made a few remarks favoring a motion for recommitting the "bill to incorporate the subscribers to the Bank of the United States." He said that those who desired should have an opportunity of bringing objections to the bill; and if the motion for recommitment was not agreed to, he should not give his vote for the bill. He then remarked upon the "objections deduced from the Constitution, and explained the clause respecting monopolies as referring altogether to commercial monopolies." The motion was lost. Messrs. Ashe, Bloodworth, and Williamson voted for and Mr. Steele against it. Mr. Sevier did not vote. On February 3 Mr. Williamson made a motion to recommit the bill for the purpose of amending the first section. The motion was lost. Messrs. Bloodworth, Sevier, Steele and Williamson voted for it. Mr. Ashe did not vote. On February 8 the bill was passed, Messrs. Sevier and Steele voting for and Messrs. Ashe, Bloodworth and Williamson against it. On February 9 Mr. Williamson was appointed on a committee to prepare and bring in a bill supplementary to the act establishing the Bank of the United States.

On February 23 he was appointed on a committee to bring in a bill providing for "certain additional allowances to the commissioners of loans." The bill was presented by Mr. Williamson on the following day. On March 1 Messrs. Ashe, Bloodworth, Steele and Williamson voted for a bill from the Senate, to amend the act establishing the temporary and permanent seat of the Government. Mr. Sevier did not vote. On March 3 the House agreed by a vote of twenty-five to twenty-two to certain resolutions sent from the Senate, providing for the establishment of a mint. Messrs. Sevier and Steele voted for and Messrs. Ashe and Williamson against the resolutions. Mr. Bloodworth did not vote.

On January 14 1790, Benjamin Hawkins took his seat in the Senate. During this, the second session of Congress, he was appointed on the following committees: (Jan. 15) On a

committee "to bring in a bill in addition to an act to establish the judicial courts of the United States.'". (Jan. 26). On a committee "to report a bill defining the crimes and offences that shall be cognizable under the authority of the United States, and their punishment." (Jan. 28), on a special committee to which was referred the "bill giving effect to the several acts therein mentioned, in respect to the State of North Carolina." (On February 1 he reported several amendments which were accepted.) (Feb. 12), on a committee to which was referred the "bill providing for the actual enumeration of the inhabitants of the United States;" (Feb. 23), on a committee "to prepare and report a rule determining in what cases a reconsideration of a vote of the Senate shall be admissible." (On the following day he made a report.) (Feb. 26), on a committee "to report (if they think it expedient) a plan for the regulation of the trade of the United States with the countries and settlements of the European powers in America;" (March 3), on a committee to which was referred the bill granting to Francis Bailey, for a term of years, the exclusive privilege of making and selling a certain invention; (April 22), on a committee to which was referred the "bill for the relief of a certain description of officers therein mentioned;" (May 5), on a committee to which was referred the "bill to authorize the issuing of certificates to a certain description of invalid officers; "(July 1), on a committee to which was referred the "bill to provide effectually for the settlement of accounts between the United States and individual States; (July 2), on a committee to which referred the "bill to regualate trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes." On July 8 he reported on this bill and the amendments recommended were accepted.

Samuel Johnston took his seat in the Senate on January 29, 1790. On this day he and Mr. Hawkins drew lots (according to the rule of the Senate) for the terms of their seats. Mr. Hawkins' lot entitled him to six years in the Senate, and Mr. Johnston's gave him four. During the

second session Mr. Johnston was appointed on the following committees: (Jan. 24), on a committee "to consider what measures may be necessary to be adopted relative to the inspection of exports from the United States, and if they think proper, to prepare a bill on the subject;" (March 9), on a committee to which was referred the "bill to establish a uniform rule of naturalization;" (March 18), on a committee to which was referred the "bill making appropriations for the Government for the year 1790;" (April 7), on a committee to bring in a "bill for the government of the territory of the United States south of the river Ohio;" (May 4), on a committee to which was referred the "bill for the encouragement of learning;" (May 11), on a committee to which was referred the "bill for finally adjusting and satisfying the claims of Frederick William de Steuben;" (May 19), on a committee to which was referred a resolution from the House "respecting certain arrearages of pay due to the non-commissioned officers of the late Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina lines of the army;" (June 2), on a committee to which was referred the "bill to determine the permanent seat of Congress and the United States." (June 24), on a committee to which was referred the "bill to establish the postoffices and post roads of the United States." (He reported on this bill on June 30).

On February 10 Messrs. Hawkins and Johnston were appointed on a committee to which was referred the message of the President respecting "the difference that subsists between Great Britain and the United States." On May 12 they were appointed on a committee to confer with a committee from the House in respect to certain amendments to a bill relating to North Carolina. On February 1 they "laid before the Senate an exemplified copy of the act of the Legislature of North Carolina, entitled 'An act for the purpose of ceding to the United States of America certain western lands therein described.'"

During this session they voted as follows upon the following measures: On January 25 Mr. Hawkins voted to accept

the resolution of the joint committee of the two Houses, to regard the business unfinished by the two Houses at the late adjournment as if it had not been acted upon by either. The report was accepted. On May 26 both Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Johnston voted to accept the report of the committee on the "bill for finally adjusting and satisfying the claims of Frederick William de Steuben." The report was not accepted. They voted against an annuity of two thousand dollars, and seven thousand dollars in additional money, being allowed Steuben. On May 18 Mr. Johnston voted for, and Mr. Hawkins against, the "bill to prevent bringing goods, wares and merchandise from the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations into the United States." The bill was passed. On June 8 they voted against a resolution sent from the House, to the effect that Congress should hold its next session in Philadelphia. They voted in favor of the bank of the Potomac as a location for the permanent seat of the Government; and for a motion (which was lost) to specify Baltimore as the place of the next session. On June 21 they voted in favor of an amendment designed "to discharge the alternatives proposed in the bill providing for the debt of the United States, to fund the domestic debt at an interest of four per cent. per annum." On June 25 they voted for a bill authorizing the President to buy as much of West Point, New York, as he should judge sufficient for the purpose of such fortifications and garrisons as might be necessary for the defence of the same. On June 28 Mr. Johnston voted for and Mr. Hawkins against a motion to make Baltimore the permanent seat of the Government. The motion was lost. Mr. Johnston voted for and Mr. Hawkins against a motion favoring New York as the temporary seat of the Government. The motion was lost. The bill, establishing the temporary and permanent seat of the Government, as it was finally amended July 1, was voted for by both Mr. Johnston and Mr. Hawkins. On July 14 they voted to recommit to a special committee a resolution that the next Congress should

provide for loaning the United States a sum not exceeding twenty-two millions of dollars, also the "bill making provision for the debt of the United States." On July 16 the report of the committee was accepted, with the exception of the recommendation "that the resolutions for the assumption be added to the funding bill, and the whole made one system," which was voted against by Messrs. Hawkins and Johnston. On July 20 they voted to strike out the thirteenth to the eighteenth sections inclusive of the "bill making provisions for the debt of the United States." The motion for striking out was lost. On July 21 they voted against the passage of the bill, as amended. It was passed, however, by a majority of two. On August 9 Mr. Hawkins voted against a motion to refer the treaty with the Creek nation of Indians to a select committee. Mr. Johnston did not vote. On August 12 both of them voted "to advise and consent to, the ratification of the treaty."

Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Johnston were both present at the opening of the third session of Congress on December 6, 1790. During the session Mr. Hawkins was appointed on the following committees: (Dec. 16), on a committee "to prepare and bring in a bill supplementary to the act, entitled, 'An act making further provisions for the debt of the United States.'" On a committee "to take into consideration and report on that part of the President's speech which relates to consuls." (Dec. 21), on a committee to which was referred "the bill to continue an act, entitled 'An act declaring the assent of Congress to certain acts of the States of Maryland, Georgia, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.'" (On Dec. 28 and Jan. 5, 1891, he reported amendments to the bill, to which the Senate agreed). (Jan. 12), on a committee to which was referred "the bill concerning Consuls and Vice-Consuls."

He and Mr. Johnston voted as follows upon the following measures: On January 13 they voted against a motion to extend the term of incorporation of the Bank of the United

States. The motion was carried, but on the following day it was reconsidered and the term of incorporation limited to March 4, 1811. On January 27 a motion to reconsider this and limit it to the year 1801, was lost. Mr. Hawkins voted for it. Mr. Johnston did not vote. A motion was then made to strike out the section forbidding the establishment of any other bank, by any future laws of the United States, so long as the one created by this act should exist. Mr. Hawkins voted for and Mr. Johnston against the motion. On February 17 both voted for a motion to permit a bill to be brought in to amend the "Act for establishing the temporary and permanent seat of the Government of the United States." The motion was carried. On the following day they voted against postponing the bill a week. On February 14 they voted that the bill should pass to its third reading. On the following day they voted against further postponing the consideration of the bill. It was then moved to agree to the first clause of the bill; and they voted for the motion. On February 9 they voted for a bill to add another regiment to the United States army. On February 26 Mr. Hawkins voted for and Mr. Johnston against a resolution that the doors of the Senate Chamber should remain open while the Senate was in session, except on such occasions as, in their judgment, might require secrecy. The resolution was not adopted. On the same day Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Johnston both voted for a clause, in a bill supplementary to the act incorporating the Bank of the United States, stating that nothing in the bill should prohibit the legislature from repealing the act and abolishing the corporation after March 4, 1802, if it should desire to do so. On March 3 they voted for a "bill establishing the salaries of the Executive officers of the Government with their assistants and clerks. The bill was passed. They voted that the "bill for carrying into effect the convention between His Most Chris-Majesty and the United States," should pass to its second reading.

H. R. DWIRE, - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

This issue of the ARCHIVE is intended primarily as a Historical Number and, for that reason, the space usually occupied by other material is devoted to matter dealing more especially with the different phases of North Carolina history.

For a long time too little attention has been paid to the history of our own State. While other sections of the country have been actively at work along this line, it must be admitted that, until very recently, there has been little effort directed toward the stimulation of interest in the past history of North Carolina. As a result, the place which our State has held in the development of the country and the part that she has taken in the different periods of our national history, has never been adequately established. It is certainly not because she has had no considerable part in these events, as her well-known record in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars amply show. It must be admitted, therefore, that her failure to gain recognition in a historical way, has been due more to a lack of interest in her past than to any other cause. In the light of these facts, it is encouraging to note that there has grown, within the past few years, a significant tendency toward a careful and systematic study of the facts of North Carolina history. This work is being done, to a great extent, by the different associations and societies which have been organized for the

purpose of stimulating interest in historical research. We can but feel that our own Historical Society is doing a valuable work along this line, especially by the publication of "papers" dealing with the salient facts of our historical life. This is certainly a movement in the right direction. While it is true that there is nothing more dangerous to the healthy life of any State than a blind clinging to the things of the past, it is equally true that there is nothing of greater value than a rational regard for the past history of that State. A knowledge of the past is certainly essential to an understanding of present conditions. A recent writer has very truly said that there is nothing of more importance in the development of a State having a history of which she may feel proud, than a healthy and intelligent knowledge of that history, for, as he says, "the deeds of our ancestors can but be an inspiration to their descendants." For this reason, if for no other, we feel that the attention being paid at the present time to the history of North Carolina will mean much in the future development of our State.

The recent celebration in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Johns Hopkins University was an event of more than passing importance in the educational life of the South and, indeed, of the entire country. There were in attendance at the celebration distinguished men from all sections of the country, many of whom received honorary degrees on this occasion. The event was rendered even more significant by the inauguration, at this time, of Dr. Ira Remsen as President of the University, to succeed Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, whose retirement from this position removes from active participation in educational affairs, one of the most prominent of American educators. All these features combined to make it an event of real significance in the educational life of this country and second in importance only to the recent bi-centennial celebration of Yale University.

For the past twenty-five years the Johns Hopkins University has held a position that is unique in the educational history of our country and, during this time, has come to stand for the most progressive ideals in her educational life. The fact that an institution of learning should come, in this short time, to be recognized as such a potent factor in the intellectual development of the country, must be regarded as significant, for many reasons. It certainly speaks well for the generosity of the benefactors, who have made possible this almost phenomenal progress, and also for the progressive policy of a university which has always fostered such high educational ideals. An institution with such a history and such ideals cannot fail to be a most potent factor in the life of any country.

The recent death of Colonel Francis W. Parker has removed from the circles of American educators one of the most persistent and energetic, if not the most widely known of our workers in the particular field that he has occupied. Within the past twenty-five years he had come to hold a unique place in the educational life of this country and to be recognized as a pioneer in her intellectual development. Perhaps there is no one man who has done more for the cause of popular education in the United States during this time. It is certain that in his death our American educational life has lost one of its best and ablest exponents.

Colonel Parker's first considerable work as an educator was done soon after the close of the Civil War, at which time he became principal of the first Normal Training School at Dayton, Ohio. Here he put into practice many original methods for stimulating educational progress in that town. After holding this position for several years, in 1872 he went abroad, spending three years in the study of psychology and pedagogics. On his return he accepted the superintendency of educational affairs in Quincy, Massachusetts, and under-

took a complete revolution of educational ideals in that town, becoming identified with what was known at that time as the Quincy Movement. In 1884 he assumed control of the Cook County Normal School, retiring soon after, however, in order to take charge of the Chicago Institute of Pedagogy, an institution founded at this time by Mrs. Blaine. By far his most considerable work was done during the time of his connection with this institution.

In his educational methods Colonel Parker was a radical reformer, and, to some extent, a revolutionist. His whole life was spent in an effort to correct the evils which he found in our educational system, and, in some degree, at least, to revolutionize existing methods. He was a fearless advocate of the new as opposed to the old spirit in intellectual development. As a recent writer very truly says of him, "he was the born enemy of pedantry, the born lover of knowledge, a true captain of education." A man with such high ideals and sincere purposes is seldom found identified with any cause. His loss to our educational life at the present time must be keenly felt.

One of the most important features in connection with the political life of our country at the present time is the fact that the literary man has come to assume a more prominent place in public affairs than ever before. Several years ago, while Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister of Great Britain, a prominent English magazine, in speaking of the importance of the literary man in public life, made the statement that not only did Mr. Gladstone hold a prominent place in the literary world, but that no less than five of his closest political advisers had fully demonstrated their ability to earn a living as a result of their work in the field of letters. But in this country, until very recent years, the literary man was regarded as a mere dreamer and hence unsuited for participation in public affairs. For this reason, he was generally con-

spicuous, not so much for his influence, as for his absence, in the political life of the country. During the past few years, however, there has been a significant reaction in this respect and, as a result, the literary man has come to be regarded as a potent factor in American political life and to exert a great influence in public affairs.

Fifteen years ago, when Mr. James Russell Lowell was sent as Ambassador from the United States to the Court of Great Britain, his career in that position was watched with much anxiety by those who were doubtful of the efficiency of the man of letters in political life. To-day, however, it is interesting to note that President Roosevelt is regarded not only for his capacity in political affairs, but in equal degree for his numerous works in the field of literature. Many of his books, notably the "Winning of the West" and "A History of the American Navy," have a place peculiarly their own in our American literature. Mr. John Hay, before he was known as a statesman, was recognized as a poet, his "Pike County Ballads" being the most notable of his works in the realm of poetic literature. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, holds a place in the front rank of American *literateurs*, his "Life of Abraham Lincoln" being a work of especial value, from a literary standpoint. Even in the South, the late William L. Wilson furnishes an excellent example of the man of letters in political life. Such instances as the above might be increased by the mention of such names as those of Secretary Long, Senators Dolliver and Beveridge and, indeed, many others. These will suffice to show, however, that the literary man is coming to be recognized in the political life of the country to a greate rextent than ever before.

This tendency must be regarded as significant, in many respects. Until recent years, the political life of our country was, in too many cases, wholly in the hands of the professional politician. It was regarded as his legitimate field and there was comparatively little chance for the man of culture

and education to secure a place of political preferment. This growing tendency, therefore, for the literary man to gain a dominant place in public affairs must be regarded as an encouraging sign, in a political way. It shows, if nothing else, a very considerable movement on the part of our educated men of whatever vocation to take a prominent part in public affairs to the partial exclusion of the professional politician. It is a tendency that cannot fail to be productive of good in the shaping of the future political ideals of our nation.

There is no fact in connection with the historical development of our country that is of more interest to the average student of sociological problems than the very rapid and significant progress of the South as a section since the Civil War. Thirty-six years have elapsed since the close of that great struggle opened to the South a new life of enlarged hopes and infinitely greater possibilities. Since that time, there is no section of our country that has made more rapid strides in its growth and development, and, as a result, she now holds a place of increasing power and influence in our national life. Especially is this true of her progress along educational and industrial lines. A strong manufacturing impulse has been fostered to such an extent that the South, as a manufacturing centre, is coming to occupy the place in our industrial life, formerly held by New England. In the same manner, though in less degree, there has been great progress in education and a corresponding growth in educational sentiment. As a result, there has arisen a class of institutions of learning which have stood for progressive ideals in intellectual development and which have been recognized as potent factors in the educational development of our country. It is encouraging to note that the number of these institutions is rapidly increasing. It is certainly a tendency that will mean much in the future life of the South.

Notwithstanding this very rapid growth in our educational and industrial development, however, it must be admitted that there is at least one feature of our progress as a section that has presented some very discouraging phases. We refer to the peculiar political conditions and to the low standards and ideals of political life existing in the South at the present time. This political life has been characterized in too many instances by a total absence of any active opposition to the dominant party and, consequently, by a very notable lack of independence in political thought. As a natural result, there has been almost no stimulus to the development of a strong and healthy public life, and hence we have produced very few public men of real ability and influence in national affairs. It is a fact that is very often noted in our prominent newspapers and magazines, that Southern statesmen, as a rule, are inferior in capability to the representatives of other sections of the country. This is certainly a discouraging condition of affairs.

In the light of these facts, it is encouraging to note that there is rapidly growing in the South a new movement tending toward greater independence in politics and larger freedom in political thought. This movement as yet is not very strong. There is not a great deal, at the present time, to show for this independence. It had a beginning in the last campaign in a very significant growth of political tolerance both in our newspapers and on the platform. It is to be hoped that this new tendency will rapidly grow stronger. Its existence must be regarded as an encouraging sign in a political way, and will doubtless be productive of good in the shaping of our political ideals and the enlargement of our political life. The latter is a consummation much to be desired.

This is primarily the era of the college man. It is probable that never before has there been a time when he exerted such a potent influence on the life of our country. It is certain that he holds a place that is unique in our national development.

For a long time the college man was regarded more as a mere ornament to society than as a potent factor in social progress. It was thought that he was useful as a teacher or a literary man, perhaps, but very rarely was he given an opportunity to exert any considerable influence in the industrial or political world. As a result he was generally conspicuous for his absence in active life. Within the past few years, however, there has come to be a decided reaction in this respect, and, as a result, he now holds a dominant place in almost every sphere of activity. Forty years ago, the college man was scarcely known as a factor in the industrial world. To-day we find college graduates as managers of great industrial enterprises, and there is practically no position of importance in the commercial world that they do not occupy.

This is an encouraging tendency. There has never been a time in the history of our country when there was such an opportunity for the college man to exert an influence in the development of our national life, in its different phases, as at present. We have arrived at that stage of our progress as a nation when his services are indispensible. To enter into this active life and to aid in this progress is a duty which he owes to the nation, as well as to himself. If the future of our country is to be made brighter, it must be done more through his influence than through any other agency. The fact that the college man is already entering into this active life shows both that he has awakened to a true sense of his responsibility and also that the proper estimate has at last come to be placed upon his services. From either standpoint, it must be regarded as an encouraging sign.

MARJIE C. JORDAN, - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

A new serial publication will begin in the May number of Harper's Magazine—a new novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward, entitled *Lady Rose's Daughter*. It is said to be her greatest and most brilliant work, and it will be illustrated by Christy.

W. G. Collingswood's new *Life of John Ruskin* is trustworthy, for besides being Ruskin's private secretary and one of his most intimate friends, he has had access to the great collection of "Ruskiana" hitherto unpublished.

The Conqueror, the true and romantic story of Alexander Hamilton, by Gertrude Atherton, author of *Senator North* is to be issued this month.

A new novelette—*A Double Barrelled Detective Story*, by Mark Twain, is to be published in April.

Stewart Edward White, author of *The Westerners*, has just finished a new novel, the scene of which is laid in the Hudson Bay country.

Frances A. Mathews' successful book, *My Lady Peggy Goes to Town*, which was published last fall by the Bowen-Merrill Company, has been sought for by seven American actresses and five managers for a play. The book is now in play form, the author, who is familiar with play-writing, having written it herself.

5

Charles Scribner's Sons announce a play edition of *Soldiers of Fortune*, by Richard Harding Davis.

B. B. Merriman, a well-known Oxford man, is finishing a volume of the life and letters of Thomas Cromwell, Wolsey's famous secretary.

Isaac R. Pennypacker's *Life of General Meade* in Appleton's *Great Commanders* series, contains reproductions in facsimile of several hurried notes written by General Meade during the progress of the battle of Gettysburg. These letters have never before been printed. Gen. James H. Wilson and General Gregg, two of Sheridan's division commanders, have praised the strength and justness of the book, and the well-known political economist, Henry Carey Baird, has commended it as an important study of the Civil War.

A new volume of essays and addresses by Hamilton Wright Mabie, is in preparation at Dodd, Mead & Co.'s.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dale is engaged in revising and enlarging his bibliography of *Omar Khayyám* for a new edition of the *Rubaiyát* which will be brought out this spring by Messrs. S. C. Page & Co.

John Murray is soon to publish a volume of short stories by Miss Mary Cholmondeley, author of *Red Pottage*. For the past year Miss Cholmondeley has been devoting her time to brief fiction, and has not yet begun her promised novel.

The Grafton Press announces a limited edition of Chaucer's Nonnes Preestes Tale with an introduction by William Cushing Bamburgh, and printed by Theodore deVinne & Co. The edition is limited to one hundred and twenty-seven copies.

J. M. ORMOND, - - - - - - MANAGER.

In the *University of Virginia Magazine*, "Love's First Lesson" is very characteristic, yet we do not think such a story deserves a place in the literary department of that magazine. "An Unknown Sacrifice" is a good plot and is well worked out. "The Way of a Man with a Woman" is a most suggestive plot. It keeps one in expectancy and uncertainty all the way through. The writer makes the characters very natural, as he has done in "Love's First Lesson." He shows an acquaintance with human nature and is accurate in expression. It seems to us that he would do well to have something more in his stories than the simple love affair.

"A Romantic Marriage," in the *Emory and Henry Era*, is a story of the old time plot, while "Jim Larkin's Secret" is one of the best stories of the month. In this a good plot is well presented, and the reader is intensely interested all the way through. "The Tale of a Beer Mug" is rather disappointing. We expected something especially good on the last page, but it did not give as much as the beginning made us look for.

There are two stories in the *College Message*, "Shifting Scenes from Real Life" and "An Adventure with a Watermelon." The first is very interesting; the latter has not much in it.

Of the three stories in the *Davidson College Magazine*—"The Two Toasts," "The Ghost of Walnut Gap," and "The

Robbing of a Cathedral," the last is probably the best. However, all these are up to the average story in our college magazines.

The Vanderbilt Observer is not very rich with fiction this month. There are only two stories in the number and they are below the standard.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly has four stories in the February number. The first is "A Double Triumph" which is very deserving. There seems to be a lesson taught, that a strong friendship between two men is one of the greatest helps in life. "Uncle Jake Explains" and "Mam' Betsy" are short stories giving something of negro dialect and life. "Merit Wins" is a story of a young fellow coming from low life through trying difficulties to a position of honor and trust.

