

The News and Observer.

VOL. XLVI. NO. 91.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 25, 1899.

PRICED FIVE CENTS.

LEADS ALL NORTH CAROLINA DAILIES IN NEWS AND CIRCULATION.

THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND

The Enduring Beneficence of the Late J. H. Mills.

TRIBUTE BY GEN. COX

THE MASONS WERE PIONEERS IN MECHANICAL EDUCATION.

SOME RED AND BLOODY WAR FIGURES

The Peace Conference at the Hague is in itself a Protest of Christianity and Civilization Against War and Bloodshed.

At St. John's Day celebration at the Oxford Orphan Asylum yesterday, Gen. W. R. Cox, former Grand Master whose early efforts to hold up the hands of Mr. J. H. Mills, has borne lasting fruit, paid a handsome tribute to Mr. Mills, and gave some facts in connection with the early history of that noble charity that ought to be widely known. Gen. Cox said:

Most Worshipful Grand Master, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It always gives me pleasure to address the intelligent and discriminating audience I meet at this place, who have ever proved to be my sincere and loyal friends. I am happy to greet you.

On St. John's day, forty-four years ago to-day, with appropriate and imposing ceremonies the Free Masons of North Carolina laid the corner-stone of the building (St. John's Chapel) in which we are now assembled. A single structure amidst Arcadian environment originally comprised St. John's College—a college designed to give as thorough and complete an education, practical in its character, to young men who might patronize it, as might be obtained in any similar institution in our country. The St. John's College, with its solitary building of the past, is the Oxford Orphan asylum of to-day, with its two hundred and fifty bright and well-cared for orphans, its numerous and well-appointed buildings, its well kept grounds, and excellent corps of capable and efficient officers and teachers.

While the work originated with and was carried on for some years through Masonic agencies, now its success is due to contributions from the Grand Lodge of Masons, appropriations by the State, and liberal contributions from benevolent individuals. At the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons in 1857, the Grand Master appointed a committee, consisting of John Gray Wynum, John A. Lillington, and P. H. Wynum from among our leading men and zealous Masons, to procure from the General Assembly a charter for this college, and to prepare and publish an address setting forth the system of education and course of instruction proposed to prepare the students for the practical duties of life.

At this point I invite especial attention to a most significant fact, which reflects great credit upon the order, as it shows they were the pioneers in practical education. Its ten recommendations, near a quarter of a century afterwards, were adopted by the Congress of the United States in the establishment of Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges in every State of the Union.

In their address the committee says: "Masonry is eminently practical in its character—and a college established by Masons and supported by them should furnish a practical education. It should particularly acquaint the student with the arts and sciences, the results of modern invention and modern discoveries." This address recognized the course of studies in the colleges of that day as being too devoted to the dead languages, which was proper enough when all learning was contained in the books written in those languages, and when no gentleman could be considered as educated who had not devoted a greater portion of his collegiate course to such studies, who could not translate and construe Latin and Greek sentences and illustrate his ideas by classical quotations, and thus necessarily led to the neglect of the arts and sciences. In consequence, it was contended, it threw discredit upon mere mechanical arts and led the young men of talents to the pursuit of those professions which were believed to lead most directly to honors and preferment.

As was natural, the college when established did not meet with the patronage its founder anticipated. The changes suggested were believed to be too novel and even radical, if not revolutionary, for this was the crowning period of that independent, self-reliant, conservative rural life which looked with disfavor upon everything tending to disturb or disorganize the then existing state of society. The noblesse oblige, as it were, this period may be termed as an approach to the parting of the ways between the repressive conservatism then existing and the aggressive iconoclasm that was soon to revolutionize our country. At this time, steam navigation, as compared to the present, was most primitive, railroad travel and traffic expensive and unreliable, for the lines of traffic were often broken and discontinued through State jealousies and local prejudices. Many had just promulgated his theories of the currents of the sea which revolutionized inter-oceanic travel, while Morse was still experimenting with the telegraph, which, with its weird winged whispering wire, was to bring all civilized nations, and even the isles of

the sea, in daily contact. Under the Constitution the North and the South were fellow slave-holders and no man had ever been or could then be elected President of the United States who was even a free soiler.

