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The St. Paul Globe

OFFICIAL PAPER, CITY OF ST. PAUL.

THE GLOBE CO., PUBLISHERS.

Entered at Postoffice at St. Paul, Minn., as Second-Class Matter.

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TODAY'S WEATHER.

Minnesota—Fair Wednesday; Thursday fair, colder; light to fresh westerly winds.

Upper Michigan—Partly cloudy Wednesday; probably snow in east portion; Thursday partly cloudy; fresh westerly winds.

Montana—Fair Wednesday; colder in west portion; Thursday fair, probably colder; westerly winds.

Wisconsin—Fair Wednesday and Thursday; probably colder Thursday in west portion; light to fresh westerly winds.

Iowa—Fair Wednesday and Thursday; probably colder Thursday in northwestern portion; westerly winds.

North and South Dakota—Fair Wednesday; Thursday fair, colder; west to northwest winds.

St. Paul — Yesterday's observations, taken by the United States weather bureau, St. Paul, P. F. Lyons, observer, for the twenty-four hours ended at 7 o'clock last night—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation: Highest temperature, 40; lowest temperature, 30; average temperature, 35; daily range, 10; barometer, 29.85; humidity, 75; precipitation, 0; 7 p. m., temperature, 35; 7 p. m., wind, southwest; weather, partly cloudy.

Yesterday's Temperatures—

	*5pm	High		*5pm	High
Alpena	32	37	Kansas City	50	56
Battleford	24	26	Marquette	36	36
Bismarck	34	42	Minnedosa	22	38
Buffalo	30	42	Montgomery	52	58
Boston	26	30	Montreal	12	16
Calgary	46	54	Nashville	48	54
Cheyenne	46	54	N. Orleans	48	50
Chicago	37	41	New York	36	38
Cincinnati	42	48	Norfolk	38	46
Cleveland	34	38	N. Platte	46	56
Davenport	40	46	Omaha	50	56
Detroit	36	38	Philadelphia	34	44
Duluth	34	44	Pittsburg	36	40
Edmonton	40	44	Qu'Appelle	34	40
Gd. Haven	36	36	S. Francisco	50	52
Green Bay	32	36	St. Louis	48	52
Helena	52	62	Salt Lake	28	30
Huron	40	50	Ste. Marie	32	34
Huron	40	50	Washington	40	46
Jacksonville	50	62	Winnipeg	24	36

*Washington time (7 p. m. St. Paul).

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Anyone unable to secure a copy of The Globe on any railroad train leaving or entering St. Paul will confer a favor on the management by reporting the fact to the business office. Telephone, Main 1065.

Subscribers annoyed by irregular or late delivery of The Globe will confer a favor on the management by reporting the fact to the business office. Telephone, Main 1065.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8, 1902.

Members of one political party in Cuba stayed at home election day and now insist that the choice of the other candidate was illegal. They are learning rapidly down there.

AN ANTI-AMERICAN RAID.

The true significance of the raid which foreign railroad interests are now making, through the instrumentality of the governor of this state, on the welfare of the people of the American Northwest, becomes plainer each day. That raid not only affects this people in their present daily interests, but it reaches into the future of this entire section. It is a Canadian undertaking in one of its most dangerous bearings. It is backed by Canadian railroad interests. Its plainest side is presented to view in the determination of the Canadian transcontinental railroad system to break down the effective competition which now exists and is daily growing more powerful on the part of American carriers in the trade of the Orient and of the northern zone of the American continent.

Within a day or two a number of Canadian editors passed through this city on their way to the Southwest. What was the mission of those editors? Was it that they sought to establish closer and more fraternal relations with their American brethren? Were or are they only in pursuit of the interest of their calling, or of the newspapers they represent? Nothing of the kind. These gentlemen made no secret of their mission. Their errand is, as one of them expressed it, to compel Americans to believe that the Canadian Northwest is the greatest farming place on earth. They came accompanied by all the machinery necessary to inaugurate a grand land-selling carnival. That is their mission. They seek to fill up the waste places along the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad, if they have to depopulate the American Southwest, and, for that matter, the American Northwest, in their undertaking.

Here is the language of one of these peripatetic Canadian editors. The Globe asks the reader to peruse it carefully, and think for a moment on what it means. Said he:

"* * * We have over 400,000,000 acres of the best farming land in the world, and of this there are but 3,000,000 acres under cultivation at the present time. We got 30,000 settlers from the United States last year, and I would not be at all surprised if we were to receive three times that many this season. Farmers are coming from Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa, in fact from everywhere. In spite of the fact that according to our law a homestead can be secured in three years, the Americans who come there will have none of them. They appear to prefer railroad lands, and are willing to pay as high as $30 an acre so that they can own their land from the start."