As a result of the story contest at Wofford College the February *Journal* has plenty of fiction. There are four stories, all of which are very creditable. The *Journal* has donned a new cover and has made several other changes in its appearance. We think the general change is a very good one but the color of the cover might be improved upon.

There is a story in the *Winthrop College Journal*, "Two Aristocrats," which deserves to be placed with the average fiction in the college magazines. It gives something of the life of the ignorant class in South Carolina. This number of the *Journal* is the second of the first volume, and the first number that has reached our table. We hope for the magazine a most brilliant career, and judging from the March number we feel sure that it will be a success.

The first number of the first volume of the *Horaean* comes to us from Georgia. We wish it success.

W. A. BIVINS, - - - - - - MANAGER.

Prof. W. F. Gill attended the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Johns Hopkins University last month.

Mr. J. M. Flowers, who has about recovered from the effects of his recent illness, spent a few days on the Park recently.

The Junior class has elected Mr. C. K. Robinson, of Franklin, as editor, and Mr. T. W. Smith, of Concord, manager, of the ARCHIVE next year.

It is a matter of regret that President Elliot, of Harvard University, will not be able to pay the College a visit in April, as he intended. He is kept away on account of the illness of his wife.

The protracted services held here the first week in this month, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, were well attended and much interest was manifested in them. Rev. G. H. Detwiler, of Charlotte, who conducted the services, preached with the spirit and with the understanding, and we feel sure that his labors among us have not been in vain.

With the advent of spring, work has commenced on the library building with renewed energy. There are hopes now that it will not be "in the process of erection" by commencement. The contract for the erection of the new dormitory building has been let to Mr. N. Underwood, of Durham.

The following is the program for Commencement: Sunday evening, June 1, Baccalaureate Address, by Dr. John F. Crowell, of Washington, D. C.; Tuesday morning, June 3, Baccalaureate Sermon, by Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *New York Christian Advocate;* Tuesday evening, Literary Address, by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University; Wednesday morning, Commencement Exercises. The regular meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held on Monday, and the Alumni Address will be delivered Tuesday afternoon by Dr. E. G. Moore, of Elm City, N. C. If good speaking by famous men means anything, the coming Commencement will prove a notable one in the history of the College.

A debate between the Hesperian and Columbian literary societies, to be held May 2, in the Craven Memorial Hall, is being arranged for. The question for discussion is, "*Resolved*, That the United States should restrict immigration to those able to read and write English language, and owning property to the value of fifty dollars." The Columbians have the affirmative, and the Hesperians the negative, side of the question. Speakers have been chosen by preliminary contests as follows: Hesperian Society, Messrs. J. P. Frizzelle and W. G. Parker; Columbian Society, Messrs. G. H. Smith and W. S. Lowdermilk.

Mr. K. P. Sessoms, of the Senior class, who has been suffering for some time from glanular trouble, has about recovered.

Messrs. M. T. Frizzelle, W. R. Royall, and F. S. Whitaker attended the State Y. M. C. A. Convention which met at Charlotte the second week in this month.

The track team has begun its training for the season. Mr. B. S. Womble, '04, is captain of the team.

It may interest the friends of Trinity College to note the improvements recently made in the method of heating the buildings on the campus. Previously the buildings have

been heated with hot air systems, supplemented by stoves, but now a hot water system has been installed which will heat all the principle buildings from one central plant.

A handsome addition to the Mechanical Laboratory has been erected to accomodate the new boilers and engines, with sufficient reserve space for doubling the present equipment. The hot water is carried from the boiler room to the various buildings on the campus by water mains under ground; upon reaching the buildings it flows up through all the radiators and is then returned to the boiler room. The flow of the water does not depend upon the natural tendency of hot water to rise, as in the old style systems, but is produced by steam driven centrifugal pumps which keep the water in circulation.

The water is heated either by the exhaust steam from the electric light engines and the pumps, or by steam direct from the boilers.

Two new water tube boilers have been installed, manufactured by the Babcock & Wilcox Company of New York, one of the pioneer companies in the manufacture of Water Tube Boilers. Their boilers are used throughout the world, and are generally considered to be economical and especially safe against disastrous explosions.

This type of boiler consists of a bank of tubes which are inclined about fifteen degrees from the horizontal, connected to a steam and water drum; the water and steam being inside the tubes and drum. Owing to the inclination of the tubes the steam generated in them is discharged in one direction, forming a rapid and positive circulation of water in the boiler. Water is not a good conductor of heat, consequently when it is being heated in a vessel the outer portion of the water does not readily conduct the heat to the inner portions if it is allowed to stay at rest, while if the water is kept in motion all portions come in contact with the source of heat and it is heated more rapidly. Any one can try this experiment when heating water in an open vessel. It is therefore apparent that a rapid circulation in a boiler is ad-

vantageous from this point of view and it also keeps the water throughout the boiler at a uniform temperature causing all parts of the boiler to expand equally.

Unequal expansion in a boiler causes stresses and strains in its various parts, which in time weakens the metal. Many explosions are from this cause. In order to do away with these stresses the Babcock & Wilcox boiler is constructed so that each vertical row of tubes is connected into separate end pieces, allowing a tube to expand without causing any stress in adjacent tubes. This is termed "sectional construction," and adds much to the safety of the boiler.

The fire is under the front and higher end of this bank of tubes. The flames and hot gasses pass up among the tubes at the front, then down, then up again at the rear, crossing the tubes three times before escaping to the stack and thus utilizing the heat to the best advantage.

In order that the boiler may be kept in good mechanical condition, as well as in condition for generating steam economically, it is provided with caps placed at each end of every tube, an opening into the steam drum, and other means for thoroughly inspecting and cleaning every part of the boiler.

There are many other points which might be mentioned but the foregoing may probably give an idea of these boilers, and may indicate why they are economical and safe.

The boilers installed here are what is known as the Cross Drum type of Babcock & Wilcox boiler. This type was especially designed for electric light and heating plants similar to the plant here. These boilers are a modification of the marine boilers made by the Babcock & Wilcox Company which are being extensively used by the navies of the United States and Great Britain.

It might be mentioned that the Babcock & Wilcox Company issues a very interesting book called "Steam" which contains general information for steam users and which may be had by applying to their general office at No. 85 Liberty

Street, New York City. Any of the students or others interested in steam engineering would do well to secure one of these books.

The smoke stack for the plant should be mentioned as it is of very neat design and constructed of perforated brick. The chimney was furnished by the Alphons Custodis Company of New York.

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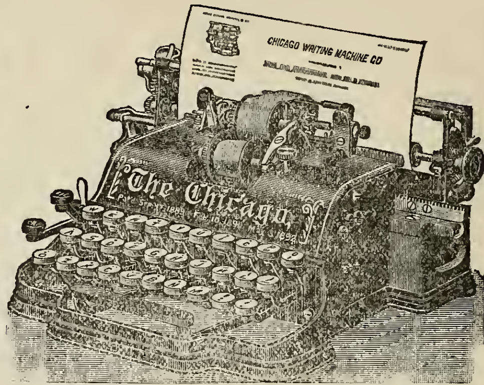

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C., APRIL, 1902.

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All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

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C. L. HORNADAY, - - - - - - - MANAGER.

CECIL RHODES.

BY R. L. F.

The events in South Africa during the past two or three years have drawn the eyes of the world in that direction. For this reason Cecil Rhodes has been a prominent figure, because of the large part he took in the affairs in that part of the world. Few men have been more discussed, and the estimates of his character have been widely different. It is no easy thing to form an accurate and just estimate of a man who has accomplished great things, for after all this estimate must depend on the point of view. It is never safe to judge a man by a single act, but his life must be judged as a whole. The aims, ambitions and purpose of his life must be

considered. Now that Cecil Rhodes is dead it may be possible to come to a more correct estimate than we have been able to do before. There is in human nature a certain element of hero worship which makes it hard to judge in an impartial way the actions of a man who has set out to accomplished some great purpose, and has in some degree succeeded, even if in so doing his vision has been the end, and not so much the means by which that end was to be accomplished. It is no exaggeration to say that Cecil Rhodes was one of the most illustrious figures in the British Empire. He was called the "Uncrowned King of South Africa," and he certainly had more to do with the destiny of the British Empire in that region of the world than any other man.

Twelve or fifteen years ago the subject of the sketch was scarcely known outside of Cape Colony. He went to Africa when a young man in search of health. He had been a student at Oxford, but bad health had forced him to leave. He went to Africa, regained his health, accumulated a considerable fortune, returned to Oxford, completed his education, went back to spend his life working out the destiny of his adopted country. He made a fortune and was the ruling spirit in forming one of the greatest combinations in the industrial world. The De Beers Consolidated Mines was formed through his instrumentality in 1889. He controlled millions and by many was looked upon as a man devotee of gold, as a man whose life was taken up in dealing with stocks and bonds; but he who looks at him in this light has lost sight of the great purpose which actuated his life. Even in the charter of this great company there is a significant clause put in at the suggestion of Rhodes, and that was a proviso authorizing the directors to appropriate from time to time such funds as they deemed advisable for political or imperial purposes.

Rhodes knew how to adapt himself to the conditions which surrounded him. The majority in the House of Parliament

in Cape Colony was of Dutch-speaking men, yet Rhodes became a leader among them. It was absolutely necessary in order to carry out his purpose that he should have the aid of these, and the extent to which he overcame the hostility between the Dutch and English was remarkable. He became Premier, after filling minor offices faithfully, and yet this was only a stepping stone to carrying out the great purpose of his life, which was to build an Empire to "paint" as much of the map of Africa British red as possible to promote the unity and extend the influence of the English speaking people, to found a government where there should be justice between man and man and liberty to all.

This had been his dream from childhood, and the accumulation of wealth, the acquisition of power were not so much to gratify a sordid ambition as they were to be the means to enable him to carry out the one purpose of his life. To do this it was absolutely necessary that he should combine the imperial idea with the idea of Home rule—to paint the map British red, to hoist the British flag, and yet to preserve the democratic principles of Home Rule. There were discouragements so colossal that a man of smaller soul would have been daunted.

There was comparatively little that could be done in Cape Colony with a Dutch majority, yet to the north then lay a large territory that offered opportunity for extension and expansion. The Germans who had established themselves on the west were increasing on the east and the British Government did not seem disposed to do any thing to save this territory. Any proposal of annexation would have met with serious opposition at home. Something must be done if this territory was to be held for England, and it must be done by some other agency than the British Government.

Any other man would have given up, but his was no weak soul. India had been saved to England by a trading com-

pany and Rhodes determined to try the same thing in Africa. The obstacles were great and the only thing that succeeded in forming the chartered company was the financial genius and practical sagacity of Rhodes.

As soon as the company was formed he set out in a business like way to open up this territory to British traders and to make it possible to carry on mining industries. There was trouble with some of the native tribes but they were quelled, and, as Rhodes said, he began operations with a paint brush of 600 armed men and he pushed the outposts of British possessions far up the valley. The Charter of the Company gave it the power of military and police regulations over the territory granted. A state of peace was maintained and a new law instituted for this part of the world.

In the Transvaal however there was trouble. The rich gold deposits had attracted many Englishmen to Johannesburg and a settlement of 100,000 had sprung up. They claimed that they were treated unfairly in the matter of suffrage, and had other grievances against the policy of Kruger's government. Kruger opposed the construction of railroads by Rhodes, and, hindered him in many ways from carrying out his progressive ideas. Rhodes' idea was to let events work out their own destiny, believing that all would be well.

The agitations at Johannesburg caused the German Emperor to send a vessel to Delagoa Bay, and he stood ready, it is believed, to have aided the Boers in every possible way against the English. It will not be necessary to go into a discussion of the ethical principles involved in the difficulty between the English and the Boers. Dr. Jameson represented the chartered company, and was therefore a representative of Rhodes. He was a young Scotchman. He heard that Utlander at Johannesburg were in danger and he marched into Transvaal with 700 men. Gen. Joubert and his army crushed the Englishmen, and Jameson and his soldiers were taken prisoners. The British Government made a disownal. Kruger gave up his prisoners, and Rhodes was called to Eng-

land to answer to his government for the invasion of the territory of a friendly power. When he started to England he said, "my career is just begun."

He made a great blunder, just how much he was responsible for the raid, it is hard to tell. He bore the blame, and it is believed and has been charged that he shielded Chamberlain, who had more to do with the raid than the world knows of. Rhodes went back to Africa, deprived of his premiership, with changes made in the charter of his company limiting his power. He continued to be the Managing Director of the chartered company till his death. He spent his energies, time and means in constructing a great railroad, which opened up the country. He had the confidence and respect of those with whom he labored, and there have been few men who had a stronger personality. Like all strong men, like all men who accomplish something in the world, he made many enemies. Like Lord Kitchener the charms of women never affected him, and his love was for his work and the realization of his ideal.

There is nothing more inspiring than a strong man bending all his energies to accomplish some cherished purpose. He may sometimes use methods which we cannot always commend, and yet the men who bring things to pass, are, after all, the heroes of the world. Rhodes in the disposition of his wealth gave additional emphasis to the purpose of his life. He believed that in promoting the unity and extending the influence of the English-speaking people, he was doing the very best thing possible for the good of the world. Money was to him simply a means to an end, and the vast sums he has left for educational purposes will do much to bring about the plans which he did not live to see realized. It is inexpressibly sad to see a great man cut down in the prime of life, and the work to which all his energies had been dedicated still unfinished. There are few things more pathetic than the last words of Rhodes "so little done, so much to do."

There is little doubt that the conflict in South Africa is largely due to the work and influence of Rhodes. It is use-

less for us to discuss the ethical principles connected with the war in South Africa. Human sympathies are always with those who are fighting for home and country. The world will always honor the brave men who have made such a magnificent struggle to repel the invaders of their native land. All the world honors brave courageous men. Whatever may be our views from a political standpoint, no thoughtful man can deny that there is no stopping the onward march of civilization. The civilization of two centuries ago cannot stand against that of today. No one can for a moment have a doubt as to what the final outcome of the Boer war will be. The English armies will win, but at a loss that will shake the British Empire to its very foundation. No one can doubt that where war ranges so fiercely peace will again reign, and that the final outcome will be for the best interest of civilization. It may take some time, but every day brings nearer the realization of the idea of Cecil Rhodes, to found a great empire in the great dark continent.

THE WRECK.

BY FRANK CARDEN.

The brakeman came through and lighted the lamps. Some of the passengers dozed, others looked out into the gathering gloom vainly trying to discern the flying landscape. Two women—evidently nurses, sat together. Each held a baby similar in size and appearance. They were engaged in a dilatory conversation. "They sure do look alike," said one as the train whirled around a bend and swayed their heads close together. "Yes," replied the other, "just the same age, too. Law! but this one's daddy is mightly proud of his little boy. Its mother died several months ago and Mr. Sawyers," motioning towards a handsome man who sat several seats off, "is taking the little fellow to Florida for his health," and she leaned nearer in order to be heard above the din of the train.

The other nurse opened her eyes in surprise and exclaimed: "Law sakes! the circumstances are nearly the same, except this little one's father isn't along. He lives at the next station and has never seen his little boy since he was a week old. Its mother is dead too," gazing sympathetically at the sleeping child, "and I am just bringing the little fellow home from his grandmothers." "Well, I'll declare!" said the other nurse. Then they lapsed into silence.

The roaring train rushed on. The nurses nodded over their sleeping charges; little thinking that danger, in hideous form, lurked in the darkness ahead. The father—a few seats away—turned to gaze on his little boy's face then settled into his seat and went to sleep. The roaring whir of the wheels drowned all else. Suddenly, without a moments warning, there was a crash. Terrible chaos and disorder reigned as the car was hurled on its side and splintered wood and broken glass filled the air. Groans and shrieks of terrible agony arose above the din. The lights were smothered in the wreckage and the midnight blackness of hell, in-

habitated by all the demons of torture and death, prevailed. Then all was still except the hiss of escaping steam and the groans of dying men and women who were pinioned and crushed beneath the shattered train.

As the wreck caught fire it revealed the pale and horror-struck faces of those who had escaped. A tall and stalwart man rushed hither and thither franatically calling, "Emily! Emily! Oh where is my boy, my little boy!" He rushed, with out stretched arms, to a frightend woman who stood near, with a babe in her arms. His hopes were shattered. It was the other nurse.

The flames sprang to a greater height and hissed and crackled with demoniacal glee as they gained headway. They spread and grew hotter and hotter. The groans incseased to shrieks then wavered and died on the midnight air. It took the combined strength of several passengers to restrain the frantic father, Mr. Sawyers, from rushing into the flames in search of his little son.

The morning dawned peaceful and clear and the rising sun shot its golden rays over a gray bed of ashes bristling with twisted iron. All that was left of forty people slept amid those unsightly ruins. The bereaved and heart-broken father took the train for Pennsylvania, where he owned large mining interests, and tried to drown his sorrows in the cares of business. The thankful nurse continued her way to the next station and delivered her charge to the still more thankful father.

* * * * * * * *

Twenty years, a large span in the course of a human life, had passed. Mr. Sawyers, a tall, grey headed man, reclined in his easy chair and gazed with loving eyes upon his niece and adopted daughter, Edith Sawyers. She was a beautiful girl, with glossy brown hair which hung in curling ringlets over her marble brow and rosy cheeks, and cast shadowy lines over the delicate clearness of her companion.

"I just won't invite him," she was petulantly exclaiming, "I don't like him one bit. He is proud and stuck up—about

what? Goodness only knows! Just a common Bank Boss, too! Why uncle, he wouldn't know how to drink coffee in company, much less waltz." Then as if discerning what her uncle was about to say she continued; "Oh yes, I know he is fairly good looking and all that; but another thing, he struck George Hamlet the other day and they say you wouldn't turn him off nor even scold him. The idea of a common miner striking one of the director's sons." Tossing her head in pride she exclaimed: "Never mind! George said that he would get even with him if it was the last thing he did." She continued excitedly and rapidly, hardly giving her uncle, who was President of the Coal Creek Mining Co., a chance to throw in a word.

Finally the old man exclaimed: "Well Edith, have your own way; but I like Harry Wallace and wish you would invite him to the reception. There is something in his face which strongly appeals to me. Then, he is a stranger here and must be lonely. Seems to be well educated and cultured too, but doesn't fear work." He hesitated a moment, then continued musingly and sadly, "He is just such a boy as I should wish my son to be, had he lived. But do as you like." Mr. Sawyers wiped his eyes as he thought of that terrible night twenty years ago, when he had lost his only child.

The beautiful girl was at once softened. Her great brown eyes shone with love and sympathy and her laughing and scornful face took on an angelical expression. She kissed the old man's wrinkled cheek and at once promised to send an invitation to Harry Wallace to attend her birthday reception on the following Wednesday night. Her uncle smoothed the ringlets from her brow and smiled. "By the bye, Edith," said he, "Do you love George Hamlet. He is rich, handsome and all that; but I should like for it to be some one else, even though his father is my business pardner. George is a bad boy, a very bad boy! I don't blame Harry Wallace for striking him, not one bit. He insulted Harry." Edith,

blushing, made her escape and ran to her room to write the invitation.

That night Harry tired and worn by labor, sat in his meagerly furnished room. His fine, clear cut face showed signs of trouble. He had been raised up in ease and luxury and the hard and onerous life he was now leading bore heavily upon him. He was far away from home. His father, a rich southern banker, had, only a few months before, misappropriated a large sum of money and upon discovery had committed suicide, leaving his son penniless and in disgrace.

Then, another perplexity starred him in the face. As he was preparing to leave his southern home in search of employment, the old family servant, who had nursed him as a child, came to him and told him that the banker, who had just died, was not his father. She told him a wild story of a mid-night wreck; how, in the melee she had exchanged babies with another nurse and discovered the mistake only when it was too late to rectify it without bringing much sorrow to his supposed father who had not detected the difference. Then she brought him the baby clothes which he had worn on that terrible night.

Now that he was far away from his old home he sat and gazed at the miniature in the locket which he supposed to be that of his mother. His brain ached and whistled with the mystery of the thing. Finally he gave it up and with a resolute face took down a book of Civil Engineering and tried to study it. His education had been literary; but now, that he had secured a position at the vast mine of Mr. Sawyers, he was determined to learn something that he could use. But he could not study. A pair of beautiful, brown eyes, set in a most bewitching face, gazed upon him from each page. He had often seen Miss Edith Sawyers since coming to Pennsylvania, and, as God had provided him with no safeguards against such an enemy, he had fallen in love with her face. He had not exchanged a dozen words with

her. In fact she had treated him with cold disdain. Treatment which rankled, in view of the fact that he had always been used to just the opposite from beautiful women.

As he sat thus, lost in thought, some one rapped the door. In response to his invitation a negro boy came in and gave him a daintily written and perfumed note. He read it with a mixture of joy and surprise. He sat until after midnight with the invitation spread before him. First he decided to go then he changed his mimd. Common sense urged one thing; desire and inclination, another.

It was the night of the reception. Edith Sawyers, in her dainty evening gown, was the personification of beauty and love. As she sat awaiting her guests she frowned and petulantly exclaimed to herself: "I wonder if the 'old it' will really come. He ought to have enough sense to know that I don't want him." She impatiently shrugged her beautiful shoulders. "And George will be here too. I bet they fight," she said laughing wickedly. The secret of Edith's dislike for Harry Wallace was that she feared she liked his graceful bearing and handsome face too much. As the bell rang and she arose to receive the first guest she fired this parting shot at one of the astonished servants: "I bet he doesn't wear a dress suit. Oh my! We girls do have so much trouble."

All the guests but one had arrived; 'would he come?' Edith found her self asking with some disappointment—inspite of herself—as she stood in the center of an admiring group. She was engaged in a sally of wit with George Hamlet. Finally, as the bell rang, her heart bounded and she blushed slightly as she hastened to receive the new comer. He came in, tall, pale, and handsome; dressed with immaculate neatness in an evening suit. As she presented Harry Wallace to the surprised guests she observed with satisfaction his easy grace and self possession. He was evidently the most handsome man present.

Dancing was begun. Edith gave her first favor to George Hamlet. When they had finished Harry Wallace approached

and asked her to dance with him. George scowled darkly. She took in the situation at a glance and mischeviously turned her back on George and took Harry's arm. In the succeeding moments she forgot all else in the mazy whirl of the dance. Harry Wallace proved himself to be a magnificent dancer and Edith yielded herself entirely to the strange and powerful influence he seemed to have over her. It was with real regret that she saw the close of the set. Harry led her back to George Hamlet who was standing pale and angry, all alone. Thinking to make amends to the latter Edith turned to Harry and condescendingly remarked: "You dance well for a coal-digger." This and George Hamlets' sardonic laugh cut him to the quick. However, he showed none of his chagrin; but merely said, in a sad tone, "I wish my experience in mining was as great as my experience in dancing." She caught the tone of his voice and regreted her hasty words.

After much dancing and more foolish chattering the guests came together at the table. Old Mr. Sawyers, with his accustomed delight in young people and their talk, presided. George Hamlet, with Edith at his side sat just opposite Harry Wallace. After drinking a glass or two of wine—which did not mix well with what he had drunk before the party, George turned his flashing dark eyes upon Harry Wallace and began a conversation about the South and its people. Hamlet's eye forebade evil and Edith's remarks aggravated the mischief which was brewing. He cast many slurs upon the South, its customs and its people. Harry's good manners kept him from entering into a heated argument. Edith, with sparkling eyes, parted lips, and rosy cheeks seemed to be a spirit of mischief. Every act of hers, every glance, and every word seemed to make matters worse between the two. Her Uncle grew a trifle uneasy as he caught scraps of their conversation. There was something which seemed to bind his heart to young Wallace and he did not like George Hamlet's actions towards him.

