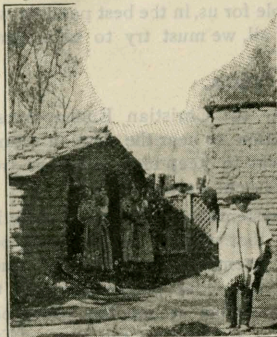


POPULAR LIFE IN THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO

By Zella Allen Dixon.



LIVING so close to the United States as to seem truly a part of them, is an ideal land for the brain wearied men and women of our complex civilization—a land where the pressure of living dies away into an existence as tranquil as it is picturesque. Sights and scenes greet the tired eyes, as oriental as one would find in Egypt of to-day or the Jerusalem of nineteen centuries ago. Two women grinding at the mill as in our Saviour's time; modern examples of Rebecca standing at the well's curbing, with the huge water jar upon her head, waiting, as of old, for some one to draw up the water, for the well is deep. Lazy, sleepy little burros, carrying immense loads of fire-wood, which cover their small bodies so completely that only the long ears and stout little legs are visible, pass to and fro, urged by merciless drivers.

Only the muddy waters of the Rio Grande—so shallow that the crossing of them would scarcely wet the knees of a ten-year old lad—separate us from the charming and fascinating life of the Republic of Mexico; a country which excites the wonder and admiration of every visitor of observation and intelligence; a country with a past wrapped in mystery; a present unique in its civilization and a future as boundless in its promise as are its own vast acres and limitless natural resources.

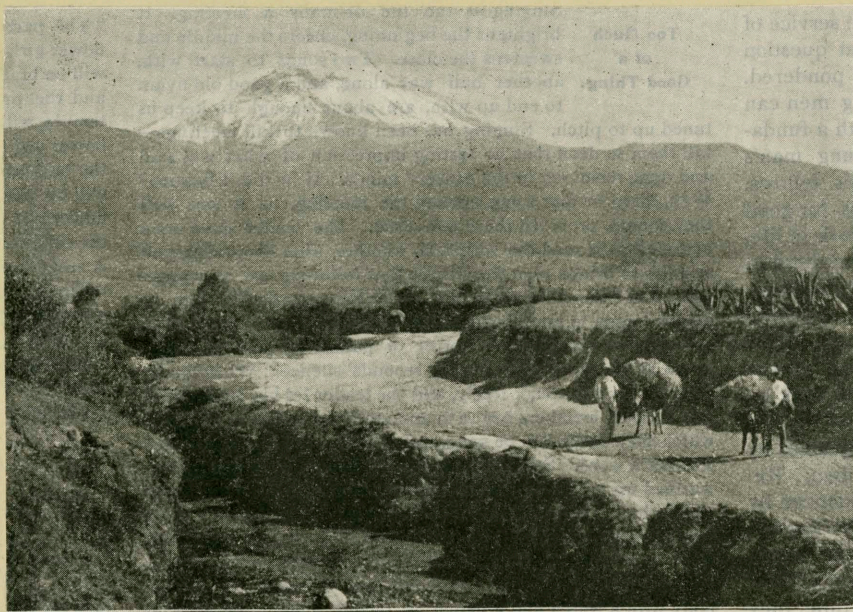
Crossing the bridge at El Paso, Texas, the tourist finds himself in the little frontier city, Ciudad Juarez, and realizes at once that it is no longer the United States, but the dominion over which waves the red, white and green flag of the Mexican republic. There is no gradual shading down from the familiar objects of our own civilization to the unusual sights of a foreign land. The change is an immediate and a radical one. On all sides may be seen ranged along the narrow streets the queer, low, oddly constructed adobe houses or mud huts of the Mexicans. These abiding places are well suited to

the climate, keeping out the cold winds in winter and serving as a grateful shelter from the hot sun of summer.

It has been said that it takes two things to make a city in the United States, a post-office and a saloon. Now in Mexico it also takes two things to make a city, a church and a plaza, and go where you will in Mexico you will always find these two features, more or less beautiful in design, according to the size and wealth of the city. At Ciudad Juarez the church is a very old one, built in 1549, in front of which is the charming little plaza containing a statue of Benito Juarez. The plazas are about the only beautiful things in this country which are not walled in, and rightly so, for they belong to the people, are the property of every one, and made especially attractive and inviting that the people may come there in the cool of the evening and sit on the benches amid the profusion of flowers and birds. In the City of



Popular Life in Mexico.—Striking a Bargain.



Going to Market.

Mexico the markets are situated around the plaza. Going to market is one of the trips a tourist never fails to make, for it well repays the effort of early rising. Sunday morning is the great market day in all the cities and villages. Each trade has its own location, which you can readily imagine greatly sharpens the competition. Such a confusion of tongues, such screamings and gesticulating while the bargains are being arranged is far easier to imagine than to describe. The New York Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade are silent and orderly compared to it. All street car lines begin and end at the plaza. This fact once mastered by the visitor greatly simplifies the topography of the Mexican cities. In the larger cities of the republic the plazas have on Sunday, as an additional attraction to the people, bands and military parades. One thing which never fails to strike the visitor from other lands as remarkable is that the soldiers in marching never keep step with each other, even the members of the band, while playing first-class music and playing it exceedingly well—for all Mexicans are natural musicians—systematically march out of step.

Another attraction of the plaza is the flower market, which is never far from it. Here flowers of all variety are sold in large quantities for a mere trifle. Bright-eyed native girls besiege the visitor, seldom in vain, to purchase their baskets of flowers. Music and the love of flowers are the two strong emotions of the dwellers of Montezuma's land.

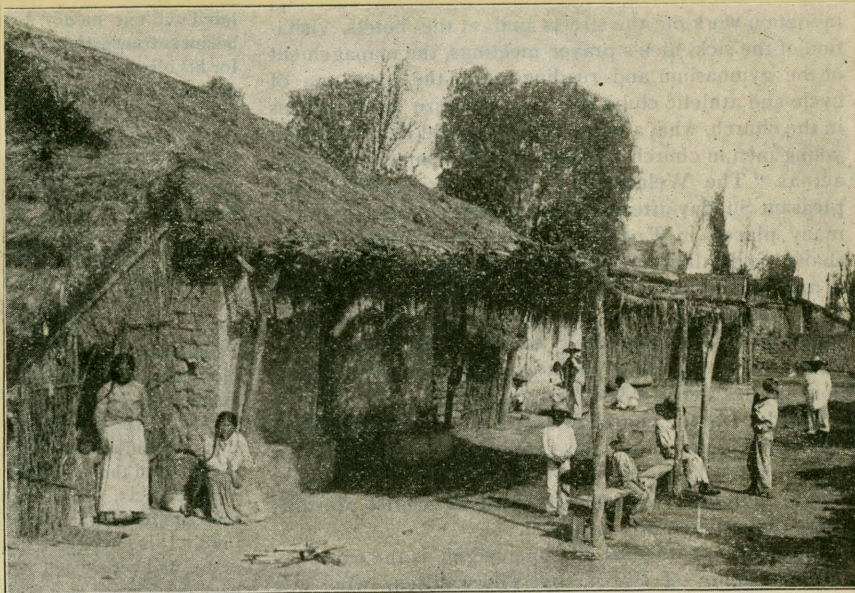
Traveling through Mexico from Juarez to the City of Mexico, stopping at Chihuahua, Zacatecas, Grapuat,

Tula, Queretaro, the visitor has the opportunity of seeing most if not all of the characteristics of the native manners and customs. In the City of Mexico time moves slowly, but it does move. Constant contact with tourists is gradually making the City of Mexico much like any other foreign city, but in the villages of Mexico there is no such thing as time, no past, no future, only the ever present to-day; customs which never change and fashions which never go out of fashion. At Zacatecas some enterprising Yankee brought to his building site some wheelbarrows for the Mexican laborers to use. No amount of Spanish could persuade them to wheel them as we do at home. After filling them each Mexican lifted his load, wheelbarrow and all on his back, and carried both to the point where the material was needed. After the wheelbarrow was empty it went back again to the back of the laborer for its next trip. It seems to me Mexico might with some propriety be called the back country, so universally do all natives carry their burdens on their backs instead of in their arms—hay, bricks, fruit, babies, boxes, everything goes at once on to the back as the natural way of carrying it to its destination.

A burro is the chief possession of every poor Mexican family, and holds the same place of honor in the Mexican household as the pig occupies in the Irish home. It is a common sight to see these sleepy little fellows carrying heavy loads, now of fruit for market, now of firewood for the railroad, walking along the narrow streets with the master driver trudging by their sides. The milk-cart of Mexico consists of a little burro, always sound asleep, carrying strapped to either side a huge jar of goat's milk. The milk man follows with a gourd dipper with which to measure the milk.

Chickens are daily seen peddled upon the streets fastened in a coup on the back of a *huacalero*—hen-carrier. Most of the villages are agricultural and mining settlements, but what strikes the visitor most remarkably are the old-fashioned methods and implements used in the work. The plowing is still done as it was a thousand years ago by tearing the ground with a sharp stick pointed with iron, drawn by a pair of oxen. Some American plows were taken to Mexico last year, but the Mexican immediately added an improvement by cutting off one of the handles and proceeding as before.

The climate is most delightful, being dry and sunny



Street Scene in a Mexican Village.

during the day, but always providing a cool breeze for the evening. Mexicans learn to adjust their work to the climate. Rising early, the work is well started by noon, and the people seek the cool of the adobe house with its mud walls and straw or cornstalk roof, and spend the time in sleep and rest until the cool breeze of the evening calls them forth to the pleasures of the beautiful plaza.

To understand something of why Mexico is what she is to-day, and why there are such surprising differences in two republics lying so closely connected, we must look somewhat below the surface of outward appearances, and find what institutions and laws have caused the results which are so plainly to be seen on every hand.

First of all there are the *haciendas*, the great estates, some of them comprising 60,000 acres and even larger, and producing immense crops, often 75,000 bushels of wheat and 20,000 to 25,000 bushels of corn. In reality a little city of itself but all owned and controlled by one person. Within its walls will be found stores, a church, a school-house, a hospital, sometimes factories, and a large settlement of adobe huts occupied by the laborers. This whole establishment is the last relic we have in North America of the feudal days when the rich and powerful engaged the poor and weak to labor for them in return for the protection they should receive. The chief evil is that it acts in connection with the penal code for debt to institute a slavery very real and very terrible. Slavery pure and simple does not exist in Mexico, and so long as an individual belonging to the republic keeps out of debt he is free to go where and when he pleases, may work for whom he prefers and asks such wages as he considers his labor worth, but should he become so un-



Popular Life in Mexico.—A Hen-Carrier.—Page 10.

fortunate as to fall upon evil times and become indebted to his master, all this is changed. He no longer may go whithersoever he pleases but must now become attached to his master and work for him at his price until the debt is paid. Few debtors ever pass out from such a condition, but through a system of charges and low wages they sink every day deeper and deeper in debt until they become actual slaves for life. It is because of this ability to hire debtors at low prices, often not exceeding nine cents a day, that labor-saving devices are finding their way so slowly into the republic. It has been proved by actual trial that owners of timber land can by means of this cheap labor, saw the trees by hand and have the lumber carried on the back to adjoining cities, at a less expense than a modern saw-mill, equipped with modern machinery can do it. Then also the mild climate which is so charming to the northern guest adds its mite toward increasing the great army of idle men and women whom one sees so constantly at all the railroad stations. In a land where one can live out of doors practically the whole year round,

can raise his crops, two, three and four times a year, have strawberries at all seasons, likewise other fruits, why should he rush and overwork as we of the north do? Nothing but the pleasure of personal observation can fully give to one the charming picturesqueness of this people. They are so unlike other foreigners, so unique in their bright dress, so fascinating in their social life, with its gay plazas and famous fiescas, so generous in their response to each other's needs, so gay, so careless, so happy under all conditions, so delightfully indifferent to the things over which we toil until the brows grow wrinkled and time touches with silver the hair, that one must be hard to entertain not to find a sojourn in their beautiful land, guarded by the lovely snow-capped mountains and weird with the life of a tropical land, a wonderful rest and recreation, an inspiration also, to make of life less of the battlefield and more of the peaceful valley through which the streams of helpfulness to others constantly flow.

The Standard. 444, no. 12, Nov. 21, 1896.

Among those whose names have been added to Librarian Spofford's copyright lists in the last week is Prof. Zella Allen Dixson, Librarian of the University of Chicago. The new book is a contribution to bibliography and will appear among the fall publications of Dodd, Mead & Co.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO WEEKLY.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 9, 1896.

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THE WANDERING WIND.

CHARLES SUMNER PIKE.

Over the hills and the vales,
Down thro' the grass-matted plain,
Over the dunes and the dales,
Blinded by torrents of rain,
The wind in its wandering flies,
Leaving dead leaves in its track;
And ever and ever it cries,
"Beloved, beloved, come back!"