In other words, Northern States, which owing to climate and pursuit, had found slavery unprofitable, had wisely shifted the White Man's burden upon the South, where the slave labor could produce the raw material to great profit. With the proceeds of such sales of slaves they builded cities, manufactories, and developed many industries, which the South greatly preferred should be kept out of her borders, from fear of labor agitations.

The men of the North addressed themselves chiefly to their business pursuits and generally such legislation as they proposed was practical in its character. Southern men and prominent Northern men who made their homes among them, devoted a great part of their time to public affairs, and the management of their large estates and independent individual life qualified them as rulers. They familiarized themselves by study and practice with the governments of the world. Their idea of the proper government of their country was that is the best government which governs least; that honor was dearer than life itself and patriotism than "gold." Rome, especially in the days of the Cambrilli, Cincinnati, Fabii and the elder Scipios, and whose dictators came from the honest labor of the plough-shares and the self-denial of the farm, commanded their admiration. The consequence was Southern councils dictated and dominated the politics of this country, even up to the time of our Civil War.

And notwithstanding the impatience of the younger and abler statesmen of the North, they were unable to escape from their domination, until too conscious of their overwhelming strength, the South by its party and personal dissensions and impatience for needful concessions made possible the election of

banner. But time fails me even to mention what has been accomplished in science, in letters, in material resources, during the half century since Webster's address. Suffice it, great wisdom, great ability and great moderation is necessary to prevent our over-confidence assuming greater responsibilities than any one nation can surmount. Yet in view of such a nation as ours, when commanding the admiration and support of all sections?

Chaining as we do as our just meed that "ours are the plans of fair delightful peace," and that men should be superior to wealth, we should see to it that the great resources of our country do not fall into too few hands.

Our safety has hitherto been in the fact that we have had no hereditary rights or privileged classes, but greed and man's ingenuity are ever seeking to nullify this wise provision of our organic law.

It would seem as if in our brief history we have had war enough; but so long as "they who make the quarrels are not the men who fight," and with a brave, fearless, patriotic home people to hold in control, should we not pause and consider deeply before we yield to the temptation of seeking glory in war?

The great peace congress now in session at The Hague is in itself a protest of Christianity and civilization against war. It is wise and practical to look at its awful cost before we hasten to it. It has occurred to me, therefore, that a few very red blood-stained figures may instruct us all, if we look at them right, and may help to curb a too ambitious national martial spirit.

Do you know how many American soldiers served in the seven year's war for independence? There were, according to the highest authority, that of the distinguished Adjutant General of the Army, from whose well-digested article I draw my figures, two hundred and fifty thousand. How many of

their homes at the close of the war, you will remember that they were without the means of renewing the struggle for bread—without horses or proper farming utensils, their fields neglected and grown up, often without seed to plant—they addressed themselves to the duties of providing for their families without a murmur. Frequently an ox, or an old war horse, was their only resource. All were poor alike. But the soil was generous, the climate was mild, and they were used to hardships. They made their struggle, and today you know that it was successful.

Of the provision in part made for them I will recount the efforts put forth by a big-hearted philanthropist who came to their aid. There is a legend of St. Brendan, that as he journeyed North he saw a man sitting on an iceberg, and was horrified to find it was Judas Iscariot. Judas told him at Christmas time an angel descended into the burning lake, touched his arm, and told him for an hour to cool himself upon an iceberg in the Arctic sea. And when he inquired the cause of his misery, the angel replied once he was a leper, and in the streets of Japan he had given him a cloak to shelter from the weather. And for this one good deed this act of mercy was shown him.

Let us accept the legend for the moral it teaches. The good deeds done in this life, however seemingly insignificant, have their reward. A cup of water to the wounded upon the battlefield, a brush to shield the glazing eyes of a soldier from the sun, slight consideration shown to prisoners when taken amidst the hot conflict of the battle, always bring the sweetest memories and lead to closest friendships after the war is over.

