

**EDUCATIONAL**

**HOW MAY WE ENCOURAGE THE STUDY OF N. C. HISTORY?**

Address by Judge Walter Clark, of the North Carolina Supreme Court, at Annual Meeting of State Teachers' Assembly, Wrightsville, N. C., June 14, 1901.

When you have the schools, and the leisure to teach history, then you must make it interesting to the pupils.

Articles, brief and striking, should be written upon the most salient points of our history—comes of history, so to speak. Something in that line has been done by Mr. Greey and some others. Such gems well set will attract the boy or girl when grave compilations like those of Dr. Hawks, Col. Wheeler and others will repel.

Then if possible, the eye should be appealed to by paintings and engravings. In every Massachusetts school book, in every Massachusetts library and public building you will find engravings of the notable events in her history and of the great men who have led her people on all great occasions.

There you will find placed before the eye of childhood the representation of the landing from the Mayflower upon that rock-bound coast in the depth of winter, the flight of the British from Lexington, the death of Warren, the scenes in her Indian wars, the pictures of Adams, of Hancock and Webster. What Massachusetts child ever forgets the native land which produced such men or the spots where such events occurred?

They have the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620. What North Carolina school books, what North Carolina school room or public building impresses upon the minds of childhood that other scene thirty-five years earlier when the first English settlement was made upon our shores at Roanoke Island? Not amid the snows on a barren coast, as at Plymouth Rock, but in the middle of a semi-tropical summer, with the great cypresses, hung with moss, as sentinels of the historic scenes and odors of Araby the Blest, wafted from the shores of this new land of plenty.

In Massachusetts books every striking scene in King Philip's war and in the Pequot war is not only recorded by the pens of facile writers but the painter's brush and the engraver's tools have faithfully preserved the features of each locality and imagination has restored the features, the arms and the dress of the actors in each stirring scene.

What pen or pencil or engraving or brush brings to the plastic minds of our children the scenes of our own Indian wars? There is that expedition by Governor Lane up the Roanoke in search of the gold supposed to lie at its source. Between Hamilton and Williamson he was suddenly assailed by flights of arrows and driven back. Had that happened on the head waters of the Connecticut what vivid reproduction we should have both by pen and engraving! From above Hamilton to the mouth of the river the aspect of the Roanoke flowing through an unbroken forest is the same to-day as it was on the day of the defeat of that hardy expedition. The writer or painter who wishes to portray that scene has to-day but to visit some stretch of the lordly river as it flows amid eternal silence through unbroken forests to its mouth. He has to but draw from nature. There are the great trees and the same solemn silence unbroken save by the rush of the waters the deer on the banks, the startled water fowl, the wild flowers, the same riotous magnificence of primeval nature. Let him evoke from history and imagination the picture of the canoes filled with Englishmen slowly toiling up the stream, their habits as they were, their arms, their standards, the savages half concealed on shore, the sudden flight of arrows. This and more, faithfully written or sketched on the spot reproduced by printing press and the engraving stone would give the children of North Carolina an interest in that event in the history of their State and a conception of the conditions then existing here, which they have never had.

Then there are the terrible scenes of massacre of our own great Indian wars 1711, the march of the South Carolina troops hundreds of miles through the trackless forest to our aid, and the storm and sack of the

Indian fort at Nabucke, in 1713 which finally broke the Indian power. Could our children ever forget such scenes, or fail to feel an interest in them, if presented to their minds by a graphic pen or appropriate engraving?

In Northern school books, so largely used among us, are stirring narratives of the expedition to Louisburg and to Canada, but where is the book which contains reference, much less a picturesque description or engraving of the earlier expedition of 1740 to South America, or the capture of Havana in 1762 in both of which North Carolina had a share?

Massachusetts books, Massachusetts school rooms, bear many an engraving of the stirring times when patriots, disguised as Indians, threw the tea into Boston harbor in 1773. But where are the engravers or the writers who have impressed upon the minds of our children that scene when the brave men under Waddell and Ashe, unmasked, and bravely in broad daylight, in a few miles of this spot, in 1765, eight years before the Boston tea party, forbade Great Britain to put her stamp act into execution in this State or even to land her stamps?