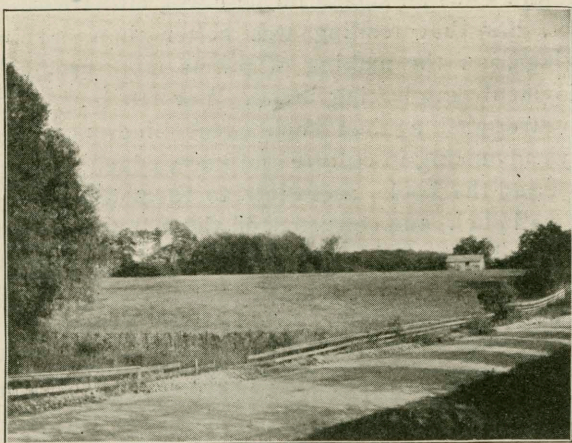
Over the mountains and seas,
Down thro' the freshly-plowed plain,
Over the lakes and the leas,
Sounding through stubbles of grain,
The wind in its wandering speeds,
Like a wolfling astray from a pack;
And ever it moans thro' the meads,
"Beloved, beloved, come back!"

Thus after the summer has fled,
And gone are the odors of spring,
After the roses are dead,
And the birds are unwilling to sing,
My heart with the wanderer flies,
Wailing with wordless "alack";
"Sweetheart, O sweetheart," it cries,
"Beloved, beloved, come back!"

CLOVERNOOK, THE HOME OF THE CARY SISTERS.

ZELLA ALLEN DIXSON.

The scenes which form the daily environment of childhood leave such an indelible impress on character that the intimate knowledge and understanding



"CLOVERNOOK" FARM WITH HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.

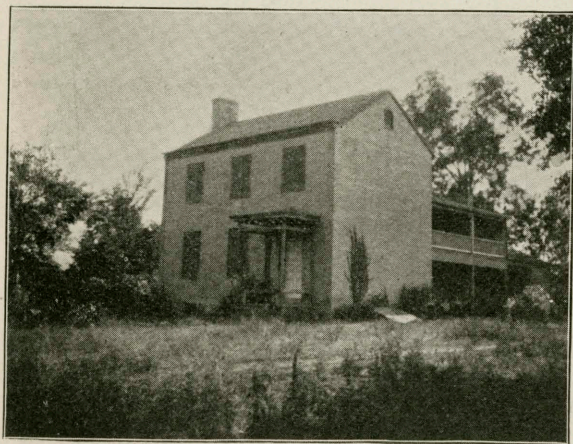
of individual life must carry with it some insight into the pictures of early life which have been stamped upon the memory. This is especially true of the sensitive, poetic nature possessed by literary genius. The power to take hold of these early impressions, to keep

them for us pure and unsullied from the world, and to transmit them to others in some choice bit of prose pastel or pastoral poem was essentially the province of the Cary sisters. No one can read either the charming "Clovernook Papers" of Alice Cary or the sweet volume of poems by the two sisters without becoming familiar with the humble little home in the Miami valley, so loyally have they enshrined the loving memory of their early life in this golden casket.

"Clovernook" is situated on the highest point of Mt. Healthy, eight miles from Cincinnati and is a typical Ohio farm very much like a dozen others, which may be visited in the same morning, having its only plea for greatness in the fact that here on the 26th of April, 1820, Alice Cary, the sweetest singer of our nation was born and on September 4th, 1824, was born here also, Phoebe, her sister, and lifelong companion in her literary labors. The house is a small, square building, unpainted and unadorned, standing back in the front yard, with a strip of lawn separating it from the roadway. On the north side of the house there is a quaint old porch supported by columns, from the steps of which a well worn path leads to an old picturesque well of never failing water. On either side lifting their luxuriant branches into the very bedroom windows above, stand several fruit

trees. On the opposite side of the house is a mammoth sweet-briar climbing to the roof and seemingly the only thing about the place designed solely to beautify. A little to the rear stands in imminent danger of collapse, the old barn with the swallows flying in and out as of old. It is just as it was when the Cary children used to go there for their play and later where Alice and Phoebe hid away with their precious books from the overwatchful eye of their unsympathetic stepmother.

As we stood facing the west we looked on the view which greeted Alice Cary each morning as she looked from her window—a beautiful stretch of woodland, fields of clover bordered by great shady forest trees, with here and there a patch of golden corn. You will often find this view described as you read from cover



THE HOUSE IS A SMALL, SQUARE BUILDING.

to cover of her poems. It was of this scene so deeply painted on her sensitive mind that she wrote years afterward from the city of New York.

"Oh, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things you never saw?

Yes! Well here's an order for you.
Woods and cornfields, a little brown
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down,
Always and always, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn

Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room

Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
Ah, good painter you cannot paint sound,—

These and the house where I was born,
Low and little and black and old,
With children many as it can hold,
All the windows open wide,
Heads and shoulders clear outside :

And fair young faces all ablush;
Perhaps you may have seen some day,

Roses crowding the selfsame way,
Out of a wilding wayside bush."

In such a home Alice and Phoebe Cary began their lives. From their father they inherited their strong poetic nature, their love of country scenes, their power of expression; from their mother they received their intense love of reading, their thirst for knowledge, their practical common sense, which stood them good when left to battle alone with the world. While their mother lived their lives were all sunshine, and every sacrifice was made to give them the advantages of an education. But the first shadow of their sad lives fell across the pathway when in 1835 the beloved mother suddenly sickened and died. Two years later their father married again, bringing into the home a woman of sturdy integrity but no power to appreciate a nature other than her own. She was a woman with practical ideas and had no sympathy with any member of her sex who was not content to be "simply a housewife, nothing more." Alice was now fifteen and Phoebe eleven. Both were devoting their time to the studies of the village school and using their spare moments trying to improve the poetry of their readers or varying the monotony of their copy books with original rhymes of their own. A hard stepmother soon made sad havoc with these occupations. Both girls were kept busy at household duties from morning till evening, but they still endeavored to make some progress intellectually by studying evenings, using the candle ends for light to save expense. Soon however, even this was denied them and they were compelled to pursue their studies in hidden places and by the meager light furnished by soaking rags in lard; for their stepmother could not believe that burning candle ends for such a purpose was either wise or proper, nor that reading was better than darning stockings, nor the making of poems more profitable employment than baking bread. For ten long years they struggled against such great hindrances, yet always advancing in culture and knowledge. During this period the books accessible to them did not fill one small shelf, and consisted of the following: The Bible, a history of the Jews, Charlotte Temple, Clarke's Travels, a hymn book, a mutilated novel and one serial, The Trumpet. The latter was their greatest joy, and was the first avenue through which their writings reached the outside world. Phoebe, years afterward, in speaking of this time and of the joy it was to them to see their verses in print, said, "Oh, if they could only look to me now as they did then! It would be better than money. I did not care any more how hard my life was, some one had cared enough for my verses to print them." The later years on the farm were destined to be happier ones than those of their early maidenhood. Their father built a new house across the way and he and the new mother lived

by themselves there while the children kept house by themselves in the old. New books were added to the poor little shelf, and Alice began the same winter to earn small sums with her verses. Her first engagement was for Dr. Bailey, then editor of the *National Era* of Washington. She received ten dollars for weekly contributions covering a period of four months. In the spring of 1850 the sisters decided to use the one hundred dollars which had come to them from the first published edition of their first poems to defray the expenses of a trip to New York, and into the world of letters which was to them the Promised Land. They visited many noted literary persons, calling on many who had written to them words of encouragement and approbation. Whittier refers to their visit to him in his beautiful poem beginning,

"Years since,—but names to me before—
Two sisters sought at eve my door,
Two song birds wandering from their nest,
A grey old farm-house in the West."

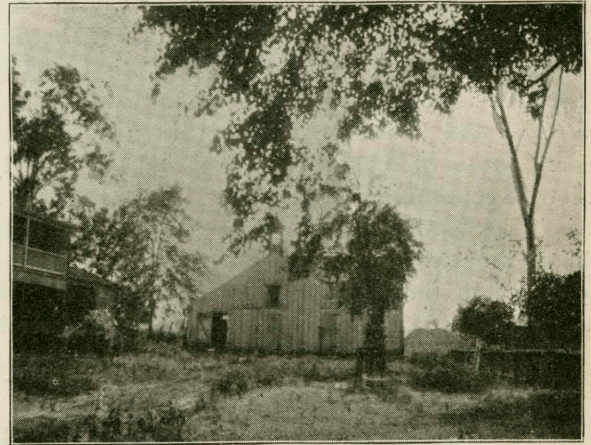
This trip decided them to begin at once a determined fight for a place for themselves in the literary world. They rented two rooms in an unfashionable street where the rent was low and the noise of the great city of New York less deafening. It was the great secret of their financial success that they insisted at the start upon having a home—not a lodging—be it ever so humble, doing for themselves whatever they could not afford to have done for them, and using their womanly skill to the utmost to make their little home as restful and homelike as possible. Alice papered the walls of the room to make them cleaner and Phoebe made frames of bright cloth for the pictures and gave the woodwork a coat of fresh paint. This sweet home nest helped to keep off the worst of the "out on the world" blasts and made the most of the small stock of strength each had brought into the venture.

At this time Alice was passing through the great sorrow of her life, which must be understood to be in sympathy with the vein of sadness which characterizes this period of her literary work. Business interests had brought into her neighborhood while she was a young girl on the farm, a young man of better education and more cultured manners than those of the young men with whom she had associated. A strong friendship sprang up between them which ripened into love and they became betrothed.

His family—rich and prosperous—objected bitterly to his marriage with a country girl, but he vowed to be true to her and to return to marry her as soon as he could earn a settled income. The engagement was never broken and Alice loved and waited for the lover who never came, until finally she read of his marriage to another through the published notice in the New York papers. It was in this great sorrow that Alice

Cary's best literary success was attained. Many years afterward when the Cary sisters were the center of the best and most brilliant society of the East and had for their personal friends the most celebrated women and men of the age she met again her truant lover. His wife had died and he sought to renew those early pledges, but Alice Cary had accepted as the love of her life the literary work which was her refuge when he had failed her, and she never saw him again after that one interview. Her nature was a strong one. She had loved him truly but her sense of the wrong he had done her was strong within her. She had the courage to live her life without him and to make a success of it.

In 1856 the sisters moved to the pretty house on Twentieth street. Two years later Alice bought it and it became their last earthly abiding place.



A LITTLE TO THE REAR STANDS THE OLD BARN.

From the very beginning this home was the centre of all the literary life of that day and was one of the choicest and most sought after circles in New York society. Intensely interested in all public questions, well posted in all current events, full of strong patriotic love of their country and belief in it, they naturally attracted to their home the great in all walks of life. The atmosphere of their parlors was such that all men, married or unmarried, could visit them without fear of gossip or scandal. Yet amid all this admiration Alice and Phoebe Cary longed constantly for the old farm and its surroundings. Each sat in her study room, beautiful with bric-a-brac from many lands and fragrant with the tokens of success, yet each with closed eyes saw again the little Ohio farm, and whenever the gifted pens were at their best work, there was sure to be some sweet and tender picture of "Clovernook."

"Our old brown homestead reared its walls
From the wayside dust aloof,
Where the apple-boughs could almost cast
Their fruit upon our roof;

And the cherry-tree so near it grew
That when awake I've lain
In lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs
As they creaked against the pane.

"The sweet-briar under the window-sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose by the garden fence,
Were all the flowers we had.
I've looked at many a flower since then,
Exotic rich and rare,
That to other eyes were lovelier,
But not to me so fair.

"We had a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones,

Were falling constantly :
And there never was water half so sweet
As the draught which filled my cup,
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep
That my father's hand set up.

"Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet ;
There my mother's voice was always kind,
And her smile was always sweet ;
And there I have sat on my father's knee,
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven locks,
That hair is silver now !
But me father's look and my mother's smile,
They are in my heart to-night."

THE CONVOCATION SERMON.

The Convocation Sermon was preached in Kent Theater Sunday evening by Rev. Clarence A. Barbour of Rochester, New York. He took as his text John 17 : 3, "And this is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." His exposition of the text was clear and logical. He said that continued existence was the least factor of Christ's conception of eternal life,—the chief factor being a knowledge of God—a knowledge that finds expression in the daily life of the individual. His elaboration of his main thought was able and forcible,

and his illustrations apt. His sermon is universally commended and pronounced one of the ablest yet delivered at the University.

Mr. Barbour is a young man, and though small of stature makes a fine appearance before an audience. He is calm and deliberate in his delivery and free from any semblance of cant. He is a clear thinker and his manner of presentation will always hold the attention of his audiences. Should he return to Chicago, the members of the University will give him a hearty welcome.

