SOME NEW BOOKS.

Henry Laurens, Merchant and Statesman of South Carolina.

A distinctly notable contribution to American biography is made by DAVID DUNCAN WALLACE, professor of history and economics in Wofford College, in *The Life of Henry Laurens* (Putnams). As president of the Continental Congress Laurens is pretty well "documented," but aside from that single, if most important, chapter in an unusually interesting American life record there is a surprising dearth of commonly accessible material. Professor Wallace gives evidence of indefatigable research favored by fortunate advantages of access to the "sources," and has put together the results of his industry in commendable style, neglecting none of the desirable factors, and showing in nice proportion the character, circumstances and achievements of this early "Tarheel" statesman, planter and man of business.

Laurens's ancestry was pure Huguenot on both sides. His father was Jean Samuel Laurens; his mother, Esther or Hester Grasset. Henry's great-grandfather ("grandfather" in the text), Jean Laurent, as the name was then commonly spelled, was a merchant in Rochelle, who died before 1861. His son André, grandfather of Henry, refugee and émigré, fled first to England, then tried his fortunes in Ireland and finally moved on to America, where he settled first in New York and, in 1715 or 1716, in Charleston, S. C. André's son, Jean Samuel, or John, as he came to call himself, was the husband of Hester Grasset and father of the subject of this biography. With their marriage, both being American born, a new era began in the family history of the Laurenses. That André was a man of "piety, shrewdness and force" is clear from the scanty remaining records of his life, and John inherited these qualities and, it may be pardonable to say, increased their effectiveness by incorporating with the French inheritance the influence of the American environment. To be more definite, he learned his trade of saddlery so thoroughly and pursued it with so much not merely of industry but of organizing and "business nursing" sense that he became a substantial and respected citizen. He subordinated the sturdy pride of his family to the family interest: "Prospered at whatever he touched; dealt extensively in real estate, as the abundant sprinkling of his name over the records of the mesne conveyances testifies; sold his saddlery and chaises right briskly, and was a prosperous, much respected man, no longer merely a saddler, but an extensive merchant," one of those for whom South Carolina came early to be noted: "They are very neat and exact in Packing and Shipping their Commodities; which Method has got them so great a Character abroad that they generally come to a good Market with their Commodities, when oftentimes the Products of other Plantations are forced to be sold at lower Prices." Henry Laurens carried the family fortunes still further; Charleston was doing pretty big business in the middle of the eighteeenth century, "the wealth of the planter was reflected in the wealth of the merchant, which was based upon the needs of the expanding cultivation." The planter raised staple products for export, such as indigo and rice; the merchant imported manufactured goods. Henry Laurens, disappointed in his expectation of high commercial "connections" in London, settled down to the activities at home for which his education had prepared him and for which his fortunate circumstances supplied an elevated foundation. His business ventures were quite uniformly successful, and there was a fortune in his dozen or so of well managed plantations in South Carolina and Georgia.

About 1750, when Henry Laurens (born March 6, 1724) was becoming established as a factor in the public life of his Colony, Charleston had begun to develop that aristocratic charm for which it has ever since been noted. Many aristocratic families of Revolutionary times had to go back but very few generations to find the shirt sleeves in their ancestry. Often the shirtsleeve era was successor to an earlier era of luxury and high cultivation. To many a family threatened with decay and extinction settlement in colonial America had been a savior, an agency of regeneration. Families that began here as "magnates" in the rice, indigo, rum and slave trades frequently descended the scale of wealth and position, while those who began in humbler occupations were climbing the ladder. Professor Wallace's account of social, commercial and political life in South Carolina in the days before the Revolution is superlatively interesting; but we must follow the Laurens thread.

Henry Laurens married, in 1750, "the beautiful Eleanor Ball," a young woman of English descent. To 1764 they lived south of Broad street in St. Michael's parish; in that year they moved into their "fine new house with a wall all upon the front of my garden" in Ansonboro, in what was then the northern part of the town, a district that was for many years before and after the Revolution the fashionable quarter. Many fine old residences of that period survive. The Laurens house, still standing, at the corner of East Bay and Laurens streets, was less imposing, convenient and beautiful than many of its neighbors, square, stoutly built and unostentatious; to the biographer, naturally enough, a symbol of the Laurens character.

The Laurenses had, in the good old fashion, a large family. The count seems uncertain, with eleven and fourteen as the inferior and superior limits of probability. In the bad old fashion, they managed to "bring up" only a lamentably small part of what Colonel Laurens called his "riches in a family." His son John served in the Revolution with distinction, winning the friendship and esteem of many men of leading influence and getting a Lieutenant-Colonel's commission. In 1779 he declined a proffered appointment as secretary of the legation at Paris, but in 1780 undertook a special mission for securing aid from France. To Washington he wrote:

> Your Excellency will be not a little surprised to learn that Congress have determined to send me to France, for the special purpose of representing the present state of our affairs and soliciting the necessary succours. I was in great hopes Your Congress would have availed themselves of the abilities of Colonel Hamilton * * * but, unfortunately for America, Colonel Hamilton was not sufficiently known to Congress to unite their suffrages in his favor, and I was assured that there remained no other alternative than the total failure of the business. Thus circumstanced, I was induced to submit, and renounce my plan of participating in the Southern campaign.