And now let us talk about a man of peace. How many kind deeds gather to a pleasing story to me to place a sprig of myrtle in loving memory upon his grave. Figuratively, J. H. Mills was a rough ashler, taken from the quarry, and though for a season lost amidst the rubbish of the temple, in the end he became the Key-stone of the arch that spans this noble Masonic orphan charity. His life was an exemplification of what speculative Masonry was designed to be—good works. For it has been truly said, "kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

The deceased was of large mould, rough exterior, strong will and big heart, and ever faithful in the pursuit of the rights as understood by him. The cry of distress ever found in him a sympathetic heart, and the poor and distressed a friend and benefactor. In an age of grasping monopoly and mammon worship it is pleasing to contemplate a character so unselfish, so self-oblivious, and so true and philanthropic as that of Mr. Mills. My attention was first directed to him soon after the close of the war. Proclaiming the doctrine of salvation to those who seldom, if ever, entered a church, he instead of settling in the midst of comfortable surroundings, fixed his abode and little printing press among the slums of our capital, and there by precept, example and daily contact, brought many who were in darkness to embrace the light of a higher life. Yet he was too abounding in good works, too broad in his charities to continue for long to occupy so circumscribed a field.

According to her population North Carolina during the war had equipped and sent to the front more men than any other State. Her soldiers were true, steadfast and brave and more of them went down amidst the unrelenting carnage of death than those of any other State. The great majority of her soldiers were small farmers with limited means, and their property, if not destroyed during the war, was insufficient for the support of their families. The death of the father was frequently followed by that of the mother, and thus many children in their tender years were left doubly orphaned. A protracted war with its resultant evils tends to deaden the finer sensibilities of our nature. Therefore many of these orphans found shelter, but not homes, in the abodes of poverty, and even negro hovels, where they were mere drudges, without affection. Badly clad, poorly fed, they soon bore upon their persons marks of cruel treatment. Here was a broad field for the work of charity. The eyes of the Northern Philanthropist towards whose doors the devastation of war had never approached, had naturally learned to look upon the "colored man and brother" as the outcast and downtrodden, and their sympathies went out to him. From whence, then, was relief to come? Even many of the hitherto more prosperous of our people were without money and of crippled resources. But a deliverer was raised up in our midst. Mr. Mills, besides being a Christian, was a liberator and charity in its broadest and most accurate sense in the "Christianian Pillar" of the order. St. John's College was unoccupied and here was Mr. Mills' opportunity: He went before the Grand Lodge and in the name of blessed charity requested its use for the work he was about to undertake. The appeal was a strong one to true Masons, and though there was opposition, and some doubting Thomases, all opposition was brushed aside, and refusing even the suggestion of a salary, with a few hundred dollars, he, with the assistance of members of the Blue Lodges, commenced gathering these little waifs together.

It was a curious and pathetic sight to see this rough man simply clad, with little groups of orphaned boys and girls, sacks of flour, hams of meat, a few potatoes, and cast-off garments, plodding their way toward Oxford. The people, ever responsive to deeds of charity, soon recognized in him one of God's noblemen, and aided and sustained him. No part of the State responded more generously than the people of Granville county, who were the daily witnesses of his work. Noble women soon became the guardians and teachers of these little orphans. The Grand Lodge made an annual appropriation of two thousand dollars, but still this grand old pioneer in the cause of

humanity refused any salary whatever. When elected and installed as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, it became my duty and pleasure to render him all the assistance in my power. The Baptists soon met in convention at Oxford and witnessed the work, and as Mr. Mills was a Baptist, I presume it was in part through his influence that Oxford was chosen, in order to enlist their powerful church in his work. At all events I went before this body, and in addition to making a personal appeal for aid, which was promptly responded to, I was granted one Sunday in each year, in every congregation, when collections were to be taken up for this orphanage. Then I attended the Methodist Conference at Wilson and met with like success, and other churches followed. When the Legislature met I secured from that body an annual contribution of like amount to that given by the Grand Lodge of Masons.

Suffice it this noble charity had its inception in the warm heart and big brain of our deceased friend and brother. For years it was literally carried in his arms. His work is done, the institution is not only firmly established, but grows in usefulness daily and popularity.