In painting and in bronze, Massachusetts has preserved the memory of the Attacks riot in Boston on the eve of the revolution. On Boston common the great memorial stands. But where is our statuary, or our painting or engraving of the battle of Alamance in 1771?

Where indeed is our painting of that grand scene for which Massachusetts has no parallel, the meeting which issued the immortal declaration of independence at Mecklenburg, 20th May, 1775?

They immortalized by pen and pencil the defeat of the Americans at Bunker Hill. Where and how have we placed before admiring eyes the first victory for the American arms which was achieved at Moore's Creek in February, 1776, that striking scene when the planks of the bridge being taken up, brave men crossed on the stringers, amid the fires of battle, as the Moslems tell us souls pass to paradise over Al Sirat's arch, spanning by a single hair the flames of hell?

Pencil and brush and pen love to linger on the grand scene when, on July 4, 1776, the thirteen colonies declared that they ought to be sovereign and independent. But has any one ever seen a similar picture of that meeting of the Provincial Congress at Halifax, April 12, 1776, when the first resolution was passed by the State instructing the other Congress at Philadelphia to do what was done nearly three months later? Had we impressed that by story, by statue or by stipple plate upon the minds of our own people, would a scholar like Senator Lodge have forgotten it or ignored it in his study of those times?

Brave men lived before Agamemnon and brave men and great men have lived, at least they did live in those times, south of the Virginia line, but what have we done to perpetuate their memories? In nearly every home in Massachusetts hangs a portrait of John Hancock, or one of the Adams. Where is our Cornelius Harnett or Richard Caswell? They have Warren falling at Bunker Hill, where is our engraving of Nash falling on the field of Germantown?

Like a silhouette the heroic figure of Hardy Murfree leading his forlorn hope of North Carolina to the capture of Stony Point, on the Hudson river stands out against the sky line of history. But who has preserved the name of these brave followers, what engraving presents their immortal action to our children, what graphic pen has made the scene a living one to our people?

What has been said or sung or engraved as to the North Carolina line, steady as the old guard of Napoleon at Eutaw Springs and on many other fields?

And at a later date where are our engravings of other patriotic sons of North Carolina who could have been an honor to any people?

It was Themistocles who declared that the trophies of Militiades would not allow him to sleep. The Israelites when they had passed over Jordan, built twelve pillars that their children's children might ask: "What means these stones?" that posterity being told the story of Israel's greatness in war and in the unity of the twelve tribes, might bear it in remembrance of all ages.

Where are our trophies, the proud memorials of the great deeds of our ancestors, whose aspects shall stir the hearts of

aspiring youth to emulate them, and to repeat our Marathons on future fields.

The State has a great history. Its people have shown themselves equal to every call upon them and equal to every occasion.

But that history has not yet been presented as it should be. Tell it as it happened, its grand deeds, its heroic sufferings, its unvanquishing performance of duty in the face of every danger, its uncomplaining endurance of every hardship.

Paint its striking historical incidents by brush as well as by pen; engrave them, hang them on the walls of your school rooms, your libraries and your public buildings, put them in your school books. Painter and historian have recorded for the admiration of future ages that Sir Philip Sydney, when wounded at Zutphen, refused a cup of water for which he was dying till a wounded private soldier who needed it more than he could be supplied. But that incident and even greater self denial can be related of many an unlettered North Carolina soldier; who had never heard of Sir Philip of Zutphen, but in whose veins ran the blood of heroes and whose courage is an inheritance from centuries of brave ancestors of the purest Anglo Saxon stock of the continent.

To sum up, ladies and gentlemen, North Carolina has a history that is worth the telling, and which, when truly told will interest. It is a brave story of a people who from the first founding of a colony would brook no tyranny and who intended from the first that no one should govern them but themselves, the story of a brave, self-relying, liberty-loving people.

Then tell the story in an interesting manner. Let the pen of your best writers record it in their most entertaining manner, but plainly and simply as accords with the character of our people, whose unpretentious nature is summed up in their proud motto: Esse Quam Videri, for in very truth no people can more truly say, as the great dictator said to Sir Peter Lely, "Paint me as I am." Like a beautiful woman, their story when unadorned is adorned the most.