John Laurens returned from this mission, which Professor Wallace reports at length in an appendix, in time to render useful service at Yorktown. He died in August, 1782, only 28 years old, but with a record of patriotism which many older men, and men at this day better known, might fairly have envied.

Getting back to Henry Laurens, we find him thus characterized by his biographer:

> While Laurens was a great merchant, he was something more. Though keenly engaged in business, he looked upon public affairs, as was the wholesome custom with so many of the best men of the place and times, as almost as vitally a part of his life as his own private concerns. In the Indian [Cherokee] war of 1761 the busy merchant, in the full tide of his wealth getting, accepted a commission, went scurrying over North and South Carolina collecting recruits, and marched into the Appalachian Mountains in the service of the public. The Charleston Library Society, the South Carolina Society, church affairs and doubtless many other matters of the common good enlisted his interest. He had become also a man of considerable literary culture. The conversation of this forceful, cultivated man of affairs was said to be full of vivacity and charm.
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> A mercantile career in such a spirit, with its severe discipline and with the broadening influence of foreign correspondence and travel, was a valuable schooling for one whose destiny was to include the duties of an American statesman and diplomat; and when there were added the training involved in the operation of several large plantations, inhabited by hundreds of human beings looking to him for direction, and thirteen years experience in the Commons House of Assembly during the most active period of its struggle for self-government, we have one of the best preparations for the wise handling of public affairs in a large and responsible way.

The years 1762-64 mark a period of "excited politics" in South Carolina. The royal governors and the people's representatives were at war. An election dispute in the term of Gov. Boone, an importation from the Jerseys, caused great bitterness of feeling. From 1757 to the Revolution Laurens was elected to each House but the short lived one of January to September of 1762. He rejected a proffer of membership in the King's Council. The Council had entered upon that decline in influence and loss of public character which marked the Colony's progress along the road to revolution. Laurens stated two reasons for his refusal to serve: "The first, that I cannot attend to the duty of the Council consistently with my plan of life and business, and I always make a conscience of discharging every trust imposed upon me—at least I would set out upon that principle. Second, I am not qualified for a reputable and honorable discharge of that duty; and upon my word, sir, I have been sorry to see that Honorable Board so much slighted as it has been at some times by certain appointments which hath reduced its character with some people almost below contempt." It is not difficult here to separate the moving reasons from the polite formula.

The men of the 1760s could not have foreseen the great test coming for the principles for or against which they contended, but in the advancing contest between constitutional self-government in the province, represented in the Commons House of Assembly, and the prerogative of an outside power represented in the Council, they were training for the bitter arbitrament to come. In the case of Laurens is clearly perceptible the desire of the most intelligent and propertied men of the Colonies to continue as loyal and orderly British subjects, using petition and remonstrance as the lever to move the home Government to repeal the obnoxious legislation. What Christopher Gadsden and Samuel Adams panted for, spread of the stamp act discontents to the point of complete rupture between the mother country and the colonies, was by Laurens dreaded as a calamity. All the more credit to him, then, that when the issue was at last forced and unavoidable he cast his lot with his native land and labored and suffered unstintedly in her cause.

In the late '60s Laurens himself felt aroul the Royal Government, suffering injustices at the hands of the customs officers and the Court of Vice-Admiralty, a persecution which Prof. Wallace sets forth in detail. In 1769 he wrote to Gov. James Grant of Florida: "The wretches employed to carry the grievous laws into execution—I mean the pilfering and most grievous parts of them—are justly complained of everywhere; here, from the deputy collector downward to a man. They are strongly described by the character of those miscreants who were driven out of the temple by Jesus with a scourge of small cords." To Thomas Smith of London he wrote, also in 1769: "I tell you the enormous created powers vested in an American court of vice-admiralty threaten future generations in America with a curse tenfold worse than the stamp act." Through the years of the Townshend laws and "non-importation," the Wilkes fund dispute and the increasing alienation between England and America, Laurens used his influence for a peaceful settlement but found himself, like others, falling more and more under the sway of rebellious ideas. From 1771 to 1774 he was abroad, superintending the education of his sons. He thought South Carolina's action in compelling the revenue officers to store the tea and refusing to allow it to enter the channels of commerce a wiser procedure than the Boston Tea Party and the violence of Philadelphia. He recommended commercial boycott as the best means of bringing England to her senses. It was a saddened patriot who returned to his American home in December of 1774, with the boast, "heard on every side," ringing in his ears that "one British soldier would beat six Yankees." The attractive element in this well told story is the representation of a man stoutly patriotic, but not a jingo; anxious to see every reasonable and honorable means of compromise tested to the full, honestly and without shame dreading the trial at arms—and when the issue became inescapable devoting his fortune, his strength and all that he had to his country's cause. So dear to him was the principle of the sacredness of individual freedom in thought, spoken word and action that he could not easily subscribe to its violation even in the cause of political freedom; and it was indeed more than once so violated by some engineers of our Revolution. At page 207 will be found his own account of a speech before the Assembly over which he presided, than which we believe no nobler, more courageous, better reasoned statement of the rights of a free man was ever uttered, even in those days of high speech and heroic act. The account is too long to quote, too consecutive to be synoptized without crippling mutilation. It embodies the spirit of those who had not only the common courage of the time but the moderation also of wisdom.