Finally, stung by his failure to produce any visible effect upon his enemy, George Hamlet leaned over the table towards him and in loud sardonic tones drawled: "Say, Mr. Wallace, I am informed that you Southerners consider embezzlement an infallible sign of a gentleman. Is it true?" Harry Wallace, with his pale handsome face set in anger and eyes flashing fire, half arose from his seat and seemed ready to spring. As he caught a glimpse of Edith's pale, startled face he dropped into his chair and slowly said: "This is not the place to prove the truth or falsity of your remarks."

None of the guests understood the import of Hamlet's remark yet all realized that serious trouble had been narrowly averted. The party returned to the parlor. Harry Wallace, feeling that he had made an undue display of passion in the wrong place, came forward to bid Miss Edith an early adieu. She—sorry to have been, by her words and action, instrumental in causing the trouble—graciously accompanied him to the porch. He gazed for a moment on the beautiful moonlit landscape; then turning his sad pale face to her, said: "I humbly beg your pardon for causing unpleasantness tonight; but—" "Oh! It was all my fault," she interrupted in tremulous tones. She raised her dark eyes to his. The moon beamed upon them. His face grew paler, his eyes burned like fire, his breath came in gasps, he surrendered. "I must never see you again. I love you. I must leave you. I am a fool!" Came from his lips in broken sentences. He stooped and kissed her lips and was gone before she could say a word or the moon could hide its face behind a cloud. She stood, unconscious of all save that something new had dawned upon her life, and watched his retreating figure.

George Hamlet got very few smiles from her during the remainder of the evening and left with the resolve to wreak vengeance on Harry.

Next day Mr. Sawyers did not, as was his custom, go to his office. At noon, while he was sitting with Edith in his handsome library, a servant brought him a note. He read

it, frowned heavily and quickly arose and took his hat. "What is it uncle?" asked Edith. "You raised the devil last night," he gruffly exclaimed—tossing her the note. He was gone before she could read it. She turned very pale as she read this: "Come at once. George Hamlet has shot Harry Wallace." Edith fell upon the lounge and burying her face in the cushions, wept tears of bitter anguish. Had she found him only to loose him? Was she to love only to be deprived of the object of her affections? Had a light dawned upon her life only to be extinguished? Was he dead? Her heart grew cold and still with a great and over-shadowing dread.

In the meanwhile Mr. Sawyers had reached Harry Wallace's room. The doctors were working over the unconscious young man. In the anxiety which came from the invisible bonds that drew his old heart to young Wallace, Mr. Sawyers restlessly walked the floor awaiting the results of the doctors' examination. Occasionally he would pause in his nervous strides to gaze, with sorrow and deep concern, upon that pale still face. Then he would resume his restless pacing.

As he passed the table he noticed a small gold locket of curious design lying there. He absent-mindedly picked it up. The lid, worn and old, fell off. A happy girlish face smiled upon him, the face of his youthful dreams, the face that had held the strong affection of his manhood; it was the face of his dead wife. His eyes opened wide with amazement. His breath came in gasps. That locket, he had not seen for twenty years. It had been around his little boy's neck on the fatal night of the wreck. But how came it here? Who had saved it from those hellish flames? There dawned upon him a great hope; a hope which seemed to hold him motionless for fear he would loose it. He slowly turned, as if fearing to move, and gazed long and steadily upon Harry Wallace's face. "Her forehead, her mouth. I felt it. I know it," he musingly said. Then with a radiant face he rushed

to the bed exclaiming: "The star! The star! Is it there?" The astonished doctors gave way. He hastily pulled the sheet from the young man's breast and there on his shoulder was a birth mark, a perfectly formed star. The father's joy was boundless. Only the presence of an ugly bullet wound near the star could check his joy with the fear of loosing what he had just recovered. "Will he die? Will he die?" he earnestly asked the astonished physicians. Then in a few excited words he gave his reasons, not beleiving but for knowing that Harry Wallace was his son.

Evening passed. The doctors still worked. The father watched. Midnight came. The doctors watched. The father paced the floor. Daylight came and hope fastened her shining chariot to the golden sunbeams and brought new life to the sleeping son and bondless joy to the anxious father.

Mr. Sawyer's messenger brought rest to Edith's sleepless eyes and peace to her aching heart.

The days of convalescence belong to these periods of happiness and joy the essence of which defies capture and description. Harry was moved to his father's home. Edith was self constituted nurse.

Had the father desired more assurance as to his son's idenity, it was to be found in the story of the old nurse. Had Edith doubted that she loved and was loved again she had only to look into the eyes of her patient.

SHYLOCK AND BARABAS: A COMPARATIVE STUDY.

MISS EDNA CLYDE KILGO.

Many sources have been suggested for the Merchant of Venice but the evidence goes to show that Marlowe's play, The Jew of Malta, if not the prototype of Shylock was the germ and suggestion of it. The famous tragedy the Jew of Malta was produced about 1588. By 1591 its popularity exceeded that of any other contemporary play. Yet now that the villainy perpertrated by the hero has lost its fascination, much remains to admire in the ingenuity of the construction of the plot which is remarkably clear and intelligible. This play is noteworthy both on its own account and because of the comparison which suggests itself with Shakspere's Merchant of Venice. Hence it may be well to discuss briefly the nature of the plot.

At the outset Barabas, at the height of prosperity as a merchant of Malta, is discovered counting his wealth. The rulers of the island having to pay a heavy tax to a Turkish force decided to make the rich Jews furnish the money. Every Jew is to surrender half his wealth; on refusing he must become a Christian; if he declines conversion he forfeits all his property. Barabas, refusing both demands, pays the ultimate penalty and apparently is reduced to beggary; his home, too, is turned into a nunnery. However, he conceals a large part of his wealth in his house and makes his daughter, Abigail, feign herself a Christian convert to secure for him his secret hoard. The device succeeds, but a complication arises from two young nobles being in love with Abigail. Barabas stirs up a quarrel between them which ends in their killing one another. Filled with remorse Abigail confesses to a friar her father's plot and dies. Barabas kills both the confessors and another friar but his accomplice reveals the villainies to the governor who has him thrown over the wall as a dead man. However, this was not before Barabas poisoned those who ruined him. His career is not yet ended.

Again the Turks beseige Malta and Barabas becomes their guide into the fortress. The citadel is taken; governor and people are in his hands and he is master of the situation. He entertains the Turks at a banquet, in the course of which they are to be put to death. Instead of the Turks, Barabas alone falls into a cauldron of fire. Foiled at last he expires with a curse that adequately marks the conclusion of the play.

After this brief outline of the plot of Marlowe's play we are prepared to compare the characters of Barabas and Shylock. In order to do so, however, we must revive at least two sentiments, which in the age of Elizabeth still survived. These are the abhorrence of usury and the Jewish race, which for centuries have been fostered. Therefore Barabas and Shylock are a type of national sufferings, national sympathies, national antipathies, objects of bitter insult and scorn among enemies whom they are too proud to conciliate and too weak to oppose. Both are true representatives of their nation wherein we have a pride which for ages has never ceased to provoke hostility but which no hostility could ever subdue; a thrift which still invites rapacity but which no rapacity could ever exhaust; a weakness which, while it exposes the subject to wrong, only deepens their hatred because it keeps them without the means or hope of redress. Passion is the kernel of their nature. It is their passion which has enriched them; they are passionate in action, in calculation, in sensation, in hatred, in revenge, in everything.

In Shylock with all these strong national traits are interwoven personal traits equally strong. He is not more a Jew than he is Shylock. In this hard, icy intellectuality and his dry mummy-like tenacity of purpose, with a dash now and then of biting, sarcastic humour, we see the image of a great and noble nature out of which all the genial sap of humanity has been pressed by accumulated injuries. Nothing can daunt, nothing disconcert him; remonstance can not move, ridicule cannot touch, obloguy can not exasperate him.

Let us now notice the personality of Barabas. He is no common villain but a schemer acting on a well considered system. The whole play, of which he is the center of interest, is full of evil thoughts, evil living. His heart is a nest where there is room for the patrons of all sins to lodge but one chief end is the permanent occupant—Mammon.

With these facts in mind we are now ready to compare these characters more minutely. In the first appearance of Barabas he enumerates his own argosies while in the first appearance of Shylock he enumerates the argosies of Antonio. In Barabas the lust for money is the passion which is constantly awake and active. His brags are the children of his heart, more loved than his child. Speaking of his fortune he says,

> "These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
> And herein was old Abraham's happiness:
> What more may Heaven do for earthly man?
> Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,
> Than pitched in a Christian poverty."

In Shylock's nature there is no mean selfishness. He does not love money with that narrow minded vanity in the sense of possession, which the the miser feels to him "thrift is blessing if men steal it not." When Barabas looses his fortune he cries,

> "You have my goods, my money, and my wealth
> And, having all, you can request no more,
> Unless your unrelenting, flinty hearts
> Now shall move you to bereave my life."

The speech of Shylock is much improved for under similar circumstances he says,

> "Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that;
> You take my house when you do take the prop
> That doth sustain my house; you take my life
> When you do take the means whereby I live."

Shylock love his Jessica with no ignoble love but with the love of a kind father for his only child. It is no wonder that he feels bitterly her desertion of him and renunciation

of the old faith and it is not until he is exasperated by his daughter's robbery and flight that he takes such hard measures against Antonia. His race is always "our sacred nation" and with Jessica's disgraceful conduct ranking in his heart he cries,

> "The curse never fell upon our nation till now;
> I never felt it until now."

We cannot believe Barabas capable of loving anything but gold and vengeance, for his love for Abigail did not prevent him from making her the abhorrent instrument of his wanton malice. He uses her as an instrument for his revenge and then poisons her along with all the nuns in whose cloister she has taken refuge. Shylock could never have conceived of, not to say, been guilty of such a cowardly and cruel murder as this, although he was a man "sinned against."

After all the difference in the two characters is not so much in the nature of the ingredients, of which both are compounded, as the way in which "the elements are mixed." Marlowe violated the truth of nature not so much from his love of exaggeration as from being willing to flatter the prejudices of the audience by attributing almost impossible wickedness to a son of Israel. Barabas is a mere monster brought in with a large painted urse to please the rabble, for Marlowe relied more on the horror implied by the subject and the national disgust excited against the principal character, than on his dramatic powers. He was wholy innocent of any design of producing a typical study of Judaism least of all by introducing into Barabas the one softening element of paternal affection. There is no controlling reason. Nothing happens because it is best but because the author wills it so. The conception of life is purely arbitrary and as far from having nature as that of any imaginative child.

To such a master of the human heart as Shakspere, the temptation was irresistible to transform this Barabas into a genuine Jewish usurer and out of this mouthing and impos-

sible criminal to create a real live man with human motives, passions and actions. Accordingly we can not doubt that Barabas and his daughter are to be regarded as the true starting point of Shakspere's play. But in sharp contrast with the unrelieved blackness of Barabas, Shylock remains truly human. The art of Shakspere is immeasurably superior to that of Marlowe in not allowing either avarice or lust for vengeance to attain to such a pitch as to take the character out of the range of human nature or dramatic possibility. Shylock's passions are those of a man, though of a man depraved by oppression and contumely. "I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, senses, passions? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If a Jew wrongs a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew what should his suffrance be, by Christian example? Why, revenge."

Shakspere is careful to let us know that Shylock had good reason to hate Christians at the end, it seems to me. He meant for us to pity Shylock and we do pity him. In short, Barabas is the work of one who was devoid of any sympathetic qualities, of a powerful but gloomy poet whose dramatic talent was extremely limited. Shylock is the creation of a man with large hearted human sympathies and a skilful dramatist.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

BY W. A. BIVINS.

At this time in our country when writers of fiction are springing up all about us, and when books are, in a measure at least, valued for the number of editions printed, it would take a prophet indeed to tell what books will survive "time's fell hand." There are a few authors however who, because of their love for a historic past and because of their unwillingness that this past should be forgotten, have written so wisely that future generations will probably read and admire their works as we are doing now. New England may well boast of Mary E. Wilkins, Kentucky of James Lane Allen, Georgia of Joel Chandler Harris, and Virginia of Thomas Nelson Page. These writers, though reflecting the life of their own immediate sections, have had an influence on national life.

It is to be presumed that readers of this article have read a part if not all of the works of Mr. Page, and perhaps little will be said that is new; but our task will not have been in vain if some new insight into the author's own life is gained. When we read a good book we naturally want to know something about the author, and we are all the more gratified when we find that the book is but a revelation of the author himself. There is no disappointment to be had in learning about the life of Mr. Page for he is a splendid type of the Southern gentleman, unassuming in manners, noble in conduct and character. To read his stories is to appreciate them, while, as some one has said, "They show as little trace of labor as one of the bird-songs of his own pine forests.

Thomas Nelson Page was borne in 1854. He "had the good fortune," to quote his own words, "to come from the old county of Hanover as that particular division of the State of Virginia is affectionately called by all who are so lucky as to have seen the light amid its broom-straw fields and heavy forests." On his maternal side he is a descendant of Thomas

Nelson, Jr., who in his younger days was a desk-mate of Charles James Fox at Eton and won distinction at Cambridge, is noted as "a signer of the Declaration of Independence, war governor of Virginia, and one of the most brilliant of that body of great men who stand a splendid galaxy in the firmament of our nation's history." On his paternal side he is descendant of a line of gentlemen landholders. He is a son of the late John Page who was a grandson of Governor Page; his mother is the grand-daughter of Governor Nelson. We thus see that the author has an ancestry of which he may well be proud.

Born as he was a few years before the civil war Mr. Page was given an opportunity to see something of the glory of the Old South, to share in its joys, and then to see its glory fade and its hopes blighted. With youthful ardor he watched the struggle between the North and the South. In "Two Little Confederates," which is largely autobiographical, he relates the amusing experiences which he and his brother had in hunting for deserters and watching the movements of the soldiers. His father was a major on the staff of his brother-in-law, Gen. Pendleton.

Mr. Page's boyhood days were spent in "Old Hanover," at Oakland, one of the estates of the Nelson's. Living here in a fine old colonial mansion, which he describes as having "as many wings as the angels in the vision of Ezekial," influences were brought to bear upon his life which made him a lover of the past and gave him a culture and refinement, the impress of which are to be seen in his writing. He had the advantage of a fine library and early developed the reading habit.

In 1869 Mr. Page entered Washington College, or what is now known as Washington and Lee University, and remained until 1872. Here he was under a faculty of able men who doubtless had a great influence on him. However, as he confesses, his days were largely given up to "desultory reading." He was fond of writing and served as editor of the Southern Magazine, then published at the college.

He left college with literary aspirations but decided to accept a position as private tutor in a family in Kentucky, thinking later on to get a position on the Louisville "Courier-Journal." Failing in the last-named object he gave up his position as teacher and decided to study law. He entered the law department at the University of Virginia. Here he was under an excellent lawyer by the name of John B. Minor who "taught him how to work." After graduating in law he went to Hanover circuit. He remained there one year and then came to Richmond in the summer of 1876 to take a desk at the office of his cousin, Henry T. Wilkerson. Thus, in the accepted term, he became a lawyer.

However much Mr. Page respected law he found more delight in the study of literature. He kept up his "scribbling" by reporting for the Richmond newspapers and by composing short dialect poems. His poems were good but the short story ere long proved to be his forte. Reared in the atmosphere that he was, knowing as he hid the lives and habits of the negroes on the old plantation, he was naturally fitted for dialect story writing.

With this brief review of Mr. Page's early life we will take up a few of his works, noting especially his characterization of the negro and his love for the Old South.

"Marse Chan" was Mr. Page's first published story and perhaps it is not out of place here to give the occasion of his writing it. "My practice," he says, "was now growing and I did not write any more until an incident occurred which induced me to try a story. The Yorktown Centennial Celebration was being talked about and I wanted to write a paper about York. Just then a friend showed me a letter which had been written by a young girl to her sweetheart in a Georgia regiment, telling him that she had discovered she loved him after all and that if he would get a furlough and come home she would marry him; that she had loved him ever since they had gone to school together in the little schoolhouse in the woods. Then as if she feared such a tempta-

tion might be too strong for him, she added a post-script in these works: "Don't come without a furlough for if you don't come honorable I won't marry you." This letter had been taken from a private, dead on the battle-field of one of the battles around Richmond, and as the date was only a week or two before the battle occurred its pathos struck me very much. I remember I said: 'The poor fellow got his furlough through a bullet. The idea remained with me and I went to my office one morning and began to 'Marse Chan.'"

The story was finished in a week and soon after accepted by the publishers of "Scribner's Magazine." However, for some reason, there was an interval of about four years before it made its appearance. When it did appear it received merrited praise.

The story catches the eye of the reader in the very beginning as an old negro relates it, revealing the close sympathy which existed, oftimes, between master and slave. "Yo know," he says, "Marse Chan an' me wuz boys togerr. I wuz older'n he wuz, just de same as he wuz whiter'n me."

The old negro's description of his experience in a battle with his master is rich: "Yo' ain't never hear thunder! First thing I knowed de roan roll' head over heels and flung me up ginst de foot o' de corn pile. An' dat's what kep me frum being kilt. I 'spects Judy she think twuz Providence but I think twuz de bank."

"In Ole Virginia," published in 1888, is a collection of Mr. Page's short stories, "Marse Chan" being one of them. Other subjects are "Uncle Edinburg's Drowndin'," "Meh Lady," "Old Stracted," "No Haid Pawn," and "Polly."

"Uncle Edinburg's Drowndin'" is a pleasing story with much of the old time Christmas in it. Uncle Edinburg, who tells the story, begins in the following manner: "Dese heah free issue niggers don' know what Christmas is. Havin' meat an' pop-crackers don' meck Christmas. Hit takes ole times to meck a sho nough tyahin'-down Christmas. Gord! I's seen 'em. But de wuss Christmas I ever seed turned out de

best in the een. An' dat wuz de Christmas me an' Marse Georgy an' Reveller all got drownded down at Braxton's Creek."

"Meh Lady, a story of the war" ranks well with "Marse Chan." Besides the humour and the pathos in this story we have a good portrayal of Southern womanhood. Meh Lady who marries a Yankee captain is a rebel to the heart's core.

"The Old South," copyrighted in 1892, is a series of lectures, most of which were delivered before the literary alumni societies of the Washington and Lee University. These lectures show in a definite way Mr. Page's appreciation of the Old South, his views in regard to slavery and the solution of the negro problem. In his preface to the volume he says: "These essays are given to the public in the hope that they may serve to help awaken inquiry into the true history of the Southern people and may aid in dispelling the misapprehension under which the Old South has lain so long."

He believes the New South to be simply the Old South with its energies directed into new lines. He aptly characterizes the old order of things in these words: "Over all brooded a softness and beauty, the just product of Chivalry and Christianity."

In regard to the great question which divided the North and the South he has this to say: "From their standpoint they were right as we were from ours. Slavery was a great barrier which kept out the light and the North wrote of us in the main only what it believed. If it was ignorant it is our fault that it was not enlightened. We denied and fought but we did not argue. Be this however one justification, that slavery did not admit of argument. Argument meant destruction."

Mr. Page probably voices the sentiment of most Southerners in the expression of his views on the negro question: "We have educated him; we have aided him; we have sustained him in all right directions. We are ready to continue our

aid but will not be dominated by him. When we shall, it is our settled conviction that we shall deserve the degradation into which we shall have sunk."

Some of the subjects in "The Old South" are, "Glimpses of Life in Colonial Virginia," "Social Life Before the War," "Two Old Colonial Places," and "The Old Virginia Lawyer."

In 1898 there appeared Mr. Page's longest novel, "Red Rock: a Chronicle of Reconstruction." Up till this time the authors work had been confined to the short story. There are those who hold even after reading "Red Rock" that Mr. Page's literary achievement is still supremely felt in the short story. Be this as it may "Red Rock" fills a place in our literature which no other work of fiction at this time can occupy. It touches on a period which has been too much neglected by both historian and story writer and hence in a measure supplies a felt want. As a chronicle of reconstruction it is limited in its scope but this does not hinder it from being generally true. It is full of the author's well known resources of humour and pathos. There are innumerable things lightly and gracefully touched in a suggestive style, which is the more admirable because the suggestiveness is never forced. There are a great number of characters introduced to the reader but they are all so well-drawn that there is no need of one's confusing them, nor even forgetting them.

In Joradab Leech, a typical carpet-bagger, is summed up all that goes to make a man a sneaking rascal and a brazen-faced hypocrite. Mr. Page has immortalized him as Dickens immortalized Uriah Heep. Doctor Cary is a typical Virginian of the conservative type and is differentiated from the radical Lagarea. Andy Stamper is a vivacious little Southerner who speaks to some Yankees in this manner: "Well I'm durned, you know you're the first I ever see as wan't ashamed to own it." Steve Allen, the hero of the story is a brave and dashing cavalier who is instrumental in undoing the rascally work or Leach.

The author is also happy in his delineation of women characters. Blair Cary, a typical Southern girl, and Ruth Welch, a typical Northern girl, are most carefully drawn.

Many illustrations of the incompetence of the negro, both as a political and as an industrial factor, are given seemingly from real life.

Since the publication of "Red Rock" Mr. Page has written several short stories, the most notable of these probably being "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock." This story is an afterglow of the Old South, a revelation of the glory which still lingers in our civilization. The "old gentleman" is a sad reminder of how aristocracy was forced to give way to the reverses of war.

To those who are capable we will leave the task of criticising Mr. Page's works. Like Scott he has few ideas and is content to simply tell a story without philosophizing. The life of the Old South, as he sees it, was the sweetest, purest, most beautiful life ever lived, and he tries to make the reader appreciate as he does. Perhaps he throws too much of a mystical haze over the Old South; perhaps he is blinded to the mission of the New South. Be that as it may it will be a sad day for our civilization when it forgets the beauty, the chivalry and the honor of life in the Old South, and it is well that Mr. Page has preserved it for us.

Mr. Page has given up the practice of law and most of his time now is devoted to writing and lecturing. He is an inimitable reader and never fails to delight audiences when he reads to them his dialect stories. In his lectures he expresses his views fearlessly. In an address, on Old Home Week in New Hampshire, a year or so ago, he boldly censured high society as found in our cities. He said: "I have always been struck by the sincerity which I have found in the American. Unfortunately the phase of home life which is most frequently brought into public notice is one which, if it can be called home life at all is certainly not representa-

tive of American home life. It is that which is found in certain peculiar circles of certain large cities in this country."

The services of Mr. Page as a literateur were recognized at the recent Yale bicentennial celebration, where he received the degree of Doctor of Letters. Whatever may be his place in our literature he has endeared himself to the hearts of his countrymen and in his unassuming way he has doubtless done much "to bind up the nation's wounds."

JIM WILSON'S RUSE.

BY H. B. A.

A stranger glancing in on Col. Caladwaters porch late one beautiful May evening might have seen the Colonel shaking his finger angrily in a young man's face and shouting,

"Here, Jim Wilson, clear out o' here in a hurry and if I ketch you in these diggins again soon, you may expect a dispensation of jestice. I've warnd ye about Sal afore this and tis time I mean business."

A significant motion of his hand toward a great bulge over his hip removed whatever possibilities there might have been of the young man's failing to understand what he meant by "dispensation of justice." The flashing eye and calm twist of the lips also seconded admirably his utterance about "business."

