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THREE BOOKS IN ONE

RIES II

THOMAS JEFFERSON

INDIAN REVOLT OF 1942

MARY McLEOD BETHUNE

**EURASIA PUBLISHING HOUSE (PVT.) LTD.
RAM NAGAR, NEW DELHI-1**

Thomas Jefferson

by Gene Lisitzky

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. . The Indian Revolt of 1942

by Amba Prasad

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. . Mary McLeod Bethune

by Catherine Owens Pearce

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Price : Rs. 1.50

Published by

Eurasia Publishing House (Pvt.) Ltd.

Ram Nagar, New Delhi-1.

Printed at

Rajendra Printers

Ram Nagar, New Delhi-1.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON

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THOMAS JEFFERSON

I. TWO WORLDS

The colony of Virginia was divided into two parts so different from each other that they did not seem to belong to the same country. If you glance at a map of Virginia, you will see that the whole western end of it looks as if a great cat had drawn his paw through the sand, scratching up a long line of parallel ridges with his claws. This is the Appalachian Mountain Range, of which the easternmost ridge is in fact called the Blue Ridge Mountains. From here Virginia's rivers start on their passage to the sea. The country they flow through is somewhat hilly, and is called the Piedmont, which means simply "foothills."

Midway to the sea the land becomes a flat plain. Ages ago this whole eastern half of Virginia sank down so low that the sea came in and filled the river valleys to the brim. So now the tides sweep their salt water up the James, the York, the Potomac, and the Rappahannock, and when the tide is high these large rivers actually flow backwards! Hence this part is called the Tidewater country.

The first settlers in this land built their homes on the eastern plain. They dotted the banks of the "drowned river valleys" with their great slaveholding plantations. The small ocean-going ships of those days could ride up with the tide to the planter's very doorsteps. The ships brought the Tidewater planters the latest books and newspapers from England, the latest styles and gossip from London, the newest comforts and inventions from Liverpool. They took from the plantations great cargoes of tobacco, letters to friends in England and

young sons going "home" for an education. In short, Tidewater planters were first of all Englishmen, who kept in closer touch with the mother country three thousand miles away than they did with New York or Boston on the same sea-coast.

When all the eastern plain of Tidewater Virginia had been taken up for plantations, the colonists began to push westward, "up country" into the foothills of the Piedmont. Here the rivers were too narrow, too shallow, and too rapid for ocean-going vessels. Here the news from England was never fresh and scarcely ever personal or important. Here manufactured goods had often to be transported over tiresome overland roads and dangerous trails. Instead of English manor houses there were log cabins; instead of great plantations there were small farm clearings in the forests. In short, here you had pioneers, men who were already Americans before they were Englishmen. Thus there were two worlds in Virginia when Thomas Jefferson's father was a young man. To the east were the Tidewater Virginians who were called "Tuckahoes," to the west the Up Country settlers who were known as "Cohoes". The Jeffersons, father and son, were to be among those who brought them together again.

The father of the third president of the United States was born in 1707 in Chesterfield County midway between the aristocratic Tidewater and the primitive Piedmont. The Jeffersons had already been American for some generations, but had not become large estate owners. Peter Jefferson had received no regular school education, but he managed to read a great deal not

only of the best literature of the time but also of scientific and technical works. He taught himself mathematics and even passed the examinations which made him county surveyor. At the age of twenty-four Peter Jefferson was appointed a magistrate of Goochland County where he then lived. He was also sheriff of the county, but his work took him over the whole country, and it was thus that he met William Randolph who became his best friend. William was a real "Tuckahoe." Indeed, though only by accident, the estate he had inherited from his father was called Tuckahoe.

In 1737, when Peter Jefferson was thirty years old, there was started one of those land rushes which have swept America like a fever many times since. Soon Jefferson and Randolph were following the James River westward in search of new plantations.

A few miles below where the Rivanna empties into the James River, the two pioneers came to Dungeness, the plantation of Isham Randolph, uncle of William. Kept here for a while by the open-handed hospitality for which these estates were so famous, the young men had time to admire the plantation with its hundred slaves and the scientific ideas of its master, for Isham Randolph was fairly well known as a naturalist and botanist. But especially, as far as Peter was concerned, there was Jane Randolph, the oldest daughter of the house, to admire.

Finally the young men continued up the Rivanna until they came to some likely-looking land that had not been taken up. Determined to be neighbors they laid out their claims on opposite sides of the river, not far from where it descended from the mountains. The Rivanna is not a very deep or wide stream at this

point, but William still considered it a barrier between them. He therefore made Peter accept four hundred acres of land, suitable for a building site, on his side of the river.

Peter Jefferson and William Randolph were the third and fourth settlers in this territory. Their purpose was, of course, the raising of wheat and tobacco. Their first task was to prepare the land for farming. Brushwood had to be cleared, workmen and slaves transported, farm tools bought or borrowed. On his several trips back and forth between Goochland and the Rivanna, Jefferson became a frequent visitor at Dungeness. In 1739 Peter Jefferson married Jane Randolph, then nineteen years old. Now William Randolph and Peter Jefferson were cousins as well as friends.

On the site allotted him for that purpose by Randolph, Jefferson erected the new home for his bride. He called the plain weatherboarded house on the north bank of the Rivanna "Shadwell" after the London parish in which Jane Randolph had been born. Here while the wilderness was being conquered, were born Jane, Mary, Thomas, and Elizabeth Jefferson.

By the year 1744 the region around Shadwell had become so fairly well populated with new plantations that it was made into the county of Albemarle. A county needs a government. A government needs officers. Peter Jefferson was now an old settler, and it is not surprising that he was made one of the justices of the peace. William Randolph, too, was honored with the position of sheriff.

Every frontier colony had military as well as civil duties. The redskins had not ceased entirely to be a menace, and now the French in

the Ohio territory were getting too close for comfort. Jefferson was therefore made lieutenant colonel of the militia under the command of the surveyor, Professor Joshua Fry of William and Mary College.

In 1745, when Tom Jefferson was two years old, William Randolph died. William's dying request to his best friend and cousin was that Peter should take care of the three children he left behind. He asked especially that Peter should look out for the education of his small son, Thomas Mann Randolph, and that, the better to do this, Peter should move to Tuckahoe, Randolph's estate in Goochland County, with his whole family. All these last wishes of his dying friend Peter faithfully fulfilled.

How full Mrs Jefferson's heart must have been as they approached Tuckahoe through the avenue of beautiful elms! It was six years now since she had last lived in a lovely old house like this, surrounded by English gardens with rose bushes, lilies, and bridal wreath. Once in the house they found themselves on the brow of a wooded hill with a magnificent view of the James River and of the plantation around.

Now there were seven children in Tuckahoe, enough for plenty of fun, as well as enough to make up a school. Besides Tom, there were his two older sisters Jane and Mary, his baby sister Elizebeth, and the three Randolph children: Judith, Mary, and Thomas Mann. There was a little schoolhouse right on the grounds of the estate. Here at the age of five Tom began to learn reading, writing, and ciphering.

For seven years Tom Jefferson lived in Tuckahoe, learning to be a gentleman, although, from his father's example never ceasing to be a frontier boy. Here began his love for a life lived among beautiful

surroundings.

The heart of Tidewater existence was tobacco, which was now in great demand all over Europe. The Virginians lived almost entirely on tobacco exports to England. Tobacco became a sort of money with which a preacher's salary could be paid or a crinoline skirt be bought.

A great Tidewater plantation required many field hands, but working men were hard to find in the colonies where any man might become a plantation owner like Peter Jefferson. Thus, on account of tobacco many Negro slaves were kidnaped from their African homes and sold in Virginia.

At Tuckahoe the Jefferson family had been increased by two more sisters, Martha and Lucy. Now Peter Jefferson was ready to go back to his own estate at Shadwell, having carried out his friend Randolph's wishes. Tom was nine years old now and fit to go on with more advanced schooling. In 1752 Peter sent his son to live with the Reverend William Douglas, a Scotch clergyman in Louisa County, who taught Greek, Latin, and French. The rest of his family he took back to his Up Country home in Albemarle County. Shortly afterwards he was sent as representative of Albemarle County to the House of Burgesses. In 1755 he was made County Lieutenant, or Governor of Albemarle.

Good scholar though he was, Tom looked forward to the vacations he spent in Shadwell with keen eagerness. He was growing up into a tall, strong youngster, loving exercise and the out-of-doors. An old woodsman like Peter Jefferson would surely know how to make his son's boyhood a happy one, and how to make Shadwell the most interesting place in the world. Besides hunting and riding

and boating and Indian lore, he taught his son to appreciate the beauties of the country around him.

In August 1757, Peter Jefferson died. Fourteen-year-old Tom became head of the family, consisting of his widowed mother, his six sisters, and his baby brother Randolph. To the latter Peter in his will had bequeathed a smaller estate he owned on the James River known as Snowden; to his oldest son he left Shadwell. Tom was now a large landed proprietor. Of course, until he was a little older, he would be under the guardianship of one of his father's friends, John Harvie.

One of Peter Jefferson's last requests was that Tom should have a classical education. So Tom's guardian sent him off to live and study with the Reverend James Maury, "a correct classical scholar," who had a log-cabin school only fourteen miles from Shadwell in Louisa County. In Parson Maury's log schoolhouse Tom studied Latin for the next two years.

The schoolboy continued to come home for his vacations. He no longer had his father's companionship, but he still had the habits his father had encouraged—roaming through the woods with a gun, riding over the plantation on horseback. He grew into ever closer comradeship with his older sister Jane. Their favorite evening entertainment was the playing of duets, she at the harpsichord, the eighteenth-century piano, and he on his violin, while they both sang psalms. The loneliness of his days was now relieved by the friendship he struck up with Dabney Carr, a neighboring boy of his own age and with similar tastes. Now Tom had someone to tell his great desire to travel, someone to share a passion for foreign lands that was never

to leave him all his life. Tom also brought Dabney to his secret retreat. Across the river from Shadwell, on the land that Peter had first staked out, there was a hill about six hundred feet high. In Italian you would call a little mountain like that a *monticello*. Tom knew what he wanted most after traveling. When he grew up he would build a grand house on the peak of this "little mountain". It was to be *their* little mountain. They solemnly pledged each other that whoever died first would be buried by the other under their favorite oak.

II. WILLIAM AND MARY

When he was not yet seventeen years old, Tom Jefferson rode to Williamsburg to enter college. The college was William and Mary. There were two other colleges in the colonies, Harvard in Massachusetts and Yale in Connecticut, but Southern boys were more likely to go to England for their education than to New England.

Williamsburg was the largest community Tom had ever seen. It was then the capital of Virginia and boasted two hundred wooden houses; brick and stone houses were considered unhealthy to live in. Through the center of town ran the very wide main street, about three quarters of a mile long. At one end stood the college and at the other the capital building. Midway between the two was a square on which was situated a church and some public buildings. When Tom Jefferson rode up to William and Mary College, the place was not entirely strange to him. An uncle of his had once been its president, and Tom knew something of its romantic history.

After the visit of the Indian princess Pocahontas, King James had become interested in the edu-

cation of her people and he had founded a school for Indian children here. But the people the king had sent over to found the school were all massacred by the Indians, who seem to have been extremely unwilling pupils.

However, seventy years later the school was again established. At the time Jefferson came to William and Mary, it had grown into three schools. There was first of all the original Indian school which now had two teachers and eight redskin pupils, and to which the children of Williamsburg also went during the day as an elementary school. Then there was the Latin school, or high school, which the boys attended until they were about fifteen, learning Latin and Greek from two teachers. And finally there was the college proper, like our modern college, with two professors besides the president of the entire college. All three schools had classrooms in the same building.

To enter the college Tom had to take a public examination. As a result of this test he showed himself to be a brilliant scholar, and so the masters decided to admit him at once into the third or Junior year.

Tom took a passionate interest in his studies. For him college was an adventure, in which his mind did exciting things instead of his body. He found that the discovery of new ideas, great thoughts, scientific problems and solutions could be more thrilling than bear tracks in the forest, more exhilarating than a race on horseback.

But in the course of studies the students were required to take was not made to be interesting, and Tom might very soon have lost his fresh excitement if one of his two professors had not then chanced to be Dr. William Small. All of Tom's

courses came under the head of philosophy. One of his two professors taught him "moral philosophy," which included rhetoric (grammar, composition, and elocution), logic (the rules of correct thinking), and ethics (the principles of morality and conduct). Dr. Small, the other professor, taught him "natural philosophy," by which was meant mathematics and science (chiefly physics and astronomy).

Professor Small, when he came over from Scotland, had introduced a new method of conducting classes in the colonies. Before his time the students in colleges memorized their lessons and then recited them in class. Dr. Small brought in the lecture system. He did all the talking himself and let the students ask *him* questions. It was not long before Dr. Small noticed that a certain pair of intelligent gray eyes were fixed most intently upon him while he lectured. They belonged to the red-haired lad who now and then asked him a keen question. Dr. Small sought this boy out after class. He took him out for walks. Soon Tom was his daily companion, and a new world was opened to the boy. Professor Small was a friend of Erasmus Darwin, the eminent scientist and grandfather of the great Charles Darwin. James Watt, who was to invent the steam engine, was also his friend. From Small's conversation Tom got his first glimpse of the mighty labors of science in its attempt to draw a complete picture of the world in which we live.

Not far from the college lived Francis Fauquier, Lieutenant Governor of Virginia. When Professor Small offered to introduce his pupil to the Governor, Fauquier was one of those typically clever men of the eighteenth century who wanted to know everything and to enjoy everything. He had been a director of the Bank of England and had

written an important work on taxation. He was interested in physics and was a Fellow, or member, of the Royal Society, England's famous scientific academy. He was an accomplished musician. In short, he was everything that young Tom admired and wanted to be.

Fauquier seemed to be as genuinely delighted to meet the boy as was Tom to meet him. When he heard that Tom played the violin, Fauquier asked him to come and take part in the musicales which were held once a week at the Palace. That part of Tom's education which Professor Small, or any school for that matter, could not give him he owed to Governor Fauquier. Not only did Fauquier lend the boy French and English books from his library; he also acted as Tom's model for a man of the world. Tom observed the Governor's unfailing courtesy, the innumerable little politenesses that marked the trained gentleman of that day. The drawing room was a serious business in the eighteenth century; it was the battle-ground of wit and the showplace of manners.

Professor Small introduced Tom to still another important friend of his college days. George Wythe was a brilliant young lawyer of about thirty, self-educated, but probably the finest Latin and Greek scholar in Virginia. These four—Fauquier, Small, Wythe, and Jefferson—made up a sort of informal little club that met once a week for dinner at the Governor's Palace.

Of course, Tom made friends of his own age in college. Dabney Carr, his old chum from back home, came to Williamsburg, and some of his mother's relatives lived in the college town. But chief among his new friends was John Page, who, like Jefferson, was later

to become one of the first governors of the State of Virginia.

On his way home to spend the Christmas holidays Tom stopped at the plantation of Colonel Nathan Dandridge. Among the host of young people Tom's attention was caught by a man who seemed to enjoy a great deal of popularity, though by his country speech and his awkward appearance he would seem to be a little out of place in the crowd of young dandies. Tom was immediately attracted by the tall, thin figure, slightly stooped, the pale face and homely features; only the deep-set gray eyes were beautiful.

Tom learned by asking that this man's name was Patrick Henry, a near neighbor of Colonel Dandridge's. With the little money he had inherited from his father Mr Henry had bought a country store, which had just failed. In the fortnight that Tom stayed at Colonel Dandridge's he and Patrick Henry became good friends.

Tom graduated from William and Mary on April 25, 1762, when he was just nineteen years of age. His Latin and Greek were now excellent and he could read the most difficult authors in these languages with ease. Though he could not yet speak French very well, he read it extensively. He promised himself to learn, besides, the Spanish, Italian, German, and the American Indian languages.

He was six feet tall now—he was still to grow two more inches—and very slim. His nose had a turned-up bump on the end of it and his face was too angular to be handsome but it immediately impressed everyone with its intelligence.

III. BELINDA AND THE LAW

With his diploma and scholarly honors behind him, Tom's next business was to set about preparing

himself for his chosen profession of the law. There were no law schools in those days; legal training was acquired by working and reading under the direction of some member of the bar. The young apprentice would attend all the sessions of the court; he would help prepare his master's cases, and in his spare time he was supposed to read the law, and have the older man answer any difficult problems that came up. After clerking and studying in this manner until he had thoroughly absorbed the principles of law and acquired some practical experience, the young student appear before a special board of Virginia lawyers and, if he won his license, could then hang out a shingle bearing his own name. Tom's friend, George Wythe, offered him a place in his office, after his first vacation

For a student as brilliant as young Jefferson, who had completed his four years' college course in two, it would not have been very difficult to pass his lawyer's examination in a year or two. His friend Patrick Henry had done it in six months. But then Henry did not have this boy's enormous thirst for knowledge, or his grand ideas of what made an educated man and well-trained lawyer. For instance, Tom would not be satisfied with knowing a particular law. He would want to know its history, whether it came from the Romans, or the French, or the early Anglo-Saxons; whether it was still a good law or ought now to be changed; whether it helped people more or hindered them more.

To get this all-around picture of his chosen calling, this nineteen-year-old promised himself not to apply for a license for at least five years. Long before Tom felt himself ready, his old boyhood chum, Dabney Carr, had become a lawyer; but Tom stuck by his books. Of course, what Tom was doing was

getting a university education. It was a one-man university in which Tom was all the students, but the professors were all the great men who had written books from the time of the ancient Greeks and Romans down to his own day. These professors taught him more than law. A friend once asked Jefferson for a good program of studies for a law student. Jefferson gave him the program he had made out for himself. It is really staggering.

Till eight o'clock in the morning
employ yourself in physical studies:

Agriculture	Botany
Chemistry	Ethics and Natural Religion
Anatomy	Religion (Sectarian), Natural Law
Zoology	

From eight to twelve, read
Law.

Twelve to one, read Politics.

In the afternoon, read History:

Ancient
Modern
English
American

From dark to bedtime:

Belles-Lettres, the poets,
especially Shakespeare

Criticism
Rhetoric
Oratory

Where, in all this program, did Jefferson find time for playing and practicing his violin? For, when he was at college and for a dozen years thereafter, Tom gave three hours of each day to his fiddle. Nor must it be forgotten that all this while Jefferson somehow helped run his plantation, kept numerous notebooks, took a daily ride on

horseback, continued to see his friends, especially Fauquier's circle, and even attended balls.

The law never has been a study that allowed for a great deal of time for other things. Reading "old Coke" you had practically to learn a new language. To digest a single chapter with its liberal sprinklings of law Latin and old-fashioned French would ordinarily take a bright student a month. Yet, when Tom had finished this famous book, he was far from satisfied with his information and went on, delving back among the old laws of England before the Norman Conquest, back into the age of King Alfred the Great.

On Tom's twenty-first birthday, his first act to celebrate his new manhood was to have the Rivanna, which flowed past his land, turned into a useful stream. Though deep enough, the Rivanna was too full of obstructions to allow the farmers to use it for transporting their produce down country. Jefferson got up a petition, sent it to the House of Burgesses, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing the stream cleared for navigation. It was his first act of public service, and he was extremely proud of it.

During the winter he had been coming often into Williamsburg, to consult with his master Mr. Wythe, to attend court and assembly sessions, and to stock his library. He would then visit old friends, though his teacher Dr. Small had by now returned to England.

In his twenty-second year Jefferson spent more time at Shadwell, following his program of studies and playing the violin. This year, 1765, was an important one for the Jefferson family. Dabney Carr, with whom Tom had hunted as a boy, married Tom's sister Martha. Two months after the

wedding, Tom's older sister Jane died. Tom had loved Jane above all the rest. It was to her that he had told all his plans and thoughts. Now Tom was indeed lonesome at Shadwell.

At last Jefferson's five years were up. He knew himself now to be a well-rounded lawyer, a credit to his profession. He took his examination. He passed. In 1767, at the age of twenty-four, he was admitted to the bar.

IV. THE BURGESS OF VIRGINIA

When Thomas Jefferson was first introduced to Patrick Henry, he had been told that Henry was on his way to Williamsburg to learn the law business. Tom, of course, imagined his new friend to be at the beginning of several years of study. But Henry had no intention of wasting his youth on books. Once arrived at Williamsburg, he thumbed through several volumes on law—when he could spare the time—for six months, and then boldly asked for an examination. He had the right, of course, to do this at any time that he could collect together three established members of the bar willing to examine him.

The three lawyers that Henry got together were George Wythe, Jefferson's brilliant friend and later master, and Peyton Randolph and John Randolph, both kin-men of Jefferson. These men questioned Henry about the law and—they found him very ignorant of it. Wythe was shocked and indignant. He would never, never sign his name to the license of a man whose only substitute for knowledge was colossal nerve! But the other two were won over. They saw genius in the young man, and the sort of persuasive tongue that they knew would be as effective with juries as

it was with themselves. If Patrick Henry would promise to go home and study and catch up on his reading, they would sign. More, they would get a third lawyer to sign with them. Henry promised. Sad to relate, Henry did not keep his promise very well. He would conscientiously borrow law books from Tom, then go off on a hunting trip, and return the books unread. In the end, however, Peyton Randolph's confidence in Henry was justified. If Henry did not get much out of books, he did finally learn the law very well from practice. His speeches could stir the passions of the most cold-blooded and indifferent of audiences. In 1765 Henry's brilliance as a lawyer won him the election to the House of Burgesses. These were exciting times and Henry felt that the most exciting place to be in was the Virginia legislature. It was the time of the agitation over the Stamp Act.

The French and Indian Wars had been won by England and her colonies in 1763, but they had left the British Empire exhausted and burdened with taxes. It was felt by the English that the American colonies should shoulder a share of these expenses since, they said, the colonies had benefited by these conquests. The English Parliament, among other irritating measures, passed a law by which a tax was collected on all papers and documents, whether legal, commercial, or periodical. When Patrick Henry rode his lean nag into Williamsburg, to take his seat in the House of Burgesses, the colony was seething with protest but did not know what to do about it. Of grumbling there was plenty but of action none. A brand-new member, he waited for the older men, the leaders, to take charge and lead. Nothing happened. At last, two days before the close of the session, when nothing had been done, Patrick

Henry tore a blank page out of "old Coke" and wrote down a set of resolutions he wished the Burgesses to pass upon. He stood up and read the resolutions, and then began to speak.

Among the visitors who were crowded about the doorway in the lobby (for there was no gallery for outsiders) was the young law student, Thomas Jefferson. With intense interest he saw his friend Henry rise in his place and introduce a set of resolutions condemning the English laws. He saw him begin to speak, faltering at first and conscious of his awkward clothes. Then he saw him gradually draw himself up erect as he launched into the full tide of his oration. With all the other onlookers Tom felt himself lifted up and carried away as Henry denounced the tyranny of the obnoxious Stamp Act. In the midst of this speech, Henry thundered, "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—"

"Treason!" cried the chairman. "Treason, treason!" echoed from several parts of the House. Jefferson held his breath. But Henry did not waver for an instant. Tossing his head still higher, he finished his sentence distinctly:

"—may profit by their example. If *this* be treason, make the most of it!"

In the midst of a terrific uproar, the resolutions were passed. The resolutions reminded the King that the colonists had certain inalienable rights as Englishmen, that the colonists had never given up these rights, that among them was the right to be taxed only by their own representatives, and that the colonists intended to pay only such taxes as they had levied upon themselves.

This last resolution was so defiant that it was passed by only one vote.

Patrick Henry, always impatient of mere details, mounted his skinny horse and, thinking his work done, cantered off for home. But the timid Burgesses had been enchanted into doing a braver thing than they could bear. With Henry and his accursedly spellbinding tongue out of the way, they wished the whole thing undone.

When Tom wandered into the House the next day before the bell had rung for the hour of meeting, he found his uncle Colonel Peter Randolph and one of the Tory members busily thumbing over the volumes on the clerk's table. They were searching for a previous case several years ago in which the House had stricken out of the minutes the record of its own vote on a certain measure. That day the House, with Henry absent, voted to cross out from the record its own vote on Henry's last resolution.

But all their striking out, all their timidity and alarm, did the Burgesses no good. Like it or not, history had been made under their noses. A large audience had heard the 'treason speech' and had already begun to make it famous. Soon its message was being repeated in all Virginia and in all the colonies. And Tom Jefferson had heard it. In his mind, something had started to roll that was to roll far beyond Patrick Henry's defiance of the King. The thought grew, why just George the Third, why not defy all kings? Why resist just the tyranny of unjust taxation, why not all tyranny? Why stop merely with the rights of Englishmen; did they not have even greater rights to freedom as Americans, as men?

But it was to take more years

of work and reading before Jefferson would see these ideas clearly. It was not until two years after the Stamp Act speech that he took his examination and became a lawyer, and it was only two years after that, in 1769, that he entered politics himself.

The same year that Jefferson won his right to practice at the bar, royal Governor Fauquier died. But it was not until the second year after Fauquier's death that Lord Botetourt, who had been appointed Governor by the King, came to Virginia. In Virginia, upon the arrival of the new Governor, a new House of Burgesses was called for.

Young Jefferson had been a lawyer for two years now. The practice of the law was not big enough a task to use up all his energy or all his learning. His reading, especially of Greek and Latin writers, had given him ideals of patriotism and service that were too wide and varied to be fulfilled in the daily humdrum business of helping people who had become entangled in the law. He felt obliged to run for a seat in the new House of Burgesses.

Elections were leisurely affairs then, and there was a particular etiquette to be observed if one was a candidate. Jefferson had to make a personal visit to each of the voters in Albemarle County and courteously solicit his vote. No man would vote for a candidate who had been so rude as not to ask him to do so. And Jefferson was obliged to keep open house and detain a servant for the special task of keeping the punch bowl full throughout the three days of the election. Otherwise he would have been thought too stingy to make a good Burgess. During those three days of mild excitement he stood at the polls with the other candidates, and he bowed low when he heard a vote

cast for himself. There were no secret ballots. So after supplying the voters with lunch and punch for three days, Tom learned that he was duly elected to the position once held by Peter Jefferson. He was only twenty-six years old.

On the third day of assembly the Burgess passed a set of resolutions condemning taxation without representation and protesting against the practice of trying colonists accused of treason in London, away from their own homes. Furthermore, the House called upon all the thirteen colonies to work together as one in seeking redress for their grievances against England. This last was by far the most important and the boldest action the members had yet taken.

Two days later the Royal Governor commanded the House to attend him in the Council Chamber. The hundred members rose in a body, tramped to the other end of the building, and ranged themselves around the Governor's throne-like seat.

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgess," the Governor began majestically. "I have heard of your resolves and augur ill of your effects. You have made it my duty to dissolve you and you are dissolved accordingly."

So it had come at last! The rebellious Virginians were to be shown their place. Their protests were to be met with oppression. Thus Thomas Jefferson, after having served only five days as a legislator, was again a private gentleman. Some of the Burgesss decided that the time for talk was past and the time for action came. Jefferson joined a group that had hit upon a plan for a striking back at England. These former Burgesss drew up an

agreement to boycott English goods until the home country should be forced, through the loss of its rich American trade, to see that she could not proceed against her colonies with such a high hand. Not as the House of Burgesss, but as private gentlemen, these same Virginians met the next day in the Apollo Room of the old Raleigh Tavern and signed their names to a set of agreements. This is what Jefferson ran his eye over as he signed. He promised

To be a great deal more saving and industrious than ever before. Never again, as long as time should endure, to buy an article taxed by Parliament for the sake of raising revenue in America, except certain low-priced qualities of paper without which business simply could not go on. Never, in short, until the repeal of these irritating taxes and laws, to import any article from Britain, or in British ships, which it was at all possible to do without. Finally, to save all his lambs so that he could do without English imports of wool.

Of the 108 former members of the dissolved House, eighty-five signed the agreement. And in the elections for the new House, these eighty-five won back their seats; the others did not. For the Governor had been impressed by this dignified revolt and had written to the King's ministers counseling them to treat the Virginians with moderation. And it happened that just at this time the political party that came into power in England was opposed to the policy of annoying the colonists. So the Governor called for a new House, promising there should be no more taxation without representation, and Jefferson found himself again among the Burgesss, where he stayed until that body came to the end of its existence.

V. THE MANOR AND THE LADY

When Tom Jefferson had played with Dabney Carr on the crown of his *monticello* and had talked of building a house on it, he began something that was to occupy his free moments for the rest of his long life. The older he grew the more ambitious became his plans

Among the things most ardently discussed by Fauquier, Small, and Wythe at their weekly meetings was the beauty of buildings in Europe. Lacking the buildings themselves, these men would take our or refer to Palladio's very popular book on architecture, Palladio was an architect of the sixteenth century who had fallen in love with the classical Roman style of building. The moment Tom saw Palladio's book he was captivated by it. There was something about the simple grandeur of the Greek and Roman style that appealed to his nature just as classical literature did. This was the kind of building that seemed to go naturally with democracy on the one hand and culture on the other.

Tom made Palladio his textbook. He studied the work, practiced drawing, and made hundreds of sketches. While working over his plans, Jefferson had put up a little house on Monticello and begun to lay out his new orchard. However, in 1770, when Jefferson was serving his first term as a Burgess, Monticello was still almost entirely on paper. One day Tom and his mother were visiting at a neighbor's when one of his servants came running with bad news. Shadwell had caught fire and everything was in ruins !

Now the building of Monticello was not to be put off any longer. That summer Jefferson's mother,

his sisters, and his brother went to live at the overseer's house, while he himself stayed in one of the building sheds on the mountain watching over the progress of the work.

All of a sudden the work that had been going on steadily for years began to seem too slow to Jefferson. His brain began to boil with architectural ideas. A strange change had come over the careful builder : he was in a hurry to finish his home.

These plans that he scribbled so furiously into his notebooks, as he sat lonely on his mountain top of an evening or in some dull tavern while traveling from one county courthouse to another, were curiously romantic. They certainly read more like a schoolboy's than like the work of a member of the House of Burgesses. What was it that had got into the young lawyer and politician, making him forget the classic simplicity of Palladio and instead imagine the sort of home found only in romantic novels ? Well...

There lived in Charles City County a prominent lawyer by the name of John Wayles Jefferson had met him often in the courts of Williamsburg, and they had learned to like and respect each other. Mr Wayles invited Mr. Jefferson to visit him at The Forest.

Living with Mr. Wayles was his daughter Mrs Martha Skelton, a young widow of twenty-three, of exquisite charm and beauty. She was an accomplished musician, taking lessons on the harpsichord from Domenico Alberti, a famous Venetian artist. No sooner did Jefferson make this lovely lady's acquaintance than all his love for music suddenly blazed out into an unquenchable passion. Signor Alberti, he engaged almost on the

spot to give him advanced lessons on the violin. Jefferson was now rushing the completion of the small brick house that was to be the southeastern pavilion of Monticello. The big house itself was barely begun, and he dropped the work on it to interest himself in furniture

First of all there would have to be a clavichord. But suddenly he canceled his order for the instrument. He had seen a fortepiano, and would have one of those instead. If anything was new and better, Jefferson was sure to want it in preference to the old. Besides, as he wrote, he found "the workmanship of the whole very handsome and worthy the acceptance of a lady for whom I intend it"

So the secret was out.

On New Year's Day, 1772, Martha Wayles Skelton and Thomas Jefferson were united in marriage.

VI. ARE AMERICANS ENGLISHMEN?

Debney Carr, Jefferson's brother-in-law and friend, was living and practicing law in Louisa County in 1773 when he was elected to the House of Burgesses. Although seven years younger, Carr was considered Patrick Henry's most formidable rival in oratory as they argued against each other in the Louisa County courthouse

Like Patrick Henry eight years before, Carr came riding into Williamsburg during a time of special excitement, when the colonies were angry at still another inconsiderate act on the part of the mother country. The cause of excitement this time was the "*Gaspee* incident" of Rhode Island.

The year before a British man-

of-war, the *Gaspee*, had for some time been lying in ambush on the sea-road between Newport and Providence. Like a pirate, the commander had without warning descended upon and boarded every craft that came out of these harbors. He was searching them for smuggled goods and contraband. The sympathies of the colonists were not with the British commander, and the Rhode Islanders felt very warm about what they regarded as his high-handed procedure

Rhode Island was the only one of the thirteen colonies that elected its own Governor. This Governor protested to the commander of the *Gaspee*, stating that, unless the Governor was shown a warrant, the commander's searches and seizures were lawless, pure piracy.

One day the regular mail packet left Newport for Providence without informing the commander of the *Gaspee*. The *Gaspee* gave chase for twenty-three miles and then ignominiously ran aground. The captain of the packet gleefully told the adventure in Providence. Mr. Brown, the most influential merchant in the town, heard and chuckled. He knew that the time would not let the *Gaspee* off the reef before three o'clock. He sought out eight boats, each commanded by a sea-captain, and, with muffled oars they rowed out to the imprisoned *Gaspee*. They took off the sailors and men and set fire to the ship. The result was that a commission arrived from England with orders from the King that all those who had been responsible for the burning of the *Gaspee* and all the witnesses on both sides should be brought in a King's ship to London, where the trial would be held. But, although every body in the streets of Providence knew just who had been in those eight boats, the commissioners could find no one

in the whole city to tell them a thing.