So commanding in interest is Prof. Wallace's handling of Laurens's service in national office, his presidency of the Congress, his political adventures through the Saratoga convention, the days of the Conway Cabal and the Deane-Lee affair, his mission to the Netherlands and imprisonment in the Tower of London, and as a peace commissioner, that we are moved to some misgivings of our selection for treatment of the earlier, less familiar part of the narrative. But the distinctive service of this biographer is perhaps the preparation of a proper background for the picture of the South Carolina patriot.

Henry Laurens died December 8, 1792. In accordance with his expressed preference his body was cremated; his horror of the possibility of being buried alive sprang from an adventure of his daughter Martha, who in her first year was thought dead of smallpox, was laid by an open window awaiting speedy interment—revived, and was saved. Parson Weems, who did so much for (or to) Washington, paid his respects to Laurens by fathering a fable that he said: "My flesh is too good for worms. I give it to the flames."

Taking Sides for Ahriman or Ormuzd.

The word "faith" is unfairly dealt with in that common usage which gives it a restrictedly religious implication. In commendable contrast to this popular crippling of an excellent vocable is Prof. GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD's description of his book *What Should I Believe?* (Longmans, Green and Company) as an inquiry into the nature, grounds and value of the "faiths" of science, society, morals and religion. The Yale professor's series of books on knowledge, ethics and belief, to be completed by an inquiry into the sources and reasonableness of "human hopes," is a work of which Americans may justly be proud. Nothing could be more blessedly remote from the dry and unprofitable profundity of modern Teuton philosophy than these common sense formulations of the questions that occur and recur to every man's mind, these travelling directions for the pilgrim between two darknesses. Nor, on the other hand, are they tinct with Bergsonian metaphysical romanticism or Maeterlinckish "mysticism." In a word, Prof. Ladd handles sensible questions in a sensible way, and sensible people will thank him for giving them a loaf when they ask for bread, instead of the Belgian block with which so many philosophers fool themselves and try to fool plain John Smith.

Society is based upon belief in the stability of the human environment. Nature is not always kind to her children; but man would not be cultivating the soil, digging mines, building cities if he did not believe in himself as a reality and in the continued operation of the universal machinery on its long demonstrated principles: the fruit from the seed, the ordered succession of the seasons, light, heat, gravity, and so on. Then, society depends upon man's faith in his fellow man. There are violations of the faith; else law courts and jails would not be needed. But in the main men adhere to the moral system devised by the common intelligence reasoning from the common experience, and believe in the intention of the mass of mankind to conform to it.

After all said and done, the matter of belief narrows down, in every department of interest, to determination by the individual of what is good, profitable, desirable and what is bad, injurious, undesirable. Belief and conduct are inextricably related; what we commend we seek, and what we condemn we try to avoid. When we indorse the Ovidean line "video meliora proboque; deteriora sequor," we testify to the power of Ormuzd against Ahriman. We are all natural born Manicheans. The significant thing in Prof. Ladd's philosophy of belief is the way in which he demonstrates its indestructible relationship to conduct. "Good" conduct, that deportment which develops the happiest potentialities of human nature, is impossible unless the beliefs are correct. Right living, then, using the term in no cramped sense but in its broadest bearing, is rooted in correct believing. That may "come easy" to some more fortunate than the general. Those who are not endowed with spontaneous correctness of conduct and belief must, if they are determined to make the most out of life, begin the remodelling of their constitutions in the amendment of their faiths rather than in immediate reconstruction of their conduct. Prof. Ladd makes these things clear without the slightest suggestion of censorship or the Sunday school.

Fancy Let Loose.

A literary hodge podge in which the unknown author manages to relieve his mind of a good many opinions expressed with the utmost frankness, and a good deal of it, about things in general and literature in particular, *Boon: The Mind of the Race, the Wild Asses of the Devil and the Last Trump* by REGINALD BLISS (George H. Doran Company), opens with a mystification. Mr. H. G. Wells writes an introduction in which he suggests that he himself may be the author; if he is he has developed a brightness, a lightness of touch and a talent for drawing caricatures which we have failed to detect in his previous works. The complicated machinery is contrived so as to relieve the author of any responsibility for the opinions expressed. Bliss, whose name appears as author, professes to be the literary executor of George Boon, a popular novelist, and to be publishing fragments of his literary remains and accounts of long conversations he had with him. These wander in all directions, as real conversations are apt to do, and are complicated by the intrusion of various other persons, so that the reader will find it hard to father any jibe or startling opinion on any one in particular. It is expressed all the same. This intentional straying at random from the point is not wholly original; Charles Nodier has done it very effectively and amusingly in "Les Sept Chateaux du Roi de Bohême" and before him Diderot tried his hand at it and so did Sterne and before them it was used in "Le Moyen de Parvenir." Here there is no imitation, only the method is employed.