It is a grand scheme, that of getting a foolish American public to fighting their own railroads, for the accomplishment of the avowed purposes of those gentlemen. What better allies could they want than their American brother editors who grow frenzied in showing to the people of the American Northwest that their own railroads are being administered by bands of public robbers and marauders, and that it is their impoverishment rather than their prosperity which their own railroads seek. What a beneficent public institution is the British subsidized transcontinental railroad alongside, for instance, of that inhuman production of the genius of a citizen of Minnesota, whose home is here, whose life has been devoted to the service of his fellow citizens and neighbors, and who never asked and never got a dollar of public subsidy to carry out the great enterprise of which he is the head.

The Canadian Pacific railroad and its creature, the "Soo" line, have their American lawyers, their American officials, their American newspapers engaged in this raid. They have tried to drag down the American judiciary from the serene heights of public justice to promote the same end for which these Canadian editors are among us—that of promoting the interests of the Canadian Northwest and its people at the cost of the American Northwest and Southwest alike and their people.

To those of our fellow Americans who have lost their wits The Globe addresses its warning. This is an anti-American fight. It is one designed to injure the American people, to divert American population, to build up the Canadian Pacific railroad and the country it traverses at the expense of the Great Northern railroad and the Northern Pacific railroad and the country they traverse. The time is coming when the choice must be fairly made by the people of this section, if this raid is to be kept up, between the soil of their own land and that of a people who are taught by their politicians to be hostile to every interest and every national preference of the American public.

Secretary Shaw attributes all his greatness to his wife. He is likely to be known in Washington as Mrs. Shaw's husband.

THE FIREWORKS ARE OVER.

The secret document which has now assumed the form of a bill of complaint on the part of the state of Minnesota against the Northern Securities company, a copy of which was evidently entrusted by the attorney general to President Lowry's St. Paul organ before departing for Washington, is quite interesting. To the lay mind at least it is neither a formidable, nor a thrilling compilation. Its contents may be summed up in a single sentence. It declares the Northern Securities company to be in character and effect in restraint of trade, and, therefore, against public policy and void. The relief it asks is in a word that that organization be declared null and void, and that those connected with it who have bought the stock of either of the railroads named shall be obliged to surrender the same.

There has been an extensive display of political and legal fireworks in connection with the transaction; and now, no doubt, the public will be given a rest, at least for a while, from the theatrical exhibitions to which they have been treated. The supreme court of the United States does not admit of appeals to passion. It deals exclusively with questions of law and of fact. Hearsay and newspaper fictions will not be available to influence its judgment. No statement which cannot be proven will receive its consideration, and no private interest, however it may mask itself, will be able to control either its opinion or conduct.

Attorney General Douglas and President Lowry's special counsel have withheld the action taken as long as it was possible to do so. They declare now that they will be able to establish all the statements of fact which they make, and that, having done so, the court must grant them the relief they ask. Here we have, of course, the same material as has been fed to the public palate for a month or over, one-sided statements and an opinion which embodies the wish that is father to the thought. There is satisfaction in the reflection that this is the last of the political comedy which has been in progress, at least until the court has acted.

Whether the facts are as alleged in this document may well be doubted. Whether, if they are, they call for the relief sought is no more certain. And whether, even if the court holds according to the contentions of President Lowry's political and legal representatives, the relief granted will be effective for their purposes, there is the amplest ground for questioning. But if that relief should be granted in its entirety, there can never be any question of the truth that the highest court in the land will thereby have committed itself to shackling individual rights of property and assailing the principle of freedom of contract in such manner as to shatter the very framework of American political and commercial freedom.

In the winter the politician's mind turns lightly toward the spring election, and the number of prominent citizens who are in the hands of their friends increases daily.

THREE-CENT FARES IN CLEVELAND

The city of Cleveland, Ohio, is in fair way to see the three-cent fare established on all the street railways of the city.

And the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, in the state of Minnesota, are longing for the realization of a like fare.

It would be a difficult matter for any spokesman for the Twin City Rapid Transit company—attorney or newspaper—to make a plausible, much less a convincing argument, why the two cities should longer be denied the three-cent fare.

In addition to the three-cent fare, there are other things the residents of the Twin Cities are hoping may soon be realized, to-wit: Better service, especially during the hours when travel is heaviest, and a cross-town line, probably on Dale street.