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

The University library consists of the general library, thirty-one departmental libraries, seventy traveling libraries and two branch libraries at Morgan Park. There are about 300,000 volumes distributed in these different departments, making our library next to the largest University library in this country.

This vast number of books is being catalogued as rapidly as possible. Each departmental library has an author catalogue and in some instances a subject catalogue as well. Where the latter has not as yet been provided the books are arranged on the shelves according to subjects. These departmental libraries are conveniently located with reference to the lecture room or laboratory. With the idea of encouraging students in the use of books they are allowed free access to the shelves. The attendants who have charge of the work of replacing books and keeping them in order will bear testimony that the students of the University avail themselves very extensively of the privileges thus granted.

The general library orders, receives and accessions all books before they are delivered to the different

departments. To the casual observer no particular importance would probably be attached to the five small figures on the leaf following the title page of each book of the University. To one trained in library work, they form a very valuable feature of the book.

In the accession department a complete record is kept of each new book. This record includes the author, title, place and date of publication, publisher, paging, size, style of binding, statement whether the book is purchased, given or received in exchange for our periodicals ; its price, if purchase, and the department to which it is to be sent ; thus forming a record which can be used to identify the book at any future time when any question may arise concerning it. The number given to it is the duplicate of the record number in the accession book.

In the work of this department, the right of way is given to new books as they arrive, but in the intervals between the arrivals of these purchases, work is being carried on upon the Calvary library and other collections purchased or given to the University. The accession records now reach 74,500 which include

departmental libraries and a portion of those catalogued in the general library.

The catalogue in the general library consists of the author and title catalogue, each arranged in alphabetical order, and the subject catalogue arranged in numerical order. Most interest centers about the subject catalogue. Any one wishing to know the resources of the library upon any subject turns first to the "Relative Index of the Decimal Classification" and finds the number under which the subject wanted occurs. This refers him at once to the subject cata-

logue where he finds all the references in all books and pamphlets on his subject in the library. There may be no royal road to learning, but the subject catalogue is a "short cut" to information which makes knowledge easily accessible.

It is only within recent years that the importance of a library in connection with college and university life has been realized. The one is the storehouse, the other the workshop. The two together suggest almost an ideal condition for searching after that which is the end of all knowledge—Truth.

Traveling Libraries of the University of Chicago.

These are used in connection with the lecture courses of the University Extension Department. Perhaps the people who appreciate most fully the blessings of the traveling library are the librarians of small towns, for they experience the difficulty of furnishing from their usually limited resources the necessary reading for extension courses held in their vicinity. Thanks to the traveling library, no town that can be reached by boat, rail or wagon need lack extension courses for want of books.

Following the example of the University of New York, our own University established a system of traveling libraries concerning which a few figures may be of interest. In brief, we have about one hundred such libraries, containing from fifteen to fifty books each on various subjects, the most popular being literature and sociology, a fact not strange in this practical age, if we remember that one study is a reflection and the other an interpretation of life.

The books in these libraries have severally been weighed and recommended for purchase by a specialist in the department of which the books treat, and include best authorities on all sides of the topic discussed. Such selection by competent judges enables the reader without loss of time to make his reading, however limited, a definite gain in the direction in which his mind is for the time engaged.

The slip in each book making provision for purchase is a great convenience to those distant from book-centers, who, not content with reading, desire to own the book which proves helpful. During eight months, August 1, 1894, to April 1, 1895, more copies of Arnold Toynbee's *Industrial Revolution* were purchased from the traveling libraries than of any other book. Volumes thus purchased are replaced as needed, and new accessions are being continually added to this department of the general library. As there is no provision for the purchase of traveling libraries, from the general funds of the University, an appropriation is made from the fees received from centers for the lecture courses given.

The libraries are usually sent by express in advance of the lecturers and may be retained at the extension centers for a reasonable time after the close of the lecture courses which they illustrate and supplement.

The extent and amount of activity and territory reached by our traveling library system may be seen in the long lists published each week in prominent Chicago newspapers, which note University Extension lecturers, subjects and centers for the following week.

MARGARET A. HARDINGE,
Asst. in charge of Trav. Lib. Dept.

Affiliations.

The institutions at present affiliated with the University comprise two colleges and seven preparatory schools. The list with names of presidents or principals is as follows:

Des Moines College, Des Moines, Iowa, H. L. Stetson; Kalamazoo College, Kalamazoo, Mich., A. G. Slocum; the Chicago Academy, 552-554 W. Monroe St., C. W. Mann; the Harvard School, 2101 Indiana Ave., J. J. Schobinger; Kenwood Institute, 40 47th St., J. C. Grant; the South Side Academy, 5418 Greenwood Ave., E. O. Sisson; the Rugby School, Kenilworth, Ills., W. R. Trowbridge; Wayland Academy, Beaver Dam, Wis., H. M. Burchard; the Hardy School, Duluth, Minn., Laura A. Jones.

Another University Journal.

The first number of *Terrestrial Magnetism*, an international quarterly journal, published under the auspices of Ryerson Physical Laboratory, will appear this month. It is edited by L. A. Baur, with the coöperation of a remarkable staff of associate editors, thirty-four in number, representing the scholarship of the world as developed in the study of terrestrial magnetism and its allied subjects, such as earth currents, auroras, atmospheric electricity, etc. This journal, like the *American Journal of Sociology*, is unique in its field.

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THE UNIVERSITY AND FRATERNITIES. The deep significance of the recent action of the University in regard to student organizations appears, judging from casual remarks, not to be comprehended by all concerned. The societies chiefly affected are the secret Greek-letter, "fraternities." Since its opening the University has been rather noncommittal about its attitude toward fraternities and there has been reasonable doubt as to what is the real position of these societies here. By the action taken December 7 last, and ratified by the board of trustees, it is provided:

1. Each organization will file with The University Council, (1) its name, (2) a list of members, (3) such statement of purposes and methods as may be required.
5. Such organizations as may occupy distinct buildings or rooms as residences shall be organized as University Houses under the general rules governing Houses.

This action is of great import both here and elsewhere. By it the usually vexing fraternity question reaches a pleasant solution. The societies are recognized as belonging to the University; as such they become University Houses, governed by house rules. The society, in conjunction with the University, ap-

points a member as "head of the house," who shall be responsible for the conduct of his brethren.

Altogether the action may be construed as favorable to the fraternities, since they are no longer held as enemies without the bounds of desirable student organizations, to be tolerated but not encouraged, but are recognized as legitimate student bodies. They are not given unnecessary or undesirable license, and yet there is no friction nor arbitrary ruling by the University. So long as none of the objectionable features common to these organizations in some schools do not appear here, the WEEKLY decidedly approves the movement thus inaugurated. Unseemly "wire pulling," "log-rolling," or any attempt to create that spirit of clannishness which destroys democracy among students, must be met with opposition, but there are certain lawful rights of student organizations which we are glad to see thus openly recognized by the authorities of the University.

The discussion of President Cleveland's message to Congress on the
RECOGNITION OF UNIVERSITY MEN.

Venezuela question is doubly interesting to the University of Chicago on account of the prominent part taken in it by Dr. Von Holst. Whether his attitude toward the question be indorsed or not, the attention which his articles and interviews have attracted and the interest shown in his opinions are full of significance. It is but natural that anything written by Dr. Von Holst on the public affairs of this country should be received with respectful attention. Few other men are so well qualified as he to speak. The profound study that he has made of our history and institutions have brought him fame upon both sides of the Atlantic. But he is more than a scholar. For ten years he was a member of the Landtag of Baden, and there came into close contact with affairs of state. The experience gained in those ten years could not fail to give him a clearer insight into the meaning of current events.

While much of the interest shown in Dr. Von Holst's opinions must be attributed to his personality, we believe that part of it is due to an increased respect on the part of the public for the opinions of a university professor as such. For Dr. Von Holst's is not an isolated instance. Other members of our faculty and professors at Columbia, Harvard and Yale have been freely quoted in the present contro-

Charles Kingsley's Home.

By ZELLA ALLEN DIXSON, Associate Librarian of the University of Chicago.

IN the pretty little village of Eversley, inaccessible by railroad, and far from the general route of travel, is the home of Charles Kingsley. The route from Winchfield to Eversley is through a region of great historical interest. The ride, usually made in an open carriage, is delightful. Six miles over the silent moors, through a country whose features, while they may not be called grand, are certainly picturesque, is just the preparation needed to put one in sympathy with the memories of Eversley. What could be more striking than the long sweep of open moorland, extending many miles, all aglow with masses of purple heather, the straight, smooth road, lined on either side by banks of tall ferns, broken here and there by patches of the delicate English forget-me-not!

After several hours of this most charming drive, we presently came into Bramhill Park, a spot well remembered by friends of Mr. Kingsley. The noble avenues were lined on both sides by stately elms, oaks and limes. Here we saw the famous old Scotch firs, the boast of the park, said to be the finest firs in all England.

Kingsley in one of his letters tells what a fascination this park had for him, and how it had colored many of his boyhood dreams with horror long years before he ever saw it. Curiously enough, it is connected with the ancestry of the Kingsley family.

Archbishop Abbot, in the time of James I. was an intimate friend of Lord Zouche, then owner of Bramhill Park, and was accustomed to come hither for a day's hunting whenever parish duties would permit. On one of these occasions an arrow aimed at a stag, missed its mark and struck the keeper, killing him instantly. The archbishop was suspended for a time, but after many years reinstated. It was, however, an experience which changed his whole life. He could never banish from his thoughts that scene of death. He became a sad and broken-hearted man. Among the family portraits that lined the walls of the dining-room of the Chelsea homestead was one of the archbishop, painted by Vandyke many years after this accident. The little boy, Charles Kingsley, used to stand at his mother's knee, and hear over and over again the pathetic story, picturing to himself with all his sensitive nature, and wonderfully intense imagination all the agony of soul that had changed the handsome face into one so sad and troubled.



Entrance to Bramhill Park.

He says: "I could fancy the noble old man very different then from his picture as it hangs in the dining-room at Chelsea. I could fancy the deer sweeping by, and the rattle of the cross-bow, and the white splinters sparkling off the fated tree as the bolt glanced and turned . . . and then the shriek, and the stagger, and the heavy fall of the sturdy forester . . . the bow dropping from the old man's hands, and the blood sinking to

his heart in one chilling rush, and his glorious features collapsing into that look of changeless and rigid sorrow which haunted me in the portrait upon the wall in my childhood. He never smiled again! And that solemn form always spoke to me, though I then did not understand why." Was it not strange that his own hunting days for more than thirty years should have been in this same fateful park?

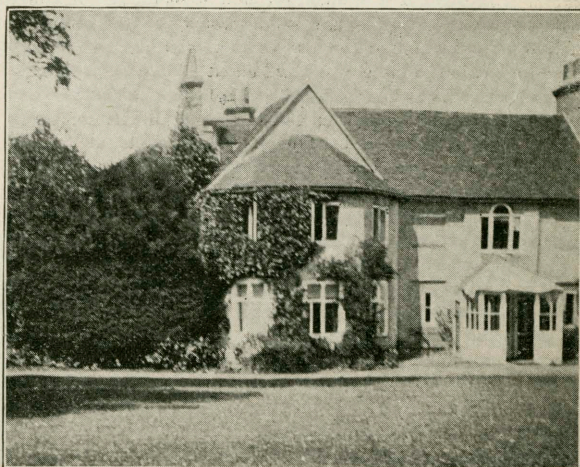
When we reached the moor Eversley Cathedral could be distinctly seen, and near it the rambling rectory house with its quaint, old-fashioned gables and the little churchyard just back of it, where this "joyous knight-errant of God" lies sleeping.

How can I describe the feelings that stirred our hearts as we entered the village so inseparably connected with all that one loves best to remember of Kingsley. What Keswick was to Southey, what Rydal was to Wordsworth, what Abbotsford was to Scott, Eversley was to Charles Kingsley. Whether as Canon of Chester, professor of modern history at Cambridge, Canon of Westminster, or as "Parson Lot," the author, Kingsley loved best throughout his entire life to be known as the rector of Eversley. It is not merely that his name has become associated with the place, but rather that he made himself so much a part of it in his devotion to its welfare. It was one of his pet theories that human beings secrete their bodies from their souls much as a snail fashions the shell he carries around with him, until they finally become in personal appearance like what they are in character. So Eversley, to those who have learned to know and love Kingsley, has become a continual reminder of his own personality.

It still retains many of the characteristics which belonged to it in his day. Being off of the main lines of travel, and inaccessible by railways, it still keeps its charm and romance despite the ravages of our modern civilization, and the baleful influence of the professional traveler.

Here Kingsley came early in the year 1842, fresh from college honors at Cambridge, eager to prepare the home life into which he was to receive the woman he loved, and whose life was so closely intertwined with his during the thirty-three years they lived and labored for the well being of Eversley parish. Here his little children, to whom he was so tenderly attached, were born, and here also, under the great cedars of Lebanon on the lawn, were born the children of his brain—a collection of more than thirty volumes—which have made his name a household word in so many homes.