"All right, Colonel, jest as you please," said Jim, removing his hat and bowing with showy politeness, "'taint no use to quarrel. I won't bother your mansion again, but as for Sal—" here he stopped, grinned, and looked at the Colonel inquisitively.

The Colonel responded only with a thump on the bulge over his hip, which spoke volumes. Jim made a wry face, grinned once more, bowed, and left.

Twelve years before, there had been a bloody feud between the Wilsons and Caladwaters, which had been terminated one night at a dance by almost the extinction of Jim's family. When Jim's mother had buried his father and two older brothers, she went away with Jim, who was only ten, to another part of the State. Jim had been reared in ignorance of the terrible manner in which his relatives had died. So when his mother died a few days after he was twenty-two and he decided to return to the old home, he knew nothing of the feud. When Jim was one day introduced to Col. Caladwater, the old Colonel was so surprised by the young man's look of hearty good will, and warm hand grasp that for the

moment he almost liked him. As weeks passed, however, the hatred which he had formerly had for Wilsons in general seemed to reassert itself. He had no particular reason to dislike Wilson except that it seemed a natural impulse which he couldn't resist.

Col. Caladwater went back to his room with a grim look on his face. The grimness, however, disappeared to make room for a broad smile when his eyes encountered a roll of manuscript on the table. He picked it up proudly, smoothed it out and began to read:

"Fellow-citizens: I tremble with apprehension as I take up the task of laying bare before you the impulses that have governed for so long the true heart of a loyal Democrat. And yet, fellow-citizens, it is not because of what there is to reveal, for God knows if there has ever been a man who sought with perfect purity from proper motives the welfare of people and principles, old John Caladwater has been one. Friends, he is going to ask at your hands now a slight recompense for his long, untiring services, in the shape of the office of sheriff of this county. Go back with me a decade, if you will, to the time when Democracy was still in the cradle of its," etc.

The Colonel was to get rid of this bit of eloquence on the next day at a political meeting when the Democratic candidates were to announce themselves. In this rough mountain district candidates for county offices did not, as is usually done, have their friends to present their names but each presented his own in the most "rousing" speech he could get up. The Colonel finished declaiming his speech and placed it carefully in a pigeon hole saying:

"Gosh, it's a beaut. Darn that fellow Moss, though! he'll have one twice as good. I wish he'd kept his mossy hide where he came from, out of the way of better men. I'll have to hustle to git past that oily tongue of his."

As Jim Wilson walked on down the lane, fenced on either side by thick trees checkered green and white with fresh

leaves and dogwood blooms, he racked his brains for some reason why the old Colonel should hate him as he did.

"Deuce take the old scamp!" he thought, "I can't help but like him if he is so infernally cranky. I'll marry Sallie, though, anyway, if he does shoot men."

He had now arrived opposite a beautiful little dell a few yards from the road, whose great oak situated in the middle had served as a tryst for him and Sallie not a few times that spring. A handkerchief fluttered from behind the tree; he leaped down from the road and was soon holding the little hand which had waved it, in his own.

"Sallie," said the young man, "why is it that your father dislikes me so? Haven't I always tried to please him, done him every favor I could, had old Taggart out of friendship for me not to foreclose the mortgage on his home? And now he will keep from me what is more than life to me."

"No, he won't, Jim," assured Sallie, "he can't. I'll find some way to marry you if I have to escape the whole universe. Let's see." She knitted her brows and gazed over the distant hill tops with a pretty thoughtfulness while Jim's heart sank with despair as he watched her.

At last she gave a little cry of joy. "I have it Jim, you know he's so wrapped up with the idea of becoming sheriff. You go ahead and work for him and have him nominated. Let him see that you are working for him. We'll be married on the day of the primary and he'll be so pleased with his nomination that he'll forgive us and make friends with you."

"It won't do at all," answered Jim, "the Colonel has made himself unpopular by his plain way of talking and that infernal scamp Moss with his slick tongue is certain to get the nomination." He stood looking at the ground for a long time with an expression of thoughtful despair on his face. All at once he stopped, straightened up, slapped his thigh, and cried:

"I have it this time! I'll straighten out the old Colonel's way of looking at me like er-er-a-Titan or something bad

grabbed hold of 'em. I'll do him a favor that'll put the fixins on his former views of me."

When the time came on the next day for candidates for sheriff to announce themselves, Col. Caladawater was the first to do so. He got through his speech very well and it was pretty favorably received considering the fact that the Colonel lacked a good deal of being the most popular man in the county. He was just beginning to congratulate himself on his success when a tall man with a pleasant, prepossessing face, but deep-sunk, shifting eyes which would cause an intelligent reader of faces to be rather on his guard in dealing with him, ascended the platform and began to speak. It was Moss. He told a few jokes, made some flattering remarks about his hoped-for constituency, continued to bring in some hints of his political services, and of his holding the office of sheriff in the county where he came from, and then launched into a speech about the outlook for Democracy. And here his superiority over the Colonel in a good flow of language and in knowledge of politics began to tell. The people in this mountain district were as a rule very ignorant of political issues and always listened greedily and gratefully to one that could explain them in terms that they could understand. As Moss proceeded there were smiles of pleasure on each rough face. He sat down in a storm of applause.

The crowd was about to disperse and Col. Caladwater with a scowl on his face was stuffing his speech in his pocket and getting ready to go when just then there was a bustle in the rear of the room. A young man marched down the aisle and leaped on the platform. It was Jim Wilson.

"Fellow-citizens," he cried, "I hope that this august body won't break up until you give one more candidate to fall in among the scramblers. He ain't got much to show for himself as far as the past is concerned, in the way of impartin' a glory from his handsome person to the sheriff's office in other counties. But if you'll lend him your ears for a few short minutes while he talks on political issues, he'll show you that he's the smartest chap in the whole lot after all."

Jim had always headed the list of young Ciceros in his debating society at school and was considered in the county where he came from a "cute" talker. He was pretty well read in politics of the day and he had already made himself popular since coming to the county by his sociability. The people also still remembered his father, who had been much like him and whom Jim resembled very much, both in appearance and manner.

Jim was greeted with a cheer. It was a rather feeble one, indeed. As he proceeded, however, in simple put eloquent language, it was evident that he was capturing his audience. when he had finished, the applause was deafening. Several of his friends crowned up to shake his hand. Wilson glanced in the direction of the Colonel, who returned his look with an angry scowl.

As the days passed and the time for the primary drew near, Jim's nomination became more and more an assured fact. Nomination on the Democratic ticket in that county was equivalent to election. Jim never came near Col. Caladwater's house and as far as Col. Caladwater knew never saw Sallie. Sallie's happiness, however, did not seem to suffer on that account. She busied herself with making a dress of a cream colored shade and set off with frills and gewgaws innumerable. She took no pains to conceal the fact that it was to be her wedding gown. In fact, she told her father so much. The Colonel watched her without comment. He intended to kill her husband as soon as she was married. Sallie knew his intentions perfectly well.

The time for the primary at last came around. The Colonel went early. He had long ago given up all hope of receiving the nomination. However, the dogged spirit of determination with which he went into everything he undertook would not allow him to withdraw. Also when he had mentioned to Sallie that he thought of withdrawing; she had seemed terrified at the idea and had urged him not to do so.

The crowd of delegates and spectators slowly filled the court room, where the primary was to be held. The Colonel took a front seat. Moss was seated not far from him. He looked in vain for Wilson. Balloting soon began. The Clerk of Superior Court, Register of Deeds, and several other officers were nominated. At last came the time for the nomination of a sheriff. The ballots were collected and counted and the results were announced: Wilson, forty-three; Moss, thirty-two; Caladwater, twenty-five, The chairman declared "no election;" the delegates began to prepare their votes for the next ballot, when just then there was a stir in the gallery at the rear of the room. The Colonel looked up. Wilson and Sallie had at that moment entered the gallery together and taken their seats. Their eyes were fixed on him with an earnest gaze as if they were watching to see what he would do.

Col. Caladwater uttered an oath and threw the ballots which he had in his hand on the floor. He walked swifily home. On the table of his room he found a note. It read:

"Dear Pa: I am leaving home with Jim just after you went to the court house. We are going to be married at the Squire's and then attend the primary. Please don't be angry with your loving daughter,

SALLIE.

"Damnation!" cried the Colonel, "as I expected! So he'll run away with the office I deserve and my daughter too on the same day, will he?" He opened a drawer of the table and took out a revolver. "I guess they will have to elect them a new sheriff pretty soon,"he said, as he sprang up and started toward the door.

Just then there were rapid foot falls on the steps; the door was flung open and Sallie threw herself on her father's neck while he heard the cheery voice of Jim Wilson saying, "Well, Colonel let me congratulate the new sheriff."

"D—n it, man, don't use irony with me," shouted the Colonel, striving to disengage himself from his daughter's clasp, "I'll kill you without it."

"But, Pa, it's true," said Sallie, "keep still till I tell you about it. Don't you know that Jim never wanted to be sheriff at all and only entered the race so that you would be elected instead of that horrid Moss? After you left the court house, Jim went down among the delegates, and made a speech and said, 'My friends, however much pleasure it would give me to be sheriff of this county, it would give me much more to see elected to this office a citizen honored and respected and grown old in service for the people of his county—Caladwater. I therefore withdraw in his favor and ask all my friends and supporters to vote for him.' So you were nominated sheriff after all."

"What!" cried the Colonel, "turn me aloose." "Then you won't hurt him and will forgive us?" said Sallie still clinging tightly to his neck.

"We'll see about that," said her father. He tore himself loose and advanced toward Wilson, who stood calmly facing him without uttering a word. Col. Caladwater lifted the pistol to his face; the finger nervously crept toward the trigger. The young man did not move; a smile for a moment flitted across his lips. With a sudden motion the old man dropped the pistol to the floor.

"Give me your hand, boy," he cried, "you've taught a harsh old man a lesson of unselfishness and bravery he won't soon forget. You had to humiliate me in this way to convince me of your own deserts. Come, Sallie, a kiss from your old father who remembers for the first time since a long while the strong willed joys of his own youth."

MR. SCUDDER'S LIFE OF LOWELL.

BY H. R. DWIRE.

A recent writer has said that "Lowell was the most represenative man of letters that America has produced." However this may be, it is certain that he held a position that was unique in the literary life of this country. The one quality which, above all others, characterized Lowell and gave him a place apart from his contemporaries, was the many-sidedness of the man. It is possible that we have never had a man of letters, who embodied in himself so many varied talents. Certainly there have been very few, who have moved in so many different spheres of intellectual activity. The true revelation of the man must be sought in that liberal intercourse which he had with the world in the many and varied forms in which his activity expressed itself. In this respect he occupied a place in American literary life, somewhat similar to that which Coleridge held among English men of letters. He appears to us in his life not only as the poet and the critic but, in equal degree, as the statesman, the reformer and the man. His ability as a statesman, his versatility as a writer and his sterling qualities as a man—these are the characteristics that have given Lowell a place, peculiarly his own, in our literary life.

It was necessary that such a man should have an adequate biography. It must be apparent therefore, to any one, who has read the "Life Of Lowell" by Mr. Scudder that he was pre-eminintly the man for this important task. Mr. Scudder was, withal, splendidly adapted to the work assigned to him, both because of his intimate acquaintance with the subject at hand, and, incidentally, because of his comprehensive knowledge of the particular literary movement, to which Lowell belonged. These things have enabled him to be, in this instance, not merely a biographer, but an interpreter. It is impossible for one to read the book without feeling a peculiar sense of obligation to the author for the manner, in

which he has interpreted Lowell and his work. The book is free from many of the defects which have characterized most productions of its nature and is notable for the absence of the endless succession of historical facts, which so many people regard as synonymous with biography. We can trace everywhere in the book the hand of the finished literary artist and the student of American literary life.

It would be impossible, in an article of this scope, to speak with any degree of certainty about Mr. Scudder's interpretation of Lowell. That would certainly require a more thorough knowledge of the work than a mere casual reading would afford. I shall only attempt to speak briefly of the more significant facts in Lowell's literary life and of his place in the realms of poetry and criticism, more especially with reference to Mr. Scudder's biography.

True to American literary tradition, Lowell was born in New England, his birthplace being Elmwood in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He seemed to be very much attached to this place during his entire life and we find in his letters many passages, showing his fond devotion to the place of his birth. It was only natural that, to one of Lowell's intense love of nature, the picturesqueness of the scenes about Elmwood should appeal with especial force. When, at the close of his term as American minister to England, he was urged by a friend to live in Washington, he replied: "I have but one home in America and that is the house where I was born and where, if it shall please God, I hope to die." This wish was gratified and he died here in 1891, at the age of seventy-two.

The most important, perhaps, of the formative tendencies in Lowell's early life was the influence of his father. If we are to judge by the evidence of his son, the Reverend Charles Lowell was a man of extreme piety. In speaking of him in one of his later letters, Lowell says: "Nothing could shake my beloved and honored father's faith in God, and his extreme piety. He was the moulder and shaper of all that has been best in my subsequent life." It is certain that he exerted a

restraining influence over his somewhat reckless son. A very different influence was that of his mother. She was a woman of an extremely romantic temperament, from which the son inhereted much of his poetic fancy. Lowell afterwards says in writing of his mother: "It was her influence, more than anything else, that made me a poet.

Lowell's school and college life was similar, in a great many respects, to that which Wordsworth describes in the "Prelude." In speaking of his early school life in the introduction to the "Biglow Papers," he says:

> "Propped on the marsh, a dwelling now I see,
> The humble school house of my A, B, C."

Also in his "New England two Centuries Ago," he gives a vivid picture of his school boy exploits at this time and later, when he was a scholar at Mr. Wall's boarding school, where he was sent by his father to receive the necessary preparation for his entrance to college. In a reminiscence of this period in Lowell's life, written many years afterwards, Mr. George Ticknor Curtis says: "Mr. Wells always heard a recitation with the book in his left hand and a rattan in his right, and if the boy made a false quantity or did not know the meaning of a word, down came the rattan on his head. But this chastisement was never administered to me or "Jemmy" Lowell. Not to me because I was too old for it, and not to him, for the sole reason that he was too young." Lowell afterwards speaks in his letters of his debt to this stern master, for the sturdy and vigorous training received in his school. Lowell's college life at Cambridge dates from the year 1834, when he left Mr. Wells' school and entered Harvard College. His college life was similar, in a great many respects to that of Wordsworth, so adequately described in one of his longer poems. In speaking of his life at Harvard, Mr. Scudder says: "He was boyish, frolicsome, very immature in expression and disposed, in a fitful fashion, to assert an independence of authority. Both in his sophomore and senior years, he was publicly admonished for excessive absences from

recitations, and for general negligence in themes, forensics and recitations." We find in the college records the statement that he was suspended from Harvard in his senior year for "continual" neglect of college duties.

Some one has said that the "chief test of a man's ability lies in the amount of profitable reading in which he indulges." Lowell was always a great reader and especially during the four years of his college life. In speaking of the influence which he derived from his reading at this time, he says: "A college education is an excellent thing, but, after all, the better part of every man's education is that which he gives himself, especially in the matter of reading." Landor was a great favorite with him and, many years later, in a lecture on English writers, he speaks of the influence which he received from that one. In one of his letters, he says: "I was first directed to Landor's works by hearing how much store Emerson set by them. My reading in these was the merest browsing, but how delightful it was!" A great deal of Lowell's reading at this time was based on his college work, but in much of it he showed a rapidly expanding taste and a desire for communion with the best authors. Terence, Hume, Smollett, Hakluyt, Boilean, Scott and Southey each had a great influence in determining his literary tastes. It is significant that in his later reading the emphasis was almost wholly placed on the works of the greater English authors. He always felt their influence to a much greater extent than he did that of our American writers. This is especially well shown in his later critical writings.

Lowell's college life at Cambridge is especially significant because of the friendships which he formed there and which had such a great influence on his subsequent life. The most notable of these friendships, perhaps, is found in his relations with W. H. Shackford, who was his senior by three years, and for whom he seems to have felt a warm affection. In his letters to this friend, written after the latter had left Cambridge and while Lowell was still a student there, he reveals,

in a striking manner, his more serious nature. He speaks, in these letters, not only of college happenings, in which his friend was naturally interested, but especially of his studies and his plans for the future. There is nothing that gives us such a clear insight into Lowell's deeper self as these rambling epistles to his friend and companion. In all of these we can discern a kind of lover-like affection and the warm feeling of a boy for his preceptor and counsellor. In one of them in speaking of his intense affection for his companion, he asks: "How could you think that I would ever forfeit your friendship, the most precious (because I believe it to be the truest) I ever enjoyed?"

A great many of these letters are valuable as showing Lowell's literary tastes at this time. In one of them he speaks of his intense delight in reading Shakespere, and concludes: "I have read about all of Shakspere's plays, with the exception of Hamlet. Only think, I haven't read Hamlet! I will go at it instanter." In another letter written at this time he speaks with great enthusiasm of a copy of Milton which had just been given him, and remarks: "I have never had greater delight than has been afforded me by the copy of Milton, which Mr. W—— sent me." This boyish enthusiasm for the great poet is afterwards referred to in his critical essay on Milton in the first volume of "Among My Books." In another place in speaking of his literary taste, he writes: "I am now at home, sitting by an open window, with my coat off, my stock, do, with Coleridge's work before me, wherewith to consume the rest of the day—and as cool as a cucumber. I am sure that I would have little time for study, if there were many authors in whom I should take such delight as I do in Coleridge." It was natural that Lowell should have felt a deep interest in Coleridge, as there were so many points of similarity between the two men. In the last letter that he wrote to Shackford, in speaking again of Coleridge, he says: "I sometimes feel that I am too much in his company. But as there are so many qualities in his

work, which appeal to me, I cannot come to believe that my time is wasted."

When Lowell graduated from Harvard in 1838, he found himself in a peculiar state of indecision as to what vocation he should pursue. He finally decided, however, upon the study of law and, as he expresses it, he "began Blackstone with as good a grace, and as few wry faces" as he could. It is not surprising that one of Lowell's poetic temperament should have found out little congeniality in such work. In one of his letters a short time after this we see that he had abandoned the notion of studying law and had sought a position in a mercantile establishment. It is needless to say, however, that business was even less suited to him than law. We may get some idea of the unsettled state of his mind at this time, from a poem which he sent to Mr. G. D. Loring in 1839, about a year after his graduation from college:

"Dear George, when I am set at table,
I am indeed quite miserable,
And when at last I lie in bed,
Strife and confusion whirl my head;
When I am getting up at morn
I feel confoundedly forlorn,
And when I go to bed at eve
I can do naught but sight and grieve,
When I am walking into town
I feel all utterly cast down,
And when I'm walking out from it
I feel full many a sorrow fit."

We would judge from his letters that this uncertain state of mind continued for some time. Finally, however, he determined to study law again and this time he kept it up until his graduation. It was certain, however, that he would never become reconciled to anything so prosaic as law, and, as he says, he felt "a blind presentiment of becoming independent in some other way." He became more and more dissatisfied with his profession and, finally, abandoned it and devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits, the principal medium for his productions at this time being the *Southern Literary Messenger*.

It may be well, perhaps, to speak somewhat briefly here of Lowell's early literary work. While he was yet a student at Harvard, he had written many poems, most of which appeared in "*Harvardiana*," the college annual, of which he was editor. These poems were characterized by mere boyish fancy and we must look in vain for any serious note in them. These early products were significant, however, "as showing that poetry even at this time was an instrument well fitted to his hand."

Lowell's first pretentious literary work after his graduation from college was entitled "A Year's Life," being published in 1841. Though this was a decided advance in many respects over his former poems, still the work was of no particular significence. Within the seven years immediately following its publication, however, some of Lowell's best work was done. During this time appeared "A Fable for Critics," "The Biglow Papers" and "The Vision of Sir Launfal." The two latter works were especially significant, from a literary standpoint. These poems did much toward bringing Lowell to the attention of the American people, and as a consequence we find him in 1854, as Mr. Scudder says, "already on the path to fame."

It is not necessary to speak at length here of Lowell's work as professor of Romance Languages in Harvard College, which position he assumed in 1856. That he was an able teacher there can be little doubt. It was inevitable, however, that the duties connected with this position, should become irksome to one of Lowell's poetic temperament. He took small interest in faculty meetings, "nor," as Mr. Scudder says, "could he perform many of the duties of his position without feeling a degradation of himself or of the subject he was teaching." The mere fact that he was compelled to give examinations, he regarded as a humiliation. There were various other elements in his temperament, which prevented him from achieving success as a professor. Not only were his college duties budensome, because they interfered with his

creative work, but a serious defect was his apparent inability to individualize his pupils, "treating them rather as opportunities for self expression." Although he exerted a powerful influence over a few of his pupils, still his teaching was, to a great extent, superficial. This fact alone prevented him from achieving success as a college professor.

A great deal has been said and written about Lowell's connection with the *Atlantic Monthly*. This venture was projected under his guidance in 1857, and for three years he held the editorial management of the magazine. During this time the *Atlantic* achieved wonderful success, and, when he resigned from its control in 1860, it had already come to be regarded as a potent factor in American literary life. The ideal which Lowell conceived for the *Atlantic* was outlined in a letter to Dr. Holmes, shortly after the inception of the new venture. "The magazine is going to be free without being fanatical and we hoped to unite in it all available talent of all shades of opinion. The magazine is to have opinions of its own, and not be afraid to speak them, and I think we shall be scholarly and gentleman like." I think it is safe to say that this high ideal has been realized in the *Atlantic Monthly* to a greater extent than in any other American publication. The high position which the magazine has assumed among contemporary periodicals is due more to Lowell's influence, perhaps, than to any other agency.

Among the more prominent contributors to the *Atlantic* during Lowell's editorship were Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson. The former christened the magazine and, in the introduction to one of his articles, published in 1885, he says: "I have wondered somewhat at the insistence with which Mr. Lowell urged me to become a contributor to the *Atlantic*, and so, yielding to a pressure which I could not understand and yet found myself unable to visit, I promised to take a part in the new venture as an occasional writer in its columns." This was the beginning of a rather intimate friendship, which existed between Holmes and Lowell for a

long time. Lowell's letters to Holmes at this time are characterized by much greater freedom of expression than his more guarded epistles to Emerson, for whom he felt a peculiar kind of reverence. As he said afterwards: "I never have a sense of my unworthiness to such an extent as when I am in the presence of Emerson. I feel very much as a boy in the presence of his schoolmaster." The letters written to Emerson about this time, are interesting as showing Lowell's literary temperament.

The duties connected with the editorial conduct of a great magazine were essentially unsuited to a man of Lowell's temperament and, as a consequence, he experienced a great deal of dissatisfaction in his work. He did not dislike work, but he was always averse to methodical labor, and this was just what the conduct of the *Atlantic* demanded. About a year after he had assumed the duties of the position, he wrote to Mr. Norton, at that time his trusted adviser: "I hate the turmoil of my affairs, despise the notoriety they give me and long for the day when I can be vacant to the muses and to my books for their own sakes." A short time after this, in another letter to Mr. Norton, he says: "I cannot feel that I am in my element as an editor. Within the past few weeks, I have become more dissatisfied than ever. I think I shall resign, and devote myself to the quiet and peace of Elmwood. Soon after this he retired from the control of the *Atlantic*, in which position he was succeeded by Mr. Fields.

Lowell's work as editor and professor affected him in two distinct ways. In the first place the duties connected with these positions did much to check his spontaneity and to curb his poetical instincts. If it had not been for his professional work, he would have been known to us primarily as a poet and not as a critic. During the time that he was engaged in professional pursuits, his literary work and especially his poetry suffered a serious decline. On the other hand, his professional work was productive of benefit in that

it tended to stimulate and expand his critical faculties. It was also of much importance in transferring his sphere of critical activity from the provincial realm of American literature into a broader study of the great masterpieces of literary art.

As editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and afterwards as joint editor with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, of the *North American Review*, besides numerous essays in literary criticism, Lowell wrote a great many vigorous and stirring articles, showing his relation to the abolitionist party. No one who has ever casually read these productions will contend for an instant that Lowell was an extreme abolitionist. On the contrary, they show conclusively that, in many respects, he was not in sympathy with the reform party. The fact remains, however, that in the cardinal principle for which the reformers stood–the abolition of human slavery–Lowell firmly believed. He looked upon the question now in a different light from that in which he had regarded it before, paying especial attention to its economic and political rather than its moral aspect. As he said in one of his anti-slavery articles at this time: "Slavery is an evil that threatens our institutions more than it does our moral life. The ethical aspects of the question are not and cannot be the subject of consideration with any party acting in accordance with the Constitution. The question must be considered in its relation to our national and political life." The key note to all his utterances on the subject, however, must be sought in Lowell's passionate love of freedom. In speaking of this phase of the question, he writes: "The thing has resolved itself into a question, not of the abolition of slavery, but rather of the abolition of freedom." This attitude is especially well shown in the "Biglow Papers." Lowell summarizes his feeling toward slavery at this time in the following characteristic words: "I believe that slavery is a wrong morally, a mistake politically, and a misfortune practically, wherever it exists. * * * I have no hostility to the South, but a determined one to

doctrines of whose ruinous nature every day more and more convinces me."

It was natural that one who had shared such a prominent part in the events leading up to the Civil War, should have felt a deep interest in the stirring events of that great struggle. Lowell's attitude toward the war is well expressed in the following words: "Such a struggle is not only undesirable but ruinous. However, freedom must be upheld, regardless of the cost." With this feeling he entered into the spirit of the struggle with his whole soul. He watched intently every event of these stirring times during the war, and his patriotism was always at the highest. In a letter to Mr. Norton during the early part of the war, he says: "I never knew before how much I loved my country. I thank God that I am an American." Lowell was not a mere spectator of the scenes of the war, however, and during the entire four years of the struggle, he was writing with a deep insight into events. As Mr. Charles Eliot Norton very truly says: "During the war of the Rebellion his writings were among the most powerful and effective expressions of the sentiment and opinions of the North. Few poets have ever rendered such service to their country as Lowell rendered in these years." However this may be, it is certain that his writings did much to aid the cause of the Unionists and to inspire confidence in those who were solicitous for the welfare of the nation.

When at last the war was over and peace had been declared, Lowell was unable to control his joy. For twenty long years he had labored and waited and now the very ideals toward which he had worked and for which he had prayed, were realized. At last freedom was enthroned and slavery crushed. In the exultation of the moment he wrote to his friend: "The news, my dear Charles, is from Heaven. I feel a strange and tender exaltation. * * * * There is something magnificent in having a country to love." In another letter at this time, he says: "I feel as one who has been

released from a dungeon. It is all beautiful, very beautiful." This peculiar joy in the outcome of the war had its supreme expression, perhaps, in his Commemorative Ode, which was read by him at the memorial services held at Harvard College in honor of those of her sons who had perished while fighting for their country.

In the twenty years following the civil war Lowell held a prominent place in American political life, furnishing a striking example of the literary man in politics. During this time he was actively identified with the republican party, although, during a part of this time, he was out of sympathy with republican principles. First as delegate to the Republican National Convention, then as elector, later as minister to Spain and Ambassador to England and, finally, as a participant in the Civil Service Reform Movement—these were the successive stages in his political career.

As Ambassador to England, Lowell did much to make this country honored abroad. During this time, he became extremely popular with the English people, and, as a recent English writer has felicitously expressed it: "He was the most beloved enemy we ever had." The significance of this last remark is found in the fact that, although he preserved a friendly attitude toward the English people, his intense Americanism frequently asserted itself. Among the incidents of Lowell's life in England, his speeches were important, especially those on Democracy and America.

Soon after his return from England, Lowell sparated himself from the older Republican party and became identified with the Independent Republicans. He was cspecially interested in the agitation for Civil Service Reform and labored for the election of Mr. Cleveland to the presidency in 1888, primarily because of his attitude on this question. His connection with the Civil Service Reform Movement marked the close of his active political life.

During the latter part of his life, Lowell changed, in a great many respects, his attitude toward political questions. He

had lost something of his wonted confidence in political parties, and in its place had come a peculiar skepticism in regard to many political questions. He had not changed his theories, but he was powerless to see the way in which political reforms were to be instituted. As he says in an article in a prominent magazine about this time: "Our political theories are sufficient, but the means for putting them in practice are wofully lacking." This gloom and unnatural moroseness characterized his life to the end. He died, as I have said beforc, in 1891.

I have attempted to give, in this article, some of the most significant facts bearing upon Lowell's life. It remains for me to indicate, in a general way, something of his work in the realms of poetry and criticism.

As a poet, Lowell had many limitations. It is certain that he lacked both the popularity of Longfellow and the creative power of Poe. Moreover, there is in his poetical work an over abundance of "metaphysical subtlety, and this alone will prevent his poetry from becoming popular. It cannot be denied, however, that his work in this realm contains many elements of excellence, and it is probable that these will always be sufficent to give him a place among the foremost of American poets. The chief characteristic of Lowell's poetry must be sought in its deep humor, its intense feeling, and, especially, the beauty of expression which is everywhere apparent. From this standpoint, his most important works are "The Vision of Sir Launfal," the "Biglow Papers," and the "Commemorative Ode." These three works represent, to a marked degree, the predominant elements in his poetry.

Whatever may be Lowell's position as a poet, however, it is certain that he will always be known to the greater number of people rather by his work in literary criticism. In this realm he occupied a place in American literature somewhat similar to that of Matthew Arnold among English men of letters. It is significant that he interpreted not only the best products of English literary life, but also of French and

Italian literature. In speaking of Lowell's place as a critic, Mr. Scudder very truly says, "He brought to his study of literary art, all the characteristics that would have fitted him for literary criticism." Discernment, wide knowledge, deep insight into literature and life—all these qualities combined to make him a sane critic. Among his more important works in this field may be mentioned his "Among My Books," and "My Study Window."

It will be well perhaps, in the conclusion of this rather hasty and imperfect sketch to quote from an admirable article on "Lowell as a Literary Artist," in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*: "As an artist his mission was a high one—to enlighten, to elevate and to cheer humanity in its march through the world. He held aloof from the scientific atmosphere and became a humanist in an age of scientific interests. He became, as it were, the mouthpiece of humanity * * * His wit and humor, as the years went on, became more simple and mellow—more like that of a Lamb or of a Goldsmith." It may be said of his writings, as Walter Scott said of the "Vicar of Wakefield" that their charm lies in their power to reconcile us to life. It is primarily through this power that Lowell appeals to thoughtful readers.

H. R. DWIRE, - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

It is probable that more money has been given to the course of education in the United States within the past year than during any other similar period in the history of our country. It is certain that there has never been a time when liberal minded men of wealth seemed more disposed to contribute freely to our institutions of learning in all sections of the country. During this time Mr. John D. Rockfeller has given one million dollars to the medical school Harvard University, together with an additional gift of two hundred thousand dollars to Barnard college; while Mr. Carnegie has donated ten million dollars for the establishment of a National University, an institution designed primarily for the furtherance of original research in the different branches of learning. In addition to these gifts, Mr. J. P. Morgan has contributed a million dollars to the medical school of Harvard University, and another equally generous benefactor has given within the past month one hundred thousand dollars to the permanent endowment fund of Smith College. Even in the South, where gifts of such magnitude and importance are extremely rare, Trinity college has, during the past year, profited by the generosity of the Duke family to the extent of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Such instances as the above might be increased by the mention of a great many other gifts. These will suffice to show, how-

ever, that our men of wealth are coming to the aid of our institutions of learning to a greater extent than ever before. This must be regarded as an encouraging sign, to say the least. There is no one thing that has been of greater hindrance to the growth of our intellectual life than the lack of funds for educational purposes, together with the marked inefficiency in the material equipment of our colleges and universities. Now that the conditions have changed, however, and the donations to our institutions of learning have increased in such marked degree, it is certain that our educational life will attain to a higher degree of efficiency than ever before. The fact that our men of wealth are giving so liberally to these higher institutions must be regarded as conclusive proof both of the generosity of these benefactors and also of the very high estimate which is being placed upon college and university training at the present time, especially in the business world.

Probably there has never been a time when so much atention was paid to the educational affairs of our state as at present. For a long time, North Carolina has suffered in her intellectual life more from a lack of interest in her educational growth and development than from any other cause. As a very natural result, she has been compelled, at least until very recent years, to accept a position of mediocrity and almost insignificance in the intellectual life of our nation. It is encouraging to note, however, that within the past two or three years, there has grown a very considerable and significant sentiment in favor of increased activity in educational affairs. The recent meetings of prominent educators from the different sections of the State, first at Raleigh and later at Greensboro, have done much to prove the existence of such a sentiment. In addition to such agitation the Superintendent of Public Instruction is doing a great deal toward arousing interest in this very important question, and it is probable

that under his wise guidance there will be even more activity along these lines in the immediate future than in the past.

Notwithstanding these facts, however, and the very healthful growth of interest in intellectual matters, it must be admitted that our educational life as a state is, in too many cases, being sadly neglected. There seems to be an idea prevalent among a great many people and even among some influential men that our educational welfare is of secondary importance and hence deserving of less attention than our industrial and even political life. This is certainly an erroneous idea, to say the least. It is certain that there has has been nothing of greater hindrance to the growth and development of North Carolina, whithin recent years, than the low standard of educational life which she has maintained. Now that we have awakened to a sense of our condition in this respect, however, it is probable that there will be much greater impetus to the development of our educational as well as our industrial and political life. This is certainly a consummation much to be desired.

We have heard a great deal, for a long time, about the pressing need of enlarged educational facilities in the South. On the other hand it is interesting to note that, until recent years, comparatively little has been said about one very essential phase of the question, and that is the growing necessity for more libraries and the wider extension of library influences. It must be admitted that there is no phase in our life as a section in which there has been slower growth than in the development of what we should call the library spirit. In other words, we would say that less attention has been paid to our reading than to any other feature of our æsthetic life. The statement was recently made by Chancellor Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University, that "a boot-black in Boston has at his disposal far better library facilities than the average Southern college student." It must be admitted that

this statement contains more than a measure of truth. It is certain that nothing has done more to make difficult the intellectual progress of the South and to hinder the development of her literary life than the very notable lack of adequate library facilities.

In the light of these facts it is interesting to note, however, that, within the past few years, there has grown to be a very considerable movement toward the building of libraries and the extension of library facilities in all sections of the South. During this time public libraries have been founded, many of which have already come to exert a potent influence upon our educational and literary life. These institutions, established in most instances through the generosity of philanthropic men have made possible the creation of a literary atmosphere and are already doing much towards the development of a strong and healthy literary life. Another way in which this movement has manifested itself is in a very notable increase of library facilities and equipment in our colleges and universities. Considered from either standpoint, it must be regarded as an encouraging tendency and it will, doubtless be productive of good in the future growth of the South along the lines of her educational and literary development.

Every friend of the South must realize that in the recent death of General Wade Hampton this entire section of the country, and especially South Carolina, has lost one of its ablest men as well as one of its best citizens. It is probable that the South has produced no man who has represented so fully the best ideals of her life as a section. It is certain that she has had no son who has been more intimately connected with the political life of this country since the Civil War. The estimation in which he was held and the grief which his loss occasioned were both admirably shown on the day after his death when messages of condolence were received from leading men in all sections of the country. In

addition, all the public offices of the State were closed on the day of his funeral as a mark of respect to his honor.

General Hampton was a typical South Carolinian. He was born in Charleston in 1818 and was graduated at the University of his native State. Immediately after graduation, he served three successive terms in the South Carolina Legislature. When the Civil War broke out, although he was vigorously opposed to the position which the South had taken, he enlisted in the service, receiving a commission in the Hampton Legion of Cavalry. He took a prominent part in the great struggle between the two sections, was severely wounded at Gettysburg, promoted for "exceptional valor" in that engagement and, just before the war closed, he received the commission of a lieutenant-general. During the few years immediately following the close of the war General Hampton took little part in public affairs, but in 1876 he was nominated for governor of South Carolina, being elected by a small majority. He was re-elected governor in 1878, a short time after being chosen to the United States Senate. He completed one term in this office, but refused to run again, owing to the fact that he was not in sympathy with his party on some of the leading political issues. Since 1891 he had not been actively identified with the political life of the country. He was Commissioner of Railroads for several years under President Cleveland's first administration, filling this office with characteristic energy and signal ability.

In all the spheres of activity in which General Hampton engaged, he was recognized primarily as an able and conscientious man and a loyal citizen. We have had very few men in public life who have pitched their life upon such a high plane of integrity and devotion to duty. As a soldier, as a statesman, and, finally, as a citizen—in all of these capacities General Hampton was a representative Southerner of a type that is fast passing away. The loss of such a man at any time must be keenly felt. Especially is this true at present, when we have in the South such few men of real ability and influence.

MARJIE C. JORDAN, - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Charles Lamb's "King and Queen of Hearts" written in 1805, an original copy of which recently brought a high figure, has just been republished in fac-simile by McClure, Phillips & Co. in this country and by Messrs. Methuen in England. The existence of this juvenile story by the author of a child's "Tales from Shakspere" was learned by E. V. Lucas while looking over the Lamb-Wordsworth correspondence, now in the possession of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth. In one letter Lamb, in speaking of some books he had just sent to Wordsworth, says: "——there comes W. Hazlitt's book about human action for Coleridge; a little song book for Sarah Coleridge, a box for Hartley; a paraphrase on 'The King and Queen of Hearts,' of which I being the author, beg Mr. Johnny Wordsworth's acceptance and opinion.'" Mr. Lucas at once began his search for the last named and found it in the possession of Miss Edith Pollock of London.

President Roosevelt has accepted the offer of Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate to the English court, to dedicate to him the American edition of his new volume of verse "A Tale of True Lore," and other poems, which is published by Harper & Brothers.

Henry Van Dyke was the poet of the Victor Hugo celebration at Columbia, and his poem is to be published in Scribner's magazine for May.

Herbert Spencer, who on the 27th of this month will enter upon his eighty-third year, is about to publish a volume of short essays, entitled "Facts and Comments."

Dr. Canon Doyle's new novel "The Hound of the Baskervilles" which has been appearing as a serial in the *London Strand*, is now out in book form. It is an extremely good story of its kind—a mingling of Sherlock Holmes and the supernatural.

S. R. Crockett has gone back to his first success "The Raiders" and has published a sequal to the popular book entitled "The Dark o' the Moon."

An adaption of "Eleanor" Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel, will be presented in London at the St. James theatre during May.

McClure, Phillips & Co., announce that they have acquired the rights of "A Gentleman From Indiana," so now they are the publishers of all of Booth Tarkington's works. "Monsieur Beaucaire" has now reached the 75,000 mark. They will publish Mr. Tarkington's new novel as a serial in *McClure's Magazine*. It is a story of Indiana life at the time of the Mexican War.

The Columbia University Press is about to issue a volume containing the lectures recently delivered upon the Dean Lung foundation by Prof. Herbert Allen Giles, of Cambridge University, England.

Rudyard Kipling has finished three more stories for *The Ladies' Home Journal* in his series of Just-So-Stories, which he has been writing for the magazine. The first of the stories is called "The Cat That Walked by Himself," and tells how it came about that dogs have a natural antipathy for cats and why it was decreed that boys should always shy stones at cats.

J. M. ORMOND, - - - - - - MANAGER.

The William Jewell Student is a welcomed visitor to our table, and we take pleasure in making mention of it as a creditable publication. We congratulate William Jewell College on winning in the inter-collegiate oratorical contest. The March number of the magazine has more poetry than anything else, and it is good.

The Emory Phoenix is rather interesting this month. Almost the entire space is given up to the class, and it is known as the "Class Tree Number," Ordinarily the Phoenix is among our best exchanges, and this number is even above it standard.

The North Carolina University Magazine is better this month than usual. We are glad to note the improvement.

The Easter number of the *University of Virginia Magazine* is a treasure. It is better than anything we have had in the way of a college magazine. We should be very glad to mention many of the contributions, but there are so many that must be mentioned if we call attention to any that we shall not criticise in detail. No magazine has been to our table that deserves as great praise as does this Easter number. Such a publication will not only help the editors and contributors, but it helps to raise the standard of college magazines, and will give to other colleges a greater desire to get out a better magazine. We hope the standard set will be maintained.

"The Dramatic Works of Stephen Phillips", in the March number of the *Wofford College Journal*, is a very fine article.

"MOTHER"

Because thou art not with me every hour,
Because I do not feel thy presence' power,
Shall I forget,
Thy tender love for me in childhood days;
Thy guiding hand that kept my feet from ways
With thorns beset?
And shall I wander down life's coming years
And trample under feet thy prayers and tears
Without regret?

Ah, no, the same sweet voice of days gone by,
Is whisp'ring still from out thy home on high,
"My boy, hold fast
The lessons taught thee at thy mother's knee,
And if at times into a troubled sea
Thy soul is cast,
Perhaps some little prayer of childhood days—
A prayer that kept thy feet from sinful ways,
May save at last."

—*Will W. Willian, in The William Jewell Student.*

ISN'T IT STRANGE?

Isn't it strange how little we know
Of the people we meet in this world below?
How we pass them by from day to day,
And with only a nod we go our way,
When there's so much more that we each might say.
Isn't it strange?

Isn't it strange how little we show
What we really feel in this world below?
How we hide, or pass with a merry jest,
The feelings that really are true and best;
How with only a look, or a clasp of the hand,
We leave our friends, as best they can,
To find what we mean and to understand.
Isn't it strange?

—*C. C., Tennessee University Magazine.*

W. A. BIVINS, - - - - - - MANAGER.

The new catalogues are out. They are neatly printed and well edited.

The Park presents the appearance of a bee-hive now. Workmen are seen on every hand. The library building, the new dormitory and the pavillion are all well under way.

The death of Dr. Bassett's father, Richard Baxter Bassett, of Goldsboro, on March 25th, was a source of sincere regret to the college community. The deceased was seventy years old. It will be remembered that he built the Epworth Hall and superintended the construction of the Washington Duke Building.

Mr. E. S. Yarbrough was called home suddenly during the Easter holidays on account of the death of his mother. The death was a great shock to Mr. Yarbrough as he knew nothing about the serious illness of his mother.

Dr. J. B. Hammond, general secretary of the Board of Education, paid the college a visit recently.

A reception was tendered the faculty and students of the college by the faculty and students of the Greensboro Female college on the 28th inst. This is one of the good things that come our way annually, for which we are thankful.

Dr. Few is with us again after a stay of several days at his home in South Carolina. The condition of his eyes is

much improved but he is still unable to assume all of his regular duties.

The Woman's Building is now in the hands of Mrs. C. W. Edwards and Miss Blanche Gunn. Mrs. Gunn, who made many friends during her stay here, has returned to her home in Winston.

Dr. J. I. Hamaker accompanied his geology class on a tour through the region round about Hillsboro on the 17th inst.

Dr. Kilgo went North recently in order to get the names of suitable men to recommend to the Board of Trustees in June, for the four new chairs lately donated to the college by Mr. B. N. Duke.

Dr. Dred Peacock, '97, has tendered his resignation as president of the Greensboro Female College, to take effect in June. Failing health necessitated a change for the doctor. Mrs Lucy Robertson has been named as his successor.

Mr. W. H. Adams, '99, has left Harvard University and is now in the employ of The American Tobacco Co. in New York.

Dr. Kilgo will be absent from his college duties until commencement. He will attend the General Conference at Dallas, Texas, before his return.

The regular meeting of the Science Club was held Saturday evening, April 12. Prof. W. H. Pegram delivered an interesting lecture on "Physical Chemistry and Physiological Phenomena." Prof. Edwards made a very interesting talk on the subject of "Wireless Telegraphy."

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C., MAY, 1902.

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All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

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C. L. HORNADAY, - - - - - - MANAGER.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF CARLYLE AND EMERSON.

BY J. A. BEST.

In the year 1833 Emerson was on a visit to England. He had read some articles by Thomas Carlyle in the magazines and realizing the strength of the man, wanted to see him and talk to him. After much difficulty, he found him living solitary, poor, independent, in "desperate hope" at Craigenputtock. At that time Carlyle was little known and less appreciated. On August 24, 1833, he made entry in his journal as follows: "I am left here the solitariest, stranded, most helpless creature that I have been for many years. . . . . Nobody asks me to work at articles. The thing I want to write is quite other than an

article. . . . . In all times there is a word which spoken to men would thrill their inmost soul. But the way to find that word?" He was in this mood when the unexpected visit of a young man from across the water came to cheer him and urge him to larger endeavors. "I shall never forget the visitor," wrote Mr. Carlyle, "who years ago, in the desert descended upon us, out of the clouds as it were, and made one day there look like enchantment for us, and left me weeping that it was only one day."

At the time of this visit Emerson was also very solitary and by far less known. His name had not been heard by Carlyle. But he too was to become a leader. Two men with views of life and the universe more widely at variance could hardly have been found, but their souls were in sympathy. They were united in their faith in spiritual truth and in their reverence for it. Though different in many respects they knew, as Carlyle said, that beneath it "the rock-strata, miles deep united and their souls were as one." Two days after Emerson's visit Carlyle wrote to his mother "Our third happiness was the arrival of a certain young, unknown friend, named Emerson from Boston, in the United States, who turned aside so far from his British, French, and Italian travels to see me here! We had an introduction from Mill and a Frenchman (Baron d'Eichthal's nephew) whom John knew at Rome. Of course we could do no other than welcome him; the rather as he seemed to be one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked on. He stayed till next day with us, and talked and heard talk to his hearts content, and left us all really sad to part with him. Jane says it is the first journey since Noah's Deluge undertaken to Craigenputtock for such a purpose. In any case we had a cheerful day from it, and ought to be thankful." One week after his visit Emerson wrote the following account to a friend: "I found him one of the most simple and frank of men, and became acquainted with him at

once. We walked over several miles of hills, and talked upon all the great questions that interest us most. The comfort of meeting a man is that he speaks sincerely; that he feels himself to be so rich that he is above the meanness of pretending to knowledge which he has not and Carlyle does not pretend to have solved the great problems, but rather to be an observer of their solution as it goes forward in the world. I asked him at what religious development the concluding passage in his piece in the Edenburgh Review upon German Literature and some passages on piece called 'Characteristics,' pointed. He replied, that he was not competent to state even to himself,—he waited, rather to see. My own feeling was that I had met with men of far less power who had got greater insight into religious truth. He is, as you might guess from his papers, the most Catholic of Philosophers. He forgives and loves everybody, and wishes each to struggle on in his own place and arrive at his own ends. But his respect for eminent men, or rather his scale of eminence, is about the reverse of the popular scale. Scott, Mackintosh, Jeffrey, Gibbon,—even Bacon,—are no heroes to him; stranger yet he hardly admires Socrates, the glory of the Greek world; but Burns and Samuel Johnson, and Mirabeau, he said interested him and I suppose whoever else has given himself with all his heart to a leading instinct, and has not calculated too much. But I can not think of sketching even his opinions, or repeating his conversation here. I will cheerfully do it when you visit me here in America. He talks freely, seems to love the broad Scotch and I loved him very much at once. I am afraid he finds his entire solitude tedious, but I could not help congratulating him upon his treasure in his wife, and I hope he will not leave the moors, 't is so much better for a man of letters to nurse himself in seclusion than to be piled down to the common level by the compliances and imitations of city society."