In Walter Scott's ballad of Bonnie Dundee, when Claverhouse is asked where he is going, he replied, "I go whither leads the ghost of Montrose." So in the days to come, when there shall be temptations and trials for those who may have this work in charge, when they shall need brave champions to aid, and the call to duty may be imperfectly discharged, let the memory of J. H. Mills still speak and his example inspire to greater courage and loftier ideals. And may the grateful heart of those who have enjoyed its benefits ever cheerfully respond to its appeals for aid and sustentation.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

To the Editor: It is the behoof and duty of the white people of the country to give this question a fair, dispassionate, earnest and positive consideration, and decisive action. Volumes of theories and suggestions have been superabundant and will be profitless without action. I think it was Andrew Jackson who said "weigh well a question—then go on," or words to that effect.

Criminal assaults have in the last year multiplied so rapidly and so agitated the public mind that the hour of definite conclusion and action confronts us. With the Northerner it is a theory, with the South it is a condition with all its harrowing, sickening details—but it is a condition which has to be met decisively. It would be a profitless review to go back and narrate how through the insatiate cupidity of the lustful Puritan the negro was torn from his native jungles and furtively sandwiched in to our classic civilization where for half a century he has been its most potent and disturbing factor, and unwittingly the cause of a conflict of unparalleled severity and dimensions—destructive of million of lives and billions of treasure, but the order now is to face present conditions. The North having sown the wind leave us to reap the whirlwind wrapt in the panoply of its blinded egotism and vague theories, descends lustily upon the duties of the Southern Cavalier upon whom he has imposed burdens which is beyond Yankee capacity to comprehend, or his ability to eradicate—therefore let the South and the negro arrange their own autonomy—too many are now to make expatriation practicable or desirable let us help to develop him mentally, morally and in material progress—as a race they are docile, tractable and useful. Keep him out of the clutches of unprincipled adventurers and he will bound forward to a permanent prosperity. Make them valuable adjuncts to our heterogeneous civilization? Certainly and tentatively by lifting them to a higher plane through correct education and moral suasion—teach them it is their behoof and bounded duty to co-operate with the white man to exterminate the Pariahs amongst them, to assist in bringing them to speedy justice—not to mob violence, for Lynch law will debase and demoralize any people who practice it familiarizing the plastic, impetuous youths of the country with scenes of cruelty which will ultimately produce a race of heartless bandits—antagonistic to common sense and divine mandate—a blot upon, and bar to the success of any Christian nation.

For as we all well know scenes have been enacted under the blazing light of our boasted christian civilization which would almost cause the blush of shame to mantle the cheeks of a Comanche Indian—if the powers that be are ordaining of God, it is proper to them we should refer it, only demanding these powers should make the work short, sharp and decisive through courts of immediate procedure—but once break down respect for constituted authority you at once relegate us to barbaric conditions and annihilate every vestige of true manhood. When the negro comprehends that politics is to him more of a curse than a blessing—that he is only the tool of the white Pariahs—that material progress is infinitely more desirable than political supremacy, then the reign of self-respect and happiness will be inaugurated with him.

JNO. D. THORNE.

HE CONCURRED.

(Harlem Life.)

Miss Vassar: Don't you think Miss Springlove is a charming poetess? Uncle Solomon: Oh, yes, a very sweet poetess, and her cousin, Miss Chalmers, is a charming poetess, and her Aunt Lucrece is an excellent sculptress, and her mother used to be an excellent dish-washer.

A physician practices on his own patients; an amateur musician practices on the patience of others.

No man is to be praised for giving away the things he's unable to use.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

High Priest in the Temple of Goddess of Liberty.

VEST'S HIGH ESTIMATE

GREATEST STATESMAN THE WORLD HAS KNOWN.

CONFIDENCE IN POPULAR GOVERNMENT

An Eloquent and Glowing Eulogy of the Man Who Saved the Republic from Being an Imitation of Monarchy from Which We had Separated.

The best speech ever made on Jefferson was delivered by Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, himself a great Democrat after the type of Jefferson. It was delivered before the Jefferson Club, of St. Louis, Mo., October 31st, 1855, on the occasion of unveiling a bust in bronze of Thomas Jefferson, the work of Benjamin Farney, Esq., a member of the club. It was as follows: Gentlemen of the Jefferson Club:

I have discharged with pleasure the duty which your kindness assigned me, and we now look upon the bust of him whose genius and prophetic foresight gave to our country the soil upon which this great city stands.