The thread that holds the conversations together, so far as there is any thread, is the effort of Boon and his friends to define in some way what they call "the mind of the race." They have an idea that from the beginning the generality of men have had common thoughts and beliefs that have led them to action, not those of leaders or writers or expressed in books, but almost unconscious instincts that influence them. This is by no means a new idea; it has been treated solemnly by more than one philosophical writer. These friends approach it from many sides and if they do not define it precisely they convey a very strong impression of what they mean and they do it in an amusing way.

The characterization of Boon is entertaining. He is a successful novelist, who loathes his own books, because he does not dare to say what he would like to. He dictates them to a lady stenographer so that nothing improper shall creep into them. When she shows disapproval or leaves the room he revises his text to suit her. He has occasionally something to say about America, where his reputation is highest, and about American authors:

> In spite of our remonstrances, he subscribed to the New York *Nation* to the very end, and he insisted, in spite of fact, reason, and my earnest entreaties, in figuring that continental empire as a vain, garrulous and prosperous female of uncertain age, and still more uncertain temper, with unfounded pretensions to intellectuality and an ideal of refinement of the most negative description, entirely on the strength of that one sample. One might as well judge England by the *Spectator*.

And later he exclaims:

> The sort of America that ought to supply young new writers with caresses and nourishment * * * Instead of which you get the *Nation* * * * That bleak acidity, that refined appeal to take the child away. * * * America will sit never knowing she's had a Stephen Crane, adoring the European reputation, the florid mental gestures of a Conrad. You see, she can tell Conrad 'writes.' It shows. And she'll let Mary Austin die of neglect, while she worships the 'art' of Mary Ward. It's like turning from the feet of a goddess to a pair of goloshes. She firmly believes that old quack Bergson is a bigger man than her own unapproachable William James * * * She's incredible.

The discussion very soon turns to literature, which is made to include all forms of human thought and art. They all have doubts as to whether there is any literary greatness, and suggest that reputations are merely manufactured by Philistines and college professors of literature, who assert the merits of authors whose books neither they nor the general public ever read. This judgment is passed not only on Scott and Thackeray and Dickens and Schiller, but on Shakespeare and Goethe also, in very irreverent terms. Then Boon decides to have a conference of literary men to talk the matter over, a Royal Society for the Discouragement of Literature, and borrows from W. H. Mallock a picturesque garden for the meeting. This gives the opportunity for expressing contempt or admiration for a good many living authors, with neither of which the reader is likely to agree always.

In this garden he imagines a dialogue between George Moore and Henry James in which both gentlemen pursue entirely independent trains of thought. He drifts away at once to Mr. James, beginning with ingenious imitations of the long, complicated sentences in which he says nothing; then contriving a farcical mystery story and telling it in Mr. James's style. When words fail him the clever caricatures carry on the story, a device frequently employed throughout the book. Mr. James has the lion's share of his attention and is treated very kindly. The literary remains, "The Wild Asses" and "The Last Trump," are the beginnings and outlines of clever and witty apologues which have point.

The jibes at philosophy are even funnier than those at literature. We meet early an agnostic named Dodd:

> One of those Middle Victorians who go about with a preoccupied, caulking air, as though, after having been at great cost and pains to banish God from the Universe, they were resolved not to permit Him back on any terms whatever. * * * Boon used to declare that every night Dodd looked under the bed for the Deity, and slept with a large revolver under his pillow for fear of a revelation.

Later a clear headed critic takes a fall out of the modern German "thinkers," Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and H. S. Chamberlain, the "great intellectual high kickers." He declares that "the pretentious expression of instinctive crudity has always been the peculiar weakness of the German mind." He demonstrates that all three invent their incontrovertible "facts" and trust to "impudent assertion" to have them accepted. Of Chamberlain's book he says "nowhere has it been handed over to the derision which is its proper treatment." He denies that 1200 was a "turning point" and most of Chamberlain's Teutonic origins.

> That dodge of claiming all the great figures of the non-Teutonic nations as Teutons is carried out to magnificent extremes. Dante is a Teuton on the strength of his profile and his surname, and there is some fine play about the race of Christ. He came from Galilee, notoriously non-Jewish and so on. * * * And the illiteracy of Michael Angelo is just an inspiration of Chamberlain's. He knows his readers.

On the other hand Boon has this to say about the English, for by the end of the book the war has crept into it:

> At least the Germans stand for something. It may be brutal, stupid, intolerable, but there it is—a definite intention, a scheme of living, an order, Germanic Kultur. But what the devil do *we* stand for? Was there anything that amounted to an intellectual life at all in all our beastly welter of writing, of nice-youngman poetry, of stylish fiction and fiction without style, of lazy history, popular philosophy, slobbering criticism, Academic civilities? Is there anything here to hold a people together? Is there anything to make a new world?