Promptly the English Parliament passed a law, by the wording of which, if anyone so much as touched a button of a mariner's coat or the oar of a cutter's boat or the head of a cask belonging to the fleet, he was made guilty of a crime that could be punished by death and was to be transported to England for trial. Again Parliament had blundered, for now all the colonies were concerned, Virginia among them.

Dabney Carr agreed with Jefferson that the endless discussions about the *Gaspee* affair would come to nothing. They decided to call on Patrick Henry and the two brothers, Henry and Richard H. Lee, to meet them privately at the Raleigh Tavern to discuss plans of action.

"An attack on any one colony should be considered as an attack on the whole," said Jefferson when they had met. "But we must have some means of communication by which we will know what the other colonies are doing."

With the approval of the other three, he drew up resolutions for the forming of permanent Committees of Correspondence between the colonies. Samuel Adams was doing the same thing in Massachusetts. If England intended to treat them as one, they must learn to act toward England as one. At the next meeting of the House, Carr proposed the Committees of Correspondence. The resolutions were carried; delegates, including Jefferson, Carr, and Patrick Henry, were appointed to meet other delegates from all the other colonies at some central point.

Carr went home to tell his wife about his maiden speech then set off

again as he had some law business in Charlottesville. Hardly had he arrived in Charlottesville when he was taken violently ill with bilious fever. Before he could be taken home he died, and, before Jefferson could be informed, they buried him at Shadwell. Carr left three sons and three daughters. Jefferson took them and Martha Carr to live with him at Monticello. He had Dabney's grave moved to Monticello and buried under their oak, so fulfilling the promise he had made to Dabney fifteen years before.

In the meantime, though Dabney Carr was dead, his speech had done its work, and Jefferson's plan for Committees of Correspondence had been carried out. Among the first pieces of important news carried along this early grapevine system was the half-serious, half-comic story of the Boston Tea Party. How the young hotheads of Virginia roared when they heard that a whole cargo of English tea had been brewed in Boston harbor! But Jefferson knew that events would move very quickly now, and he began to prepare for them.

Sure enough, word came from England that a law had been passed closing the busy port of Boston to all trade. The law was to go into effect on June 1, 1774, and British troops were being sent to enforce it.

Hastily the same little group—without Dabney Carr—who had pushed through the Committees of Correspondence gathered together to devise a new measure of protest. They found what they wanted by searching through some old Puritan accounts. The next day the House of Burgesses passed a bill appointing June 1 as a day of fasting and prayer in Virginia. It was based on a model taken out of Puritan history. When the bill was brought to the assembly,

nature, he promptly dissolved the House of Burgesses. But the members, instead of going home, called for a Convention. Virginia's charter said nothing of any convention, and so, if one were called, the Governor could have nothing to do with it. The purpose of this Convention was to elect delegates who would meet with delegates from the other colonies every year, thus forming a Continental Congress. Since the Congress was also illegal, the King could not even recognize it, let alone interfere in its decisions.

Naturally every country elected the same people to this Convention that it would have elected to the House of Burgesses. Duly elected from Albemarle County, Jefferson mounted his horse late in July and set out for Williamsburg.

On the road he was overcome by a serious attack of dysentery. Too ill to move, especially on a jolting horse over the rough roads, he was compelled to take lodgings on the way. He lay in bed frantic with disappointment.

He had prepared a rough draft of some resolutions which he felt he simply must deliver to the convention. There was nothing to do now but send them on by express. He was too weak to work on them. Fortunately there were two copies, one of which he sent to Patrick Henry, the other to his cousin Peyton Randolph, who was to be chairman of the Convention. These resolutions contained some views that Jefferson had been thinking out since his student days. For one thing, remember that he came from the Piedmont. He never thought of himself as an Englishman. His ancestors had not chosen England as a birthplace. They just happened to be born there, and, when they grew old enough to know their own minds, they came away. In fact they had come to America

because, for one reason or another, they did *not* like England.

So England and America, though they had the same King, were not the same country. Moreover, neither England nor the King had bought the new territory on the western shores of the Atlantic. The colonists had taken land in a wild and sparsely populated country. By their own hard work they had carved out farms and cultivated them. These lands belonged to them and to no one else, least of all to anyone living in England. By English law, all this land belonged to the King. He was supposed merely to have made a gift of its use to certain individuals. Jefferson's opinion was exactly the opposite. He said that the King had merely been chosen by the colonists to help *them* run the country. If he did not serve them well, they could just as easily choose another government.

Jefferson pointed out that it was only after the Norman Conquest that the King was considered to own all the land of his subjects and could give them out at his pleasure. These resolutions, for the instruction of delegates to the first Continental Congress, made a deep impression on many members of the Convention. But for the time being Jefferson's views seemed too bold; in fact, treasonable. All they dared insist upon was that they were Englishmen, had the rights of Englishmen, and could not be taxed without representation. So the Convention voted for a different, tamer set of resolutions and sent them together with delegates to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia.

In England Jefferson's resolutions were considered to be the best statement of the American position. The American agent who represented the House of Burgesses

in London published the resolutions in a pamphlet under the title of *Summary View of the Rights of British America*. Edmund Burke, the great English statesman, who was a friend of the colonists, saw the pamphlet and, after making a few changes, used it in one of his famous speeches. The net result for Jefferson was that the English government put his name down on the roll of dangerous subjects to be made outlaw—along with the two Adamses, John Hancock, Patrick Henry, and other leading patriots

VII. THE DECLARATION

In Philadelphia the Continental Congress discussed ways and means of forcing the mother country to listen to her colonists' demands. It was decided to try commercial weapons. First, the boycott: after December 1774 the colonists would cease to import English goods. Then, if that should fail, the embargo: they would refuse to export their products to England.

On the 10th of May 1775 the second Continental Congress convened with Peyton Randolph again its president. But Randolph was also speaker of the House of Burgesses, and, when Governor Dunmore called a special session of the House, Randolph had to hasten back to Virginia. The next day the House settled down to consider the special business, which concerned Lord North's conciliatory proposals. The English government offered to refrain from and further taxation of the colonies by Parliament if the colonies would in turn each agree to help England in case of war and make provision for the support of British soldiers. Now Lord North refused to consider the colonies as in any way united; he had addressed his propositions to each colony separately. Moreover, he insisted that each colony must pledge itself to help put down rebellions in any

other colonies. And finally the colonies must agree to certain measures that would mean the destruction of New England's entire sea trade. Instead of sending its reply to Lord North, the Virginia House decided to frame an answer and submit it first to the Congress, so that all the Colonies could speak as one.

To Peyton Randolph and, indeed, to the House as a whole, there seemed to be one man best fitted for the task of framing Virginia's reply—that man was Thomas Jefferson, the author of the famous *Summary View*. Not only was he now recognized as a legal artist, but his attitude toward England was absolutely clear and unwavering. Furthermore, Jefferson had already been chosen to take Randolph's place in Philadelphia while the latter conducted Virginia's affairs. So he would be taking his own ideas to the Congress.

The second Continental Congress, which had now been sitting for six weeks, was a feverish collection of men. Official or not, a war with the mother country was on. Just before the meeting of the Congress, a battle had been fought at Lexington, Massachusetts, between British regulars and farmers. And on the very day the second Congress opened Ethan Allen had led his Green Mountain Boys in an attack on Fort Ticonderoga and had captured it. That June there was fought a fierce battle at a place called Bunker Hill in Massachusetts between some British troops and twelve thousand Americans called out by the local Committee of safety.

Sitting with Jefferson as another delegate from Virginia was Colonel George Washington, head of Virginia's militia. He attended the sessions in uniform. When the

Congress found itself definitely committed to a course of treason against England, with battles like that of Bunker Hill already a fact, it chose this colonel as the commander-in-chief of the Continental armies.

Jefferson's *Summary View* which had seemed too radical when he wrote it, now appeared to suit the situation very well indeed. So it is not surprising that in five days Jefferson found himself delegated to perform a very important and delicate task. He and John Dickinson were ordered to prepare an Address on the Causes of Taking Up Arms. The Congress was at last admitting that it would resist force by force. John Dickinson, like Jefferson, was a literary artist in legal matters. But otherwise the two committee members were nothing alike. Dickinson was cautious and conservative. When he saw Jefferson's first draft of the Address, it was as if a red flag had been waved in front of a bull. No, sir, he would not permit it! Why, this red-headed Virginian was egging the colonies on to Revolution!

So Dickinson rewrote the Address with milder, more conciliatory phrases. Only the last four paragraphs were left of Jefferson's fiery protests. The more radical members of the Congress, the patriots, however, had found their man in Jefferson. Here was one upon whom they could call to present their case in the most elegant style and yet in its truest, most advanced light. As the Congress went beyond the cautious policies of Dickinson, it relied more and more upon Jefferson's pen.

The answer to Lord North's propositions of conciliation was considered to be the most important task of Congress. Virginia's reply, as drawn up by Jefferson, was acknowledged to be the best model.

So, when the committee for this particular task was selected, we find, as we expected, Jefferson's name together with Benjamin Franklin's, John Adams's, and Richard Henry Lee's. Franklin got the most votes, and Jefferson the most after him. He had leapt immediately into popularity with these Americans from all the thirteen colonies.

Lord North's proposals were rejected scornfully as insulting, misleading and not in fact conciliatory at all. England still retained the right to tax whether she did so or not. She still imposed duties upon the colonies while she refused to allow them to trade with other countries than herself. The attacks upon Boston were inhumane. The answer was a more dignified expression of exactly what Virginia had wished to say.

On the first of August, the Congress being adjourned, Jefferson got into his carriage and made the ten-day journey home. He was just in time to bid good-by to his friend and kinsman John Randolph. John was going to England to live. He was a Tory and disapproved of the threatening Revolution against England. The next month Jefferson lived through still another family tragedy, this time the closest of them all. His baby daughter, aged one and a half years, died.

Congress met again in September, but it had been sitting three weeks before Jefferson could come back to Philadelphia. He was in Congress that December when the news came that the King had declared the American colonies in a state of rebellion and had accused them of seeking to establish an independent empire. Immediately after Christmas 1775 Jefferson left for home. There was work to be done in Virginia.

Jefferson was one of the greatest underground agitators of all time. He had a genius for organizing great bodies of opinion for action by quiet, simple means. He could talk to influential friends and acquaintances logically and persuasively. He could write letters. In the meantime he collected money for gunpowder and conducted the affairs of his Committee of Public Safety. He was now also head of the militia of Albemarle County. But his main business was to make Virginia prepared for the next decisive step of the united colonies.

When in May 1776 a convention was called in Virginia to consider the question of independence, the success of Jefferson's labors, and the labors of the men like him, became apparent. The Convention voted unanimously to instruct its delegates in Congress to declare the united colonies free and independent States. In Williamsburg the British flag over the State House was hauled down to make place for one with thirteen stripes.

As soon as he was sure of this vote, Jefferson hastened to Philadelphia to resume his seat. Virginia was safe; the next important work lay in Congress. This time Jefferson found his fellow Congressmen in a daring, fighting mood. They had now all caught up with John Adams and Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson. They had all read, as had nearly every person in the colonies who could read at all, a pamphlet that for boldness and fire quite eclipsed Jefferson's scholarly *Summary Views*.

While in London Benjamin Franklin had met a man named Thomas Paine, whom he persuaded to go to America, the land of opportunity. Paine had been in this country little more than a year when he wrote *Common Sense*, a pamphlet that put the arguments for indepen-

dence so simply, so tellingly, that there seemed to be no answer to it. This was in January 1776. Early in June, then, in obedience to the instructions they had received from home, the Virginia delegates proposed to the Continental Congress that a Declaration be drawn up stating that "these united colonies are and of right out to be free and independent." The motion was seconded by John Adams of Massachusetts.

In the great debate that followed it became evident that no one denied America's right to independence or even the fact that America was already independent. Was not the Congress at that very moment directing a successful war against England? But was it good policy to put the fact into words? Not all of the colonies were ripe for such a step. The middle colonies—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland—as well as South Carolina were still in "the half-way house of Dickinson," as Jefferson called it. But the public clamor for a statement of the colonies' rights to freedom had become so loud that Congress decided to draw up a Declaration at once, while it waited for the tardy colonies to catch up with the others. No time was lost in selecting a committee to write the Declaration. On it were John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert Livingston, and Thomas Jefferson, who received the most votes. Jefferson, the legal artist, was selected to do the actual writing.

Just at this time Jefferson, was wishing he could be in two places at once. For, perfectly certain that independence would be declared, Virginia had decided to make itself a new constitution. But at a moment of such great historical significance Jefferson could not desert Philadelphia. Several of the Virginia delegates were hastening home, and to one of them, his old friend

and teacher George Wythe, Jefferson entrusted a sketch of a constitution that he had dashed off

When Wythe reached Williamsburg, he found the framers of the Virginia constitution had just accepted a document drawn up by James Madison and George Mason. However, they took Jefferson's preamble and tacked it on to their own work. This preamble included a list of reasons for separation from England, and it was really a sort of first draft to what Jefferson intended to put into the general Declaration of Independence. Now Jefferson began to write, to cut, to polish, to balance a composition that would become one of the most famous pieces of literature in the world. Later he had to alter a phrase that did not suit Adams, or put in an idea suggested by Franklin. Finally the paper was ready to be put on the table before Congress.

On July 4, 1776, the Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence as corrected. The greater part of the Declaration consists of specific wrongs committed against the colonies by the King and his government. But the most important, the best remembered and most quoted part consists of the short introduction to these grievances. For in this first part is the doctrine that a nation has at all times the right to change a government that does not suit it and that no longer performs the duties which a government should.

This was not only treason it was heresy. For despite the numerous changes of kings in England's own history, some of them accompanied by violence, it was still assumed that kings ruled by divine right, that they were given by God to the people to be obeyed. But the Declaration of Independence of the new United States held that the

purpose of a king, or of any government, was not to be obeyed but to provide for the life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness of his subjects or its citizens. Any government that did not provide for these rights had no claim to be supported. Such a government was in itself criminal and the crime that a government may commit upon its citizens is known as tyranny. Hence the long list of wrongs to prove to the rest of the world that King George's government had been tyrannous. The colonists withdrew their consent to be governed. It was a new doctrine of the *divine right of the governed*.

It is from this point of view that we must read the phrase, "all men are created equal." People may sometimes be heard to scoff at this phrase. Are all men of the same height or have they the same brain? Aren't some stronger, some wiser than others? But this cannot be what Jefferson, who was himself one of the wisest of his own day, meant. He meant that, in so far as all men are equally governed, so all governments receive their powers from the consent of all men equally. If you and I have the same duties, must obey the same laws, then we must have the same rights and privileges. And among those are the rights to life, to liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness.

VIII. THE INNER REVOLUTION

The American colonies in signing Jefferson's document had declared themselves in revolt against Great Britain. Since England most certainly intended to put a stop to such rebellious nonsense, the Revolution meant War. This may be called the Outer Revolution, and the hero of this part of the Revolution is the soldier, George Washington.

But the Declaration spoke of the rights of human beings that no government could take away. It defined governments differently from what they actually were anywhere in the civilized world. It contained statements that could have been used to justify revolutions in every nation of Europe. In short, it was trying to bring about a revolution in men's minds. This may be called the Inner Revolution, and its heroes are the thinkers, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine, and Thomas Jefferson. The thinker's revolution was to be Jefferson's lifelong task.

So now, the Continental Congress having completed its most important task, Jefferson's eyes turned once more to Virginia. He refused to be re-elected to the Congress. George Wythe followed his example. The two of them hastened home as fast as they could drive their horses. For the laws of Virginia were about to be rewritten. Now she was a free State. She had elected Patrick Henry her first Governor. Under the King it had been impossible to pass reforms through the House of Burgesses, now the House of Delegates. But in a revolution the minds of men are fluid and willing to accept change. Jefferson did not wish to make himself a dictator. He did not seek power for himself. He sought it for the people, so that their lives would be wider, freer, more self-reliant, and happier. The "esteem of the world" that he wanted so much was the honest gratitude of a free people. It may seem strange that Jefferson was more interested in the laws of Virginia than in those of the whole nation. But it must not be forgotten that the thirteen former colonies were not yet a nation by any means. Even after the Declaration of Independence, the Continental Congress was not making laws for all. Jefferson had been back in Virginia a month when he was informed that Congress had elected

him, along with Silas Deane and Benjamin Franklin, to go to the French court to negotiate treaties of alliance and commerce with France. At the back of Jefferson's mind there had always persisted the hope that some day he would go abroad. For three days he kept the express waiting while he tried to make up his mind. Finally he decided against it. His wife's health was too poor to allow her to cross the ocean. Then, too, the battle over Virginia's legal reforms had just begun.

The legal revolution that Jefferson had in mind was not a task for any one man. He had to have friends, supporters, teachers, and disciples who had some of the qualities that he lacked.

There was nothing finer in Thomas Jefferson's life than his friendship with George Wythe. Jefferson considered him the best and most moral man he knew, and Wythe in turn idolized his former pupil. For public business, however, Wythe lacked two of Jefferson's most useful qualities: tact and patience. He could never conceal his annoyance at the opposition in a committee meeting. George Mason, another of Jefferson's elderly friends, and author of Virginia's constitution, resembled George Wythe in personal nobility, but his talents were more social. He was very handsome and cut a fine figure in a ballroom. Mason's Bill of Rights in Virginia's new constitution had served as one of Jefferson's models when he drew up the Declaration. Mason supplied the little group of staunch revolutionists with the fiery oratory it needed. Revolutions also need young men, who will carry on the work of mature men, just as mature men must base their work on the study and experience of older men. Jefferson's circle soon attracted the ideal young man for its purposes. This was James

Madison, then twenty-five years old. Though not as brilliant in speech or in writing as some of the others, he was untiring and persistent, and his ideal of the patriot was Jefferson.

These men, then — — Jefferson, Wythe, Mason, and Madison — were the center of the movement to revolutionize Virginia's laws. Patrick Henry, and others as well, would sometimes join them to put through special measures, but these four men were constant in their aim to build up a democratic state. For, they felt, freeing the colonies from the English King was not the heart of the Revolution. States may be free and yet the people living in them be slave; The real Revolution consisted in giving these people a democratic form of government such as Europe did not have. The people themselves must be allowed to decide in each case what best served their rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

England was ruled by an aristocracy, and the aristocracy had its power, its wealth, and its social position in the ownership of large tracts of land. To keep the aristocracy limited to a small number of powerful people, the whole of each nobleman's estate, together with his title, passed down intact to his eldest son. The other sons could shift for themselves. When the early settlers came to Virginia, it was natural that they should think of living under this same system. Land could be had almost for the asking, and they carved out vast plantations for themselves in the Tidewater region. The huge grants of land passed from eldest son to eldest son. The Tories who opposed the Revolution came largely from this class of land-owners. Now Jefferson sat at once that the power of this class lay in the laws that protected their system of inheritance.

He would much rather have seen America populated and governed by sturdy independent farmers, with farms not so vast that they had to be cultivated by slaves. Besides, he considered the inheritance laws themselves very unjust.

If a man died without a will, everything went to his eldest son. This was called the law of primogeniture (*primo*—first : *geniture*—birth). Moreover, he could not always give his brothers any of his land even if he wanted to. For the land might be "entailed." This meant that by some provision of his great grandfather's will, the land must always stay intact and could never be broken up. The heir must pass it on to *his* eldest son, at least as large as he had received it. The Virginians had gone the English one better by permitting Negro slaves to be entailed along with the land and houses. And, of course, the larger the estates grew under this system, the more did slaves become necessary. Jefferson's two measures, repealing the law of primogeniture and the law of entail met with the most bitter opposition. Jefferson's most serious opponent was Mr. Pendleton, who, though he had finally joined the Revolution against England, was otherwise firmly attached to the ancient order of things. Whenever the bills seemed finally about to pass, Pendleton would tack on an amendment which would turn their meaning upside down. He became such a nuisance to the radicals that they always referred to him as "Moderation." Pendleton. But Jefferson's patience was equal to Pendleton's, and at last his measures were about to become a law. Hereafter, when a man died without leaving a will, his children would share the inheritance equally, and his dead hand would not prevent them from doing with it as they pleased.

Jefferson's next concern was

the naturalization of foreigners. His bill provided that any foreigner who desired to become a citizen of Virginia could do so after two years' residence by declaring in court his intention of living in the State thereafter. The wife of a naturalized citizen became a citizen with him, and so did his children who were under age. All minors who migrated to Virginia without father or mother became citizens without any legal steps when they came of age.

America had always been an asylum for Europeans dissatisfied with their home countries or persecuted in them, and Jefferson meant to see that Virginia at least would keep this noble purpose forever. The bill was easily passed.

The next great battle was not won with such ease. For Jefferson and his friends now set about establishing religious freedom, an idea so new and advanced that to many people it seemed shocking, if not blasphemous.

Most American colonies had become more or less accustomed to religious *tolerance*, that is, people were allowed to profess whatever religion they chose without being considered criminals. They could worship in their own churches in their own way. But they did not always have religious *freedom*. Now, as a matter of fact, Virginia did not even have religious tolerance. The Southerners were not Puritans. Their church was Episcopalian, or "Church of England". There were pretty strict laws about attending church on Sunday, but once the service—net too long—was over, your duty was done and you could do what you pleased with the rest of the day. But not belonging to the established religion was quite a different matter. It meant persecution both under the law and beyond it. Only half of those

residing in Virginia really belonged to the established church, yet all paid its taxes equally. Furthermore, to be legally wed one had to be married by an Episcopalian minister.

"It does me no injury," Jefferson said, "for my neighbor to say there are twenty Gods or no God. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg. ...Is uniformity of opinion desirable? No more than face or stature.....Millions of innocent men, women, and children since the introduction of Christianity have been burnt, tortured, fined, and imprisoned, yet we have not advanced one inch toward uniformity. The effect of this coercion has been to make one half of the world fools and the other half hypocrites."

Practically all the Burgesses were Episcopahans, but the moderates were willing to go half way with Jefferson in his desire to remove all religious restrictions and disabilities. They admitted, for instance, that it was unfair to tax people for a church they did not belong to. Why not, they said, let people specify which churches they wished their taxes to go to? Would that not be religious freedom? But Jefferson said No. Any bargaining might some day be used as a basis for religious persecution. Religion and religious support must be made purely voluntary. For eight years this struggle continued. At last, when Jefferson was in France, Mason and Madison got his bill for the establishment of religious freedom passed. Later this principle of absolute religious freedom was inserted into the Constitution of the United States as the first amendment of the Bill of Rights, chiefly through the efforts of James Madison. There were during the Revolution about 250,000 slaves in Virginia. Jefferson himself owned more than a hundred and fifty. He had never bought any; they came

to him with his father's and his wife's estates.

When Jefferson first became a Burgess under a royal Governor, he had begun to work against the slave system. His first cautious proposal was a measure permitting freed slaves to live in Virginia. The measure was defeated. Jefferson had then decided that nothing progressive could be done about slavery as long as a king still ruled the country. So, when Jefferson was writing the Declaration of Independence, he included among the crimes of the King the charge that he had obstructed the colonists' attempts to limit the system of slavery. But he discovered that many colonists thought exactly as did the King's governors on this matter. He was, much to his annoyance, forced to cross out this charge.

But the Declaration still stated that all men were created free and equal, and this in one of the few countries in the world where slavery was permitted! At first Jefferson wanted to attack the problem directly at its heart by simply having slavery abolished. But Jefferson's friends pointed out many circumstances that made such a forthright step as abolition seem impossible. First there was the opposition of the Virginia planters. At a time when in some regions the slaves outnumbered the whites two to one, it was a dangerous proceeding suddenly to free them. The process should be more gradual. Mason wanted the Negroes to be educated before they were freed, and thought that their masters should be obliged to prepare them for liberty. Finally, Jefferson's own former experiences with the slavery question convinced him that the only sure way of abolishing slavery was to get the slaves actually out of the country. For he thought that the people who had once been

slaves would never be allowed to live in peace side by side with people who had once been their masters.

In the end Jefferson worked out an elaborate plan. All Negro children who were born from now on were to be free and to belong to no one but their parents. These children were to stay with their parents until they were old enough to be trained in a trade. Then at public expense they would be taught farming, handicrafts, or science according to their ability. When the boys were twenty-one and the girls eighteen, they were to be supplied with tools, seed, cows, horses, and firearms and be sent to some suitable colony, preferably in Africa. This colony was then to be declared a free nation by the American government. Finally, at the same time, America would be sending out ships to Europe to bring free white colonists to take the place of the slaves. But Jefferson's every attack on the slave problem came up against the stone wall of the planters' opposition. It was not until 1782 that Jefferson's original measure, permitting freed slaves to live in Virginia, was pushed through by Madison, after a compromise. The act now read that an owner might free a slave if he guaranteed that the freedmen would not become a public charge. In eight years this act resulted in the freeing of ten thousand slaves.

As for the larger plan, which if enacted might have saved this country from the Civil War, it did not even start to take place until 1822, when James Monroe, a friend and pupil of Jefferson's, was President of the United States. In that year Jehudi Ashmun brought some freed slaves to the West Coast of Africa, where they started the nation of Liberia. But by now it was too late for the cotton gin had been invented and slaves had become much too valuable to be allowed to go free.

In the ideal state which Jefferson was now trying to help build in Virginia, everyone capable of learning at all must be educated, be he rich or poor. How else could the citizen understand their rights, be able to maintain them, and exercise with intelligence their parts in self-government? Jefferson therefore laid out a plan for public schooling that covered the whole system of education. Each county was to be divided up into wards five or six miles square. Each ward was to support a school and a teacher with taxes collected from people who owned property, whether they had children or not. This is exactly how our modern schools are supported. Each child, rich or poor, was entitled to attend this school to learn reading, writing and arithmetic. Then in different parts of the State there were to be established twenty "grammar schools," which would teach Greek, Latin, geography, and advanced arithmetic, very much like our high schools. The brightest student from each ward school was to be sent to a grammar school on a scholarship. After a two years' trial, the brightest of these students were to be continued at advanced courses in the grammar school.

At the end of six years, half of the students were to be dismissed, some of them to become grammar and ward school teachers. The other half would be sent to William and Mary for a three-year course in whatever sciences they chose. Thus the brightest boys would be educated entirely by the State. Jefferson's educational proposals were adopted only after many years, and then only piecemeal, and never in their entirety. In 1796 Jefferson's friends finally managed to get passed that part of his education bill dealing with the lowest grade schools, but only with an amendment that made it quite worthless. The amendment left it

to the magistrates of each county to decide whether they should have ward schools or not. As the magistrates were the big land-owners of the counties and as the cost of education was to be borne by the wealthy classes (who had private tutors for their own children), very few ward schools were established.

Now that there was no king, no court, no English Parliament to look after Virginia's laws, everyone realized that some revisions would have to be made in the present statutes. For this task of adapting the old code of laws to a republican form of government, the Virginia legislature selected their three best writers of laws: Thomas Jefferson, George Wythe, and Edmund Pendleton.

Jefferson was given the most ancient British laws to remodel, those that were older than the founding of the colony of Virginia. Wythe took the British laws up to the Declaration of Independence. And Pendleton was put in charge of the laws passed by Virginia herself.

Jefferson saw that the first big sweeping reform would have to do with the death penalty. For life was cheap in the English law of those days, much cheaper than a little property, and men were sometimes hanged for so small a crime as stealing a loaf of bread. Jefferson, Wythe, and Pendleton, for once unanimous, recommended the abolition of the death penalty for all crimes except murder and high treason. But it took the legislature eleven years to make this recommendation law.

In going over the ancient laws Jefferson was forcibly reminded of the difficult time he and Dabney Cair had had as students in following the involved language of "old Coke." He therefore determined

that, while he was rewriting these laws, he might as well cast them into as simple and clear a style as he was capable of. Wythe joined him in this. Students of the law in Virginia today have Jefferson to thank if their studies are somewhat easier than elsewhere.

The "Revised Laws" were put before the Assembly in the form of 126 separate bills. As usual the faithful Madison took up the colossal task of getting them passed. By plugging and hammering away he managed in six years to get 56 of them adopted.

IX. WARTIME GOVERNOR

While Jefferson and his friends were fighting to make their country a better place to live in for future citizens, the news that poured in from the various battle fronts was disheartening enough. But late in 1777 there came the joyous surprise of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga. This great news had among other things two important results for our story. First, it brought France in as an ally of the young republic. Secondly, four thousand prisoners of war were sent to be quartered in Virginia.

The troops with their officers who were encamped in Albemarle County, within sight of Monticello, included many Hessians. Jefferson saw them arrive after seven hundred miles of dreary march, and he was struck with pity for the dismal condition and prospects of these men, mostly impressed soldiers whose hearts were not in their task. Among the German officers, who had no cause to bear the revolutionary colonies ill-will, were men of true European culture, and soon the Jeffersons had formed many delightful new acquaintances in the neighborhood. He threw open to the officers his gardens, his house, his library. Even General Phillips,

commander of the English prisoners, whom Jefferson described as the proudest man of the proudest nation, entered into the spirit of neighborliness. Acknowledging Jefferson's politeness he sent him the following invitation: "The British officers intend to perform a play next Saturday at the Barracks. I shall be extremely happy to have the honor to attend you and Mrs. Jefferson in my box at the theater should you or that lady be inclined to go." Jefferson wrote a friend: "It is for the benefit of mankind to mitigate the horrors of war as much as possible. The practice, therefore, of modern nations, of treating captive enemies with politeness and generosity, is not only delightful in contemplation, but really interesting to all the world—friends, foes, and neutral."

In 1779 Thomas Jefferson became Governor of Virginia. That State then embraced much more territory than it does now. It extended as far west as the Mississippi and included all the land that we now call Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, and a great part, besides, of what is now Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. In other ways, too, Virginia was practically a nation in its own right. It could borrow money on its own account, and two days after Jefferson's inauguration, Virginia ratified a treaty with France, quite as though it were an independent power.

The alliance with France had a few undesirable consequences as well as many good ones. For one thing there was a change of spirit on both sides. Now that France was to send over troops, volunteering on this side dropped off. There was not now such a feeling of desperate need as there had been.

On the other hand this alliance made the English more ruthless. Now they feared that the colonies would

become French possessions, they fought harder and also went more systematically about the business of laying waste the land. Burgoyne's surrender had to be made up for, and the South, since it was less populated, seemed more easy to conquer.

Now the British were coming up from the south through North Carolina. Jefferson determined to keep them out of Virginia at all costs. To do this he had to put all his hopes in General Gates, who was opposing the English army in North Carolina. He sent Gates all the resources in men and ammunition he could spare.

But many Virginians looked on with anxiety as Virginia's means of defense poured into the Carolinas. Virginian soldiers should be fighting Virginia's battles, that is, in Virginia, they thought. While still straining every resource to send Gates supplies, Jefferson received the dreadful news that the Americans had been disastrously defeated at Camden, South Carolina. In one battle all the materials that Virginia had spent two months in collecting were lost to the enemy. All their sacrifices had been in vain. The British would now invade Virginia. Jefferson's critics raised a louder murmur.

Fortunately for Jefferson's peace of mind, the Virginian forces had carried out at least one successful campaign. In accordance with the new British plan of wasting the South, a British general named Hamilton had spent the winter of 1779 persuading the chiefs of some Indian tribes to attack the Americans. The Indians took no prisoners, preferring scalps, and, of course, drew no sharp lines between soldiers and civilians, men and women. Colonel George Rogers Clark, a former neighbor of Jefferson's, had been sent into the western forests

with a tiny army of 130 frontiersmen to take Hamilton. Though the feat seemed incredible Clark actually did surprise and capture Hamilton with all his white forces early in the spring. Hamilton and two other officers were brought to Williamsburg, the others released on parole. From now on Virginia did not have to guard its western frontier against invasion. It could turn its whole energies to stopping the British army advancing in the south.

Meanwhile, the victorious British in the Carolinas were taking several months to reach the Virginia border. Again and again they were checked by guerrilla troops. At the same time Virginia was being threatened on a new front. A dozen armed vessels had anchored in Chesapeake Bay. They landed troops. Virginia held its breath, but nothing happened. These ships had been ordered to wait for Cornwallis, and the Carolina guerrillas were keeping Cornwallis away. The ships set sail again after waiting more than a month. No sooner did Virginia seem safe again than a messenger galloped into the capital to say that twenty-seven warships had been sighted entering Chesapeake Bay. The messenger had not waited to make out what flags the ships flew. This was Sunday, December 21, 1780. It was not until Tuesday that the Governor learned that the ships were British, and that they were making their way up the James. Instantly Jefferson called out the militia and gave orders to remove all war supplies to a point above Richmond, where the James was not navigable because of rapids.

Thursday evening the Governor received news that the British troops under the renegade Benedict Arnold had landed. Jefferson found himself alone, all the members of the government being away on duty or engaged in removing their fami-

lies from danger. There was not in Virginia a military force large enough to stop Arnold's troops. And Jefferson himself was no soldier.