If more cars were run the necessity of making express train speed would be obviated, to the great saving of life and property, and the material reduction of the earnings of the coroner.

These things could be done by the Rapid Transit company doing business in and between the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and still the company would make a more than fair return upon the capital invested.

Along with other matters needing attention, there should be some effective method of ascertaining the number of cars actually in use by the traction company, and the tax collected upon that number.

The people are patient, but patience sometimes ceases to be a virtue, and when that time comes there will be a demand for the things herein indicated that cannot be resisted.

If the owners of the street car lines are wise they will forestall the wrath of the people by providing an adequate service for the three-cent fare.

Last year the Republican party, through its tariff and revenue laws exacted $100,000,000 more from the people than was necessary to meet the running expenses of the government. And the running expenses of the government were the highest ever known in peace time.

A 3-cent fare during the hours working people go to and return from their labors, and a no-seat-no-fare law, would be effective means of providing adequate accommodations at reasonable rates for the people of the Twin Cities.

Col. William J. Bryan is reported to have cleared 40,000 silver dollars with the Commoner the first year of its existence. The paper and the coin do not circulate at the ratio of 16 to 1, either.

That St. Louis exposition bids fair to open in a half done condition, as the others before it. Experience does not seem to have the effect of hurrying up the managers.

We are promised a revival in English of French plays of the first rank. Anything ranker than those we have had will justify the intervention of the health officer.

Lady Helen Stewart has received so much free advertising upon the ground that she jilted Kitchener that we may expect to see her on the vaudeville stage soon.

Miles is not to represent the army nor Dewey the navy at the coronation of King Edward. The consequence is the services will be misrepresented.

A Baltimore newspaper declares there is more money in the city now than at any former time. The street railway company probably has it.

For the hundredth time the St. Louis Globe-Democrat is claiming that Missouri is a Republican state. But its readers are waiting to be shown.

Supt. Partridge, of the New York police department, is said to be a bird.

John Bull's great desire just now is for a Boerless Transvaal.

THEATRICAL

Andrew Robson, in "Richard Carvel," will close his engagement at the Metropolitan opera house with two performances today; the matinee this afternoon will be played at popular prices.

The Frawley company will begin an engagement of four performances at the Metropolitan tomorrow night. The opening bill will be Gillette's famous war drama, "Secret Service." Friday night the company will appear in "The Liars;" Saturday afternoon the English comedy, "Lord and Lady Algy" will be presented, and the engagement will close with "The Only Way" Saturday night.

Walker Whiteside in his latest success, "Heart and Sword," will appear at the Metropolitan opera house Sunday night, and the first half of the week.

The engagement of Kellar, the magician, at the Grand opera house, has been an immensely successful one. Kellar's performance this season is varied in the extreme, and holds the attention of the audience from beginning to end.

"Lost in the Desert" is to be seen here at the Grand the coming week. The presenting company will include such well known players as Charles Stewart, A. C. Henderson, Franke Base, H. H. Horton, Herbert Colby, Al Davis, Joseph Waeger, W. B. Voorheis, Miss Helen Aubrey and Josephine Draci.

Several thousand people saw the performances given by Rice and Barton's burlesquers at the Star yesterday afternoon and evening, and several hundred more were turned away for lack of accommodations. The theater has been packed to the doors at every performance so far this week, and bids fair to continue so during the remainder of the week. May Howard's burlesquers are underlined.

Adjustment of Life.

Adjustment requires intelligence, reason, discrimination. A thing is good in its place, in proper relation. No faculty, no tendency is adequate by itself. To feel, to be deeply emotional, is to be noble, if only emotion be balanced by organic adjustment in a scale of worths or values. Life is first for feeling, then for thought; now for science and now for art; at times for contemplation and at proper seasons for action. Through all the channels of existence the divine life streams, including every portion of the body; and he is wise who neglects none of these. Error is an aspiration for the truth, potentially immanent in it. Ugliness yearns to be beauty; evil seeks its completion in good. Disease is lack of symmetry; its cure is the attainment of due proportion.—Horatio W. Dresser in Mind.

Northern Waters in Winter.

"Along the lonely shore stray snowflakes fall
The waves crash on the shattered ice and crush
The surging floes upon a rock-fanged wall
Tinged gold and saffron with the evening's flush,

"The sun goes down behind a blood-red west.
One cold star glitters in the pallid night,
And all the silent world draws to its breast
The three-fold calm of Water, Snow and Night!"

—Arthur Stringer in Ainslee's Magazine.