Questions that in one form or another a good many people are asking themselves.

This is a book wholly out of the common, written for the most part in the vigorous English that men use in talking with each other. It is capital fun and leaves a lot to think about, whoever wrote it. If it is Mr. Wells there is more to him than we ever suspected.

The City Manager: a New Profession?

Some readers may be confused at the outset of HARRY AUBREY TOULMIN Jr.'s *The City Manager: A New Profession* (Appletons) by the mixing of two sets of adjectives: "The seeking of the truer and the cleaner and the finer, of the less wasteful and of the more efficient, is the advertisement of our national restlessness. The failure of the old has stung our pride into a pilgrimage to find something newer, nobler, more satisfying than that which the old government could give with its incompetence, its sloth, its indulgence." Is it in any way significant of the quality of "reform" talk that the opprobrious epithets "hurled" at the old exhibit a positiveness, a concrete finality much less evident in the roseate but centrifugal shower of qualifiers for the substantive identifier of the new? The old order is called, plainly enough, incompetent, slothful, extravagant; and reform does itself more credit with the critical when it names as its objectives not "truer, finer, nobler" things but efficiency, energy, economy, concentration and, in carefully qualified degree, publicity.

The "city manager plan" is not a mere adaptation of European municipal government, says the author. In Germany municipal administration is in the hands of a professional class. In Prussia the chief executive power vests in the administrative council or Magistrat, one or two of whose members hold the rank of Bürgermeister. The Bürgermeister is primus inter pares, and not at all the great Panjandrum type of executive. He is trained for the work, and is, if successful, advanced to the position in larger cities. The term of office is usually twelve years, though in cities like Leipsic and Dresden appointment may be for life. He draws no such salary as American cities are paying municipal managers, but enjoys a comfortable security in office that contrasts with the precarious tenure of the American, subject to the whims of a capricious electorate. Those of our towns that have managers have also the "recall." The Bürgermeister presides over the Magistrat in session, and superintends the execution of its orders. He supervises the detail work of municipal departments, but has only a closely restricted power of appointment.

Members of the Magistrat who receive pay are heads of departments. Division into departments is much like our own, but the German system escapes the defect of putting a man versed exclusively in a single branch, such as finance, in charge of, say, education. In addition to the Magistrat the Prussian city has a deliberative council, with the double duty of acting as advisory board to the Magistrat and as a legislative body. It does not seem likely, most Americans will agree, that this part of the Prussian system could be copied successfully in this country.

Some people see in the English town clerk the pattern of the office of city manager. The author compares the "ills of the modern American city" to those discovered in England in 1833, but maintains that the English town clerk's position is decidedly inferior to that of the American manager. The town clerk is chief legal officer of the municipality and performs some functions of the trained professional administrative agent. In those American cities that employ a manager that officer is not at all a legal adviser, but he has responsible control of all departments, with power of appointment and of removal. In Germany and in England the prestige of the municipal office is sufficiently great and prized to offset the deficiencies of the salary as an attraction for men of experience and high qualification.

In France, though the municipal chiefs may be "laymen," the departments have permanent professional working staffs. Thus "the whole underlying fabric of French municipal government is founded upon an army of trained men who by virtue of experience and technical training master the details of public office, adjust the complicated machinery of officialdom and create that record of efficiency commonly accredited solely to their laymen superiors." So it is to be presumed that the ideal aim at least of the "city manager plan" is to make the man who gets the credit do the work.

The author is a citizen of Dayton, Ohio, and of course Dayton is his model. It need hardly be said that the spirit is friendly, but the book is not wholly uncritical. It serves excellently as a proponent of the best argument, practical rather more than theoretical, in favor of the newer fashions in city government.

French Political Idealism in Some Old British Fiction.

It is truly an unusual, refreshing and therefore highly commendable purpose that is assigned by its puffing publishers to ALLENE GREGORY'S *The French Revolution and the English Novel* (Putnams): "Throughout the book the early novel of purpose is treated not as a literary curiosity but as a means of gaining a truer insight into the life and thought of a profoundly significant historical period." These novels were apparently not written in the spirit of pure fiction; the story, such as it is, a rather tenuous filament, is subservient to the needs of the propagandist or critic compelled to sugar coat his pill to get it down the throat of his press gang patient. That is, however, a less complimentary view than is taken by the author, who says: "The real value of the novels lies not in their intrinsic merit but in the illustrations they offer of the practice of Revolutionary ethics, as conceived by its sympathizers and its opponents. They are a frank give and take criticism disguised as fiction; and in the course of them many values are made plain which the metaphysical treatises somewhat obscured. After reading 'Political Justice' one wonders how any man whose sense of fact was not entirely atrophied could have taken Revolutionism seriously. In the novels one sees how sensible and kindly men like Holcroft and Bage made of it an eminently livable philosophy." Livable but not lovable; a social religion.