Several years later in his "English Traits," Emerson again describes his visit.

"From Edinburg I went to the highlands. On my return I came from Glasgow to Dumfries, and being intent on delivering a letter which I had brought from Rome, inquired for Craigenputtock. It was a farm in Nithsdale, in the parish of Dunscore, sixteen miles distant. No public coach passed near it, so I took a private carriage from the inn. I found the house amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. Carlyle was a man from his youth, an author who did not need to hide from his readers, and as absolute a man of the world, unknown and exiled on that hill-farm, as if holding on his own terms what is best in London. He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self possessed and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in in easy command, clinging to his northern accent with evident relish, full of lively anecdotes, and with a streaming humor that floated everything he looked upon. His talk, playfully exaulting the most familiar objects, put the companion at once into an acquaintance with his Lars and Lemurs, and it was very pleasant to learn what was predestined to be a pretty mythology. Few were the objects and lovely the man 'not a person to speak to within sixteen miles except the minister of Dunscore, so the books inevitably made his topics. . . . .

"We talked of books. Plato he does not read, and be disparaged Socrates; and when pressed persisted in making Mirabeau a hero. Gibbon he called the splendid bridge from the old world to the new. His own reading has been multifamous. Tristram Shandy was one of his first books after Robinson Crusoe and Robertson's America, an early favorite. Rousseu's confessions had discovered to him that he was not a dunce, and it was now ten years since he had learned German by the advice of a man who told him he would find in that language what he wanted. . . . .

"We went out to walk over long hills, and looked cuffel, there without his cap, and down into Wordsworth's country. There we sat down and talked of the immortality of the Soul. . . . . He was already turning his eyes toward London with a Scholar's appreciation. London in the heart of the world, he said, wonderful only from the mass of human beings. He like the huge machine, each keeps its own round. The baker's boy brings muffins to the window at a fixed hour every day, and that is all the Londoner knows or wishes to know on the subject. But it turned out good men. He named certain individuals, especially one man of letters, his friend, the best mind he knew, whom London had well served."

This visit was the beginning of a friendship which lasted through their struggles, triumphs and declining years. Nine months after his visit Emerson wrote the first letter of their long continued correspondence. He said: "I remember with joy the favored condition of my lonely philosopher, his happiest wed-lock, his fortunate temper, his steadfast simplicity, his all means of happiness, not that I had the remotest hope that he should so depart from his theories as to expect happiness."

The correspondence at once became brisk, especially in the winter of 1834-5, when Carlyle had settled in London and was writing more than usual and the *transmissions* of these compositions to Emerson who was introducing Carlyle to American readers gave repeated occasions for letters.

Their letters are very frequent for the following fifteen years when they cease for twelve months. They begin again in 1850 and continue at the rate of two or three a year till 1856. After this they are less frequent though the mutual regard of each was as great as ever. After Emerson's trip abroad in 1872 the letters ceased for good. Not because they cared no longer for each other but because they were then old men and did not take delight in such things as they did in former days.

Many of the earlier letters are occupied with the questions of the republication of Carlyle's writings in America. Emerson presented "Sartar Resartas" and others to the American public and was constantly writing to Carlyle in regard to the progress of the enterprise. The publication of these works in America by his friend was a great benefit to Carlyle. His publications in England were paying him nothing, but between the years 1838 and 1847, Emerson sent him $500, the proceeds of the sale of his works in America. Emerson made arrangements for the first publication of the "French Revolution" to be done in America. On learning of these arrangements Carlyle wrote, "It will be a very brave day when cash actually reaches me, no matter what the number of coins, whether seven or seven hundred coins, out of Yankee-land; and strange enough what is not likely, if it be the first cash I realize for that piece of work—Angle-land continues still insolvent to me." In 1844 he wrote, "America, I think, is like an amiable family tea pot; you think it is all out long since, and lo, the valuable implement yields you another cup, and another." In Emerson's letters there is continual assurance that his writings are read with much interest and appreciation in America. His popularity in America was so great that at several times he seems to have been on the point of coming to America to seek his fortune. Emerson urges him in letter after letter to come to Boston. In one letter he says, "Your study arm-chair, fire place, and bed long vacant, auguring expect you." Again he says, "Come and live with me a year, and if you do not like New England well enough to stay one of these years I will come and dwell with you." Mrs. Emerson sent him the following message, "Come and and I will be a sister to you." Emerson went into all the details as to the cost of living in America and prospects of making a living. He went so far as to propose several lecturing tours for him if he would but come and lecture. Carlyle always put him off and as we know never came.

Carlyle admired Emerson's genius very much and was constantly encouraging him, but he also was constantly warning him. In 1837 in writing of the "American Scholar" he said, "My friend! you know not what you have done for me there. It was long decades of years that I had heard nothing but the infinite jangling and jabbering, and inarticulate twittering and screeching, and my soul had sunk down sorrowful and said, there is no articulate speaking there any more, and thou art solitary among stranger creatures; and lo, out of the west comes a clear utterance, clearly recognizable as a man's voice, and I have a kinsman and brother: God be thanked for it! I could have wept to read that speech; the clear, high melody of it went tingling through my heart; I said to my wife, there, woman! . . . . . My brave Emerson! And all this has been lying silent, quite tranquil in him, these seven years, and the vociferous platitude dunning his ears on all sides, and he quietly answering no word; and a whole world of thought has silently built itself in these calm depths, and the day having come, says quite softly, as if it were a common thing, 'Yes, I am here, too.' Miss Martmean tells me, 'Some say it is inspired; some say it is mad.' Exactly so; no say could be suitable." In another letter dated 1842, he warns Emersom of the danger of "soaring away . . . . into perilous attitudes, beyond the curve of perpetual frost . . . . and seeing nothing under one but the everlasting snows of Himmalayah." When Emerson's "Man the Reformer" appeared in England, Carlyle wrote, "I, myself consider it a truly excellent utterance . . . words of that kind are not born into facts in the seventh month; well, if they see the light full-grown in the second century . . . . I have been very much delighted with the clearness, simplicity, quiet, energy and veracity of this discourse." When the "English Traits" appeared he wrote, "Not for seven years and more have I got hold of

such a book;—Book by a real man, with eyes in his head; nobleness, wisdom, humor, and many other things in the heart of him. Such books do not turn up often in the decade, in the century. . . . In fact I believe it to be worth all the books ever written by New England upon old."

In speaking of the American Reformers, Carlyle said, "My Friend, Emerson, alone of all voices out of America has sphere-music in him for me." He had little use for the Reforming class in America and constantly warned Emerson against them. In one letter he says, "Another Channing; whom I once saw here, sends me a 'Progress-of-the-Species' Periodical from New York. Ach Gott! These people and their affairs seem all melting rapidly enough into thaw-slush, or one knows not what. Considerable madness is visible in them. . . . . . I am terribly sick of all that;—and wish it would stay at home at Fruitland, or where there is good pasture for it, ... A bottomless hubbub, which is not all cheering."

Emerson sent many of his reformer friends to Carlyle and he writes back to Emerson about them with humorous irreverence but with consideration for the feelings of his friend. Of Alcott, whom Emerson loved very much he says, "He is a genial, innocent, simple man, of much natural intelligence and goodness, with an air of rusticity veracity and dignity withal, which in many ways appeals to one. The Good Alcott, with his long, lean face and figure, with his gray worn temples and mild radiant eyes; all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age; he comes before one like a venerable Donquixote, whom nobody can even laugh at without loving." In another letter he says, "I consider him entirely unlikely to accomplish anything considerable, except some kind of crabbed semi-perverse though still manful existence of his own; which indeed is no despicable thing." Again he says, "It were as well if you kept rather a strict look out

on Alcott and his English Tail. . . . . . . Bottomless imbeciles ought not to be seen in company with Ralph Waldo Emerson, who has already men listening to him on this side of the water."

Of Margaret Fuller he wrote, "Poor Margaret, that is a strange tragedy that history of hers, and has many traits of the Heroic in it, through it is wild as the prophecy of a Lybil. Such a determination to eat this big universe as her oyster or her egg, and to be absolute empress of all bright and glory in it that her heart could conceive, I have not before seen in any human soul. Her 'mountain' indeed;—but her courage too is high and clear, her chivalrous nobleness indeed is great; her veracity, in its deepest sense, *a toute epreure.*" In speaking of the Dial Carlye writes, "I love your Dial, and yet it is with a kind of shudder. You seem to be in danger of dividing yourselves from the face of this present universe, in which alone, ugly as it is, can I find any anchorage."

Carlyle edited and published Emerson's works in England and through his influence Emerson had many readers in that country.

Though men of very different natures the one a pessimist the other an optimist they understood each other, encouraged one another and worked for one another. The touching of these two great souls had great influence the one on the other. They wrote to one another as brother to brother and in this friendship Carlyle shows us that there was some tenderness in his apparently hard heart.

A REFLECTION.

Are some men born to misfortune
And others to pleasure and ease?
Are some lives smooth as still water
And others as rough as the seas?

Do some fall heirs to great riches
While others go hungry for food?
Are some stars heralds of evil
And other stars heralds of good?

Are some men destined to honor
To power and social esteem,
While others forever are humbled
And great in naught but a dream?

No, somewhere in every life's pathway
'Mid the wastes of thorn and of stone,
Is found the chance of true greatness,
Of greatness peculiar, its own.

Our stars now seem evil-omened
And sunken from glory away,
But each star has its aphelion
Just as those that have it to-day.

THE TREATMENT OF ANIMALS IN LITERATURE.

BY LILA MARKHAM.

In recent years widespread interest in animal stories has been manifested by the reading public. From the banks of the Ganges to the publishing houses of America the interest has been unbroken. Kipling has given us of the wisdom of Baloo, the great Teacher of the Law to the Seconee wolf-cubs in the jungles of India, while in the New World, Seton-Thompson has given us the well-told tale of Lobo, the King of Currumpaw whose war-cry is heard on the plains of New Mexico. Man is pre-eminently a tale-telling animal and nothing travels so fast as a good story. How far-reaching has been the interest in the life of the Jungle Folk who call Mowgli, the "man-cub," "Little Brother"! What an example of love and constancy is the story of Lobo and Blanca, and how many listen to the story of Molly Cottontail's devotion to her reckless little Raggylug!

Our first thought is, whence comes this interest in animal stories? Is it a mere passing fancy, or are there reasons why this interest will endure? From the time of the mythical Æsop to Mr. Seton-Thompson in our own day, men have loved the stories of animals. These stories are found everywhere, and among all races of all degrees of civilization. The white man has carried his Æsop to the ends of the earth and by reason of the slave trade has brought the ends of the earth to his door. Surely this awakened interest is no passing whim of the reading public. There is every reason to believe that however many books of this kind may fail individually, the interest in this sort of stories will be permanent. The reason for tnis permanence is as old as the human race. Man will always be interested in the simple elemental qualities of human nature, and so long as this remains true, he will be interested in animals. One reason and the secret of it all is—we and the animals are kin. There is a similarity of elemental qualities. They possess in common with us

love, hate, joy, fear, fidelity, cunning and more besides. They, too, must struggle before the pain of hunger, cold, and death. Are not Vixen and Molly Cottontail, the exemplification of mother-love, Lobo, of Dignity and Love-constancy? Things must be eternally true to be permanent and the writer who would have the world for his audience must write of the universal—of what is essentially and eternally true. The permanence of animal stories as pieces of literature rests on the same truth—that they reach into the domain of the universal. It is the human interest that makes permanent every great work of art, whether it be painting, scupture, music, or literature. Who but a naturalist cares for a technical and vague general treatment of animal life? To quote Mr. Seton-Thompson: "What satisfaction would be derived from a ten-page sketch of the habits and customs of Man?" The life of some one great man is more profitable. Lovers of natural history will revere a great naturalist but he can never appeal to the world of ordinary folk, unless like Mr. Seton-Thompson, he have the added poetic nature that can give the human interest. Mr. Seton-Thompson is a naturalist and might have given us his animals in the technical language of scientific research but he could have used no better method of making us feel their human significance than by appealing to our imagination and human instinct. It is, then, the fact of kinship in the elementary qualities of nature that makes animal stories endure.

This interest has been manifested not alone in recent years. To realize the whole significance of animal stories we must search through past literature.

The first use of the animal story in antiquity was in the Fables of Æsop, and they have had no small influence on the mental and moral life of ancient, mediaeval, and modern Europe. "So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample than by rule," Spenser wrote to Sir Walter Raleigh, and this might well be taken as a key to Æsop's Fables for they are all moral and didactic. In the Fable of

the Fox and the Crane we learn the harm that comes from putting our trust in flatterers. In all Æsop's Fables the animal characteristics are secondary. The "Dog in the Manger" and many more set forth the human characteristics notably. All have a moral appended but in all literature animal stories have been used to set forth moral truth. Of this there is no greater instance than the Biblical parable of the lost sheep. By taking a typical fable, the success of Æsop's Fables may be seen. Everyone knows the story of the Lion and the Mouse, how the little mouse craved the lion's pardon for waking him, pleading that perhaps later he would repay him, how the lion "tickled at the idea of anything so small and helpless being able to help him, let the mouse go,"—how not long after the little mouse gnawed the rope the hunters had tied to the lion, and set his benefactor free. The fable teaches, according to the Greek original, that in the hour of adversity the mightiest are inferior to the weak. We forget that these are animals—they are to us human beings and some of the lessons they teach us are these—that the least may be greatest, that seemingly insignificant things may be of great service, that "bread cast upon the waters will return after many days." One does not wonder that Æsop's Fables have exerted such a wide influence.

In the Middle Ages we have this method still continued but more particularly with a religious significance. There is a quaint "Old English Bestiary" which dates to the middle of the thirteenth century and is translated from the Latin Physiologus of Theobaldus. Its curious moralizations show the religious use of the animal story. It says: "Our Creator created loathsome things for man's instruction." The account of the fox is typical. The fox is a cunning animal as his name shows. He often seizes

> "Te coc and te capon
> And te gandre and te gos
> Bi the neck and bi the nos"

and carries them to his hole. All the cruelty and cunning of the fox is set forth but the quaint "Significacio" runs thus: In the fox we see two qualities—prudence and wisdom—the same we see in the devil, who appears as if he would not harm us.

> Wo so seieth other god,
> And thenketh ievel on his mod
> Fox he is and fend iwis."

Then the purely religious analogy runs thus:

> "So was Herodes fox and flerd
> The Crist kam into his middle-erd,
> He seieth he wulde him leven on,
> And thoght he wulde him fordon."

Again the constant turtle-dove is held up as an example to the Christian who should take Christ for his mate and never forsake him.

Scraps from the Bestiary are met frequently in Old English authors and it is especially interesting to know that Chaucer quotes in his "Nonnes Preestes Tale" the line "murie ge singeth this mere" when he writes:

> "Chaunticlere so fre
> Song merier than the mermayde in the see
> For Physiologus seith wel and sikerly
> How that they singen wel and merily."

The most interesting fact about mediaeval animal stories is the fact that they gave rise to the Reynard Epic, one of the most remarkable productions in all animal literature. A folk origin is supposed for this Reynard cycle which represents animals acting with all the duplicity of man. The animals do retain their distinctive characteristics. Reynard is sly and the bear is slow and the donkey is stupid but they all have the manners of men. The type is individualized. The animals are no longer spoken of as Lion, Wolf, and Fox. They are Noble, Isengrim, and Reynard. These mediaeval stories were told for amusement and adventures were assigned to the animals for the purpose of raising a laugh. Later they came to have a meaning and often a bitter meaning. It was thus

that the Beast Epic became a satire. The Reynard Cycle reflects in a very delightful way mediaeval conditions. "The hypocrisy of the Monk, the greed of the Noble, the craft of the Lawyer, the conquest of the world by cunning wickedness"—are its themes. The story of Reynard attracted our forefathers because it sets forth elemental human qualities in a simple way. To children and men of child-like minds animals are far more interesting than men. Reynard is the powerful fendal lord who makes life a bare struggle for existence for others by his cunning. But the "adventurous, shifty, eponymous hero," Reynard, interests us more than the allegory does. He molds circumstances to suit his ends. Against him are Isengrim, Bruin, and Noble and in this unequal fight we are glad to see Reynard victorious. What a hermit he makes with his beads and books and his hair shirt next to his skin, saying "in humble wise" to Chanticler his "credo!" But Reynard is the human head of the family when he takes leave at Dame Ermelin, his wife, on setting out to the court to answer the charges against him. He tells her to cherish the children, mentioning especially Reynardine the youngest, and Russel "for he loves them entirely." One is not surprised that at his leave-taking Ermelin wept and the children howled for their lord and victualler was gone. But "the ill that was bred his bones still stuck to his flesh" for he can "lie well and with a grace" and half-reverently say his pater noster while his mind is on the feathery kind. However we are glad that at last he returns home and is welcomed with tenderness and lives "thenceforth with his wife and children in great joy and content." The moral runs briefly thus: If any man look seriously into this book of jest and sport, he may "haply find much moral matter and wisdom worthy his consideration. And if any man take distaste or offence, let him not blame me but the fox for it is only his language." This reminds us of Chaucer's quaint saying: "Thise be the cokkes wordes and not myn."

More interesting to us than the mediaeval cycle are Chaucer's delightful animal stories. "The Parlement of Foules" and "The Nonnes Preestes Tale."

In "The Parlement of Foules," the goddess Nature is presiding over the Parliament of Birds for it is "on St. Valentyne's Day whan every bryd cometh ther to chese his make" and

> "Every foul takes his owene place
> As they were wont from yer to yeere."

The "ryal egle" whose "lok perseth the sonne" has the place of honor and after him the other birds are placed according to their degree. They are the lords of creation waiting their turn to get a mate. The goddess holds the "formel egle" on her hand, and in her opening address, grants the first choice to the "tercel egle, the foul ryal above you in degre the wyse, worthi, secre, trewe as stel."

This eagle quick to see the value of the female eagle "spak and tariede noght" but chose her unto his sovereyn ladye "with wille and herte and thoght." But his wooing doesn't go so smoothly for another eagle "spak anon and seyde: 'That shal not be:

> "I love hir bet than ye dou, by Seynt Jon!"
> He solemnly plights his faith and is willing 'to
> Hongen by the hals if 'ever she fynde me fals."'

The affair grows more interesting for another eagle must speak out "or else for sorwe deye" and if he ever prove false, he is willing to be "al torent" by the birds.

When the faire ladye "herde al this" she "neyther answerde 'wel' ne seyde amys so sore abasshed was she" till Nature said "Doghter, dred you noght, I you assure."

> In all my life "syn that day I was born
> So gentil ple in love or other thyng
> We herde never no man me before."

The other fowls got impatient at the eagles' delay and cried out "whan shal this cursed pletyng have an ende?" They clamor for their mates but Nature calls 'Hold your tunges ther" for she will find a way out. The fowls help her find

a plan. The water-fowls "han here hedes leid togidere" and they get the goose to tell their tale and "lo! her the parfit reasoun of a gos"—

> I seye in rede hym, though he were my brother,
> But she wol love hym lat hym love another."

Laughter arose for all cannot agree with the "parfit resoun of a goos" and the matter is referred to the "wedded-turtle with her herte trewe." Her advice is, "God forbyd a lover sholde chaunge" but the duck disagrees with her for he says, "There been mo sterres, God wot, than a peyre." At last Nature refers it to the formel herself but puts in some words of approval of the ryal tercel. The formel "axeth respit for to avise her" for a year so Nature comforts the suitors with "a yer nis nat so longe to endure." They are real gallants seeing for a lady's hand and all go off singing a roundel which "y-maked was in France." "Now welcome, somer with thy sonne softe"—and of this "ye gete namoore of me!"

Chaucer is at his best in the "Nonnes Preestes Tale of the Cok and the Hen—Chaunticleer and Pertelote." This is the tale about the "wydwe, somdel stape in age" who had in her "yerde, enclosed al aboute" a "cok heet Chanticleer." He is lord and master of seven hens, and Chaucer's description of him lacks not a detail.

> "In al the land of crowyng nas his peer
> His voys was murier than the murie organ
> On messedayes that in the chirche gon, ...
> His comb was redder than the fyn coral
> And batailled as it were a castel wal,
> His byle was blak and as the Jeet it shoon,
> Lyk asure were his legges and his toon." . . . . .

His fairest hen was "cleped faire damoysele Pretelote" who had "the herte in hoold of Chaunticler."

What a human touch Chaucer gives this couple when they sing in sweet accord "my lief is faren in londe." A sympathetic wife is Pertelote who, on hearing Chaunticleer "gronen in hir throte" says "Herte deere! what eyleth you to grone in this manere?" and close on it follows her reproof, "Ye been a verray sleeper; fy, for shame!"

And Pertelote's ideal for a husband could satisfy the most aspiring maiden of our day! She at least understands the way of a maid with a man. When Chaunticleer tells her of the fear the dream has caused him, she takes occasion to tell him her ideal.

> "Allas!" quod she, "for by that God above!
> Now have ye lost myne herte and al my love
> I kan not love a coward, by my feith!
> For certes, whatso any womman seith
> We alle desiren, if it myghte be
> To han husbands, hardy, wyse and free,
> And secree, and no nygard ne no fool
> Ne hym that is agast of every tool
> Ne noon avauntour. . . . . .
> How dorste ye seyn, for shame, unto your love
> That anything myghte make you aferd?
> Have ye no mannes herte and han a berd?"

Chaunticleer does have "a mannes herte"—they are men and women at heart. Chaunticleer is a learned man who quotes Macrobeus and the Old Testament of Daniel. But "men were gay deceivers ever" and Chaunticleer flatters his Pertelote "on the beautee of hir face" and then turns his "Latyn" to advantage by translating "In principio Mulier ist hominis confusio"—"Woman is mannes joye and al his blis." Chaunticleer screws his courage to the sticking point and walks out in the garden all unmindful that "a colfox ful of sly iniquitee" is in the bushes but he comes to grief, and the tale is indeed "of a cok that took his conseil of his wyf with sorwe."

> What shy hits Chaucer does give the women!
> "Wommanes conseils been ful ofte colde,
> Wommanes conseil broghte us first to wo,
> And made Adam fro Paradys to go.
> Ther as he was ful myrie and wel at ese."

But shy Chaucer again says, "Thise be the cokkes words and not myn!"

Reynard keeps us his reputation for shyness for he begins by flattering the voice of Chaunticleer for he says it is as merry "as any angel hath that is in hevene." Then he

persuades him to emulate his father's example and shut his eyes "for to make his voys more strong." And Chaunticleer "ravysshed with the flaterie" could not "the traysoun espie." Then Chaucer gets his moral against flattery, "Beth war, ye lordes, of hir trecherye."

When Chaunticleer is caught, the lamentation of Pertelote and her ladies is greater than that of the Trojan women when Troy fell.

> "They shrikked and they howped
> It seemed as that hevene sholde falle."

But Chaunticleer wisely devises a way to get the fox to speak and he breaks "from his mouth delyverly." Chaucer appends a quaint moral

> "But ye that holde this tale of foyle
> As of a fox, or of a cok and hen
> Taketh the moralitee, good men."

And he has showed us the mischance "for to be reccheless and negligent, and truste on flaterye."