Modern Monte Cristo.

Chicago News.

"Is that the world?" asked the Martian as their exploring airship changed its course in time to avoid the earth's attraction.

"I think it used to be called that," said the steersman, "but now it is merely the private estate of J. P. Morgan."

STORIES of the STREET.

The big policeman leaned back against the pillar holding up a portion of the depot, and rubbed his big ham-shaped hands against each other.

"There," he said, addressing the plain clothes man detailed to take care of the A. Holidicks coming in to meet the vendors of gold-painted bricks, "right there you see a girl wot is a picture o' common sense."

The big policeman pointed and the plain clothes man saw a demure looking little woman walking across the main room to the rows of seats. The little maid had the right sort of a chin, and noticing that her clothes fitted her in a truly wonderful manner, the detective agreed with the blue coat. The girl certainly looked one of the strong-minded class, but the plain clothes man loved an argument, and then making the policeman talk helped considerable in passing the time.

"Why do you think that particular girl is a wonder?" he asked.

"I knows them all," replied the blue coat. "I have been on duty here for years, an' I kin pick the right ones out o' the crowd every time.

"Why this here girl will be able to handle herself at any old time, an' in any sized crowd. This Sherlock Holmes deduction don't git to me, but I knows them all an' I kin tell you that the little maiden over there is wise enough to git along without turnin' in any call for help."

"I can't really see it that way," declared the detectice. "The girl to me looks just one of the great bunch of foolish maidens. She is probably down here at the station waiting to see some actor man come in with his troupe."

"You back into the station house," broke in the blue coat. "That girl, if she is waiting for a man, is down here waiting for a good, healthy, strong-armed boy able to make her happy. Take a look at that jaw an' then tell me your song. She knows a real man any time she sets her lamps on him, an' the boy to win her will have to be able to tote over a hundred weight on his shoulders. That girl has a bunch o' sense."

The little maiden with the determined jaw, entirely unconscious of this vigorous debate, had seated herself in the middle of a group of foreign born, and cutting the pages of a magazine prepared to wait for the train from the West.

The blue coat having delivered his say walked off to the other end of the depot, and the plain clothes man, unable to force more argument, leaned against the pillar and studied the maid seated in the middle of the collection of foreign born. He, like the policeman, read that strong-looking jaw as common sense, and being a man with a family he hoped that his young girls would turn out like the maid in front of him.

At last the crowd in the depot began to stir. The man with the heavy voice barked a few barks, and then the clang of an engine bell was heard out on the tracks. The coast train was in at last, and the waiters in the depot started for the doors leading to the train sheds. The girl with the strong jaw started with the others. The policeman and the plain clothes man watched the girl with the strong jaw.

Out of the front passenger coach tumbled a tall man, a short man followed the tall man and a medium-sized man trailed behind the short man. The girl never noticed this group, and the policeman and the detective followed suit.

Then the Pullman porters dropped down off the steps with their little carpet-covered platforms, and the sleeping cars began to unload. The first man out of the front sleeper was a real three-ply, dyed-in-the-wool William boy, cane and all, but the copper and the plain clothes man overlooked the chappie, for now they were watching for the strong, broad-shouldered boy who was to come out onto the platform and fold the girl with the strong jaw in his arms.

The detective was watching the door of the front sleeper, when he heard a loud groan, and turning he grabbed just in time to let the big policeman drop softly to the platform.

"Hey, hey, what's the matter with you?" he shouted in excited tone.

"Look, look," gasped the stricken copper.

"Look where?"

"Look there," and following the finger of the policeman, the detective saw the girl with the strong jaw clasped tight in the arms of the chappie boy, and through the smoke-strained air came an "Oh, Gawge, I'm so glad you did come at last."

"Call the wagon, pal," groaned the policeman, "I just want to live until I can turn in my club an' star to the cap. I thought I knew them all, but now I wants to quit."

A SCANDINAVIAN LEGEND.