Skipping an introductory essay "On the Economic Interpretation of Literature" and a chapter on "Backgrounds," of events and of ideas, we come to Thomas Holcroft as the first "representative revolutionist." Holcroft, not so well known, or rather not so much talked about, as Godwin (who was once read by some one and put into a chapter of a history of English literature, to be condensed by later historians of letters into more and more exiguous, increasingly decreasing paragraphs), but a more original and independent thinker. His presentation of the doctrines of the Revolution is "saner, kindlier and more comprehensible" than that of "the ex-Calvinist Godwin." (Is there any "ex" in Calvinism?) Holcroft began to write his autobiography in the last year of his life; left it incomplete, and it was finished by William Hazlitt. The "acquitted felon," as his foes fondly called him, inherited the graces of a father whose "lifelong financial incapacity" made him chronically unsuccessful. The elder Holcroft, shoemaker, groom's helper, horse trader and pedler, was an affectionate father, and gave young Thomas the best education he could command. At 4, we are told, the junior Holcroft's "task was eleven chapters a day in the Old Testament." A friendly 'prentice lad lent chapman's books of adventure, and they balanced the Bible. But the Holcroft curriculum was not exclusively academic: "The father added other lessons which the boy never forgot: to endure hardship without complaining, to despise self-indulgence in all forms, to speak the truth and to fear nothing but cowardice."

No doubt the paternal precept was much livelier and more trenchant than this coldly virtuous formulation. And youthful Thomas must have picked up many a bit of real wisdom as he trudged with his none too prosperous parents through town and country, lay o' nights under a hedge or in the lee of a sheltering haystack, and at country fairs and market days "listened in rapture to the rude jests of the merry andrew." True merit will not stay down, and Thomas graduated to the proud rank of stable boy in a racing establishment. He graduated also from the Book of Proverbs and the chapbooks to Addison and Swift, to "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Saint's Rest."

At 16 he went to London as apprentice to his father, once more at the forge. At 20, with no "prospects," he married; very happily. He tried one thing and another, and was about to list, when, in 1770, something turned him to the dramatic life, and he joined a company of strolling actors. He did comedy parts for many years. He began writing "on the side," found it to pay, did off the sock and buskin and wrote novels and plays, interspersed with translations from French and German texts. Now he read Milton, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope. In 1789 he was severely shocked by the suicide of his only son. In 1794 he was tried for treason. He joined the Society for Constitutional Information, but was not enthusiastic in his membership; however, he was engulfed in the tide of persecution that arose when the popular feeling turned against France and the British Government became alarmed for its own safety. The deliberations of the Constitutional Society were obscure, semi-metaphysical, and the members were surprised to find themselves objects of official suspicion and surveillance. A warrant was issued for a round dozen of the members on the exaggerated charge of high treason. Holcroft had been about to leave town but changed his plans and remained in London, to avoid appearance of dodging inquiry. He voluntarily surrendered himself to the Lord Chief Justice. His bold demand for a statement of the case against him "considerably embarrassed the authorities, and exposed him to the sneers of the venial [sic] press." One paragrapher wrote: "Mr. Holcroft, the playwright and performer, pretty well known for the democratical sentiments which he has industriously scattered through the lighter works of literature, such as plays, novels, songs, &c., surrendered himself * * * requesting to know if he was the person against whom the Grand Jury had found a bill for High Treason. * * * We do not understand that he is in any imminent danger, and suppose from his behavior he has the idea of obtaining the reputation of a martyr to liberty at an easy rate."

Thomas Hardy and Horne Tooke being tried and acquitted the others were dismissed without trial. Holcroft resented the denial of justice in the release under serious indictment without formal verdict of innocence and suffered severe consequences to his reputation and in his means of gaining a livelihood.

Holcroft wrote four novels: "Alwyn, or The Gentleman Comedian," 1780; "Anna St. Ives," 1792; "Hugh Trevor," published 1794-97; "The Memoirs of Brian Perdue," 1805. "Alwyn" is a faint foreshadowing of the full development of the theories. Holcroft wrote himself in under the name of Hilkirk, with incidents from his own experience. Handford is "a sentimental gentleman whose ruling passion is prevention of cruelty to animals."

"Anna St. Ives" is a novel in letter form, foredoomed to tediousness, and therefore assured in its century of a certain audience apart from that which its gentle "revolutionism" gained. Anna St. Ives, daughter of a baronet, "a thoughtful girl with a capacity for fine enthusiasms," is expected to marry Coke Clifton, a young man of the world, clever, fascinating, keen of intellect, and with a strong aversion to all forms of cant"; but Frank Henley, son of her father's overseer, "a young man with a vigorous intellect and a habit of thinking for himself," makes a triangle of it. The "young persons" do some quixotic things and say a great many foolish ones, earning ridicule, but somehow "they keep their idealism while they learn wisdom, and in the end win the respect of their keenest opponent." The startling thing in this Henleyan philosophy is the selection of service instead of self-interest as the vital principle governing thought and action. As the author suggests, this "philosophy" was expressed many centuries earlier, "on a much higher authority than that of Thomas Holcroft." And, we may add, even in that time and place it had disastrous effect on the public peace of mind. And from the criticism which Holcroft's contemporaries aimed at this poor little book it might have been supposed that Frank Henley was a "carrier" of some dangerous social infection.