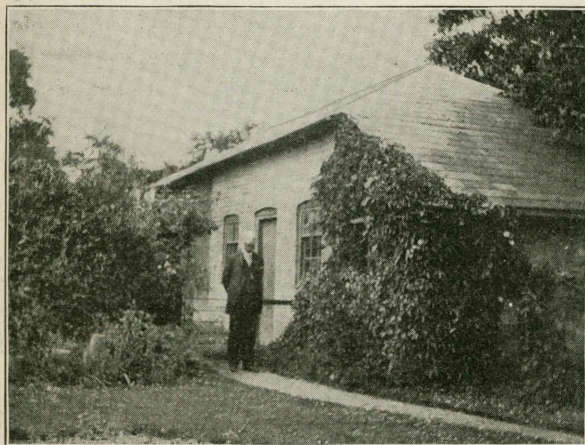
During his college days he had been under a cloud of religious doubt, had fought hard with his own nature against the popular vices of university life. Like many another young man, he started out to believe nothing he could not see proven



Charles Kingsley's Sitting Room and Study.

to his senses, and like many another young man, had the usual struggle back to a more settled and happier state of mind. He was a man of powerful nature; a progressive spirit combined with unusual executive ability, but at the same time uniting with this the sentiment and romance of a young girl; intensely sympathetic for the weak and helpless, always the champion of the oppressed, he was a fearless fellow who could deal the heaviest blows and utter the sharpest reproof of evil doing, and yet with it all so sensitive that his very health was injured in later life by the mental sufferings resulting from the attacks of his opponents. Every one knows the dangers to which such a man is exposed. Referring to this period of his life, he says of himself: "I was saved at this time from being tossed in the darkling tempest of scepticism, from sensuality and dissipation . . . saved from a hunter's life on the prairies, from becoming a savage, and perhaps worse." What was it that saved him? In some respects he owed the victory over himself to the fact that he was by nature a man of refinement. Coarseness of every description repelled him. His love of nature, his enthusiastic enjoyment of the beautiful and good, must also have powerfully held him back from a life of vice, but Charles Kingsley was saved as many another man has been saved—by the transforming influence of a noble passion. He fell in love with a good woman. Who can read the letters to his home circle without being sure that Fanny Kingsley was the bright star that appeared in the midnight of his life, and guided him into the blessed heritage of pure and unselfish living that has made him the ideal of so many hearts. He has himself been first to assign this cause as the incentive and end of all his living. When upon one occasion he was asked what one thing he desired future generations to remember of him, he replied, "That with my whole nature I loved one noble woman and was true to her in thought and deed all the days of my life."

When they began their life together at Eversley Rectory, the parish was run down and neglected. The villagers had long ceased to care for the church. Its services meant nothing to them. It was the last parish to have been selected by an ambitious young man. It was made up of heth croppers and had very few educated gentry among its inhabitants. His appointment marks a distinct epoch in the history of the parish. At his first communion he invited all who could not read or write to meet him at the rectory. He at once turned the tool house into a school room, and before long he had not only the children, but in many cases the parents as well, busy learning the fundamental principles of common school branches. Among his first pupils was the stud-groom from the Bramhill Park stables, a respectable man of thirty-five years. He brought the message that all the servants at the great hall wanted to come also. Before the winter was ended, they were all members of his regular congregation.



Tool-House Where Kingsley Taught His Parishioners.

His knowledge of science together with his strong common sense enabled him to dispel the dark cloud of ignorance and superstition with which the villagers opposed all reforms.

Under his gentle training they were gradually taught that the fever so much dreaded, and such a common visitor among them, was not the curse of an angry God, but the natural and inevitable results of dirty cabins, impure water, vilely ventilated rooms and poorly cooked food. Gradually the village began to reflect the new teachings. The old tumbled down cottages were rebuilt on modern plans, the fens were drained. It was noticed by visitors that the peasants wore a clean and tidy appearance wholly unknown in the days when "Black death" made his annual harvest of despair.

He felt most keenly the helplessness of the poor under his charge. During the corn riots he held special meetings to explain to the people what could be done for them by law rather than rioting. Thus by untiring, unselfish devotion he kept his parish law-abiding citizens in the face of direful suffering. A great statesman referring to this time has said, "Kings' ley worked as hard as the Duke of Wellington to keep the peace."

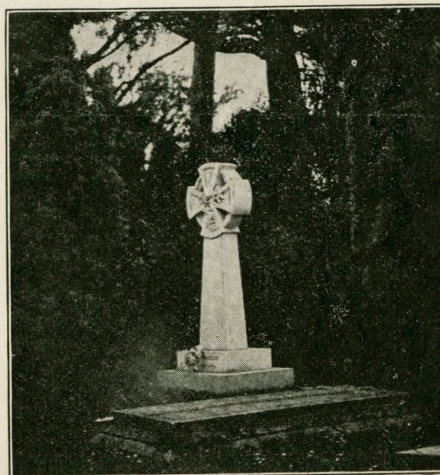
"What is the use," he would often exclaim, "of my talking of heaven to starving men and women. They are not afraid of hell. They know they cannot be much worse off than they are now." It was his championship of the common peasantry of England that awakened much of the hostility of churchmen to him. They could not understand a clergyman who ate and drank with rioters and agitators, so they became his bitterest enemies. They misunderstood and misrepresented both his work and his life. Of "Hypatia's" reception by the church of England he has said: "I wrote it with my very heart's blood, and it has been received with curses by the very churchmen I was trying to warn and save." And yet now that the hands are folded quietly in death, and the great loving heart beats no longer, we can see that much that seemed in vain at the time has not proved so. Eversley of to-day is a far different place from what it was before he lived in it, the poor of England are everywhere better housed, better fed, and better educated because of the bitter battles he fought for them; all humanity is nobler because of his example of unselfish services for others.

The rectory at Eversley is to-day much what it was in his life time save for the absence of the rare spirit which made it famous.

The quaint little study, with its home made bookshelves, the box of half used clay pipes all remind the visitor of the days of his life there. Under the great cedars of Lebanon on the lawn still stands the rustic bench where he used to sit and write. Opening off from the study is the sitting room made sacred by so many precious memories, of which one has said, "I know of no other private room in all England, that has gathered within its four walls so many famous personages from the Prince of Wales down."

When death came to claim this "knight-errant of God," England desired to bury him in the poets' corner in Westminster Abbey, but before his death he had made other plans.

"Wherever I go," he had said, "in this hard working world, I



Kingsley's Grave.

shall take good care to get my last sleep in Eversley churchyard." He died as he had lived. Few men have been true to a loftier ideal, possessed a sweeter spirit, cherished a more unselfish devotion. Few priests of God have worn the ministerial robes with greater purity of life and truer devotion to his work. Few individuals have died so universally beloved by rich and poor alike. When we who had traveled many hundreds of miles to lay our token of love on his grave, stood beside the spot which holds all that was mortal of Charles Kingsley, we found there many flowers laid by other hands and the warden told us there never failed to be fresh flowers on his grave, no matter how cold or stormy the weather.

As we stood at his last resting place and thought of the mighty, restless spirit that once lived in the body mouldering there, we recalled what he himself had written concerning the mystery of death:

"Out of God's boundless bosom, the fount of life we come; through selfish stormy youth and contrite tears, just not too late, through middle life not altogether useless, through slow and dull old age, we return from whence we came to the bosom of God, to go forth once more it may be with fresh knowledge and fresh power to do a nobler work."

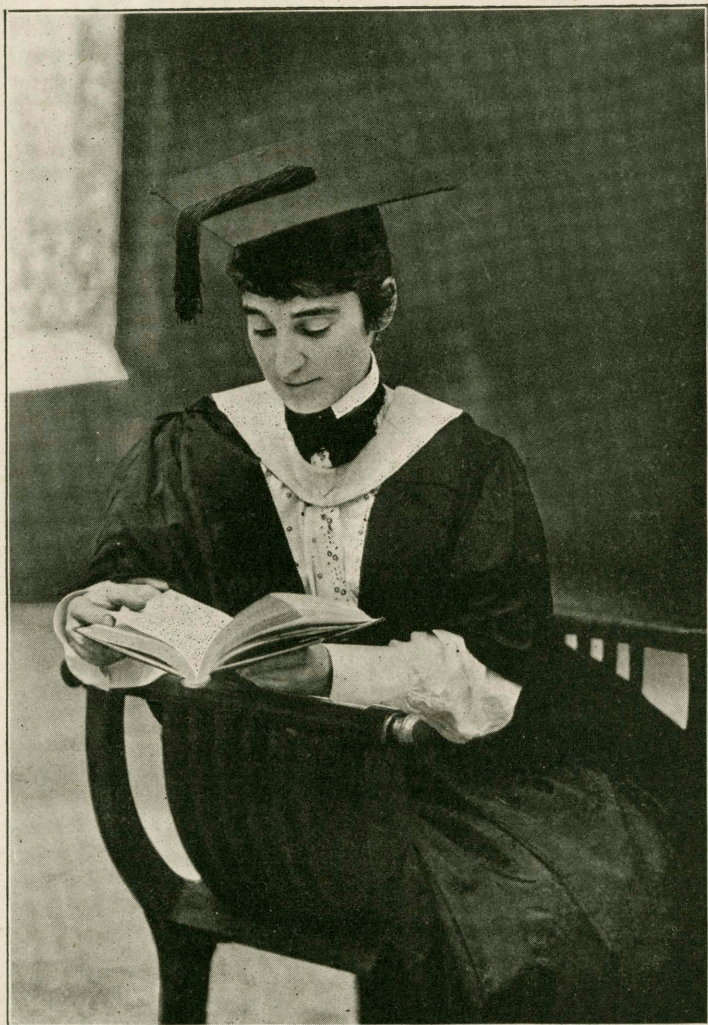
University of Chicago Library.

[It may be interesting to readers of THE STANDARD to know that the photographs reproduced in the foregoing article were taken by the author during a visit to "Charles Kingsley's Home."—EDITOR.]



The Standard

November 30, 1895



ZELLA ALLEN DIXSON.

University of Chicago Weekly.
Jan. 9, 1896.

The University of Chicago.

THE UNIVERSITY EXTENSION DIVISION

CLASS-STUDY DEPARTMENT

I. W. HOWERTH, SECRETARY

COURSE IN LIBRARY ECONOMY.

The University of Chicago extends its instruction by organizing afternoon, evening and Saturday classes at all places where at least six persons wish to study any given subject. Classes for the Winter Quarter begin the first week in January. A general circular explaining the work in detail will be sent upon application.

Attention is here called to a course offered by **Zella Allen Dixson, A. M.**, of the University Faculty. The course is designed to make students and readers more familiar with modern library methods and to enable them to acquire greater facility in research work in the library.

The lectures will not be technical, but will endeavor to give information in regard to books and book methods in a popular and attractive form. The following lectures will be given:

The Modern Library Movement.

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|----------|-----|--|
| Jan. 8. | 1. | Historical resumé of Library Economy up to 1870. |
| Jan. 15. | 2. | Inception of the modern Library movement. |
| Jan. 22. | 3. | Effect of the movement on University Extension. |
| Jan. 29. | 4. | Traveling and Home Libraries. |
| Feb. 5. | 5. | Library Schools for training librarians. |
| Feb. 12. | 6. | Co-operation in methods and materials. |
| Feb. 19. | 7. | Bookbuying. |
| Feb. 26. | 8. | Bookbinding and care of books. |
| Mar. 5. | 9. | Manuscripts, Old and rare books. |
| Mar. 12. | 10. | How to obtain the greatest good from the library. |
| Mar. 19. | 11. | Reference books and How to use them. |
| Mar. 26. | 12. | Historical sketches of some of the great libraries of the world. |

This class will meet Friday evening of each week, at 8 o'clock, at the University, Cobb Hall, Room B 5. A fee of \$6.00 per pupil will be charged for the course of twelve lectures. Tuition is payable in full at the time of the first meeting of the class. In order to secure a place in this class, applications should be made as soon as possible to the Secretary of the Class-Study Department.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

Dec, 1896.

The University of Chicago.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

—Mrs. Zella

Allen Dixson, the accomplished assistant librarian of the University of Chicago, supplies, this week, the first of a short occasional series touching libraries abroad which will be found of rare interest. The illustrations are from pictures taken in each instance on the spot by Mrs. Dixson herself.—

Some of the Irish Libraries.

BY ZELLA ALLEN DIXSON.

It has been laid down by the wise ones as a fundamental principle of life that we find what we seek. If we are looking for slights and cold shoulders, behold every man's hand is against us; if our own hearts burn with a broad love for humanity we marvel that so much of the time of this busy nineteenth century world is spent in simply doing people "good turns." It is upon such principles as these that a librarian finds the choicest and rarest collection of books.