Sending his own family to a relative in Tuckahoe, he mounted a horse and raced to superintend the transportation of the war supplies across the river for some hours, then at midnight he galloped off to Tuckahoe to see that his family was safely put across the river. At daylight man and horse, both tired and unfed, galloped back to supervise the transport of the last stores from Richmond across the James. Just before reaching Richmond Jefferson discovered that it was already in the hands of the enemy, and turned off just in time to follow the stores. Then he hunted up Baron von Steuben's camp to get the advice of the only trained commander within reach.

Arnold was in Richmond trying to cripple the town in the shortest possible time by raiding and burning. Meanwhile, the Virginia militia was massing around him. Luckily for Arnold, the wind shifted, so that he could board his ships, sail down the river and away. The raid was over.

Jefferson had been in the saddle for three and a half days when he rode into Richmond on the heels of Benedict Arnold. He must now take up a job that was as little to his liking as a task could well be. For from this time on Jefferson was virtually a military dictator. All civil government had practically ceased to exist.

Virginia was now harried on all sides. To the east Benedict Arnold was pillaging the State in spite of Steuben's and Lafayette's attempts to check him. To the south Cornwallis and Tarleton had at last burst across the border and were sweeping northward. In the western

counties the Indians were again on the war path, it was said. Finally the British fleet swooped down unexpectedly here and there on the coast.

In response to repeated calls for help Washington had at last sent "the boy Lafayette" to Virginia. This youthful major general had already been in America four years before he entered Richmond in March 1781. From their first meeting Jefferson and Lafayette became dear and lifelong friends.

Hurriedly the legislature met and empowered the Governor to call out the militia, to confiscate wagons, horses, food, equipment, clothing, and Negroes. He was also to arrest dis-loyal Tories. He was to issue money. In short, the man who had fought with every weapon to make men free was given such tyrannical powers as no royal Governor had ever enjoyed.

Four times in Jefferson's second term of office the legislature had to flee before the enemy. First in January 1781 when Arnold sacked Richmond, then in March, and then again in May, when the enemy armies were so close that the few members who were left decided after that to meet in Charlottesville near Monticello. From there they were again forced to leave by the arrival of General Tarleton and his white dragoons. Jefferson himself barely escaped capture. On June 1st Jefferson's term as Governor was up. But because of the constant danger, there were never enough legislators gathered together at any one time to permit of a legal vote. The month of May passed; Virginia was without a governor.

When the dispersed legislature finally met together again on June 7, the members were irritable and nervous. They had to have someone to blame, and it was only

natural that Jefferson should come in for a good share of spite.

Hadn't they told him not to send all their supplies and men to General Gates in the Carolinas? Now, see where they were, harried on four sides by the foe. The legislators who were busily crying, "I told you so," were now joined by the older enemies of Jefferson, the conservatives, the men who had fought against the abolition of the entail, who hated him for winning religious liberty for Virginia. George Nicholas, a young representative from Jefferson's own county of Albemarle, rose up and accused the former Governor of failing in his duty by allowing Benedict Arnold to terrorize the State. Jefferson's friends jumped to his defense. But Jefferson himself was profoundly shocked. It seemed so obvious to him that in the thirteen years he had been in public service, he had always worked for the State's best interests both in the present and the future. Amazed and hurt, he got a friend to secure from Nicholas a list of the formal charges the latter intended to bring against him. Through the same friend he sent Nicholas the answers he intended to make. Then he retired to the country to brood over the ingratitude of his State. Before he retired for good, as he thought, he answered one more challenge to his principles and did his State one more service. At this last meeting of the legislature one party began to agitate for a dictator. "The very thought," said Jefferson, "was treason against the people, was treason against mankind in general." He united his friends, who were still in the majority, to defeat the project.

He knew, however, that what the country needed at its head in these warlike times was, if not a dictator, at least a soldier, but one legally elected. So he turned his

last political efforts to the election of General Nelson as his own successor.

General Nelson had been one of the mainstays of Jefferson's administration. He supported it with his name, his military talents, and money from his vast estates. When he was elected, he went very conscientiously about his task of being a military emergency Governor. Virginia had a taste of the dictatorship it seemed to want.

Nelson forced men into the army, impressed wagons, horses, slaves, and supplies. But he succeeded in pleasing his countrymen no better than the previous Governor, although he had sacrificed health and fortune for them. After holding his office six months, he threw it up and he, too, went before the Assembly to answer charges made against him.

In the meantime Jefferson was still on his wife's estate, Poplar Forest, in Bedford County, waiting for the Assembly to convene again. Then he would go to face his accusers, answer them, and retire to private life permanently, never to accept public office again.

In August, Lafayette brought Jefferson a letter from the President of the Continental Congress. It contained exciting news: Jefferson had been appointed to represent the young United States abroad. But he could not go until he had personally answered those accusations. He declined the offer.

Before the legislature met again, the war was over. Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown. Virginia was free of its invaders, it was deliriously happy; it did not remember petty grudges. When, a month later, in November, Jefferson ran for the Assembly in Albemarle

County, he was elected without a dissenting vote.

Grimly Jefferson rose up in his place. The House would be pleased to remember that accusations against him had been hinted at the last session. Would the members in question please repeat the accusation? He was prepared to meet and answer them.

There was no reply. George Nicholas had purposely stayed away. After a silence, Jefferson calmly read off the points as he had received them through his friend. Then he answered them point by point. He sat down.

Immediately another member stood up and offered a resolution thanking Jefferson for his "impartial, upright, and attentive administration." It was passed unanimously by both Council and Assembly.

But at the next meeting of the House, Jefferson did not appear. True to his vow, he had returned to Monticello, determined to spend the rest of his life as a private citizen. The friends who had been indignant at the treatment Jefferson had received at the hands of political adversaries, were now becoming indignant at Jefferson's own pride and exaggerated sensitivity. They knew how important he was to them and to their plans for a democratic republic. They did not hesitate to chide him to his face. James Monroe wrote directly to Jefferson and told him what the people were saying. Jefferson answered him that he had examined his heart and was convinced that every fiber of political ambition had been torn out. The disapproval of men who had worked with him and had known his aims was a shock for which he had not been prepared. "I felt," he ends the letter, "that these injuries had in-

flicted a wound on my spirit which only will be cured by the all-healing grave."

George Nicholas, some time later, published a letter containing a handsome apology. Now Jefferson was left with almost no excuse for sulking in his retirement.

X. RETURN TO BATTLE

What fortified Thomas Jefferson in his resolve to stay out of politics was the fun he got out of being home. There were so many interests he had had no time for while at Philadelphia and Williamsburg and during the feverish two years of his governorship.

First and foremost among these hobbies was the completion of Monticello and its grounds.

In becoming a gentleman farmer, Jefferson was fulfilling one of his two ideals of the completely satisfactory life. His second ideal was the life of the scientist. Already in his college days Jefferson had learned from Professor Small to prefer exact information to hazy general statements. So for five years he had kept a very close account of the amount of rain that fell in the neighborhood, the coldest temperature and the hottest as revealed by the thermometer, and the direction the winds blew. Even now at Monticello Jefferson recorded the appearance and disappearance of snow and ice, of the leaves of the different trees, of the buds and fruits of the orchards, of the ticks and fireflies, and of many birds. He observed the day of the year that each of the vegetables and fruits and berries reached his table.

All this information went into notebooks. Every conceivable fact of interest about Virginia that Jefferson ever heard had gone into those notebooks. Every observation

that might be useful to himself or his neighbors he jotted down. So thorough was Jefferson's description of the natural resources, the products, the inhabitants, the boundaries, and the laws and customs of his State that, without intending it, he became America's first real geographer.

Since the birth of her second child Mrs. Jefferson had never quite regained her strength, growing weaker and weaker with time. On September 6, 1782, she lost her long dreary fight for life. Mrs. Jefferson left, besides her namesake Martha, two other little daughters—Mary, who was four, and Lucy Elizabeth, an infant. Thomas Jefferson promised himself to be both father and mother to them. He hoped to heal his grief for Martha by caring for her children.

The country's affairs were now being run by the Congress established by the Articles of Confederation, which had finally been ratified in 1781. While still at Amphil, Jefferson received word from this Congress that he had been appointed a minister and was to go to Paris to help Benjamin Franklin and John Jay conclude the final treaty of peace with England. Jefferson's friends, knowing of his wife's death, now hoped that he would be willing to return to public life.

As a matter of fact, Jefferson was more than willing. He was eager. Here was an opportunity to lose himself in hard work and important services.

It was midwinter when Jefferson hurried to Baltimore to embark on the French frigate that was to take him abroad. But he found the frigate frozen in the ice and the English fleet still blockading the harbor. Before these difficulties were overcome, the belated mails arrived with the news that the first

draft of the peace treaty had already been signed. Jefferson wasn't needed. Was he destined never to see France?

Jefferson returned to Monticello. There he spent a dismal summer. He worked hard as usual but he no longer took any joy in his work.

In the meantime, Jefferson's friends were still busy at getting him back into the thick of politics. That summer he was chosen to represent Virginia at the Congress of the Confederation. His duties began in November.

One of the Congress's pressing tasks was to establish a money system for the new nation. It was natural at first to think of adopting the British system of coinage. Four farthings make one penny, twelve pennies make one shilling, twenty shillings make a sovereign or one pound; besides which, twenty-one shillings make a guinea, two shillings make a florin, and two and a half shillings make a half crown. At the thought of this jumble, Jefferson and several others threw up their hands in dismay. Here was a brand-new republic starting from scratch—why not create a sensible system while they had the chance?

When Gouverneur Morris proposed the decimal system we now have, Jefferson immediately agreed with him. This meant that each coin could be reckoned in terms of other coins by tens. Ten mills make one cent, ten cents make one dime; ten dimes make one dollar, ten dollars make one eagle; and so on. The Spanish dollar was made the basis of American currency. The word *mill* comes from the Latin and means a thousandth; the word *cent* means hundredth, and *dime* means a tenth.

The most important work done by Jefferson at this Congress was

the plan he drew up for the government of the Northwest Territory, which had been surrendered by Virginia to the Confederacy. First of all his plan proposed that all territory now owned or later to be acquired by the United States should be divided up into States. This provided a framework for the growth of the country. It made expansion a national instead of a State question. It prevented the creation of two different kinds of citizens, some belonging to States and some to the United States only. Jefferson obviously had at the back of his mind a dream of a vast empire, composed of many great States, closely bound up together.

Furthermore, Jefferson's plan provided for the government of these territories before they became States. The inhabitants might create their own temporary governments as long as they fulfilled two conditions. First, these governments must be republican in form and must admit no person to citizenship who held a hereditary title. Secondly, after the year 1800 there should be no slavery in any of this territory.

Finally, any part of this territory could be admitted into the union as a State "on an equal footing" with the original thirteen, as soon as it had as many free inhabitants as the least populous of those original thirteen States.

When Jefferson presented this plan to Congress, it was adopted and ratified—but only after a little amendment had been inserted which removed the conditions about hereditary titles and slavery. In spite of these changes, the adoption of Jefferson's plan for the treatment of United States territories makes him the father of the American system of State-making. It is thanks to him that a citizen of California is precisely the same

kind of American citizen as the citizen of Massachusetts.

The last great task Jefferson engaged in while at the Congress was also intended to unite and strengthen the new republic. He proposed that ministers be sent to all the European nations to negotiate commercial treaties. Europe should learn to look upon the United States as a single nation. Jefferson drew up a list of "Instructions" for American ambassadors at all foreign capitals. They contained not only rules for making commercial treaties but also a set of regulations for the more humane conduct of wars. American ministers were to try to get all the European governments to pledge themselves to follow these regulations.

Jefferson's regulations forbade privateering, the molesting of neutrals, and the injuring of farmers, fishermen, or other civilians. There was to be no confiscation of property, no crowding of prisoners into unhealthy places, no ravaging of seacoasts. War, in short, was to be kept purely a matter of armies, of soldiers and sailors.

These "Instructions" were adopted whole-heartedly.

XI. FRANCE

On the day that Congress adopted Jefferson's "Instructions" for ministers abroad it also appointed him a sort of roving minister to Europe. His duties would be to explain his document to Benjamin Franklin and John Adams, who were already in Paris, and to aid them in drawing up new treaties.

On July 5, 1784, the day after the eighth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the vessel *Ceres* set out from Boston. On board were Mr. Thomas Jefferson and his daughter

mistress Martha, on a mission to the court of France.

The Jeffersons first took lodgings in Paris so that they might get acquainted with the city before they settled down for good. Then her father put Martha in one of the famous convent schools to finish her education as a lady. Later he sent for his second daughter Polly and placed her in the same school.

In Paris Jefferson was very busy indeed. First he had to explain to Franklin and Adams the new instructions for making treaties, including the new rules of warfare. Then the three ministers had to draw up special treaties to send to the many different courts of Europe. Most of this work was carried on in Franklin's home at Passy, a suburb of Paris.

Soon the three American diplomats had worked out a model treaty based upon Jefferson's "Instructions". Franklin struck off some copies on his own little printing press and sent them around to the French statesmen.

The first to sign the treaty with America was Frederick the Great of Prussia. Negotiations were started with Denmark and with Tuscany. Then Franklin finally received his permission to go home, and Jefferson was made ambassador in his place.

With Franklin gone home and Adams sent to England as American minister to that country, Jefferson became both ambassador and consul at Paris. That is, he took care not only of all diplomatic matters but also commercial ones.

Early in 1786 Jefferson received an encouraging message from London. England, wrote John Adams, seems at last ready to enter into a friendly treaty with her

former colonies. Would Jefferson join Adams in London and help carry it through? Jefferson was delighted at the prospect of winning back the friendship of the mother country. He hastened to London, where the two American ambassadors quickly drew up a brief treaty.

Coming from his kindly, warm-hearted Paris, Jefferson was shocked at the treatment he found Adams subjected to. "On my presentation, as usual, to the King and Queen at their levees," he wrote later, "it was impossible for anything to be more ungracious than their notice of Mr Adams and myself." To the Americans' proposals the Minister of Foreign Affairs was cold, condescending, and evasive. He never seemed to be able to grant them their requests for an interview, always having pressing engagements at the time.

After seven weeks of this cool contempt, Jefferson gave up and returned to his French home. Jefferson therefore sympathized with the French ministers when they complained that American trade went mostly to England, despite the fact that France was a better friend to the United States than was Great Britain. But France, Jefferson had to reply, had a very high tariff against imported goods. Americans could not sell their goods in France, and hence they could not afford to buy there. He urged the French to try out lower tariffs and even free trade. He himself became quite convinced of the superiority of free trade over tariffs.

Jefferson kept a constant stream of information flowing from France to America. Four colleges—Yale, Harvard, William and Mary, and the College of Philadelphia—received letters from him regularly on any new inventions and discoveries that he might have come across or heard

of. He even suggested lists of books that he thought should be included in their libraries. Out of gratitude for these services Yale sent him an honorary degree in 1786 and a year later Harvard did the same. He was the first to send to America news of the success of Watt's steam engine "by which a peck and a half of coal performs as much work as horse in a day." He became excited, along with the rest of France, over the new experiments with balloons, and studied the new science of aeronautics.

One day while walking in the country near Paris Jefferson fell on his right hand and broke his wrist. It turned out to be a compound fracture, that is, the broken bone had been driven into the flesh, and it was never properly set by the surgeon. Jefferson's right wrist was ever after stiff and weak. It remained to the end of his life a handicap that he never quite overcame. It stopped the violin playing for good, but he learned in time to write with his left hand almost as well as with his right.

XII. THE FAMILY ABROAD

Events of tremendous importance were taking place in France. The Revolution had really started.

The winter of 1788-89 had been a frightful one in Paris, and the news from the rest of France was no better. The country was in the grip of a depression. There was such a shortage of bread that among the aristocracy it became the smart thing for invited dinner guests to bring their own along with them.

Jefferson wrote a letter to America, which was published in the papers, asking for flour. America sent France 35,000 barrels of flour as a result of this appeal.

In French eyes, the writer of the

Declaration of Independence was the great apostle of the religion of liberty. He was not simply a theorist, a man who talked large ideas, he was a practical statesman, a man who had drafted Virginia's Bill of Religious Freedom and had drawn up a complete plan for public education.

Liberals and reformers like Lafayette therefore thought it a great piece of good luck that Jefferson should be present at what promised to be the dawn of a new era in the history of France. But sympathetic though Jefferson might be with Lafayette's political friends, and willing to give them the help they expected, he had after all been sent by his own government to the King of France, and it would be poor return for the hospitality he had received to aid in plots against the King's government.

On the other hand, Jefferson was very much indebted to Lafayette. After his visit to the United States in 1784, Lafayette had returned to become the protector of American interests in France. Now he was turning to Jefferson for encouragement and advice. How could Jefferson refuse him? Once, for instance, the Marquis asked if he could bring a little party of eight men to Jefferson's house for dinner. When these nine Frenchmen sat down at Jefferson's table, they turned out to be members of the new Patriot Party who had come together to decide whether representatives to the new assembly ought to be elected or hereditary, and whether the King should be allowed to veto the laws they passed. Afterwards Jefferson was afraid that in taking part, even silently, in such a seditious gathering he had not observed the proper etiquette for a Minister of the United States. So he went to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs and referred very delicately to what he had done. But

it seemed that the Foreign Minister knew all about it and quite approved.

Again, in July 1789, at the supreme moment of the Revolution, when the Estates General had met to decide the future of the nation, this body paid homage to Jefferson. For the committee it had appointed to draft a constitution called on this foreigner to sit in at its sessions and favor it with his advice. This honor, too, Jefferson had to decline for diplomatic reasons.

Just about this time President Washington finally sent Jefferson permission to come home for a six months' vacation. By the time the news of this had reached Jefferson and he could get ready and find a ship for America, the months of July, August, and September slipped by. In these months the Revolution was in full swing. Jefferson wanted to stay, but go he must. In any case he intended to be back soon.

XIII. "A REPUBLICAN COURT"

A few days before Jefferson's ship left Le Havre, the first President of the United States named him the first Secretary of State.

Jefferson did not receive the official appointment until he landed in Norfolk. His first impulse was simply to refuse the honor. France was on the edge of great events, and it would be a pity not to be there when they happened. But Jefferson finally let himself be convinced that his country needed him more in New York than it did in Paris. In the middle of February 1790 he formally accepted the post. His daughter, Mademoiselle Martha, was to be married the next week to her cousin, Thomas Mann Randolph. Shortly after the wedding Jefferson left Monticello to take up his duties in New

York, then the capital of the Federal government. At Philadelphia he stopped and visited Franklin. The old man, shockingly thin but cheerful as ever, was confined to his bed. A month later Jefferson was very glad he had had this talk with his old friend. America's wisest citizen was dead.

During Jefferson's absence in France, his disciple Madison had become the foremost man in the House of Representatives. There was therefore no better man to tell Jefferson what had happened at the Constitutional Convention, what problems had been solved, and which still awaited solution.

When Jefferson, in Paris, had first heard of the proceedings of the Convention, he had been very suspicious of the "bundle of compromises" it had turned out as a Constitution. He thought too much power was being given to a President, who might be re-elected over and over again, and not enough to the people's Representatives. And where was the citizen's protection against the sort of tyranny the Revolution had been fought over? He wrote to Madison suggesting that, after a certain number of States had accepted the Constitution, the others should hold out against adoption until a Bill of Rights had been included. Jefferson wanted the United States Government solemnly to bind itself never to permit certain acts. It should guarantee free speech, free press, freedom of assembly, freedom of religion, and trial by jury in all cases. He also wanted to see standing armies and monopolies, or trusts, forbidden.

Most of these ideas were also being fought for at home by George Mason and others. Eventually Madison got the first session of Congress to pass the first ten amendments to the Constitution as the nation's Bill of Rights. But even

before this Jefferson had been won over to thinking that the Constitutional Convention had done as well as might be expected

To Jefferson, fresh from a country that was always singing the praises of America's "republican simplicity", the most striking feature of American society was its growing snobbishness. As Secretary of State Jefferson was invited out to homes that were considered the "best society," and these he discovered were the homes of old Tories. Before Jefferson's arrival, this clique of "best people" had been ridiculously excited over the title to be used in addressing Mr. Washington. All the titles of the princes of Europe were closely examined. Even Vice President John Adams was horrified that the Chief Executive of this country should be addressed simply as "Mr. President." But Madison, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, made the dry suggestion that Adams read the Constitution, where Mr. Washington's title was plainly given — "President of the United States."

It was Hamilton's idea to keep the President as inaccessible to the people as was the King of England. Now and then Washington might invite important personages to dinner, but on such occasions he was not to remain long at the table. Senators, since they were the American substitute for a House of Lords, could speak to the President face to face, but not mere Representatives, and certainly no foreigner with a rank lower than that of Ambassador. Jefferson did not like all this royalism. A nation based on the Declaration of Independence had no business acting as did the society of New York and Philadelphia. Jefferson's opinions were far from popular among America's new would-be aristocrats. Though they could not have titles, they could still pride themselves on their

wealth. It was this early in our history that there began to show itself what others have always accused Americans of having as a religion—the worship of wealth.

The high priest of this vigorous little religion was Alexander Hamilton, Washington's Secretary of the Treasury. Born in the West Indies, as a boy Hamilton had always dreamed of becoming a great general. When he was fifteen, a hurricane swept the island of St. Croix. Hamilton wrote such a brilliant account of it for a newspaper that a public subscription was taken up to send this young genius to America to be educated. When the Revolution broke out, he was a student at King's College, now Columbia University. At seventeen he wrote some very popular pamphlets in favor of the colonies and at nineteen he became a lieutenant colonel and aide to General Washington. Hamilton was so good at composition that Washington kept him as his secretary, though the boy begged for a command in the field. This was not given to him until the battle of Yorktown.

After the peace treaty Hamilton served as a member of the first Congress, but his duties soon convinced him that the United States had an unsatisfactory form of government. He became one of the leaders in calling together the Constitutional Convention. Later he worked like a Titan to have the Constitution adopted, though he privately considered it a rather spumless affair.

In the first place he did not think the Federal government centralized enough. He wanted the President and Senators elected for life. The President was to have more powers than even King George was unsuccessfully asking for. He thought the Governors of the various States should be appointed by

the President and the Senate. Only men of property should have the vote. Offered the post of Secretary of the Treasury, Hamilton accepted the position eagerly, threw himself into the work, took on a great number of tasks, and soon began to consider himself a sort of prime minister.

This was the man who met Jefferson on his arrival at New York. As the two faced each other, neither knew, at least Jefferson did not know, that they were in reality bitter enemies. For there were two different types of minds that are always in conflict with each other—and this time the prize of the content would be the future of America. Hamilton saw all glory in the past, Jefferson in the future. Jefferson had at first objected to the Constitution because it had no Bill of Rights protecting the citizen against tyranny. Hamilton's objections were on the ground that the central government did not have enough power. It was enough for an idea to be new and untried for Jefferson to be interested in it and for Hamilton to be suspicious of it.

In the eighteenth century a new idea was gaining ground throughout the civilized world. Jefferson's mind and temperament were of the kind to be most impressed by this idea. The idea was called "progress." Hitherto people had usually been afraid of change, of the future, of the unknown. But science on the one hand, and the American Revolution on the other, had proved that changes could be for the better, that the future was full of changes anyway, that the unknown was like a mine full of gold waiting to be dug up.

Hence you faced the future with optimism and courage, with faith and hope. In other words you tried to keep the attitude of a young man instead of an old one.

To Hamilton, all this was nonsense. Whatever existed was better than whatever did not yet exist. Once John Adams said that the British form of government would be the best in the world if you took away the corruption that went with it. Hamilton replied at once that without its corruption it would be less perfect. Corruption made it possible for the "best people", the wealthy, to run things as they pleased, and whatever the "best people" pleased was best. Hamilton was the leader of the government party, the Federalists, and the strong man of Washington's first Cabinet.

There were only four members in this first Cabinet. Besides Jefferson and Hamilton, there were General Knox, Secretary of War, and Edmund Randolph, Attorney General. General Knox stood four-square behind Hamilton. His pet ideas were a standing army and the abolition of all State governments. Edmund Randolph was a distant cousin of Jefferson's, the son of the John Randolph who quit the colonies to go to live in England. Edmund Randolph had enlisted with Washington as soon as his father left the country. He had later been a Governor of Virginia. He was the sort of man who could not quite make up his mind because he could always see both sides of an argument. The result was that he would go with the side that pushed him hardest.

None of these things did Jefferson know when, on his arrival in New York, he was met by the Secretary of the Treasury, who walked him up and down in front of Washington's residence for half an hour, earnestly beseeching his help to save the Union from destruction. There was a certain bill before Congress which the members of the Southern States refused to pass. If this bill were not passed into a law the Northern States

threatened to secede. Would Jefferson please speak to the gentlemen from the South and get them to consent to the passage of the law? Otherwise, the Union was doomed.

In order to understand this critical bill, upon which the existence of the Union seemed to depend, we shall have to go back among Hamilton's activities before Jefferson arrived on the scene. As soon as the new government had begun to operate, Hamilton had worked out a complete program of finance. His program had three main points in it. The first was that the United States should promise to pay all the debts it had contracted during the Revolutionary War, dollar for dollar, with interest. This seems at first sight fair enough, but in the meantime this is what had happened:

The Continental Congress and after it the Confederation had very soon run out of money. They had therefore paid their soldiers, and the farmers who had supplied food to the army, with promissory notes. Since, before the adoption of the Constitution, the government could collect very few taxes, it was not able to make good on these promissory notes. They therefore dropped in value, and soldiers and farmers who needed money badly were compelled to sell them for ten or fifteen per cent of the amount printed on them. Little by little wealthy men who knew what was coming had been buying up these promissory notes very cheaply. The Senators knew of Hamilton's program and some of them quietly bought up the soldiers' wages. The Senators told a few of their merchant friends in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and these cautiously bought up the claims of farmers who had not yet heard Hamilton's program. Thus, when the bill for "the funding of the national debt" came up before

Congress, many rich men and Congressmen stood to become richer if the bill were passed. But many poor soldiers and farmers were bound to become angry at learning how they had been cheated.

Was it honest for Congressmen to vote on a measure that would make them personally rich? Hamilton was frankly not interested in the morality of the question. If the law when passed would make certain rich men richer, it would have precisely the result for which Hamilton had created his financial program—he would win over the support of the wealthy for his government. Better the support of a hundred wealthy men than that of ten thousand paupers.

For the government was not to redeem these printed certificates with cash. It was to give new promissory notes for the old ones. But these new promissory notes were sure to be paid at full value in time, and they would be bearing interest regularly. This meant that anyone who owned these promissory notes would support the government heart and soul, and would oppose any radical changes in it, for how else would he be sure of getting his money back?

This was the heart of Hamilton's policy. Interest would hold the "best people", for the rest there was—force, a strong central government with a standing army.

When the bill for "funding the national debt" came up, a few held out for buying the certificates at the market value only, so that speculators might not amass unearned fortunes. Madison asked for a compromise measure which would be fair to the original holders of the certificates, the soldiers and farmers. But self-interest won the day, and Point One of Hamilton's program was completed.

When the news of his victory finally leaked back to the remote settlements in the South and West, there was a rumbling of protest and revolt. Not only had certain farmers been cheated by speculators, but the speculators were to be paid out of taxes. Since the people, the farmers, paid the taxes, this meant that they were to pay their own cheaters for cheating them!

Hamilton's policies were creating an opposing party under Jefferson which, for lack of a better name, could only be called for the time being Anti-Federalist. This party, as yet unorganized, was based on a detestation of Hamilton's program and a belief in democracy. Hamilton and the Federalists were not the wise politicians they thought themselves. Living in the East they forgot that nine tenths of the country's population lived on farms and in villages, and did not approve of all these favors to merchants and businessmen at their expense. In the East, men without property could not vote. Of all the New England States, only Vermont had universal suffrage. In 1790, New York had over 13,000 grown male residents, but only 1300 of them could vote. But in the new States farther west, democracy in politics was a fact, and here the embittered veterans of the Revolutionary War and the farmers who felt themselves cheated were a power that could not be lightly dismissed.

In the meantime Hamilton was going ahead with Point Two of his three-part financial program, the "assumption of State debts". The various State governments had also contracted debts, which at this time amounted to about twenty million dollars. Hamilton's plan was for the Federal government to take over these debts and add them to its own, paying as before out of

taxes.

Again a fair-seeming idea that needs a little explanation. In the first place, those States, principally in the South, who had already paid up most of their debts did not gain much by it. These States, after paying their own debts, would also have to pay the debts of other States through taxes on farmers. Also there would be the inevitable speculators who had bought up the debts cheaply and expected to be enriched for nothing.

Again Hamilton was thinking along the same lines as before. The government would owe more people money, and these people would support the government. Also, the central government would thereby become more important than the State governments. The Senate passed his "assumption bill" behind closed doors, but in the House of Representatives, which was open to visitors, the bill was defeated by the close vote of 31 to 29. For days the House had to adjourn without doing any business, because the two sides were so angry with each other that they would not discuss anything else.

This was the tangle of affairs in Hamilton's mind when he met Jefferson. The Northern States, he said, were threatening to secede, and they would surely do it if the "assumption bill" were not passed. Jefferson invited several of the leaders of both sides to his rooms, gave them a dinner, and urged them to come to some agreement that would not disrupt the Union.

Now for some time there had been much debate as to where the capital of the United States was to be. So Jefferson brought this question up as one on which some bargaining could be done. The North wanted "assumption" more than it did the capital. The

Northern delegates, headed by Robert Morris, therefore guaranteed that two of them would vote to build a new capital on the Potomac if two Southerners would vote for the assumption of State debts. Point Two of Hamilton's program was won.

For once Jefferson had stepped out of his character. He had acted as compromiser when his usual role was to take a firm stand on a question. In after years he bitterly regretted his part in the compromise. For the "danger" to the Union had been mostly in Hamilton's mind. When Hamilton's third point came up shortly thereafter, Jefferson was prepared for it. Hamilton had all along planned a "Bank of the United States" which was to be owned partly by the government but largely by private interests. As before, the Senate at once passed Hamilton's third proposal, but the Anti-Federalists in the House of Representatives, led by Madison, attacked it vigorously.

When the bill finally came up for Washington's signature, he asked both Hamilton and Jefferson to write out their opinions of it. From the two papers then written comes the great controversy that was to be so often and seriously debated in the United States government: should the Constitution be strictly or liberally interpreted?

In his report on the "bank bill" Jefferson closed his remarks with a piece of advice to Washington that shows how he was always looking beyond the particular problem into the future. After attacking the "bank bill" as undesirable; after trying to prove that it was also unconstitutional, and after pointing out the dangers of a loose interpretation of the Constitution, he weakened his own arguments as follows. If, said Jefferson, the

President could not decide whether the law was constitutional or not, and if he was not quite sure that Congress had made a very bad mistake, then he should sign the bill anyway. For in such a case the President should always allow the legislature to have its way. *He should use his veto power as little as possible.*

Why does Jefferson prefer to let Congress have its way despite the fact that it has just passed a law which he disapproves of? It is because he looked upon Congress as representing the people more than the President does. He did not feel that any one man should stand in the way of the people's will.

Washington signed the bill, and Hamilton won all the three points of his financial program. It was now his purpose to create a manufacturing industry that would be as great as England's. Unfortunately the United States was a farming country. Whence would come the labor for America's new mills and factories? Again we could learn from England. More than half the workers in English cotton mills were women and children. Hamilton could see nothing alarming in this. The wealth of the country seemed to him far more important than the possibility that future Americans might grow up stunted in body and mind through lack of schools and fresh air.

First, then, Hamilton put through increased import duties to protect the infant industries from foreign competition. Again the farmer had to pay in the form of higher prices for his goods. Then going from words to deeds, the energetic Secretary of the Treasury helped start a factory near the beautiful Passaic Falls of New Jersey, in what became the city of Paterson. But the farmers pro-

tested loudly. They were indignant because the factory owners' charter gave them the right to dig canals on any man's land. Even the other factory owners were outraged when they heard that Hamilton's new factory was not to be taxed for ten years and that its employees were to be excused from military service.

There is no doubt of Hamilton's genius. He was a financial giant, brilliant and forceful. And, though he helped make many shady businessman and politician rich by his program, he himself seems to have remained honest all the while.

In comparison with Hamilton, Jefferson did not at first make so splendid an impression. Jefferson's duties were not of so important or striking a sort. His opposition to Hamilton, to the sort of country Hamilton wished to make of America, to the type of American Hamilton favored, grew slowly at first.

XIV. THE DUEL IN THE CABINET

When France became a republic, Jefferson was extremely anxious that this new government should succeed. Hamilton looked with dread and hatred on the French Revolution. He hoped that England would smash the democratic monstrosity. Thus there were growing up two attitudes toward Europe in America: pro-British (Hamilton) and pro-French (Jefferson). It was Hamilton who first took the offensive.

At first England had not deigned to send a minister to the United States. Her business was conducted through an unofficial agent, Colonel George Beckwith. Jefferson refused to have anything to do with him. England must

recognize the dignity of the United States by sending a real official minister. So instead of trying to do business with the Secretary of State, Colonel Beckwith always turned to the Secretary of the Treasury when he needed information or help.