Dryden has transliterated this tale of the Cock and the Fox, but no transliteration can equal the quaint style and fine humor of Chaucer who is a "fountain of good sense."

The secret of Chaucer's power is that he has humanized his animals. Such literature can but teach us that in whatever phase animal life is presented, the deepest interest is always the same if the story is to be permanent.

It is impossible to review all animal literature in so small a compass. It is well however, to mention John Gay, the fabulist of the eighteenth century, and La Fontaine the great modern French fabulist.

Of the modern animal stories told purely for amusement the stories of Uncle Remus are the most interesting. We listen to him for the sake of the good fun in his stories. He is really close kin to the animals—the are indeed Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit to him. To quote Aunt Tempy "we are as bad az chillun 'bout dem ole tales" and "kin des set up yer un lissen at um de whole blessid night." Uncle Remus is

always drawing some moral for Miss Sally's "little boy." A notable one runs thus: Folks kin walk biggity, en dey kin talk biggity, en mo'n dat dey kin feel biggity but yit all de same deyer gwine ter git kotch up wid." . . . "en de mo bigger w'at dey is de wusser dey git snatched."

In Uncle Remus's stories there are fragments of many of the mediaeval stories. The way Brer Rabbit persuades Brer Fox to fold his hands and say grace, in this way securing his escape, reminds us of Chaunticleer in the "Nonnes Preestes Tale" but if the stories do occur so often—"Hoe cake ain't cook done good twel hit's turnt over a couple er times."

"Rab and His Friends" must be noticed hurriedly. Rab is a fine conception of dog nature and though he did his duty according to human standards, he lived and died a dog. He is a simple, noble beast but how near his life touches that of human beings! But when his teeth and his friends are gone there is no longer any need for him to be civil.

In the place of such stories what have we in present literature? We must turn to Mr. Kipling and Mr. Seton-Thompson to find out.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling stands easily foremost among writers of animal stories in our time. To many he is of more especial interest because he reflects so much of broad outlook on life and the clear good sense of Geoffrey Chaucer. To illustrate Mr. Kipling's power in this line, it is sufficient to notice "The Walking Delegate" and the "Jungle Books." It is well to compare Kipling's Walking Delegate" with Chaucer's "Nonnes Preestes Tale." "Both stories are satires, keen and accurate, but devoid of all bitterness." Chaucer and Kipling wrote of animals in the same way. Though "Chaunticleer is a barnyard king to the tips of his toes and Kipling's horses are perfect to the switching of their tails," they do not stop here, they are humanized. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the black buggy horse, is a "philosopher with the appetite of a shark and the manners of an archbishop." Deacon has "most enchanting manners" and it is

easy to believe it when he says, "The baby tried to git some of my tail for a sooveneer last fall when I was up to the haouse an' I didn't kick." Tedda is a woman whose "maouth more than her manners stands in her light" but she can say the right thing at the right time. Once when she makes a decided but veiled cut at the yellow horse and he attributes it to himself her words come quick as thought, "Ef the shoe fits, clinch it." But a "horse can't walk on hind legs all the time" and these are as well examples of "high-toned, pure-souled horsehood." There is much more of interest in the horses and though we'd "ruther not change pasture" you "can't always have your 'druthers" and we must look at Kipling's Jungle Folk.

The Jungle Law is of interest because of its human analogy. "Now these are the Laws of the Jungle and many and mighty are they.

But the head and hoof of the Law and the baunch and the hump is—Obey!"

The Jungle Folk are all humanized animals. How close to them does Mowgli feel! "I was born in the Jungle, I have obeyed the Jungle Law; and there is no wolf of ours from whose paws I have not pulled a thorn. Surely they are my brothers!" "They are very like me;" he says again, and he is "all but their brother in blood." Baloo, the big, serious old brown bear teaches the law of the Jungle to Mowgli and is delighted to find him so quick a pupil. Bagheera, the Black Panther, would come lounging through the jungle to see how his pet, "the man-cub" was getting on, and would listen to Mowgli as he recited his lesson to Baloo. Baloo struck Mowgli when he couldn't learn fast enough but when Bagheera resents it, Baloo says he's teaching him the Master Words of the Jungle and these, he thinks are worth a beating—"We be of one blood, ye and I." They do prove of inestimable value when the whole tribe of Bandar-log, the Monkey Folk who have no law—have carried away Mowgli, for his only way of letting Baloo and Bagheera know his

whereabouts is to give the Kite call for "We be of one blood, thou and I"—"Mark my trail!" and Raun, the kite, does it. How miserable Bagheera and Baloo are when they find the "man-cub" stolen! How Baloo regrets the beating he gave him! He fears, he may have knocked the lesson out of him and he may be alone in the Jungle without the Master Words. They use the Master Words to get Kaa, the serpent, to bring Mowgli back again. Again, when Mowgli returns from the "man-pack" they call him "little brother" and Bagheera tells him how lonely it has been without him.

These animals are human. Is not Father Wolf, resenting the entrance of Shere Khan the tiger, a human head of the family who considers man's home as his own? The law of the Jungle provides like the best human laws for every kind of accident until it is an almost perfect code. Mowgli saw best in the long drought how well the Jungle Law worked. According to the law no one could kill at the drinking places and here came Mowgli nightly for the cool and the companionship.

But the animals cannot look the "man-cub" steadily in the eyes and in this fact lies another reason that the "Jungle Books have attracted men—although the Master Words of Jungle, "We be of one blood, ye and I" holds good, there is underlying it all the idea of man's superiority over animals by reason of his intellect. Does not Bagheera the wise Black Panther say: "We of the Jungle know that Man is wisest of all"? And again does not Gray Brother admit, "Thou art leader, little Brother"? At first, when Father Wolf gets Mowgli for his own, Shere Khan, the tiger became very angry because he didn't get him but Bagheera tells him in a note of prophecy that the "time comes when this naked thing will make thee roar to another tune." "How fear came" tells of man's recognized superiority. Bagheera tells Mowgli the way fear came through "the hairless one who walked upon his hind legs." Fear taught the Jungle Folk that the Hairless One could strike from afar. Mowgli is in-

deed, as Bagheera says, at last—the "Master of the Jungle" and when Mowgli leaves the Jungle it is "no longer the man-cub who asks leave of his Pack but the Master of the Jungle that changes his trail." "Who shall question man in his ways?" This superiority is shown by Mr. Seton-Thompson too.

In meeting Mr. Seton-Thompson's animals we are meeting brothers and rivals. If they were less human, they would be less popular. It doesn't interest us especially to know that wolves go near every carcass they get wind of. Such facts we do not remember long. Vague geneal treatment would be of interest to the naturalist only. Mr. Seton-Thompson is a naturalist but as he tells us he writes of his animals not technically but of the individual and his view of life.

He says "Man has nothing that the animals have not at least a vestige of" and he hopes that each mind will find in his stories a moral to his taste but above all "find herein emphasized a moral as old as the Scripture—we and the animals are kin." And we listen when Mr. Seton-Thompson strikes the human note. Look for a moment at Lobo, the gigantic king of the wolves on the plains of New Mexico, who for years scorned all huuters and derided all poisons, and baffled all schemes. "The Angel of the Wild Things must have been with him." When Blanca, the she-wolf, Lobo's mate falls into the trap she has but to raise her voice in the rallying cry of her race and across the plains in response comes the cry of Lobo. But the hunters lasso her and carry her dead body home before he can reach her. All day Lobo wailed a long plaintive wail: "Blanca! Blanca!" he seemed to call. All who know this great king will recall how he followed the trail to the ranch-house, and as if in revenge tore to bits the little watch-dog. They will remember too how Blanca's body was used for a drag and how it succeeded—how Lobo was caught in the four steel traps—how he bit the lasso with one fierce chop—how at last he submitted to the inevitable

calmy and fearlessly. Who knows but that he died of a broken heart for when morning dawned he lay there in a position of calm repose—his body unwounded, his spirit gone. The old King Wolf was dead—dead at the last because of his devotion to Blanca, conquered only by love.

Mr. Seton-Thompson says he hasn't humanized "Molly Cottontail and Raggylug" but has only translated the story "from rabbit into English." But is it not the cry of a child when Raggylug gets into trouble with the rattlesnake and wails "Mammy! Mam—my!" and there comes Molly Cottontail bounding to his rescue? She is no longer a helpless little Molly Cottontail but a mother with love which dares all for her child. It is very interesting to follow in detail Rag's education—how he learned the secret of the Brier-rose, of the running water and many more that make up a rabbit's learning. Then at last what a good fight Molly makes when the Springfield fox drives her to her death! "Poor little Molly Cottontail! She was a true heroine—one of unnumbered millions that without a thought of heroism have lived and done their best in their little world and died. She was good stuff—the stuff that never dies. For flesh of her flesh and brain of her brain was Rag. She lives in him and through him transmits a finer fibre to her race."

But one more example of mother-love—the heart broken Vixen who comes to watch by the side of her dead baby foxes. How she stretched beside them and yearned to feed and warm them as of old but "only stiff little bodies under their soft wool she found and little cold noses still and unresponsive." At last when she had to choose for her last child a wretched prisoner's life or death, she quenched the mother love in her heart and freed him by the one remaing door.

Seton-Thompson, too, recognizes man's superiority. One night the Springfield fox took her cubs to a field where a strange black flat thing lay on the ground. "She brought them on purpose to smell; but at the first whiff their every

hair stood on the end; they trembled they knew not why. . . . And when she saw its full effect she told them 'That is the man scent.' " This is a parallel to the "man-cub" who leaves the Jungle as Master.

What has this review of literature meant? To those who complain of the tragedy of Lobo Mr. Seton-Thompson replies: "In what frame of mind are my hearers left in regard to the animal? Are their sympateies quickened toward the man who killed him or toward the noble creature who, superior to every trial, died as he had lived dignified, fearless, and steadfast?" It was that our sympathy for the living Wild Things might be quickened that Mr. Seton-Thompson wrote his stories and he could have used no better method. Have not these Living Wild Things brought us the thought of the animal our brother, with a common capacity of joy, love and hate, but has not the greater thought been man's precedence by reason of his intellect? Is that not "How Fear Came" and the secret of the man-scent? They should have taught us, too, humility and compassion. They will not have been in vain if they have taught to one man that the Master Words of the Jungle are the Master Words of all mankind: "We be of one blood, ye and I."

A NIGHT AT THE OLD FORT.

On the southeastern coast of North Carolina, not far from where Core sound joins the Atlantic ocean, old Fort Macon is situated.

It was built during the war of 1812, but since the Civil War has been abandoned by the government and is now fast falling into decay. For awhile Uncle Sam kept a sergeant there to keep the break-water repaired, so that the strong current sweeping around the beach would not wash the narrow channel of the harbor full of sand, but now even the sergeant has been removed and the old Fort is forsaken by all except the sea birds. Sometimes parties of picnickers go over and spend the day there fishing, bathing and love making, but when the shadows of night have fallen, they hoist sail and start homewards.

There is a strange tale told of this place by the fishermen. They believe it to be the abode of ghosts, and that is what first drew my attention to it. The story on which the ghost story is founded, as near as I can get from various sources, runs thus,—

Soon after the Fort was built, Colonel Blank was made commander. He was very popular with the soldiers and a very kind hearted man to all.

On a dark, stormy night in October, 18—, a ship was washed ashore about two miles up the beach from the Fort. The soldiers did all they could to help those that clung to spars and came through the breakers. Among the latter was a huge negro man and a little white child. When the spar to which the negro was lashed, had been dragged ashore and the rescuers were trying to restore him to life, they found a tiny baby girl clasped in his strong arms, and clasped so tightly that it took two men to wrench them apart. In a few hours both the negro and his little charge were restored to consciousness. It is with these two that our story has to deal, as it happened, out of the dozen or so dragged ashore

these alone survived. The others were either dead when they were reached or died during the night.

The commandant ordered the child to be taken to his quarters, but when the corporal communicated the message to the negro as best he could by signs (for the negro spoke only French), he refused to let the child be taken away from him, but finally gave her up on condition that he be allowed to remain at the Fort near her.

From now on for fifteen years, Helen, the baby, was the child of the Fort. No soldier was so rough but he had a merry word for her, and even should one be inclined to be rude, the huge body guard in the person of Sam was enough to insure protection, for Sam had always remained near Helen, and had come to worship her, to look upon her as something sacred. When he had been asked to tell what he knew of the child, after he had learned to speak a little English, it was found that his knowledge of her was very limited. He only knew that the father and mother had boarded the ship just before it sailed from Colais and were on their way to America. During the voyage the young mother had shown him several kindnesses and actually allowed him to toss in his strong arms the little Helen. This had won the affections of the big hearted fellow, and so when the ship was wrecked and going to pieces he seized the child from the arms of the frantic mother, lashed himself to a spar, and trusted to fate to save them both.

Colonel Blank tried for a long time to discover some clue to the child's identity, but never succeeded, so he gave her his own name and adopted her as his daughter. Sam became chief cook for the garrison and in a few years forgot all about his native home.

Thus they lived happily until just before the outbreak of the Civil War.

One bright, moonlight night in the year 1858, Sam overheard a new recruit speaking insultingly of his mistress. Jack Beverlay, the young lieutenant, who was Helen's ac-

knowledged lover, sprang up and rushed toward the man, but before he reached him, a dark form, with flashing, indignant eyes, with the swiftness of a panther, was there ahead of him. The cowardly soldier made a grab for his pistol and then sank struggling to the ground, his throat clutched in a grip of steel and his eyes bulging from their sockets. The men rushed forward to separate them, but the negro's strength was so great that they saw the man would be dead before they could tear him loose. However, the soldier had managed to draw his gun, and as he was borne to the ground and the men all thought it was up with him, the sharp crack of the revolver was heard. Sam's clutch relaxed and he fell over senseless. The ball had merely grazed the skull. The surgeon dressed the wound and announced it to be a mere scratch and that Sam would come to all right in a little while. The soldier was glad to sneak away in the night.

In about an hour Sam opened his eyes and looked around. Corporal Jenks, who was near him at the time, noticed a wild insane look in the negro's eyes, and moved back a little. Presently Sam jumped to his feet and rushed thro' the open door of the hospital, where they had carried him, down towards the shore. "Poor fellow," muttered the surgeon, "that ball has knocked him as crazy as a loon." Then he called to several of the soldiers nearby and set out in pursuit. When they reached the stone break-water, which was about two hundred yards from the hospital, they saw Sam running down the beach like a deer and a quarter of a mile ahead of them, and then, O, God! what a sight!

Colonel Blank and Helen had been taking a moonlight stroll up the beach. They were returning, walking slowly toward the foot, when they saw Sam rushing madly towards them. "Something has happened," said the Colonel, but Helen shivered. People say there are such things as presentiments, perhaps it is true, if so, Helen had one. She clung to the Colonel's arm in a half uncertain terror, for her old servant was nearly upon them and had not slackened his

his speed in the least. They stepped aside to let him pass, when suddenly he rushed toward Helen, seized her in his arms, and plunged into the sea. The Colonel gave one cry for help and sprang in after them, but too late. When the men finally dragged the three ashore, the Colonel was half drowned and the other two. Some of the same men that fifteen years before had restored the two to life, now tried to do so again, but in vain.

A deep gloom settled down over the Fort, the soldiers spoke in low tones of the awful tragedy. The surgeon gave his theory, of course. Sam, when he came to consciousness, was an insane man, some wild impulse caused him to rush off. Coming upon Helen, a new impulse came to him—ah, but none of us can tell what occurred in that shattered brain that caused him to seize his idol and to take her with him to a watery grave.

Years have passed since then, but now and then a fisherman will declare that during a bright moonlight night he has seen the tragedy repeated, but of course, not by human agents. Superstition has rendered sacred the old place and no one of those come under the shadow or in sight of the old fortress will entertain for a moment the idea of spending the night there.

Of course, I was interested in the story, but laughed at the idea of the ghosts. By a considerable bribe I secured the service of Palmer Davis, an old negro boatman, for I had conceived the plan of spending the night in the ruins, and I wished him to carry me over in his boat and to remain there for me until morning. I acknowledge that the idea of spending a long summer night at that lonely place, altho' fascinatinating, was still accompanied with a peculiar feeling. However, I determined to carry out my original purpose.

It was just such a night as that of the tragedy when I told a number of laughing friends good bye, and set sail for the Fort. Palmer made it interesting to me all the way over by telling a number of ghost stories, and so by the time we ran

our bow up on the shore I was not the only one feeling nervous. Palmer had wrought himself into a superstitious terror, and declared that nothing on earth would keep him there five minutes. Well, I was in a predicament, but rather than back down at the last moment, I slipped a forty-eight calibre Smith & Wesson in my pocket and decided to remain alone. As I saw his sail fade away in the moonlight, I turned towards the silent Fort with a shudder. Drawing my gun I walked slowly and cautiously up to the Fort. The great doors to the inner court stood open and I went straight thro' them, mounted the stairsteps up to the parapet and then stood motionless looking around with admiration. The sight was magnificent. The great ocean thundered in the distance, the phosphorescent waves breaking upon the sands, gave a weird look to the night, and the cool, dark interior of the Fort offered, at least in my imagination, a very fine hiding place for spirits of the other world.

How long I stood there I cannot tell. Suddenly I saw a boat draw up to the beach. I crouched down so that I would not be observed, and watched. The boat had grounded on the inside of the break-water where the waves did not run very high, and so had no trouble in landing. Two men jumped out and pulled the bow far up on the sands, carried an anchor up on the beach for fifteen or twenty feet and embedded it in the sand; then got back in the boat. For a few minutes I conld not tell what they were doing. My fears of ghost had vanished by this time and my curiosity was thoroughly aroused. Presently the men again got out, this time they carried something between them which I judged to be a box. They came towards the Fort every now and then putting down their burden and stopping to rest. In about fifteen minutes they had entered the doors of the Fort and then I got a good view of them. One was a negro and the others I judged to be white. The box was just a common sand box as used in sharpies for ballast. It had hinges on it and was fitted up for a purpose as I found out later. The men

brought the box to a place directly under me, and then setting it down, began to remove some of the brick from the wall of the Fort. I remained perfectly quiet and listened.

Hardly had the men begun their work, when I saw three or four dark figures sneaking out from one of the recesses of the Fort toward the men. Things are getting complicated, I thought, "and it won't go very easy with you if you are discovered," I said to myself. The dark figures came up as closely as they could without being observed and then made a rush. No weapons were used, but the fight was fierce, it took some time before the new arrivals could put the first two out of the way, but they finally succeeded in downing and binding one of the men, the other made a rush for the doors and escaped. The victors then proceeded to open the box which contained a goodly size pile of coins and an assortment of jewelry.

"Saved us the trouble of doing the risky work," said one of the men. From this and other remarks I learned that the first two had robbed a large hotel in a town a few miles distant. The others having found out the scheme somehow, and knowing where they intended hiding their booty, had come over to the Fort, secreted themselved and waited. The rest of the scene I have described.

An unlucky accident befell just then, in my excitement I had crept closer to the edge and suddenly the earth and rotten wall gave away beneath me and down I fell right in their very midst. Happily I fell on soft ground and was not injured except for being jarred up pretty badly. My revolver went off when I fell but did no damage. I had hardly struck the ground when they were upon me, I sprang to me feet and put up the best fight I knew how but the odds were too great and in a few minutes I was borne to the ground and they added another to their list of captives.

I experienced no pleasant sensation as I lay there bound and sweating for they were desperate men. One proposed to take their booty, get in their boat which was hidden in the

marshes and light out, leaving us there as we were, but the leader of the party was not so mercifully disposed. When I heard his plan a cold chill crept over me and I thought of praying. "We will drop them in the cistern" he said "and no one will ever think of looking for them there, the fellow that got away is too much of a coward to blow on us." Now the cistern was a tremendous one, running all the way under the stone floor of the inner court, and the idea of being dropped into and to drown in that shimy water was no pleasant one. They took us up and started toward one of the holes opening into the cistern, lifted the iron lid and I heard a splash as my unlucky fellow prisoner struck the water. Then they lifted me up, but there I lost consciousness.

As I learned later, just as the men were about to send me the same route they had the other man they heard a yell and turning, saw a number of men rushing through the doors toward them. They dropped me and fled but were soon overpowered and captured.

My friends on seeing that I had determined to go to the Fort, had decided to follow me up and see how I took care of the ghosts. Just as they reached the Fort beach they heard my shout and hastening to the Fort, reached there just in the nick of time.

The prisoners as soon as they were captured told what they had done and the man was rescued from the cistern before it was too late. As I sailed back to town with my friends I had to acknowledge that I would rather deal with ghosts than with desperate living men. I venture to say that it will be my last trip to the Fort for sometime to come.

GWYIN' DOWN DE ROAD.

I'se got me a honey darlint,
She's yaller, plump, an' roun',
Sweetern' eny jug o' lasses
Dat's ever been in town.
Sat'day nights I goes to see her,
But dis yer mout 'a' knowed,
Fer she's my little darlint,
And lives just down the road.

Times is gittin' pow'ful hard-like,
An' dey 'bout got to de pass
Whar yer hatter take yer puddin'
'Dout monkeyin' wid de sass.
All de folks has got to chargin'
So, fer everything you buy,
An' dey don't jes' stop at chargin',
But dey charge it awful high.
But what cyah I fer dese things,
'Bout whar de coffee growed,
When I gwyin' to see my darlint
Dat lives jes' down de road?

Sometimes hit's pow'ful pesterin'
To git both een's to meet,
'Dout a single dust o' flour
An' nerry slice o' meat;
But I don't cyah fer pesterin',
Nor nuthin' else dat's knowed,
When I starts to see my darlint
Dat lives jes' down de road.

Sometimes de boss he cusses,
Make like he want to fight,
An' I don't da'st to sass him,
But jes' holds on till night;

Den slips de bosses bottle
An' takes me on â load,
Puts on my meetin' britches
An' den goes down de road.

Sometimes I steals old Calup,
De bosses old black mule,
An' he's a sharp old devul
An' yit a pow'ful fool;
But when I slides acrost him
An' larms him wid a boa'd,
He p'ints his old years fo'rd
An' jes' goes down de road.

Sometimes things gits all cross-ways
An' I gits out o' chune,
Possum, he ain't tase to suit me
An' neider do de 'coon;
I cusses at de tom-cat
An' de way de rooster crowed,
But gits alright de minit
I starts out down de road.

Dey's a lot o' sorts o' peoples,
Dey's presidents an' kings,
Dey's doods an' overseers
An' a lot o' lawyer things;
Dey thinks dey has a gravy,
But fun dey's never knowed,
Till dey gits 'em a little darlint
Dat lives jes' down de road.

JOSIAH TURNER.

BY WALTER S. LOCKHART.

Probably the most important epoch in the history of North Carolina is the period of "Reconstruction." Every student of North Carolina history is familiar with the story of the storm of fraud and corruption which broke upon the State in 1867, when Congressional Reconstruction came with the terribleness of an Egyptian plague. At that time the people were exhausted with a long war. Many of the choicest and boldest spirits had perished on the battlefield. All the property that had been based on slavery was lost and most of the other property had been swallowed up in the war. Twenty thousand of the best and most intelligent white men had been disfranchised while every negro slave was given full rights of citizenship. Carolina was drinking the cup of bitterness to the dregs and it seemed that all must be lost. While the war lasted there had been hope; when defeat came North Carolina accepted it as inevitable, went back into the Union in good faith and set about mending her fortunes with the same vigor with which she had prosecuted the war. But now Congressional Reconstruction came and it seemed that the State in her helpless condition would be made a sacrifice to greed, corruption and ignorance. Indeed, no words can describe the awful condition, and whatever opinion there may be as to the authors of this condition, there can be no doubt as to the condition itself. About this time Captain Josiah Turner, of Orange county, purchased from William E. Pell a conservative newspaper known as the *Sentinel*, and became the central figure around which moved the forces that were to bring back "honest legislation, judicial purity and executive propriety" to the State. More says, "He came, as some avenging spirit, to expose the corruption and malfeasance of the men of all parties. He was armed with a whip of scorpions alike for the foreign in-

truder and those sons of Carolina who had, in his estimation, deserted the State in the hour of her agony."

