

Correspondence.

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Dear Friends at Home:

Would you like to hear how Butler's election as governor of Massachusetts was accepted by the world within this college? There was a rush to the reading room to get the news the morning after the returns had come in, and the commotion all day was not complimentary to the new governor, not even the Democrats rejoicing in his election, though taking great pride in the prospect of other State elections. That evening one of the corridors on the fourth floor was draped in black shawls, and the excitement that had been kept under all day found vent in an uproar that took no notice of bells. The result was a very polite request from the President next morning, that the fourth floor girls and all who took part in the demonstration of the night before should remain in chapel for a few moments. What those girls had to hear during those few moments will ever be a secret to outsiders. The subject was brought up with considerable ingenuity by one of the history teachers in her lecture, on the Aryans and the Northern Barbarians. Someway she brought them to Plymouth, and raised up the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and then finished by saying, "Read Butler's speech from the balcony of the Revere House, and the editorial in yesterday's *Advertiser*, and be thankful, those of you who come from the west and south, from Oregon and the Isles of the ocean, that you do not belong to the disgraced State of Massachusetts." A round of applause greeted the lecturer, and I heard a girl from Savannah, sitting near say, Butler stole spoons in New Orleans, I should think these northern Democrats would be ashamed.

Last Saturday evening the chapel was crowded to hear Dr. Newcomb, the naturalist of the *Jeanette* expedition, give an account of the weary months spent in the Arctic regions. His lecture was accompanied by panoramic views, and he told the story in the simplest way, omitting almost all that might have been pathetic passages.

Sunday there was a Presbyterian minister from Philadelphia, who talked very earnestly from "I have finished my work," and Monday

evening Dr. John Lord, the author of "Lord's Old Roman World," gave a lecture on Henry IV. and the Huguenots. Dr. Lord has been lecturing for fifty years on historical subjects, and though looking as if he might be seventy five years old, reads his lecture with great animation and energy. His lecture was in the brilliant style of the "Roman World," a copy of which, in the library, is more thumbed than any other work on history. He is to give a series of lectures here this winter on subjects connected with the department of history.

To-day a most unexpected treat fell to the lot of Wellesley girls, of which it may be well to give a little explanation. When Nilsson first sang in Boston, only a few were permitted to go, and it was whispered if the girls would be good some great singer should come out and sing to them. This morning Miss Freeman smilingly announced that Miss Emma C. Thursby would sing in the chapel at noon, and for every one to be in readiness when the long bell sounded. At 11:45 she came, accompanied by Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Harvard, president of the board of visitors for Wellesley, Mrs. Ole Bull and little daughter and Max Strakooch. There were more in the party, perhaps as distinguished, but we did not hear their names. They were received by the Beethoven Society, and shortly after shown to front seats in the chapel. Miss Thursby went immediately upon the platform with the pianist, laughing all the while, perhaps at the novelty of singing before dinner to a crowd of enthusiastic school girls, who clapped their hands so vigorously that they scarcely gave her a chance to begin. She pulled at her gloves, talked to the pianist and nodded to her friends in the front chairs till the girls went wild again. She was repeatedly brought back by their enthusiasm, until she had sung six times, twice in Italian, once in German and two English songs, one of which, "Wherefore am I singing," was more heartily received than any other. It was very kind of her, when she gets a thousand dollars a night for no more than she sang to the Wellesley girls, who were, perhaps, as much interested in the singer as in the songs she sang. She wore a black satin walking dress, a black velvet hat trimmed with a white bird and long white veil which she had twisted about her neck and

tan colored gloves. Prof. Horsford is a short thick man with a bald head, and Strakooch is tall, and also very bald, and speaks English in such a way that when he announced, from his seat at the piano, the German name of a song, and said in English it is called, "It is a dream," his English was almost as Dutch as the German. Miss Edwards, one of the Wellesley music teachers, was led up to the piano, on the platform, and played a sonata. Prof. Morse gave some grand music on the organ, and the midday musical treat was over. Miss Jencks came down the aisle telling the girls to rise, and the party passed out, followed by the faculty; Strakooch kissing Ole Bull's little daughter as he went. Dinner was spread for them in the reception room, after which they saw the sights about the college. The precious things in the library were shown them, and of some fine Greek books, one gentleman said, "I don't know anything about them," Miss Thursby looked up brightly, saying, "I'm sure I don't."

The Bible lessons were put back an hour, and the crowd of girls that always sit upon the stairs and about the Bible reference library studying their lessons so devoutly just before the 2:5 bell, were, to-day, whispering more of trills and echoes than the anger of Moses.

Prince and Prof. Ladru Royal, so well known to many HERALD readers, visited the Oregon girls at Wellesley yesterday afternoon. Mr. Royal has a brother studying medicine in Boston, and is himself pastor of a Methodist church in that city for the winter.

MARY STUMP.

From Bro. T. F. Campbell.

EMINENCE, KY.,

Nov. 15, 1882.

My visit to Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky, was barren of results, except a few empty compliments to the matter and manner of my lectures.

I was elegantly entertained by the brethren who showed me the greatest kindness. Bro. Geo. Darsie is their preacher. The church is in a flourishing condition. They have a good building erected chiefly, if not entirely by that noble woman, Sister Tubbman, of Georgia.

I learn that she has built a house of worship in Augusta, Georgia, which cost her eighty thousand dollars, and that the preacher gets \$200 per month, paid chiefly by

her. You may remember she gave \$50,000 to Bethany College.

While in Frankfort, I visited the penitentiary in which are confined more than six hundred convicts, most of whom are negroes. There are over thirty female prisoners—negroes.

About four hundred of these criminals, are kept constantly at work on the railroads of the State, while the remainder are at work in the shops in the prison. Blacksmithing, shoemaking, wagonmaking and making chairs, were the principal pursuits. I heard no complaint of ruinous competition by convict labor. It is evident the State should utilize their skill and industry, but in such form as to do as little harm to free labor as possible.

I came to this place on Saturday. I preached to a good audience Sunday at 11 A. M., also 7 P. M. I am continuing the meeting, having spoken Monday and Tuesday evenings.

Winter is setting in, and I am beginning to wish myself in the warm and delightful climate of the Willamette.

It is not expedient for me to return just now, so I must be content to labor for a season in this part of the moral vineyard.

The church building at this place is new and very commodious. The congregation is large and wealthy. I may "go into winter quarters," with them. I shall know in a few days. Love to all the dear brethren.

Yours in the truth,

T. F. CAMPBELL.

Report From Bro. Spriggs.

SALEM, OR., NOV. 27, 1882.

Ed. *Christian Herald*:

We have just closed a meeting of five week's continuance, without a break of a single night. Bro. Shadle, of Portland, preached one excellent discourse, and Bro. S. C. Adams, two. With the exceptions named, I have preached every night and twice on each Lord's day during the meeting, and feel at the close like I could take up a six week's siege. Our meeting was a good one—good for the church—good for the preacher, and good because of the salvation of souls. Our ingathering was not large—there being thirteen added during the meeting. But we have cast bread upon the water which we expect to see after many days. Seed has been sown that we know