Later, when this agent was replaced by a minister, George Hammond, that gentleman followed in the colonel's footsteps. He even wrote to his superiors in London that he preferred to have no relations with Jefferson that were not absolutely necessary.

In spite of the terms of the treaty of peace with England, British troops still remained in the Northwest Territory. When this was brought to Hammond's attention, he incautiously remarked that they belonged there by right, since it was in reality English territory. Whereupon Jefferson drew up a reply to the English government that not only demolished any such claims, but that promised to back up the American claims with action. Jefferson had no desire to go to war with England. America could always boycott the rich British trade, or put an embargo on it.

Hammond, very much perturbed over Jefferson's reply, turned as usual to his sympathetic friend Hamilton. Hamilton, who told the British minister that this report represented only Mr. Jefferson's personal anti-British feeling, not Washington's or the Cabinet's, and that its "violent language" was most deplorable. When Hammond sent the report to London, he also included a note giving the opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury. The British government could safely ignore the report, he thought. The British government did.

This little piece of unpatriotic

disloyalty of Hamilton's has come to light only in recent years, but it undoubtedly played its part in adding to the bitterness and tension in the Cabinet.

In the spring of 1791 occurred an incident which made these feelings flare up violently on both sides. The chief newspaper mouthpiece of the Federalists was the *Gazette of the United States*, edited by John Fenno. In the winter of 1790 the *Gazette* had hailed with transports of joy the publication of Edmund Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

Edmund Burke was a name dear to Americans. He had in England defended their rights against his own king. But he was over sixty now, and one revolution had been quite enough for this respectable Englishman. Besides, when he heard how the Paris mob had attacked Versailles, calling Queen Marie Antoinette vile names, he wept sentimental tears. The high point of his *Reflections* is a description of this Queen's beauty, youth, and splendor. Fortunately for the Republicans in America, there happened to be living in England at this time Thomas Paine, the man who had played so important a part in the American Revolution. In 1776 his pamphlet *Common Sense* had brought out into the open the movement for American independence that led up to the Declaration. When the Revolutionary War had at first gone against the colonists, his series of tracts called *The Crisis* gave them back their courage.

When Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* appeared, Tom Paine leaped into the fray with joy. In the spring of 1791 appeared his answer, *The Rights of Man*, a passionate defense of the French Revolution. Before the British government got around to suppressing it, this work had sold in enor-

mous quantities, and of course made its way to America.

A friend of Madison's was the first to receive a copy. Madison borrowed it and passed it on to Jefferson. Jefferson was all enthusiasm for this brilliant defense of democracy. In the meantime Madison's friend asked to have his copy back, as he had promised to send it to a Philadelphia printer. To save this friend time and trouble Jefferson himself promised to send the work to the printer after he had finished reading it. This Jefferson finally did, sending along with the pamphlet a little note to explain the delay and express his thanks.

"I am extremely pleased to find it will be reprinted here," he wrote, "and that something at length is to be publicly said against the political heresies which have sprung up against us. I have no doubt our citizens will rally a second time around the standard of *Common Sense*."

When the American edition appeared, Jefferson was as much surprised, as were his political enemies, to find that his little note, signed with his name and his official title, had been used as a preface to the book. Particularly indignant was the British agent, who asked what the American Secretary of State meant by recommending a pamphlet suppressed by His Majesty. Shocked and indignant were the Philadelphia aristocrats. Hurt and indignant was Vice President John Adams, who felt that the whole thing was an attack upon himself. So did his son John Quincy Adams in Boston, who at once sat down to write a series of articles that sneered at Tom Paine, Tom Jefferson, and democracy and praised the British government.

Madison defended Jefferson in writing, and behind Madison there were the hundreds of thousands who did not write but thought as he did—the farmers of the new West, the veterans of the Revolution, the masses who had taken the Declaration of Independence seriously.

All over the country Anti-Federalist societies began to spring up, using as their models the French political clubs. The democratic part of the country was at last aroused. The two political sides were being clearly marked off from each other.

Now that the Anti-Federalists were beginning to organise themselves into a democratic and republican party, they needed a newspaper that would do for Jefferson's friends what the *Gazette of the United States* was doing for Hamilton and his friends. So on October 31, 1791, appeared the first issue of the *National Gazette*. Its editor was the poet, Philip Freneau. Freneau was an ideal editor for the *National Gazette*. A born rebel, a poet of freedom, he had no love for the English government. The first issue of the journal contained articles in praise of Tom Paine, attacking Burke, and criticizing Hamilton's policies. In later issues there were references to Senators and Congressmen who had made huge profits by voting for Hamilton's bills.

Every time Hamilton picked up this newspaper, he grew more furious. His anger was directed not at Freneau but at Jefferson, whom he considered the real father of these articles. At last Hamilton could stand these attacks no longer, and wrote a series of venomous articles for Fenno's paper, signing them variously "An American," "Amicus," "A Plain, Honest Man," etc., etc. He

claimed that Jefferson was paying out the government's good money for the support of this rascal Freneau so that the latter could attack the government that fed him.

Washington was grieved by the personal tone which the conflict was now taking on. He wrote letters to Hamilton and Jefferson, reminding them how difficult his own situation was being made by all this backstairs fighting, and begging them to be more charitable with each other.

Hamilton's reply admitted that he had written the articles in Fenno's *Gazette*. But, he said, Mr. Jefferson had never ceased opposing him from the moment he came to New York. Had not Mr. Jefferson created the *National Gazette* with the principal idea of making the Secretary of the Treasury hateful to the people?

Jefferson's letter explained again that he differed with Mr. Hamilton's system not because it was Hamilton's but because such a system would undermine the republic by putting a certain department (the Treasury) over the people's elected legislature (Congress). Furthermore, Jefferson complained, since they were on the subject, he might mention that Mr. Hamilton was constantly interfering in *his* department, particularly in relation to England and France.

All this bickering in the Cabinet, all this abuse from Hamilton's party, all these disapproving frowns of the "best people," were beginning to get on Jefferson's nerves. He who had been looked up to as the prophet of a new order in the drawing rooms of France was reviled as a "filthy democrat" by the judges, in the colleges, from the pulpits, and in the drawing rooms

of Philadelphia.

In March 1792, with Washington's first term only one more year to run, Jefferson began actively to prepare for his retirement to Monticello.

When in 1792 Washington was elected for a second term, the President asked Jefferson not to resign. This plea was seconded by Madison, Monroe, Page, and Edmund Randolph. He must do this for the country, save it from the Federalists, and not allow people to say that Hamilton had driven him out of office. At last Jefferson gave in. He would remain in the Cabinet a while longer.

No sooner had Jefferson agreed to stay in Philadelphia, than the struggle between the Federalists and the new party of Democratic Republicans burst out with more fury than ever before. Again the question was, what shall be our attitude toward France and toward England? This conflict was brought to a head by the Genet affair.

Edmund Charles Genet, the new minister sent to America by the Revolutionary government of France, was a person of more enthusiasm than tact. He landed at Charleston on the frigate *Embuscade*. From there he sent the frigate on ahead to Philadelphia while he made the journey by land, in order to become acquainted with this sister republic. People flocked in from everywhere to cheer the emissary of revolutionary France.

The *Embuscade* arrived in Philadelphia first. As the frigate came into harbor, it gave a thundering salute of fifteen guns, one for each State in the Union. All day the Philadelphians swarmed over the ship, where they were given a hearty welcome.

In the meantime matters had grown very tense in the Cabinet. How should the American government treat this "upstart" Genet? Hamilton had written out a set of questions for Washington to ask his Cabinet.

First question · Should Genet be received at all?

"Yes, with qualifications," said Hamilton.

"Yes, unqualifiedly," said Jefferson.

Secondly : Should we treat with Genet if we receive him?

There is no proof, said Hamilton, that the execution of the King was just. Why should we throw in our lot with a new republic that so many respectable governments are opposed to? Therefore, let us receive him, but not treat him like a regular minister.

Jefferson said · If we receive the minister at all, we recognize his government. How can we recognize this government by receiving its minister and then, by refusing to treat with him, refuse to recognize his government?

Thirdly : What is now the condition of our old treaties with France?

Said Hamilton · We made these treaties with the King. There is no longer any King. Hence the treaties are annulled.

Jefferson answered · It is the nation, the people, of France with whom we made the treaties. They used to carry on their affairs with a king, now they do without one. This is none of our business but is the private affair of France. For that matter, *both* of us have changed our government since signing the

treaties Do you forget that we adopted our Constitution afterward? Both nations, however, still exist, and the treaties are still good.

These opinions of Jefferson became the guiding principles of our State Department in settling most problems of recognition ever since.

Washington decided to receive Genet, but to remain neutral in France's war with England and the other kingdoms of Europe

Genet wound up his triumphal tour in Philadelphia, two weeks behind the *Embuscade*. He was greeted cordially by Secretary Jefferson, but when he called on the President he got a rather frigid reception. He could not understand why the President, his Cabinet, and the majority of Congress were not in sympathy with republican France. Had he not seen with his own eyes that three fourths of the people were enthusiastically behind him? From amazement at the difference between the American people and the American government, Genet began to go over into irritation. He claimed that the treaties between France and the United States permitted him to fit out privateers to capture British ships, as he had already done at Charleston. Jefferson explained to him that Washington had decided to remain neutral in France's wars and would not permit him to fit out privateers in America. But the American people was *not* neutral! Genet indignantly pointed out. That may be true, said Jefferson, but the President had decided.....The President! exclaimed Genet, but isn't this a *republic*, don't the people do the deciding here through their Congress? Yes, Jefferson patiently explained, Congress makes the laws but the President enforces them, and no one can force the President to enforce them.....Genet stood up

and bowed to Mr. Jefferson. He could not, he said, make him his compliments upon such a Constitution

From this time on Genet's actions became slightly insane. He was still under the delusion that he could appeal to the people over the head of the government. He outfitted more privateers; he formed a Jacobin revolutionary club; he organized a troop of mounted Frenchmen in the United States.

Among the prizes captured by the *Embuscade* was the British vessel *Little Sarah*. Genet rechristened her *Le Petit Democrate* (The Little Democrat), outfitted her, and prepared to sail from the mouth of the Delaware, which was within a mile or two of the President's Philadelphia house. Washington was then away at Mount Vernon, and Jefferson made Genet promise that he would not let "The Little Democrat" sail until Washington returned. For it was suspected that she had American arms and citizens on board, and Jefferson wanted the President to decide what to do about her.

Hamilton was all for erecting a battery on Mud Island to fire on the *Petit Democrate* if she should attempt to sail before the President came back from Mount Vernon. Considering the politeness with which Hamilton swallowed every insult from England, this foolish plan made Jefferson lose his temper. "The erection of a battery," he pointed out, "might stimulate the ship to leave. A French fleet of twenty men-of-war and a hundred and fifty merchant vessels were hourly expected in the Delaware and might arrive at the scene of blood in order to join in."

The battery was not erected. When Washington returned, sick of the squabbles in his Cabinet, he

determined to let the Supreme Court settle all such questions in the future. Within three days the *Petit Democrate* put out to sea

A list of Genet's undiplomatic acts was sent to France with a copy of Jefferson's letters of remonstrance. France was asked to recall her minister. Jefferson's last act as Secretary of State was to send one of these letters of remonstrance to Genet. For, in spite of Washington's pleas, Jefferson had now finally made up his mind to resign.

Genet was recalled, France at the same time asking the United States to take back her Gouverneur Morris, whose activities were certainly equally undiplomatic. But Genet, having fallen in love with the daughter of George Clinton, the staunch Republican Governor of New York, married her, became an American citizen, and lived here for the rest of his life.

XV. FRANCE OR ENGLAND ?

Jefferson resigned his position in the Cabinet on the last day of the year 1793. For two and a half years he was allowed to devote himself to his old love—Monticello. He rebuilt the house, he farmed, he entertained visitors, he wrote letters. He was quite happy. He was over fifty now and expected to live out his days as the private gentleman farmer. He refused Washington's offers to come back to his job in Philadelphia.

Hamilton resigned two years after Jefferson, to practice law in New York. But Hamilton, too, still remained the leader of his party. Now when it became known that Washington declined to serve a third term as President, the Republicans at once insisted on nominating Jefferson for the office. The Federalists nominated John Adams. This was not according

to Hamilton's plans at all. Adams was a good Federalist, but he did not take orders easily, and he was one of the few Federalists who did not think that the sun rose and set by Mr. Hamilton's commands. So Hamilton worked hard to defeat Adams and have another Federalist, Thomas Pinckney elected.

The result of this little conspiracy was very sad for Hamilton, for not only was Adams elected, but Jefferson became Vice President. Adams received 71 votes from the electors, Jefferson 68. In those days the candidate who received the second highest vote for the Presidency was made Vice President. Adams however, kept Washington's old Cabinet, all the members of which were under Hamilton's thumb, so that all was not yet lost for the old-guard Federalists.

On March 4, 1797, Jefferson was sworn into office in the chamber of the Senate of which he was now President.

Presiding over the Senate was not as arduous as dealing with foreign nations, but just as, when he was Secretary of State, he had laid down many rules that are followed to this day, so too he was responsible for many of the present Senate rules.

Then suddenly, in the midst of these peaceful reforms, Jefferson found himself the best-hated man in America. The French situation was again to blame.

After Gouverneur Morris's recall from Paris, James Monroe had been sent in his stead to represent the United States. Monroe was enthusiastically received. The popularity in France of this friend of Jefferson's was not pleasing to the Federalist Cabinet at home, and the Cabinet did not deal frankly,

with its representative. When Monroe told the French that there was no danger of America allying herself with England, this was precisely what he had himself been told. Then when rumors came that John Jay had signed a treaty in London favorable to England, he was as surprised and indignant as the French. But the French could not believe that the American government had duped its own minister. Monroe became unpopular and Washington had to recall him.

Jay's treaty was a Federalist triumph. It seemed to bring America and England closer together. Yet in a sense it was an American defeat, for it made no mention of the British practice of boarding American ships and impressing American seamen. Now too, the French felt doubly justified in sending out privateers against American ships that traded with her enemy England.

Washington had then sent General C. C. Pinckney, a staunch Federalist, to France. The infuriated French refused to receive him. This was the situation that confronted Adams as the new President.

With large sections of the country clamoring to go to war with King George again, on account of Jay's "humiliating" treaty, the Federalists thought this a poor time to start trouble with the French. So Hamilton proposed that a commission be sent over to reconcile the difference with France. In order that the commission have a united country behind it, one of its members should be a Republican. Through his mouthpiece, General Knox, Hamilton suggested Jefferson as the Republican member, perhaps to get him out of the country.

Adams wrote Knox in answer: "What would have been thought in Europe if the King of France had

sent Monsieur, his eldest brother, as an envoy? Mr. Jefferson is in a sense in the same situation. He is the first prince of the country, and heir apparent to the sovereign authority." Adams did, however, decide to consult Jefferson about the problem. He asked Jefferson if he thought Madison would consent to go to France, Jefferson doubted it, but promised to ask Madison.

Madison refused to go to France. The next time Adams and Jefferson met, Jefferson brought up the subject of Madison. Adams seemed perturbed, hemmed and hawed, and departed as quickly as possible. Jefferson suspected what had really happened in the meantime. At the mention of Madison's name, Adams's whole Cabinet had threatened to resign if that ardent Republican were sent to France. That was the last time Adams ever consulted with Jefferson over a matter of policy.

The three men Adams finally sent were General Pinckney (the same faithful Federalist), John Marshall (another Federalist), and Elbridge Gerry. Gerry, the only Republican, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and would later become Vice President under Madison.

Talleyrand was then Minister for Foreign Affairs in the French government. He kept the three American commissioners waiting for days. Finally they were approached "after candlelight" by three men who have come down in history as Mr. X, Mr. Y, and Mr. Z. These last three letters of the alphabet suggested that the way to get action was to cross with silver the palms of the leaders of the French government.

When the American commissioners, hardly able to believe their

ears, cried out their astonishment, these alphabetical gentlemen simply shrugged their shoulders.

The commissioners had several more interviews with Messrs. X, Y, and Z. The French Revolution was now in a sad moral state. It had lost its first idealistic fervor, and was now going rapidly downhill toward Napoleon, by whom it would shortly be conquered. The very fact that a man like Talleyrand could hold so high a position proved that such underhand dealings were quite possible. Madison was stunned by this piece of dishonest stupidity. It would surely drive America into the arms of England.

Federalist newspapers worked themselves up into a frenzy of hatred against France. Congress created a Secretaryship of the Navy.

Hamilton, who just a few months before had recommended sending Jefferson on a peace commission to France, now suddenly became as war-mad as the most rabid of his followers. But the reason was not the XYZ affair.

There was a Venezuelan named Francisco Miranda, a soldier of fortune, a patriot, who had served with the French in the American Revolution. Then he had fought in the French Revolution. Now he dreamed of a South American Revolution against Spain. In London he had met Rufus King, the American Ambassador, and had interested him in the scheme. King wrote Hamilton about it. The idea was to get Spain to join France; then have the United States declare war against France, which would also mean against Spain; then America and England together would wrest from Spain her South American colonies. What was there in this for the United States? Why, Florida and Cuba, for instance.

The brightest part of it all for Hamilton was the visions he had of himself commanding the American expeditionary forces in South America. He began to write vicious attacks upon France.

Jefferson as acknowledged head of the Republican party, received his share of abuse. There were even spies at the Jefferson dinner table who twisted his innocent statements into libels that could be used against him in the Federalist papers.

This war fever in America, this spy-hunting, Jacobin-hating madness was the ideal moment for striking one good sharp blow at the Republicans and wiping them out once for all. So, in spite of the warnings of their best minds, including Hamilton, the Federalists rushed through two laws, which began what has been called "the American Reign of Terror."

The Republicans in their confusion were not strong enough to stay this storm. In Congress the Anti-Federalist battle had to be waged almost single-handed by Albert Gallatin, and against him much of the anti-French fury was directed.

Albert Gallatin, born in Geneva, Switzerland, of a wealthy and noble family, had come to Massachusetts in 1780 to throw in his lot with the new republic across the Atlantic. His fine, clear mind, the iron control of his temper, and his native gifts of leadership soon made him one of the chiefs of the Anti-Federalist party.

Now the fact that Gallatin had been born a Swiss was a fine weapon in the hands of the Federalists. A Swiss was the next thing to a Frenchman, and Gallatin must be "pro-French." His own friends were afraid to stand by him, and an excited Congress passed the Alien Bill. It provided that

foreigners would have to reside here fourteen years before they could become citizens and that the President could order out of the country any foreigner he thought dangerous. This bill was aimed directly at Frenchmen, of course, and at critics of the Federalist party.

This bill was never enforced. One reason for its not being enforced was that there were in this country many runaway or exiled French royalists, of whom the Federalists were rather fond. Most of the other aliens at this time happened to be Englishmen, whom the Federalists would not have hurt for the world.

The Republicans hated the Alien Law intensely. They liked to think of America as a haven of refuge for oppressed people, for enemies of tyranny, from all over the world.

If the Alien Law could not be enforced, the Sedition Law, which was aimed directly at Americans and not foreigners, was very vigorously enforced. The Sedition Law punished with fines and imprisonment any persons who combined to oppose any measure of the government. This was intended to wipe out the Democratic clubs. More important, you could not even publish a criticism of an American law or official. All a Federalist judge had to believe was that such a criticism tended "to bring the government of the United States or its officers into disrepute or to excite the hatred of the people," and he could clap the Republican writer or editor into jail.

But, though Republican editor after editor was being thrown into jail, the Republican party had *not* been crushed by the Sedition Law. On the contrary, the Federalists had by this act of tyranny turned the

country against them, as Hamilton had feared. The Democratic Republican clubs, which the Sedition Law was supposed to make illegal, began to make their appearance everywhere.

Meanwhile, Jefferson, with the Democratic clubs behind him, was waging a fight against the Alien and Sedition Laws. Of course, these laws were unconstitutional since they denied the right of free speech and free assembly. They were just the sort of laws that would act as protection for people who wanted to destroy the rest of the Constitution.

In 1798, during an adjournment of Congress, Jefferson was in Virginia. There came to visit him at Monticello two men with a plan for attacking the unpopular laws. They were Wilson Cary Nicholas, a leading Jeffersonian of Virginia, and John Breckenridge, a young man who had become imbued with Jefferson's ideas. Their plan was to get various State legislatures to pass resolutions declaring that the Alien and Sedition Laws violated the Constitution and were therefore null and void and could not be enforced. Jefferson wrote out the resolutions they wanted. Breckenridge copied them with some changes of his own and took them to the Kentucky legislature, where they were passed. Madison drew up the resolutions for Virginia, which were also passed.

Jefferson and his followers knew that these resolutions could never be passed in Federalist States, but they also knew that a lot of comment would be caused. In the debates that would follow, both favorable and unfavorable, the facts would come out before the people, and the people as a whole, they knew, would oppose the two tyrannical laws.

In the meantime the Federalists seemed quite blind to the fact that the war spirit in America was rapidly evaporating. Intrigues for high commands went on merrily, though war had not yet been declared. General Washington, of course, would be commander in chief, but, as he was now too old to see active service, the real leader of the American forces would be the second in command. Hamilton was determined that this should be no one but himself. Unfortunately, Adams was the man who would do the naming of the second in command and Adams was having less and less love for Mr. Hamilton, who was always trying to tell him what a President should do. After all, the Constitution made the President the commander in chief of the armies.

Hamilton did not politely wait for Adams to make up his mind. First he got Washington to support him. Finally, when Washington sent Adams a curt little note, Hamilton was appointed acting head of the army.

Soon the country began to have a taste of what all this jingling of spurs meant for ordinary people. Militaristic nations have a way of encouraging their professional soldiers to look down on civilians as less than nothing. Soon the newspapers began to publish reports of military outrages against the population. Aside from American civilians and Republicans, where was the enemy all this time? There did not seem to be any.

When Marshall and Pinckney had left France with the XYZ papers, Gerry had stayed behind. At length he got into touch with Talleyrand, who told him that the French government had had nothing to do with the unsavory affair, and that France absolutely did *not* want war with America. France would be glad to receive a minister who was not

Anti-Republican and pro-British. She had not sent a minister herself only because it was feared he would not be received at Philadelphia. Finally, as a sign of his good faith, Talleyrand sent Gerry a new decree just issued by the French government. It required all French privateers to put up a bond in money guaranteeing that there would be no unauthorized attacks on American shipping.

Gerry hastened home with what he thought was good news. But his report only proved to the saber-rattling Federalists that France was now so frightened that she should be easy to defeat. Gerry's news *was* good news—for Jefferson, who felt that more people must be made to know the truth of the French situation. For this purpose, Jefferson now turned in a surprising direction. One would think that two men could not have less in common than Jefferson and Edmund "Moderation" Pendleton. Yet they did have in common sincerity, a love of justice, and a desire for peace. Jefferson now asked Pendleton to take Gerry's voluminous report which very few people would read, and boil it down to a short summary of facts. Coming from Pendleton, who was by no means a "Jacobin," Gerry's report would close the mouths of the Federalist warriors. Everyone could and would read it.

The case for war began to seem weaker and weaker. Lafayette offered to come to America and explain everything if Washington thought it would be wise and that it would aid the cause of peace. Talleyrand, who knew Adams personally and had spent pleasant hours at his house in America, sent the President a personal message asking that bygones be bygones.

Dr. Logan, a friend of Jefferson's who had gone to France

unofficially to study the situation, talked to Talleyrand. Every important personage in France assured him that war with America was unthinkable. This news only made the Federalists more furious at him. Congress went so far as to pass what was popularly known as the "Logan Bill". It forbade any American citizen to communicate by word or in writing with any official of a foreign government about matters of dispute between the two governments. In other words, an ordinary American citizen could not even talk about American foreign problems if there was a foreign official present.

Then, in the darkest days for democracy, the blow fell, not on the Republicans, but on the Federalists. Adams had been thinking things over. First Gerry's report, then Logan's, and now reports from William Murray, American minister to Holland, all showed that there was no longer cause for war, and that the French were apologizing handsomely. Adams was an honest man with no Napoleonic ambitions. He decided not to declare war, and in February 1799 he named Murray as ambassador to the French Republic.

There were two ways in which Jefferson could take much credit for this rising tide of Republican feeling. First he always tried to keep the facts before the people's minds. Secondly, he gave the people a program to fight for. The first part of Jefferson's task was to have the people know and be excited about the facts. It was Jefferson's plan to publish tens of thousands of copies of Pendleton's little pamphlet on Gerry's report. They were to be circulated by Congressmen returning to their homes. Jefferson not only wrote an unceasing stream of letters himself; he constantly urged his friends, especially Madison, to write and to talk.

The one fact that the Republican journals harped on all the time was the terrific expense of a war—an unnecessary expense when it was an unnecessary war. Gerry's report, the pamphlets repeated, proved that France did *not* want war, did *not* intend to invade America, and that, therefore, war with France was unnecessary.

As for Jefferson's program: He opposed the Alien and Sedition Laws as dangerous to the people's liberty. He opposed a professional standing army. For national defense Jefferson preferred the militia, where every civilian was a soldier, and yet not a professional soldier.

The government should be as frugal and simple as possible, with no taint of monarchy or aristocracy. He was against taking away the power of the States to give to the Federal government or of taking away the power of Congress to give to the President.

"I am for free commerce with all nations," he wrote, "political connection with none". Free trade was the advice he had given his French friends, because a country made up of farmers needed low prices for manufactured goods. In advising against foreign entanglements he was voicing the belief of many Americans of his time that political alliances with the Old World could only complicate the growth of democracy in the New World.

"I am for freedom of religion, for freedom of the press, and against all violations of the Constitution (which try) to silence by force and not by reason the complaints or criticisms, just or unjust, of our citizens" against the conduct of their officials. He was against going "backwards instead of forwards to look for improvement". Finally, "I am for encouraging the progress of science

in all its branches."

On these principles Jefferson hoped to see laid the foundations of a political party. But, as Federalist spies began to annoy him more, Jefferson began to think of his quiet home in Virginia, where his mail, at any rate, would be less likely to be tempered with by officials looking for treasonable statements. So in the summer and autumn of the year 1800, feeling his work well done, Jefferson retired to Monticello. He rode his plantation and cultivated his crops.

XVI. MR. PRESIDENT

While Jefferson had been taking his last vacation at Monticello, the capital had finally been moved to the new city of Washington in June 1800. This was the "capital city on the Potomac" for which Jefferson had bargained his support of Hamilton's first financial bills. Crude and raw as it was, it was Jefferson's own capital as aristocratic Philadelphia could never have been. For that November Jefferson had been elected President of the United States.

His election had been fought tooth and nail, by fair means and foul. Not only did Hamilton wish to see the Republicans defeated, he also did not want to see Adams made President again. For he despised Adams, this man who had "traitorously" allowed peace with France. First he tried to get Washington to run again. But before a letter could reach Mount Vernon, the "father of his country" died. Then Hamilton published a criticism of Adams, and appeals to all Federalists to vote for C. C. Pinckney instead. The only effect of these attacks, however, was that more people voted for the Republican candidates.

For the second time the Ameri-

can people turned to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and against the principles of old Europe. Adams and Pinckney were both defeated. Jefferson and Aaron Burr were elected.

But Jefferson and Burr each had the same number of votes! Here was something the Constitution had overlooked. The Constitution stated that the candidate with the second highest number of votes should be Vice President, and it was really as Vice President that the Republicans had nominated and voted for Burr. The constitution also stated that, in the case of a tie between the highest candidates, the House of Representatives should decide which was to be President and which Vice President. And the House of Representatives was still Federalist when counted by States, which was the way it was to vote!

Hamilton hated Burr perhaps more than he did anyone else in the world. It was Burr who had won New York State away from him. Aaron Burr was an ambitious man, very much like Hamilton in character. Though he could not bring himself to plot for the Presidency, neither could he bring himself to renounce it openly. He kept quiet. This undercurrent in Burr's actions earned him the distrust of many Republicans, including Jefferson.

Jefferson, for his part, expressed himself as quite willing to abide by the decision of Congress. The House of Representatives assembled behind closed doors, with the Senate as witnesses, to choose the President. Each of the sixteen States had one vote. On the first ballot Jefferson received only eight votes, Burr six, and two States could not make up their minds. The winner needed nine votes. The House voted again. Same result. Again the House voted. The vote remained unchanged. Again and

again and again, all that night, the Representatives voted. The next morning nothing had been settled. Days passed, and the vote was still the same. Gouverneur Morris met Jefferson on the steps of the Capitol and suggested that a bargain might be struck with the Federalists. Jefferson refused to have any dealings with them. A week passed, and on the thirty-sixth balloting, Maryland and Vermont swung over to Jefferson, giving him ten votes.

The Federalists faced a future in which the country was no longer to be theirs to rule. But they still had a card up their sleeves. Until the inauguration on March 4th, Adams was still President, Congress was still Federalist. Congress hastily set about providing for the future of many faithful Federalists. Following a plan of Hamilton's, they passed a law creating many new Federal courts. The judges were to be appointed for life, so that they could not be removed by the incoming Republican administration. As Jefferson, still sitting at the head of the Senate, pointed out, there were at that time already more Federal courts than the country needed, but that had nothing to do with the plan.

The law was hurriedly passed, the judges were appointed, the Senate consented to the appointments. Time was passing swiftly and, by the evening of March 3rd, several of the commissions had not yet been signed. Late into the night Chief Justice John Marshall, acting as Secretary of State, sat at his desk filling out the commissions and signing them.

Jefferson had already chosen Levi Lincoln as his Attorney General. The story, as it came down in his family, is that Jefferson called on Mr. Lincoln, gave him his watch, and ordered him to take possession of the State Department

on the stroke of midnight. At midnight Lincoln dramatically entered Judge Marshall's office. "I have been ordered by Mr. Jefferson," he said solemnly, "to take possession of this office and its papers".

"Why, Mr. Jefferson has not yet qualified," exclaimed the startled Chief Justice and acting Secretary of State. "It is not yet twelve o'clock," and he drew out his watch.

Whereupon Lincoln drew out his, and showed it to Marshall. "This is the President's watch," he said, "and rules the hour".

Judge Marshall looked longingly at the unfinished commissions on his desk. But in his pocket he had a few of the commissions, and the men who finally received them were thereafter called "John Adams's midnight judges".

Jefferson's first task as President was the selection of his Cabinet. The two outstanding members of Jefferson's party were James Madison, the natural choice for Secretary of State, and Albert Gallatin, who received Hamilton's old position of Secretary of the Treasury.

Jefferson and his Cabinet immediately set about cleaning up Federalist abuses. They pardoned all those in prison for violating the Sedition Law. They gave back the fines collected. They cancelled the offices of the "midnight judges". To those who had suffered under the Alien and Sedition Laws Jefferson wrote personal letters of cheer and good will.

Thomas Paine was still in France, now living unhappily in a dirty little hovel, seemingly forgotten by the nation he had done so much to create. Jefferson wrote him that now America was more like what it had been just after the Revolu-

tion, when men had believed in liberty and the rights of man. Would Paine, who had all his life labored to make the world like this, care to come back to America? The President offered him passage in a naval vessel then visiting France. For Paine did not dare cross the ocean in an ordinary merchant ship. The English navy might easily have picked him up during a search at sea and clapped him in irons. The British government was one at least that had not forgotten Tom Paine.

Paine accepted the invitation with joy.

In December 1801, Congress assembled again. Instead of appearing before it to deliver his annual address, Jefferson sent it a written message—a practice which has been followed by all the Presidents ever since except Woodrow Wilson. The Federalist journals sneered. Was not a procedure that was good enough for the King of England good enough for Mr. Jefferson? As a matter of fact Jefferson had sent in a written message simply because he wrote better than he spoke. If he had thought of the King of England, he certainly would not have changed his plans. The last thing Jefferson was interested in was giving an aristocratic impression.

He forbade the use of the President's image on coins. He made it a practice to refuse all presents. He did not allow his birthday to be celebrated as Washington's and Adams's had been. He avoided anything that aped royal customs.

The most important event to happen during Jefferson's eight years in the Presidency was the Louisiana Purchase. When the United States extended only to the Mississippi, it made a great difference which nation controlled New

Orleans. If the farmers of the West, of Kentucky and Ohio, could not float their produce down the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico, they were lost. The overland roads were nothing but muddy trails. As long as Spain, a weak country, held this key city, there was no trouble, but when Napoleon took it from Spain in 1802, he canceled the treaties that Jefferson had signed with Spain and closed New Orleans to American produce.

Immediately a new clamor for war broke out in the West. This time it was the Federalists in the East who were all for peace. But Jefferson was consistent. He refused to plunge the country into war. Instead he sent, Robert Livingston, American minister to France, instructions to arrange some sort of treaty. Livingston began to negotiate with Napoleon. He offered to buy New Orleans for six million dollars. He seemed to get nowhere and wrote back that the whole matter might as well be dropped. Jefferson at once sent James Monroe to help Livingston with the negotiations.

Before Monroe could reach Paris, however, Napoleon had come to a sudden decision. He was about to embark on a new war with England, and England's fleet was the strongest in the world. How could Napoleon hope to protect the Louisiana Territory so far away? Besides, he needed money for his wars. Give him fifteen million dollars, he said, and the United States could have, not only New Orleans, but the whole of Louisiana.