Josiah Turner was born in Hillsboro, Orange county, N. C., December 22, 1821. His father, Josiah Turner, Sr., was long sheriff of Orange county and was one of the wealthiest and most prominent men of the county. The son was educated at the famous Bingham School under the elder William Bingham and at the University of North Carolina. He studied law with Judge Thomas Ruffin and was admitted to the bar in 1847. He never achieved great success as a lawyer because, as is said, he was too careless in the preparation of his cases and depended on the developments as the cases proceeded. However, he obtained a fair share of the legal business of his county. He married the daughter of a prominent lawyer, Thomas Devereux, and the union resulted in four sons and one daughter.

His first appearance in politics was in 1852, when he was elected a member of the House of Representatives from his county. He was a violent Whig at this time and remained one till the Civil War. It was at this session that he began to exhibit those traits which remained with him all through his life and probably kept him from receiving the reward which his services demanded. I refer to his obstinacy and impracticability when conciliation with his political opponents was desirable. It seems that he was totally deficient in that quality called expediency, which is indispensible to a politician or a statesman who wishes to be successful. He was never willing to take the next best thing when he could not get what he thought was best. He was later elected to the State Senate and was continually in public life till the breaking out of the war. While he was in the Legislature the Whigs were in the minority and Turner did all in his power to annoy the Democrats. By some means he obtained information of what occurred in the caucuses of the Democrats and reported it in the open Senate, much to their consterna-

tion. When magistrates were being elected and the usual resolution was offered to present each magistrate with a copy of the "Code," he would move to strike out the word "code" and insert "a pair of brogan shoes as more useful to the 'Squire and just as beneficial to the State." He was strongly attached to the Union and opposed secession. Whenever a resolution was introduced in the Senate to provide for the purchase of arms he would move to strike out the word "arms" and insert the words "plows and plow-points." He told the people of his town that they would rue the day on which they raised the Confederate flag in their streets. Indeed, feeling ran so high that there was talk of riding him on a rail.

Speaking in the State Senate in 1861, he says, "I am for securing our territorial rights by argument and negotiation in the Union." Further on he says, "It is now conceded on the part of all that the Union can be maintained only by amending the Constitution of the United States and making it fully acknowledge and forever settle the rights of the South. . . . . When your State Convention is called it will have no constitutional right to break up and destroy the government by peaceable secession. . . There is no defect in the theory of our government; the defect is all in the administration and practice. . . . . A wide breach is now made between the North and the South, a breach is made in the Constitution. The extreme North and the extreme South live and move in violation of the Constitution. Who shall heal the breach made in the Union and the Constitution? Who shall restore peace to the country? Not those who destroy its tranquility. North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee, and old Kentucky must heal the breach. They must restore tranquility to the country. Let these six States, which obey the laws, maintain the Constitution and keep the faith. . . . If all the Southern States shall desert the Union, the Constitution and the flag of Washington,

let North Carolina stand alone. When she parts with the general government, I pray you, let it not be by that shameful, disgraceful doctrine, 'peaceable secession.'" Ending his speech he said, "Did we bury with the bones of our fathers that philosophy which made the lightnings yield, and then yielded itself to the Constitution and the law? Did we bury with the bones of our fathers that patriotism which made us united at home, feared, admired and respected abroad? Whither has fled the spirit of America, which animated our fathers? Drive it from this land—where will it take refuge, where find a resting place? Woe! a thousand times woe! to him who would drive that spirit from Columbia's land. The Senator from Buncombe says, 'The sting of death has entered the Constitution and it is now dead and cold as a corpse.' The Constitution is not dead; it only sleepeth. Those who think it dead may go and bury it, and roll a great stone upon the sepulchre, and put an army there to guard it, but it will come forth; there will be a resurrection as sure as there is a people."

His devotion to the Union never ceased, and he also kept his hatred for secessionists as long as he lived. One expression of his will show how he held them in general. It is this, "Yankees lie like seceders."

However, when the war broke out it was necessary for every one to fight for the Union or against it. There was no middle ground. The Whigs did not believe in the doctrine of secession held by the Democrats; neither did they agree with the Republicans. If they sided with the Republicans, they would have to fight their own brethren and, which would be almost as distasteful to them, support Thad Stephens and others whom they thought but little better than John Brown. So Josiah Turner chose to fight for his State with his brethren and enlisted as Captain of the Orange Guards, Company K, Nineteenth North Carolina Regiment (Second Cavalry). He was kind to his

men, considerate of their welfare, brave as the bravest, cool and absolutely imperturbable. He seemed to enjoy the fact that the men who had advocated secession so strongly were obliged to endure the hardships of war as well as he. In the first engagement in which he took part he was wounded in the head, a part of the skull being carried away. He resigned in November, 1862.

In 1863 he was elected to the Confederate Congress and served till the end of the war. Writing to his wife, October, 1863, he says, "I think I am elected, but what of that, for Congress will be running about in the woods before I take my seat." Again in November of the same year, writing of the election, he says, "I am glad that every seceder is probably beaten." While in the Confederate Congress he did all in his power to bring about peace with the Union. In one letter he says, "Lincoln will grant anything short of independence, Davis will accept nothing but independence, and so the war goes on." At another time, "I have matters looking toward peace in contemplation. . . . . I will come home at the first moment after exhausting my efforts for a settlement of our difficulties." It seems that he was sometimes much out of humor with his associates in Congress, for he writes, "I would rather plow and feed hogs than legislate for the Confederacy with Missouri and Kentucky to help me." From the letter to his wife it seems that he fully realized all the time the hopelessness of the struggle of the Confederate States.

After the war he was elected to the United States Congress, but he was never allowed to take his seat on account of disabilities caused by participating in the war and the Confederate government, and for which he had not been able to obtain a pardon. Gov. W. W. Holden, writing of this time, says: "Hon. Josiah Turner called on me at my office and had a long and warm conversation with me in regard to his pardon and that of ex-Gov. Graham. . . . .

I found it impossible to satisfy Mr. Turner and he left my office evidently unsatisfied. About this time Mr. Turner made a speech in Raleigh. I did not hear him. The speech was said to be against me and my policy of Reconstruction. Under all these circumstances it was not to be reasonably expected that I would at that time write to the President to forward either of these pardons.''

It was as editor of the *Raleigh Sentinel* that ''Jo. Turner'' did the greatest service to his State. In 1867 Congressional Reconstruction came with all its honors. William W. Holden, who had before the war been a violent secessionist, had now become the leader in carpet-bag government and was Governor of the State. It seemed as if all North Carolina's glory was about to be extinguished. Everywhere shameless lawlessness stalked unchecked through the land. The State was being robbed of all her wealth. At this time Josiah Turner purchased the *Sentinel* and moved to Raleigh. He staked his life and his fortune on the alter of his State. He began such a campaign of denunciation against the State's enemies that he was often in peril of his life, and his editorials struck terror to the hearts of the carpet-baggers. In an intended salutatory for the *Sentinel*, he says, ''I recognize the Revolutionary Reconstruction policy of a faction's Congress, as accomplished, forced upon the people of this and other Southern States by the sword and against their will. I view this forced reconstruction as a necessity, and therefore recognize the government of the State as the one to be lived under and sustained, as a sad necessity, until it can be changed by the lawful means furnished by such revolution.

''Then without reference to the rightfulness of this State government the people ought to sustain it until they can change it, not with the sword.''

Writing of Turner's paper, Moore says: ''In ordinary times the intense bitterness, the ceaseless denunciation and

the overflowing ridicule of Capt. Turner's editorials would have been misplaced and unwarranted, but the combination of foreign and native outrage, of wholesale fraud and corruption, made moderation a vice and further endurance as misplaced as it was ruinous. A file of the *Sentinel* for the year 1869 and the succeeding cycles would astonish posterity that such a state of affairs could be possible in a civilized community."

Turner had no great power as a writer. The efficiency of the *Sentinel* was due to the boldness and bitterness of the accusations against the carpet-baggers, and the unceasing repetition of the ridicule and denunciation which he hurled against his enemies. He fastened nick-names on them which have not been forgotten till to-day. Who has not heard of "Jay Bird Jones," "Chicken Stephens" and "Windy Billy Henderson?" He could take the slightest peculiarity of a man and make him appear ridiculous.

The New York *Tribune* of October 12, 1872, says: "To break the force of his exposures a systematic course of abuse of Mr. Turner was begun through all the Grant Republican papers. He was denounced as a ku-klux, the king of the ku-klux, and the most outrageous falsehoods were telegraphed about him to the Northern press, the Associated Press being at that time in the hands of the carpet-baggers. Probably no man in the South had a worse reputation throughout the North than Josiah Turner, or deserved it less. He is a man of great personal courage, and could not be turned aside from exposing the iniquities of the carpet-baggers by threats or abuse. Finally they tried assassination. His office is a narrow, one-story building, standing in a little grove by the side of the court house. As he sat writing one evening with his back toward the window which was open, though the blind was closed, some one placed the muzzle of a gun against the blind directly opposite his head and fired. The blind caused the ball to deflect and it lodged in a bed which

stood under the window. Twice since has his house in Orange county been fired into in the night, once as recently as last August, when the ball passed within a few inches of his wife's head and lodged in the wall."

Turner's accounts of his street fights are said to have been exceedingly funny. "Judge Moore once 'laid for him,' but in starting to make the assault he slipped and fell. Turner stood over him and punched him in the ribs with his umbrella, and never tired of writing about 'the man who fell down at us.' William H. Baily challenged him to fight a duel. Turner replied through his paper and signed the name of his office devil, a boy named Hall. Hall was supposed to take the affair off his chief's hands and wrote frequent open letters inviting Baily to mortal combat."

When the villainy of the carpet-baggers had terminated in the "Kirk War," Turner showed the stuff he was made of. Kirk had tried in vain to create a disturbance with the citizens of the State. As a last resort it was decided to arrest Turner, who had said through his paper that he would resist. Gov. Graham advised him to submit, saying to him, "The end is almost at hand." At the risk of having his personal courage impugned, Turner allowed himself to be arrested. A company of militia went to his house, arrested him without warrant and took him to Caswell county. They made him sleep on the bare ground several nights in a heavy rain storm without shelter, and finally placed him in a loathsome cell, full of vermin, without furniture and in company with a negro sentenced to be hanged. When the State Supreme Court had "humiliated itself," he applied to Judge Brooks, of the United States District Court, for a writ of habeas corpus. Gov. Holden wrote to the authorities at Washington, doing everything in his power to keep the writ from being issued, but in vain, and Judge Brooks ordered Turner to be brought before him at Salisbury, where he was dis-

charged. Thus the backbone of carpet-bag rule in North Carolina was broken.

Turner continued implacable in his attacks till the carpet-baggers were driven out and Holden impeached. After the Democrats got control of the Legislature some were for making terms with the carpet-baggers and being lenient on Holden, but Turner demanded that he be removed from the governorship of the State, which was done. Meanwhile the enemies of Turner had not been idle. On the night of October 10, 1872, the office of the *Sentinel* was blown up and a press all but ruined, which was worth probably $4,000 or $5,000. This was a financial blow from which the paper never recovered.

After the carpet-baggers were driven out and decent government was once more secured in North Carolina, Turner was the idol of the State, and if he had died then the people could not have honored him enough. But now he exhibited again the traits for which he had been famous in early life: his impracticability in dealing with men who did not agree with him and his obstinacy about looking over things in his party which were not according to his liking. He lacked the quality called expediency, without which no politician or statesman has ever been successful. He attacked the most prominent men of his own party, charging them with gross crimes, and he lost caste with the Democrats with whose doctrines he had never been in sympathy, and so he was not allowed to enjoy the fruits of his victories. Men said that "Jo. Turner" was a very god of destruction; that he was fit to tear down the strongholds of the enemy, but not capable of ruling himself. In 1867 the *Sentinel*, which had proved a financial failure on account of the destruction of Turner's printing office and press by his enemies, was sold out and Josiah Turner returned to Hillsboro.

His last appearance in public life was as a member of the State Legislature from Orange county in 1879 and 1880.

In February, 1880, he was expelled from the House, according to the House Journal, for disorderly conduct. He himself, in a petition to the House of Representatives, says, "The truth is, your petitioner was expelled for words spoken in debate, and for asserting his liberty of speech on the floor of the House, which had been denied him day after day by the Speaker refusing to recognize him." When he was expelled, as he was going out the door, he turned and said, "I don't want to belong to such a body as this. Every member in it is toting a pass." After this time he lived quietly in Hillsboro till he died, October 26, 1901.

Josiah Turner was in many respects a peculiar man. He had many defects, so many that one hesitates to call him a great man in the ordinary signification of the word great. However, if one judges him by what he did for his State, he was indeed great. Few people know him; still fewer understand him. He is merely mentioned in the State histories. The reason of his neglect seems to be this: the Republicans whom he had lashed so mercilessly naturally had no words of praise for him and his estrangement from the Democrats kept him from receiving his just dues from them. But people are now beginning to put away many of their old prejudices and to look upon men and things in a saner way than they did in those gloomy times of Reconstruction. Therefore let us hope that the people will some day forget Josiah Turner's eccentricities and rejoice to recall him as a man who gave his time, sacrificed his fortune, imperilled his reputation and many times was in jeopardy of his life for the honor and welfare of his State.

H. R. DWIRE, - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The college is certainly to be congratulated on the program for commencement. All indications point to one of the best occasions of the kind in the history of the institution. The college has been especially fortunate this year in the selection of speakers.

The coming of Dr. John F. Crowell, who will deliver the annual Bacculaureate address, will doubtless be an event of more than passing interest to those of the alumni and faculty, who were here during his administration as President of the college. It is needless to say that Dr. Crowell is regarded not only as a man of unusual culture and attainments, but also as a pulpit orator of signal ability.

The Baccalaureate sermon to the Senior class will be preached by Dr. J. M. Buckley, of New York. Dr. Buckley has been known for many years as editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, as a learned man and as a brilliant writer. It is safe to say that he is regarded as one of the ablest men in the Methodist church of this country at the present time. The college is exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of such an able man.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University, who will deliver the literary address, has long been regarded as one of the ablest exponents of American literary life. For many years he was pastor of the Brick Presbyterian church of New

York, since which time he has held the chair of English Literature in Princeton University.

Important as has been Dr. Van Dyke's position in religion and education, by far his most considerable work however, has been done in the realm of American literature. Unlike Mr. Mabie, Dr. Van Dyke has been a creator rather than an interpreter of literature. Among the more important of his works in the realm of literature have been his "Fisherman's Luck," "Little Rivers," and "The Ruling Passion." In addition to these, his "Gospel For an Age of Doubt" has long been regarded as one of the most important contributions to our religious literature.

Probably there is no American man of letters at the present time, who holds such an important place in the realm of literature as Dr. Van Dyke. As a recent writer has very truly said of him in connection with one of our former poets, "the principle charm of his writings certainly lies in their power to reconcile us to life." It is primarily this power that his hold on the affections of the American reading public has been due.

Every friend of Trinity College must feel a very pardonable pride in the achievements and progress of the institution within the past year. It is very seldom that any institution of learning can point to such phenomenal progress as we have witness during this time. Not only has the endowment fund of the college been increased to a very appreciable extent, but two new buildings have been erected, the library has been materially increased and the faculty has been enlarged by the endowment of four new chairs. The new library building is certainly one of the most imposing structures of its kind to be found anywhere, certainly in a Southern college community. In addition, the new dormitory building, which was recently donated by Mr. B. N. Duke, is now in process of erection and will doubtless be completed before the beginning of the fall term.

All these things must be a source of congratulation to every friend of this institution and, indeed, of Southern education. The great difficulty in the educational life of the South to the present time, has been the lack of adequate facilities for educational work. Especially has this need been felt by the small colleges of the Southern States. Trinity herself has felt such a need. Now that this condition of affairs has been changed, however, it is safe to say that the institution has before her a future of great promise and achievement. It is to be hoped that every friend of the institution will lend his aid to the end that this progress may be facilitated. This is certainly a consummation much to be desired.

J. M. ORMOND, - - - - - - MANAGER

The May number of the *Southwestern University Magazine* is one of the most interesting exchanges that has reached us for this month. The articles are good solid matter that will arouse the spirit of patriotism in all true Southerners, and at the same time are instructive and valuable. The magazine is made very attractive by the large collection of pictures of the different college organizations.

We are glad to see that the *College Message* takes space in which to write up the Toronto convention. This article is good. It would be well for all who can to read this article and get some idea of the great work that the Students Volunteer Movement is doing.

The three articles on Henry Clay, Tennyson, and Lincoln, respectively, in the *Central Collegian* are good. We have watched this magazine closely and note with pleasure its steady improvement. We would not forget to mention "The Individual and Reform" and the first editorial, both of which will well pay the student who reads them.

One criticism of the magazines in general this year is the careless way in which they set up their advertisements. It is the duty of the Business Manager to see to this. He forgets that it adds to the attractiveness of the magazine to have a varied style of advertisements and leave them to the printer to set up as he wishes.

LOVE ETERNAL.

Fading, yes fading away from the view,
The forms and the faces that once we well knew;

Fading, yes fading away from the mind
The names of the friends we are leaving behind.

Yet fades not the love that our hearts once have felt,
The heart's tablets do not like the memory's melt,

Nor suffer erasure, but down through the years
Hold ever the impress made sacred by tears.

Sad tears that at parting we could not restrain,
Glad tears in whose mist there is seen once again .

The rainbow of promise that tells us that love
Will endure, is eternal, that when up above

Faith fades into sight and hope passes away
In joyous fruition, more lasting than they,

Love still still abide and the rapture of heaven
Be that unto love full dominion is given.

—*The College Index.*

W. A. BIVINS, - - - - - - MANAGER.

A banquet was given at the Southern Manufacturer's Club in Charlotte, N. C., April 28, as an endorsement of the extension lectures given in Charlotte each year by some member of the Faculty of Trinity College. Mr. S. J. Durham, of Bessemer City, was toast-master. Dr. T. F. Marr responded to the toast "Why We are Here." Hon. Jas. H. Southgate, President of the Board of Trustees of Trinity College, spoke on the "Aims of Trinity College;" Mr. J. P. Caldwell on the "Demand for College-bred Men;" Mr. R. L. Durham on the "Duty of the Layman;" Dr. Edwin Mims on the "Ideals of Trinity College;" Dr. John C. Kilgo, President of Trinity College, on "Problem Solving." Dr. G. H. Detwiler proposed a plan for the organization of the Trinity College Association of Charlotte. Hon. C. W. Tillett was called out and responded felicitously. At the conclusion of the banquet the Association was formed with the following officers: President, Dr. T. F. Marr; Vice-President, J. A. Bivins; Secretary and Treasurer, R. A. Mayer; Walter Brem, J. S. Spencer, Plummer Stewart and J. H. Separk members of the executive committee. The occasion was a very significant one, and the originators of the plan deserve the highest commendation.

The Science Club held its regular meeting Saturday evening May 10. Prof Edwards delivered an interesting lecture on Radient Energy, as illustrated by wireless telegraphy and wirelsss telephony.

RECORD OF BASE BALL GAMES.

March 22, at Durham—Horner 0, Trinity 17.
March 24, at Durham—T. P. H. S. 0, Trinity 13.
March 26, at Durham—Lafayette 8, Trinity 2.
March 27, at Durham—Lafayette 4, Trinity 10.
March 31, at Durham—Davidson 6, Trinity 2.
April 2, at Durham—Lehigh 0, Trinity 9.
April 4, at Durham—Hobart 2, Trinity 4.
April 10, at Raleigh—A. & M. C. 7, Trinity 10.
April 11, at Durham—Boston (N. L.) 16, Trinity 1.
April 12, at Durham—A. & M. C. 2, Trinity 5.
April 14, at Durham—Wake Forest 0, Trinity 7.
April 16, at Durham—Guilford 0, Trinity 13.
April 19, at Durham—Richmond College 4, Trinity 8.
April 22, at Raleigh—Wake Forest 0, Trinity 8.
April 24, at Durham—Durham (League) 8, Trinity 5.
April 25, at Durham—Durham (League) 3, Trinity 7.
April 28, at Greensboro—Guilford 7, Trinity 3.
April 29, at Greensboro–Greensboro (League) 7, Trinity 5.
April 30, at at Charlotte—Charlotte (League) 11, Trinity 1.
May 1, at Spartanburg, S. C.—Wofford 4, Trinity 3.

PLAYERS' RECORD.

	S. B.	2 B. H.	3 B. H.	H. R.	D. P.	B. B.	P. B.	S. O.	H. P. B.	W. P.	T. at B.	Runs.	1st B.	S. Hits.	P. O.	A.	E.
Puryear, C. F	16	1	2	0	2	15	1	15	0	0	78	26	17	1	23	5	6
Giles, P., R. F	6	6	1	1	1	01	1	13	0	1	74	15	13	0	17	11	7
Wooten, L. F	11	4	3	1	0	5	1	16	0	0	83	13	21	0	22	3	6
Smith, 1B	11	4	2	0	2	0	2	15	2	0	89	13	26	1	177	16	22
Howard, 2B	10	0	2	0	1	2	3	14	0	0	79	11	19	0	32	44	11
Heath, S. S	7	1	0	0	2	6	1	8	0	0	77	13	16	0	74	16	13
Elliott, 3B	9	2	0	0	1	3	4	9	0	0	74	11	14	0	23	19	8
Chadwick, C	3	1	1	0	0	2	1	6	3	0	55	9	17	0	113	20	6
Bradsher, P	5	3	1	0	1	6	0	12	0	2	62	12	17	3	14	33	9
Flowers, Sub	1	1	2	0	1	0	0	6	0	0	33	3	11	0	6	3	4

Scorers, KING AND SCROGGS.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to call from his earthly career the father of our companion and classmate, Mr. Geo. M. March, be it *Resolved*,

1. That we, the Senior Class of Trinity College, do feel deep sympathy for our brother in his bereavement, and express the sentiment of the entire college community in extending to him these tokens of our heartfelt sorrow in his severe loss.

2. That we pray, in the absence of an earthy father, that God's spirit may abide in his life as the great comforter, and hover about him in his infinite fatherly affection.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be given to our bereaved brother, and that a copy be sent to the TRINITY ARCHIVE for publication.

J. W. NORMAN,
J. M. ORMOND,
E. O. SMITHDEAL.
Committee.

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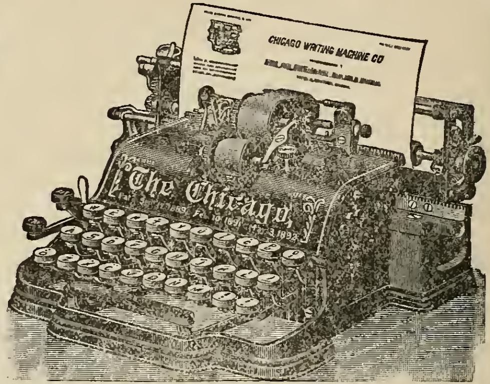

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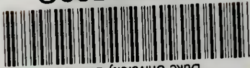
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