"What did you find to interest you most in Ireland?" a friend recently asked. "The libraries," I replied.

"Libraries!" he exclaimed. "Why I have spent eleven months there, and have visited every nook and crevice on the island and I never ran across one."

Indeed I could believe it quite true, for in Europe one does not "run across" the library as one might be said to do here in America, where every place has its library in as much a matter of course way as it has its post-office. If there is any hunting for it one usually may, at least, expect to find it in a place reasonably convenient for the men and women who are to use it. In foreign lands, however, quite the reverse is true. If you want to visit the libraries you have first of all to find them. This will only be, too often, after a long and discouraging search. Situated in the most unfrequented quarter of the city, far from the busy haunts of men, on some back street which your guide-book has forgotten to mention, sometimes up two or three flights of stairs, you find at last the mob of books which for lack of a better name we call a library. The classification exists only in the brain of the keeper of the room, and the indexes are conspicuous chiefly by their absence. But what a treat we find in the books themselves! How well worth the trouble it has cost to find them! What treasures we see before us, undreamed of in our carefully arranged and accurately catalogued American libraries. Rare first editions, famous out-of-print books, and splendid old black-letter folios, peacefully resting side by side with the dust of decades covering them.

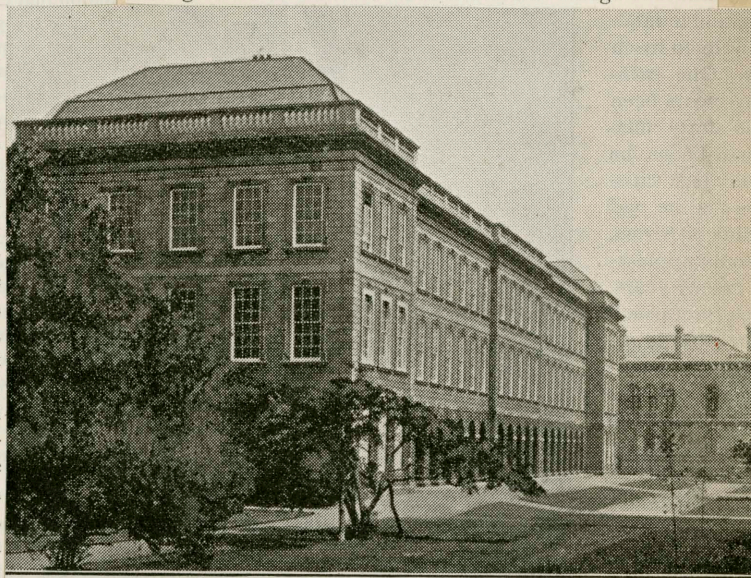
Among the easily accessible libraries of Ireland is the one connected with the Trinity College of Dublin. This is perhaps the best known and most generally visited by travelers, of all the book collections of the island.

A large book stands on the desk at the entrance of the reading-room, and the stranger is requested to register the name and address before going up-stairs to the library proper. This custom dates back to the year 1712, and by means of it the library has in its possession one of the most valuable collections of autographs in existence. It

is by no means the least of the pleasures which a visit to this library affords to examine this priceless collection.

The history of Trinity College is from first to last a story of conflicts. The library itself presents incidents which constantly recall its origin. Armies returning from battle flushed with glory usually celebrate their victories with the destruction of some noble work of art or literature. History abounds in incidents of this character, but here we have a victorious army commemorating the defeat of their enemies by the founding of a great library.

When the battle of Kinsale was won on Christmas eve, 1601, Queen Elizabeth's soldiers, who had defeated the Irish insurgents and their Spanish allies, resolved to do something which should be a lasting monument to the bravery of the English soldiery, and a testimonial to the love of learning inspired in them by their renowned queen. Within a few days they had collected £18,000 and given the same to the trustees of the college to found



Trinity College Library, Dublin.

a library. Two years later Dr. Challoner and Dr. Ussher were sent to London to purchase the books, and the Trinity College Library was born into the kingdom, to begin the great work for which it is so justly famous.

This library has had the usual experiences of book thieves and students with defective memories. Its records show that many precious tomes have from time to time left the collection never again to rejoin their companions on the shelves. Losses from these causes were undoubtedly serious, but in studying the records of the college I found some items which throw not a little light upon the source of some of the more serious losses outside entirely of the student body. About forty years ago the trustees decided to have the books thoroughly catalogued. At

first a sum of £1,000 was set aside for the work, and as the librarian "though able to speak many foreign languages did not understand the mysteries of cataloguing," two cataloguers from England were hired to undertake the task. Just before the final arrangements were made, however, one member of the board objected that the sum of money was too large, and that it was wholly unnecessary to go outside the city of Dublin for a competent worker who would do it

Early in the nineteenth century the Fazel collection, numbering 175,000 volumes, was added to the library. This is still the boast of the college as being the finest collection of historical and political books known to exist anywhere. The copyright law which deposits in the library one copy of every book published in Great Britain, feeds the shelves

with new material without cost to the college. The library numbers at present 250,000 volumes which are housed in a handsome building erected in 1702, at the national expense from funds voted for the purpose by Parliament.

The records of the library show a remarkable disproportion of use to value, judged by American standards. The average attendance was forty-seven; the largest number for any one day during a period of ten years was ninety-one. This puzzle is easily solved by remembering that this great library is arranged by *size*, not by subject, and that the catalogue, although published at considerable expense, gives only the possession of the books, never their location.

Until 1843 the student was admitted by card to the library room, but the librarian missed so many books and found such difficulty in keeping the shelves orderly and neat that it was decided to introduce the "docket system." Now the students are admitted only to the reading-room on the first floor. Here they have free use of the volumes of catalogues and 3,000 volumes of reference works. If any book in the main collection is needed the request is sent through a tube to the library room above. If the librarian knows where the book is, it is sent down immediately, otherwise it is written on the docket slip for the day and placed with the file of "books to be found" and hunted up at the librarian's leisure. The student requesting the loan of the book is asked to call in a day or two when the work will probably be ready for him. I was told that since the introduction of this system in 1843 only two books had been permanently lost. I could not help thinking, however, that the library had lost something infinitely more precious, *the opportunity to do good*.

The library which I like best to recall is the Marsh col-

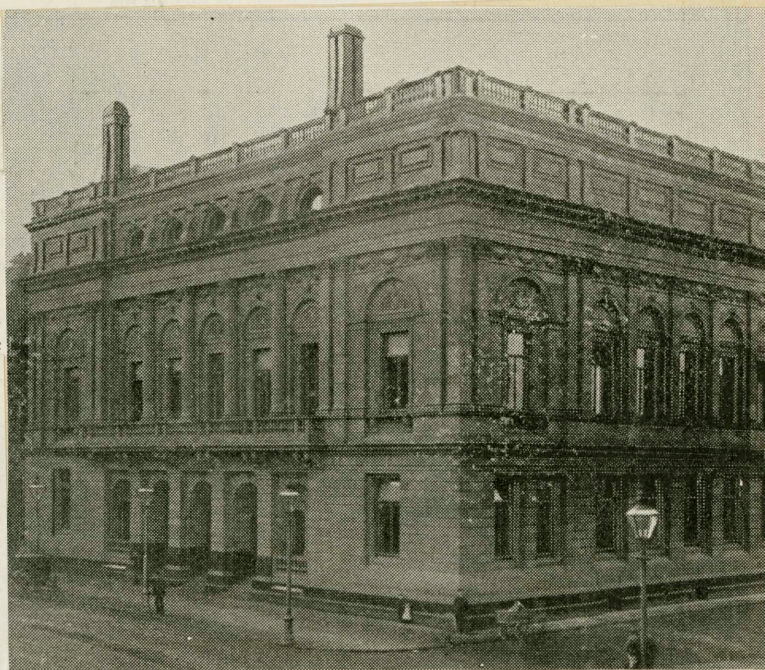


Carton Library, Kildare.

for much less. Consequently a former shopkeeper was hired to do the cataloguing for half the original appropriation. For many months he busied himself in and about the library, preparing the catalogue. After several expensive sets had very mysteriously disappeared the trustees began to suspect that they were doing an expensive piece of cataloguing. The untrained cataloguer was discharged, but not until many costly volumes had disappeared from the shelves.

One day much excitement was caused by the publication in a London book-sale catalogue of a cluster of rare and out-of-print books which for years had been supposed to be found alone in the library of Trinity College. The

librarian was naturally anxious to see how his own set compared with the set offered for sale. He sought the shelves where they were wont to be. Their beautiful covers still stood in their places but their contents were missing. Some of the stolen volumes were recovered, but the larger number were never again a part of the library. The cheap catalogue had proved to be a very costly one, and the trustees, unwilling to bear the blame, insisted that the losses came through the students. From this time on, no student could use the library with the former freedom.



Free Public Library, Belfast.

lection, named after its founder and situated near St. Patrick's Cathedral yard, in full sight of the grave of its founder. The library began its work as the private collection of Dr. Marsh, then Bishop of Dublin. At his death he left his entire estate as an endowment for it. Unfor-

tunately for many years the trustees were men closely connected with Trinity College Library and during the eighteenth century the rivalry between the two libraries was so bitter that the poor little Marsh Library almost dropped out of existence. For more than a century no gifts of money or books came to it, and the few volumes purchased by the trustees are recorded at ridiculously high prices while the books themselves were almost worthless in value. At the death of Bishop Stearn his choice library, rich in theological and historical books, containing some of the rarest of the oriental mss. passed into the possession of this library. It has never received any of the privileges of the copyright law nor any help whatever from the government except money to pay the salaries of the library staff, yet I found this brave little library doing a work undreamed of by its rich and well favored rival. It is the most hospitable of all the libraries in Dublin—indeed in all Ireland. A simple voucher of respectability from some known person is all that is required for the freest and fullest use of the collection. Its circulation and readers' list is

much larger than any other in Dublin, although having so few books to offer to the public, no new works and no works on science, yet this little neglected, much abused library has been the literary workshop of all lands and many famous men and women whom we delight to honor have drunk at its fountain of knowledge. Here Dean Swift was for many years a constant reader and has left us in his recently published memoirs some record of those days. He says, "I was forced to use the Marsh Library entirely, as the Trinity College Library was so neglected and in such disorder that it was almost impossible to find what one knew to be there." Thomas Hearne also leaves this testimony among his papers: "From long experience with most of the libraries I am ready to declare that the Marsh collection is the only really useful library in all Ireland." We find that Edmund Burke and Thomas Moore had also the same kind of appreciation of the work the wee library was doing in spite of its real poverty of books, courageously taking up arms against a sea of troubles and fighting year by year with a destitution so great that at times even the few books which it did possess were imperiled, yet winning the honor of being the most used and most useful library in all Ireland.

The King's Inn Library, a collection restricted to the use of the members of the society, the Library of the Literary Society of Dublin and the Library of the Dublin Royal Society are all valuable collections, but far more like private restricted collections than those described. In all of these last mentioned only members of the society can have the use of the books.

In the north of Ireland the life and habits of the people come more nearly to those of our own. We are not surprised therefore to find that the libraries are also of a distinctly different character from those of the southern and central portions. On the way to Belfast it was my privilege to visit the famous Carton Library, the private collection of William Robert Fitzgerald, Duke of Leinster. It is situated in the most beautiful part of the grounds, facing on one side the tiny lake and on the other having a fine view of the picturesque village of Kildare in the distance. The books are so arranged as to cover the walls to a height of ten feet. Above this are some fine old paintings which would be the pride of any national collection. The most noticeable thing about the books are their exquisite bindings, lending an air of elegance and refinement to the artistically decorated room. The usual glass doors are lacking from the bookcases, much to the delight of the visitors, who appreciate this charming hospitality, however bad it may be for the books.

This is one of the finest private collections on the Emerald Isle, being especially rich in specimens of rare bindings and also favored in the possession of some mss. of rather more than the usual interest.

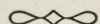
The new movement towards providing free reading for those too poor to own their own libraries, has made itself felt here as much as in countries where libraries are more numerous and more able to help others. The best equipped and largest of their free public libraries is the Free Public Library of Belfast. Situated amid the bustle and stir of this thrifty city it has seemed to breathe into its own life the energy of the people whom it is destined to influence more than any other factor in their lives. It was founded in 1882 but did not open until 1888. The building is a stately three-story structure costing £20,000, fully equipped with modern library supplies and in all things prepared to do a great work among the people of that city. Its books are of a higher grade than those found in the average library of Ireland, many of them being of much value, including a priceless collection of early mss. chiefly Irish, which are always kept in a fire-proof room made especially for them and can only be seen by special permission of the librarian. This library is entitled to one copy of every book printed in the kingdom, but receives in addition many gifts of both money and books from its rich citizens, who are all proud of their fine library and the work it is doing and give it their generous support.