Livingston was dazed. Buy a whole empire as big as the United States? Those had not been his instructions, but, taking his courage in his hands, he seized the bargain. Monroe arrived and agreed with him. They signed the treaty in April 1803.

Perhaps no one was more surprised than Jefferson that the French should give up an empire as easily as this. On the other hand his conscience bothered him. Did the Constitution give him the power to take over land like this? He played with the idea of rushing through an amendment to the Constitution. But there was no time. Suppose Napoleon changed his mind in the meantime! The treaty was adopted.

How the Federalists in the Senate stormed! Louisiana could only mean more Democrats, more pioneer farmers with Jeffersonian ideas.

They were right, of course. From then on the pioneer mind became the typical American mind. And this mind always faced West until finally the Pacific had been reached. Out of the Louisiana Purchase were finally carved the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma, with great portions of Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, North Dakota, and Minnesota. A great deal of this territory was practically unknown.

Jefferson had often thought with greed of the wealth of knowledge that a trained observer could find in the great Northwest. He had tried to inspire the explorer Ledyard with this enthusiasm while in France. When, in 1792, Captain Gray discovered the Columbia River on the Pacific coast, Jefferson's interest was fired anew. That year he suggested to the American Philosophical Society that it send an exploring expedition across the continent. He and some others would contribute the money.

Such an expedition was actually started. It was put in charge of Meriwether Lewis, a young man of nineteen who had grown up not

ten miles from Monticello. But the other leader of the expedition, a French scientist, was ordered elsewhere by his government, and that plan also fell through. In 1801 Lewis became private secretary to the President and they must have discussed the idea of westward exploration again and again.

Their chance came in January 1803. Congress was debating an act to establish trading houses with the Indian tribes. The President sent Congress a confidential message in which he urged that the Indians of the Missouri Valley should not be overlooked. To lay out trade routes and look the possibilities over it might be a good idea to send an expedition first. The message had to be secret, of course, because this territory was owned by France.

Congress fell in with the idea and voted the President a modest sum of money for such an expedition. Jefferson added some from his own pocket. Captain Lewis would, of course, be in charge. Jefferson now knew him, after two years of working together, to be the ideal man for the job. He was a good leader of men, expert in woodcraft, knew the character of the Indians as well as their customs and beliefs, was a careful observer of nature, and most important of all, knew just what Jefferson expected of the expedition.

Lewis asked if he might have go with him his old comrade-in-arms, William Clark. Lieutenant Clark was the youngest brother of the George Rogers Clark who had captured the Northwest Territory for the United States just before Jefferson was made Governor of Virginia. Like his brother, William Clark was a veteran Indian fighter and woodsman.

Late in 1803 Lewis and Clark took their little party into winter

quarters in St. Louis, at the mouth of the Missouri. Here they trained their men thoroughly until they were ready to start in the spring. Meanwhile, the great news came that Napoleon had sold Louisiana and that the exploration was therefore to be made in United States territory after all. There would be no interference from France or Spain.

On the 14th of May, 1804, the expedition finally set out in three boats. It consisted of fourteen army soldiers, nine volunteers, an interpreter and his Indian wife, and Clark's Negro valet. Part of the way they were accompanied by sixteen additional men. That winter they spent in North Dakota among the Mandan Indians. They continued up the Missouri until they came to three forks of the river which Lewis named the Jefferson, the Madison, and the Gallatin. Then they followed the Jefferson into southwestern Montana, where the Shoshone Indians gave them horses to cross the Rockies. They paddled down the Columbia River in canoes and reached its mouth on November 15, 1805.

In a year and a half expedition had traveled about four thousand miles. It had met Indian tribes never before seen by white men. It had discovered new animals like the grizzly bear, the mule deer, and the mountain goat. It had collected many specimens of earths, salts, minerals, and plants. It had been the first party of explorers to reach the Pacific by crossing the continent north of Mexico. And it had thereby established America's most important claim to the Oregon Territory. In everything that Jefferson had wished, it was a success.

After spending the winter on the coast the party started back on March 23, 1806, and reached St.

Louis exactly six months later, one third the time it had taken them to go, though they stopped to explore the Yellowstone on the way. Lewis and Clark came back to Washington as men who had successfully carried out the most romantic exploration of modern times. The leaders were rewarded with large grants of land. Captain Lewis was made governor of the northern part of the Louisiana Territory, while Clark became brigadier general of the territorial militia, and later Indian agent.

It had been Hamilton's idea to keep the government constantly in debt to the rich. This would give people with money a chance to make more out of the government, and it would also mean that the wealthy classes would always support the government, since their money was invested in it. But Jefferson had the curious idea, which no government has ever followed, of making each generation pay back its own debts. He did not think it fair for people to make debts that their children would have to pay.

So Jefferson and Gallatin sold the government's share of the United States Bank. They paid for the Louisiana Purchase by selling the land cheaply. They economized expenses, abolishing many unnecessary government offices that had been filled with place-hunting Federalists. They reduced the number of ministers sent to foreign countries and cut down the size of the navy. This made it possible for Congress to reduce the taxes of the country.

Jefferson's first term of office was ending with the country as a whole very well satisfied with the Republican Party's administration. Jefferson himself was immensely popular. He should now have been one of the happiest men in the

world But now at the height of his public triumph, he was overwhelmed by private tragedy. His daughter Maria died. "I have lost the half of all I had", Jefferson wrote to his old school friend Page, then Governor of Virginia. That winter Martha's family moved into the White House to help her father bear his loneliness.

In the election of 1804, Jefferson received 162 electoral votes while C.C. Pinckney, the Federalist candidate, got only 14 This Republican landslide spelled the finish of the Federalist party Its spirit had already been broken with the death of Alexander Hamilton in July 1804. The enmity between Aaron Burr and Hamilton had reached such a pitch that Burr sent the Federalist leader a challenge, fought a duel with him, and killed him

Burr's political career seemed ended by this deed. Jefferson's Vice President for his second term was George Clinton, former Governor of New York. The Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution was passed so that never again would there arise the question as to which of two men had been elected President and which Vice President. From now on Vice Presidents were voted for only as Vice Presidents

Jefferson hoped in his second term to devote himself to making public improvements and to encouraging the growth of education and science. With the national debt being rapidly paid off, this should have been easy But these grand schemes for prosperity and public happiness were ended by events in Europe.

England and France were at death grips for the control of Europe England with her great fleet decided to starve France into submission In 1806 she declared

the western coast of Europe under blockade. Napoleon immediately struck back by declaring the British Isles blockaded. Now Napoleon's blockade meant practically nothing, for he had not the ships to enforce it, but England's blockade was disastrous for American commerce. Soon the American coast had war-ships from France and England hovering around, capturing American vessels and violating all the rights of neutral powers. A great many Americans began to shout for war against England. A great many others, whose experiences were different, raised an equal shout for war on Napoleon Now, whichever side America joined, she would help the other. As between Napoleon and George III Jefferson could see nothing to choose Both were the sort of tyrants he detested. Their wars only added to the corruption and tyranny over Europe Why should America help either, especially when what America needed most just then was a peaceful chance to grow But the arrogant high-handedness of the British and French navies in the Atlantic grew so great that Jefferson had to do something He resorted once again to his favorite commercial weapon He got Congress to pass an Embargo Act in December 1807. From then on American ships were forbidden to leave America for any European port whatsoever.

For a year this law held good. Then the vigorous American shipping industry began to languish and die. Next came the turn of the farmers whose produce piled up in the warehouses till it decayed, because it could not be sold abroad. Complaints began to rise higher and higher until in March 1809, during Jefferson's last few days in office, the bill had to be repealed. In its place was passed the Non-Intercourse Act, which merely forbade trading with England and France. In little more than a year Jefferson had lost

almost all the popularity he had enjoyed for more than six years of his Presidency. The only satisfaction that the year 1808 had brought the President was the opportunity to put his signature to an act of Congress forbidding the future importation of slaves.

When candidates for the next election were being chosen, eight State legislatures passed resolutions endorsing Jefferson for a third term. This, in spite of the unpopularity of the Embargo Act, must have made him feel much better. More States would have followed, but Jefferson stopped the talk of a third term at once. He pointed out that, though the Constitution said nothing about restricting the number of terms any one man might serve, such a restriction would be the best way to keep the office from becoming a position for life and possibly even hereditary. Short terms were safer for democracy. So Madison was chosen to be the next President, to Jefferson's intense joy, for he loved the faithful Madison as he would a son. The country would be in good hands. It would follow in the direction pointed by the Declaration of Independence. He could retire now, at the age of sixty-six, to cultivate his Monticello.

XVII. HE STILL LIVES

Soon after Jefferson's retirement from Washington some young men came to seek his advice about their studies. In supervising the course of their reading Jefferson's aim was, he said, to keep their attention fixed on the main object of all science—the freedom and happiness of man.

As Jefferson discussed their problems with his young disciples, there grew sharper and more insistent in his mind a pet scheme that he had cherished for many years.

Even as a young Virginian law-maker he had fought vigorously for a well-rounded plan of free public education, embracing everything from grade school to university. Despite Madison's able help, these plans had not made much headway against the conservative leaders of the State. Now Jefferson fastened on the university part of the plan as something he *must* see accomplished.

Jefferson had a young friend, Joseph Carrington Cabell, as interested in education as he was. He urged Cabell to enter the State legislature and help pass laws that will give children primary schools and young men a worthy university. He ran for the House of Delegates and was elected. In 1810 he ran for the State Senate, was elected, and stayed there nineteen years. He refused appointments to Madison's and to Monroe's Cabinet, preferring to stay in Virginia where he could keep an eye upon what he considered his trust—the educational laws of his State.

In waging his grand fight for what he called "the holy cause of the University," Cabell discovered many enemies. First and most important was the indifference of the people, which is one of the heaviest burdens that a believer in democracy must learn to bear and understand. Then there was the opposition of William and Mary, loath to see another university in the State. Finally there was the intolerance of many to the idea of an "infidel college," for Jefferson's unconcealed purpose was the creation of a non-sectarian school.

As the years went by seemingly without result Jefferson finally seized an opportunity to found the sort of university he wanted even without the help of the State. One morning in 1814 as he was cantering down a hillside, he passed a

little academy not far from his home. This academy was in difficulties and the board of directors happened to be sitting to solve its problems when Jefferson rode by. The president of the board was Peter Carr, Jefferson's nephew and the son of Dabney Carr, Jefferson's old friend "Let's call in Mr. Jefferson," said Carr; "he's always been interested in education."

After Jefferson had heard their explanations and had told them his theories of education, he was struck by a new idea. Why not reorganize this little academy into the university he dreamed of?

Not long after, Jefferson had convinced the board of the wisdom of such a plan, and they all set about founding Central College. Jefferson himself, burdened as he was by debts, contributed a thousand dollars. Three years later Central College was well on its way to being finished.

Then at last, Cabell and his friends, by a great effort, pushed through a bill for the founding of a State university. Jefferson immediately offered the partly completed Central College to the State. Not only would this save the State money but it would keep the State college where Jefferson wanted it — at his own doorstep.

Jefferson's friends knew he was right in wanting the University in Albemarle County, and they worked to get him his way. Who else would supervise the fledgling college with such loving care? Who else would take so many pains and who deserved greater credit for the success of the bill? This seventy-four-year-old man had fought forty years for this university, and now that it existed it should be his to run.

First Jefferson was concerned with the physical appearance of the

University. This was to be no rude pile or haphazard jumble of buildings. This school was to have a sound mind in a healthy body. It was to delight the eye as well as stimulate the intellect. Thus would the university gain prestige, attract famous teachers from all over the world, and give the students real examples of beautiful classical art. So Jefferson turned again to Palladio, his architectural Bible.

Jefferson's plan was that the university should be, not a single building, but a sort of well-thought-out academic village. There was to be a small and separate lodge for each professor with two or more large halls below for his class and two chambers above for his living quarters. Connecting these lodges would be one-storey dormitories where the students were to have their rooms. A covered way made it possible for students to go from one school to the next in any weather without getting wet. Of course, the students of any particular professor were to have those dormitories nearest his lodge. Jefferson remembered how much his personal contact with Professor Small had meant to him in his own college days.

The Rotunda was modeled on the Roman Pantheon, the ancient Temple of All the Gods. Each of the ten lodges, too, was adapted from some different famous building of ancient times—the Theater of Marcellus, the Baths of the Emperor Diocletian, the Temple of Fortune, and so on. Studying Greek and Latin, ancient history, and classic art inside such buildings might make what the students read more alive to them.

There were to be many novel features in the University of Virginia. For one thing there was to be no president. Every year the professors were to elect one of

their own number to act as chairman. The professors were also to remain free to choose their own textbooks. Their lodges were assigned to them by drawing lots.

Though Jefferson had planned on ten schools or faculties, there was money enough for only seven when the university formally opened in March 1825. These seven independent schools taught Ancient Languages, Modern Languages, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy (physics), Moral Philosophy, Chemistry, and Medicine. An eighth school, that of Law, was opened the next year. Only two degrees were to be granted—"Graduate" to any student who completed the course in any one school, and "Doctor" to a graduate of more than one school who also showed that he would continue his studies and would probably do something for science. The 116 students with whom the University opened were free to enter any of the schools they wished, and to take any of the courses they were prepared for. This is the elective system that Jefferson had observed in Europe but which was a new idea in the United States.

One of Jefferson's novelties that aroused the most ill-feeling was the fact that the University was not under the guidance of any particular church. It was non-sectarian. Every college in those days was expected to have a clergyman at its head. At the University of Virginia clergymen of different denominations were asked to preach each Sunday, but the students were not forced to attend chapel if they did not wish.

Another typical Jeffersonian idea was student self-government. He felt that minor offenses at least should be left to a board of trustworthy students to punish. He also advocated the honor system in

examinations, but this plan did not go into effect until sixteen years after his death.

Jefferson tried to keep in touch with every professor and student. Members of the faculty were frequent guests at Monticello. Once a week he invited students to his house in groups of four or five. Before and after dinner he spoke with each boy individually, but he let them dine by themselves. At this time his hearing was becoming difficult so that he could not understand very well when more than one person was speaking at once. So as not to disturb the boys' fun he therefore sat by himself in a little recess near the dining room.

Jefferson had by no means stopped designing things for the University. Over eighty he drew up plans for an astronomical observatory and for an anatomy laboratory, though money was lacking to build them.

Contemplation of the future had never failed to give Jefferson a thrill. This university that he had made would live its own life, would *grow*, even after he was dead. The world might forget the name of Thomas Jefferson, and yet he himself would be alive in this child of his, shaping the minds of thousands of young men of the future—some of them perhaps geniuses that America would always be proud of.

It must not be thought that in the midst of all this building and planning for the future Jefferson had forgotten the hopes with which he had retired from the White House. He still "cultivated his garden". The University itself was merely the most splendid growth of that garden—a sort of sturdy oak planted in the midst of homely vegetables and pretty flowers. The prettiest of all the flowers were his

grandchildren.

When Grandfather came home to live for good, the children formed the habit of following him all over the house and garden. He supervised their games and invented new ones for them and gave out the prizes to the winners. He asked them questions on their schooling and answered theirs. As soon as each child could read he had begun to send it letters, and, as soon as it could write, he expected letters from it. When away, he was always sending them clippings and poems he thought would interest them

The older Jefferson grew, the more of a miser he became of his time. As if he had not accomplished enough for one man, he wanted to squeeze the last drops of wisdom and activity out of the few years that remained to him. Once he said to his daughter: "It is surprising how much you can do if you are always up and doing." So he was always up and doing.

No matter what time he had gone to bed the night before, he always rose with the sun. While the rest of the household still slept, he wrote and read letters until breakfast, which he took early. After breakfast he usually read for another half-hour. Then he visited his garden and rode over the plantation, or, in later years, to the University. When he came back, he either studied or amused himself at his work bench, where he always had some new model in progress. From one to three he was sure to be on horseback. In the evening he dined, and conversed with friends or played with the children. He went to his room at about nine, where he read for another hour or two before going to bed.

Fortunate for Jefferson that he had the building of the University to take his mind off his big Southern

household sometimes, for he would have gone distracted at the great burden of debt it was piling up on his shoulders. Little by little, pieces of his various estates began to slip away to pay these debts. He found that he was what is sometimes called "land poor". That is, he owned lots of land that was only making him poorer every year. His Embargo Act in 1808 had hit his own farms as badly as anyone else's, and the War of 1812 had made his crops of cotton and tobacco almost worthless, for they could not be sold.

During the War, the British had burned down the Library of Congress, and Jefferson saw a chance both to do his country a good turn and to satisfy his own creditors somewhat. He sold his own library—one of the best and largest in the country, one that he had lovingly collected for fifty years—to the government. All the money from the sale of his library went to pay debts. It did not pay all the debts but it helped considerably, and Jefferson was beginning to look up again from under his burden when another financial blow suddenly threatened to crush him. Former Governor Wilson Nicholas of Virginia, an old political friend, whose daughter Thomas Jefferson Randolph had married, went bankrupt. Jefferson had endorsed a note of his for 20,000, and now Jefferson was expected to pay this, too. It was the finishing touch to the ruin of Jefferson's fortune.

In desperation Jefferson tried to sell his estates, even in the end offering up Monticello itself. But he could find no rich buyer. Then he asked Cabell to see if the legislature would allow him to sell the estates by raffle or lottery. This permission was finally granted, but when his friends throughout the United States heard that the Sage of Monticello was about to lose his

home, they began to rally behind him in the newspapers. Subscriptions were at once taken up, New York City sent him \$8500, \$5000 came from Philadelphia, and \$3000 from Baltimore. And this seemed but the beginning.

The closing years were made happy by still another event. In 1824 Lafayette came back to visit America. And he did not fail to visit Monticello. The two old friends had last seen each other thirty-six years ago at the dawn of the French revolution. They had both been young men then, and it had been quite a different world from the one they lived in now. Lafayette was now sixty-seven and permanently lamed from his hardships in prison; Jefferson was eighty-one and almost on the threshold of death. But they had always written each other, and their friendship had not changed nor had their attitude toward the things they had done altered.

For it was no secret to Jefferson that he had not much longer to live. When Adams asked him in a letter whether he would live his life over again, he had answered that he would, that he thought his life had been worthwhile and happy, and that he was a natural optimist. Jefferson had never suffered from boredom because he had early learnt never to be without an interesting occupation. Though he had been sensitive to criticism, and had received plenty of it, he had learned to bear that, too, so that it had never made him give up his faith in free speech for all men.

He had had only one fear, Jefferson said, and that was that he might live too long, leading in his extreme dotage the life of a cabbage and boring others by telling the same old tale four times over. But now even that fear was gone, for Jefferson had discovered that he was

afflicted by an ailment that would soon carry him off.

One day, as Jefferson was walking off the veranda, a rotten step gave way under him and he fell. His left arm was broken, a serious thing for a man over eighty. For a long time the hand and fingers of his left arm were quite useless, and writing was now almost out of the question. The ailment he had been keeping from his family, which was dysentery complicated by other signs of old age, at last began to sap his great strength, making it difficult for him even to walk, except for a few steps in the garden. But he still insisted on riding.

A day without horseback exercise was for Jefferson like a day without sun. His long lean form on horseback had now for many years become one of the things that people in the neighborhood expected to see daily.

He had even written the epitaph to be carved on his tombstone. It is curious that this man, who had accomplished so much and who had held so many honors, omitted from the simple list of his life's achievements his greatest pride is not in having been President of his country, but in having given it those things by which it would grow great and admirable. His Presidency was of the past, but these three things pointed into the future.

Here Was Buried

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Author Of
The Declaration of American
Independence
Of the Statute of Virginia For
Religious Freedom
And Father of the University of
Virginia

The third of July 1826 found

Jefferson in bed ill and dying. The problem troubling him was. Who would take his place as rector of the University of Virginia ? He hoped it would be Madison and felt better at the thought. Then he became delirious. Fifty years were swept aside. The American colonies were about to declare their Revolution to the world. He went through the motions of writing. He spoke of the Committee of Safety. He said : "Warn the Committee to be on the alert."

Jefferson became conscious again in the night. "This is the Fourth ?" he asked the people at his bedside. No one answered, for they could not bear to tell him it was not, knowing what he wanted.

"This is the Fourth ?" Jefferson repeated. His son-in-law nodded.

"Oh," said Jefferson and seemed pleased. Up in Washington they would be celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Day of Independence. He had declined the invitation to be an honored guest. He had had his own accounts to settle with history on that day. He lay back, satisfied, and history did not cheat him, for it was not until one o'clock in the afternoon of July 4th, 1826, that he breathed his last.

Up in Braintree, Massachusetts, that same day, John Adams lay dying in his ninety-first year. As the sun sank on the fiftieth anniversary of the Day of Independence, John Adams died. His last words were :

"Thomas Jefferson still lives."

THE INDIAN REVOLT OF 1942

By

Dr. Amba Prasad

MARY McLEOD BETHUNE

By

Catherine Owens Peare

MARY McLEOD BETHUNE

DAYS OF CEASELESS TOIL

Mary Jane turned in her sleep and turned again, cautious of the spears that poked through the mattress and pricked her skin. A coarse sacking, stuffed with straw, was all the bed she had, for she was a Negro child. Feather tickings and linen covers were for white folk.

She woke up, because she knew from habit that it was morning, even though a peck through a knot-hole in the pine-board wall told her it was still pitch-dark outside. Five o'clock was rising time the year round, for on a cotton farm the work was never done, and not a minute of the day could be wasted. Mary jumped out of bed, exchanged her nightshirt for a cotton dress, and ran to the kitchen. There she found her mother standing at the big iron stove, fixing breakfast of bacon fat back, hominy grits, and coffee. The room was steamy warm from the cooking—too warm; even in January South Carolina isn't very cold. "Go wash, child," her mother reminded her.

"Can we eat soon?"

"Soon as your chores are done. Now, go wash."

A big wooden tub of water stood on the back porch, and her brothers and sisters were washing in it. There were seventeen McLeod children, fourteen of them older than Mary, some married and living in cabins of their own by now. Sally, the oldest, had gone all the way to a city to live; coming home only once for a visit, dressed in beautiful clothes and bringing a trunkful of

presents with her. A host of McLeods still gathered about the tub every morning to wash, so that Mary had to wait her turn.

"Hurry up!"

"Hush up!"

"Stop quarreling and get to your chores."

Bed must be made before breakfast, the mule must be hitched to the plow, and the cow led to pasture. Mary was only nine; so to her fell the simple responsibility of leading the cow out to the field. She plunged her hands into the cold water, tried to rub up a lather from the crude soap made by her mother from caustic soda and render fat, and sluiced her face with the results, washed quickly, and was off to the cow-shed.

The animal followed her meekly to the pasture. A thin sliver of pinkish light was just beginning to show along the horizon. The land all around the McLeod farm began to be visible: furrowed acres where the cotton would be planted, and beyond that flat and swampy wasteland.

Bouncing back in through the kitchen door, Mary found the older members of the family already eating breakfast. Again the youngest had to wait, because the table wasn't big enough to accommodate everyone at one sitting.

When the last dish was washed and the last pot scoured and hung away, the whole family—Samuel and Patsy McLeod and the seven or eight of their seventeen children

who still lived home, the youngest a nursing infant—left their four-room cabin and started for the cotton fields.

This was plowing time ; the new cotton season was starting.

They walked cautiously on their bare feet, avoiding the rows of sharp stubble left from last year's cotton crop. The family mule, called Old Bush because of his bushy tail, was standing hitched to a wide-bladed plow. Slowly he pulled the plow along the furrows, piling mounds of earth on each side, a McLeod at his head to guide him, another at the plow. The mule was the most valuable asset that the family had.

The McLeods broke their backs over the land, but they worked with love, because the land was their own. They were free. Patsy and Samuel had been slaves, made to work from sunup to sunset on someone else's land, with no profit to themselves. Then came the Civil War and Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation that had set them free. Their older children had been slaves, too ; Mary Jane and the two younger than she had been born in freedom.

Patsy McLeod left the field during the morning and sat down under a shade tree to nurse her youngest, Hattie. Toward the middle of the day she went back to the cabin to prepare the midday meal.

Mary watched her mother leave the field. Soon there would be hot rice and black-eyed peas mixed with ham, steaming in bowls and waiting for them.

A call from the cabin told them that the midday meal was ready, and the little group of all ages and sizes straggled in from the field.

Samuel McLeod was a tall, muscular man, a head or more above any of his brood. He looked at them lovingly as they walked between the furrows, then looked back at the small figure lagging behind the others.

"C'mon, Mary Jane. What you lagging behind for ?"

"I'm dreaming."

"What about ?"

"About God, mostly."

"That's proper dreaming, but ain't you hungry ?"

Yes, she was famished ! Brought out of her reverie by the suggestion, Mary bolted ahead and reached the door before the others.

Her father laughed at her fondly. That little one ! Always different from the others !

Again there was the jostling and pushing around the big wooden tub. Again two sittings at the table.

Back to the field the McLeod family trudged, to labor until dark.

After supper there were still more household chores before evening prayers. Mary tended to the lamps, carrying each from its place to the kitchen table, washing and polishing its glass chimney, trimming its wick, adding to the kerosene in the brass bowl, then carrying it back.

Before the living-room fireplace that Samuel McLeod had fashioned of clay long ago, close to the warmth of the fire, rocking gently, sat the one McLeod who hadn't gone to the fields to labor: Grandmother Sophia. She had spent her whole life in slavery ; now she

could sit at ease, a red bandanna tied around her wiry gray wool, sucking on a long stemmed pipe struck between her toothless gums

Mary finished her lamps and ran to her grandmother. This was the part of the evening she liked best, because they would sing hymns.

Patsy McLeod came to the fireplace and sank down into a rocker. Samuel came, too, and cased his tall figure into an overstuffed green Morris chair. The rest of the children gathered about, and Samuel McLeod began the first hymn :

‘Free at last,

Free at last,

I thank God I'm free at last...”

Heads bowed reverently in prayer after the singing. Each prayed silently, and whoever cared to pray aloud did so. No hymnbook was held and no Bible read, because none of them could read or write.

The seasons moved on, and workday followed workday. After plowing was finished, the fields had to be planted, and the McLeods waited for those first tiny green spears to show above the ground, each cotton plant putting up two leaves. There would be too many plants, and the McLeods had to go out into the field and “chop out” the extra plants with their hoes.

Then came the battle with the crab grass which kept popping out of the ground, trying to kill the delicate cotton plants.

Mary had to take her place with the others to keep the fields clean of grass and weeds. ‘Oh, Lord, deliver me,’ Mary would pray as she bent to her labor.

The cotton grew slowly for the next three months. Cotton had to be cultivated by hand; too much machinery would make it wither and die.

Mary watched where she chopped, lest she harm a plant, and she watched the branches. She wanted to be the first to spy a bud; so did her brothers and sisters. There was definite glory and distinction in finding the first bud.

“Let me be the first,” she prayed.

As if in direct answer to her petition, there it was! Just at a level with her eyes, that tiny green square!

‘Here it is! Here it is!’ she shouted.

All the McLeods left their work on this cry and raced to Mary's side. There it was! The cotton was budding. In exactly three weeks the flaming red blossoms would turn the field to scarlet. On the third day of its life each blossom would wither and drop its petals, and in their place would be a pod. In six more weeks the pod would ripen into a full-grown cotton boll, a creamy white fluff, bursting out of its five-pointed green star, and the whole field and the fields of all their neighbors would be white, glaring white in the midday sun, ghostly white by moonlight.

The McLeods were still excited when they walked in from the field for the last meal of the day. During evening prayers they prayed for the cotton, and after prayers they sat outside and chatted about their cotton.

Mary perched on the doorsill and stared at the stars in the sky. If she stared hard at one of them, it would split in two. Or she could

stare out at the shadowy fields where she knew there were rows and rows of budding cotton. No matter how you stared at cotton, you couldn't see it grow. No matter how you listened, you could never hear it. You could hear corn grow on a hot, breathless night. It rustled and whispered. But not cotton. Cotton was as proud and shy as a white lady in a big house.

"Bedtime, children," came the order shattering her reverie, and the youngest had to troop off to their straw mattresses.

Mother came into the house, too, because she had ironing to do before she could go to bed. Even after working in the fields all day, she managed to wash and iron clothes for the white folk and bring a few extra pennies into the household.

As Mary closed her eyes she knew that tomorrow morning her mother would have to deliver the wash before she went into the field. She hoped Mama would let her go, too.

Directly after breakfast her mother picked up the big bundle of wash, balanced it on her head, and started along the winding dirt road across the branch, with Mary tagging along.

On they went down the road, until one more curve brought the white outline of their destination into view. There was the big house, many times larger than the McLeod cabin and with not nearly so many people in it.

The front entrance was not for them, so they stepped off the drive to a footpath along the side of the house to the rear entrance and knocked at the door. This was the home of Patsy McLeod's former owner Ben Wilson.

The door opened to admit Patsy, and Mary waited outside. A few yards from the house she saw what she knew was the playhouse. Through the open door she saw two golden-haired girls about her own age, Ben Wilson's grandchildren.

"Hello, Mary," said one. "Do you want to come in?"

Mary inched her way in and gazed about in wonderment at the dolls, the toys, the diminutive furniture, the dishes, the clothes. How white folk did dress up! Even the dolls had on silk dresses—and shoes!

"Would you like to hold one of my dolls?"

The shoeless guest eased herself into one of the scaled-down chairs while a magnificent doll was laid in her lap.

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"Let's play we're keeping house. You mind my baby for me, while I have tea."

Mary waited for further instructions.

"Mary, can't you make the baby stop crying?" said the little hostess in imitation of her elders. "He's spoiling my tea."

Mary held the make-believe baby close to lull its crying. She got up and walked about with the doll, patting its bottom, improvising a lullaby. Then she paused as her attention was attracted to an object on a little stand: a book. She reached out and picked it up.

The golden curls flounced themselves across the room, and a quick hand snatched the book away.

"Put down that book! You

can't read !"

The words stabbed deeply. Mary ran out of the playhouse, out into the clean morning sunlight. What had she done ? Touched something she shouldn't, and her whole happy morning was spoiled.

What was the trouble between black folk and white, she pondered as she followed her mother home. She had just touched something, just touched something that was all.

How come white folk had such big houses and fine clothes ? They had glass in their windows that had to be polished until it shone and glistened in the sun. They had colored folk in the house to do all the work, and carriages to ride in whenever they went out.

"Dear Lord," she prayed. "I don't think we're so free"

As the Negro cabins came into sight she saw them in their true perspective for the first time. What had been happy homes an hour before were shabby, unpainted pine-board shacks. A few had sagging porches at the front, and the pillars holding up the roofs that extended over the porches looked like kindling strips compared with the massive columns of the great house she had just visited. The McLeod cabin leaned a little to one side, as though the ground had sunk away from it.

How come white folk had so much and colored folk so little ? Maybe the difference between them was just this matter of reading and writing.

"I'm going to learn to read !" she resolved, "I'm going to learn to read !"

THE CRY OF THE SOUL TO KNOW

From that day on, Mary McLeod worked with a sober face, because her mind had become obsessed with a fever - the desire to read.

It was hopeless, though ; no school, no books, no teacher for colored children, only cotton, cotton, cotton, season after season. When they weren't working in the cotton, the McLeods had to tend the paddy of rice growing in the swampy ground at the edge of their property, or they had to gather fodder or weed the vegetable patch.

"I want to read ! I want to read !" Mary prayed over and over as she filled her sack.

When the gunny sack would hold no more, she started toward the cabin to empty its contents on the ground ; and as she bent over to roll the heavy burden from her back, she found herself standing before a stranger. Mary Jane McLeod looked up into the kindest face she had ever seen in her life, a Negro face, yet much paler than her own. Mary's skin was coal black, and the woman before her, dressed in city clothes, was a light tan.

"I'm Miss Wilson, Mary."

Miss ? Negroes were never given titles; they were never *mistered* or *missed*.

The whole family had come in from the field to gather about this visitor, this Emma Wilson who had interrupted their work in the busiest season of the year.

Patsy put her arm around the one child in the family who was different—Mary Jane.

"We can spare this one," said Patsy to Miss Wilson.

The whole family nodded their heads in agreement. Yes, it must be Mary Jane who went.

"She's a homely child but she's the brightest," put in Samuel.

Miss Wilson smiled at Mary and explained: "The Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church has sent me down here to start a school for Negro children, and I want you to come to Mayesville as soon as the cotton picking is finished."

"I'm gonna read? You mean I'm gonna read, Miss Wilson?" cried Mary excitedly, her voice suddenly hoarse as the tears streamed down her face.

Emma Wilson smiled, patted Mary on the head, and went on down the dusty road to other Negro cabins, to beg for more children for her school. She wanted them all, but she knew their families would not give them up. She would be lucky if she could glean one child from each crowded cabin.

Emma Wilson had returned to the South to liberate her people with education, the only real road to freedom, and after witnessing Mary McLeod's deep passion to learn, her own hopes ran wild. One child like Mary Jane could make all the heartbreak worthwhile.

The McLeods walked back to their cotton picking, and Mary galloped ahead of them, trailing an empty sack behind her.