A Scandinavian legend gives to the mistletoe mystic powers. Balder, the god of poetry and song, tells his mother, Frigga, of a dream foretelling his own death. In order to avert the impending doom, Frigga invokes the powers of nature—fire, air, earth and water, and animals and plants as well—extracting from them a vow that they will not harm her son. Balder then takes his place fearlessly among the battles of the gods, sustaining no injury, though in the midst of showers of arrows. But Loki, the god of evil, and Balder's enemy, determined to discover the cause of his invulnerability, disguises himself as an old woman and visits Frigga. He flatters her, praises her son's valor and good fortune, and at last extracts her secret from her. She tells him that nothing can harm Balder, as all the powers of nature have taken oath to do him no harm. There is only one little plant, she tells him, to which she did not appeal, and that was so insignificant it would be impossible for it to harm her son. Loki inquires the name of the plant, and finds it a "feeble shoot, growing on the bark of the oak, with scarcely any soil." Quickly he procures some of the mistletoe, and appearing before Hoder, the blind god, the god of darkness, who sits in the great assembly, says: "Why do you not contend with the arrows of Balder?" "I am blind and have no arms," is the reply. Then Loki gives him an arrow made of the mistletoe, and says: "Balder is before thee." Hoder lets go the arrow, and Balder falls dead. Loki's plot, however, was not altogether successful, for Balder, by the united prayers of all the gods and goddesses, was restored to life. The fatal mistletoe was, after this, placed in safety in the keeping of the goddess of love, and, since that time, whoso passes beneath it receives a kiss from her lips to show that the plant is no longer the emblem of death, but of love. The legend ends abruptly here, but doubtless the fatal arrow of mistletoe was stolen by the scamp Cupid, and transformed by him into a love dart to stock his quiver withal!

A Modern Fable.

The devil once appeared to a young man, and, telling him that he held him in his power, bade him do one of three things. "Tonight," said the devil, "you must get drunk, or murder your wife, or throw your mother-in-law out of the second-story window." The young man, who was naturally of a gentle disposition, chose the first alternative. So he went out that night and got beastly drunk, came home and murdered his wife and threw his mother-in-law out of the second floor front window.

Moral—Of three evils never choose the least.—London Judy.

Probably an Oversight.

Diggs—Old Noah missed the opportunity of his life.

Biggs—Enlighten me.

Diggs—When the ark was about to float he failed to appear on deck, wave his hand at the scoffers and say, "I told you so."—Chicago News.

The Globe's Home-Study Course....

The Colonial Period of American Literature

BY LORENZO SEARS, L. H. D.

CHAPTER X.

Three Historians and a Poet.

The struggle between the old style and the new in letters was continued for some time after the coming of the newspaper, the almanac and Benjamin Franklin. The pulpit as yet had nothing to fear from the press. In Virginia, where in 1670 Gov. Berkeley "thanked God that there were no free schools nor printing, and hoped there would not be for a hundred years," there was but one printing house after sixty years, and for thirty-five years more it was kept well in hand by the royal governor. The conservative magistrate had this desire of his heart fulfilled more exactly than in others mentioned in the "Burwell Papers," a piece of contemporary history well worth reading.

A more modern spirit came in with James Blaire, founder and president of the College of William and Mary, who "could not rest till teachers were in the land," and until he had helped to advertise the colony by his share in the book entitled, "The Present States of Virginia and the College." He had already contributed to the current theological literature of the country "117 Discourses on the Sermon on the Mount." Another Virginian, the genial cosmopolite William Byrd, of Westover, turned from his broad lands and social delights to run to North Carolina line through the Dismal Swamp and other desolate regions. He then described the adventure, to the cost of the settlers, in a vivacious narrative, which was destined to wait 112 years for a publisher.

Meantime the historical spirit which was always prevalent in New England England breaks out there afresh. The self-consciousness of a people who were taking themselves and life most seriously was never wearing of recording the progress they were making—in annals and diaries at first, with occasional memoranda of Indian warfare, but at length with the genuine historical virtues of accuracy and impartiality. Thomas Prince, a Boston minister for forty years, is a great improvement on his predecessors in charitable fairness when he observes: "I am for leaving everyone to the freedom of worshiping according to the light of his conscience." He is also careful to examine original sources of information and determined to take nothing upon hearsay or tradition. But he deemed the story of the century of New England life so important that it should have the background of all time in which to set it. Accordingly he began with the creation of man and labored on through ages and dispensations. When he reached the Puritan commonwealth he was out of breath and time. His first volume was an introduction, 5,600 years in length, to ten years of colonial record. Three years more were finished in pamphlets and his work was done. He was not the only one who wrote ancient history when intending to write modern. Teh time had not yet come for improved historical methods. The colonists could not get out of the Anglo-Saxon habit. Still, he was accumulating material for his grandchildren's perspective treatment and for a generation of historians who should be the peers of all their race.