One of the amusing experiences of my visit here was the examination of the file of applications for the position of librarian when the library first opened. Work in a library was a new thing under the sun to the people, and there seems to have been much uncertainty in their minds just what qualifications best suited one for being a keeper of the books. To judge from the applications there appears to have been a dim, undefined impression that to have failed in any other avocation in life was a fundamental requisite for clever librarianship. There were more than 160 applications, ranging from twenty to fifty years of age, and with qualifications still more miscellaneous. There were doctors, lawyers, dentists, teachers and ministers

4.
in abundance; an auctioneer, a canteen steward, an architect, a chief of police, a head waiter, numerous army men with various missing members, and a dancing master who also stated that he was able to teach the complete etiquette of polite society. One earnest applicant stated that he had for many years been at the head of a lunatic asylum, and as crazy men were much more difficult to manage than books he was sure he would give the trustees the very best satisfaction. Another stated as his qualification that he had spent the greater part of his life in the wilds of Africa, while still another hoped the trustees would appreciate that having been a sea-captain for twenty years, he understood the management of unseen forces such as wind and wave and would therefore be able to direct and control the shifting seas of public popularity. With such an embarrassment of riches one can not fail to commend the wisdom of the trustees in deciding to send to a foreign shore and securing the services of a librarian who had been made such by training and experience.

While Ireland is awake as to her needs along library lines and is making efforts which put to shame England, France and Germany, her libraries at best serve but meagerly to supply the great book hunger of her poorer classes. It is often asked, "Why should the rich buy books for the poor?" For the same reason that all nations have decided that it is necessary to educate other people's children. An educated and cultivated community means a tidy, law abiding city. It is a cause for great thanksgiving that in Ireland, of all places, where we find so much to regret, the libraries are showing constantly increasing readers, more and better books, and that the people give so freely out of their poverty to help start libraries in the midst of squalor and distress because they themselves have come to understand that "to learn to love a good book is to win a friend."

University of Chicago Library.



The Standard.
(July 6 - 1895.)

Vol. 42. p.

Editorial Summary.

We may mention also, that the illustrations in the deeply interesting article upon Charles Kingsley's home, were taken by photograph on the spot by the author of the article. The article itself will be read with especial interest by admirers of Kingsley's works; but scarcely less we should think by those who enjoy skillful descriptions of English scenery.

Charles Kingsley's Home.

By ZELLA ALLEN DIXSON, Associate Librarian of the University of Chicago.

IN the pretty little village of Eversley, inaccessible by rail-road, and far from the general route of travel, is the home of Charles Kingsley. The route from Winchfield to Eversley is through a region of great historical interest. The ride, usually made in an open carriage, is delightful. Six miles over the silent moors, through a country whose features, while they may not be called grand, are certainly picturesque, is just the preparation needed to put one in sympathy with the memories of Eversley. What could be more striking than the long sweep of open moorland, extending many miles, all aglow with masses of purple heather, the straight, smooth road, lined on either side by banks of tall ferns, broken here and there by patches of the delicate English forget-me-not!

After several hours of this most charming drive, we presently came into Bramhill Park, a spot well remembered by friends of Mr. Kingsley. The noble avenues were lined on both sides by stately elms, oaks and limes. Here we saw the famous old Scotch firs, the boast of the park, said to be the finest firs in all England.

Kingsley in one of his letters tells what a fascination this park had for him, and how it had colored many of his boyhood dreams with horror long years before he ever saw it. Curiously enough, it is connected with the ancestry of the Kingsley family.

Archbishop Abbot, in the time of James I. was an intimate friend of Lord Zouche, then owner of Bramhill Park, and was accustomed to come hither for a day's hunting whenever parish duties would permit. On one of these occasions an arrow aimed at a stag, missed its mark and struck the keeper, killing him instantly. The archbishop was suspended for a time, but after many years reinstated. It was, however, an experience which changed his whole life. He could never banish from his thoughts that scene of death. He became a sad and broken-hearted man. Among the family portraits that lined the walls of the dining-room of the Chelsea homestead was one of the archbishop, painted by Vandyke many years after this accident. The little boy, Charles Kingsley, used to stand at his mother's knee, and hear over and over again the pathetic story, picturing to himself with all his sensitive nature, and wonderfully intense imagination all the agony of soul that had changed the handsome face into one so sad and troubled.



Entrance to Bramhill Park.

He says: "I could fancy the noble old man very different then from his picture as it hangs in the dining-room at Chelsea. I could fancy the deer sweeping by, and the rattle of the cross-bow, and the white splinters sparkling off the fated tree as the bolt glanced and turned . . . and then the shriek, and the stagger, and the heavy fall of the sturdy forester . . . the bow dropping from the old man's hands, and the blood sinking to his heart in one chilling rush, and his glorious features collapsing into that look of changeless and rigid sorrow which haunted me in the portrait upon the wall in my childhood. He never smiled again! And that solemn form always spoke to me, though I then did not understand why." Was it not strange that his own hunting days for more than thirty years should have been in this same fateful park?

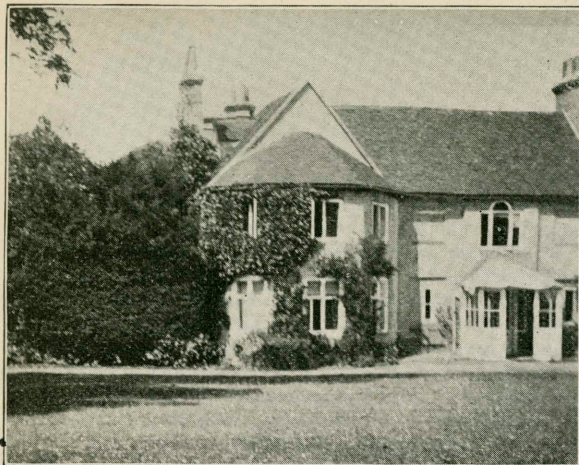
When we reached the moor Eversley Cathedral could be distinctly seen, and near it the rambling rectory house with its quaint, old-fashioned gables and the little churchyard just back of it, where this "joyous knight-errant of God" lies sleeping.

How can I describe the feelings that stirred our hearts as we entered the village so inseparably connected with all that one loves best to remember of Kingsley. What Keswick was to Southey, what Rydal was to Wordsworth, what Abbotsford was to Scott, Eversley was to Charles Kingsley. Whether as Canon of Chester, professor of modern history at Cambridge, Canon of Westminster, or as "Parson Lot," the author, Kingsley loved best throughout his entire life to be known as the rector of Eversley. It is not merely that his name has become associated with the place, but rather that he made himself so much a part of it in his devotion to its welfare. It was one of his pet theories that human beings secrete their bodies from their souls much as a snail fashions the shell he carries around with him, until they finally become in personal appearance like what they are in character. So Eversley, to those who have learned to know and love Kingsley, has become a continual reminder of his own personality.

It still retains many of the characteristics which belonged to it in his day. Being off of the main lines of travel, and inaccessible by railways, it still keeps its charm and romance despite the ravages of our modern civilization, and the baleful influence of the professional traveler.

Here Kingsley came early in the year 1842, fresh from college honors at Cambridge, eager to prepare the home life into which he was to receive the woman he loved, and whose life was so closely intertwined with his during the thirty-three years they lived and labored for the well being of Eversley parish. Here his little children, to whom he was so tenderly attached, were born, and here also, under the great cedars of Lebanon on the lawn, were born the children of his brain—a collection of more than thirty volumes—which have made his name a household word in so many homes.

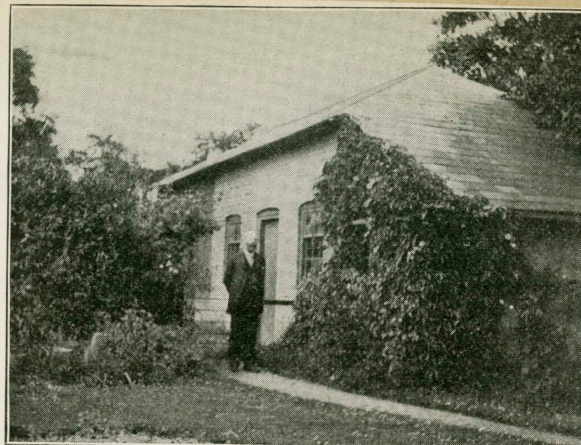
During his college days he had been under a cloud of religious doubt, had fought hard with his own nature against the popular vices of university life. Like many another young man, he started out to believe nothing he could not see proven to his senses, and like many another young man, had the usual struggle back to a more settled and happier state of mind. He was a man of powerful nature; a progressive spirit combined with unusual executive ability, but at the same time uniting with this the sentiment and romance of a young girl; intensely sympathetic for the weak and helpless, always the champion of the oppressed, he was a fearless fellow who could deal the heaviest blows and utter the sharpest reproof of evil doing,



Charles Kingsley's Sitting Room and Study.

and yet with it all so sensitive that his very health was injured in later life by the mental sufferings resulting from the attacks of his opponents. Every one knows the dangers to which such a man is exposed. Referring to this period of his life, he says of himself: "I was saved at this time from being tossed in the darkling tempest of scepticism, from sensuality and dissipation . . . saved from a hunter's life on the prairies, from becoming a savage, and perhaps worse." What was it that saved him? In some respects he owed the victory over himself to the fact that he was by nature a man of refinement. Coarseness of every description repelled him. His love of nature, his enthusiastic enjoyment of the beautiful and good, must also have powerfully held him back from a life of vice, but Charles Kingsley was saved as many another man has been saved—by the transforming influence of a noble passion. He fell in love with a good woman. Who can read the letters to his home circle without being sure that Fanny Kingsley was the bright star that appeared in the midnight of his life, and guided him into the blessed heritage of pure and unselfish living that has made him the ideal of so many hearts. He has himself been first to assign this cause as the incentive and end of all his living. When upon one occasion he was asked what one thing he desired future generations to remember of him, he replied, "That with my whole nature I loved one noble woman and was true to her in thought and deed all the days of my life."

When they began their life together at Eversley Rectory, the parish was run down and neglected. The villagers had long ceased to care for the church. Its services meant nothing to them. It was the last parish to have been selected by an ambitious young man. It was made up of heth croppers and had very few educated gentry among its inhabitants. His appointment marks a distinct epoch in the history of the parish. At his first communion he invited all who could not read or write to meet him at the rectory. He at once turned the tool house into a school room, and before long he had not only the children, but in many cases the parents as well, busy learning the fundamental principles of common school branches. Among his first pupils was the stud-groom from the Bramhill Park stables, a respectable man of thirty-five years. He brought the message that all the servants at the great hall wanted to come also. Before the winter was ended, they were all members of his regular congregation.



Tool-House Where Kingsley Taught His Parishioners.

His knowledge of science together with his strong common sense enabled him to dispel the dark cloud of ignorance and superstition with which the villagers opposed all reforms. Under his gentle training they were gradually taught that the fever so much dreaded, and such a common visitor among them, was not the curse of an angry God, but the natural and inevitable results of dirty cabins, impure water, vilely ventilated rooms and poorly cooked food. Gradually the village began to reflect the new teachings. The old tumbled down cottages were rebuilt on modern plans, the fens were drained. It was noticed, by visitors that the peasants wore a clean and tidy appearance wholly unknown in the days when "Black death" made his annual harvest of despair.

He felt most keenly the helplessness of the poor under his charge. During the corn riots he held special meetings to explain to the people what could be done for them by law rather than rioting. Thus by untiring, unselfish devotion he kept his parish law-abiding citizens in the face of direful suffering. A great statesman referring to this time has said, "Kingsley worked as hard as the Duke of Wellington to keep the peace."

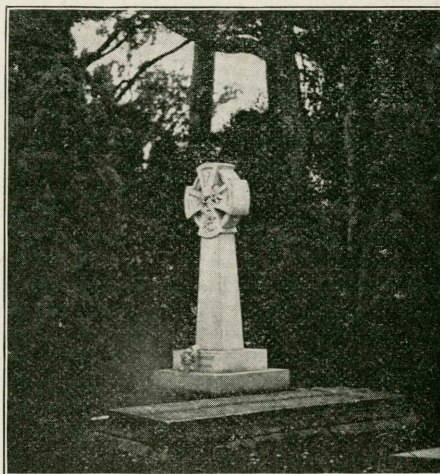
"What is the use," he would often exclaim, "of my talking of heaven to starving men and women. They are not afraid of hell. They know they cannot be much worse off than they are now." It was his championship of the common peasantry of England that awakened much of the hostility of churchmen to him. They could not understand a clergyman who ate and drank with rioters and agitators, so they became his bitterest enemies. They misunderstood and misrepresented both his work and his life. Of "Hypatia's" reception by the church of England he has said: "I wrote it with my very heart's blood, and it has been received with curses by the very churchmen I was trying to warn and save." And yet now that the hands are folded quietly in death, and the great loving heart beats no longer, we can see that much that seemed in vain at the time has not proved so. Eversley of to-day is a far different place from what it was before he lived in it, the poor of England are everywhere better housed, better fed, and better educated because of the bitter battles he fought for them; all humanity is nobler because of his example of unselfish services for others.