"Come on!" she rebuked them. "Hurry up! Get that cotton picked. Don't be so slow I got to go to school!"

The words, "Put down that book! You can't read!" were going to be erased from her soul.

CLIMBING JACOB'S LADDER

Mary stood on one bare foot and then the other, clutching her father's hand, as together they surveyed the contents of the Mayesville general store. Sam had money to spare—not much, but enough so that he could buy his daughter a gift for her first day at school.

He had hauled his cotton crop over the narrow, dusty road into town, sold it, and trudged faithfully around paying his debts: mortgage, last spring's seed and fertilizer, groceries. His hand in his pocket fingered the cash that was left. It must be spent carefully: a piece of dress goods for Patsy, some new candles, a few apples, a strip of bacon.

One purchase more—for Mary Jane.

"What do you want?" he asked her.

"Something to write with," she begged.

The storekeeper took down from the shelf a slate to which a piece of chalk was attached with a short string.

"I think this would be best," said the storekeeper. "Because, look, you can write and erase, write and erase."

Mary reached out with her square-fingered hands that were already too large from heavy work and gathered the treasure to her. She tested the chalk on the slate. Yes, it would make a mark. She could write and erase, write and erase. As soon as she learned how, she could write, write, write

Excitement filled the cabin and the yard when Sam and Mary Jane returned. Tomorrow was the day!

Tomorrow was Janie's first day at school.

"You can teach us," declared her brothers and sisters.

"Oh, yes," she promised.

"Tomorrow night you can start reading to us."

"I don't know. Maybe, if I learn fast."

The ironing her mother did that night after family prayers was for Mary: a fresh new gingham dress

She stood in their midst the next morning, like a queen among her adoring subjects, dressed and ready for the new adventure. In one hand she carried a pail of lunch-
eon, in the other hand the precious slate.

While Patsy fussed over her dress, Sam laid a loving hand on her head.

"Don't dream along the road," he cautioned her. "Don't be late the first day."

She started out of the cabin as the family stood in the doorway and watched her go. Five miles along a narrow, dusty road she must walk; five miles to the village of Mayesville and five miles back, every day.

Miss Wilson's first school was the tiny living room of a shack in the Negro quarter near the railroad track. She hoped before too much longer to have a school building of her own.

She stood in the door waiting to see how many of those children who had been promised to her would actually arrive. A handful of boys and girls put in an appearance, timid, curious, afraid of what would happen to them, they huddled to-

gether in the middle of the room and watched Miss Wilson with big, dark eyes. Not all of them had wanted to come; some were excited and glad to be there; but none was so passionate to learn as Janie.

In a few minutes Emma Wilson's skill had dispelled their fears, and they were playing games together, learning to be part of a social group. They were fashioning flower petals from colored paper, they were singing simple songs about Jesus' love for children, and somehow in the midst of the fun, they were learning their letters.

All over the South the same thing was happening. Until the slaves were freed they had been forbidden to read and write, and teaching a slave his letters was a punishable act in many states. Then came freedom, and the deep long-frustrated desire to learn burst forth. The desire was sadly misguided at first. Inhabitants of wretched cabins would possess huge books with impressive titles. The bigger the book and the longer the title, the better they loved it. Some lived on black-eyed peas, corn bread, and water, with no thought that a real education might teach them to eat better food. A young man would sit in the squalor of one room studying a French grammar or a Latin text, not realizing that what he must have first was a higher living standard and a trade.

Most of those earliest schools for Negroes were opened by Northern church missionary groups who launched a vast movement to end Negro illiteracy. Emma Wilson had been sent south by the Presbyterian Church. Trained at Scotia Seminary in Concord, North Carolina, she was better educated than most of the early teachers in the Negro South; and she hoped that her little handful of children would one

day go out themselves as missionaries of learning.

The boys and girls came faithfully every day—well, almost every day; at any rate, Mary Jane McLeod never missed a day or an hour, or a minute.

Sometimes Miss Wilson met her most faithful pupil at the door, held the cold hands in her own until they were limber and warmed, helped her out of her shawl and ill-fitting jacket, and allowed her to sit and rest before reciting.

Home Mary Jane walked when school was out, and each evening the winter grew a little deeper and the day a little shorter until she was coming home in the dark. Huddled around the fire of pine chunks were her brothers and sisters.

"Show us what you've learned!" they cried, crowding around her.

"Supper first," said Patsy. Then we can all learn Mary's lesson."

That was how it happened every night. After supper was finished and the dishes washed, the entire McLeod family gathered about the most-learned scholar of them all while she imparted to them her brand-new knowledge. If she had lessons to prepare for the next day, she sat to the long table by the window, a candle or a smoky oil lamp her only light, and worked until bedtime.

The year flew by, and soon a supply of coarse yellow bricks was delivered to a vacant lot across the tracks from the railroad station, and a two-room building began to go up. Miss Wilson's dream of a school, Mayesville Institute, had materialized; for a long time to come, it would be

the only school for the Negro children of Mayesville and the vicinity.

Mary Jane went that second winter to the two-room school, with Emma Wilson as teacher and the Reverend J. C. Simmons as pastor and principal. It was hardly comfortable, with an odd assortment of secondhand chairs and desks that never seemed to match the size of the student, a blackboard that was only a piece of cardboard painted over with black paint, a potbellied stove in the center of the room, filling the room with smoke whenever it was used; but teacher and children made it live. They decorated the windows with colored paper flowers; they hung their own art work on the walls; they lined the yellow-clay yard with whitewashed rocks, they hung rope swings from the trees.

The seasons went round again and the letters of the alphabet lost their mystery as they were marshaled into words that could be recognized. The numbers from one to nine were no longer strange and terrifying but tools and instruments that could be put to work.

Mary McLeod became the center of her little community. *She* could count! Her neighbors—both white and colored—brought her their problems in arithmetic, the weight and price of their cotton, their debts at the village store, their percentage share of a crop.

"From the first, I made my learning, what little it was, useful every way I could," she wrote in later years. "Not until I had completed my schooling and had learned how to count and could study my father's bills and myself deal with the merchants to whom he was indebted were we able finally to lift the mortgage."

Yes, she was climbing Jacob's ladder, she knew, as the scales of ignorance fell from her eyes; and she groped upward, upward.

ONE GLORIOUS MORNING

The day came when Miss Wilson had to tell Mary that she had no more to teach her. Mayesville Institute had given her all it could, and Mary's class would graduate at the end of the term.

As a first graduation for her, a first for her classmates, and a first for the Negroes of the Mayesville area, it was a grand social event, and the McLeod family was not the only one to arrive beaming with pride because one of its members had brought it such an honor.

Every graduating student recited, every guest on the platform made a speech and at regular intervals the entire assembly punctuated the program with a song. At last came the presentation of diplomas, and each student had to walk to the platform when his name was called. When her turn came, Mary arose with cast-iron calm, walked with great dignity to the platform, mounted the steps, received the precious roll of paper tied with a white satin ribbon, and returned to her place.

Unable to hear what followed once she had the treasure in her hand, Mary ran her fingertips affectionately along its edges. She had it at last—proof that she could read. Now if she picked up a book no one could insult her with the words, "You can't read!"

When benediction had been pronounced, families and friends crowded around the graduates.

Emma Wilson drew her most promising student aside and put an arm around her.

"What next for you, Mary?"

"I don't know, Miss Wilson. I want to go to school some more. Do colored folk over go to college?"

"Not very often. Anyway, you would have to go to high school first."

Samuel overheard the conversation.

"We could pay a little money if the crop is good, and we could spare her if she wants more school," he offered.

"I'll see what I can do," Miss Wilson promised.

Almost a young woman, Mary returned to her life at the cabin and prayed for another divine miracle that would provide more schooling. There was no library for Negroes in Mayesville. There was nothing in Mayesville but endless stretches of cotton; and when plowing time came around again, she knew she would have to do her share in the field.

Spring brought an end to the dreaming, and each morning she went with her family for the long, hot day in the sun.

Down row after row they followed the mule, breaking the land for seed. The mule's head hung low and his big ears fell forward as though this was one plowing more than he could bear. His pace slowed, and neither the McLeod leading him nor the McLeod guiding the plow could increase his speed. At last, with most of the field still to be worked, Old Bush stopped and would go no farther. His eyes glazed over, his sides heaved, and he sank to the ground.

Samuel knelt down, lifted the

furry head, and ran his hand under the muzzle and down the neck.

"Mule's dead," was his pronouncement.

Dead ? The mule ? They couldn't finish the plowing without him. If they couldn't plow, they couldn't plant or harvest. No crop meant starvation.

"Can we get another mule ?" asked one, a little frightened by the tragedy

"No money," Patsy explained. "No money until the cotton is picked."

But the cotton had not yet been planted !

Without prompting, they all knew that the situation must be faced. Weeping or moaning would do them no good. With a grim expression of fatality upon his young face, one of Samuel's sons stepped forward and took his place before the plow. Picking up the two straps of the harness and fitting them over his own shoulders, he bent forward and strained his full weight to the task. They would take turns pulling the plow, Samuel announced ; it was too much for one.

The death of the mule means the death of hope for Mary. She did not mind taking her turn at the plow ; she was strong enough for that ; but they would have to buy another mule, which would use up what little money was left over at harvest time. Even if an opportunity to go to school did arise, she would not be able to accept it. No school meant no life, no future

The grim summer passed, and the cotton grew.

One day as Mary looked across the tops of the cotton shrubs she saw a family figure walking toward her.

"Mary," called Miss Wilson, "I want to talk to you."

Mary was afraid to hope as she ran toward her beloved teacher.

"You want me, Miss Wilson ?"

"I have such good news for you ! A white lady out West has set up a scholarship for one student at our mission school, and you may have the scholarship "

"A white lady out West ?" Mary asked incredulously.

A Mary Crissman in Denver, Colorado, a modest Quaker dressmaker, had decided to use her life's savings to help one Negro child toward more education, and Mary was to go to Scotia Seminary in Concord, North Carolina.

"Oh, the joy of that glorious morning ! I can never forget it," is the way she herself told the story "To this day my heart thrills with gratitude at the memory of that day. I was but a little girl, groping for the light, dreaming dreams and seeing visions in the cotton and rice fields, and away off in Denver, Colorado, a poor dressmaker, sewing for her daily bread, heard my call and came to my assistance. Out of her scanty earnings she invested in a life—my life!—and while God gives me strength, I shall strive to pass on to others the opportunities that this noble woman toiled and sacrificed to give me. How many self-denials she must have made ! How many little legitimate pleasures she must have foregone, that the little black girl in South Carolina might have a chance To me her memory is sacred ! My earnest efforts for the

hundreds of Negro girls in the Southland today are dedicated to the memory of this self-sacrificing woman who gave me my first real chance, and to the dear parents—father and mother—who so cheerfully gave me up, leaving them lonely and sad, while I prepared for my life's work."

That was the end of the cotton fields for Mary Jane, and a second time she sank down on her knees, stretched her hands to heaven, and gave thanks for deliverance.

Nothing ever moved slowly again. She must hurry, hurry, hurry to get ready for Scotia's fall term. This *was* the fall!

Excitement spread through the little community. Sam's Mary was going traveling! Everyone must hurry to be part of the honor that had come to Mayesville. Cabins were gay as hands knitted stockings for going-away gifts, or found a dress that could be made over to fit the scholar, or painstakingly stitched a ruffle on an apron. She must have everything that could be gathered together, she was everyone's pride and joy.

On departure day, precious little work was done for miles around, because everyone journeyed to the Mayesville station to see Mary Jane off to school.

Mary stood nervously on the doorstep, waiting to start down the road. As they left the cabin—Sam, Patsy, Mary Jane, half a dozen brothers and sisters—a neighbor drove up with his farm wagon.

"Climb up!" he ordered. "You can't walk on such a day as this."

Into the wagon they clambered and rattled on to down, and as they went along others joined

them, waving and calling from their cabins, calling to them to wait.

As soon as the wagon drew to a stop at the station, Mary leaped out, because she had spotted Miss Wilson.

"Miss Wilson! Miss Wilson! Here I am!"

A rumble and a puff of smoke in the distance announced the arrival of the train, and Mary grabbed Miss Wilson's hand for support. She had never been on a train before.

Patsy gathered this strange and different child into her arms for one last hug and started to cry. Sam could only turn his cap around in his hands and nod, as the engine roared into the platform. Some climbed aboard with Mary, carrying her bags and bundles and seeing that she was settled in the seat.

"Good-by! Good-by! Learn all you can and come back and tell us."

A shrill from the engine's whistle sent them rushing out of the coach and down the steps.

"Good-by!" "Good-by." Mary waved at them through the dirty window pane.

This was the end of something and the beginning of something else, she knew, as the train started to move.

She put her head back on the seat, closed her eyes, and began to pray, "Please dear Lord——"

FIRST-CLASS CITIZEN

Exhausted from the excitement and the train ride, dirty from the soft-coal soot, panicky at finding herself in a new environment for the first time in her life, Mary Mc-

Leod descended from the train at Concord, North Carolina, and stood beside her baggage on the gravel platform. The place was almost as rural as Mayesville, and the railroad station was scarcely any bigger. It had the familiar division through the middle, with two entrances to two waiting rooms: one marked "white" and the other "colored."

The only person around was a pleasant-looking white woman who was walking toward her, nodding and smiling as though she knew her.

"Are you Mary McLeod?" the white lady asked.

Mary jerked her head in the affirmative and wondered what it could mean. Why should a white person bother about her? She was going to Scotia Seminary, an institute for *Negro* girls.

"I've come to meet you and take you to Scotia," was the explanation, and Mary was to find that many of her teachers would be white. At Scotia she was to discover a different kind of white person, the kind who wanted the *Negro* to have a better opportunity to help himself.

Up a hill behind the railroad station and along a country road, the school was not far. With every step she took in her heavy brogans she felt firmer and firmer in her mission. She was going to learn and learn and learn and use every bit of her learning to help her own people. Some day all *Negroes* would have a chance to go to school.

A hand on her arm interrupted her daydream.

"Here it is," said her guide, pointing off to the right.

Set far back from the road, half hidden in a grove of giant shade trees, stood Graves Hall, a three-story brick building, its door graced by four white columns. To the right of Graves Hall stood a second building four stories tall, Faith Hall.

"Come," said the teacher, and together they started along the path to the entrance, and through the entrance to Mary McLeod's future.

Inside the doorway Mary stared in amazement, for before her were two sweeping flights of stairs with white risers and brown mahogany treads, one at her left hand and one at her right, joining in a balcony at the top. They seemed to go up forever, and Mary took a step backward. Never in her life had she climbed a flight of stairs!

"Your room is upstairs, Mary."

More from fear than courtesy, she waited for her escort to negotiate the upward journey ahead of her; then she followed suit, holding fast to the handrail as she ascended.

"And this is your room, Mary."

The frightened twelve-year-old looked popeyed at its neatness, its whiteness. There were two beds smoothly and tightly made up, one for herself and one for her roommate, two chests of drawers, two chairs, and two desks.

"Unpack your things and put them into the drawers of that chest," she was told. "Then wash your face and hands and come to the dining room. It is in the basement two flights down."

Obediently Mary unpacked and tidied herself and started the perilous descent. A babble of voices led her toward the dining room, and

with a quick little prayer she pushed the door open and stepped inside.

A sea of coal-black heads and brown faces turned to look, and the babble died away into a silence that was as quickly replaced by a wave of tittering and whispering and exchanging of amused glances. There she stood for her new world to see: no longer the reigning queen of Mayesville's cotton-picking community, but an ungainly, clumsy, rawboned filed hand, poorly dressed and completely lacking in culture.

In the center of the room was the faculty table, and Mary received yet another shock when she saw Negro and white faculty members eating together. Mrs Satterfield, wife of the school principal, left her place at the teachers' table and led Mary to her seat, introducing her to the dozen girls at her table and leaving her to their mercy.

The 'bewildered initiate looked hopelessly at the table before her. It was covered with a white cloth—her first tablecloth. On either side of her place were knife, fork, and spoon. She had never had one in her hand before, and she did not dare to ask about them for fear of being laughed at again. She could only copy the others. When she had been served with food, she reached furtively for the fork, but a sickish feeling of homesickness swept over her and she couldn't eat. This was all too much!

Homesickness did not mean giving up and going home. Mary had driven on by what she knew, even in those early days, to be her divine calling. Considering her misadventures, she made a remarkably quick adjustment to Scotia. Her generous nature, her willingness to laugh at her own mistakes soon earned her friends among the

more than three hundred school-mates.

Mary was willing to do any kind of work to remain at Scotia. She labored in the school laundry; she cooked in the school kitchen.

Almost all the girls at Scotia had to do some kind of work to earn money toward their stay, but Mary's circumstances were probably more difficult than anyone's. The small scholarship that Miss Crissman had given her met only a fraction of the total cost, and Mary had to earn almost her entire way.

A leader wherever she went, she soon became a leader among the girls at Scotia, organising them into this and that, interceding for them with the authorities. She learned early how to go to the top person when she wanted something.

Watching her Negro and white instructors mingle with one another and work together as equals was probably the finest experience that Scotia gave Mary. She had never met cultured Negroes before. They were gentle, educated, soft-spoken. Many of them were brown, not black like herself, and she wondered if she could ever be like them. Gradually a change took place within her, and she began to understand the meaning of equality. Scotia cleansed her of any last vestige of an inferiority complex. It transformed her from a second-class to a first-class citizen.

"The white teachers taught that the color of a person's skin has nothing to do with his brains, and that color, caste, or class distinctions are an evil thing."

Scotia did even more for Mary than to give her dignity and friends: it helped her to discover her own talents. She had always known she could sing, but she

hadn't realized how well, until she began to receive serious voice training in the school choir. Public speaking was another talent that came to light, and the school debating team learned to depend heavily upon her logical mind and her dramatic forcefulness.

The vigor with which she plunged into her studies startled the other students. They were there to learn, of course, but they felt no such desperation. Mary could do without food, but she was starved for learning. She must consume as much as possible.

When study and work allowed, she took long walks through the countryside. Concord was still in the cotton country. Cannon Manufacturing Company had one of its big mills there, with thousands of spindles and hundreds of looms consuming the bales of cotton. She had never before known where the cotton went that she helped to pick.

She learned about tobacco and began to realize how many more crops America grew besides cotton.

There were ugly rumors of lynchings. A Negro who forgot to say "Sir" to a white man today might be dead tomorrow. Mary overheard arguments about the wisdom of hiring colored labor in the cotton mills. Freed blacks were a problem in a town like Concord, because there were so many of them and because they wouldn't work unless they received pay for what they did. Money might not be good for them.

She realized that her own people had a history, and she delved into the few volumes in the Scotia library to find out more about the Negroes of America.

Mary spent seven years at

Scotia, graduating at the end of five and remaining for two extra years of study: the "higher course". Scotia Seminary was the equivalent of a good high school and the "higher course" would have equalled junior-college work

Those seven years wrought many changes in her thinking and personality. They gave her knowledge and vision and social training.

Each Sunday morning during the school term Mary and her schoolmates attended worship in the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Mary's faith was replenished in those gatherings, her mission in life began to take on real substance. She remembered the words of a Reverend J W E Bowen who had once come to Mayesville Institute to lecture to the students. He had told them about Africa and the needs of the people there, and the zeal he had inspired in her childish heart then was reborn now as she stood on the threshold of adult life.

Was the returning memory of that lecture during her prayers a divine message? Mary thought so, and she determined to go to darkest Africa as a missionary. That would be her life of service.

She confided her ambition to Dr Satterfield, who advised her to apply to Moody Bible Institute in Chicago for missionary training. He himself would write to the Presbyterian Board to inquire about the possibility of a scholarship.

SINGING MISSIONARY

At home that summer, Mary learned that she had been granted another scholarship by Miss Mary Crissman, and she told family and neighbors of her great dream to go as a missionary to Africa and help black folk there. They weren't

surprised ; they had always known she was destined to do something great and noble.

Another departure day with its tearful farewells had to be faced, and Mary set out the long, long journey to Chicago, a city so large and so far away that it existed only in her wildest imaginings.

She was met at the Chicago terminal by a group from Moody, all of them white ; and when she reached the school she found that, except for one African student, she was the only Negro in the school. She alone represented her people in this new community, and all Negroes everywhere would be judged by her conduct. Her roommate was to be a white girl, but thanks to Scotia, Mary no longer felt any suspicion toward white folk.

"There were no feelings of race at Moody," she recorded "There we learned to look upon a man as a man, not as a Caucasian or a Negro. My heart had been somewhat hardened. As the whites had meted out to me, I was disposed to measure to them ; but here, under this benign influence, including that of Dwight L. Moody, a love for the whole human family, regardless of creed, class, or color, entered my soul and remains with me, thank God, to this day."

At Moody, Mary received more musical training with Dr Charles Alexander and sang in the choral group under Dr. D B. Towner twice a week. Every Thursday found her at the police station singing to the prisoners, talking with them, giving them literature. She spent her lunch hours at the Pacific Garden Mission, where she served food to drunks and street people who were brought in.

This was real ! This was service ! Mary was in the work she loved

best, the work she wanted always to do.

Field service was part of the training for Moody's students, and Mary McLeod' enthusiasm reached the bursting point when she was allowed to venture into Chicago's slums and call on the needy in their homes.

As soon as graduation day was over, she traveled to New York to ask the Presbyterian Board of Missions for a station in Africa. The Mission Board members shook their heads at twenty-year-old. There was no opening for a Negro in Africa at that time.

With crushed hopes and a heavy heart she accepted a teaching assignment at Haines Normal Institute in Augusta, Georgia.

SERVING AND WAITING

Mary knew she had left Abraham Lincoln's state behind and that she was back in the Southland once more. Georgia was especially hard on its Negro population, with its chain gang for prisoners, its Jim Crow laws, and its segregation. In this state the letters K K K. had a grim meaning. In fact, Georgia had always been severe with its Negroes, slaves had been so cruelly treated—beatings, maimings, evil food—that the whites lived in constant fear of slave revolts.

Mary found the Negroes of Augusta crowded into a section called "The Terry," living in the familiar unpainted shacks along unpaved streets that were clouds of dust when dry and mud traps when wet.

In the midst of the squalor stood Haines Normal Institute, a four-story brick building on Robert and Gwinnett Streets, the newly realized dream of its guiding spirit and

founder, Lucy Laney.

Lucy Laney, twenty years older than Mary McLeod, had been born in slavery but to a life less cruel than that of many Georgia slaves, for her parents had been allowed to live together after their marriage and had worked in the big house instead of in the fields. Lucy was taught to read and write by her mother's owner and was allowed the freedom of a huge library while her mother cleaned the room.

Fired with a desire to bring education to her people, she was ready to enter Atlanta University at fifteen. A few years of teaching in Savannah convinced her that she wanted a school for Negro children in Augusta, where one was most needed, and she asked the Presbyterian Board of Missions for Freedmen for aid. They blessed her with their approval but gave no financial support.

Lucy Laney went to work anyway, beginning in the basement of a Church. Finding children for her school was no problem, but finding among the ragged and dirty urchins enough children who could pay her a few cents a week tuition was another matter. Miss Laney managed, and by the end of the second year she had two hundred and thirty-four pupils, many of them boarding with her, and she moved to a large, deserted house and barn she had been able to rent cheaply because it was supposed to be haunted.

The Presbyterian Mission Board was so impressed with her report that it allocated \$10,000 to her school, and during the third year a well-to-do visitor from the North donated a piece of land and another \$10,000 to erect the brick school in which Mary McLeod went to work in 1895.

When the slim, strong Mary

McLeod clasped hands with the short, rotund Lucy Laney, a deep friendship was born, and Mary's disappointment at not being able to go to Africa lost some of its sting. She found in Miss Laney's tireless effort and utter disregard for herself a new inspiration.

"Her school was a torchlight there in its community," was the younger woman's comment. "Still around it there were hundreds and hundreds of people who were not touched. I roomed on the third floor, and I could look out of my window into the alleyways of The Terry and see masses of unkempt children, just trying to find their way as best they could."

Mary McLeod could never look at dire need without doing something about it, and she went straight to Miss Laney.

"These children out in the streets need a Sunday mission school," she said, and the wise Miss Laney nodded her approval.

A nod of encouragement was all Mary needed, and she went into the alleys and back streets, taking her eighth graders with her for aides, and invited these children of the streets to come to Haines on Sunday afternoons. She gathered every bedraggled urchin who could be persuaded—the number eventually ran to a thousand—organized them into a choral group, sang hymns with them, taught them Bible stories, gave them religious tracts to take home.

Some other social workers in the city were attracted by the phenomenon, and they joined in teaching at the mission school. The faculty and upper-class students helped Miss McLeod collect clothes, soap, toothbrushes, combs, pins, towels, and knocked at the door of each child's home to preach the gospel of

cleanliness. Wherever they called, the day was a little brighter and the future a little more hopeful.

The next teaching assignment Mary received from the Presbyterian Board was in Sumter, at Kindell Institute, another church-supported school for Negroes.

During her two years at Kindell she kept almost nothing for herself, sending home her salary to pay off the mortgage and to help two of her sisters through Scotia. Her family sent her rice and meal so that she would have enough to eat, and in her off hours she did light house-keeping for extra money.

Not all of Mary McLeod's day was devoted to the somber side of life, to self-sacrifice and hard work. She was an attractive young lady with more than a fair share of suitors. She liked the company of young men, but they seldom measured up to her standards nor could they match her missionary zeal. Estella Roberts, who lived with her, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, was one of her fellow teachers and Estella determined to find a man who could qualify.

The two women had become fast friends at Kindell—both assigned there to teach, both joining the Presbyterian Church and singing in the choir.

One day a tall, handsome young man appeared at choir practice as a new tenor of the group and seated himself in the front row. The scheming Estella took one look and made it her business to meet him that same evening, promptly introducing him to Mary.

"Mary, dear, this is Mr. Albertus Bethune," she said with emphasis, and proceeded to drag information about himself from the young man. He had been a student at

Avery Institute of Charleston, but he hadn't finished college because he wanted to work at a dry-goods store in Sumter to help his brother through college.

"I am planning to go to Africa as a missionary as soon as I can obtain an assignment," Mary McLeod announced, lest any far-fetched notions pop into his head.

Within a few months Albertus Bethune was irrevocably in love with the vivacious, ambitious lady with the beautiful singing voice.

Mary, who at first had briefly and flatly spurned the attentions of this man, began to look forward to his company and finally consented to his friendship. Soon her interest had deepened into love, and during her second year at Sumter Mary McLeod and Albertus Bethune were married.

The bride and groom set out to make a home in Savannah, Georgia, where he had a teaching assignment.

Mary McLeod Bethune had thought that she would be able to find a teaching position in Savannah to supplement their meager income, but when she learned that she was to have a child of her own, all her plans changed. She would stay home and be a full-time mother!

For the first few months after Albert McLeod Bethune was born, all of Mary Bethune's time was taken up with caring for her infant son, but having a child of her own did not make her want to stay at home; instead, she felt a deeper concern for all children. She began to worry about Albert's education, his future, his opportunities. Would the world have anything to offer this Negro child unless she herself created his chances?

The consuming drive that burned within her would not let her rest. She must return to teaching; she must work for Negro children; she must found a school of her own. Although the baby was only nine months old, she persuaded her husband to let her go to Palatka, Florida, and take a teaching post in a mission school there.

Albertus Bethune was never as interested as his wife in education. To him it was a way to earn a living, and he could't understand that her soul was on fire.

"You are foolish to make sacrifices and build for nothing. Why not stop chasing around and stay put in a good job?" he would say.

He allowed her to depart for Florida, feeling certain that she would soon become discouraged and return to Savannah.

She rented a cottage on Lemon street in Palatka, found a former friend in town who would care for her baby during the day, and took up her teaching duties.

The school had been limping along on the verge of failure until Mrs. Bethune arrived and electrified it with her personality, her enthusiasm and imagination. So many children on the streets who needed to be helped! So many dirty, unruly youngsters growing up like little animals in the crowded, unsanitary slums assigned to Negroes. Every town in the Deep South seemed to tell the same story, with the railroad track dividing the town between black and white. In a short time the school had been reorganized, children were flocking in, and the Presbyterian Board had to send three more teachers to handle the crowd. But Mary dreamed of still greater armies of young people who

needed her help.

Her letters to her husband in Savannah were full of the excitement and yearning that she felt, and he realized that she would never come back; so he joined her in Palatka.

She went about her duties, still searching for a school of her own. Whenever she had a few dollars to spare, she would spend it on train fare to visit some nearby point where she had heard there was need of a school. None satisfied her. She even worked as an insurance collector to obtain a little more money.

Word reached her that Flagler was building the Florida East Coast Railroad as far as Miami and that Negro day laborers were congregating all down the coast along the site of the construction, living without leadership or restraint, almost like wild creatures

That might be the answer!

Bundling up her son, who was not yet five years old, and a few personal effects, she set out for Daytona Beach. When she stepped from the crowded, littered Jim Crow coach at Daytona and started to walk along the railroad platform, she saw that conditions were even worse than she had been warned to expect. The Flagler interests were using Negro labor because it was cheap, and what money the workmen did receive was spent on hard liquor, gambling, and carousing. They lived in a squalor no better than the worst days of slavery.

Mary McLeod Bethune walked on, away from the line of construction toward the shore, where the Halifax River flowed south along the coastline, cutting off a long, narrow peninsula of land on which

an occasional solitary home of some wealthy resorter stood carefully isolated from its neighbors, ignoring the confusion of the Negro quarters on the land side of the river.

Deep down inside of her a voice seemed to say, "This is the spot. This is the place for your school."

ON A PUBLIC DUMP

Mary McLeod Bethune had \$1.50 in her pocket and no place to spend the night, and she looked anxiously at the setting sun. She knew a family here, perhaps they would shelter her and her son.

Her friend, a Mrs. Warren, still lived at the same address and gladly invited her to stay with them until she was able to make other arrangements. She talked to them excitedly all through dinner. She was going to found a school for Negro girls! They shook their heads. It was not a good idea, they advised her, Negroes who forgot their place only brought trouble upon their own heads.

Mrs. Bethune held her peace, because she had known that as many Negroes as whites would be opposed to her plan. The next morning, taking young Albert by the hand, she started out with Mrs. Warren, trudging from door to door. Accepting, rebuff and insult as inevitable, she kept on without discouragement, seeking a building, a cottage, a shack, any available place in which to begin her school.

On Oak Street, an unpaved lane only three blocks long, lined on either side with jerry-built hovels, she turned in at number 529, because she had been told that the owner, John H. Williams, would be willing to rent the place.

He was sitting in a rocking chair on the porch when Mary McLeod Bethune walked up the path and explained her ambition.

"I can rent it to you for eleven dollars a month," he agreed.

When she admitted that she did not have that much money with her and would not have it until she could find a way to earn it, he smiled and nodded. There was something about her candid manner that made him say, "All right, I'll trust you for the rent. You may have the cottage."

The Oak Street cottage had four tiny rooms downstairs and a narrow porch across the front. There were three rooms upstairs, which Mrs. Bethune used for her living quarters. A sulphur well in the cellar furnished water; kerosene lamps provided light; and a toilet stood in the back yard.

Nothing could stop her now!

She worked at a furious pace getting the cottage ready so that her school could open in October, only a month after her arrival. With the help of sympathetic neighbors, she combed the dump heaps and refuse piles behind the resort hotels for cracked dishes, broken furniture, and bits of cloth. She went from one back door to another, begging for a broom, a lamp, discarded linen, or a few pennies. She burned logs and used the charred pieces for pencils, and boiled down elderberries to make ink. Boxes and inverted baskets served as chairs, and a large packing box was her desk.

"Everything was scoured and mended. This was part of the training: to salvage, to reconstruct, to make bricks without straw," was her own brief comment.

She baked sweet-potato pies and sold them to the workmen along the railroad tracks to supplement her income, and she canvassed the peninsula side of town one day a week for cash donations for her school.

On October 3, 1904, Daytona Educational and Industrial Training School for Negro Girls, Mary McLeod Bethune, Principal, was officially opened with five little girls aged from eight to twelve and one little boy, Albert McLeod Bethune. The parents of the girls had agreed to pay fifty cents a week tuition.

Mrs. Bethune had far more to do than teach those first students their letters. She mothered them and washed them and taught them manners. If they needed clothing, she begged the material from somewhere and made their dresses and underwear. In Florida at the turn of the century, even after Negroes had been given the rudiments of an education, they could hope only for menial employment. Mrs. Bethune faced facts, and she placed her greatest emphasis on industrial training. She taught her students cooking, housekeeping, and serving, so that they would be equipped to ask for the better-paying domestic jobs.

On opening day Mrs. Bethune had possessed not one cent to her name, and so she trained her girls to sing well enough to go around with her to meetings in Daytona and Ormond. Any heart that had not been softened by Mrs. Bethune's persuasive oratory would be melted by the childish voices raised in unison, and when the heart melted, the pocketbook usually opened.