In this midcentury period Virginia had a historian who fell into the ambush which was always placed for those who attempted to write up recent affairs. William Stith discards American antiquities beyond Columbus, but he cannot forbear enumerating the various ravages of discovery preceding Raleigh and John Smith, with an allusion to the pride of some writers in mentioning others as remote as the Carthagenian Hanno and Plato's fable of the lost Atlantic. After awhile he gets to the Virginia colony, but it is the reconstructed narrative of John Smith, in whose veracity he has a provincial and patriotic confidence. Yet his intention is good, and his sense of what a historian should be is keen. "I declare myself of no party, but have labored solely with a view to find out and relate the truth." That he did not always succeed was due to the dust which was still in the air from recent commotions. On the sunny side this became to him a resplendent cloud; on the other an earthly mist. And yet this history must have been interesting reading in its day, as it still is to those who prefer detailed particulars to events in their proportion and relation. The exploits of Smith, the increase in stock and produce, the abundance of game, the variations of Indian temper, the dispositions of governors, are examples of topics which busied the chronicler and entertained his readers with chirographic portrayal until a later fashion of history came in with the next century.

New York furnished another example of the prevailing mode in the account which William Smith gave of his native province from its first discovery to the year 1732. The writer labors under the delusion which possessed all the historical writers at the time that justice, accuracy and impartiality are signally exemplified in their own work. And this despite emphatic intimations to the contrary by contemporaries. In this instance local politics, which appears always to have been in Manhatten air, got into sober history, not always in the interest of truth, if of righteousness. This, however, does not destroy the piquancy of certain passages, nor the unconscious humor which crops out in other veracious ones. The race for wealth divides attention with the citizen's ardor to serve the public in official station, while the pursuit of knowledge and the cultivation of letters are not uniformly an easy third in the enumeration. Later there was a change in this respect.

In Massachusetts the historian of the period who is to be rated with the two just mentioned, though ranking them both, was Thomas Hutchinson, the last provincial governor of the bay. A wealth of materials had accumulated which he thought should be set in order before further destruction of ancient records took place. With becoming modesty he wished that someone else had undertaken the task. He makes the rare admission that the affairs of a colony cannot afford much matter interesting or entertaining to the world in general. His chief design is to save from oblivion for the benefit of his countrymen facts which from their nature afford but a dull and heavy narration.

Uncommon sense is shown by his view of this subject and himself; also in the quick disposal of all previous history and voyages to America. In three pages he is in the midst of affairs on the Massachusetts coast, and in a few more is busy with the Puritan settlement on the bay. Although he keeps the date conveniently in the margin, he is writing something more than a chronicle. There is enough life and warmth in it to give spirit and movement to incidents which pass in rapid succession. The arrival of seventeen ships with 1,500 passengers in 1630, their first and second impressions of the country, the distresses of the first winter, the streak of grim humor in the single inhabitant in Boston, Blackstone, who told the intruders that he liked the Lord's brethren no better than the Lord's bishops, and that his squatter sovereignty extended over all city lots in the peninsula, or words to that effect—all this and more is put down in readable sentences of modern cast. In the midst of describing a famine one cannot tell whether the historian smiled when he mentioned the man who, after a dinner of clams, "returned thanks to God, who had given them to suck of the abundance of the seas and of treasure hid in the sands." And this was not on Narragansett bay. Side lights are thrown on magisterial evenings and rivalries: The man with the greatest solemnity in walk and conversation wearing the palm. Such a one as Vane added to his native majesty of bearing the adornment of "four sergeants walking before him with halberds, when he went either to court or church." Republican simplicity did not begin with the Puritan in 1636. His version of his ancestress' career, Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, is moderate and fair, when it is remembered what monstrous lies the elders told about her. Now and then small matters seem to get more than due attention; but no one in those go-as-you-please times can imagine how the sinfulness of wearing long hair rent the religious society of New England in the seventeenth century.

A single passage may illustrate the judicial spirit of the governor in small things, which were then large: "In every age indifferent things have been condemned as sinful and placed among the greatest immoralities. The text against long hair in Corinthians, as contrary to the custom in the apostle's day, induced our ancestors to think it criminal in all ages and all nations to look upon it as one of the barbarities of the Indians. The rule of England was that none should wear the hair below the ears. In clergymen it was said to be the greater offense, as they were in an especial manner required to go with their ears open. A few years before tobacco was prohibited under a penalty, and the smoke of it in some manuscrips is compared to the smoke of the bottomless pit. Some of the clergy fell into the practice

LORENZO SEARS, LITT. D.