Frank's father is a shrewd business man. His impatience with his doctrinaire son is reflected in Frank's utterance: "He despises my sense of philanthropy, honor and that severe probity to which no laws extend. He spurns at the possibility of preferring the good of society to the good of self." Unquestionably a man of sense probably answering the youngster's eternal drool with sharp words not entirely meant, but spiced to counteract the flatness of the babbler's preachments. Proponents of "that probity to which no laws extend" are too apt to make their pretty wills a "higher law" and franchise for disregard of the "laws" of common sense and protective convention. Ignorance and prejudice are at the bottom of all the ills of the world, Frank discovers: "How inconstant are the demands and complaints of ignorance! It wishes to tyrannize, yet complains against tyranny. There is no tyranny but that of prejudice." And so on to a great sufficiency. Can it be that people ever did really get excited over such stuff? Or was it not a game played by a few who manged to make a good deal of noise at their sport? Frank says: "Among the many who have a vague kind of suspicion that things might be better are mingled a few who seem desirous that they should remain as they are. These are the rich, who, having plundered the defenceless, say to the hungry who have no food, 'Labor for me, and I will return you the tenth of your gain. Shed your blood in my behalf, and while you are young and robust I will allow you just so much as will keep life and soul together. When you are old, and worn out you may rob, hang, rot or starve'—yet let us not complain. Men begin to reason and think aloud; and these things cannot always endure. Let men look around and deny if they can that the present wretched system of each providing for himself instead of the whole for the whole does not inspire suspicion, fear and hatred. Well, well—another century, and then——"

Frank reaches out on the one side to Job and on the other to Roosevelt. Both Job and the Colonel had a happier knack of expression, however. Anna is a solemn female prig. Coke Clifton is satiric; he says of Frank: "I cannot deny that the pedagogue sometimes surprises me with the novelty of his opinions; but they are extravagant. The rude pot companion loquacity of the fellow is highly offensive. He is one of your levellers. * * * He derives from Adam; what time the world was hail fellow well met. The savage, the wild man of the woods is his true liberty boy; and the orang-otang his first cousin. A lord is a merry andrew, a duke a jack pudding and a king a tomfool: *his* name is Man!"

Why, this Clifton is almost human! His sarcasm runs on: "As for arguments, it is but ask and have; a peck at a bidding, and a good double handful over. Then for a simile, it is a sacrilege; and must be kicked out of the high court of logic. Sarcasm too is an ignoramus, and cannot solve a problem with a pert puppy who can only flash and bounce. The heavy walls of wisdom are not to be battered down with such popguns and pellets. He will waste you wind enough to set up twenty millions in proving an apple is not an egg shell; and that 'homo' is Greek for a goose." Brother Clifton deserved a better fate than to "win" Anna, and end by acknowledging unwilling respect for the young philosophers; but he qualifies it: "These wise people should leave us fools to wrangle, be wretched and cut each other's throats as we list, without intermeddling; 'tis dangerous. But Truth is a zealot; Wisdom will be crying in the streets, and Folly meeting her seldom fails to deal her a blow."

Holcroft's next novel, "Hugh Trevor," we are told, is much less open to the charge of exhibiting virtuous abstractions; Hazlitt regarded it as a sequel to "Anna St. Ives," enforcing the same conclusions by "depicting the vices and distresses which are generated by the existing institutions of society." Hugh is shown learning prudence through years of disillusionment.

Mr. Gregory's book is a lively enough treatment of what to most will seem a pretty dry subject. He has chapters on Godwin and Shelley, Robert Bage, the novelist; "lady novelists" of the period, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Charlotte Smith and others. Mary Wollstonecraft stands for the woman side of the Revolution, and there is a sketch of its influence in English poetry and drama. But these are more or less spacemaking matters; the two chapters on Holcroft and Bage are the book. They make amusing reading.

GRAVE OF NATTY BUMPPO.

Original of "Leatherstocking" Buried at Hoosick Falls.

During Old Home Week in Hoosick Falls, on August 17, 1911, James A. Beckett called attention to the fact that the body of Nathaniel Shipman, generally believed to have been the living prototype of Cooper's immortal character "Leatherstocking," or "Natty Bumppo," is buried in an unmarked grave in the plot of John Ryan, which is in the old burying ground of the First Baptist Church of that place.

Some doubts, naturally enough, have been cast upon the identification of the hero of "Leatherstocking Tales" as Nathaniel Shipman of Hoosick Falls. But after investigating all possible clues, claims and suggestions, writes the Rev. Charles Graves in the *Knickerbocker Press*, the accuracy of the identification becomes all the more certain.