One day she was scheduled to go with her singing group to the Ormond Hotel on the peninsula, and by that time she had made

friends with many of the wealthy white resorters. Henry J. Kaiser carried her group up the Halifax River in his boat so that they would not have to make the long journey around by land. In those days John D. Rockefeller was living at the Ormond Hotel, and he took an immediate fancy to the dark-brown children in blue skirts and white waists singing "Get You Ready" and "Swing Low," and remained a friend of the school until his death.

He loved Negro spiritual music, and after he built his own home on the peninsula, he used to invite Mrs. Bethune to bring her students to sing for him. He usually joined in the singing and beat time. Sometimes the group was ushered into his great circular drawing room where he had white guests, prominent members of the social set, who were all "shushed" to listen to his singers.

Their visits never went unrewarded, because his donations to the school were generous. The organ in the school was his gift, and long after his death his son John D. Rockefeller, Jr., head of the General Education Board, sent grants of money.

Back in Palatka, Albertus Bethune shook his head as he read letter after letter from his ambitious wife. At first they had been frank about the hardships but full of faith; now they were fraught with excitement and hope. Once more he decided to join her at her new location, and he came to Daytona to move into the second floor of the cottage on Oak Street. He found work driving a taxi—a horse and buggy then—and helped with her school.

In less than two years Mrs. Bethune had two hundred and fifty pupils, and she was using volunteer workers and a few paid teachers.

Desperate for space, Mrs Bethune rented a building next door and used it for a dormitory and classroom. Every penny she could scrape together went into the school and she wore old, mended clothes, cutting cardboard soles for her shoes when they wore through.

"I was supposed to keep the balance of the funds for my own pocket, but there never was any balance—only a yawning hole. At last I saw that our only solution was to stop renting space and to buy and build our own college."

There was never any lapse of time between the decision and the act where Mrs. Bethune was concerned. She started out at once to hunt for a piece of property, covering Colored Town from one end to the other without any luck. At last she found herself at the western rim of the colored section, looking at the city dump heap, littered with junk, reeking of decaying garbage, swampy and mosquito-infested.

There was a place that no one was using !

She called on the owner at once

"Why do you want to buy that piece of land ?" he asked in amazement. "It's only a public dump heap."

"A dump heap ?" said Mrs Bethune, clasping her hands together and blessing him with one of her winning smiles. "Why, that's not what I see there. I see armies of happy boys and girls going out into life full of hope and faith and knowledge."

He agreed to sell her the land for two hundred dollars, five dollars down and the balance within two years. She hurried away.

"He never knew it, but I didn't

have five dollars," she wrote of the transaction. "I promised to be back in a few days with the initial payment. I raised this sum selling ice cream and sweet-potato pies to the workmen on construction jobs, and I took the owner his money in small change wrapped in my handkerchief."

She also took her group of singing girls around to the churches and hotels to perform at fund-raising programs, where she gave speeches to explain the tremendous need for education among the Negroes of the South.

"I had learned already that one of my most important jobs was to be a good beggar! I rang doorbells and tackled cold prospects without a lead. I wrote articles for whoever would print them, distributed leaflets, rode interminable miles of dusty roads on my old bicycle, invaded churches, clubs, lodges, chambers of commerce. If a prospect refused to make a contribution, I would say, 'Thank you for your time.' No matter how deep my hurt, I always smiled. I refused to be discouraged, for neither God nor man can use a discouraged person."

She knew, too, that a school has to be properly organized on a business basis, with a board of trustees to govern it, a board with both Negro and white members.

As she looked through the society columns of a Florida paper, watching for wealthy winter vacationers, she spotted the name of James N. Gamble, of Proctor & Gamble, and promptly wrote him a letter about her school.

"Please call at noon tomorrow," came back his reply.

When she was ushered in, the

man looked up with frank surprise and said, "Are you the woman trying to build a school here? Why, I thought you were a white woman."

The jet-black Mary Bethune burst out laughing, "Well, you see how white I am."

Without wasting a minute of his time, she told him how desperate the need for such a school was and asked him to be one of its trustees. Mr. Gamble was obviously interested, but he hesitated.

"Why don't you come and visit the school?" she suggested eagerly.

The idea appealed to him, and he agreed to be there the next day.

Mr. Gamble was tall and slim, elderly, white-haired, and benign in manner, and he drove up in an antique car chauffeured by another white-haired, benign old gentleman. He looked about him in amazement at the project she had called a "school," staring at the wooden-crate desk, at the students in their altered, mended, and patched dresses.

"And where is this school of which you wish me to be a trustee?" he demanded.

"In my mind, Mr. Gamble!" Mrs. Bethune announced proudly. "And in my soul."

So gracious and kindly a man could not help but admire such courage, and he agreed instantly to become a trustee of the school that existed only in the mind of its creator, handing her a check for one hundred and fifty dollars as a starter.

From then on the industrialist and the educator were partners, and the first project they planned was an inspection day at Oak Street, to which a whole list of

prospective trustees and patrons were invited.

The visitors came to the cottage to inspect the dry-goods boxes, charcoal pencils, and handiwork of the students before assembling to watch the exercises. With Mrs. Bethune presiding, the girls who had been running wild only a short time before stood before their visitors to recite and sing, and so impressive was their performance that immediately after the termination of the program the guests elected a chairman, a board of trustees, a secretary and treasurer, and agreed to make their organization permanent.

COWS, MULES, AND PIGS

To meet her monthly payment on the property, reclaim the land, and erect a new building, Mrs. Bethune's begging efforts had to be doubled and redoubled.

"I hung on to contractors' coat-tails, begging for loads of sand and second-hand bricks. I went to all the carpenters, mechanics, and plasterers in town, pleading with them to contribute a few hours' work in the evenings in exchange for sandwiches and tuition for their children and themselves."

She went from meeting to meeting, speaking and pleading, taking her pupils with her to sing and recite. She planned what she hoped would be a large gathering of wealthy people at the Palmetto Hotel, one of Daytona's most exclusive resort spots, but because of conflicting social activities only six persons appeared to listen to her. She went ahead with her program anyway, speaking as eloquently to the six as though they were six thousand; and when the collection plate went around one gentleman dropped in a twenty dollar bill. It looked like twenty thousand!

She had no idea who her benefactor was, but she was profoundly impressed by his dignified bearing, his gray hair and carefully barbered beard.

One day as she cycled along, a huge automobile drew to a stop at her side, and in it sat the bearded gentleman who had given her the twenty dollars.

"Aren't you the one I saw with the children at the Palmetto Hotel?"

Without further conversation, he instructed his chauffeur to put her bicycle in the back of the car and together they drove to her new school on Second Avenue.

"I am Thomas H. White of Cleveland," he told her and she had no idea that he was the manufacturer of the White sewing machines.

He looked around, as every other visitor had done before him, at the unfinished construction, some walls lathed but not plastered, at the homemade mattresses on the beds—for Mrs. Bethune had had to gather Spanish moss from the trees, boil it, dry it, and stuff it into corn sacks for mattresses.

Seeing a box of meal standing in a corner, he asked, "What else is there to eat?"

"That's all we have at the moment," Mrs. Bethune explained.

He returned to Mrs. Bethune abruptly and said, "I believe you are on the right track. This is the most promising thing I've seen in Florida."

He handed her a check for two hundred dollars.

"Oh, two hundred dollars!" Mrs. Bethune's heart sang. "I wept, called the children in for a special meeting. We knelt and thanked God. He came back the next day with an architect and carpenter, and they brought materials and plaster to put on the walls. And he said, 'I will have bathrooms put in.' He bought pillow slips, sheets."

Time and again he would just drop in with a few pairs of shoes, or blankets, or whatever else seemed necessary.

When he died, he left the school a trust fund of \$67,000, the income from which was to be paid, "as long as there is a school".

That first building on Second Avenue was of wood, painted white, four stories high, with an open porch across the second-floor level. Over the entrance were emblazoned the words: "Enter To Learn". And over the same door, on the inside "Depart To Serve".

Faith Hall, named for the Faith Hall of Scotia Seminary, opened officially in 1907, it had been "prayed up, sung up, and talked up," in two years. Yet, opening a building had solved nothing but the space and shelter problems. Clinging to Mrs. Bethune's skirts and hands were two hundred and fifty girls, depending upon her to dress and feed them.

"Let man have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle and over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth," was all the guidance Mary Bethune needed. She took dominion over her land and made it work for her students. The field across the street from Faith Hall was planted with vegetables, strawberries, flowers, sugar cane.

The vegetables, fruits, and flowers were sold to tourists. The girls did their own gardening as part of their regular curriculum; they gathered the cane, crushed it in a cane press, and used the syrup to sweeten their food.

In 1908 Mrs. Bethune changed the name of her school to Daytona Educational Industrial Training School, and a few boys were taken as students.

That same year saw, in the midst of all its strain and worry, the excitement of another great Negro personality, when Booker T. Washington visited the school, bringing encouragement and inspiration with him.

Born a slave, Booker T. Washington had no exact record of his birth, but he was about fifty when he visited Daytona. *Up From Slavery* he had called the story of his own life, because as a child he had prayed with his elders for victory for the Northern armies, had lived through the struggle for an education, devouring any printed matter he could get his hands on, hitchhiking from one state to another in search of a school that would admit him, working his way through Hampton Institute in Virginia. Like Mrs. Bethune, he had remained in the South, going to Alabama in response to an appeal for a teacher from Negro leaders of Tuskegee town to found Tuskegee Institute in the midst of the most deplorable conditions.

By the time he visited Mrs. Bethune's school, Tuskegee Institute, which had begun with a shanty and a hen house, one teacher and thirty students, had more than sixty buildings, hundreds of acres of land, and strong financial support.

During his stay, Dr. Washington spoke at a public meeting held in

the armory building in Daytona. Hundreds, both black and white, packed the hall and packed the streets around the hall to hear him, for he had bridged the gap between the races in a way that even the most bigoted white had to acknowledge was constructive. He asked both whites and Negroes to be patient with one another.

"Some day we will have more Negro doctors, lawyers, statesmen, scientists, as well as more artisans and better farmers," Mrs. Bethune and Dr. Washington dreamed together. "Some day the Negro will be allowed to live in peace and safety, in dignity and culture. He will be allowed to attend the best universities—"

MERCY SPOT

Life at Mrs. Bethune's school was never to be easy. There would always be a gnawing worry over money, for as soon as funds came in, they were swallowed up by unpaid teachers' salaries, grocery bills, repairs, supplies; and the creditors who were still unsatisfied would ask bluntly, "When do you expect some more money?"

She always replied calmly, "You know we always pay, you will get your money soon".

But progress was ever forward. The scholastic level of the school grew higher and higher, for the five original students who had started as first graders were sixth graders in 1910. Older children had come in later and were still further along. It was Mrs. Bethune's purpose to promote her students so that each class completed formed the next higher grade, until it was possible to have a graduating class from the eighth grade. Soon she was able to give work at a high-school level.

Mary McLeod Bethune wanted to reach everyone; so she planned evening classes for adult Negroes, to lift them out of their dismal illiteracy and teach them to live more wholesomely. She invited their drab cabins, taught them to paint the walls, put curtains on the windows, rugs on the floors. As soon as the parents of her students were persuaded to come to school to learn their letters, she added the rudiments of art and music to their curriculum. Upon being shown how to draw, one elderly lady said, "I never knew that you could make flowers like that on paper."

She was left to handle alone her monumental task and the raising of her son shortly after moving into Faith Hall, when her husband obtained a teaching post in a nearby city. A man with his education was, of course, not satisfied with the employment he had been able to obtain in Daytona, and it seemed wise for him to accept the new position, even though it meant that the family would be separated.

Albert, Junior, remained with his mother and attended classes at her school until he was old enough for a man's institute.

The Daytona Educational Industrial Training School was more than a school, it was a light in the midst of darkness; it was a great social mission from which workers went out in every direction into the shadowy by ways of vice and destitution.

When Mrs. Bethune's first took up residence in Daytona, she had heard rumors of conditions in the turpentine camps, and she stored the information in the back of her memory. By 1911 she had students who were old enough and sufficiently trained to help her tackle the problem.

Turpentine is made from the sap of the slash pine, and Florida, especially in the northern half of the state, has miles and miles of such pine forests.

A manufacturer would buy a large tract of pine forest, build a few shanties and distilleries, then round up the ne'er-do-wells and riffraff in the area, pay them low wages, guarantee them all the rum they could drink, and set them to work gathering turpentine. Drunkenness, ribaldry, immorality, and sickness were rampant, and what women and children were with the men soon succumbed to the conditions.

Gathering a group of her older students together one Sunday afternoon Mrs. Bethune started for a turpentine camp only three miles from Daytona.

The first shanty they saw was obviously the source of the rum. Negroes sprawled on the ground nearby. One, barely able to remain on his feet, lurched toward the visiting party with a raucous laugh. Mrs. Bethune brushed past him when she saw a ragged, unkempt woman hiding timidly behind a tree. Mrs. Bethune approached her and held out a hand of mercy.

"Where are the children? Who is caring for them?" she demanded.

The woman made a hopeless gesture with her hand toward the forest.

"All about," she answered in a dead, flat voice.

Mrs. Bethune and her disciples found one shanty that would serve as a church, and she gathered into a meeting as many as would come. They laughed, they jeered, they

invented vulgar jokes; some even brought their rum bottles, lest thirst overtake them during the meeting.

Patiently, gently, Mary McLeod Bethune sang the first note of a hymn in her unforgettable rich contralto, and her students joined their voices with hers. As the music grew into a crescendo, the jeering and laughter died down; rum bottles were eased quietly to the floor. She finished the hymn and sang another. With their attention secured, Mrs. Bethune spoke to them in simple, eloquent words about the evil of their lives. She planned to come back every Sunday afternoon to read and sing to them, she promised, and some day she would open a school, which she hoped every child in the camp would attend.

Eventually she was able to start the school and the children did come, eagerly learning to sing, to sew, to play organized games, to read and write. Once she had made contact with the children, she went into their homes to teach the parents cleanliness, wholesome cooking, sober living.

Within five years Mrs. Bethune had a chain of mission schools, the Tomoka Missions, operating throughout the turpentine camps, staffed by her own students. The children in the camp were receiving three months' schooling every year; the workmen were getting higher wages, doing considerably less drinking or none at all, and saving their surplus money.

The smallest episode or an isolated incident could fire Mrs. Bethune's imagination with an idea for a whole new civic program.

She was called hurriedly to the bedside of a student, to find the youngster doubled up with abdomi-

nal pain and running a high temperature. She did not have to be a doctor to see that the sufferer was stricken with acute appendicitis and must have an operation immediately. Thereby hung another tragedy. No hospitals for Negroes!

"I went to a local hospital and begged a white physician to take her in and operate," she related. "My pleas were so desperate he finally agreed."

In a day or two Mrs. Bethune reappeared at the door of the hospital and asked to see her pupil. She found her girl segregated on a porch behind the kitchen.

Others might submit meekly to this injustice, but she did not intend to; Daytona Negroes must have a hospital. So she hurried back to her office and began writing letters to her most faithful supporters. There was a frame cottage on the street in back of Faith Hall, she explained, that would make an excellent hospital building, total cost to be about five thousand dollars. Would they please help her buy it? The funds began to come in, and when she had raised about four thousand dollars, Andrew Carnegie sent her the last thousand.

McLeod Hospital became a source of mercy for the entire east coast. Starting with two beds in 1911, in a few years she had a well-equipped, twenty-bed hospital, with both Negro and white physicians and her own student nurses. Her school operated the hospital for twenty years, until Daytona finally consented to provide a hospital for Negroes on the same grounds as the city hospital.

A year after she had started the first turpentine mission, and four years after Booker T. Washington's visit to her school, Mrs. Bethune

attended a conference at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. Through this renewed association with Dr. Washington she caught another vision: the community conference.

When Dr. Washington first went into Alabama to found Tuskegee, he had to teach his people everything from brushing their teeth to running their farms, and he depended heavily on having one teach another. So, early in the life of his school, he started holding annual experience meetings, the Tuskegee Negro Conferences. To them came farmers from far and wide to give testimony to their progress, thanks to help received from their adored and venerated Dr. Washington and his associates.

Intensive research in agriculture was conducted at Tuskegee all the time, and as fast as new knowledge was discovered, it was passed on to all who could be persuaded to accept it.

Mary McLeod Bethune, until now more or less cut off from the rest of the world because of the demands made upon her by her own school, thought she would not be able to stand the excitement of hearing of the progress of Negroes all over the United States. Emancipation had occurred only half a century before, yet as a result of the tremendous efforts of their own leaders, Negroes could boast of owning their own farms, of being able to read and write, of operating Negro banks, drugstores, retail shops, and wholesale establishments.

Mrs. Bethune met Dr. George Washington Carver at that conference, and promptly acquired another hero.

The slightly built, humble, sweet-dispositioned scientist had

been at Tuskegee since 1896, when he had joined the staff to take charge of the Agriculture Department. Dr. Carver investigated every weed that grew by the roadside for its edibility or medicinal value. When he saw a pumpkin plant growing lustily in a garbage heap, he hit upon the idea of using organic waste for fertilizer. He took the unknown and unnoticed soybean into his laboratory and discovered its high food value. He looked at the soil of the South made barren by years of planting nothing but cotton and realized that the South needed new crops and rotation of crops. One of the most widely known of Dr. Carver's new crops was the peanut plant. He found that the peanut contains more protein than sirloin steak, more carbohydrates than potatoes, better fat than butter. In order to create a demand for the new crop so that farmers would plant it, he worked night and day to develop dishes made from peanuts and to discover new peanut products.

Together, Dr. Carver and Mrs. Bethune received honorary degrees of Doctor of Science from Tuskegee Institute.

Mrs. Bethune returned to Daytona and planned, organized, and brought into being a conference and baby show for all of Volusia County, the county in which Daytona is located. Prizes were given for the finest vegetables, jellies, and needlework. The women proudly presented their babies to show how well cared-for they were, or they met together to exchange ideas and listen to advice on baby care. Mrs. Bethune also offered a prize of a new rake and hoe for the best-kept cabin and yard, and that gave her the excuse she needed, before the conference, to drive around the county on inspection tours, viewing litter with a fierce eye.

The Negroes derived so much instruction in better living from that first conference that the idea soon spread to three counties. The competitive spirit of the conferences made them want more attractive homes, better gardens, healthier children.

ANY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

By 1914 Daytona Educational Industrial Training School was offering a full high-school course and turning out graduates every spring in homemaking, teaching, cooking, and nursing.

Faith Hall had become much too small and inadequate for its tasks. One frame building could no longer be residence hall, school, kitchen, laundry, and chapel. Mrs. Bethune began to extend her dreaming again. A new building? Ah, yes! It would be of brick this time. It would be large, much larger than Faith Hall, with modern conveniences, plumbing, electric lights, offices for principal and dean, classrooms for the bulging enrolment, and a chapel for worship.

The money for this edifice? She had raised money for Faith Hall and for the hospital; she could, with God's help, raise more. She would go to her wealthy white friends and explain this newest dream, this tremendous need.

"Please, dear Lord," she began to pray. "Give me the power to convince these people that I need the money."

God gave her such powers of persuasion that she needed to talk to only two persons: Thomas H. White and James N. Gamble. They provided the entire amount.

"What are you going to call this new building?" she was asked.

"White Hall, of course," she responded quickly.

Like all of her projects, this new building was destined to serve the entire community. Every Sunday afternoon the residents of Daytona came to the college chapel for a worship service.

Mrs. Bethune, shortly after opening Faith Hall, had started holding inter-racial services at three o'clock every Sunday. The students sang hymns, recited poems both classical and original: Mrs. Bethune or another faculty member gave a short sermon and led in prayer. Spontaneous and unplanned, the spiritual vitality of the meetings attracted larger and larger crowds from both sides of the Halifax River, until newcomers had to stand outside on the porch.

The new chapel meant that the Sunday afternoon services could be expanded and all guests accommodated.

The meetings are still popular in Daytona. Any Sunday afternoon will see resorters strolling or driving across the bridge that spans the river, and across the railroad tracks, to Second Avenue for fraternal worship. Through its Sunday afternoon meetings, Bethune-Cookman College has become one of the greatest inter-racial laboratories in the entire South. People of all races, creeds, and colors sit side by side.

THE KU KLUX KLAN

The mingling of races in the chapel at Daytona Educational Industrial Training School was a small part of a greater movement toward understanding that was taking place all over the United States. At the turn of the century America was discovering the Negro, his folk tales and legends, his work

songs and spirituals. The fox trot, ragtime, "blues" music, the Charleston, jazz all grew out of Negro rhythms and folk songs. The Negro has contributed as much to American culture as the Pilgrims, the Spanish explorers, the French settlers, and all the other types who melted together to create a new nation.

But the picture of the Negro's contributions has been clouded by hatred and crime. During the first decade of the twentieth century terrible race riots and lynchings occurred. But each year there were fewer lynchings, until in 1950 there were only two.

When Negro leaders met in conference to discuss their problems, the reason for the decreased number of lynchings and riots and for the increased racial understanding became evident. The Negro's educational level was rising, and with it his resistance to violence and his insistence on the protection afforded by the law. By 1900 a million and a half Negro children were in school, with nearly thirty thousand Negro teachers instructing them, and there were thirty-four Negro colleges and universities.

Negroes' progress in obtaining civil rights was helped still further when Theodore Roosevelt became President in that year. He took a vigorous personal interest in their welfare, encouraged them to greater effort, became a close friend of Booker T. Washington, and even visited Tuskegee. During his two terms in office, Americans of Negro descent began once more to experience real progress along the road to equality.

When the United States declared war on Germany in 1917, Negro leaders alerted the masses to the fact that they were as liable to be drafted into service as any white

man; that they were expected to be as patriotic and devoted to their country even though in many areas they were deprived of their civil rights.

Under the Selective Service Act of 1917, over two million Negroes were registered and over three hundred thousand of them were called into active service.

The record of valor and courage which they made for themselves, in spite of being segregated into separate regiments, won them the respect and admiration of thousands of new friends.

The Negro's civilian life within the United States was altered by the war, too. When factories converted into making war materials, they needed more workers than were available, and they had to employ Negroes. That started a vast migration of Negroes from the South to Northern cities, where they could hope for better wages and a chance to use their skills in industry.

Mrs. Bethune watched with alarm the migration of many of her own young people because she realized that when the war was over they would be the first to be thrown out of work.

Her son was at Morehouse College in Atlanta, Georgia, and she wondered how he would respond to the lure of money. He was doing well in college, and she didn't want him to be tempted away from his studies. Happily for her, he remained at college during World War I; he joined the Reserve Officers Training Corps, a subdivision of the army with units at colleges and universities to train younger men for future positions as reserve officers in the regular Army.

Mrs. Bethune raised funds and traveled for the Red Cross, sometimes lecturing on a few hours' notice, in Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia.

As soon as the war was over, she was back giving her full time to the school and the community of Daytona. The school was forever in need of money, and the race situation in Florida demanded exquisite diplomacy. Contrasted with the generous white residents who gave constantly and fully of their support, advice, and encouragement were the bigoted whites who felt that the Negro must be kept in his "place," that any effort to help him was liable to encourage him to get "out of hand."

The Ku Klux Klan was an ever-present menace. The Klan had started in Pulaski, Tennessee, in 1866, when a group of young men, some of them Civil War veterans, all penniless as a result of the war, depressed and in need of diversion, were sitting around the evening spoiling for ways to entertain themselves. They decided to form a club, and one of them said, "What about the Greek word *kyklos*, meaning circle?"

Laughing, joking, bandying comment about, they finally divided the word into Ku Klux and added Klan. At first they spent their time making nuisances of themselves, dressed in long white gowns, white masks, and mounted on horses with muffled feet.

In another year the tragedy of Reconstruction had begun. Carpetbaggers were hurrying south to exploit the inexperienced, uneducated Negroes. Fear of being governed by the slaves they had themselves mistreated filled every white heart. When large numbers of Negroes began to be elected to state legislatures and to hold other

public offices, white populations, in some instances in the minority, thought the end of civilization had come.

One night some Negroes saw a group of Ku Kluxers riding by in their white costumes along a lonely road and reported that they had seen a troop of ghosts. The idea caught on like an inspiration and spread from state to state. Keep the Negroes from voting and holding office by terrorizing them.

The secret, cruel world of the Klan grew like a mushroom, and the atrocities it committed became more and more inhumane. It burned down the Negro schools and whipped and drove out of town those whites who had come South to teach in them. It beat, tortured, and killed Negroes, burning and looting their homes. It whipped whites who refused to join the Klan, and it kept up these outrages for years.

"Faith and courage!" was Mrs. Bethune's reiterated advice whenever the subject of the Klan was mentioned. "Patience and fortitude. Social changes cannot happen quickly. We are making progress."

The South found other ways and means to keep the Negro away from the polls on Election Day.

It used the poll tax, a fee of \$1 or \$2 that must be paid well in advance of Election Day by the person wishing to vote. To a share-cropper who earned as little as \$100 a year, a fee of \$1 was sufficient to keep him out of politics. Florida enacted a poll tax in 1885 and did not repeal it until 1937. Five Southern states still enforce a poll tax.

Another device for disfranchising the Negro is the "white primary."

Primary elections, in which candidates are nominated to run for office in the general elections, are held separately by the two major parties. In a state where one party is overwhelmingly strong, usually the Democratic Party in the South, to win in the primary election is as good as being elected in November. In many Southern states the Democratic Party enforced the simple rule that no Negro could vote in Democratic Party primaries. This ruse kept the Negroes away from the polls in a long list of Southern states until 1944, when the United States Supreme Court ruled that the "white primary" was unconstitutional.

Mrs. Bethune went right on educating, encouraging, and arousing the Negroes to think about their constitutional rights and their own betterment, and an Election Day never went by that she did not appear at the polls, with a group of dark-brown Americans determined to vote.

"INVEST IN A HUMAN SOUL"

Daytona Educational Industrial Training School was giving grades two years above high school by 1921.

The school had several buildings by that time. The second brick building, the library, stood across the street from White Hall. Mrs. Bethune was not satisfied. She knew Faith Hall had become an overcrowded firetrap, no longer a safe place for the girls to sleep.

She stood in front of White Hall one day beside her secretary, Harold V. Lucas, and others of her staff, and pointed toward a stretch of swampy ground.

"I see a brick building," she said. "Fireproof, with shower baths, sitting rooms, electric lights.

I see a new home for my girls. I must go and write some letters."

No one argued with her when she was in a "building" mood, for all had learned long ago not to contradict her visions.

Mrs. Flora D. Curtis, of Buffalo, a white tourist living out her remaining days in Daytona, made one of her regular visits to Second Avenue to buy carrots from the school garden. Crotchety, bothered by a delicate stomach that required freshly picked carrots and peas, Mrs. Curtis would fuss and fume over the selection of ten cents' worth of carrots, and then go to the office to pay Mrs. Bethune for them.

On her shopping trip to the school in 1921, she stopped in Mrs. Bethune's office and said, "This is my last year in Daytona. I won't be coming down here any more."

Mrs. Bethune expressed regrets.

"How much have I spent on carrots all these years?" asked Mrs. Curtis.

A scrupulous keeper of records, Mrs. Bethune told her the amount immediately and gave her the date for each time spent.

Mrs. Curtis could only stare in amazed admiration.

"Could you please send me your school paper each month?" she asked. "If anything happens to me, I may have some money."

Mrs. Curtis died shortly after that episode, and when her will was read, she had left the school \$40,000, half the amount needed to build the new dormitory. This third brick building was named Curtis Hall in honor of the benefactor.

Mary McLeod Bethune stood alone at the age of forty-eight, with thousands of others depending upon her wisdom and spiritual strength. Her husband had died in 1919, and her son was a grown man with his own life to live. If at times she longed for the strength of another person to lean upon, there was no hint of it in her personality.

She had been watching the fate of Cookman Institute, a men's college in Jacksonville, Florida, that was trying without too much success to compete with two other colleges nearby. In spite of having taken in boys many years before, her own school until then had been largely a girls' school, and she wanted it to become co-educational. Cookman was run by the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church North. In 1923 plans were put into action to merge the two colleges, and in March 1925 they were completed. The new co-educational school was called Daytona Cookman Collegiate Institute.

In 1924, a group of Mrs. Bethune's friends and admirers presented her with a trip to Europe, and she spent eight happy weeks wandering through Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, England, and Scotland. In Rome she was received by the Pope and given his special blessing. When she reached London, she found that the Lord Mayor and his wife were waiting to receive her and in Edinburgh, the Lord Provost and Lady McLeod. She came back to Daytona refreshed and happy, her vision widened by all the new sights and personalities she had experienced.

The name of her school was changed once more, when her trustees protested that her own name should be memorialized. She consented, and the school became

Bethune-Cookman College.

At her half-century mark, Mary McLeod Bethune was really just beginning her ascendancy as an outstanding American educator and a leader in humanitarianism, her influence was being felt in wider and wider circles, and the force of her personality was reaching individuals in every walk of life all over the country. Although her figure had grown heavier and a streak of white showed in her jet-black pompadour, fifty years did not seem to have reduced her limitless supply of energy. She could still outwork her associates, with no regard for herself.

Nineteen-twenty eight found her in California for the annual meeting of the National Association of Colored Women, of which she was president. She had been active in this group for several years, ever since the day its chairman had allowed her to speak to the meeting on behalf of her school in Florida. She made such a profound impression on that first occasion that the president, Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, hurried to her after the meeting and said, 'You have just the characteristics to make you a good president of the National Association of Colored Women, and I hope I'll live long enough to see the day when you will be.'

Whenever Mary McLeod Bethune spoke, the most vibrant qualities in her personality became evident. She would stand silent for a moment, head tilted slightly upward, as though waiting for a message from above. Eyes half closed, she would intone the first words, and her audience saw the missionary, the spiritual messenger, heard the deep, rich resonance of a voice that was almost bass. Using short sentences and clear-cut thoughts, moving slowly at first, building up a gradual crescendo

until she reached a high-speed excitement that carried everyone with her on a wave of emotion, gradually slowing at the close of her speech, leaving her listeners with a deep sense of benediction, Mrs. Bethune stretched out her expressive hands and closed them quickly as though to turn off the sounds of her own voice

She had pleaded eloquently for underprivileged colored girls. She wanted more help for them; they were human souls in distress

The association members waited in silence for a moment, then burst into round after round of enthusiastic applause.

With the speakers on the platform sat a modest white woman, aging hands folded in her lap. Too discreet to show any emotion, she smiled happily all the time Mrs. Bethune was speaking.

This guest of honor was Mary Crissman, the Quaker woman who believed in giving one-tenth of her income to charity and who had provided Mary McLeod's scholarships to Scotia Seminary and to Moody Bible Institute. She had lived to see her investment return dividends a thousandfold. Few eyes were dry.

"Invest in a human soul," Mrs. Bethune begged her audience. "Who knows? It might be a diamond in the rough."

ADVISER TO THE PRESIDENT

As Mrs. Bethune's personality unfolded to reveal her true greatness and she moved inevitably out into the main stream of national affairs, she was in wide demand as a speaker, and she used her eloquence at every opportunity to plead for inter-racial good will.

"There is no superior or inferior race," she said again and again.

"The Negro has made his contribution to American culture and to the world, and this contribution is represented through the Negro's patience, tolerance, forgiveness, and love... In order to know which way a tree is growing, we must watch the upper branches: those of the race who have accomplished something and are leaders. The race should be judged by that group rather than the masses who have not had their chance to develop."

She gave generously of her time to every organization that was working for the promotion of racial understanding.

The National Urban League was one of these. Started in 1910 by a group of white social workers to improve conditions of Negroes in New York, its motto "Not alms but opportunity," the National Urban League has expanded its membership and responsibilities until today it has branches in nearly sixty cities manned almost entirely by Negro social workers. It helps unemployed Negroes to find work, persuading both labor unions and white employers to accept them; it operates day nurseries for the children of working mothers, neighborhood clubs and playgrounds, and does what it can to raise living standards in Negro quarters of American cities.

Mrs. Bethune became affiliated with the National Urban League just after World War I when, in 1920, she was elected to its Executive Board to take the place of Mrs. Booker T. Washington, who had died a short time before. The other members of the board found her to be, not militant, as they had feared, but wise, patient, persuasive, and possessed of excep-

tional vision where the future of race relations in America was concerned.

Mrs. Bethune was a diplomatic link between the Negro world and the white, and whenever a white individual or group asked her what the Negro wants, she would reply without hesitation :

"Protection that is guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States and which he has a right to expect, the opportunity for development equal to that of any other American; to be understood; and finally, to make an appreciable contribution to the growth of a better America and a better world."

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was another group to which Mrs. Bethune gave her help. It, too, began in New York, a year before the National Urban League, but the N.A.A.C.P. concentrated most of its efforts on legal work to obtain civil rights for the Negro through the courts. Since its founding, the N.A.A.C.P. has made a brilliant record for itself. Between 1915 and 1950 its attorneys won twenty-eight out of thirty-one cases before the United States Supreme Court, decisions outlawing the white primary, ending segregation laws in many cities, forbidding the use in court of confessions obtained by torture, eliminating Jim Crow regulations on interstate trains and buses, permitting Negro students to enter many white colleges.