Then with an interesting history interestingly told what more is needed. You need a wider audience. Educate the masses, create in them an intelligent interest in their surroundings and in their history, make it attractive by short stories attractively told. Appeal to the eyes by paintings and engravings. Let the State aid when it can in sculpture and statuary.

This Rome, Greece, England, and France have done. This the States north of us have done, pre-eminently the great State of Massachusetts. The means by which other States and countries have created an interest in their history are the means to which we must resort for the like purpose. And none of them have a better foundation on which to build.

**Eben Holden's Religion.**

What constitutes the fascination of Eben Holden? He is heard with respect and quoted with approval, and truth embodied in a tale finds here an open door.

Perhaps Eben's chief charm is his naturalness. He is redolent of the soil, the woods, the state from which we originally came, and which persistently retains its fascination, though in many instances, generations have elapsed since men tilled the farm or hewed in the forest. He incarnates the mysterious affinities with Mother Earth, which will not be denied.

The book drives us out of the city and town; it fosters tender memories in men who have long ceased to be easily touched; it evokes music where the lost chord is refound. In brief, it helps us to realize the world. The sun shines in vain until it is seen by us. No music can be without a human ear, no fragrance without a human nostril, no sweetness apart from taste. The glory of the universe is revealed in the sense and thought of humanity.

Again this volume pays a creditable installment of the long-standing debt literature owes to the life God evidently loves, since He permits it to be a major life—that daily existence of the millions who delve and spin and reap the sheaf.

To the unseeing eye, this is a humdrum sort of being, a dreary drip, with no attraction and much to repel. But Eben Holden's quaint philosophy and brave humor and shrewd pith are an effectual contradiction of our conventional opinions. His rev-

erent study and observation, born of multifiform experiences, glorify the daily round and the common task. Nothing in Mr. Bacheller's depicting is mean and false and bloodless; the book explains the yeoman, the farm laborer, the patient team they drive afield, and how behind it all, there are rural hearths and homes more sacred than many boast of shrines, because they are more full of Heaven's light and love and ministry. Depend upon it, the world will always relish such a book as Eben Holden. It speaks brave words and true for the staple product of this land, the men who farm it and made a howling wilderness the granary of two continents.

They have had scanty justice. The pale cast of thought has sickled over their real aspects; novelists have been eager to exploit the apostles of force, and the galleries of fiction are too full of the captains of war, and blood-letting, of princes and the pomp of kings. Let the under mass breathe out their strength matured in silence.

So, thanks to Eben Holden, the most distinctive type of American life is here to the front, and he commands great attention, for which we should be grateful.

The writer has evidently known sorrow—sorrow which has deepened his sympathies and broadened his character, and forced upon him that self-mastery he imparts to others, and which makes the cultivation of happiness a necessity and a habit. There are deep chords struck ever and anon in passages of this entrancing book which teach the familiar but easily forgotten lesson that the sweetest roses of life are grown in our Gethsemanes, in gardens of dolor, and watered by tears.

This leads to the mention of the optimism of the book. Hope never fails, not even when the thunders of war shake a nation into schism, and the great editor in his New York office, or the brave lad bleeding in the darkness of the night that mercifully hid Bull Run from sight, are equally despondent and full of forebodings. The story marches on, nothing doubting. Doubtless this seemed foolish at the time, but, as we read it in the light of after events, hope has been justified. To-day such optimism is largely an abandoned ship. Even in churches the thrill of joy is not so often felt. Let us turn from this book with the conviction that righteousness abides, and that honest men get their desert. The bride and the banquet and the restored fortune are theirs by right. Truth does not always rot in a dungeon, while falsehood has the throne. I have no manner of objection to the finale, in which everybody is blessed. I have understood some one wrote the author, asking: "How is it that you haven't any villain in that story of the North Country?" "Because there ain't any there," was the reply. Such children are new to literature, and they are wiser than the children of this age. Their simplicity is their strength. Uncle Eben was right when he expressed the reality of this unhappy ending.

"Tell ye one thing, Dave Brower, \* \* \* when some folks calls ye a fool, 's purty good sign ye aint."

And what a relief to read a romance which leaves the characters secure in their integrity, and free from madness and from blame.—Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, in July Ledger Monthly.

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