The rectory at Eversley is to-day much what it was in his life time save for the absence of the rare spirit which made it famous.

The quaint little study, with its home made bookshelves, the box of half used clay pipes all remind the visitor of the days of his life there. Under the great cedars of Lebanon on the lawn still stands the rustic bench where he used to sit and write. Opening off from the study is the sitting room made sacred by so many precious memories, of which one has said, "I know of no other private room in all England, that has gathered within its four walls so many famous personages from the Prince of Wales down."

When death came to claim this "knight-errant of God," England desired to bury him in the poets' corner in Westminster Abbey, but before his death he had made other plans.

"Wherever I go," he had said, "in this hard working world, I



Kingsley's Grave.

shall take good care to get my last sleep in Eversley churchyard." He died as he had lived. Few men have been true to a loftier ideal, possessed a sweeter spirit, cherished a more unselfish devotion. Few priests of God have worn the ministerial robes with greater purity of life and truer devotion to his work. Few individuals have died so universally beloved by rich and poor alike. When we who had traveled many hundreds of miles to lay our token of love on his grave, stood beside the spot which holds all that was mortal of Charles Kingsley, we found there many flowers laid by other hands and the warden told us there never failed to be fresh flowers on his grave, no matter how cold or stormy the weather.

As we stood at his last resting place and thought of the mighty, restless spirit that once lived in the body mouldering there, we recalled what he himself had written concerning the mystery of death:

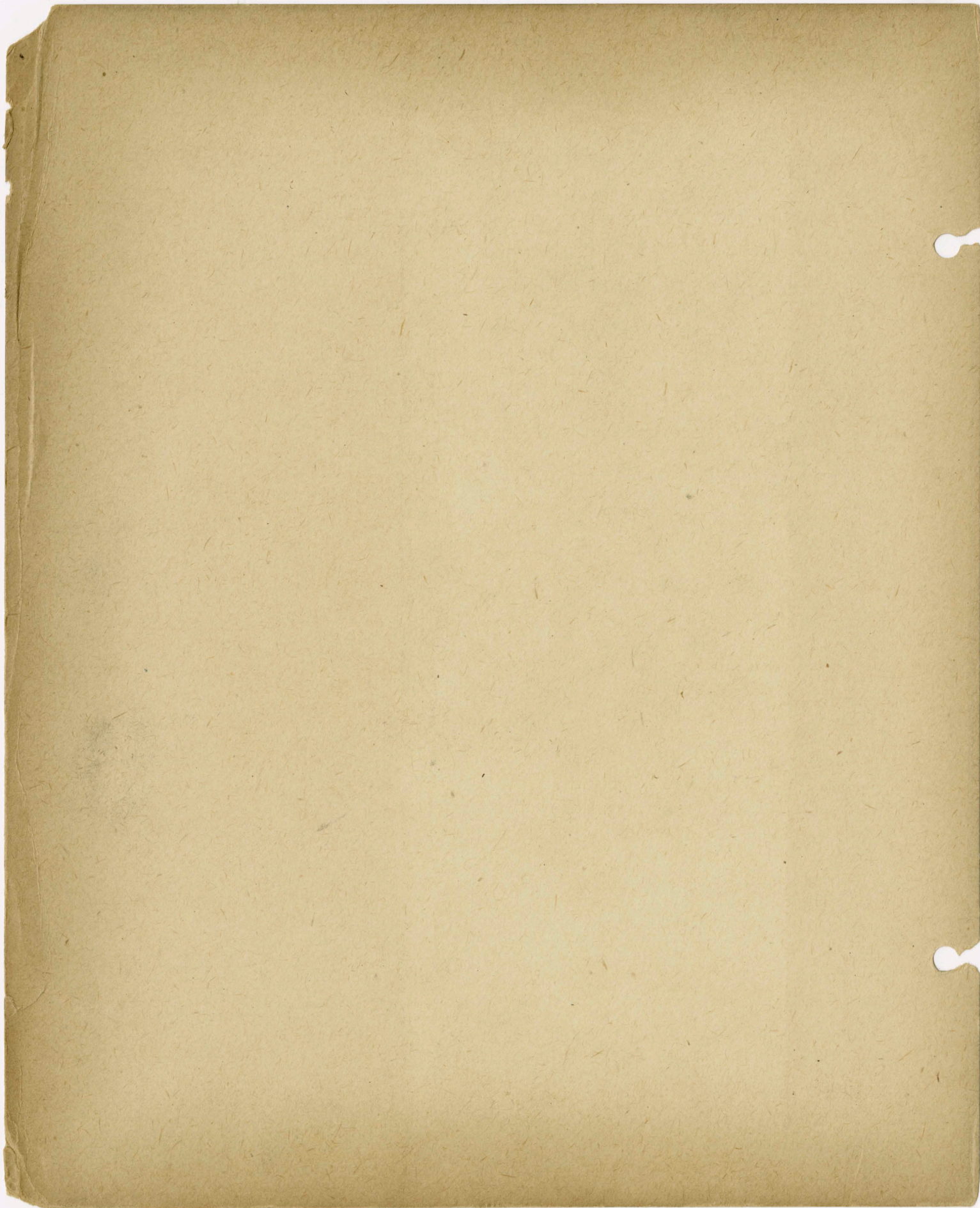
"Out of God's boundless bosom, the fount of life we come; through selfish stormy youth and contrite tears, just not too late, through middle life not altogether useless, through slow and dull old age, we return from whence we came to the bosom of God, to go forth once more it may be with fresh knowledge and fresh power to do a nobler work."

University of Chicago Library.

[It may be interesting to readers of THE STANDARD to know that the photographs reproduced in the foregoing article were taken by the author during a visit to "Charles Kingsley's Home."—EDITOR.]



The standard.
vol. 43. p. 11. (Nov. 30, 1895.)



THE DEPARTMENTAL LIBRARIES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

BY ZELLA ALLEN DIXSON, *Associate Librarian.*

WE find in departmental libraries one of the newest and most perplexing of the problems which at the present hour confront the library profession. What is a department library? I trust no one will insist upon a definition. The variations are almost endless. Indeed the entire subject is too much in the region of speculative library economy to admit of any type being characterized as the ideal departmental library. In studying closely into the subject one perceives two decided extremes to be considered in treating this subject. On the one hand a departmental library may be expected to comprise the absolute resources along the line of the specialty or on the other hand only a small, well-selected, thoroughly weeded collection to be used for reference only. Between these two conceptions every type and variety of special libraries may be found.

In order to understand more clearly some of the apparent differences in departmental libraries let us look for a moment at their earlier history. We are conscious almost at the beginning of our investigation of a difference in kind as well as degree. This difference, moreover, seems to point to three separate origins, each distinct in themselves and each specializing with a different end in view.

The first type, which for convenience we might call the absolute departmental library, is the logical outcome of the system of close classification upon the shelves. It separates all the books of the library into distinct and individual libraries, each having a special range within which all the books upon that subject owned by the library is treated as if that were the entire library, provided with a separate room and a librarian of its own, trained to its individual requirements and responsible alone for its welfare. An excellent example of this type is to be found in the Newberry Library, of Chicago. The second type of departmental libraries is that one in which not every department is honored by a specialization but where only a few subjects are specially thrown forward and emphasized by being made departments of the collection, while all other subjects are included in the general library, which ranks as a departmental library for general reading. This type seems to have had its origin in connection with the great collec-

tions of scientific research and to be the very natural outgrowth of an early attempt to place within convenient reach of the specialist the list of bibliography which assisted him as he went from library to library in search of information. Gradually the books themselves, arranged in some simple and convenient system, have taken the place of the carefully prepared bibliographical lists. In Chicago we find all three of these types that I am attempting to describe, and in the Field Columbian Museum we see this second type of the departmental library. The special libraries here are Geology, Anthropology, Forestry, Botany, Industrial Arts, and Transportation. All other books are embraced in a general library of reference. As one would naturally suppose, these departmental libraries correspond in each case with great collections exhibited in the museum. No plan could have been happier, avoiding as it does the unnecessary duplication of the books offered by other libraries in Chicago, and pouring its entire strength into those departments which illustrate and utilize the treasures entrusted to its care. The third type of which the University of Chicago affords the example occupies a middle position. In the university departmental library we have at one and the same time the peculiarities and advantages of both of the other types. Here we have small departmental libraries on all subjects and at the same time a large general library containing books on all subjects; thus while we give all the advantages of the breadth of specialty we avoid the confusion and annoyance of the non-technical reader by serving him in the general library.

The departmental libraries are used in this case simply for reference and are supposed to represent only the working-tools of that department of instruction. Only the graduate students are expected to use these libraries, the general library being intended to be used by all undergraduate students as their departmental library. The beginning of this university type of specialized libraries is to be found in the days when our young women and young men were taught almost entirely from text-books. In those days the professor found it convenient to consult occasionally other authorities than the

one used as the guide for the class, so there was placed on a single shelf in the recitation-room ten or a dozen text-books on that subject. But to-day the university student no longer finds himself tied to one text-book, he is given his outline of work and must search for himself for the truth he seeks. As the methods have changed so have also the conveniences, and in the University of Chicago to-day we find that the little shelf with its dozen text-books has become the cozy departmental library, opening off from the recitation-rooms so as to be ready for immediate reference and increased to 500 or 1000 of the best reference-books that can be obtained of that subject, including not only the latest text-books but the best technical journals and in many cases the original sources of knowledge on that subject.

For four years I have been studying this problem of departmental libraries, and I shall attempt to give an outline of that work and its results. In order to present the question as it really exists I shall first need to present very briefly something of the relations of the different parts of our library system to each other.

The Library of the University of Chicago consists of a general library (including departments of reference, cataloging, and circulating, also a branch delivery station of the Public Library), 31 departmental libraries, two branch libraries, and more than 100 travelling libraries. The departmental libraries are supported in two ways, first by an annual appropriation from the board of trustees, and second by the payment of library fees from the students, each matriculated student being required to pay for the use of the library and libraries \$2.50 per quarter. The fees of the graduate students go to the departmental libraries, those of the under-graduates to the general library. The book account of each department is kept in the librarian's office, and as long as there is a credit to the account of any department the head professor is at liberty to order any book needed by his department. No order is honored at the librarian's office which does not bear the signature of the head of the department which originates the order, and no department is allowed to order any book or journal which is of use to more than one department, such works being kept in the general library, where all may use them. Each departmental library has its own catalog of the books in its own library. Each department is required to furnish the librarian with two fellows, whose duty it shall be to have charge

of the department library of which they are fellows, and to give at least two hours each day to the work of cataloging new and old books, making shelf-lists, and other work needed to be done in the library. The work is done entirely under the direction of the university librarian and the same systems and rules applied to all. A member of the regular library staff has the entire charge of the oversight of all the departmental libraries, and visits each one every day to answer questions in regard to administration, revise and correct the work of the fellows in charge, and makes a monthly report to the librarian of the condition and needs of each department. In some departments where the fellows were needed for other work two of the graduate students have been hired at a fellowship remuneration to do this work. The general library orders, receives, labels, and accessions all books before they are delivered to the different departments.

The plan now in use has been the result of many experiments and frequent changes. At present we are still working to improve and make more useful these special libraries.

We find many advantages of this system over former methods. It enables the student to become familiar with the bibliography of his subject as a workman with his tools; it admits of a much simpler system of cataloging and arrangement. It gives the special worker the quiet and seclusion needed and the incentive to individual research work.

We find it an objection to have these libraries so far from each other. In some cases a student in order to use another library must leave the building in which his own study work is done, cross the campus, and find it in another building. This, however, we hope to remedy when we have a permanent building, when our departmental libraries will be separate but all under one roof and opening into the general library. That will also correct another fault which we find that our special libraries is breeding in our students—a tendency to narrowness. It must be admitted that during college hours the first duty of the student is to read in the lines of his own work, but the young woman or young man who comes out of the university life with no other idea of books than as sources of information or tools of a trade is at best only half educated, and unless we can find some way of teaching them the blessed friendship of books and bequeath to them the culture which comes from the society of the great and wise in all de-

partments and throughout all knowledge, our boasted departmental libraries will have failed to give them the highest of all education. The questions connected with this problem of departmental libraries are many and perplexing. It is one on which much of the success of the universities and colleges of the future will depend, for I firmly believe the day has already dawned when the student seeking an institution in which to receive his training will be guided and influenced in his choice not so much by the great learning of some professor as by the practical and successful administration of its library.