Mrs. Bethune's friendship with Walter White began when she became a vice president of the N.A.A.C.P. in the late 1930's, since he was executive secretary of the organization. Walter White's blue eyes, blond hair, and white skin draw stares of amazement when he announces that he is a Negro.

Coming out of Georgia in the Deep South, having narrowly escaped being lynched on more than one occasion, he came North after World War I to take a low-salaried post with the N. A. A. C. P., and ultimately he rose to be its chief executive officer. His entire life has been one of dedication to the Negro cause.

The 1920's, that had been years of prosperity, were not to last; in the fall of 1929 the stock market crashed and the whole American economy began a downward plunge into a deep and tragic depression. The depression left youth all over the country without opportunity of hope. If there was no hope for even the upper levels, what about Negroes?

As the depression reached its lowest point, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected President. After he had been in office a short while, Negroes began to hear talk of a "new deal".

Mrs. Bethune was accustomed to conferring with Presidents by then, in November 1930 she had been invited by President Hoover to the general session of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, and the following year to the President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, with his extraordinary gift of being able to pick exactly the right person for a job, asked her to serve on the Advisory Committee of the National Youth Administration that was just then being set up.

N.Y.A.'s purpose was two-fold: to give part-time employment to students in schools, colleges, and universities, so that they could continue their education; and to give both training and full employment

to idle young people who were not in school.

The unforgettable day came when Mary McLeod Bethune was to sit in conference with the President of the United States and give him a report on minority group activities of the N.Y.A.

"In many parts of the South the fifteen-dollar or twenty-dollar check each month means real salvation for thousands of Negro young people," the daughter of slaves explained to President. "We are bringing life and spirit to these many thousands who for so long have been in darkness. I speak, Mr. President, not as Mrs. Bethune but as the voice of fourteen million Americans who seek to achieve full citizenship. We want to continue to open doors for these millions."

Tears were coursing down the President's cheeks when she finished. He leaned across the table and grasped her hands in both of his.

"Mrs. Bethune," he said, "I am glad I am able to contribute something to help make a better life for your people. I want to assure you that I will continue to do my best for them in every way."

Shortly after she began her work with the President, a signal honor was paid to Mrs. Bethune by the N.A.A.C.P., announced in a letter from the organization's secretary:

May 29, 1935

Dear Mrs. Bethune:

It is with profound pleasure that I have the honor to advise you that the Spingarn Medal Award Committee has selected you as the 1935 Medalist.

May I extend both official and

personal congratulations to you upon this well-merited recognition of your devoted services...

Ever sincerely,
WALTER WHITE
Secretary

Mrs. Bethune laid the letter down carefully after she had read it. Deep within her still lurked the barefoot cotton picker who so desperately wanted to learn to read and who wept so profusely when she was told there would be a school for her. That little girl still went wild with joy when fortune smiled at her, still fell on her knees and thanked the sky. The dignified lady of sixty smiled and touched a buzzer to summon her secretary so that she could dictate her reply.

The Spingarn Award is a much-coveted gold medal presented year by the N.A.A.C.P. "for the highest or noblest achievement by an American Negro during the preceding year or years." It has been given to such outstanding Negroes as George Washington Carver, the scientist; Roland Hayes, the tenor; James Weldon Johnson, author and diplomat; Carter G. Woodson, historian and founder of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History; Walter White, Executive Secretary of the N.A.A.C.P.; Marian Anderson, contralto; A. Philip Randolph, labor leader; William H. Hastie, governor of the Virgin Islands; Dr. Percy L. Julian, research chemist; William E. Burghardt DuBois, author and founder of the Pan-African Congress; Ralph J. Bunche, the United Nations mediator in Palestine, and winner of the Nobel Peace Award in 1950; and other notables.

Mrs. Bethune traveled to St. Louis at the end of June to receive, before a vast audience in the municipal auditorium, the gold

medal on which was embossed a figure holding the scales of justice in one hand and the sword of courage in the other.

Her acceptance speech, "Breaking the Bars to Brotherhood," carried her listeners along on its spiritual message, as her strong, protruding jaw seemed to protrude a little farther and her heavy features tightened with determination. "To be worthy of being included in the illustrious group of Springarn Medalists... one must respond to the stimulus of this occasion with a spirit of rededication to service, reconsecration to the needs of the people... the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has spent its efforts almost wholly in clearing the way for the race, in breaking the dead branches from the paths of opportunity... The law of life is the law of co-operation... If we would make way for social and political justice and the larger brotherhood, we must co-operate. Racial cohesiveness means making a rope of all of the achievements of those who have had education and advantages, until we reach the lowest man in the stratum of the masses. Unless the people have vision, they perish.."

Her audience strained forward as she increased her speed and accelerated her emotional appeal. Many were hearing her for the first time, and while they had known of her miraculous achievements, they had not been exposed to her dynamic personality before.

Miss Josephine Roche, then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was the next speaker, and when she finished, two large bouquets were sent to the platform, one presented to Mrs. Bethune and the other to Miss Roche. There was tremendous applause, and as if by inspiration the two women, one black and the other white, turned and embraced

each other.

Josephine Roche had been assisting President Roosevelt to set up the N.Y.A., and she had her eye out constantly for talent. She left the St. Louis meeting convinced that Mrs. Bethune could handle far more responsibility than had been demanded of her by her work on the advisory committee.

When Mrs. Bethune received an invitation to another conference with the President, her heart gave a leap. How much more would he be willing to do for the down-trodden? How much more would she be allowed to do?

When she reached Washington she hurried directly to the office of Aubrey Williams, National Youth Administrator. His usually dour face lighted up with a smile when she entered, and he greeted her with the news:

"The President has decided to set up an office of Minority Affairs of N.Y.A., and you are to be its administrator."

Sobered and humbled by the immensity of the responsibility, Mrs. Bethune took a startled step backward and protested, "I can't do that. I have to look after my college."

"I'm afraid you'll have to," he told her. "Do you realize this is the first such post created for a Negro woman in the United States?"

She sank down into a chair as her exceptional vision lighted up the vistas of the future, and she nodded her agreement. She had overcome so many insurmountable barriers in her life; surely she could do this, as long as her faith held. Yes, she would have to do it, because she was paving the way for

other Negro women who came after her.

Her new Washington post proved a blessing, because there was a salary attached. One of the first economies she had enacted at the school when the depression struck had been to discontinue her own salary completely. Other teacher and staff salaries had been reduced, and there had been times when she had not known how she would meet her payroll. Now she could send a large portion of her salary to Daytona every month to defray school expenses.

As soon as she took up her duties, her administrative ability was felt, and young American Negroes, on learning that they had a champion in the federal government, lifted up their heads and began to hope.

The N.Y.A. had a local administrator in each state, and Mrs. Bethune traveled all over the country, visiting the various schools and projects that had been set up for Negroes, investigating new situations that ought to have a project

One of the first steps she took before going into the field for the N.Y.A. was to call a conference in Washington of all Negro leaders, so that she could have the benefit of their combined experiences, and out of that conference grew many of her plans for Negro youth for the next ten years.

Under the supervision six hundred thousand Negro young people were benefited. N.Y.A. work projects employed nearly twenty thousand in clearing playgrounds and parks, building dormitories and schoolhouses, repairing roads, and helping in forest conservation. They took pride in the fact that what they received, they had earned

The money in their pockets wasn't dole. Those in schools were able to learn trades in the Resident Vocational Training Projects in agriculture, shop work, dressmaking, nursing, child care, in exchange for their board and tuition.

To travel thirty-five thousand miles, speak at more than forty meetings in twenty-odd states in a single year, along with her duties in Washington, was a typical record for this woman in her sixties.

All she lived that kind of schedule for ten years, still finding time through it all to worry about, and work out, administrative problems of Bethune-Cookman College.

Whenever political machinations in Washington threatened to curtail the funds for N.Y.A., she would hurry back to the capital to confer with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Congress at one point was determined to whittle costs, and a \$100,000 graduate-training fund in the N.Y.A. appeared doomed.

Mrs. Bethune hurried to President Roosevelt's office, and because she knew how busy he was, she began to tell him quickly and briefly about the dangers of bringing such a fund to an end. She became so excited and so concerned that she jumped out of her chair and shook her finger in his face shouting

"Think what a terrible tragedy it would be for America if by this action by a committee of Congress, Negroes would be deprived of the leadership of skilled and trained members of their race!"

Horried to find herself speaking so harshly to the President of the United States, she apologized

"Oh, Mr. President, I didn't mean to become so emotional."

The President smiled graciously, "I understand thoroughly, Mrs. Bethune. My heart is with you."

The following week Congress renewed the full grant to the National Youth Administration program.

NATIONWIDE INFLUENCE

While she was her busiest in the early formative years of the National Youth Administration, the founder of Bethune-Cookman College created her second great idea: The National Council of Negro Women.

Traveling all over the United States, consulting with every top-notch Negro leader, discovering all sorts of Negro-betterment organizations, some of them overlapping their efforts, she realized that Negro women and their local groups needed a clearinghouse for their efforts. In 1935 she called together representatives of a dozen or more women's associations and laid before them her plans for the National Council. Its membership was to represent all communities: civic, church, labor, education, professions; and its goal would be to improve opportunities in every field: better housing, better working conditions, higher standards of living, equal educational opportunities, civil rights—to remove the second-class label from the American Negro.

The idea caught on and spread like wildfire, the membership rolls mounted; and the National Council grew into a powerful organization that today has reached and influenced nearly a million women from every state in the Union. It has been responsible for bringing to public attention a host of brilliant

and cultured Negro women such as Dr. Dorothy Boulding Ferebee, one of Mrs. Bethune's physicians who ultimately succeeded her as president of the National Council, and Mrs. Edith Sampson, the Chicago attorney who in 1949 went on the round-the-world trip of America's Town Meeting of the Air, and the following year was appointed an alternate delegate from the United States to the United Nations General Assembly, the first Negro to hold such a post.

The early days of the Council were not easy, for, among other things, it had no adequate place of its own in which to meet, and no funds to speak of. Mrs. Bethune heard that a house on Vermont Avenue in Washington, D C was for sale, and she and two or three others found that they could scrape together from their personal funds the \$800 necessary for the down payment. Ten thousand dollars more would be needed, and Mrs. Bethune decided to ask Marshall Field III for the money.

Off she went to his office, and what transpired between Marshall Field III, heir to the department-store millions, and the passionate crusader is not known. In spite of his wealth, Marshall Field was a hard worker all his life, one who had a keen interest in child welfare and other causes. His selfless disposition showed in a sensitive, finely featured face and a kindly manner, and he must have enjoyed interviewing Mary McLeod Bethune. In any event, she returned to her friends an hour later in triumph, flourishing a check for \$10,000.

The year following the founding of the National Council, Mrs. Bethune was elected president of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. The founder of the Association, Carter G. Woodson, had been the son of slaves in

Virginia and he had had difficulties similar to Mrs. Bethune's in obtaining an education. He began his career as a teacher, first in high school and later in Howard University, doing writing and research in the history of the Negro in his spare time. When he discovered that few, if any, publishers would accept books on Negro subjects, he organized his own publishing company and the association of which Mrs. Bethune became president in 1936.

The presidency was really an honorary position, since Dr. Woodson, as director, did the bulk of the work. Mrs. Bethune's name brought it tremendous prestige, and her vast following among people of modest means attracted to the Association a large volume of small donations. Until her election, Dr. Woodson had had to depend upon large grants from a few wealthy sources such as the Carnegie Corporation, Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, and the Rockefeller Foundation. Mrs. Bethune's influence helped to create a broader financial base upon which to rest the Association's work.

One more year brought the Drexel Award, when Xavier University in New Orleans, Louisiana, at its commencement exercises presented Mrs. Bethune with a gold medal "for distinguished service and devotion in the cause of humanity and the betterment of her fellow men." Xavier University was founded by the sisters of the Blessed Sacrament especially for work among Indians and colored people.

During her years in Washington with the N.Y.A. Mrs. Bethune became one of the most influential women in the United States, and to the Negroes a beacon light. She brought them together, crystallized their efforts, gave them a sense of

direction.

Realizing how successful her first conference of Negro leaders had been, she organized another such meeting in 1937, naming it the National Conference on Problems of the Negro and Negro Youth. She was able to call on high places for support of the project; Mrs. Roosevelt was the principal speaker at the opening session, and Aubrey Williams was another; altogether about a hundred prominent persons blessed it with their presences. President Roosevelt sent a message of encouragement.

A THIRTY-FIVE YEAR RECKONING

Thirty-five years had passed since the young searcher after her mission in life had stood in the midst of Colored Town in Daytona and had chosen it as the place for her school. Bethune-Cookman was a full-fledged junior college in 1939, having been able to drop its high-school courses four years earlier.

But Mrs. Bethune was still dreaming, still planning. The library was inadequate, too small a building, and now nearly enough books. She and others were now busy raising funds for a Harrison Rhodes Memorial Library.

Harrison Garfield Rhodes, the writer, best known for his dramatization of *Ruggles of Red Gap*, had been a friend of the college for years and had remembered it generously in his will. Rather penurious in his living, his excuse had always been that he wanted to save as much money as possible for his bequest to the college.

After several years of fund raising, the new library was erected and named for Harrison Rhodes. Today it is one of the largest and most complete libraries available to

Negroes in the Southeast.

A second reckoning loomed large in that milestone year when Mary McLeod Bethune, who had been called "indestructible" by one of her physicians, startled everybody with the news that she must undergo an operation. She had been distressed by a severe asthmatic condition for years, and the doctors of Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, where she had gone for a complete checkup, decided that an operation would have to be performed on her nasal passages.

In spite of the almost universal affection in which she was held, in spite of her high rank in the national government, Mrs. Bethune was confronted by the specter of Jim Crow the minute she set foot inside the hospital. Johns Hopkins had no private rooms for Negroes in the surgical or medical divisions, where she belonged, but did manage to find one for her in the gynecological department.

Mrs. Bethune had never been a spokesman for herself; she was a torchbearer for others. She asked for a Negro surgeon when she discovered that every nurse and doctor on the staff was white.

"There are two distinguished Negro physicians in the city," she persisted. "Can you let them participate, or at least observe the work?"

She won her point. Both men were invited, and ever since that time there have been Negro doctors on the staff of Johns Hopkins.

Creature of faith though she was, a thread of sorrow began to run through Mrs. Bethune's diary when she heard reports on her radio of world affairs.

War clouds, never completely

cleared away after World War I, had been gathering over Europe for several years. The tide of militarism was rising slowly but steadily under Mussolini in Italy and Hitler in Germany.

Mrs. Bethune shuddered when she realized how far the hate virus could spread. She must get back to work, increase her schedule, cover more meetings, write more letters, watch over her young people, raise the campaign against hatred.

TWO PROTESTS

As the war in Europe spread, the attention of America was to be called again and again to the way it treated its minority groups, particularly its largest minority, the brown-skinned Americans.

American industry stepped up its production and, as had happened in World War I, southern Negroes again migrated north in large numbers to such manufacturing centers as New York, Detroit, Chicago, and San Francisco.

In the twenty years between World War I and World War II they had raised their literacy rate to ninety per cent. They had developed their own universities and colleges, turning out thousands of graduates. They were no longer the traditional superstitious farm hands, easily frightened by white-hooded night riders, but doctors, nurses, teachers, mechanics, bankers, scientists, writers, artists, craftsmen; and they wanted an equal chance to use their training.

"Having come, in three hundred years in America," said Mrs. Bethune from behind her N.Y.A. desk in Washington, "through most of the hardships and sufferings, oppressions and denials that mark the experience of the white race for

over a thousand years, the Negro in America faces a crucial period in his history. He is now at the crossroads where he is ready to turn down the road, where he will forever drop from his shoulders the burdensome mantle of slavery and assume the rights and privileges of a full Christian life and citizenship with his fellow Americans. Today the Negro faces the problem of participation in national defense.... It is no secret that the program for national defense has not lowered its bars sufficiently for the proper inclusion and integration of Negroes into it."

- In New York City one of "Mrs Bethune's boys", A. Philip Randolph, a Columbia Institute graduate, decided to go into action and organize an effective protest.

Randolph saw the Negroes were not being allowed their fair share of jobs in defense plants, and he went up and down the streets of the Negro sections in New York and Chicago, asking the single question. "What are you going to do about it?"

He talked to sleepwalkers, businessmen, housewives, students

"What about it," he asked again and again. "Do you want a job in a defense industry? We need to let the government know that Negroes are willing to give their lives for their country, but we also want to have the right to earn a living in industry at home."

He found them willing to respond, and before long he had rallied a huge following.

"We will march on Washington," he told them as their excitement mounted. "We will rise up from every part of the United States and march on the national capital in mass protest and demand fair

treatment in industry."

The March-On-Washington Movement, with A. Philip Randolph as its national director, grew at a high rate of speed. This peaceful revolution was their first attempt at mass expression, and it must succeed.

In less than four months the efforts to organize an army of marchers had reached such proportions that President Roosevelt called Randolph and Walter White into conference. Being in such close touch with the grave international situation, realizing that at any moment the United States might become involved in the war as a participant, the President knew full well how dangerous it would be to ignore or misdirect a movement involving thirteen million Americans. And he realized, too, how justified their protest was.

"You can't do it this time," he said to Randolph. "You mustn't go ahead with your march."

The adroit labor leader was forced to tell the President that the march would most certainly take place unless something was done to prevent it, something that would mean justice for Negroes. After considerable thought, the President agreed to act, and he kept his promise, writing Executive Order 8802, which abolished discrimination because of "race, creed, color, or national origin" in both industry and the federal government.

Order 8802, issued on June, 25, 1941, was the crowning achievement of the March-On-Washington Movement, and when Randolph and his associates were informed of it, they agreed to call off the March.

GLOBAL WAR

From the moment when, on

that grim December 7, the news flashed over the United States that the Navy had been bombed at Pearl Harbor, Mrs. Bethune rededicated herself to humanity and country, her long workday was increased, her travels intensified, her concern for her school deepened.

Bethune-Cookman, like all the other Negro colleges, was full of young people eager to join up: in the Armed Services, in industry, in civilian responsibilities. She intended to do all she could to open opportunities for them, and her strategic position in the N.Y.A., keeping her in touch with Negro youth all over the country as well as with the government, made it possible for her to do a great deal.

The shock of Pearl Harbor, followed by the talk that America was going to war to end totalitarianism and oppression in other lands, awakened the national conscience to the state of affairs at home. The kind of discrimination that was being practiced against the Negro was creating a divided and weakened country, and a weakened democracy might not be able to win a war against such great powers as Germany and Japan. Even the bigots were reached by this logic.

Alert Negro leaders read the temper of the times. They had been keeping alive the March-On-Washington Movement membership with meetings and tolerance campaigns, and they were ready to act when the time was right. If America was willing at last to extend a helping hand to her minorities, they were ready to reaffirm their loyalty to America and challenge her to give them, in return, union membership, a chance to serve in the Army and Navy, jobs in war plants.

Mrs Bethune was past retirement age and only five feet six

inches high, but on the speaker's platform the loomed tall and strong and had the power to impart that strength to others, making them rise out of their seats and cheer until the rafters rang.

She went from meeting to meeting—Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, Cincinnati—to Nashville, Tennessee, in April 1942 to receive the Thomas Jefferson Award, a gold medal presented by the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, for "outstanding service in the field of human welfare in line with the philosophy of Thomas Jefferson"

Her doctors warned her to slow down. Her asthma attacks were becoming more severe, sometimes lasting as long as two hours, leaving her prostrate and exhausted. She always promised to obey, then forgot the promise as quickly as it was made. So many needed her!

Wherever she traveled, even in the South, she saw taboos crumbling away in total mobilization, because they had become more inconvenient to the white man than to the colored. Often she herself broke taboos deliberately when she thought it necessary, because the years had brought her privilege, and she could walk in and sit down where no Negro had sat before. She broke some segregation laws because she didn't have time to worry about them.

Once she was sitting in the airport of Atlanta, Georgia, chatting with a white soldier to pass the time, when an Atlanta policeman came up and said, "You can't sit here."

She replied, "I am quite all right, thank 'you.'"

The young white soldier snapped at the policeman, "Let this woman alone. This is the sort of thing we are fighting for, and this woman

is fighting with us for that end."

She thanked God she had been allowed to live long enough to hear those words.

The spring after Pearl Harbor, Congress passed a bill creating the Women's Army Corps, and two days later it was announced that Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby of Texas had been appointed director. The representatives of several Negro groups and lobbies in Washington objected strenuously to her appointment, fearing that, since she was a Southerner, Negro women who wished to enlist would not receive fair treatment. The National Council of Negro Women asked the Secretary of War to appoint Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune as Assistant Director of the WAAC, later known as the WAC.

Oveta Culp Hobby, wife of a former governor of Texas, and Executive Vice President of the *Houston Post*, belonged to the new South, the younger generation that wanted to see an end to the old divisions, and she generously accepted Mrs. Bethune when she was loaned by the N.Y.A. to be a Special Assistant to the Secretary of War, to aid in the selection of Negro WAC officer candidates.

Ambitious as both Mrs. Hobby and Mrs. Bethune were, they had to face the fact that the WAC was part and parcel of the United States Army, and, in the Army, segregation was the order of the day. They had to accept the idea of separate units and do everything possible to see that Negroes received the same treatment as whites.

Mrs. Bethune was really in on the ground floor when she went to Fort Des Moines to consult with Lieutenant Colonel Hobby in selecting the first officer candidates. Her influence reached far beyond the

bounds of the Women's Army Corps. When she saw a situation she didn't like, she spoke up; and when she spoke, she was heard in high places. If she saw a Negro youth being discriminated against in war industries, or denied equal and adequate training in schools, her complaints were carried by the leading newspapers.

Through the darkness of the war years she could see a persistent ray of light. She knew that the concerted effort of vast numbers of the new generation, both Negro and white, was bearing rich fruit when the U.S. Navy announced that it would accept Negro enlistments in categories other than mess attendants. Another two years of agitation, and Negro women were admitted to the WAVES and SPARS.

The war years transported hundreds of thousands all over the United States who had never traveled more than a few miles in their lives. Northerners were sent into the South to military camps or industries, Southerners went north. Americans were given a chance to become acquainted with one another, and a new understanding was born, not of despair but of knowledge. Twentieth-century America had neither the time nor the patience for eighteenth-century customs.

No one will ever really know how much Mrs. Bethune did for the war effort, because her contribution cannot be measured. It reached far back into the N.Y.A. years, when her remarkable foresight built equipment and trained personnel needs during the war. At her insistence, an N.Y.A. unit at Crispus Attucks High School in Indianapolis had installed a casting and forging unit and a machine-tool and foundry unit. Young men trained at that machinery stepped into essential jobs with the

Link Belt Company, to make treads for tanks. The Higgins Industries drew N.Y.A.-trained craftsmen from Xavier University in New Orleans, to produce PT boats. There were similar instances in South Charleston, West Virginia, with radio-electrical workers; Jacksonville, Florida; Houston and Dallas, Texas.

She worked on a special committee with Walter White and Channing Tobias to help in setting up hospitals, and they succeeded in preventing segregated hospitals in New York City and Chicago. General George C. Marshall sent her on a special inspection tour of the general hospitals to check on morale, attitude, and conditions.

Beloved, respected, and honored, Negro and white alike seemed to compete with one another to do her honor with radio appearances, banquets, testimonials, and medals. The summer of 1945 found her at McDill Field in Florida on the reviewing stand with Colonel R. J. Burt, Commanding Officer of the Engineering Aviation Unit Training Center, while the parade held in her honor by men of the E. A. U. T. C. passed in review. She was dinner guest at the mess hall of the squadron afterward, where the men presented her with a huge bouquet of flowers.

WORKING FOR WORLD PEACE

Long before the end of the war, international leaders began to lay the groundwork for peace.

By the spring of 1945 General MacArthur's troops had recaptured the Philippines, Allied victory on the continent of Europe was not far off, and plans for a conference of forty-six (ultimately fifty) nations to draw up a permanent charter for the United Nations were well under way. This conference was

to be held in San Francisco.

To allow for the participation of as many people as possible in a conference that was to write a plan affecting all the peoples of the world, a host of consultants and advisers was invited to assist each delegation, and while the delegates themselves would make the final decisions they had the benefit of specialized advice from every level of interest. Forty-two organizations were invited to send consultants to the American delegation. Labor, agriculture, industry, educational and religious groups were represented. Walter White represented the N. A. A. C. P., with Mrs. Bethune as alternate.

Mrs. Bethune was still very much driven by her responsibilities in the war effort and hampered by her asthma. After hearing of her appointment to the San Francisco Conference and obtaining permission to have Dr. Ferebee make the trip with her so that her asthma attacks would not impede her work, she hurried to Texas to speak at Wiley and Bishop College in Marshall, Sam Houston College in Austin, and a mass meeting in Dallas. Dr. James Lowell Hall, an asthma specialist, at that time Superintendent of Freedmen's Hospital in Washington, D. C., accompanied her to Texas, sitting in the audience whenever she spoke so that he could signal her to stop speaking at the end of twenty minutes.

At the home of a friend in Dallas she heard the news of President Roosevelt's death. When she was able to collect herself, she sent an eloquent telegram to Mrs. Roosevelt and boarded a plane for Washington, discovering at the end of the dreary flight that the President's body would be brought to Washington the next day and that she was to appear on a nation

wide memorial radio program to speak for minority groups.

The funeral services were held in the East Room of the White House. On one side Mrs. Roosevelt and her family sat in the gold-brocaded chairs of honor, the new President, Harry S. Truman, and his family, Foreign Minister Anthony Eden and other diplomats, representatives and delegations, and among them Mary McLeod Bethune.

Still grief-stricken, the eyes of the world turned upon California less than two weeks later, on April 25, 1945, to watch with hope and prayer as four hundred delegates and some fifteen hundred consultants, secretaries, bodyguards, reporters, and observers gathered in the San Francisco Opera House, to write the charter for the United Nations Organization.

When Mary McLeod Bethune went to San Francisco, she was taking her rightful place among the outstanding personalities of the world. She was especially interested in the sections working on human rights and on the trusteeship; to be established over colonies that had been formerly owned by the Axis powers. Her great value lay, not in any profound or extensive knowledge, but in her expertness in getting on with people. She was a speaker who always had her audience with her, a suave diplomat, a prodigious writer of letters, who was actually meeting with a host of friends when she went to San Francisco. Her contacts had already been made with the Far Eastern and Middle Eastern peoples; her files were full of letters from Burma, India, Syria, Indonesia, the Philippines, Ceylon, the Caribbean.

Mr. White, Dr. DuBois, the third representative for the

N.A.A.C.P., and Mrs. Bethune went to the West Coast with high hopes for a World Bill of Rights.

Their influence was both felt and respected. They sat in conference after conference, helping to write, rewrite, and revise each sentence and paragraph of the charter. They met with the press and with Negro groups that came to the city to be in closer touch with those who were working on the inside.

Mrs. Bethune did not remain for the final session. When she had done as much as she could, she left one of her alternates in her seat and returned East.

Tired and ill, she leaned heavily on Dr. Ferebee's arm as they mounted the steps of the Council House on Vermont Avenue. Her face was lighted by a smile and her eyes glistened with happiness as a result of all she had done and witnessed. She knew the trend of the times was at last toward racial equality. Soon there would be an end to separate entrances and knocking on back doors. Three years later her optimism was still further vindicated when the United Nations General Assembly issued its Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

TODAY IN A WHITE MAN'S WORLD

Mrs. Bethune has watched the parade of history pass by since Reconstruction days. She has seen the American Negro make startling and heroic progress in the face of every disadvantage, emerging as an individual of culture, dignity, and talent. She and other Negro leaders of today hope that another fifty years will bring him a greater participation in his own government, equal opportunity to enter the best universities, professions, and trades,

and completed its appearance of segregation in work, school, church, and community.

Today in the white man's world Mrs. Bethune has, as an individual, completely broken through the barriers of race, and her associates of every description find it difficult to remember what color she is.

The touch of her hand will be forever on the community of Daytona, where she has reclaimed both land and souls. West of B-C campus, rows of attractive, low-priced houses have replaced the unhealthy shanties of a few years ago. This is Pinchaven, another of Mrs. Bethune's achievements. In the 1930's, when the Works Progress Administration was distributing funds for slum-clearance programs, she thought immediately of Colored Town, conferred with housing officials in other cities, then hurried back to Daytona to call a huge mass meeting. Everyone wanted slum-clearance project, but no one knew what to do about it until "Mother" Bethune directed them to form a housing authority, select an executive secretary, and make application to the government for funds.

In 1938 the first low-rent units were completed, admitting only tenants whose income was less than \$3000 a year and charging \$10 to \$37 monthly rent. In a few months the units were filled with families who had never before in their lives enjoyed electric lights or flush toilets. Sixty-six more units went up a year later, and there are others under construction.

That accomplished, Mrs. Bethune turned her attention to the fact that Negroes of Daytona did not have any beach. Some Negro children grew up without ever having seen the ocean. Approaching two or three of her influential and sympathetic white friends, she per-

suaded them to acquire two and a half miles of ocean front, which is now being developed as a resort section for Negroes, with summer cottages, bathing pavilions, and hotels—the Volusia Beach Project.

The indomitable Mrs. Bethune never remained at the Council House for long at a time: too many commitments in one state or another. The State Teachers Association invited her to address one of its meetings in Columbia, South Carolina, at the city Auditorium; and South Carolina's favorite and most outstanding daughter drew hundreds besides the Association members who applauded their palms red for Mary Jane McLeod. With her on the platform were prominent leaders of both races, among them a slim, white-haired lady who came forward when Mrs. Bethune had finished speaking and threw her arms around her and kissed her. She was Miss Essie Wilson, daughter of the man who had owned Mrs. Bethune's mother.

In February 1949, Mrs. Bethune went to Winter Park, Florida to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities from Rollins College, having already been granted honorary degrees by nine other colleges.

"Please rest a little; be more cautious," her doctors pleaded, knowing full well they were talking to the west wind, because she had just been invited to spend ten days in Haiti as a guest of the government.

"Queen Mary" Bethune stepped from a Pan American clipper at Port-au-Prince, the Haitian capital, on July 12, 1949, to plunge into a schedule of conferences, tours, reception, dinners, and homage. President and Mme. Dumarsais Estime held a full-dress reception for her at the National Palace; the

Minister of Foreign Affairs did the same; the American Embassy gave a luncheon. She went into the rural areas on an escorted tour of schools, farms, orphanages, and baby clinics, and the crowning event of her visit was receiving Haiti's highest award, the gold Medal of Honor and Merit, with its blue center and white enameled cross.

In the autumn she stepped down as president of the National Council of Negro Women, handing the gavel she herself had created and held for so many years to Dr. Dorothy Boulding Ferebee, in a gathering of brilliant, first-magnitude personalities. The fourteenth annual convention of the National Council—its theme, "World Citizenship through Human Understanding"—lasted for three days in November 1949, and ended in a gala meeting in the auditorium of the Labor Department in Washington. Mrs. Bethune called it "International Night" to commemorate the fourth anniversary of the founding of the United Nations.

The entire two front rows were filled with members of various embassies. President Harry S. Truman, whose schedule usually allows him to make only a late arrival and an early departure, arrived at eight-thirty and remained through the entire affair. On the speakers' platform with Mrs. Bethune and the President were Dr. Ralph Bunche, Maurice J. Tobin, Secretary of Labor, Aubrey Williams, and other notables.

Dressed in a long black velvet gown, her snow-white hair glistening under the intense television lights, the Haitian cross suspended around her neck, white gardenias on her shoulder, her program broadcast to the world over the "Voice of America." Mary McLeod

Bethune had truly reached her zenith on this night as she presided.

Her theme when she addressed the audience was the Universal Declaration of Human Rights evolved by the United Nations. "Let us not be too impatient at the seemingly slow progress we are now making toward the goal of world peace," she cautioned her illustrious listeners.

On her seventy-fifth birthday, telegrams and letters of congratulations flooded in from publishers, legislators, Supreme Court justices, churchmen, scientists, labor leaders, businessmen, humble field hands—all begging to be counted.

The following year she was elected president of the Central Life Insurance Company in Tampa.

She sits in the councils of the great, and she is mother to the lowly, for she has never lost her touch with the common people. When she returned to Mayesville, South Carolina, for a visit in 1950, she was as much at home in the share-cropper cabins as she is in the White House.

She walked along the dirt road she had covered so often on her way to school and looked across the fields where she had once picked two hundred fifty pounds of cotton a day. The McLeod cabin was gone, and the only monument that marked its place was a solitary fig tree. She made a pilgrimage to the school that Miss Wilson had created and found it in a woeful state of disrepair. After more than sixty years, it was still the only school open to the Negro children of Mayesville.

She shook her aged head. There was so much yet to be done! Unequal educational opportunities, inadequate housing, poverty!

The white mansions of the
cistwhile slave owners were gone ;
their whole era had passed. How
she had once been held in awe by
the huge, two-story-high pillars of
the old Wilson estate ! When she
remembered the childhood episode
in the play-house of the Wilson
grandchildren, she knew that deep

down in her secret heart there
remains a lingering prayer : that
the day may come when no child
anywhere in the world will have to
flinch under the stinging words,

“Put down that book. *You*
can't read !”