Thomas Jefferson wrote his own epitaph. Amongst his papers, after death, was found a rough sketch in ink of an obelisk to be made in granite, eight feet in height, with the inscription:

Here was buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Author of the Declaration of American Independence,
of
The State of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
and
Father of the University of Virginia.

It is a significant epitaph, and worthy of him who wrote it. Jefferson had been a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses and of the Continental Congress, Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President and President of the United States, but none of these honors nor titles are upon the stone which marked his grave. True to his convictions, shown by every public and private act, the sworn enemy of parade, sham and ostentation, the stern old Democrat wanted, living or dead, none of the tinsel and trappings of heraldic pomp or titular glory. He named for himself his passports to immortality—the rights of man, religious liberty, and universal education.

Jefferson was charged by the enemies who pursued him during life, and assailed his memory after death, with being a communist who appealed to the ignorant and the poor against the educated and wealthy. He was by birth, lineage, education and association, an aristocrat. He had in his veins the blue blood of the Randolphs, who, as Jefferson tells us in his autobiography, "trace their pedigree far back in England and Scotland, to which let every one ascribe the faith and merit he chooses." Besides, he was born a land and slave owner, educated at the College of William and Mary, an institution established and endowed by royalty, and when a student in the old town of Williamsburg, the first capital of Virginia, was the favorite protegee of Francis Fauquier, the royal governor, at whose table he was a constant guest.

Passionately devoted to music, sculpture and painting, an accomplished Greek, Latin and French scholar, whilst in the higher mathematics, philosophy and sciences, he was without an equal amongst public men. Jefferson was naturally drawn by such tastes and pursuits away from the people, as they were then contemptuously called, and to the privileged classes who claimed by inheritance a monopoly of wealth, education and culture.

From Monticello, Jefferson went forth to make untiring and relentless war upon tyranny and oppression in every shape. For nearly fifty years his form towered in the front of every battle for civil and religious liberty, and there was not one single moment in which he ceased to struggle for human rights. It is almost impossible after so many years, and under circumstances so changed, to realize the appalling difficulties which confronted the advocates of civil and religious freedom in the last century, and especially in Virginia.

New Virginia was then but the gross caricature of old England. The Rakehell cavaliers who fought under Prince Rupert were reproduced in an exaggerated form in the young planters of the province. To primogeniture, entail and the union of Church and State, had been added the curse of African slavery; and to raise tobacco, clear more land and buy more slaves, all to be at last squandered in riotous living, seemed to be the



THE LATE J. H. MILLS.

Founder and Long Manager of the Oxford Orphan Asylum.

President Lincoln by the votes of Northern States alone. And though in his inaugural address he disclaimed any intention of interfering with the institution of slavery, our great Civil War followed his inauguration with its manifold hardships and great sacrifices. Yet "behind a frowning providence" followed progress and blessings.

In the centennial celebration of the birthday of George Washington which birthday of George Washington which which took place in the city of Washington in 1832, Mr. ed upon the occasion, in part said: "We are at the point of a century from the birthday of Washington, and what a century it has been! During its course the human mind has seemed to progress with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing more than had been done in five or ten centuries preceding. . . . A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world."

And yet in standing upon, as it were, the dawn of the twentieth century, we have seen more than all the past had accomplished. We have seen this century press triumphantly through the great Civil War, the magnitudes of whose battles, the fortunes exhibited, the hardships endured, the achievements accomplished, have excited the admiration and exalted the respect of the civilized world. We have seen the slave, which was the occasion but not the cause of the war, set free! We have seen at the close of that cruel, unrelenting struggle, all portions of the country drawn nearer together, without one hostile shot fired after the surrender of the South. We have seen this nation since engaged in a foreign war, and as the guns of our great naval commander were fired in Manila Bay, they reached at Santiago, and the fleets of the mighty ocean; was swept from the grim and the wrinkled veterans who wore the blue and gray, volunteering and fighting side by side at El Caney, with the sole emulation as to who should go farthest and be foremost in striking the foe of our common country: We have seen the Union and Confederate soldiers decorating the graves of their whilom foes: We have seen the honored tribes of the Sandwich Islands gathered, without the firing of a gun, beneath the folds of our starry