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of smoking, and tobacco by an act of government "was set at liberty." In England periwigs came into use soon after the restoration. In New England they were an eyesore for thirty years after, and did not generally obtain until about the time of the Revolution, and even the example and the authority of Dr. Owen and other non-conforming ministers who wore wigs were necessary to remove all scruples concerning them. It is one of the incidental proofs the great influence of the clergy in colonial days that they were leaders in fashion as well as theology, literature and legislation. When Hutchinson deals with matters of vital importance it is in the same equal tone and temper.

Efforts to instruct the Indians, interposition of civil authority when the church became high handed, relations with the home government, and other such doings, are all set down with greater impartiality than had been seen in any previous record, and with little personal comment. The writer succeeded in blending into a continuous narrative the best and most trustworthy of the materials that had been left by his predecessors. Some of these documents must have seemed to him like scraps from the rag bag, but after the thrifty custom of the time he managed to weave particolored stripes and tangled yarns into a bright and serviceable fabric. When the distractions of his public station are considered, and toward the last the personal disturbance and loss of manuscripts attending the change in political conditions, and finally his illtreatment at the court of the royal George, this three-volume history of Gov. Hutchinson became one of the most attractive examples of our early literature. Besides, it has an absorbing interest of its own, as every reader of it will ascertain. It is the review of 170 years of colonial life by a chief magistrate who, as the last of his line, saw it pass into the life of a new nation. As a royal governor and as a true American he told well, for his time, the story of what was then British America.

Aside from the three representative histories which have been mentioned, there were other prose writings of the mid-century period, miscellaneous in character, largely theological, but with a goodly portion of scientific, political and philosophical topics interspersed. The most of this is not worth reading. It is interesting only as a sign that the colonial mind was broad. A few titles, however, arrest attention: "Ptolemy, King of the Gypsies: New and True Egyptian Fortune Teller;" "Boston, 1753," and the next year "Tom Thumb, the Monster of Monsters." As an antidote to these dangerous books appears the "Youth's Entertaining Amusement; or, a Plain Guide of Psalmody." The dissipation of the singing school had probably begun to threaten communities. But John Witherspoon's "Serious Inquiry Into the Nature and Effects of the Stage" smothered any longings after the theater which a Boston boy might have in his dreams. He would be an old man before he should witness a spectacular play in waking hours. The anonymous author of "Be Merry and Be Wise," knew better than to go beyond the signature "T. T.", in the year of the succession of George III. He was doubtless rebuked when he read in the following year Francis Worcester's "Rise, Travels and Triumph of Death." In fine, the pleasantry of literature at this time is suggestive of the smile of a skull.

The poet of the age who was the most appreciated was Dr. Mather Ryles, the magnificent. He was more than half as accomplished and three-quarters as imposing as the magnate whose name he bore, the author of "Magnalia." His unprofessional studies were in English classics as well as in ancient, a notable exception in the habit of his day. His proclivity for letters was surpassed only by his pulpit eloquence and wit. He knew what was current in literary circles in England, and corresponded with Lansdowne, Watts and Pope. The last complimented the American poet by sending him a fine copy of his translation of the "Odyssey," a book which Dr. Byles accompanied with own verses, including:

Go, my dear Pope, transport th' attentive fair,
And soothe with winning harmony her ear,
'Twill add new graces to thy heav'nly song,
To be repeated by her gentle tongue.
Old Homer's shades shall smile if she command,
And Pope be proud to write as Byles to lend.

Beginning his versifying in college, he kept it up through life, at intervals. It will not be necessary to prove that he was born and died a loyalist, after the following examples of his work, which might have been entitled "The King is Dead, Long Live the King."

He dies! Let nature own the direful blow,
Sigh all ye winds, with tears the rivers flow,
Let the wide ocean, loud in anguish roar,
And the tides of grief plenteous on the shore;
No more the spring shall bloom, or morning rise,
But night eternal wrap the sable skies.

Then is illustrated the sudden wrench to which poets laureate are sometimes subjected:

Enough, my muse, give all thy tears away;
Break, ye dull shades, and rise the rosy day,
Let Britain's sorrow cease, her joys enlarge,
The first revives the second George.
Hail, mighty prince, O shining sovereign, hail!
Fain would the muse lisp her prophetic tale;
In mystic lays the future years relate,
And sing the records of unripened state.

Which the loyal American then proceeds to do so complete that Pope, his master, might have approved in a double sense. Still, the improvement if imitation is great and the copy is better than hitherto. Even in lighter strain some contemporary hit off the majestic divine is better form than that of the ancient clergy:

There's punning Byles, provokes our smiles,
A man of stately parts.
He visits folks to crack his jokes,
Which never mend their hearts.
With strutting gait and wig so great
He walks along the streets,
And throws out wit, or what's like it,
To everyone he meets.