Just what proportion of real and what of imaginary entered into his sketches can never be ascertained. It is likely he could not have told himself. It seems certain that an old hunter, guide and scout, a friend of Indians and more or less of a hermit, living in a cave on or near Lake Otsego, was the original Natty Bumppo, and suggested to Cooper the traits he wove into his extraordinary attractive hero of the "Leatherstocking" series.

At Lake Otsego there is a cave—a poor sort of a thing to call a cave to be sure. It is in truth nothing but a cleft in the rock and he would be a poor hunter and out of doors man who could find no better place of shelter from all weathers than this. But this is called Natty Bumppo's cave and Natty Bumppo's cave it will likely be for a long time to come, despite the fact there is on the shores of the same lake a real cave which, while slightly difficult of access, would make a fairly comfortable place to stay. It is more reasonable to suppose that this latter place might likely be Natty's retreat.

There is in existence a copy of "The Pioneers" of the first edition, containing a note pencilled by James Fenimore Cooper himself, in which he identifies "Leatherstocking" with Shipman. Some of the other incidental features which go far to support the indentification is the fact that Leatherstocking's favorite dog was named Hector. Shipman's favorite dog was of the same name. Leatherstocking had a rifle with a barrel of unusual length. Natty's rifle was of so long a barrel that he was called by the Frenchers La Longue Carabine.

Nathaniel Shipman is of unknown parentage. His place of birth is equally unknown. The first anything is known of him is when he appears as one of the earliest settlers in the northeastern part of the town of Hoosick. For years he was well known as a trapper and hunter and a close friend of the Mohican Indians, and he fought with them against the French and Canadian Indians. Shipman had moved into this country with his family and built for himself a cabin on the banks of the Walloomsack not far from the fields which a few years later were made historic by the battle of Bennington.

He was evidently a conspicuous figure hereabout in the years immediately preceding the American revolution. His activities showed him to be friendly to the side of the English. One of his closest friends was an English army officer. When the war of the Revolution broke out, while Shipman's heart was with the movement for independence, yet his friendliness for the English was so great he felt the best he could do was to be strictly neutral, helping neither one side nor the other.

There is nothing to show that he was not genuinely neutral. But generally men in those days were hot for the one side or the other. And it was only natural that the patriots should regard any one who was not fighting with them as being actually against them. Neutrality seemed altogether an impossibility. Perhaps it is. At all events, Nathaniel Shipman was not regarded as neutral. He was put down as a rank Tory, and so the patriots got after him in a very serious fashion.

The story goes that the old man was tarred and feathered by his neighbors. The injustice, rather than the indignity of the deed, smote him the hardest and he resolved to quit that part of the world. So very soon after the event he disappeared. No one, not even his family, knew whither he had gone. He had no further communication with any one.

Soon after his disappearance his daughter, Patience, married a John Ryan of Hoosick.

Ryan served in the Legislature along about 1804 and 1805, and at that time became acquainted with the novelist Cooper. In the course of their frequent meetings, Cooper told Ryan of a very interesting character he had become acquainted with at his home in Cooperstown. He described the man to Ryan rather minutely. At home Ryan told the story to his wife, who soon became convinced that this old white hunter whom Cooper had described was none other than her father, missing so long.

Ryan went to the Otsego Lake country and hunted out this "white hunter" of whom Cooper had told him; whether his wife went along the story does not tell. Mrs. Ryan's suspicions were confirmed; the "white hunter" living with an Indian for a companion in a cave along Lake Otsego, and who had served as model for Cooper's "Natty Bumppo," "Leatherstocking," and the "Pathfinder," was none other than Nathaniel Shipman, who had disappeared from the town of Hoosick after being treated to a coat of tar and feathers.

Ryan succeeded in persuading the old man to return home with him. The Ryan home at that time stood somewhere about two miles east of Hoosick Falls. There it was that "Leatherstocking" went with Ryan. But the old man never felt altogether at home with the folks. His heart was in the wilds—and it is said that he paid frequent visits to the place where he had passed so many years in unrestricted freedom, where there was no one to question his loyalty or doubt his sincerity.

Once again he disappeared, and the story goes that this time he went into the Green Mountains. Again his friends searched him out and found him at the beginning of the winter season, occupying a cave which was well supplied with all that was needed to make life there reasonably comfortable. By dint of much persistency he was persuaded to return to his daughter's home again. He died at the Ryan home in 1806, and was buried in the Ryan plot in the old burying ground.

QUACKERY OF MIDDLE AGES.

Solemn Ceremonies Attending Making of Ancient Patent Medicine.

Some of the mysteries of ancient poison lore and the intricacies of mediaeval pharmacy almost baffle our modern intelligence. It is not so difficult to appreciate the force of superstition, for that we have still with us today. Symbolism varies with the ages, but it is not lacking even in the most radical and up to date manifestations of human conduct.

Yet we like to think of our times as essentially reformed and refined, freed from the indefensible prejudices of