Library Journal.
November, 1895.

—Mrs. Zella Dixon, of Granville, now librarian of the University of Chicago, will deliver an address before the Chicago Library Club, to-morrow evening. Her subject will be "Departmental Libraries," and as she is thoroughly conversant with all matters pertaining to libraries, we have no doubt her audience will be highly entertained and greatly benefited.

—On Wednesday last, the annual meeting of the Chicago Philadelphian was held in the Hyde Park Congregational Church. The society is composed of young men and women who are banded together to work along philanthropic and moral lines. Zella A. Dixon, Librarian of the Chicago University delivered the address, the subject of which was "Bad Books and their relation to the criminal classes." For nearly an hour a large and appreciative audience listened to a clear and forceful presentation of the needs of the times.

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Apr. 2nd, 95

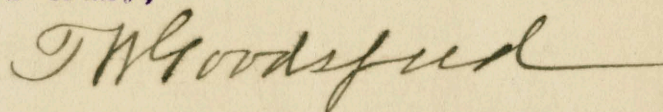
Mrs. Z. A. Dixon,

The University.

My dear Mrs. Dixon:--

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of the University you were promoted to an Assoc. Librarianship at a salary of \$2500.00 per annum, the promotion and increase of salary to date from July 1st, 1895.

Yours truly,

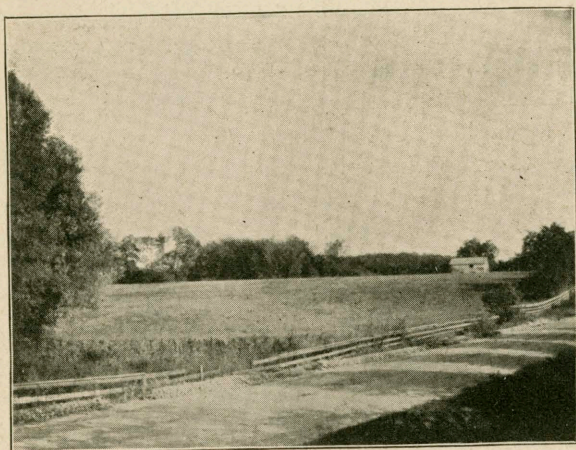


Secretary.

CLOVERNOOK, THE HOME OF THE CARY SISTERS.

ZELLA ALLEN DIXSON.

The scenes which form the daily environment of childhood leave such an indelible impress on character that the intimate knowledge and understanding



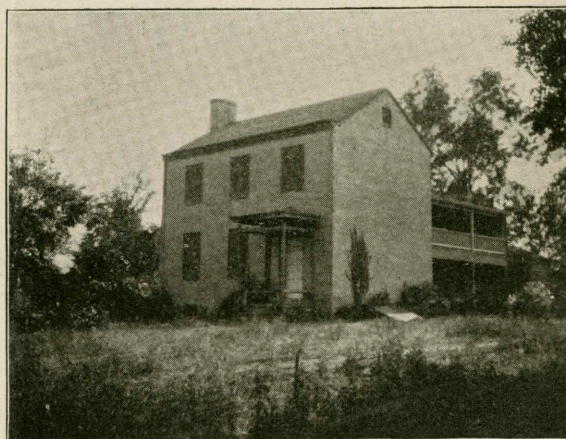
"CLOVERNOOK" FARM WITH HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.

of individual life must carry with it some insight into the pictures of early life which have been stamped upon the memory. This is especially true of the sensitive, poetic nature possessed by literary genius. The power to take hold of these early impressions, to keep them for us pure and unsullied from the world, and to transmit them to others in some choice bit of prose pastel or pastoral poem was essentially the province of the Cary sisters. No one can read either the charming "Clovernook Papers" of Alice Cary or the sweet volume of poems by the two sisters without becoming familiar with the humble little home in the Miami valley, so loyally have they enshrined the loving memory of their early life in this golden casket.

"Clovernook" is situated on the highest point of Mt. Healthy, eight miles from Cincinnati and is a typical Ohio farm very much like a dozen others, which may be visited in the same morning, having its only plea for greatness in the fact that here on the 26th of April, 1820, Alice Cary, the sweetest singer of our nation was born and on September 4th, 1824, was born here also, Phoebe, her sister, and lifelong companion in her literary labors. The house is a small, square building, unpainted and unadorned, standing back in the front yard, with a strip of lawn separating it from the roadway. On the north side of the house there is a quaint old porch supported by columns, from the steps of which a well worn path leads

to an old picturesque well of never failing water. On either side lifting their luxuriant branches into the very bedroom windows above, stand several fruit trees. On the opposite side of the house is a mammoth sweet-briar climbing to the roof and seemingly the only thing about the place designed solely to beautify. A little to the rear stands in imminent danger of collapse, the old barn with the swallows flying in and out as of old. It is just as it was when the Cary children used to go there for their play and later where Alice and Phoebe hid away with their precious books from the overwatchful eye of their unsympathetic stepmother.

As we stood facing the west we looked on the view which greeted Alice Cary each morning as she looked from her window — a beautiful stretch of woodland, fields of clover bordered by great shady forest trees, with here and there a patch of golden corn. You will often find this view described as you read from cover



THE HOUSE IS A SMALL SQUARE BUILDING.

to cover of her poems. It was of this scene so deeply painted on her sensitive mind that she wrote years afterward from the city of New York.

"Oh, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things you never saw?
Yes! Well here's an order for you.
Woods and cornfields, a little brown
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down,
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room

Under their tassels,—cattle near,
 Biting shorter the short green grass,
 And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
 With bluebirds twittering all around,—
 Ah, good painter you cannot paint sound,—
 These and the house where I was born,
 Low and little and black and old,
 With children many as it can hold,
 All the windows open wide,
 Heads and shoulders clear outside :
 And fair young faces all ablush;
 Perhaps you may have seen some day,
 Roses crowding the seitsame way,
 Out of a wilding wayside bush."

In such a home Alice and Phoebe Cary began their lives. From their father they inherited their strong poetic nature, their love of country scenes, their power of expression; from their mother they received their intense love of reading, their thirst for knowledge, their practical common sense, which stood them good when left to battle alone with the world. While their mother lived their lives were all sunshine, and every sacrifice was made to give them the advantages of an education. But the first shadow of their sad lives fell across the pathway when in 1835 the beloved mother suddenly sickened and died. Two years later their father married again, bringing into the home a woman of sturdy integrity but no power to appreciate a nature other than her own. She was a woman with practical ideas and had no sympathy with any member of her sex who was not content to be "simply a housewife, nothing more." Alice was now fifteen and Phoebe eleven. Both were devoting their time to the studies of the village school and using their spare moments trying to improve the poetry of their readers or varying the monotony of their copy books with original rhymes of their own. A hard stepmother soon made sad havoc with these occupations. Both girls were kept busy at household duties from morning till evening, but they still endeavored to make some progress intellectually by studying evenings, using the candle ends for light to save expense. Soon however, even this was denied them and they were compelled to pursue their studies in hidden places and by the meager light furnished by soaking rags in lard; for their stepmother could not believe that burning candle ends for such a purpose was either wise or proper, nor that reading was better than darning stockings, nor the making of poems more profitable employment than baking bread. For ten long years they struggled against such great hindrances, yet always advancing in culture and knowledge. During this period the books accessible to them did not fill one small shelf, and consisted of the following: The Bible, a history of the Jews, Charlotte Temple, Clarke's Travels, a hymn book, a mutilated novel and one serial, The Trumpet. The latter was their great-

est joy, and was the first avenue through which their writings reached the outside world. Phoebe, years afterward, in speaking of this time and of the joy it was to them to see their verses in print, said, "Oh, if they could only look to me now as they did then! It would be better than money. I did not care any more how hard my life was, some one had cared enough for my verses to print them." The later years on the farm were destined to be happier ones than those of their early maidenhood. Their father built a new house across the way and he and the new mother lived by themselves there while the children kept house by themselves in the old. New books were added to the poor little shelf, and Alice began the same winter to earn small sums with her verses. Her first engagement was for Dr. Bailey, then editor of the *National Era* of Washington. She received ten dollars for weekly contributions covering a period of four months. In the spring of 1850 the sisters decided to use the one hundred dollars which had come to them from the first published edition of their first poems to defray the expenses of a trip to New York, and into the world of letters which was to them the Promised Land. They visited many noted literary persons, calling on many who had written to them words of encouragement and approbation. Whittier refers to their visit to him in his beautiful poem beginning,

"Years since,—but names to me before—
 Two sisters sought at eve my door,
 Two song birds wandering from their nest,
 A grey old farm-house in the West."

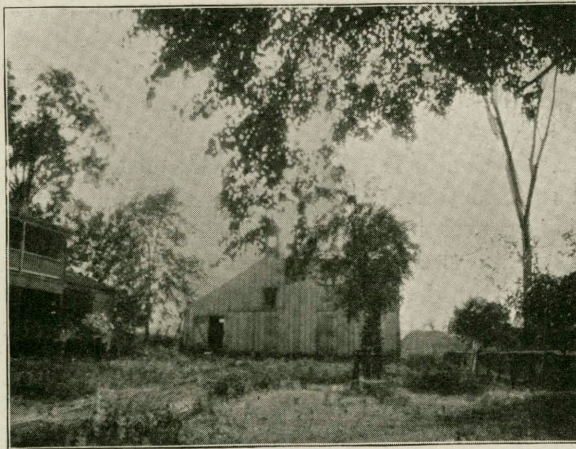
This trip decided them to begin at once a determined fight for a place for themselves in the literary world. They rented two rooms in an unfashionable street where the rent was low and the noise of the great city of New York less deafening. It was the great secret of their financial success that they insisted at the start upon having a home—not a lodging—be it ever so humble, doing for themselves whatever they could not afford to have done for them, and using their womanly skill to the utmost to make their little home as restful and homelike as possible. Alice papered the walls of the room to make them cleaner and Phoebe made frames of bright cloth for the pictures and gave the woodwork a coat of fresh paint. This sweet home nest helped to keep off the worst of the "out on the world" blasts and made the most of the small stock of strength each had brought into the venture.

At this time Alice was passing through the great sorrow of her life, which must be understood to be in sympathy with the vein of sadness which characterizes this period of her literary work. Business interests had brought into her neighborhood while she was

a young girl on the farm, a young man of better education and more cultured manners than those of the young men with whom she had associated. A strong friendship sprang up between them which ripened into love and they became betrothed.

His family—rich and prosperous—objected bitterly to his marriage with a country girl, but he vowed to be true to her and to return to marry her as soon as he could earn a settled income. The engagement was never broken and Alice loved and waited for the lover who never came, until finally she read of his marriage to another through the published notice in the New York papers. It was in this great sorrow that Alice Cary's best literary success was attained. Many years afterward when the Cary sisters were the center of the best and most brilliant society of the East and had for their personal friends the most celebrated women and men of the age she met again her truant lover. His wife had died and he sought to renew those early pledges, but Alice Cary had accepted as the love of her life the literary work which was her refuge when he had failed her, and she never saw him again after that one interview. Her nature was a strong one. She had loved him truly but her sense of the wrong he had done her was strong within her. She had the courage to live her life without him and to make a success of it.

In 1856 the sisters moved to the pretty house on Twentieth street. Two years later Alice bought it and it became their last earthly abiding place.



A LITTLE TO THE REAR STANDS THE OLD BARN.

From the very beginning this home was the centre of all the literary life of that day and was one of the choicest and most sought after circles in New York society. Intensely interested in all public questions, well posted in all current events, full of strong patriotic love of their country and belief in it, they naturally attracted to their home the great in all walks of life. The atmosphere of their parlors was such that

all men, married or unmarried, could visit them without fear of gossip or scandal. Yet amid all this admiration Alice and Phoebe Cary longed constantly for the old farm and its surroundings. Each sat in her study room, beautiful with bric-a-brac from many lands and fragrant with the tokens of success, yet each with closed eyes saw again the little Ohio farm, and whenever the gifted pens were at their best work, there was sure to be some sweet and tender picture of "Cloverbrook."

"Our old brown homestead reared its walls
From the wayside dust aloof,
Where the apple-boughs could almost cast
Their fruit upon our roof:

And the cherry-tree so near it grew
That when awake I've lain
In lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs
As they creaked against the pane.

"The sweet-briar under the window-sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose by the garden fence,
Were all the flowers we had.
I've looked at many a flower since then,
Exotic rich and rare,
That to other eyes were lovelier,
But not to me so fair.

"We had a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones,
Were falling constantly:
And there never was water half so sweet
As the draught which filled my cup,
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep
That my father's hand set up.

"Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet;
There my mother's voice was always kind,
And her smile was always sweet;
And there I have sat on my father's knee,
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven locks,
That hair is silver now!
But me father's look and my mother's smile,
They are in my heart to-night."

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