But there is hope for the American muse. Its first agony is over, and its writhings begin to be graceful. At least it is in the prevailing mode of London town.

(Copyright, 1899.)

MONUMENT FOR WATERLOO.

France has at last, after a lapse of eighty-six years, decided to mark the site of Napoleon's downfall. Waterloo is to have a monument.

A short time ago M. Henri Houssaye, an eminent historian and noted member of the French Academy, together with Count de Mautoy and M. Gustave Larroumet, bought a plot of land at the junction of the high road from Brussels and that from Planchenoit near the famous farm of La Belle Alliance, which was the center of Napoleon's position in the great battle.

This ground has been offered to the military society "La Sabretache," which has opened a subscription for the erection of a monument. Already the response has been so generous that M. Jean Leon Gerome, the illustrious French sculptor and artist, has been given carte blanche, the only command issued being that the memorial must be of the finest materials.

He has promised it for the early part of 1902, but the unveiling will not take place until the spring days come and the weather is warm enough to permit of a lengthy and elaborate ceremony.

The monument is a striking piece of work. The principal figure represents a dying eagle with one wing broken and drooping by its side and the other extended but pierced with bullets; one claw firmly grasps the French flag, while with the other the mortally wounded bird defends the colors on which are inscribed the words "Austerlitz" and "Eylau."

The eagle is of bronze and stands on a huge boulder of marble, over which the flag droops on one side, and on the other will be carved an inscription, the exact text of which has not yet been decided upon, but it will contain the date of the Battle of Waterloo, and in a few brief sentences tell the results of the strife and also state that the monument is lovingly dedicated to the greatest general France had and to the noble men who so courageously and gallantly followed their leader.

The eagle measures two meters in height, and the extending wing three meters, twenty-five. The entire monument with pedestal and bronze is fifteen meters high, and is very impressive—Philadelphit Press.

Friendly Advice.

Baltimore American.

"Can't you suggest something for me to get for my wife for Christmas?" he asked of the shopkeeper.

"You'd better get her a box of cigars I expect," said the shopkeeper. "She was in here this morning and bought a lace parasol for you."

THE QUEST OF THE FATHERS.

(James Whitcomb Riley's poem read at the banquet of the New England society at Detroit, Dec. 20.)

What were our forefathers trying to find
When they weighed anchor, that desperate hour
They turned from home, and the warming wind
Sighed in the sails of the old Mayflower?
What sought they that could compensate
Their hearts for the loved ones left behind—
The household group at the glowing grate?
What were our forefathers trying to find?

What were they trying to find more dear
Than their native land and its annals old—
Its throne—its church—and its worldly cheer—
Its princely state, and its hoarded gold?
What more dear than the mounds of green
There o'er their brave sires, slumbering long?
What more fair than the rural scene—
What more sweet than the throstle's song?

Faces pallid, but sternly set,
Lips locked close, as in voiceless prayer,
And eyes with never a tear drop wet—
Even the tenderest woman's there!
But O the light from the soul within,
As each spake each with a flashing wind—
As the lightning speaks to its kith and kin!
What were our forefathers trying to find?

Argonauts of a Godless day—
Seers of visions, and dreamers vain!
Their ship's foot set in the pathless way—
The fogs, the mists, and the blinding rain!—
When the gleam of sun, and the moon and stars
Seemed lost so long, they were half forgot—
When the fixed eyes found, nor near nor far,
And the night whelmed all, and the world was not.

And yet befrightened in some strange wise,
They grouped their way in the storm and stress
Through which—though they looked not on the skies—
The Lord's look found them ne'ertheless—
Found them, yea, in their piteous lot,
As they in their faith from the first divined—
Found them, and favored them—too. But what
Were our forefathers trying to find?

Numb and agasp, with the frost for breath,
They came on a frozen shore, at last,
As bleak and drear as the coasts of death—
And yet their psalms o'er the wintry blast
Rang glad as though 'twere the chiming mirth
Of jubilant children landing there—
Until o'er all of the icy earth
The snows seemed warm, as they knelt in prayer.

For, lo! they were close to the trail they sought—
In the sacred soil of the rights of men
They marked where the Master-hand had wrought;
And there they garnered and sowed again—
Their land—then ours, as today it is,
With its flag of heaven's own light designed,
And God's vast love o'er us all. And this
Is what our forefathers were trying to find.

—James Whitcomb Riley.